MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1868.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Knowing the interest which Mr. Maguire's work has created in the minds of our readers, we make further extracts, assured that they cannot fail to gratify.

Speaking of Father Gordon, a veteran missionary priest, he says:

Returning to Toronto after a hard day's work, Father Gordon was about entering his modest residence, to obtain some necessary refreshment, when a countryman rode up to the door. He proved to be an Irishman from the township of Tecumseh, in the county of Simcoe, about forty miles from Toronto. "Father, I'm glad to meet you; I want you to come with me to near my place, where there's a man dying, and there's not a moment to be lost." This was agreeable news for the poor priest, who certainly had had his fair share of the saddle for that day. "Who is the sick man?" he asked. "Oh, he's one Marshall, from the North—a Protestant, and all his people the same—and he is asking for the priest. I'm a neighbor of his, and I heard it from one of his sons, and I thought I couldn't do better than come for your reverence; and so here I am, just in time, thank God."—"Very well," said the priest, "I will take a cup of tea, borrow a fresh horse, and be off without delay. Come in and join me, and I will be ready to start at once." In half an hour after, the two horsemen rode from the door on their journey through the forest, and it was not until late at night that, thoroughly tired, they pulled up before the house of the sick man, who was said to be at the point of death. Father Gordon dismounted, and knocked at the door, which was immediately opened by an elderly woman, at whose back stood two young men. "What do you want here, at this hour of the night?" demanded the woman. "Is there not a sick man in the house?" inquired the priest. "There is—my husband—he is dying." "Well, I was sent for to see him—I am the priest." "Priest!" shrieked the woman, as if the Evil One stood revealed before her. "Yes—I am the priest, come all the way from Toronto to see him, as he wished me to do," was the quiet rejoinder. "Then you may go as you came, for no priest will cross this threshold if I can help it, no matter who wants to see him," and saying this, the mistress of the house shut the door on Father Gordon and his guide, who was overwhelmed with confusion at the untoward result. "To think that I should bring your reverence all this distance, and only to have the door shut in your face! I can't forgive myself; but I did it for the best." "To be sure you did, man—you did your duty, no more; and I respect you for it. But," added the priest, "I must be turning my horse's head homeward." "No, your reverence, not a step you'll go back this blessed night, if my name is Spillane;* you'll stop at my house—'tis only a mile off—and we'll try and make you as comfortable as we can. It will be time enough to think of returning to-morrow." "Be it so, in God's name," said Father Gordon. They soon reached the house, where a good supper and a clean bed made some amends for the long ride and the keen disappointment. The tired missionary was soon in a deep slumber, in which, perhaps, he may have beheld again the group in the doorway, lit up by the flickering candle, and heard the words, "No priest will cross this threshold if I can help it," when he was suddenly awakened by a great noise or clatter in the house. At that moment his host entered the room. "What is the matter, Spillane?" "Why, then, your reverence, it is a strange matter—the strangest matter I ever heard of—young Marshall has brought his father to you, as you wouldn't be allowed to come to him," replied the host.—"You jest, man; 'tis impossible," said the priest, in his first impulse of astonishment. "Faith, then, 'tis no jest at all, your reverence, but the truth, as I'm a sinner, and that's no lie, any way," said Spillane. It was the literal truth. When the dying man heard how the priest had been denied admission, and driven from his door, he was intensely afflicted; but he in vain sought to move the stern obduracy of his wife.—"Not one belonging to me ever disgraced himself by turning Papist, and you shan't be the one to commence." The poor woman believed she was only doing her duty, and in this tranquillizing conviction she soon forgot her troubles in sleep. But the dying man was inconsolable, and he moaned and wept in a manner to touch the heart of one of his sons, to whom he addressed the most earnest entreaties that he might be allowed to die as he wished to die. Moved alike by the tears and importunities of his father, the son at length yielded. But what was to be done? The priest could not enter the house—his mother would not allow that—how, then, could his father's wish be accomplished? There was only one way of doing it, and that was quickly resolved upon and adopted. Carefully wrapping the dying man in the clothes in which he lay, the son raised him gently on his back, and, stealing softly with his precious burden, he crossed the threshold with noiseless step, and bore it a mile through the dark forest to the house in which the priest found shelter for the night, and there laid it down in safety. Whether it were that nature rallied her failing resources, or that the spirit rose superior to the frailty of the body, it may be difficult to say; but the father preserved strength enough to be received into the Church, and prepared for death, and to be brought back to his own home, in which he shortly after breathed his last. For several years, or as long as his mother lived, the son did not separate from her communion; but he afterward became a Catholic, and is now the wealthy head of a large Catholic family, all good and religious, and full of worldly prosperity.

One of the incidents connected with Bishop England's missionary labors is given as follows:

One evening the bishop, who was on this occasion accompanied by one of his few priests, Father O'Neill—it need scarcely be added, a countryman of his own—drew up at a house of rather moderate dimensions, whose master was a marked specimen of the species, *surly*. Negotiations were entered into for a dinner, which the liberal host was willing to give on certain conditions, somewhat exorbitant in their nature; but there was to be no further accommodation. "You cannot stop the night, no how," said the agreeable owner of the mansion; and his look of dogged dislike was quite as emphatic as his words. After dinner, Dr. England sat on a chair in the piazza, and read his "office;" while Father O'Neill, having no desire to enjoy the company of his unwilling entertainer, sauntered toward the carriage, a little distance off, where the boy was feeding the horses; and taking his flute from his portmanteau, he sat on a log, and commenced his favorite air, "The last Rose of Summer," into which he seemed to breathe the very soul of tenderness. From one exquisite melody to another the player wandered, while the negro boy grinned with delight, and the horses enjoyed their food with a keener relish. That

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

was here exemplified. As the sweet notes stole on the soft night air of the South, and reached the inhospitable mansion, a head was eagerly thrust forth, and the projecting ears thereof appeared eagerly to drink in the flood of melody. Another lovely air, one of those which bring involuntary tears to the eyes, and fill the heart with balm, was played with lingering sweetness, when a voice, husky with emotion, was heard uttering these words: "Strangers! don't go!—do stay all night!—don't go; we'll fix you somehow." It was the voice of the charmed host! That evening the two guests enjoyed the snuggest seats at the hearth, Father O'Neill playing for the family till a late hour. Next morning the master of the house would not accept of the least compensation. "No, no, bishop; no, no, Mr. O'Neill—not a cent! You're heartily welcome to it. Come as often as you please, and stay as long as you can. We'll be always glad to see you; but," specially addressing Father O'Neill, "be sure and don't forget the flute."

*Spillane or Sullivan; I am not certain which.

FOREIGN CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Father Hyacinthe will preach this year during Lent at the French church of St. Louis, at Rome.

The King of Prussia recently received a deputation of Roman Catholics from Rhenish Prussia. In reply to their address his Majesty said: "It is well known that my forefathers and myself have carefully respected religious equality, and this fact has been openly acknowledged by the Head of the Catholic Church. In the policy pursued by my government I shall continue to protect the interests of my Catholic subjects and the dignity of the independence of the Pope."

SYMPATHY FOR PIO NONO IN HUNGARY.—The Bishop and Chapter of Grosswarden, of the Greek rite in Hungary, have offered 1800 florins for the wounded of the Pontifical army, and have charged one of the canons, Mgr. Mislin, to signify to the Nunciature at Vienna, that his Grace engages himself to support twenty Zouaves in the service of the Pope, and that the titularies of the Chapter have also undertaken to support each one Zouave, in all thirty-six "soldats."

AID FOR THE POPE.—The *Univers* announces that, far from having any idea of closing its subscription list on behalf of the Papal army, it cherishes the hope that in its columns alone the subscription will amount to a million of francs; and when it has reached this sum, then the *Univers* will ask for more, knowing that its readers and friends will never be weary of supporting the Papal cause. It begs that it should be understood that the subscription list in its columns is henceforth to be permanent.

An order has been recently issued at Rome, calling the attention of the citizens of that city to the laws respecting public blasphemy, working on Sunday, etc. This, it seems, has not met the approbation of free thinkers and infidels. *Le Monde*, replying to these scoffers, says:

Nothing is more simple. An insult publicly offered to God is as reprehensible as an insult offered to a prince or a magistrate. We venture to assert that blasphemy is less severely punished at Rome than exciting to the hatred or contempt of the government is in France. The respect due to churches is also protected in France, so that the disciples of the *Opinion Nationale* would make a great mistake, in view of the law, if they were to make an indecorous demonstration in a Catholic church. As to working on Sundays, the French law prohibits it, and the criminal court has always maintained a jurisprudence conformable to the law. The "incredible abuses of theocracy," then, are as prevalent in Paris under the provisions of the civil code, as in Rome, under the government of Pius IX. This proves that before writing, some little reflection, at least, is necessary. It is thus those terrible abuses are denounced of which our free thinkers cannot speak without an overflow of indignation! Blasphemy must be one of the duties of free thinkers, since it is a crime in their eyes to punish it, and the respect due to plans of public worship is a monstrosity. As for the workman, six days in the week are not enough for him; the solicitude of his brothers would give him, each year, three hundred and sixty-five.

An attempt is being made by the most prominent members of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce to establish an institution of science and art. A memorial is to be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, claiming some share of the appropriation for such a purpose made by Parliament some years ago, but never extended to Ireland.

A correspondent of a London paper says that America has more power for good or evil in the affairs of Great Britain than all the European States put together. Which means that Fenianism on this side is not to disregarded.

[Written for the Morning Star.]

PARADOX.

"The first shall be last and the last first."

I was in the house of God, and it was filled with the faithful, listening devoutly to a preacher who said to them, "Many are called, but few are chosen." "How many of us here present will be chosen, how many lost? Suppose," he said, "suppose but one of us should be condemned; how terrible for each one to think it might be himself! Which one, alas, would it be?"

At this moment I heard a voice in the air above our heads, and it said softly, "Even so it has been decreed, and of all this assembly but one shall perish." Those about thought it was the sighing of the wind. One other, only, who sat near me, understood that it was an angel, and he asked him, "Which one is it?"

And the angel answered, saying, "Look and see."

Now this man was of great repute for honesty and uprightness of life, and no one in that community was more esteemed. So he regarded the assembled people with an eye of compassion, and his glance rested upon a carpenter, who was a drunkard.

"Not so," murmured the angel, "for there are worse here than he."

Then again his eye scanned the multitude, and he beheld a man in a remote place who smote his breast, while his face was bowed toward the earth. "Ah," thought he, "behold the man; for he is a notorious robber."

"It is not he," answered the angel, "for even now he has made his peace with God."

"Then it must be that miser, whose brow is contracted with sordid care, and whose heart is turned to stone."

"Even he can be saved," was the reply, "for he can be torn from his idols."

Now I saw that the heart of the exemplary man near me was troubled lest the lot might fall on one of his friends. As for himself he felt no fear, nor did the thought of any danger to himself occur to him, for was he not better than the others? He felt that he was superior to them in sobriety, in wisdom, and in piety, so he knew no fear.

Then I followed his eye, and saw a man whose countenance was terrible. His eyes were glaring and bloodshot, his face was haggard, his hair matted, and a dark scowl rested on his features.

"It is the murderer," said my neighbor.

"It is thyself," replied the angel in low but dreadful tones. "The murderer fears and trembles; therefore he has more opportunity than thou whose pride blinds thee to all danger. The miser can be separated from his treasures, but thy idol is thyself, who canst not be taken from thy adoration to make room for the true God. 'The first shall be last and the last first.' It is thou who art lost."

The voice ceased, and my neighbor, wiping the beaded perspiration from his brow, dismissed the whole scene as a phantasm of the imagination.

HANDWRITING PECULIARITIES.—It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B. states: "I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people—but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing, but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to tell the characteristic of individuals from their handwritings. I know not how this can be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs can instantly be determined by his handwriting. The difference between the American or English and the French handwriting is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German hand-writings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference between the hand-writing of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may become identified with another nation, and speak its languages as well, perhaps better, than his own,—yet never can he succeed in changing his hand-writing to a foreign style.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.—Not to go bed when you are sleepy, because it is not a certain hour; to stand in water up to your knees fishing for trout, when you can buy them in a clean, dry market; people of exquisite sensibility, who cannot bear to see an animal put to death, showing the utmost attention to the variety and abundance of their tables; the heir of an avaricious uncle paying him the compliment of the deepest mourning; the lovely widow of a cross old man wearing weeds, and the gay survivor of a rich old shrew being particular in the choice and display of his weepers; to buy a horse from a near relation, and believe every word he says in praise of the animal he is desirous to dispose of; to call a man hospitable who indulges his vanity by displaying his service of plate to his rich neighbors frequently, but was never known to give a dinner to any one really in want of it.

CITY FARMING.—A farmer, in relating his experience in city farming, said, "I put outside my window a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed it with seed. What do you think came up?" "Wheat, barley, or oats?" "No, a policeman, who ordered me to remove it."

A Mr. Nathan Parrish, now residing in Michigan, who applied for a patent for a "fan blower" twenty-five years ago, obtained it last month.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

Below we give the location and name of our Churches, the Pastors and Curates, the hours of Mass, Sermons, Instructions, Vespers, and Benediction. The location of our Free Schools, with the number of children attending each, the names of Religious Orders, etc.

Immaculate Conception Church, Baronne, between Common and Canal streets—Rev. A. Jourdan, S. J., President; Rev. F. Gastelet, S. J., Vice President, and Prefect of Studies; Rev. J. Cambiaso, S. J., Treasurer, Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics; Rev. W. S. Murphy, S. J., Chaplain; Rev. D. Hubert, S. J., Professor of the 1st Collegiate Course; Rev. R. Meignan, S. J., Professor of the 2d Collegiate Course; Rev. J. Downey, S. J., Professor of the 3d Collegiate Course; Rev. J. Foley, S. J., Professor of the 4th Collegiate Course; Rev. A. Simon, D. D., Professor of the 5th Collegiate Course; Rev. A. Simon, D. D.; Rev. B. J. Graves; Rev. P. P. de Carriere; Rev. J. Duffo. Week day Mass at 5½, 6, 6½, 7, and 8½—Sunday at 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 8, and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock, in English. Benediction at 6, and Sermon, in French, at 7 o'clock.

Carrollton—Rev. F. Couppens, Pastor. Mass at 8 and High Mass at 10. Vespers at 4 o'clock, P. M.

St. Stephens, Napoleon Avenue, Bouligny—Rev. A. Verrina, C. M., Pastor; Rev. A. Mandine, C. M., Rev. C. J. Beecher, C. M., Rev. F. Guedry, C. M., Assistants. Mass at 6½, 8 and 10 o'clock. French Sermon at 9 o'clock. English Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 6 o'clock, followed by Instructions and Benediction—one Sunday in English, one in French.

St. Henry, Bouligny, (German)—Rev. C. J. Beecher, C. M., Pastor. Mass and Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers and Benediction at 3 o'clock.

St. Alphonsus, Constance street, between St. Andrew and Josephine streets—Rev. J. B. Duffy, C. SS. R., Rector. Rev. Father Alexander, C. SS. R., Rev. Wm. V. Meredith, C. SS. R., Rev. James Sheeran, C. SS. R., Assistants. Week days Mass, 5½, 6 and 8 o'clock; Sundays, 6, 8 and 10 o'clock. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 o'clock. Evening devotion and Sermon at 7 o'clock.

Assumption, (German,) Josephine street, between Constance and Laurel—Rev. J. M. Jacobs, C. SS. R., Rev. Benedict Neithart, C. SS. R. Masses and devotion same as St. Alphonsus.

Notre Dame de Bon Secours, (French,) Jackson street, between Laurel and Constance streets—Rev. S. Giesen, C. SS. R., Rev. Father DeHam, C. SS. R. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. On Sundays: First Mass at 7 o'clock, and High at 10 o'clock. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Evening sermon at 5 o'clock in summer, and 4½ in winter.

St. Mary Archbishop's Church, on Chartres street, between Ursulines and Hospital streets—Very Rev. G. Raymond, Pastor, Rev. Father Ferrin. Week days at 6 o'clock; Sunday, 6, 7 and 10. Sermon at 10. Vespers at 5 o'clock.

Old Ursulines Church, Ursulines street, between Chartres and Old Levee—Rev. Father Coste, Pastor. Week day Mass, 7; Sunday, 5½, 8½. Sermon at 8½. Vespers at 4.

St. Teresa's, corner Erato and Camp streets—Rev. Thos. J. Keaney, Pastor. Rev. P. F. Allen, Curate. Mass, Sundays, 6, 7½ and 10 o'clock. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers and Benediction at 4 P. M.

St. John the Baptist Church, Dryades, between Calliope and Ohio streets—Rev. Father Moynihan, Pastor. Rev. Father Simon. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7, 8½ and 10. Sermon at 10. Vespers at 4 o'clock.

St. Louis Cathedral, Chartres street, between St. Ann and St. Peter streets—Rev. Father Chalon, Pastor. Rev. Father T. Tholomier, Rev. Father Feron, Rev. Father Millet. Week day Mass at 6 and 7 o'clock. Sundays, 6, 7, 8 and 10. Sermon, in French, at 10 o'clock. Vespers and Benediction at 4½ o'clock.

St. Patrick's Church, Camp street, between Girod and Julia streets—Rev. Father Flannagan, Pastor. Rev. Father Sheehan, Rev. Father Holton. Week day Mass at 5½ and 8 o'clock. Sunday at 6, 7 and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 4 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, Common street, between Marais and Villere streets—Rev. T. J. Smith, C. M., Superior. Rev. M. Rubi, C. M., Rev. C. Boglioli, C. M., Rev. Wm. Kelly, C. M., Rev. James Duncan, C. M. Mass, week days, 5½ and 7 o'clock. Sunday Mass 6, 7½, 8½ and 10. Sermon at 8½ and 10 o'clock. Vespers and Benediction at 4 o'clock P. M.

St. Augustine's Church, corner of St. Claude and Bayou Road—Rev. Father Jaubert, Pastor. Rev. Father Sublean, Rev. Father Borlas. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7, 8 and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 4 o'clock.

St. Ann's Church, St. Philip street, between Roman and Prieur—Rev. Father Tumoine, Pastor. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday, 7 and 9½. Sermon at 9½. Vespers at 3½ o'clock.

St. Trinity (German) Church, St. Ferdinand, between Greatmen and Chartres streets—Rev. Father Schork, Pastor. Rev. Father Leonard, Rev. Father Traverin. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7 and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 3 o'clock.

St. Vincent de Paul, Greatmen, between Montegut and Chartres streets—Rev. Father E. J. Foltier. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7 and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. One Sunday in French and one Sunday in English. Vespers at 4½ o'clock.

Annunciation Church, corner of Mandeville and Morales streets—Rev. Father A. Durier, Pastor. Weekday Mass 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7 and 9. Sermon at 9 o'clock. Vespers at 4 o'clock.

St. Peter's Church, on Crops street, between Marigny and Mandeville streets—Rev. Father C. Moynihan, Rev. Father Fitzgibbons. Week day Mass at 6½ o'clock. Sunday at 7, 8½ and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 4.

St. Rose de Lima, Bayou street, between Dorgenois and Broad streets—Rev. Father F. Mittelbronn. Week day Mass at 7 o'clock. Sunday at 7½ and 10. Sermon at 10 o'clock. Vespers at 4 o'clock.

Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Third District—Very Rev. N. J. Perche, Chaplain. Mass on Sunday at 6½ and 8½ o'clock.

St. Joseph's Church, Gretna.—On Sundays, at 7 o'clock, Low Mass; at 10 o'clock, High Mass, and Sermons in English and German on every alternate Sunday; at 3½ o'clock, Vespers and Benediction.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE NEW ORLEANS MORNING STAR.

For several years it has been a matter of astonishment, not to say of humiliation, that in the metropolis of the South, with a Catholic community like ours, numerous, intelligent, and truly religious, there was not a single Catholic paper in English. Admitting that such a paper is in our city a desideratum, we intend, with the approval of the Ecclesiastical Authority of this Diocese to start a Weekly English paper, mainly devoted to the interests of the Catholic Church, which will be called the "NEW ORLEANS MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER."

For the intellectual and material departments we have chosen men of faith and talent, able editors, and experienced managers, thoroughly devoted to the Catholic cause.

The "MORNING STAR" will be printed in quarto form of eight pages.

Terms—Four dollars per annum, in advance.

To prevent all failure, and to guarantee the permanency of the undertaking, it will be based on a joint stock company, administered according to the laws of Louisiana.

The joint stock company will be composed of stock to the amount of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, in Five Thousand Shares of Twenty Dollars per share—one-half of each to be paid cash.

The patronage of the Rev. Clergy of the neighboring dioceses is earnestly solicited.

The whole management will be under the supervision of a committee composed of four Priests, appointed by the Most Rev. Archbishop and three laymen, to be elected by the stockholders.

APPROVAL OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP.

We approve of the aforesaid undertaking, and commend it to the Catholics of our diocese. We appoint Rev. N. J. Perche as President, and Revs. Thomas F Smith and —— Flanagan as ecclesiastical members of the committee.

† J. M., Archbishop of New Orleans.

New Orleans, December 12, 1867.

The Rev. Parish Priests are invited to read this prospectus to their respective congregations.

N. J. PERCHE, V. G.,
President of the Committee.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIANOS! PIANOS!—ALWAYS ON HAND—A select stock of Pleyel Pianos. Also—George Steck & Co.'s and Haines Brothers' Square Pianos, for which we agents.
We especially invite the public to examine Steck's Piano, which is pronounced by good judges to be the best Square Piano manufactured in the United States.
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Mr. Gresham would specially announce to the heads of Catholic Schools and Convents that he is prepared to furnish the School Books used and required at the lowest Northern prices, including the Christian Brothers' Series, the Metropolitan Readers, Kearney's Series of School Books, and all kinds of Stationery. fe9 1m

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fe23 1y

PEET, WILLIAMSON & BOWLING,
(Formerly Peet, Simms & Co.,)
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS,
Nos. 23 and 25 Magazine street,
fe23 1y New Orleans.

SAMUEL S. GREEN. THOMAS S. ELDER.
GREEN & ELDER,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
NO. 21 COMMERCIAL PLACE,
New Orleans.
Front Office—Lower Floor. fe9 3m

F. L. RICHARDSON. JAS. D. COLEMAN.
RICHARDSON & COLEMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
No. 5 Commercial Place, New Orleans. fe9 tf

DOUGLAS, ENGRAVER AND LITHOGRAPHER, 10 Camp street—Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved in the most elegant manner.
Business Cards, Account Sales Cotton, Bills Lading, Checks, Invoices, and Circular Letters, etc., lithographed. Seals, Canceling Stamps, Door Plates, etc. Initials embossed on Paper and Envelopes, without charge for die.
Blank Account Sales Cotton always on hand. fe9 1m

PHILIP McCABE, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET-Iron Worker, and dealer in Stoves and Grates, No. 166 Camp street, New Orleans.
Roofing, Guttering, and all kinds of Jobbing done with dispatch.
An assortment of Tin Ware always on hand, and made to order. fe16 3m

HENRY UTHOFF, FURNITURE DEALER, No. 155 Camp street, same old stand, opposite St. Patrick's, New Orleans.
Keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of Bedsteads, Mattresses, Armoirs, Tables, Sofas, Chairs, Looking Glasses, etc. Furniture taken on Storage.
fe9 3m

WM. KELLY, BUILDER, CORNER MAGAZINE and Terpsichore streets. Repairing, fitting up, and all Job Work in his line satisfactorily attended to.
fe9 6m

JOHN HENDERSON,
DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS,
No. 88 Tchoupitoulas street,
fe16 1y New Orleans

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.

CITY MONEY AT PAR.
Clothing, Shirts, Furnishing Goods, Shawls, Trunks, etc., at reduced prices. We are determined to reduce our stock. We have again reduced our prices. We are taking all denominations of city money at par. Call and examine. GARTHWAITE, LEWIS & STUART,
fe9 1m 31 and 33 Camp street.

THOMAS C. PAYAN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 73 Canal street, between Camp and Magazine.
fe16 3m New Orleans.