MORNING STAR AND CATHOLIC MESSENGER.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 21, 1869.

(Continued from First Page.)

Paul Delpech, accuse Adrienne Beaudesert of having obtained of you a poisonous drug, named, for the occasion, poudre rose, by which she destroyed the life of her aged relative, Madame de Vautpre. Is that so?"

"First, Monsieur l'Abbe," exclaimed Paul Delpech, whose natural audacity was sustained by drink, early as it was, "tell us by what right or authority you presume to ask such insolent questions?"

"I ask them in order to ascertain, before invoking justice, whether the horrible tale is or is not an invention."

"We shall say nothing," hastily interposed Delpech senior, forestalling his son's reply. He fancied the abbe was desirous of hushing up the matter, after, if possible, relieving Mademoiselle Beaudesert's conscience of the burden that oppressed it. This thought gave him momentary courage.

"Are you aware that the punishment of the galleys awaits those who, for the sake of obtaining money or other advantages, invent and circulate false accusations?"

"Prove any accusation we have made to be false," retorted Paul Delpech; and let me assure you, Monsieur l'Abbe, that you are playing with the life of your fair *protege*. We should not, in any case, go to the scaffold alone, take my word for it."

"That is not so, certain," replied the abbe, with unmoved sternness. "Your wicked design may have miscarried; in fact, it did miscarry; in proof whereof, I have to inform you that a *post-mortem* examination, performed at my instance within twenty-four hours of death, clearly established the fact that Madame de Vautpre died from natural causes alone."

A cry, a shout, a scream of women echoed those blessed words. Adrienne was in a moment clinging to the reverend speaker's knees; Madame Beaudesert seemed inclined to cast herself into his arms; Lisette, in a state of intense inflammation, shook her little fists at the cowering Delpechs, prevented only from transforming her words into deeds by Claude's fast hold of her skirt, and iterated, "*Doucement—doucement*, Lisette, it will be thy turn presently, never fear."

"Calm yourself, my child," said the abbe, as soon as he could make himself heard, raising Adrienne, "and you, Madame Beaudesert; the end of this matter is not yet."

Paul Delpech, stunned, overborne for awhile, reassumed by a violent effort his previous effrontery, and said in a sneering tone, "Then, monsieur, if your *post-mortem* examination was skilfully conducted, the poudre rose was but an innocent, harmless powder after all. Have it so, if you will. And now, *mon pere*, you and I may as well leave this good company—for a time!"

"Not so fast, if you please; your *intention* may, I repeat, have been evil enough, and the poudre rose you furnished may have been a poisonous drug. That is quite another question, upon which Madame Claude Simonet here can throw some light."

"Ha, ha! cursed rascals!" shouted Claude; "now look to yourselves."

"*Tais-toi*, Claude," interrupted Lisette. "This is what I have to say. For certain reasons, I had come to entertain strong suspicions of Messieurs Delpech; and I said to myself, after receiving, as I did, the packet of poudre rose, nicely sealed up, from Paul Delpech, 'Lisette, my girl, thou hast persuaded thy unsuspecting young mistress to have secret dealings with two good-for-nothings, if there are any in France; it behoves thee, therefore, as an honest girl, to see no harm comes of it. Who knows what infernal drug this is which they palm off as poudre rose? Not thou, Lisette; therefore, to avoid all chance of evil, keep the sealed packet carefully locked up; and when mademoiselle asks thee for the magical poudre rose, give her instead—well, what think you?—some of her own red *dentifrice!*' Ha, ha! Messieurs les Empoisonneurs, that disarranges your fine plans, does it? And look here, my friends," added Lisette, foaming over with exultation, "here is your precious packet unopened; sealed up just as you gave it to me; and I hope, for your sakes, it will be found enough to poison a thousand horses!"

The exclamations which followed this speech must be left to the imagination; as well as Claude's obstreperous curvetings and gesticulations.

"There is nothing in the packet," said the elder Delpech hoarsely; "nothing but bean-flour. Let us go!"

"That fact must be first ascertained," replied the abbe; "till which time you cannot leave the chateau. And now, dear child, and you, my friends, let us retire, and return God thanks for this great deliverance."

The poudre rose *was* nothing but colored bean-flour; the Delpechs were, nevertheless, prosecuted for the conspiracy, and sentenced to severe punishment.

Of the further domestic history of the distinguished French family, resident in the south of France, of which the foregoing narrative supplies a single episode, I know nothing, except from the French journals, wherein I have read of two marriages, and, I think, five births—but not, as yet, one death—having occurred among the descendants of the Beaudeserts.

AN UNMITIGATED BIGOT.—In Virginia City, Nevada, there is an Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. It is the only institution of the kind in the State, and to it the Boards of Supervisors are invited to send parentless children who have become orphans while living in Nevada. The institution is mainly supported by the people of Storey county, whose generosity is a marked characteristic. During the last two years it has received from the State the sum of $5000 in currency—$2500 each year. A bill has just passed the Nevada Senate appropriating $6000 to aid in the support of the Asylum during the next two years. There was only one dissenting vote—that of Mr. Haines, of Douglas county, who objected to the appropriation *because of his religious scruples against contributing to the support of any institution conducted by Catholic women.—Herald.*"

We are rarely called upon to record a more painful case of narrow-mindedness and religious bigotry than that manifested by the "gentleman from Douglas." We could excuse such sentiments in an ignorant boor, whose knowledge of the world was confined to his own little out-of-the-way village; but from a person occupying the position of law-maker, in a State noted for its large-heartedness and cosmopolitan character, we expected better. Opposed the appropriation because it was for a charity controlled by Catholic women! Wonder if he would object to those same women cooling his fevered brow, or wiping the death damp from his unsavory carcass if he was suffering in a pest-house, where his own blood relations would leave him to rot?—*San Francisco Monitor.*

Ernest Turpin, 93 Old Levee street, wholesale manufacturer, is widely known for the excellence of the articles which issue from his extensive establishment. These comprise everything in the confectionery line. His syrups are unsurpassed, and are used in the leading saloons of the city. In addition to his own domestic manufacture, he imports largely, and thus his supplies are equal to the largest demands.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.—This is an old company—and not only old, but reliable; and not only that, it is likewise liberal in the settlement of claims—and still further, it has a capital of $11,000,000 to meet them—and, crowning all, the agent, Mr. Fitzgerald, whose office is at No. 2 Carondelet street, will be found accommodating and courteous.

EDITORIAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

We use one million postage stamps per day.

The French vineyards give employment to five million people.

There were eight fires in Chicago Friday week—loss, $90,000.

The Maine Legislature has refused to abolish capital punishment.

The valuation of property in Boston is stated at $550,000,000.

At the late sale of Maximilian's library, one book of eighty pages sold for $850.

It is estimated that half a million dollars are expended by our people on wigs.

A wine company in California made 96,000 gallons of wine last year.

Noah Webster's heirs receive annually $25,000 from the sale of his dictionary.

The annual product of maple sugar in the United States is 7,000,000 pounds.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is making fun of a call for a peace meeting in Boston.

A large number of converts to the Church are reported among Southern negroes.

Seven companies are engaged in working the phosphate mines near Charleston.

A son of the inventor of the needle gun has taken out a patent for a new revolving rifle.

Garibaldi, it is said, speaks fourteen different languages—but can't speak the truth.

A silk handkerchief, made of spiders webs, has been exhibited at a fair in Bermuda.

A large number of vessels laden with fruit from the Mediterranean are on their way to our ports.

They are building a new Exchange in Boston which will accommodate all its mercantile associations.

The public schools in New Haven are in a ferment because female teachers whip little boys savagely.

Persia is attracting the attention of diplomats, and the Ottoman forces are concentrating on the frontiers.

The French minister at Athens is furnishing Cretan refugees with money to return home.

It has been proved that pianos sell for more extravagant prices, according to prime cost, than any other article used.

The New Bedford manufacturers have made over forty thousand dollars' worth of velocipedes in three months.

The bullet which killed Lord Nelson is in possession of Queen Victoria, who retains it as an honored treasure.

The increase of drunkenness in the Island of Guernsey is astounding the authorities. We can testify to an increase nearer home.

Virginia possesses 640,000 acres of "oyster rocks," yielding annually $10,000,000 worth of oysters.

S. A. Stockdale has been confirmed as Collector of Internal Revenue for the first district of Louisiana.

The President has appointed a son of Judge Douglas his Assistant Private Secretary.

Clapp, of the Buffalo *Express*, has received the caucus nomination for Public Printer.

The London *Daily News* says that the continental saloons are being closed to English ladies, because they dress too shabbily.

The fortune the Princess Baciocchi has left to the Prince Imperial amounts to over a million dollars.

Within a few weeks after publication 3000 copies of Rev. Mr. Meehan's work on Irish-Franciscan Monasteries were sold.

The Prince of Wales has instructed an agent to hunt him up suitable fishing streams for a short stay in Ireland.

Attorney General Hoar has decided against the revocation of pardons issued by the late President.

California is going into the sugar beet cultivation. The revolution in Cuba is acting as a stimulant.

As Alabama gives $5000 to the widow of each person assassinated in that State, husbands wear an anxious phiz.

At Lancaster, N. H., last week the snow stood six feet, and the thermometer was thirty-four degrees below zero.

At Otsego, N. Y., an estate valued at $3000 was lately settled, in which the lawyers received $2900—and the heirs the rest.

The *late* Secretary Stewart is about erecting buildings for dependent females in New York, to cost over two million dollars.

Sixty-three persons have received medals in Paris as rewards for acts of courage in saving life during the month of November.

By the blowing up of the Austrian frigate Radetski, while cruising in the Mediterranean last month, 300 lives were lost, and only twenty saved.

The Bishop of Norwich, England, is discussing the subject of clerical dress under four heads. Yet it seems the subject is not "head dress."

A remarkable case is reported in the English papers of a child in Carmarthenshire which has not partaken of food since October, 1867.

Mr. Bright, at a late dinner, is reported to have said that at one time he would as soon have expected to be a bishop as a cabinet minister.

People once thought that opposition lines of boats and railroads would cheapen rates of travel. Instead of that, the companies agree on certain rates, and the people are forced to submit.

The thieves in Norfolk, if of the light-fingered gentry, do heavy transactions occasionally, as they lately carried off an iron safe and two steam engines.

John Quincy Adams would not ride with his successor, Gen. Jackson, to the capitol, which, perhaps, furnished Gen. Grant with the hint of declining to ride with "Andy."

Snow is so very deep in Farmington, Maine, that store-keepers cut steps in the ice and snow, so that, with a sprinkling of ashes, customers can come into their places of business.

The eastern townships of Canada are being depopulated by immigration to the Western States; at the same time many Canadians, residents of the United States, are returning to Canada.

Richard Busteed suggests that a fund be established in the Treasury Department, in which rich and poor might be free to give what they pleased to pay off the public debt. He offers his own services to carry on the project.

Some Minneapolis merchants, out on a hunting excursion, became greatly excited, and shot at what they imagined a fine fat deer, but which turned out to be a deer-skin, stuffed for the occasion to trick the city chaps.

The residents of the Orkney Islands bitterly opposed the erection of light-houses, as, from the frequent wrecks, they used claret wine instead of milk. This selfishness finds its counterpart in the conduct of our late Legislature.

There are one hundred and twenty thousand professional thieves in London. If legislative operators come under that denomination, some of our American cities can make a good showing in this regard—not the least among which will be our own Crescent City.

A well to do farmer, weighing 400 pounds and six feet six inches high, agreed to appear in procession in Caen, France, instead of the traditional bœuf-gras, for the benefit of a poor mason, who had fallen from a scaffolding a few days before. He stipulated, however, that the thinnest man in the crowd should carry round the hat, into which he was the first to contribute five louis. That man had a big heart inclosed in a large body.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MILLIONAIRE.—The New York *Herald* relates the following anecdotes of A. T. Stewart:

Perhaps the most singular characteristic of Mr. Stewart is his alleged superstition. He is said to ignore to a great extent the business tact, ability and foresight which were undoubtedly the carvers of his vast fortune, and to attribute his success in life solely to luck. And this idea is the cause of numerous ludicrous occurrences in his career. When he kept his store on Broadway, between Murray and Warren streets, there sat on the sidewalk before it, on an orange box, an old woman, whose ostensible occupation was the selling of apples. This business was, however, merely a pretence; the main object being beggary. As years rolled on Mr. Stewart became impressed with the idea that the old dame was his guardian angel of good luck, and this impression took so firm a hold upon his mind that when he removed to Chambers street he in person, took up the old woman's box, and removed her to the front of his new establishment. In further illustration of Mr. Stewart's faith in the Irish traditional belief in "lucky" and "unlucky" persons, it may be mentioned that after the completion of the St. Nicholas hotel in this city, an undertaking in which he was largely interested, and when the building was just about to be opened for the reception of guests, the millionare, standing in the drawing room, ejaculated, "It is now finished; I hope its first visitors may be lucky people."

A gentleman present, who had heard of Mr. Stewart's care for the aged apple vendor, remarked, "I presume, sir, you do not in reality care about lucky or unlucky persons," to which he immediately replied, "Indeed, I do. There are persons who are unlucky. I sometimes open a case of goods and sell the first from it to some person who is unlucky, and lose on it to the end. I frequently see persons to whom I would not sell if I could avoid it."

What became of the "lucky" apple-woman when he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury? Perhaps the absence of this unique representative of fortune caused the disastrous result of his appointment to office.

END OF THE ARRAN TROUBLES.—The Galway *Vindicator*, of the 20th ult., says, in referring to the reply of the Lord-Lieutenant to the memorial presented by the Catholic clergy of these islands:

We are rejoiced to find from the correspondence in our columns to day that His Excellency would not hesitate to interpose his high authority in behalf of the remote Islanders if it were necessary. But we are happy to know that it is not now necessary. Mr. Thompson has given permission—and his authority as agent of the property is paramount—for the yacht to take Galway bread to the islands. Public opinion has had its influence. Mr. Thompson, if he continues to manage the property of the Misses Digby, must grant all the concessions claimed by the Catholic clergy for the people. They have made no demand not perfectly legal and legitimate. People must have the right of purchasing their provisions wherever they think proper; and they must also have the right of selling their kelp to the highest and best bidder.

George Bairnsfather, chemist, druggist and apothecary, 172 Common street, has, on the occasion of removing into his new premises—next to his old stand—laid in a large and varied assortment of fresh drugs, medicines and chemicals; and as he personally attends to dispensing them, the public have every assurance that the utmost accuracy and faithfulness will be observed in filling prescriptions.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.—Kursheet & Bienvenu, 114 Camp street, offer for sale the finest and finest assortment of marble and slate mantels, grates and hearths to be found in the city, and at low prices. They supply our leading builders with all articles requisite for completing the heaviest undertakings.

The Hull Convent Case.

The English papers and English people have been anxiously awaiting developments in the course of the trial before the Court of Queen's Bench in the above case, to justify the English traditional views of Convent life. Great has been their disappointment at the lack of sensational material, and in their sore disappointment the Dublin *Nation* thus condoles with them:

One is almost bound to sympathize and condole with the English Protestant public, in view of the painful and grievous destruction of certain highly important, long-hoarded and fondly-cherished delusions which they have suffered within the past two weeks in the Court of Queen's Bench, Westminister. Such disasters as the stoppage of Overend and Gurney caused in the financial circles of Threadneedle street the litigation of Saurin *versus* Star has wrought in the evangelical religion of Exeter Hall; a cruel disillusion—the sudden revelation that capital long depended upon as a reality has been a myth, a fiction, a mere deceit. Up to within a few days ago it was assuredly a firmly-held conviction with all pious Protestants of the true No-Popery hue, that if ever the interior life of a Catholic Convent came to be exposed, there would be a revelation of horrors and abominations such as would appal the Christian world! Under-ground dungeons of course there would be. Living tombs, too—refractory nuns built up in the solid wall, despite their shrieks for mercy. The rack and the thumb-screw would be found to be instruments of daily use with nuns guilty of breaking rule. Dreadful scandals, shocking crimes would be revealed if the glare of the legal "bull's-eye" came to be directed into the hideous dungeons of these hateful prisons. Above all, it would be found that victims wishing to return to the world or to quit the convent, were murdered outright and buried in quicklime under the cell floors!

When one reflects on the fond and invincible credulity with which these articles of the true Protestant faith (as it is in Newdegate) were held by the good souls who piously subscribe for the evangelization of Connemara through soup ladles, it is hard to reject a feeling of compassion for them at the present moment. For lo! there has been a complete and unpleasant ransanking and "showing up" of a convent's affairs; a public washing of the contents of its laundry basket, if we might avail ourselves so far of a certain figure of speech. The inner life of a convent has been exposed to public view and subjected to public criticism with minuteness the most extreme. A legal inquisition—rigorous, searching and unsparing—has been going on for full fourteen days in Westminister Hall, before an English Protestant judge and an English Protestant jury. And (how shall this news be borne in Exeter Hall!) the revelations accomplished thereby do cruelly destroy and dissipate forever the cherished faith in the existence of convent dungeons, thumb-screws and racks, of convent tortures, chains and murders! Nay, the cause of all the conflict was not any effort to keep a victim, young or old, in the "dungeon," but, strange to say, the complaint of a nun who insisted on being *retained* in a convent, while the community, she alleges, want to *force* her to rejoin the world! What! *force* her to rejoin that world—that gay, and bright, and happy world which (so Exeter Hall has taught us) all nuns would eagerly rejoin if a "Nunnery Inspection Bill" would only open the dungeon doors for them! *Prevent* her from remaining in those dungeons—those dread abodes of torture and crime—whence (according to the same authority) the poor victims would instantly fly if Parliament would only enable them! Can all this be true? Or is it only a cruel hoax to wound the feelings of Mr. Newdegate?

It is a true story all; and so fades away the time-honored and fondly-cherished dogma of "Convent horrors!" The nearest approach to the thumb-screw or the rack has been "kissing the floor;" and the traditional "burying alive" of recalcitrant sisters, consists in wearing a towel duster on the head.

In truth, these revelations of convent life, brought out in the Westminister law courts, strike upon the mind as an almost ludicrous anticlimax after the great expectations which, in the Protestant mind, as we all know, preceded them. The mountain has brought forth a mouse. It was not for this the Pope-hating section of the English public looked to the "Great Convent Scandal Case." The story is all before us now, and it reveals to us merely the case of a number of women, living, according to their own choice, together in community apart from the world, managing their simple affairs in their own simple way, by rules of their own adoption, and having no "arm of the law" to invoke in their little world, to regulate discipline, to punish irregularity or to maintain authority. The means relied on by them for effecting these ends are such as men—men of the busy, bustling world—will smile at. Kissing the floor, or wearing the duster, may be a very amusing, a very incomprehensible, or a very foolish punishment, in the estimation of some persons; but such punishments are, at least, not as objectionable as the blackhole and triangles; and as women, among themselves, do things in women's way, and as religious who have retired from the world, and who practice self-denial, humiliation and penance, in matters great and small, are very unlikely to take the outer world's appliances in these cases, it may be conceded that, after all, there is not much to be wondered at in the substitutes for "fines and penalties" resorted to within the Hull Convent walls.

The advertisements of Fleming Brothers, elsewhere, are so specific in their statements, so comprehensive in the range of diseases to which the medicines named therein apply, that any word of ours is needless—contenting ourselves with the statement that the high esteem in which they are held by multitudes, goes far to prove their efficacy.

PIANOS.—In buying a piano people in general have to depend either upon their own defective judgments, or apply to others, whose want of ability will operate to the disadvantage of the purchaser. Now Mr. LaHache, No. 9 Baronne street, has the best and cheapest pianos for sale, and a judgment in selection which is invaluable to the applicant. See card.

Dr. Julius Homberger, oculist, 140 Canal street, is enabled to refer to practical results as the best evidence of ability and skill. Thus in one year he treated over 850 patients—operated on 191 cases—cataracts, 42—cross eyes, 58—lachrymal fistula, 18, etc.

E. Tello, dentist, 156 Canal street, performs all operations in dentistry in a manner to give satisfaction, and his prices will be found equally in accordance with the demands of the times.

There is no better looking-glass than an old, true friend.

GREELEY ON THE ANNIVERSARIES.—The gatherings which in former years caused such a sensation in New York, and known as the "May Anniversaries," composed of windy bigots, who vented the pent up spite of twelve months on Catholics, and made feeling appeals for more money to carry on the war against "Popery," are to be abandoned this year. Various causes have been assigned for this, and the New York *Tribune*, in a column article, slightly tinged with sarcasm, thus alludes to the subject:

We are told by the *Observer* that "the late civil war completed the destruction of interest in the week of religious anniversaries." Perhaps it is hardly fair to charge it all to the late civil war, which is made responsible for a great number of the most incongruous things with a little too much recklessness. Would it be absurd for us to suggest that many of the absentees become so through a feeling that more than one of these societies were hardly alive enough to the moral features of our great struggle, and had a little too much to say about the Curse of Canaan? There was, it is true, a late and highly commendable effort made to retrieve this error, and the patriotism of many of the associations was sometimes exhibited in an extremely honorable way; but the people have long memories, and remembered the dreary debates of other days—the schisms, the separations, and the secessions which were not infrequent. If all the religious associations went to convene here in the month of May had always fairly met the vital issues of the hour, and had grappled with them faithfully and with muscular earnestness, perhaps the general interest in Anniversary Week would not have been so completely lost. Mistakes were often made by the managers of the societies, we have no doubt with the best intentions; but they were made. If these yearly meetings were what they should be, there would be no diminution of interest. But nobody cares to travel one hundred miles to listen to the reading of an Annual Report!

DR RUSSELL'S JOURNEY TO EGYPT.—Dr. Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, is now with the Prince of Wales in the East. The clever Irishman is a great favorite with the Prince. Dr. Russell, in fact, was sent for—to amuse His Royal Highness. The latter loves anecdote and racy animated conversation, and the former is as good a talker as he is a writer, and that is saying a good deal. Many persons who have heard of Dr. Russell being among the distinguished party of tourists will naturally conclude that he has gone for the *Times* to record the story of travel and adventure; but this is not the case. He is still so far on the *Times'* staff that he enjoys a handsome pension for former services, but he writes very little for the paper, and the Prince would give no facilities to any reporter who might choose to follow in his track.

Miss McAuley, 161 Canal street, has at this moment a large and varied assortment of spring and summer goods, which she is disposing of at very low prices.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MORNING STAR

BOOK AND JOB OFFICE,

No. 140 Poydras Street, New Orleans.

This Establishment is now fully prepared to execute all kinds of JOB WORK, such as
CIRCULARS, CARDS,
ENVELOPES, DEEDS,
CONTRACTS, INVOICES,
MORTGAGES, HEADINGS,
CATALOGUES, AUCTION BILLS,
HAND BILLS, BILL HEADS,
PROGRAMMES, BILLS OF FARE,
BANK CHECKS, DRUGGISTS' LABELS,
DRAY RECEIPTS, BILLS OF LADING,
PROMISSORY NOTES, Etc., Etc., Etc.
ON THE MOST ACCOMMODATING TERMS.

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—ON THE—
PROVINCIAL BANK OF IRELAND

Payable at the following branches:

Armagh,	Cootehill,	Monaghan,
Athlone,	Drogheda,	Nenagh,
Ballina,	Dungarvan,	Newcastle, county Limerick,
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Banbridge,	Dungannon,	Newry,
Bandon,	Enniscorthy,	Omagh,
Ballyshannon,	Enniskillen,	Parsonstown,
Belfast,	Ennis,	Skibbereen,
Carrick-on-Shannon,	Fermoy,	Sligo,
Cavan,	Galway,	Strabane,
Cork,	Kilkenny,	Tralee,
Clonmel,	Kilrush,	Templemore,
Coleraine,	Limerick,	Wexford,
Clogheen,	Londonderry,	Waterford,
Carrick-on-Suir,	Mallow,	Youghal,

In sums from One Pound Sterling up.
DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.,
New York.
ELLIOT & McKEEVER,
oll 6m No. 180 Common street, New Orleans

SOUTHERN BANK, NEW ORLEANS, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.—This Bank, continuing its Exchange operations, will receive deposits of Gold and Currency, and transact a General Banking Business.
Discount days—Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Offerings should be made on the preceding days.
fe28 3m THOMAS LAYTON, President.

INFORMATION WANTED—
Of Rev. AMBROSE MARTIN, C. C., formerly Chaplain in the Confederate States army. When last heard from he was passenger on the steamship Virginia, from Liverpool to New York, in April, 1866, at the time Cholera broke out on board. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by MAURICE F. MURPHY, Indianola, Texas.
Kentucky papers please copy. mh7 4t

COAL AND WOOD.

COAL..........................COAL

McCLOSKEY, MASON & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
PITTSBURG, ANTHRACITE, and CANNEL COAL,
166 Gravier street,
fe21 6m New Orleans.

COAL..............COAL..............COAL.

BOYD, WILMOT & CO.,
166..........Poydras Street..........166

Over 200,000 barrels Best Pittsburg COAL for sale, wholesale and retail, delivered on the Coast above or below the city, at the lowest market price. Also, English CANNEL and ANTHRACITE. Special attention given to city orders. ja17 3m

WOOD—WOOD—WOOD FOR SALE
BY J. J. CLARKE.
500 cords of ASH.
500 " OAK.
1000 " FAT PINE.
1000 " DRY PINE. Wholesale and retail.
Office and Yard corner of Julia and Dryades streets.
Branch office 309 Julia street. ja17 3m

J. C. KATHMAN,
394 Bienville street, corner Marais,
Dealer in COAL, CHARCOAL, COKE, White SAND, and FIRE-WOOD.
Orders left at the Mechanics' Exchange—Box 53—will receive prompt attention. de7 1y

COAL..........................COAL

JAMES M. PETERSON,
Wholesale and Retail Merchant,
Office No. 164 Gravier street.
Yards 39 Dauphine, and foot of Barracks street. fe7 3m

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

OLD RELIABLE.

OVER THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

DR. C. McLANE'S
CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS

The greatest Medical Discovery of any age.
Delighted millions sing their praise.
No family or person should be without them.

ARE YOU SUFFERING NOW?
Have you Headache or Backache?
Have you Constipation of the Bowels?
Have you a Sour Stomach?
Have you a Bad Breath?
Have you Cold Hands or Feet?
Have you Chills or Fever?
Have you Palpitation of the Heart?

USE DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Have you Suppressed Discharges?
Have you Sickness and Vomiting?
Have you Irregularities or Weakness?
Have you Rush of Blood to the Head?
Have you a Yellow or Discolored Skin?

USE DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Have you a Colic or Diarrhea?
Have you a Swollen or Distended Stomach?
Have you a Gloomy Feeling and Poor Appetite?
Have you Bilious Symptoms of any kind?

USE DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Heed the warning. Delays are dangerous. This advice is worth its weight in gold to the afflicted. Be sure you get Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. None genuine without the signature of FLEMING BROTHERS.
Sold all over the world. mh21 3m

SUPERIOR SYRUPS.

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