Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1878

pire. Now, Father Moses, I invite myself to take a small glass of cherry-brandy with you now and then. Put the bottle aside, by itself, it is excellent! And as for the rest, the room which you have given me is too handsome; I don't like such gewgaws; this fine furniture and these soft beds are good for women. What I want is a small room, like that at the side, two good chairs, a pine table, a plain bed with a mattrass, paillasse, and coverings, and five or six nails in the wall for hanging my things. You just give me that."

"Since you wish it, Mr. Sergeant."

"Yes, I wish it; the handsome room will be for state occasions."

"You will breakfast with us?" asked my wife, well pleased.

"I breakfast and dine at the cantine," replied the sergeant. "I do very well there, and I don't want to have good people go to any expense for me. When people respect an old soldier as he ought to be respected, when they treat him kindly, when they are like you—Trubert, too, is what he ought to be."

"But, Mr. Sergeant," said Sorle.

"Call me Sergeant," said he, "I know you now. You are not like all the rabble of the city; rascals who have been growing rich while we have been off fighting; wretches who do nothing but heap up money and grow big at the expense of the army, who live on us, who are indebted to us for everything, and who send us to sleep in nests of vermin. Ah! a thousand million thunders."

His face resumed its bad look; his mustaches shook with his anger, and I thought to myself, "What a good idea it was to treat him well. Sorle's ideas are always good!"

"Now, Madame Moses," he continued, "the side room!"

We showed him the small room that he asked for, and he went at once to fetch his knapsack from the other, saying as he went:

"Now I am among honest people! We shall have no difficulty in getting along together. You do not trouble me, I do not trouble you; I come in and go out, by day or night; it is Sergeant Trubert, that is enough. And now and then, in the morning, we will take our little glass; it is agreed, is it not, Father Moses?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"And here is the key of the house," said Sorle.

"Very well; everything is arranged; now I am going to take a nap; good-bye, my friends."

"I hope you will sleep well, sergeant." We went out at once, and heard him lie down.

"You see, Moses, you see,' whispered my wife, in the alley, "it has all come right."

"Yes," I replied, "all right, excellent; your plan was a good one; and now, if the spirits of wine only come, we shall be happy."

VIII.

From that time the sergeant lived with us without troubling anybody. Every morning, before he went to his duties, he came and sat a few minutes in my room, and talked with me while he took his glass. He liked to laugh with Safel, and we called him "our sergeant," as if he were one of the family. He seemed to like to be with us; he was a careful man; he cleaned his own buff-skins, and would not let any one touch his arms.

One morning, when I was going to answer to the call, he met me in the alley, and, seeing a little rust on my musket, he began to swear like the devil.

"Ah! Father Moses, if I had you in my company, it would go hard with you!"

"Yes," thought I; but thank God I'm not."

Sorle, leaning over the balustrades above, laughed heartily.

From that time the sergeant regularly inspected my equipments; I must clean my gun over and over, take it to pieces, clean the barrel and furbish the bayonet, as if I expected to go and fight. And even when he knew how Monborne treated me, he wanted also to teach me the exercises. All my remonstrances were of no avail, he would frown and say:

"Father Moses, I can't stand it, that an honest man like you should know less than the rabble. Go along!"

And then we would go up to the loft. It was very cold, but the sergeant was so provoked at my want of briskness in performing the movements, that he always put me in a great perspiration before we finished.

"Attention to the word of command, and no laziness," he would exclaim.

I used to hear Sorle, Safel, and the servant laughing in the stairway, as they peeped through the laths, and I did not dare to turn my head. In fine, it was entirely owing to this good Trubert that I learned to charge well, and became one of the best vaulters in the company.

"Ah! Fritz, it would all have been very well if the spirits of wine had come; but instead of my dozen pipes, there came half a company of marine artillery, and four hundred recruits for the sixth light infantry.

About this time the governor ordered that a space of six hundred metres wide should be cleared all round the city.

You should have seen the havoc that was made in the place; the fences, palisades and trees hewn down, the houses demolished, from which everybody carried away a beam or some timbers. You should have looked down from the ramparts and seen the little gardens, the line of poplars, the old trees in the orchard felled to the ground and dragged away by swarms of workmen. You should have seen all this to know what war is!

Father Frise, the two Camus boys, the Sades, the Bosserts, and all the families of the gardeners and small farmers who lived at Phalsburg, suffered the most. I can almost hear old Fritz exclaim:

"Ah! my poor apple trees! Ah! my poor pear trees; I planted you myself forty years ago. How beautiful you were, always covered with fine fruit! O, misery! misery!"

And the soldiers still chopped away. Toward the end, old Fritz went away, his cap drawn over his eyes, and weeping bitterly.

The rumor spread also that they were going to burn the Maisons Rouges at the foot of the Mittlebronn hill, the tile kiln at Pernette, and the little inns of *l'Arbre Vert* and *Panier Fleuri*, but it seemed that the governor found it was not necessary as these houses were out of range; or rather, that they would reserve that till later, and that the allies were coming sooner than they were expected.

Of what happened before the blockade, I remembered too, that on the twenty-second of December, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the call was beat. Everybody supposed that it was for the drill, and I set out quietly, with my musket on my shoulder, as usual; but, as I reached the corner of the mayoralty, I saw the troops of the garrison formed under the trees of the square.

They placed us with them in two ranks, and then Governor Moulin, Commandants Thomas and Pettiguet, and the mayor, with his tricolored sash, arrived.

They beat the march, and the drum-major raised his baton, and the drums stopped. The governor began to speak, everybody listened, and the words heard from a distance were repeated from one to another.

"Officers, non-commissioned, National Guards, and Soldiers!

"The enemy is concentrated upon the Rhine only three days' march from us. The city is declared to be in a state of siege; the civil authorities give place to martial law. A permanent court-martial replaces ordinary tribunals.

"Inhabitants of Phalsburg! we expect from you courage, devotion, obedience! *Vive l'Empereur!*"

And a thousand cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" filled the air.

I trembled to the ends of my hair; my spirits of wine were still on the road; I considered myself a ruined man.

The immediate distribution of cartridges, and the order to the battalion to go and forage for provisions, and bring in cattle from the surrounding villages for the supply of the city, prevented me from thinking of my misfortune.

I had also to think of my own life, for, in receiving such an order, we supposed, of course, that the peasants would resist, and it is abominable to have to fight the people you are robbing.

I was very pale as I thought of all this.

But when the Commandant Thomas cried out, "Charge!" and I tore off my first cartridge, and put it in the barrel, and, instead of hearing the ramrod I felt a ball at the bottom,—when they ordered us: "By file—left! left! forward! quick step! march!" and we set out for the barracks of the Bois-de-Chenes, while the first battalion went on to Quatre-Vents and Bichelberg, the second to Wechern and Metting; when I thought that we were going to seize and carry away everything, and that the court-martial was at the mayoralty to pass sentence upon those who did not do their duty;—all these new and terrible things completely upset me. I was troubled as I saw the village in the distance, and pictured to myself beforehand the cries of the women and children.

You see, Fritz, to take from the poor peasant all his living at the beginning of winter; to take from him his cow, his goats, his pigs, everything in short, it is dreadful! and my own misfortune made me feel more for that of others

And then, as we marched, I thought of my daughter Zeffen, and Baruch, and their children, and I exclaimed to myself:

"Mercy on us! if the enemy comes, what will they do in an exposed town like Saverne? They will lose everything. We may be beggared any day."

These thoughts took away my breath, and in the midst of them I saw some peasants, who, from their little windows, watched our approach over the fields and along their street without stirring. They did not know what we were coming for.

Six mounted soldiers preceded us; Commandant Thomas ordered them to pass to the right and left of the barracks; to prevent the peasants from driving their cattle into the woods, when they had found out that we had come to rob them.

They set off on a gallop.

We came to the first house, where there is the stone crucifix. We heard the order:

"Halt!"

Then thirty men were detached to act as sentinels in the little streets, and I was among the number, which I liked, for I preferred being on duty to going into their stables and barns.

As we filed through the principal street the peasants asked us:

"What is going on? Have they been cutting wood? Have they been making arrests?" and such like questions. But we did not answer them, and hastened on.

Monborne placed me in the third street to the right, near the large house of Father Franz, who raised bees on the slope of the valley behind his house. We heard the sheep bleating and the cattle lowing; that wretch of a Monborne said, winking at me:

"It will be jolly! We will make the Baraquois open their eyes."

He had no mercy in him. He said to me:

"Moses, thou must stay there. If any one tries to pass, cross your bayonet. If any one resists, prick him well and then fire. The law must be supported by force."

I don't know where the cobbler picked up that expression; but he left me in the street, between two fences white with frost, and went on his way with the rest of the guard.

I waited there nearly twenty minutes, considering what I should do if the peasants tried to save their property, and thinking it would be much better to fire upon the cattle than upon their owners.

I was much perplexed and was very cold, when I heard a great shouting; at the same time the drum began to beat. Some men went into the stables and drove the cattle. The Baraquins swore and wept; some tried to defend themselves. Commandant Thomas cried out:

"To the square! Drive them to the square!"

Some cows escaped through the fences, and you can't imagine what a tumult there was. I congratulated myself that I was not in the midst of this pillage. But this did not last long, for suddenly a herd of goats, driven by two old women, filed down the street on their way to the valley.

Then I had to stop them with my bayonet and call out:

"Halt!"

One of the women, mother Migneron, knew me; she had a pitchfork, and was very pale.

"Let me pass, Moses," said she.

I saw that she was coming slowly toward me, meaning to throw me down with her pitchfork. The other tried to drive the goats into a little garden at the side, but the slats were too near together, and the fence too high.

I should have liked to let them go by, and deny having seen anything; but, unfortunately, Lieutenant Rollet, came up and called out:

"Attention!"

And two men of the company followed: Macry and Schweyer, the brewer.

Old Mingneron, seeing me cross the bayonet, began to grind her teeth, saying:

"Ah! wretch of a Jew, thou'lt pay for this!"

She was so angry that she had no fear of my musket, and three times she tried to thrust her pitchfork into me; then I found the benefit of my drilling, for I parried all her attacks.

Two goats escaped between my legs; the rest were taken. The soldiers pushed back the old women, broke their pitchforks, and finally regained the chief street, which was full of cattle lowing and kicking.

Old Migneron sat down on the fence and tore her hair.

Just then two cows came along, their tails in the air, leaping over the fences and upsetting everything, the baskets of bees and their old keeper. Fortunately, it was winter, the bees remained as if dead in their baskets, or else I believe they would have routed our whole battalion.

The horn of the herdsman sounded in the village. He had been summoned in the name of the law. This old herdsman, Nickel, passed along the street, and the animals became quiet, and could be put in some order. I saw the procession go along the street; the oxen and cows in front, then the goats and the pigs behind.

The Baraquins followed, flinging stones and throwing sticks. I saw that, if I should be forgotten, these wretches would fall upon me, and I should be murdered; but Sergeant Monborne, with other comrades, came and relieved me. They all laughed, and said:

"We have shaved them well! There is not a goat left at the Barracks; we have taken everything at one haul."

We hastened to rejoin the column which marched in two lines at the right and left of the road, the cattle in the middle, our company behind, and Nickel, with Commandant Thomas, in front. This formed a file of at least three hundred paces. On every animal a bundle of hay had been tied for fodder.

In this way we passed slowly into the cemetery lane.

Upon the glacis we halted, and tied up the animals, and the order came to take them down into the fosses behind the arsenal.

We were the first that returned; we had seized thirty oxen, forty-five cows, a quantity of goats and pigs, and some sheep.

All day long the companies were coming back with their booty, so that the fosses were filled with cattle, which remained in the open air. Then the governor said that the garrison had provisions for six months, and every inhabitant must prove that he had enough to last as long, and that domiciliary visits were to begin.

We broke ranks before the city hall. I was going up the main street, my gun on my shoulder, when some one called me:

"Hey! Father Moses!"

I turned and saw our sergeant.

"Well," said he, laughing," you have made your first attack; you have brought us back some provisions. Well and good!"

"Yes, sergeant, but it is very sad!"

"What, sad? Thirty oxen, forty-five cows, some pigs and goats—it is magnificent!"

"To be sure, but if you had heard the cries of these poor people, if you had seen them!"

"Bah! bah!" said he. "*Primo*, Father Moses, soldiers must live; men must have their rations if they are going to fight. I have often seen these things done in Germany and Spain and Italy; we must be strict."

"We have been, sergeant," I replied; "but if I had been master, we should not have robbed these poor wretches; they are in a pitiable condition enough already."

"You are too compassionate, Father Moses, and you think that others are like yourself. But we must remember that peasants, citizens, civilians, live only by the soldiers, and have all the profit without wanting to pay any of the cost. If we followed your advice we should die of hunger in this little town; our peasants would support the Russians, the Austrians, and Bavarians at our expense. This pack of scoundrels would be having a good time from morning to night, and the rest of us would be as poor as church-mice. That would not do—there is no sense in it!"

He laughed aloud. We had now come into our passage, and I went up stairs.

"Is it thou, Moses?" asked Sorle in the darkness, for it was nightfall.

"Yes, the sergeant and I."

"Ah, good!" said she; "I was expecting you."

"Madame Moses," exclaimed the sergeant, "your husband can boast now of being a real soldier; he has not yet seen fire, but he has charged with his bayonet."

"Ah!" said Sorle, "I am very glad to see him back."

In the room, through the little white door-curtains, we saw the lamp burning, and smelt the soup. The sergeant went to his room, as usual, and we into ours. Sorle looked at me with her great black eyes, she saw how pale I was, and knew what I was thinking about. She took from me my cartridge-box, and placed my musket in the closet.

"Where is Safel?" I asked.

"He must be in the square. I sent him to see if you had come back. Hark! There he is coming up!"

Then I heard the child come up the stairs; he opened the door at once and ran joyfully to embrace me.

We sat down to dinner, and in spite of my trouble, I ate with a good appetite, having taken nothing since morning.

Suddenly Sorle said: "If the invoice does not come before the city gates are closed we shall not have to pay anything, for goods are at the risk of the merchant until they are delivered. And we have not received the inventory."

"Yes," I replied, "you are right; M. Quataya, instead of sending us the spirits of wine at once, waited a week before answering us. If he had sent the twelve pipes that day or the day after, they would be here by this time. The delay is not our fault."

You see, Fritz, how anxious we were; but, as the sergeant came to smoke his pipe at the corner of the stove, as usual, we said no more about it.

I spoke only of my fears in regard to Zeffen, Baruch, and their children, in an exposed town like Saverne. The sergeant tried to put my mind at ease, and said that in such places they made, to be sure, all sorts of requisitions in wines, brandies, provisions, carriages, carts, and horses, but, except in case of resistance, the people were let alone, and the soldiers even tried to keep on good terms with them.

We kept on talking till nearly ten o'clock; then the sergeant, who had to keep guard at the German gate, went away, and we went to bed.

This was the night of the twenty-second and twenty-third of December, a very cold night.

The next morning, when I threw back the shutters of our room, everything was white with snow; the old elms of the square, the street, the roofs of the mayoralty and market and church. Some of our neighbors, Recco the tinman, Spick the baker, and old Durand the mattress maker, opened their doors and looked as if dazzled, while they exclaimed:

"He! Winter has come!"

Although we see it every year, yet it is like a new existence. We breathe better out of doors, and within it is a pleasure to sit in the corner of the fireplace and smoke our pipes, while we watch the crackling of the red fire. Yes, I have always felt so for seventy-five years, and I feel so still!

I had scarcely opened the shutters when Safel sprang from his bed like a squirrel, and came and flattened his nose against a pane of glass, his long hair disheveled and his legs bare.

"Oh! snow! snow!" he exclaimed. "Now we can have some slides!"

Sorle, in the next room, made haste to dress herself and run in. We all looked out for some minutes; then I went to make the fire, Sorle went to the kitchen, Safel dressed himself hastily, and everything fell back into the ordinary channel.

Notwithstanding the falling snow, it was very cold. You need only to see the fire kindle at once, and hear it roar in the stove, to know that it was freezing hard.

As we were eating our soup, I said to Sorle, "The poor sergeant must have passed a dreadful night. His little glass of cherry-brandy will taste good."

"Yes," she said, "it is well you thought of it."

She went to the closet, and filled my little pocket-flask from the bottle of cherry-brandy.

You know, Fritz, that we do not like to go into public-houses when we are on our way to our own business. Each of us carries his own little bottle and crust of bread.

Sorle then filled my flask, and I put it in my pocket, under my great-coat, to go to the guard-house. Safel wanted to follow me, but his mother told him to stay, and I went down alone, well pleased at being able to do the sergeant a kindness.

It was about seven o'clock. The snow falling from the roofs at every gust of wind was enough to blind you. But going along the walls, with my nose in my great-coat, which was well drawn up on the shoulders, I reached the German gate, and was about going down the three steps of the guard-house, under the arch at the left, when the sergeant himself opened the heavy door and exclaimed:

"Is it you, Father Moses! What the devil has brought you out here in this cold?"

The guard-house was full of mist; we could hardly see some men stretched on camp-beds at the further end, and five or six veterans near the red-hot stove.

I stood and looked.

"Here," I said to the sergeant, as I handed him my little bottle, "I have brought you your drop of cherry-brandy; it was such a cold night, you must need it."

"And you have thought of me, Father Moses!" he exclaimed, taking me by the arm, and looking at me with emotion.

"Yes, sergeant."

"Well, I am glad of it."

He raised the flask to his mouth and took a good drink. At that moment there was a distant cry, "Who goes there?" and the guard of the outpost ran to open the gate.

"That is good," said the sergeant, tapping in the cork, and giving me the bottle; "take it back, Father Moses, and thank you!"

Then he turned toward the half-moon and asked, "News! What is it?"

We both looked and saw a hussar quartermaster, a withered, gray old man, with quantities of chevrons on his arm, arrive in great haste.

All my life I shall have that man before my eyes; his smoking horse, his flying sabretash, his sword clinking against his boots; his cap and jacket covered with frost; his long, bony, wrinkled face, his pointed nose, long chin and yellow eyes. I shall always see him riding like the wind, then stopping his rearing horse under the arch in front of us, and calling out to us with a voice like a trumpet: "Where is the governor's house, sergeant?"

"The first house at the right, quarter-master. What is the news?"

"The enemy is in Alsace!"

Those who have never seen such men—men accustomed to long warfare, and hard as iron—can have no idea of them. And then if you had heard the exclamation, "The enemy is in Alsace!" it would have made you tremble.

The veterans had gone away; the sergeant, as he saw the hussar fasten his horse at the governor's door, and said to me: "Ah, well, Father Moses, now we shall see the whites of their eyes!"

He laughed, and the others seemed pleased.

As for myself, I set forth quickly, with my head bent, and in my terror repeating to myself the words of the prophet:

"One post shall run to meet another, and one messenger to meet another, to show the king that his passages are stopped, and the reeds they have burned with fire, and the men of war are affrighted.

"The mighty men have forborne to fight, they have remained in their holds, their might hath failed, and the bars are broken.

"Set ye up a standard in the land, blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations against her, call together against her the kingdoms, appoint a captain against her.

"And the land shall tremble and sorrow; for every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, to make the land a desolation without an inhabitant!"

I saw my ruin at hand—the destruction of my hopes.

"Mercy, Moses!" exclaimed my wife, as she saw me come back, "What is the matter? Your face is all drawn up. Something dreadful has happened."

"Yes, Sorle," I said, as I sat down; "the time of trouble has come of which the prophet spoke: 'The king of the south shall push at him, and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind: and he shall enter into the countries and shall overflow and pass over.'"

This I said with my hands raised towards heaven. Little Safel squeezed himself between my knees, while Sorle looked on, not knowing what to say; and I told them that the Austrians were in Alsace; that the Bavarians, Swedes, Prussians and Russians were coming by hundreds of thousands; that a hussar had come to announce all these calamities; that our spirits of wine were lost, and ruin was threatening us.

I shed a few tears, and neither Sorle nor Safel could comfort me.

It was eight o'clock. There was a great commotion in the city. We heard the drum beat and proclamations read; it seemed as if the enemy were already there.

One thing which I remember especially, for we had opened a window to hear, was that the governor ordered the inhabitants to empty immediately their barns and graneries; and that, while we were listening, a large Alsatian wagon with two horses, with Baruch sitting on the pole, and Zeffen behind on some straw—her infant in her arms, and her other child at her side—turned suddenly into the street.

They were coming to us for safety!

The sight of them upset me, and raising my hands, I exclaimed:

"Lord, take from me all weakness! Thou seest that I need to live for the sake of these little ones. Therefore be thou my strength, and let me not be cast down!"

And I went down at once to receive them, Sorle and Safel following me. I took my daughter in my arms, and helped her to the ground, while Sorle took the children, and Baruch exclaimed:

"We came at the last minute! The gate was closed as soon as we had come in. There were many others from Quatre-Vents and Saverne who had to stay outside."

"God be praised, Baruch!" I replied. "You are all welcome, my dear children! I have not much, I am not rich; but what I have, you have—it is all yours. Come in!"

And we went up stairs; Zeffen, Sorle and I carrying the children, while Baruch stayed to take their things out of the wagon, and then he came up.

The street was now full of straw and hay, thrown out from the lofts; there was no wind, and the snow had stopped falling. In a little while the shouts and proclamations ceased.

Sorle hastened to serve up the remains of our breakfast, with a bottle of wine; and Baruch, while he was eating, told us that there was a panic in Alsace, that the Austrians had turned Basle, and were advancing by forced marches upon Schlestadt, Neuf Brisach and Strasburg, after having surrounded Huningue.

"Everybody is escaping," said he. "They are fleeing to the mountain, taking their valuables on their carts, and driving their cattle into the woods. There is a rumor already that bands of Cossacks have been seen at Mutzig, but that is hardly possible, as the army of Marshal Victor is on the Upper Rhine, and dragoons are passing every day to join him. How could they pass his lines without giving battle?"

We were listening very attentively to these things when the sergeant came in. He was just off duty, and stood outside of the door, looking at us with astonishment.

I took Zeffen by the hand, and said: "Sergeant, this is my daughter, this is my son-in-law, and these are my grandchildren, about whom I have told you. They know you, for I have told them in my letters how much we think of you."

The sergeant looked at Zeffen. "Father Moses," said he, "you have a handsome daughter, and your son-in-law looks like a worthy man."

Then he took little Esdras from Zeffen's arms, and lifted him up, and made a face at him, at which the child laughed, and everybody was pleased. The other little one opened his eyes wide and looked on.

"My children have come to stay with me," I said to the sergeant; "you will excuse them if they make a little noise in the hour?"

"How! Father Moses," he exclaimed. "I will excuse everything! Do not be concerned; are we not old friends?"

And at once, in spite of all we could say, he chose another room looking upon the court.

"All the nestful ought to be together," said he. "I am the friend of the family, the old sergeant, who will not trouble anybody, provided they are willing to see him here."

I was so much moved that I gave him both my hands.

"It was a happy day when you entered my house," said I. "The Lord be thanked for it!"

He laughed, and said, "Come now, Father Moses; come! Have I done anything more than was natural? Why do you wonder at it?"

He went at once to get his things and carry them to his new room; and then went away, so as not to disturb us.

How we are mistaken! This sergeant, whom Frichard had sent to plague us, at the end of a fortnight was one of our family; he consulted our comfort in every thing—and, notwithstanding all the years that have passed since then, I cannot think of that good man without emotion.

When we were alone, Baruch told us that he could not stay at Phalsburg; that he had come to bring his family, with everything that he could provide for them in the first hurried moments; but that, in the midst of such dangers, when the enemy could not long delay coming, his duty was to guard his house, and prevent, as much as possible, the pillage of his goods.

This seemed right, though it made us none the less grieved to have him go. We thought of the pain of living apart from each other; of hearing no tidings; of being all the time uncertain about the fate of our beloved ones! Meanwhile we were all busy. Sorle and Zeffen prepared the children's bed; Baruch took out the provisions which he had brought; Safel played with the two little ones, and I went and came, thinking about our troubles.

At last, when the best room was ready for Zeffen and the children, as the German gate was already shut, and the French gate would be open only until two o'clock at the latest, for strangers to leave the city, Baruch exclaimed: "Zeffen the moment has come!"

He had scarcely said the words when the great agony began—cries, embraces, and tears!

Ah! it is a great joy to be loved, the only true joy of life. But what sorrow to be separated! And how our family loved each other. How Zeffen and Baruch embraced one another! How they leaned over their little ones, how they looked at them, and began to sob again!

I did not raise my eyes, but I heard the lamentations which rent my heart, and which lasted till the moment when Baruch, perceiving that Zeffen was quite exhausted, ran out, exclaiming, "It must be! It must be! Adieu, Zeffen! Adieu, my children! Adieu all!"

No one followed him.

We heard the carriage roll away, and then was the great sorrow—that soorrow of which it is written:

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows.

"For there they that carried us away captive, required of us a song, saying: 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?''

(To be continued.)

MUNICIPAL DEBTS.—At a receent meeting of the American Social Science Association, Boston, Mr. R. P. Porter read an important paper on debt. Mr. Porter's paper set out with the following table of the indebtednes of 130 cities, representing the United States geographically:

	1876.	1866.
Municipal debt of 130 cities..	$644,378,661	$221,312,009
Assessed value of property of the same	6,175,082,158	3,451,619,381
Annual taxation of the same.	112,714,275	64 060,198
Population	8,576,249	5,919,014

The figures for 1866 are in some cases estimated by averaging actual returns. The population for 1876 is from the latest returns properly increased. The table shows that in 130 cities municipal debt has been nearly trebled in ten years, increasing $42,000,000 a year. It is not exaggeration to say that the United States as a whole has municipal debts aggregating $1,000,000,000, an annual expenditure of $220,000,000 (within $40,000,000 of the national expenditure), and liabilities increasing $50,000,000 yearly, involving $3,000,000 additional charge on taxpayers. The total State indebtedness, including the misrule debt of the Southern States ($180,000,000), is only $369,170,976. Mr. Porter thinks the facts established tend to show that the residents of cities are consuming their capital to pay taxes; of course the end of that is bankruptcy and ruin, and it explains the comparative feebleness which trade has displayed in recuperating in this last period of depression.

The Parent of Insomnia.

The parent of insomnia, or wakefulness, is, in nine cases out of ten, a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics, which, though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all-important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

That well-known and skilful dressmaker, Mrs. Jane Bell, formerly Miss McCaulay, has opened a suit of elegant rooms for the accommodation of her many friends and customers, at 161 Canal street, between St. Charles and Carondelet streets. Long experience, joined to natural taste and skill of the highest order, commend her to our lady friends as the proper person to whom they should give their orders.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WEBER,

THE LICENSED

Bill Poster

AND

DISTRIBUTOR,

71...............Camp Street...............71

I rent all large Posting Places and have my own Bill Boards.

Special Attention given to all Orders.

Charges moderate. fe3 tf

RICHARD FROTSCHER,
SEED MERCHANT,

I have on hand a large and complete stock of VEGETABLE, FLOWER and GRASS SEEDS, which I offer at the lowest market price.

Genuine Red Rust Proof Oats, in quantities to suit purchasers. Eastern grown Seed Potatoes a specialty. Almanac and Garden Manual for the Southern States sent free on application.

RICHARD FROTSCHER,
ja27 1m 15 and 17 Du Maine street, New Orleans.

STAINED GLASS for CHURCHES, etc.,

Guaranteed equal to imported, and much cheaper. Good Art Glass supplied at the prices charged for the inferior article peculiar to this country.

A. FITZPATRICK & CO.,
STAINED GLASS WORKS.,
STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.
N. B.—Late of London. Postoffice Box 226.

—PRIZES RECEIVED—
London, 1871. Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876
mh11 77 1y

THE BEST

Photographs in the South,

PERFECTION IN LIKENESS, RICH IN TONE,
AND
UNEQUALLED IN EVERY OTHER WAY,
ARE MADE AT

WASHBURN'S

NEW PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Corner of Canal Street and Exchange Place.

Elegant Designs, with all Modern Improvements.
mh4 77 1y Finest Art Work. Prices Moderate

ANDREW LEO,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

OFFICE AND SHOP,

459 Magazine Street, near Race.

All orders left there or at Box 94 Mechanics' and Dealers' Exchange, Gravier and St. Charles streets, will be, as usual, promptly attended to. no4tf

INCENSE FOR DIVINE SERVICE.

Prepared according to the Text of the Scriptures and the rules of Liturgy, and in accordance with the special form adopted by the Very Rev. Abbe Deen, the Diocese of Sens, and E. Laurencel, chemist.,
Depot at the Drug Store of
ST. CYR FOURCADE, 215 Canal,
fe25 77 1y Corner Rampart street.

MEDICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

MALAKOFF BITTERS.

The Best Stomachic and Tonic.

SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Excellent for an Anti-Malarial Morning Beverage.

LOW PRICE. PURE AND RELIABLE.

For sale in all quantities by

ALF. WALZ,

26...............Conti Street...............26

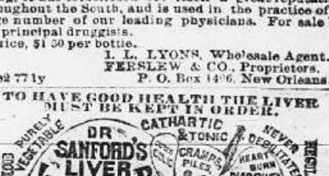
fe3 78 1y Sole Manufacturer.

A positive cure for Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and all diseases arising from impure blood. The first bottle has never failed to relieve from pain in the most aggravated case. Should the patient find no relief from the use of one or two bottles, he may feel assured he is not suffering from any of the above diseases, and it will be of no use to continue. Upon its own merits, without advertising, it has established for itself a great reputation throughout the South, and is used in the practice of a large number of our leading physicians. For sale by the principal druggists.

Price, $1 50 per bottle.

I. L. LYONS, Wholesale Agent.
FERSLEW & CO., Proprietors.
de2 77 1y P. O. Box 1406, New Orleans.

TO HAVE GOOD HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE KEPT IN ORDER.



For Pamphlets address DR. SANFORD, New York.

se30 1y eow

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of Modern Times! The Mysterious Channel of Disease Discovered, and a Certain Cure Provided. The Stomach, Liver and Bowels the Centre of Disease.

Parsons' Purgative Pills,

The Great Anti-Bilious Remedy and Miasmatic Dissolver.

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS

Are the result of long-continued Scientific investigation, and are warranted to cure all diseases originating in the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. No griping pains follow the use of these Pills, unless the Bowels are inflamed; but RELIEF, IMMEDIATE RELIEF, may be relied upon. As a common Family Physic

PARSON'S PURGATIVE PILLS

Stand unequalled before the world to day. By varying the dose according to directions, Parsons' Purgative Pills effectually purify the blood and greatly alleviate, if not entirely cure, Dyspepsia, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rose, Erysipelas or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Sores, Boils, Tumors, Morbid Swellings, Ulcerations, Pimples and Blotches.

EVERY BOX WARRANTED

Most Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed or No Pay. Full directions around each box. Physicians supplied by mail, post-paid, for $2 50 per thousand, in bulk, cash in advance. We will send these Pills to any reliable druggist or merchant to sell on commission.

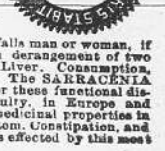
Agents wanted everywhere.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
je24 77 1y Manufacturers, Bangor, Maine.

SARRACENIA

LIFE

BITTERS.



Nearly every sickness that befalls man or woman, if correctly traced, proceeds from derangement of two vital organs, the Stomach and Liver. Consumption, Fevers, etc., are but sequences. The SARRACENIA ROOT is nature's own remedy for these functional disorders. Thousands of the faculty, in Europe and America, testify to its singular medicinal properties in Dyspepsia, Wasting of the System, Constipation, and the like, and the wonderful cures effected by this most delightful of all tonic cordials.

Mrs. GREGORY, Maysville, Ky., writes:

"My health is permanently restored since I have been using the SARRACENIA LIFE BITTERS. Every woman South ought to use this splendid Cordial Tonic. Send another box by express."

Sold everywhere, and by

FREDERICKSON & HARTE,
I. L. LYONS,
my13 77 1y Druggists, New Orleans.

SISTERS OF CHARITY'S

Cyano-Pancreatine,

A SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST.

Patented at Washington and Ottawa in 1871.

Having secured the right to manufacture and sell the CYANO-PANCREATINE throughout the United States and Canada, the Sisters invite the attention of the public to this superior remedy, COMPOUNDED BY THEMSELVES, for the relief of the large number who suffer so violently from Dyspepsia, etc.

Price, $1 per bottle.

For sale by

P. F. GOGARTY,

151...............Camp Street...............151

NEW ORLEANS. mh18 77 1y

GAS FIXTURES—RANGES.

THOS. McKENDRICK,

PLUMBER AND GAS FITTER,

625...............Magazine Street...............625
Above Josephine.

DEALER IN PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING MATERIALS, CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, ETC.

AGENT FOR THE

NEW BEAUTY ELEVATED OVEN RANGE, PARAGON RANGE,

HEARTH AND HOME COOKING STOVES, for Wood or Coal.

MIXED PAINT, READY FOR USE,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

☞ Country orders will receive prompt attention at low prices. ja13 78 1y

GAS FIXTURES AND RANGES

AT

NEW YORK PRICES.

Agents for the

GREAT BARSTOW AND WARREN RANGES.

Dealers in Gas Fixtures, Pumps, Bath Tubs and Plumbing Materials.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting promptly attended to at

SULLIVAN & BULGER'S,
feb25 77 1y 97 Camp street, near Poydras.