The New Orleans Bee.

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A New Champion.

An opponent of Abolitionism, and champion of slavery, has very unexpectedly presented himself in the person of the well known GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. This gentleman, we believe, is a Northerner by birth, but seems to be absolutely exempt from those sectional prejudices which are but too common among his countrymen. Mr. TRAIN is a person of considerable talent, and indomitable enterprise. He has been striving earnestly, though with no great success, to impress upon the minds of the Londoners the usefulness and convenience of street railways; but we observe that the ungrateful Cockneys, so far from appreciating his efforts, have absolutely denounced him before a magistrate's court on the charge of desiring to commit a nuisance. All this, however, does not discourage the irrepressible TRAIN. He is eccentric, original, and courageous. He has peculiar ideas, and is not at all afraid to express them in the midst of a hostile assembly.

The Boston papers contain a report of a speech delivered by Mr. TRAIN in a debate before a London society. The subject selected was the following: "Is American slavery a stepping stone to the negro from African barbarism?" We here in the South would scarcely regard such a question as worth serious consideration, as it has been long since settled in the affirmative; but the benighted Englishmen, whose notions in regard to slavery are singularly primitive, and replete with error, must have been decidedly astonished at the confident and able manner in which Mr. TRAIN sustained the affirmative of the proposition. He boldly announced and established the fact of the existence of slavery in the most remote periods of antiquity. He contended that it was an institution of Divine Providence, nor the less to be acknowledged because we might be unable fully to fathom the purpose to be accomplished by it. In connection with this part of his theme, Mr. TRAIN spoke as follows:

When you will explain why, in His wisdom, He made one mountain overtop another mountain—formed one ocean larger than another ocean—planned one valley wider than another valley, when you can make me understand why He made the oak stronger than its neighbor—the rainbow more beautiful than the storm-cloud—the lily more lovely than the flax, when you will tell me the reason that Providence ordained that the fair Saxon should be permitted to express, in the blush upon her face, all the emotions of her soul, while the African knows not the signification of the word—(applause)—when these things are made clear to me, I will tell you how and why He has made the African the servant of the Anglo Saxon race, but not till then. [Cheers.] They were born and bred servants, they cannot be masters. I have been in Africa, and nowhere did I learn that the Negro had ever been other than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. For forty centuries they have borne the burden. We may regret their position, but we cannot change the laws of God. The obelisks and hieroglyphics of the past have stamped their occupations. Africa is a desert—America a garden—mind you I speak of that portion of the great Ethiopian country that cultivates the English staple of slavery. [Oh! it is not a modern institution.] No, I admit that slavery is no new institution—did I not open the debate with that statement! It is as old as the world of the geologists.

Mr. TRAIN illustrated the antiquity of slavery by reference to Arabia, Crabica and Egypt, to the enslavement of prisoners of war by the Greeks, to the History of the Helots, to the known practice of the Romans. He proved from MORTON'S and GLIDDON'S works that the Egyptians held Africans in bondage twenty-two centuries before the Christian era. He quoted from the Word of GOD, and recalled to the minds of the audience the fact of the ownership of slaves by the patriarchs of old—ABRAHAM, ISAAC and JACOB; that MOSES made laws for their government, that the Author of Christianity, while repeatedly denouncing and condemning every other departure from the moral law, never once uttered a word against slavery. He alluded to the famous epistle of PAUL to PHILEMON, and to the undoubted evidence that ONESIMUS was in PAUL sent back to his master, had been a fugitive slave. He adverted at some length to the share taken by Great Britain in slavery. We quote as follows:

Wat Tyler's rebellion in 1381 arose from serfdom. Edward VI branded V on the breast of any one who bread idle for three days, and the buyer owned him for two years as the slave. He could oblige him to work by beating and chaining him. let him absent himself for a fortnight, and, with a brand upon his cheek, he was made a slave forever! His neck, his leg, or his arm could be circled with rings of iron, and these were Saxon England's laws. Even in 1547 a runaway apprentice became by statute a slave. This nasty, glorious, the great bringe in my argument, when England stamped African slavery into the American soil. Sir John Hawkins (1563) was not long in following the Portuguese in profiting by the Congo and Angola traffic in Africans—perhaps England, even at this early day, thought of this method of Christianizing Africans. [Laughter, and "God"] Queen Elizabeth was an accomplice, and the English Anne was joint partner with the Spanish Philip in dividing profits in the 144,000 slaves stipulated for in the Assiento treaty.

England, I say, may thus early have had the praise worthy idea of civilizing the God forsaken race by firmly planting in the West the bible staple of slavery. England has been consistent from the first, all the Georges were engaged in it. The diamonds in the royal crown, now worn by your Queen, were bought by the proceeds arising from the sale of four negroes, and as your former Queens, your Government and your people were all so largely engaged in the traffic, it is most unfair to presume that they had any other motive in view in carrying on this wholesale trade in human flesh than the Christianizing of the savage! [Laughter.] Even the capital by which you established the East India Company and the Bank of England, was furnished from the profits of the African slave trade.

Any one at all acquainted with English characteristics—knowing how disinterested they are in matters of personal interest, and how little they care for that which most nations seek for—money—and how all their efforts for a period of centuries has been to benefit other lands instead of their own—[Laughter]—will not for a moment credit the unpleasant rumors that have got abroad that England had any sordid object in view. [Laughter, and hear, hear.] Assuming, then, the generous view that the civilization of the African was the object, I proceed to condense my whole argument into a few paragraphs to show how successful England has been in her philanthropy, and during the next five minutes will convince the most sceptical that American slavery to the negro is a stepping stone in the right direction. In order to bring my point straight home to your comprehension I shall lay before you bone by bone, the skeleton on which I base the argument. I shall analyze and divide the whole question into affirmatives and negatives, and manœuvre on acknowledged individual points. I shall compel you to admit the collective argument. [Well said" and applause.]

It appears from that report that Mr. TRAIN's arguments impressed the meeting favorably, and were received with much applause. It is but seldom that a British audience has an opportunity of hearing a defense of the peculiar institutions of the South, and we are therefore much obliged to Mr. TRAIN for taking the trouble to lay before an intelligent assembly some truths of which they may be reasonably presumed to have seldom thought. The fatal mistake committed by Englishmen, and indeed by all who declaim against the servitude of the colored race is that they view it in the abstract, and conceive it to be a horrible thing for one man to hold others in bondage. Whenever they have a chance to examine the subject practically, as Mr. TRAIN has doubtless done, their opinions undergo a radical change, and then they are constrained by facts to acknowledge that "American slavery is a stepping stone to the negro from African barbarism."

MERCHANTS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—The eighth annual statement of this well managed institution will be found in our columns. The exhibit made is, under the circumstances, quite favorable. The net earned premiums are $561,716 85—the net profits $196,801 60. The assets of the company exceed twelve hundred thousand dollars. The Board of Directors have declared a scrip dividend of thirty per cent, to be issued on and after August 1st, and will pay an interest of six per cent on all outstanding scrip on the second Mondays in July. No scrip will be redeemed until the capital of one million is completed.

We have a stray copy of the *Mechanicite*, published in the parish of St. John the Baptist. It is dated the 31st ult. It announces a sensible subdivision of the waters of the Mississippi. It says that on Monday, the 26th ult., twenty-five men, armed with muskets and revolvers, and hailing from TEXAS, removed the rails from the Opelousas track for some distance behind the Waggaman plantation, and afterwards cut the levee in four or five places fronting the same plantation. The negroes belonging to the planters in the neighborhood were promptly collected, and succeeded, in about an hour, in repairing the damage done to the levee.

The Bonnet Carré road has at length been put in good order.

A RIVAL OF GAS.—It is said a plan is about to be brought into use in the East by which petroleum can be converted into first rate illuminating gas at a cost of about fifty cents per thousand.

The Spanish steamship Cardenas, Capt. Burguers, arrived from Havana on Wednesday evening last, having left Havana 31st ult. We learn that the Cardenas passed the forts without communicating with them, and on her arrival up to the city she was ordered immediately below the forts.

Execution of Dumollard.

This Monster of crime lately suffered the death penalty at Montinel. For a series of years murder had been his sole occupation; and all his victims were young women, whom he decoyed from Paris to Montinel, under the pretense of engaging them as servants. When nearing his home, the villain would persuade his victim to leave the public highway and take to the fields, as a "short cut," the object being to lead her to a secluded spot where after outraging her person, he murdered her and stripped the body of all its clothing, appropriating to himself also whatever of value his victim may have had with her. His last essay in villainy was a failure, the woman being large and powerful, effected her escape and quickly informed the police, who as quickly arrested him. His house, when searched, was found filled with female apparel, jewelry, valises, &c. Strange, even horrible as it may seem, Dumollard's wife was an aider and abettor in these atrocious crimes upon her own sex.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Post* thus speaks of the execution of this morning:

Dumollard, the culprit, lately convicted of a series of atrocious murders in France, was executed at four this day. Yesterday afternoon the Court of Cassation had rejected his appeal, and that he would be executed on Saturday morning. He answered quite coolly, "As well to-morrow as ester." The chaplain of the prison and the cure of Bourg came to visit him a few minutes afterwards, and he promised them that he would "confess" before he died. The expression must be understood as referring to the sacrament of confession according to the Roman Catholic Church, and not to any public revelation of his crimes; for all the accounts confirm the telegraphic statement that he made none. At 6 o'clock his irons was struck off, and he seemed greatly pleased at this relief. He asked to see his wife, whom he had hitherto refused to see, took supper with her in the presence of the chaplain, and was formally reconciled. He spoke to her very sensibly, and advised her, if she should obtain a pardon, not to go back to her old home, because she would be pointed at. When the time came for setting out for the place of execution, he was allowed to change the prison dress for his own clothes. He picked out the worst for his own wear, and put aside the others saying they were for his wife. At 11 o'clock he left the Bourg Prison in a cart, spread with straw, and, accompanied by the chaplain and two gens-d'armes, traveled through the dead of the night, arriving at Montinel at four in the morning. During the journey his conversation turned on the most frivolous subjects.

He calculated distances, spoke a good deal of his furniture, and said that somebody at Dageux, whose name he mentioned, owed him several days' work, which he reckoned up as amounting to 27f. On observing the crowd as he passed through Chalamont, he said: "They are very curious to see me die." On arriving at Montinel he was placed in a room prepared for him at the Hotel de Ville, the lockup house being out of order. His first request was to have some fire to warm his feet. A cup of coffee and a glass of sherry were then given him, which he tasted with much relish, taking especial care to melt the sugar. On the cure of Montinel being presented to him, he said: "I know I am very guilty for having followed bad advice, but I pay for others." After these words he was alone for nearly an hour and a half with the cure and the chaplain, and whatever confession he made must have been at this interview. At 6 o'clock the Justice of the Peace who arrested him, and who was charged with the direction of the execution, informed the two priests that the hour was approaching. He afterwards pressed Dumollard with many questions, urging him to make a full confession, but the latter replied that he had nothing more to say, and that if he had had any declaration to make he should not have waited for that *echeance*—a mercantile term, signifying the moment at which a bill is due. He repeated frequently, "I pay for others." He remained quite firm until the executioners made the fatal toilette. Then it was observed that his nerves seemed to fail him a little. He, however, insisted on walking to the scaffold, although a carriage was in readiness. His waistcoat was thrown over his shoulders to keep him warm. He mounted the steps of the scaffold with assistance, embraced the chaplain, helped the executioner to take off his coat, and—all was over. According to one account there were shouts resembling barrahs among the crowd. Dumollard's head was sent to the Medical School at Lyons.

AN ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENON.—The London *Reader* of April 19 contains the following note from Mr. Dawes, astronomer, at the Hopefut Observatory in England:

A rare and interesting phenomenon in the Saturnian system occurred on the night of the 15th, and the sky happening to be clear an excellent observation of it was obtained with my 8in inch equatorial refractor.

The Satellite of Saturn, (named "Titan by Sir John Herschel,) in passing through its inferior junction, came precisely into contact (rather loosely perhaps) with the planet's north pole at 10h. 31m. G. M. T. The state of the air was not very favorable, and consequently a higher power than three hundred was of no advantage, but with this, under the best views, the satellite appeared quite round, and no decidedly black line was visible between it and the edge of the planet.

At 11h 8m. G. M. T. the shadow of the same satellite had entered about half its own diameter on to the eastern edge of the planet cutting off a semi-circular notch of very considerable size.

At 11h 11m the shadow was seen as a round and perfectly black spot and this may be taken as the instant of internal contact.

It continued to travel along the southern edge of the northern equatorial belt, encroaching on the belt by nearly one third of its own diameter.

At 12h 11m the shadow was judged to be precisely in the middle of the chord it described. This was tested by the web of the parallel wire micrometer and the same separation of the webs measured both the eastern and the western side of the disk.

The only previous observation of this phenomenon with which I am acquainted was made by Sir W. Herschel, on the 24 of November, 1789.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,
W. R. DAWES.

Hopefield Observatory, Haddenham, Thame, 17th April, 1862.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—Hon Edward Stanley, of California, arrived in New York recently by the San Francisco steamer. Mr. Stanley is en route for Washington, where he will receive his instructions prior to entering upon his duties as Governor of North Carolina, to which position he has been appointed by President Lincoln. Mr. Stanley is a North Carolinian by birth, and at one time represented the Newbern district in Congress. He was subsequently Attorney-General of the State, and while in that position distinguished himself by his great legal abilities. He afterwards removed to California, and was elected the City Attorney of San Francisco, a position which he held at the time of his appointment to his present position. Mr. Stanley was formerly a conservative old-line Whig, but since the recent change in parties he has not taken a very prominent part in politics. [*Philadelphia Press.*

Edward Solomon, Governor of Wisconsin, is the first German born citizen who has ever filled a gubernatorial chair in the United States. He is a Democrat, and was elected on a Union ticket as Lieutenant Governor, with the late Governor Harvey, whom he succeeds.

FORT WARREN.—All the prisoners have the liberty of the fort on parole, except the Beauregard privateersmen and Generals Buckner and Tilghman. The former are not allowed outside the guard without the company of a sentinel. The latitude is generally in favor of more active service, though the fort will be a fine summer residence.—*Boston paper.*

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Provost Court—Judge Bell, Presiding.—We paid two visits to the Court yesterday, and gleaned the following matter from the record and from personal hearing:

John Cogan, arrested as a dangerous character, and charged with being one of the gang which maltreated, and threw a cab driver into the canal some weeks ago, was examined yesterday. His conduct, as well as the evidence, condemned him, and he was sent to the parish jail for the month.

Capt. Anderson, of the Confederate Artillery at Fort St. Philip, who had been taken prisoner of war and released on his parole, came into court to answer to the fact that he was arrested yesterday afternoon, and had been in limbo all night. The Judge expressed great regret, and was sufficient that an outrage had been inflicted upon the captain, in his arrest by some unauthorized person. He had no doubt that the captain had strictly obeyed the terms of his parole, he would ascertain who it was that had arrested and confined him. He was, of course, very promptly discharged.

Charles Lopp, charged with being concerned in the late murder, was sent to prison to await examination.

A brace of boys, both sick-eyed, were sent to the House of Refuge, for bathing in the river, at the foot of Canal street.

Wm. Johnson, charged by his wife with beating her brutally, was discharged—it appearing that she came home drunk and beat the children, and that he tied her with a rope to keep her in till she came to her sober second thoughts.

P. J. Cramer, charged with detaining the trunk and clothing of a delinquent tenant, was ordered to restore the property. His brother, Wm. Cramer, for resisting the arrest of P. J., and drawing a razor on the officer, was fined $50, or, in default, Workhouse two months.

One Quirk, charged with deserting his wife, because she insisted on her sister living with them, was ordered to pay half of his income ($50 a month) for her support.

The complaint of Mrs. Dawson against the Bank of Louisiana was heard. She testified that she had deposited $10,000 in specie with the Bank, and had never deposited any other kind of funds; that after the suspension she drew her check for the amount, but was refused specie, and had to take Confederate notes, which she protested against; that afterwards, on the 5th of April, she tried to deposit in the Bank the same notes, but they were refused. The Bank officers admitted the fact of the deposit in specie, but as they paid no depositors in specie during the suspension, they contended that the reception of the Confederate money absolved the Bank from the present demand. The Judge decided that the Confederate notes be returned to the Bank, and that it should pay the amount in its own notes.

Laurent Domecie and Lelande Bayoune, arraigned for stealing chickens from E. Quirk, were released on their parole to appear and answer—it being represented that they were largely in the fowl (not poultry) trade, and were unable to prove their innocence.

To Be Hung.—Mumford, who was convicted several days ago by the Military Commission, on the charge of tearing down the United States flag from the Mint at its first erection, has, we learn, been sentenced to be hung at or near the Mint. The sentence is approved by General Butler.

Robbery.—Policeman Mitchell, of the Second District, reports that a stand at the corner of St. Ann and Levee streets was broken open yesterday morning, about 3 o'clock, and robbed of a small show-case containing cotton, thread and other small articles, and also of a quantity of fruit. The thieves evidently got frightened, as they left their plunder in the street near by, where it was found by the officer and taken to the station-house.

First District Court.—There was no session of this court yesterday, but there will be today.

Mark Wilton's Wife.

When I began my artist-career in New York, painting was not the thing it now is. Allston had become great alongside of Poole and Stuart, but hardly any lady else hoped to be. I very believe that the first two years I spent here, any young gymnast of the brush who, like Hosea Bigelow's grandfather, restricted entirely the exhibitions of his breadth of execution to the sides of barns, had a better chance of success than I who worked on canvas. Rome was then the rapture of dreamers or the heavy bore of school-books, not the winter quarters of the merchant's family. Art had few patrons, and the Tenth street palace of studios slept unroused in its original chrysalis and timber words.

The place I called my studio was an attic on East Broadway, just out of Chatham Square. There, above the noise of the streets, I painted, sometimes for a pittance, sometimes for practice, and dreamed for pleasure, or for nothing.

It is true I had very hard times. I have seen the day when the Aurora that would not bring bread was put down for the tiramisu sign-board that would. Art may be degraded by painting sign-boards, but, I fancied, hardly so much as by starving.

Yet I had my happy hours too. Their canes partook of the nature of a feeling of superiority to the rest of mankind—to certain ones of the rest in particular. A sentiment not approved in the moral philosophies, yet, perhaps, permissible in a man whose exercise of it must have been so innocious as mine, situated as I was in a garret, where what I did could never hurt any body's feelings. I live on the Avenue now, and from motives of kindness do not indulge in the gratification.

But superiority to whom? I will tell you. There was my classmate at college—young Whilfletree, who at his graduation was worth five thousand a year. Having opened the ball of this life with an heiress expecting twice as much, at the time I sat in my garret, he was gayly dancing down the reel to the music of golden trumpets, and careless of whose toes he stepped on. Yet in that very garret I used to regale myself, at least once every day, on this reflection, "How much better off I am than young Whilfletree!"

I doubt whether there was any six light to Whilfletree's house; or, if there was, whether he ever used it. I had one, and there is no saying how valuable it was to me. It gave me right of entry to a patch of heaven just six feet square, and in all his acres there was not one spot so fertile. There grew the blue flats that, being transplanted to canvas, made beautiful women's eyes; thence I brought the gold that made my angels' hair, and there were cloud-masses, sun streaks, and burning tinges for any number and variety of landscape views. But especially did I glory, as, at the drawing nigh of evening, I sat beneath the panes taking that humble meal, my tea. Tea by compliment, for it was often only a glass of water which moistened my bread, and as I held the goblet up and let the rosy light stream through it, I exulted, crying, "Now is Whilfletree just at his port, drowsily nodding heartily to the tablefriend to who lowe him not, mine is the self-same vintage that crowned the wedding of the young couple in Galilee, and heaven hath given it its purple like a deed!"

But my sky-light was not my only stimulus to cheerfulness. Like all men with any of the true artist-soul in them, I had always looked forward to the day when I should be able to claim that great happiness—a good and lovely wife. I had pictured to myself the kind of woman I would like to be ever with me. I had moulded her, in my mind, into all that exquisite softness which makes her heart a sweet pillow in trouble, and an elastic reservoir for the joy which is too large to bear single. I had beautified her brow with that heroic patience which rests on woman's head like a halo—or more like a crown of thorns. She shall be just as tall said I, just so roundly formed with this expression, this pose.

At last it struck me that I would paint her. For surely to have some tangible image of this reward which was to be—even though it might not, could not, thoroughly represent the ideal—would be a great excitement, a goal to struggle toward.

I took a week out of my most inspired season—the early spring—and gave it up to this delicate work. For a while I got at a time I could paint on easily, proudly; the very touch, perhaps, saw me dissatisfied after an hour's work, but undiscouraged. I blotted out the failure, and went forward anew.

At last I finished it. Sacrificing the physical to the spiritual for awhile, I stinted some of my lower daily needs until I could afford to give it a handsome oval frame, and then hung it close by my easel where I might glance at it now and then, and gain courage in the work for food and fame.

Somehow or other I did far better after that picture than ever before. The paintings which I sent to the Academy, just then in its childhood, were every where pronounced successes. One by one patrons dropped in, or rather up, and at length I became of a mind to move into a politer and more accessible studio. One May morning that change, by the intervention of one cart and a small boy with a hand car, was accomplished without detriment to my meagre stock of movables.

My wife I carried, wrapped in much cotton and paper, in my own arms. My new studio consisted of two rooms, communicating by a door. Against the wall of the inner one I suspended her, so that I could still look at her as I painted, yet guard her from unhallowed eyes of curiosity or custom, by closing the passage at the first footfall outside. Oh the sweet progress I made as I painted toward that woman—that her growing more possible—and said, "Not to-morrow, perhaps, nor the day after, but next year, who knows but you may be mine!"

Now that I had become known, young Whilfletree patronized me. Forgetting entirely the obscure hiatus between our parting at the college threshold and his meeting me as the lionized artist, he was glad to see me—devilish glad—thought I had been dead, old boy—and all that sort of thing. And finding I was not in the sculpture line too, to the great sorrow, for he would have liked an equestrian statue of himself as appearing in the mounted militia, he gave me an order to paint his wife.

For the first sitting I appointed a bright day in June, when the leaves were all out, and a fresh smell of the flowering orchards up the river came down on the brisk north breeze, so that I felt in grand spirits for the work, and betook myself to Whilfletree's house with alacrity. I was ushered into the presence of a lady, stately, handsome, frigid, and in velvets. At that day the idea of painting a lady in any thing but velvets or the stiffest of brocades would have been thought an absurdity. The mistress of a house who expected to be handed down to coming generations, would have shuddered at the thought of being seen by her grandchildren, like Henly's beauties, in the informality of tulle and muslin, quite as much as if it had been proposed to her to sit for her portrait in gauze or tissue paper.

We had broken the ice of the ceremonious introduction—interchanged the ordinary platitudes of compliment—got the light right, seat, and pose, and I had been sketching away diligently for about half an hour, when there came a ring at the door—very faint and timid, like that of a child. The door of the parlor in which I stood before the lady was half open, and I could see the footman as he went to answer it, hear the knob turn, and then a girl's voice, which said, "Will you ask your mistress if she can give me any sewing?"

Involuntarily I started at that voice. It was the sweetest I had ever heard—*had* heard only in dreams before.

With an irresolution strangely contrasting with his usual imperturbable impudence, the flunkey stood for a moment hesitating whether to slam the door in her face. Then recovering his habitual pomposity, he answered, "We've nothing for you!"

"*Ask*, if you please."

These last words were said in so calm yet decided a tone that even the blunted instincts of the man showed him he was dealing with a superior—one who had been used to the respect of others, and never forgot her own. He left the front door just ajar, and returning to the parlor, looked in to say, "There's a woman at the door, Mrs. Whitfletree, who wants work."

"I thought my orders were, Thomas, always to send such people away!"

"Very true, ma'am; but she wouldn't go without my asking."

"Make her then."

Upon which the menial returned to the door, and, dispensing no further parley, triumphantly slammed the door in the supplicant's face.

It must have been the sound of that voice—or the surprise at any one so much in want as to ask for work so earnestly, yet at the same time so little cowed by that want as not to cringe and go away at the first rebuff—or, it may have been a little momentary disgust at the ice-beauty I was painting, which would hide itself. At any rate, I put down the crayon for a minute, and looked out of the window. Just then the tired foot of the young girl came slowly off the last step; with a short hesitation she looked the other way up the street, then more decidedly, she turned and came past the window. All the time I looked at her with that steadfast gaze which none but one thing, and surely obedient to the powerful law of magnetism between men and women, she lifted her face so that it looked full into my own.

Gracious Heavens! The face! the face! *It was the one I had been painting toward for six years.*

No wonder young Whilfletree's wife was startled from her coldness; no wonder she thought me suddenly gone mad; no wonder that on that account she and her husband dismissed me forever, and to my somewhat injury yet exceeding little care spoke of me always after that, as we speak of old acquaintances in Bedlam. I lost that portrait—but I found my own!

For with a half murmured incoherent apology—dashing my pencil down and my hat on—and leaving Madam and my easel where they stood, I rushed through the door, half knocking down the astonished flunkey in my way, and was in the street at a leap.

She had not gone very far to be sure, but then the fear of losing sight of her in the wilderness of New York, that was terrible. So then, straightway, if Mrs. Whilfletree had condescended to come to the window, she beheld the mortifying spectacle of the artist-friend whom her husband had presented in close pursuit of a repulsed sewing girl.

At first it struck me that I would instantly catch up with her and address her. A moment's reflection showed me that this was not the best way. That womanly self-possession in trouble which would not let any thing in her walk or the carriage of her head proclaim to the street that she had been chilled or pained, together with what I had learned of her from the few words spoken at the door, told me that such conduct would be intrusion on a native lady. Perhaps an intrusion to be distinctly repelled.

Keeping at just such a distance behind her as might enable me to notice without being noticed, I followed her footsteps for more than an hour. She stopped at several doors, and repeated the same petition only to meet the same refusal that had fallen to her portion at Whilfletree's. While she stood on the steps, I lay perdu behind tree boxes, waiting to renew my pursuit as soon as she came down. As I stood in this position at one corner, three ladies whom I knew passed by, and recognizing me with some surprise at my curious situation, resorted to the hypothesis that I was studying the natural traits of wood, which, being told to other friends of theirs, gained me quite a reputation for industry.

At length the young girl seemed utterly hopeless of success for that day at least, and tried no more doors. Even her heroic patience almost gave way, and I could see from the air with which she drew her veil closer and quickened her steps that she was wanting to cry, suggesting tome as fast as possible that she might do it where I was much easier to follow her. Through the streets, on toward the upper and then almost unsettled part of the city, we kept our common way, until at last, reaching a broad waste field, now thick sown with free-stone houses, she took the narrow pathway which ran across it through scanty grass and luxuriant weeds towards a very small wooden house lying alone in the middle of the dreary blankness. We were the only two upon the waste, and fearing that she might turn, I sat down behind a huge boulder and waited. Until she was quite on the door-sill. Then she passed in.

It was now but the work of a moment to complete my clues. I too hurried to the door and knocked. Before the knock was answered, I had time with one quick glance to take in a hundred little things which spoke of tenants within blessed with the rare appreciation of this fact—the pour of the world are too poor to refuse God's free gifts. All around the exquisitely clean door step were blooming those flowers which Heaven gives to all of us who will look—wall creepers, forest geraniums, anemones, and sainted cause, [will proceed to sell at public auction, at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Canal and Custom-house streets, on the second District of this city, on MONDAY, July 6th, 1862, at 12 o'clock, M., for a partition—

SIX VACANT LOTS OF GROUND situated in the First District of the City of New Orleans, and designated on a plan drawn by Jean Commun, Surveyor, on the 16th of October, 1844, and deposited for reference in the Records of P. F. Labarre, late a notary public in this city, by the Nos. Twin Three, Four, Five, Six and Seven, in the square bounded by Jackson (now Dauquet) Dorgenois, Canal and Bread streets.

Lots Nos. Two, Three, Four and Five measure each, twenty-seven feet front on Jackson (now Dauquet) street, by one hundred feet in depth, between parallel lines.

Lots Nos. Six and Seven measure each twenty-seven feet front on Jackson (now Dauquet) street, by same in the rear, by one hundred and forty-nine feet six inches and four lines in depth.

Terms—One third cash, and the balance on a credit of one and two years, secured by special mortgage, bearing interest at six per cent, from date to maturity, and eight per cent after maturity.

JOHN P. WALDEN,
Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Succession of François Jartoux.

SECOND DISTRICT COURT OF NEW ORLEANS.
No. 17,155.—Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present publication, if any they have, why the account presented by the testamentary executors of the deceased should not be homologated and approved, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.

By order of the Court.
my24 2w*p9 F. MICHOT, Deputy Clerk.

Notice.

NOTICE is this day given by the undersigned to the holder of the note mentioned in the annexed immediately for the purpose of recovering the amount of the same, at the Jefferson Insurance Office, between Third and Fourth streets. No. 66, in the Parish and Fourth District of New Orleans, which note, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, was subscribed by the undersigned on the 7th day of May, 1858, payable one year after date, and endorsed by himself, payable one year after date, signed Mr. Varieties by D. Lobrano, notary public, on the 9th of May, 1858, payable one year after date, and to the 9th of May, 1862 solely to the holder of said note, who did he not present himself immediately to be paid the interest on said note due by the undersigned at the rate of eight per cent, per annum, will cease on and after the date of publication of this notice.

je3 2t JOHN BARTCHY

Notice.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform his friends and the public that he has retired his office in the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, (in the Exchange where he will devote his attention to the sale of Real Estate, Slaves, Stocks, Produce and Port Warden Sales. Auction hour and Furniture Sales attended with promptness and dispatch.

je3 1m M. BARNETT, Jr.

Wanted.

A LADY competent to instruct in all the high branches of an English education. Music, Italian and Drawing, wants a situation as an Instructress with a family in the city. Highest references as to position to teach small boys or travel with a lady and her children. Address M. O. Post Office. je3 2t

Lard! Lard!! Lard!!!

30 TIERCES Prime Western choice Lard in store and for sale by P. POUJOL,
Nos. 31 Tonlouse street.

Corn Meal.

A CORN MEAL MILL has been established in the building recently occupied by Cook & Brother, corner of South Market and Levee streets, for the accommodation of the public. Sold in small quantities at the rate of $1 30 per bushel for unsifted, bolted $2. Grits, $2 2½. Bran, $2 25 per 100 pounds.

JAS BEGGS,
JAS DAVIS, } Committee.
my31 tf

Branch of City Corn-Meal Mills, Third District.

A Branch of these Mills has been established in the Third District, for the accommodation of its residents, at the CORNER OF GREATMEN AND ELYSIAN FIELDS STREETS, where Meal in small quantities for family use can be obtained.

JAS BEGGS,
JAS. DAVIS, } Committee.
my31 tf

Branch of the City Corn Meal Mills, Fourth District.

A Branch of these Mills, for the accommodation of the residents of the Fourth District, has been established at No. 14 BORAPURU STREET, near Tchoupitoulas street, South side of the Bourgeois Market, where Meal can be had in small quantities, for family use only.

JAS. BEGGS,
JAS. DAVIS, } Committee.
my31 tf

Brass for Sale.

SEVEN Thousand five hundred to eight thousand pounds sheet brass, Nos. 22, 24, and 26, for sale, in lots to suit purchasers, by C. ROUVIER,
my30 6t No. 185 Chartres street.

UNITED STATES ARMY.

RECRUITS! RECRUITS! RECRUITS!

A few ABLE-BODIED MEN are wanted to fill up the various Regiments U. S. A., in the Military Department, to the maximum standard. Pay, $13 per month. Clothing and Rations, and a Bounty of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS at the end of the war. Uniform "forward, right into line, march."

Several applications having been made by persons loyal to the United States Government for leave to raise a regiment for its service, notice is hereby given that the written proposals of such persons to that end will be received at the General Recruiting Office and considered.

Office, No. 105 St. Charles street, New Orleans.
LOUIS A. SALOMON,
my9 1m Recruiting Officer.

Wanted.

ONE THOUSAND LABORERS to be employed on the City Works. Apply at the Surveyor's Office, City Hall. my26 1w

Notice.

MRS. AMELIA RUDSON, wife of Mr. Charles Lanaut, has withdrawn from the copartnership of Charles Longuemare, Junior, Co., heretofore representing the business of Corn and Grist Mill on St. Philip street, between Johnson and Priour streets, interest therein having been duly settled and liquidated with her associates. The business of the partnership will be continued by the remaining members of the firm, under the same style of Charles Longuemare, Jr., & Co., for their sole account and benefit. je2 6t10d

HOFFMAN & MARKS,
(JAMES HOFFMAN, Agent.)
63 CHARTRES STREET, NEW ORLEANS,

HAVING opened a general Auction business, are ready to receive Goods on consignment, and will give their personal attention to in and out-door sales. ap1 1f

Office Commissioner First Draining Districts, No. 20 City Hall,
NEW ORLEANS, May 12, 1862.

ALL owners of lands lying within the First Draining District, which is bounded by the river Mississippi in front, Jaffa street and the New Canal above, Lake Pontchartrain in the rear, and Bayou St. John, Canal Carondelet and St. Peter street below, are hereby notified that the first installment of the assessment for cost of draining said district is now due and payable at this office. All bills not paid by the 12th of July next will be subject to proceedings according to law.

my29 2m N. E. BAILY, President.

MELISSA CORDIAL

BY THE CARMELITE MONKS.

Patented.—This delightful Cordial possesses all the qualities proper to MELISSA BALM.

Sold in Paris, only at No. 109 Mesdlimontant street.
Price per bottle.....75 and 87.
Sold in New Orleans by ED. GUILLOT and D. FERRÉ.

SULPHURIC ACID—8 carboys, for sale by
E. J. HART & CO.,
my13 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

MARINE NEWS.

Port of New Orleans, June 6, 1862.

☞No clearances at the Custom-house yesterday.

ARRIVED YESTERDAY.

U S steamship Calhoun, ——, from Key West, to U S Gov't—Lake End Pontchartrain Railroad.
U S mail steamship Connecticut, ——, from Galveston, to U S Gov't—In the stream.
Steamship Cardenas, (Spanish) Burguers, from Havana. Mdse, silk, to master—Fort Jackson.
Schr Brazos, from the Coast, to master—2d dist.
Schr L'Eclair, from the Coast, to master—2d dist.
Schr Texas, from the Coast, to master—2d dist.
Schr Concordia, from the Coast, to master—2d dist.
Dunbigby's boat, from the Coast, to master—2d dist.

STEAMBOATS.

Carey, ——, from Baton Rouge.
W Burton, ——, from Baton Rouge.

MEMORANDA.

☞The Spanish steamship Marino Captain Ortega, was taking in cargo at Havana for this port on the 31st ult.

IMPORTS

HAVANA—Per steamship—350 bags coffee 440,068 cigars 150 pkgs mdse 25 do rum 1st fruit and sundries to order.

CALCUTTA—Per ship South—280 tons rice 11,600 tons gunny bags 200 bales do to order.

RECEIPTS FROM THE COAST.

COAST—Per schr *Brazos*—100 hhds sugar Lapeno & Ferre.
COAST—Per schr L'Eclair—71 hhds sugar Pellerin, Stevens & Co.
COAST—Per schr Tyre—90 bbls molasses Lapeno & Ferre.
COAST—Per schr Columbus—104 bbls molasses Lapeno & Ferre.
COAST—Per Derbigny's boat—15 hhds sugar 80 bbls rum to order.

DIED,

At St Martinsville, La., on the 25th May, of congestive fever, LAURA, daughter of Eleazar and Maria C. Foot, aged 7 years and 10 months.

PRINTING PAPER, Newspaper, Wrapping Paper, assorted sizes; for sale by E. J. HART & CO.,
je6 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

WINES—Madeira, Sherry, Champagne, Claret, for sale by E. J. HART & CO,
je6 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

BRANDY—GIN—RUM—For sale by
E. J. HART & CO.,
je6 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

SOAP, SARDINES, SHOT, CIGARS, for sale by
E. J. HART & CO.,
je6 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

Found,

YESTERDAY, morning, about six o'clock, at the corner of Marigny Canal and Frenchmen street, a BAY STALLION, with the lower part of the foot white, and a white line on the head. The owner can have him by paying costs of advertising and feeding.

PIERRE HO,
je5 1t Corner Marigny Canal and Frenchmen st.

Sugar, Sugar.

ABOUT 400 hogsheads on plantation, forty miles up the Coast, for sale by

LOUIS F. MAXENT,
je5 1w Old No. 56, now No. 59 Toulouse st.

Counterfeit Notes.

MR. LOUIS HUBERT has the honor to inform the public that he will not redeem those notes purporting to be issued in his name, as he has never signed any.

AUCTION SALES.

BY J. B. CROZAT, Auctioneer.
Office, No. 83 Exchange Alley, between Conti and Bienville streets.

WILL be sold on SATURDAY, the seventh of June, 1862, at 12 o'clock, M., at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, between Custom-house and Canal streets, viz—

1. TEN LOTS OF GROUND, situate in this parish, near the junction of the Bayou road with Gentilly road, and designated by the Nos. 1 to 10 of square Number Thirteen, as per plan drawn by L. Seignior, on the 27th February, 1857, and deposited in the office of A. Mauvenay, notary in this city. Said lots Nos. 1 to 10 inclusive measure each twenty-nine feet eight inches and six lines front on Lahaype street, by one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth, with the buildings and improvements thereon, consisting of a new frame house of two rooms, gallery, cabinet, k