## QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

A voice came to me at the midnight calm;
No lip, nor eye, nor moving form, was there;
"Who loveth most, he sings the sweetest psalm,
Who worketh best, he prays the holiest prayer.
Not Patere preferred in Dowdle's weeds,
Nor fasts long drawn, nor vigils kept in pain,
But pains words spelled out in gentle deeds,
Shall soothe earth's grief and still its sad refrain.
See Polly, leaving from Night's leaden bill
Her Force—his heart stamped on Christ's little ones!
See Falechood, rearing his black pyramid!
Lo, war with these—hate against the odious!
Who laps the orphan's tale, the bondman's plea,
Doth court the beds on God's own mercy.
*Independent.* MOSES COIT TYLER.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S MARRIED LIFE.

### Her Majesty—of Prince Albert—Domestic Felicity in a Royal Family—A Touching Story.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in press, and will publish in a few days, a volume of extraordinary interest, a life of Prince Albert, the greater part of which is from the pen of Queen Victoria. The title of the volume is "The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, compiled under the direction of Queen Victoria, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey." The Queen's share in the authorship of this book is much greater than is indicated in the title. No small part, and that decidedly the most interesting, is written by the Queen herself. The translation of the letters of Prince Albert have been made from German into English by the Princess Helena, the eldest unmarried daughter of the Queen. Starting some historical details, there is hardly a page of the book which could have been written without the immediate "direction of the Queen."

The period covered by this volume extends from the Prince's birth, his marriage, and the birth and christening of the Princess Royal. The story of Albert's childhood is chiefly told by himself, in extracts from his diary and his correspondence, while his marriage is described by himself and the Queen. There are few personal narratives so touching and beautiful as this, and the book will be read with intense interest everywhere.

An English paper says "The book was originally intended for private circulation, in which Mr. Theodore Martin is carrying on—for those eyes alone that use the right of book, or of close friendship, to view nothing as unimportant which might revive a forgotten touch, or deepen a familiar tint in the picture of a prince whose life and death have given new meanings to royalty. This biography was to be for his sons and daughters, and in its compilation as free and natural a manner as possible was considered to be necessary details as if it had been the printed biography of the palace. But as the preface says, Her Majesty thought copies of some of it might come into circulation, and good advice was given her that the better course would be the bolder, that, namely, of making her people members of her family. Accordingly, as it stands nobly written for her, she has trusted that "the free and unreserved expression of her feelings, is such as it will command the sympathy and good opinion of every one whose sympathy and good opinion are to be desired; and that there is not one world coming from the Prince himself which will not tend to a better and higher appreciation of his character. This pathetic book—glowing with household fondness, and plain to boldness in its resolute wish to let nothing go of the dead that can be saved—will spend its mission in helping to understand best. A certain surprise will be felt on the part of some that a Queen can be so wholly a woman, and a wife, but all will be glad that Her Majesty makes friends of her readers and friends to them. But there is not afraid to put her love to the test of the uttermost truth, how much she loved this man, and what good reason she had for her devotion."

We give considerable space to extracts from this most interesting volume.

### THE PRINCE ALBERT'S CHILDHOOD.

Prince Albert was born on the 21st of June, 1819, at Rosenau, a summer residence of his father, the Duke of Coburg. His mother's marriage was not a happy one, and she was separated from his father when the young Prince was only five years old. During the remaining seven years of her life his mother saw but little of her children. Her Majesty writes that "the Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness. One of the first gifts made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child, at five years of age. "Little Alexandrina" was described as "with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, stretching forward and quick as a weasel," or again, as "lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." The Prince constantly spoke to the Queen of his childhood, when his mother was in the full bloom and happiest time of his life. He and his brother Ernest, a year older than himself, were educated under the direction of a Herr Florschütz. In 1825, aged six, he enters in a childish diary, "I cried at my lesson to-day, because I could not find a verb; and the tutor pinched me to show me what a verb was. And I cried about it."

Why the marriage was unhappy, and what was the cause of the separation so complete that the mother never saw her children afterwards, are not stated, nor is the unhappy lady often mentioned. About the Duke of Coburg and Duchess of Coburg we read very much more, for she it was who gave to Prince Albert and to his elder brother Ernest the care that a mother should have given them. She seems to have been careful and affectionate, and devotedly attached to her boys. Queen Victoria says of her:

"The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart and extreme love for nature. The Prince told the Queen that she had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen, and as she did have her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only young, she would have had little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for this country but for the world at large. She had seen her children, particularly by her sons—King Leopold being her great favorite. She had first and most expressive blue eyes, with the marked features and long nose inherited by most of her children and grandchildren."

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In 1835 the prince and his brother made a little German tour, and in the following year paid their first visit to London, whence Prince Albert reported home to the Princess Victoria, "Our cousin is very amiable." In April, 1837, the princes went to the University of Bonn, where they remained for the next year and a half. It was on the 20th of June, 1837, that Princess Victoria, at the age of eighteen, and but three months older than her cousin, who was even then pointed to as her future husband, became Queen of England.

ALBERT'S CONGRATULATIONS TO THE QUEEN.

Here, dated from Bonn, is Prince Albert's letter written to the Queen on her accession, the first letter written by him in English:

"BONN, 20th June, 1837.—*My Dearest Cousin,*—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life.

"Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task.

"I hope this your reign may be long, happy and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.

"May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins at Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you.

"I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time, therefore, always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

ALBERT."

On the 30th of July of the same year the Prince writes thus to his father:

"Uncle Leopold has written to me a great deal about England and all that is going on there. United as all parties are in high praise of the young Queen, the more *he* they seems to manœuvre and intrigue with and against each other. On every side there is nothing but a network of cabals and intrigues, and parties are arrayed against each other in the most inexplicable manner."

### MARRIAGE TALKED OF.

That the marriage was then contemplated by the Prince's friends from his infancy is obvious from many passages in this volume. And though, as the Queen says more than once, nothing had passed between her and her future husband, if after the accession of the Prince in 1839, it is clear that the project had been made familiar to both some time before. A tour to Switzerland and Italy (undertaken in May, 1838) was recommended by the King of the Belgians in order to divert public attention from the matter. Further on we read: "It was probably in the early part of that year that the King, who wrote to the Queen, first mentioned the idea of such a marriage; and the proposal must have been favorably received, for in March, 1839, the King writes to Baron Stockmar, and gives an account of the manner in which Prince Albert had received the communication which (of course with the Queen's sanction) he had made to him. The King writes:

"I have had a long conversation with Albert, and have laid before him the combination which Mr. Theodore Martin is carrying on—for those eyes alone that use right of book, or of close friendship, to view nothing as unimportant which might revive a forgotten touch, or deepen a familiar tint in the picture of a prince whose life and death have given new meanings to royalty. This biography was to be for his sons and daughters, and in its compilation as free and natural a manner as possible was considered to be necessary details as if it had been the printed biography of the palace. But as this preface says, Her Majesty thought copies of some of it might come into circulation, and good advice was given her that the better course would be the bolder, that, namely, of making her people members of her family. Accordingly, as it stands nobly written for her, she has trusted that "the free and unreserved expression of her feelings, is such as it will command the sympathy and good opinion of every one whose sympathy and good opinion are to be desired; and that there is not one world coming from the Prince himself which will not tend to a better and higher appreciation of his character. This pathetic book—glowing with household fondness, and plain to boldness in its resolute wish to let nothing go of the dead that can be saved—will spend its mission in helping to understand best. A certain surprise will be felt on the part of some that a Queen can be so wholly a woman, and a wife, but all will be glad that Her Majesty makes friends of her readers and friends to them. But there is not afraid to put her love to the test of the uttermost truth, how much she loved this man, and what good reason she had for her devotion."

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On the same day the Queen announced her intention to the King of the Belgians in the following letter:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, Oct. 15, 1839.—*My Dearest Uncle.*—'This' letter will, I am sure, give you great pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. 'My' mind is quite made up to the 'fact' that I shall declare it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seemed perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice—for such in my opinion it is—as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write; but I do my very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful to my ministers, who have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have, of course, consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks is every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest (to whom I say you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these reasons) and to Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great pleasure. He does so adore dearest Albert. Ever, dearest uncle, your devotee, niece,

"VICTORIA R.

"P. S. R."

The King, in his reply, says that the Queen's choice has been "the best thing that you could do, of what would be best for her happiness, and adds:

"In your situation, which may and will, perhaps, become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist happily without being a happy and happy *client.* And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) if you will find in Albert, if he very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which I, and all your connections, temper and mode of life.

"You say very most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be very difficult, and much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him and are kind to him he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness, in the character which will facilitate this."

### THE BRIDEGROOM ELECT.

What Prince Albert himself felt on the subject we can learn from his own letters, and from those to his grandmother:

"The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled. The letter sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Zuneigung von Herzen, kalt und Liebe*), that I had gained her whole heart, and that she would make her interest happy (*überglücklich*)—if I—would—make—her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she felt I was worthy of it, and felt sure that I would be happy with her. The sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

"Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future! does it not lie in this the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you? I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me. I was on the 17th October that Victoria made me the declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you but now does Albert write it better!

"To his college friend, Prince Lowenstein, he wrote thus:

"Yes, I am now actually a bridegroom, and about the 4th of February hope to call myself united to her I love.

"You know how my nature stood when I last saw you here. After that the sky was darkened more and more. The Queen declared to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she would think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm resolution to declare, on my part, that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair. It was not, however, thus ordained by Providence; for on the morning after our arrival the most friendly demonstrations were directed towards me, and two days later I was secretly called to a private audience, in which the Queen offered me her hand and heart."

### THE MARRIAGE.

On the 10th January, 1840, the Queen opened Parliament in person, and announced her intention to marry Prince Albert. The marriage took place on the 10th of February, 1840. Hundreds of years hence, when men look back upon the records of our kings and queens (says the London *Examiner*), they will read the tender record of the love of the most spotless of our sovereigns to a prince worthy of herself, and wonder at, if ever they hear of, the petty carpings of the hour at the high sense of honorable enjoyment. In her journal the Queen wrote, on the departure of her bridegroom, shortly after his marriage:

"He said to me that I had never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he felt. His childhood had been very sad. His Ernest (the hereditary Prince, who remained for some time in England after his brother's marriage), he said was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections, but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all. He never felt happy, he said, in general, but Alvenslaben and Kolowrath (they had accompanied the Duke to England, and now left with him) had cried so much that he was quite touched. Oh, how happy I will do! I feel for my dearest, most precious husband at this moment. Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the *most* happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented. What is in my power to make him happy I will do."

### THE FIRST YEAR OF MARRIAGE.

A very interesting chapter of this volume is that which describes "The First Year of Marriage." The demeanor of Prince Albert is thus alluded to:

"It must be admitted, however, that constantly, unostentatiously and perseveringly as he now gave himself up to the discharge of his new duties, he was exposed, almost during the whole period of his life in this country, to much misconception and much misrepresentation. Not for that, however, dresses were presented. Mr. Anson, who generally attended the Prince in these ceremonies, used to tell many ludicrous stories about them, but said that nothing could be better or more dignified than the way in which the Prince went through them. The Queen also gave many dinners, often followed by little dances, and they went frequently to the play, of which the Prince was always very fond.

"Amongst other plays which they went to see at this time, the Queen mentions sly George performances which gave her, and Covent Garden, then under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, in which Charles Kemble reappeared in some of Shakespeare's principal characters. The Prince thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated Shakespeare, and in later years took the greatest interest in the revival of his plays, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's. We may also mention here, further proof of this, that some years later, when theatrical performances were got up at Windsor Castle, two if not three nights out of the six were devoted to Shakespeare."

### THE FIRST-BORN.

When the Princess Royal was born, "for a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son. During the time the Queen was laid up he was so tender and devoted, that she felt "were quite beyond expression." He was constant to her by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her. A memorandum by her Majesty says:

"The moment I was ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa, and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the room where for this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. He was never in my way, never overwhelmed with work for the Queen's subsequent (very trifling) illness, and done so much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. 'In short,' adds the Queen, 'his care of her was like that of a mother, not could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse.'"

### PERSONAL HABITS OF THE PRINCE.

One passage describes the personal habits of the Prince:

"From the moment of his establishment in the home, and in the position of husband of the Queen, his object was to maintain and, if possible, even raise the character of the court. He knew, and felt, that the best he was enough, but his own conduct should be his only safeguard against the shadow of a shade of suspicion should by possibility attach to it. He knew that in his position every action was watched, and was always open to be misrepresented, and that his goings out and comings in would be watched, and that in every society, however little disposed to be censorious, there would always be found some person, who, from motives of jealousy, envy, hate and even to invent stories against him, and to put an unchariitable construction on the most innocent actions. He, therefore, from the first, laid down strict, not to say severe, rules for his own guidance. He imposed on his horses might be seen waiting; never at the door of any house, in fashion, lest he could take no liberty with his present name. He loved to ride through all the districts of London where building and improvements were in progress, more especially when they were such as would contribute to the health or recreation of the working classes; and few, if any, knew so well, or took such interest as he did, in all that was going on, at any instance—east, west, north, or south of the great city. Hence, when the Queen, desirous to open the Regent's Park to the Crystal Palace, and far beyond, 'He would frequently return,' the Queen says, 'to London at a great pace, and would always come through the Queen's apartments, where she generally was at that time, with that bright loving smile with which he ever greeted her, telling where he had been, what he had seen, what he had, what singles, &c., he had visited.' Riding was his favorite relaxation, and exercise. 'He enjoyed it much (it became me so.)'

### OXFORD'S ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN.

On the 10th of June, 1840, Edward Oxford made his attempt on the Queen's life. Prince Albert's own account of the affair, addressed to his grandmother, was as follows:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 11, 1840.—*To the Dowager Duchess of Gotha, &c.:* DEAREST GRANDMOTHER—I hasten to give you an account of an event which might otherwise be misrepresented to you, which occurred yesterday afternoon. Dearest Victoria, from which we escaped under the protection of the merciful hand of Providence. We drove out yesterday afternoon, about six o'clock, to pay Aunt Kent a visit and to take a turn round Hyde Park. We drove in a small phaeton. I sat on the right, Victoria on the left. We had hardly proceeded a hundred yards from the palace when I noticed on the footpath, on my side, a little mean-looking man holding himself very upright, and stare fore I could distinguish what it was, a shot was fired, which almost stunned us both, it was so loud, and fired barely six paces from us. Victoria had just turned to the left to look at a beautiful cedar tree, and therefore understand why her ears were ringing, as from a being so very near she could hardly distinguish that it proceeded from a shot having been fired. The horses started, and the carriage stopped, and Victoria looked round, and asked if the bright had not shaken her, but she hadn't noticed it.

"I then looked again at the man, who was still standing in the same place, his arms crossed and with a pistol in his hand. His attitude was so affected and theatrical it quite aroused me. Suddenly he again pointed his pistol and fired a second time. This time Victoria also saw the shot, and stooped quickly, drawn down by me. The ball must have passed just above her head, to judge from the direction where it was found sticking in an opposite wall. The many people who stood round us and the man, and were so frightened that they could not stir, seeing what happened, now rushed upon him. I called to the policeman to go on, and we drove safely at Aunt Kent's. From thence we took a short drive through the park, partly to give Victoria time to recover, partly also to show the public that we had not, on account of what had happened, lost all confidence in them.

"To-day I am very tired and knocked up by the crowding of visitors, the congratulations and descriptions I had to give. You must, therefore, excuse my writing now, only thanking you for your letter, which I have just received but have not yet been able to read. My chief anxiety was lest the fright should have been injurious to Victoria in her present state, but she is quite well, as I am myself. I thank Almighty God for His protection. Your faithful grandson,

"ALBERT.

"The name of the culprit is Edward Oxford. He is seventeen years old, a waiter at some low inn—not mad, but quiet and composed."

The volume closes with the first year of the Queen's married life: the next will probably begin with an account of the Prince Royal's christening, in the beginning of 1841.

### The Lover and the Husband.

In his diary he (Prince Albert) has sketches in a pleasant vein, and with those self-contained, humanizing incidents which have ever gained for his laughter and good will of the world, the lover and the newly married man:

"You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are so earnest in your search of friends, you shake hands with your office boy, as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with your washer-woman and give her a shilling over change, and insist upon her keeping it. You tap your hackney coachman on the shoulder, familiarly, you tell him he is a capital fellow, and you don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the post-office. You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you on some chilly evening. You drink to the health of your wife—whereupon you think him a very miserable fellow, and give him a dollar by way of consolation.

"You read all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written, whether upon your side or upon another. You think the statesmen of your party superhuman—with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder how the deuce they managed to get elected, or Stoddard, or any of the rest.

"You give a pleasant word to your fingers, as you saunter along the street and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—'She is mine, she is mine!'

"You wonder if Frank ever love Nellie one-half as well as you love Mary, and you feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized long ago by some of unmarried men, and borne off, like the Sabine women in ancient times, to the nearest parson, and married, like a boy who has found a guinea, grasping for six pences. You read over the marriage service, and you think how you have kept your wife her hand, and slip the ring upon her finger, and repeat after the parson—'for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse.' A great deal of 'worse' there will be, thinks you, you think!

"Through all, your heart clings to that one sweet image of your beloved Madge, as light to the dawn of day. The weeks leap by, and the months only grow long when you approach that day that is to be her years. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her, diamonds are too dim for her, and pearls are paste.

"—— After marriage, the weeks are very short indeed before, you wonder way on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar. You wonder how it is that Frank Nellie will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the Hudson, and the Catskill mountains. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow voyagers, and look upon their wives—poly as they ought to be rather than none.

"You blush a little at first telling your butcher what 'your wife' would like you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas, and you feel a little ashamed of a married man. You practice your new way of talking about your wife, and you like it. You say 'your wife' expects him to dinner, and are astonished that he does not stare at you to hear you say it.

"You wonder if the people in the omnibus know you are a married man, and if they know how much the shilling you hand him is for 'self and wife?' You wonder if the dear creatures in fashion, beneath their veils, ever dream that you are married, and will be so happy again?

"Your thoughts ——— upon the hotel books as Clarence ——— and lady, and comes back to look at it—wondering if anybody else has noticed it—and thinking how it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking and caring about the hotel bills, and the bills wishes he possessed your wife—nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish so. You feel it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge in public—outside the dining room, at least.

"Your home when it is entered is just what it should be—quite small—with everything she wishes. The cute spirit of it is in perfect way—the piano is the best-toned in the neighborhood, the chairs are comfortable—and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her sitting by the fire, which makes her face glow with the tortures of the Inquisition. You grow twice as fond of her and think you never made for marriage, and you wonder how you were one before!

### Heroes of the "Lost Cause."

New Orleans is now the home of many men whose names, within the last few years, have acquired a celebrity not altogether honorable, but certainly wide-spread. The city is full of them, and they are easy to know. Without mentioning brigadier-generals, colonels and officers of a lower rank, of whom there are scores, the man who "cuts out" "cocks" in a crowd, a dozen men will answer you, there are living here twelve or fifteen men who held very distinguished rank in the late Confederacy. Most notable of them all is General James Longstreet, whose late noble and timely letter has called down on his head the denunciations of the rebel press all over the South, and the Copperhead press all over the North, and has caused him to be accused of treachery by those who are not worthy to black his boots. He is a member of the mercantile firm of Owen, Longstreet & Co. Near their establishment is that of General Hood, known as the most desperate fighter of unmatched courage, who, if he chooses, can tell you how the Confederates had, but who is peaceable enough now. General Braxton Bragg, who led all the Confederacy any very great service, is President of the New Orleans Water Works, and came very near being President of the Confederacy, which, by the way, is another story. Bragg is a quiet, unassuming man, who, if he chooses, can be stonier—a timely retreat, and spiking and abandoning his guns only saving him from court martial. General Beauregard is now a merchant here, and so is General Longstreet. General Beauregard is President of the Carrollton Railway Company, and as I pass his office on Carondelet street every day I see him. General Bragg is President of the Board of Trustees of the new Basin Canal Company, the duties of which office appear to consist in drying out on the shell road. General Simon Bolivar Buckner, of immortal memory, is President of the St. Louis Insurance Company, and one of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and attorney and counsellor-at-law, which three occupations one would think his hands were full. The autographs of some of these distinguished men are in great demand, and certain protested drafts and notes, which form a not inconsiderable portion of the assets of the First National Bank of this city, but which are classed as "bad" by the receiver, who is now winding up the affairs of that institution. They were all progressing rapidly towards "reconstruction" so long as the money of the bank held out, but since its failure they have retrograded sadly in that respect. I do not think the government can afford to pay for reconstruction of even lieutenant-generals at the rate of $60,000 per head.



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