New Orleans, December 24th, 1847. —

My dear  Wife,

Your kind favor of the 13 instant came to hand by today's mail. Do I posses that I have but just received an answer from my first letter written you after my arrival here, it is now twenty seven days since it was mailed here, why it is really seems a long time ago since I wrote it. I doubt know how many, I have since written.

I do assure you I was not idle by any means in getting my office in readiness, and have not been troubled much with odious since I probably shall not be tell next July. — Your chair still stands at the end of the table als the desk stand, etc, but the little green leaf has disappeared, I remained undisturbed for a long time.

You want Mrs. Maxwell's history do not, call now for it. Mrs. Maxwell is English a Irish I do not know which, her husband was Irish and from I can learn of him, he was one of your drinking So goes Irish men, making a great spirit of all the elections 1 a great Polk man and during the excitement he got into one of his drinking sprees I suppose I insulted some good thing who knocked him in the head, or at least gave him such a blow that he soon died from its effects, thus the career of one Polk man of so many others were to share the same fate, the country would be no worse off by the less thins.
I seem Mr. Maxwell had an Uncle a Catholic Priest, who moved to this country many years ago located in or about St. Louis, while there he became in possession of large tracts of land, which at that could be purchased for a mere song, he owned one Spanish grant containing one hundred thousand acres, many other tracts besides, equally valuable on some do. This old Priest was much like in that region of country in those days, he being a jolly old fellow, fond of good wines, and could take a game at cards rather than be thought singular. One day as the old man was riding out on horseback, something startled his马, suddenly, threw the old man off, his head striking against a rock, beating his brains out, they went the old Priest the way of all the earth about thirty years ago. Now the old Priest had a nephew (a brother of Mr. Maxwell) who came to this country to settle near his Uncle, but he was a wild dog to much depended the old Priest, labored he became out of all patience but hints to a seller of his property. After the decease of the old Priest his effects went into the hands of an administrator, the will examine. Cooper went to England to the King residing there. After awhile the nephew finding out that he was cut off and that he could not benefit in any way by the property, he wrote to his Brother to come over to take possession of his estates, all the others being in England at this time being dead. After much urging.
Mr. Maxwell prevailed on his wife to accompany him to America, and on their arrival at New York with all their family consisting of eleven at that time of three sons and two daughters. Being the younger on their arrival at New York they found letters from their Brother advising the best route for them to take to St. Louis—negligently four or five days before their arrival at St. Louis their Brother died, the family however received them with very attention—they remained two or three weeks of Mr. Maxwell some how or other Irishmen in the fell out with the male portion of the family consequently left them—Mr. Maxwell establishes his husband proceeds to New York to their fell to some sharpers the Spanish grant for one hundred and twelve thousand dollars, he writes to his wife for his signature. She would not give it—on one of the papers they call in her to offer him 25 thousand if she would sign the document, but they would not let her read it, therefore she did not sign it. It was not until many years later the matter was finally closed but a small amount paid on it of about 60 thousand dollars that was paid to an agent made by Maxwell in N.Y. They ran off with the money—At the time the sale of the tract was made Maxwell was not aware of their being any money left afterwards found out that the final bill was not half of the estate, so Mr. Maxwell put out again for St. Louis to investigate the matter more fully.
and while there pleased the business in the hands of a lawyer to attend to it for less (this was about three years ago) I returned to Monticello to get a power of attorney from Mr. Maxwell to enable the lawyer to go on with the matter. On her return, she found that during her absence all her house with all the furniture were burned to the ground, it being located in one of the two squares which were all burned in the spring of 1844. Soon after it was that her husband, also of the words, record, left her a widow with a young child about a year after she lost her oldest daughter, said to be a very accomplished woman — last year she lost her younger boy, a very promising child indeed, as you see that the poor woman has had nothing but misfortunes since she left England. The oldest son now is about 25 years old, a printer by trade. The next boy, a very good boy about 17 years old, he is chief in the first book store in the city, he is 15 years younger. Her youngest, a smart boy of excellent principal, is in the office of a highly respectable Campton House in the city located near the 5th Court. The daughter a young lady of 18 or 20 quite smart, I accomplished, singing very distinctly, quoted to Mrs. Boardman in style, full of powerful voice, satire, pretty poetry, cythere, a very modern sensible girl. She is courted by a young man who is a cousin
and in a clink in the Book Store, with his brother he stand, high in the world in his best, any our sex is past his parents residing in the City, and he has been very long persistent, and all the family stand high in the estimation of the Madam, and the young man no doubt stand high in the estimation of the daughter judging from appearance, in I always find her coming by him when I go to my room, it is a fine house! The door opens into the Passage.

I never have said anything to the old Madam, but I have not the least doubt but that he is engaged to her, I will be married soon. I have never had much conversation with the young lady, as I was never there except late at night when I go to my room I find her there six night in the week. Sunday for a rarity. My Maxwell is very lady like, and appears like a lady who has been better days. She raises her Children well, they all are kind and affectionate to each other. One hearing of this property belonging to them, I questioned the Madam on the subject. I found from her statement that all was clear enough, but that I want to reckon it, was done. I must not talk of it, I push it through that it was a duty that she met only owed to herself to the Children. She had a hard look to scrape along I pray her way and told her to go to Fountain State the fact to bring
say to him that she had nothing to pay and would give one third of the property of her son - Mr. Oates was agreeable to look into the matter if favorable to carry it through for her, now who knows but my taking a room there and stirring up the old lady to an effort to obtain it may be the means of their getting it in possession in a short time, or at least make a compromise that the matter be as to make them all comfortable and happy.

Well dear child - I believe I have given you the history of the McMillan family as near as I can remember from the conversation I had with Mr. Mordan on the subject - she was pretty much made up her mind to see it through as soon as the quit it. She will probably go to S. Cal. in the spring. I know the word of it - the family will Roman Catholic - she has a son who works in the Delta office. Consider you will find some letters written by the daughters for the Delta, and as I am no judge of time I leave it to you to decide on it.

Emmitt - I had a trunk of clothes made for him out of the old blue clock for a Christmas present. I am trying them on and found that the tailor had completely spoiled them by making them so small that he can scarcely pull them on a good-dis appointments to the Bey as you may happen
Mr. Murchell's House is located in Crown St., the same street that I have roomed on for two years before, but on leaving Canal St., I turn to the left instead of the right. I am now in the French part of the city. Last year I was on the French part on Remount St., which is a continuation of Canal, after crossing Canal St., to a distance from my office the Tessar take my bounders but her door is not very tidy. The door will make a business of keeping her tidy. She has two negro boys in the house, but I know not whether she owns them or has them - should not think she was one of the best of housekeepers judging from all appearances. Her room is always kept in couple order and always. I have noticed that I have roomed before in my sleeping apartments - and yet tired of my surroundings all your questions fall to me in years of the 13th. I am referring to some letters when I receive them. I send them to the Quarters Master's office. If they go into the mail bag they reach up for the army. It might be just as well to send them direct for ought I know, but they are due to go right as I send them. Caroline has been trying to get to the old Pine. Mr. Bryan had one child, child by his first wife but it did not live. The child by his last wife is living with her parents at the Peake. I did not enquire of Mr. Berndt whether he had her uniform in a delicate way, but presume that he did in an account of a change in the word.
he has given up dry goods. I went to the clothing again in one of the Longfords there. I will go in as a Partner next year. It certainly gives me great pleasure to hear that you are using your strength again. I hope we may meet again and have such a success as last. I wrote Sarah yesterday that I sent her Eighty Dollars, out of which I requested her to pay Mrs. Summers two for attending on you. Kelly last Summer she will have received when she sends these 80 Dollars more than the interest. She keeps the old skill so I trust she will not easy you a while. I got a letter from John. I recover, he went to Hatfield to settle with house. Well, but did not succeed. Mr. Mather not being willing to arrange with him till hanging from me, supposing I might want till myself. So I wrote how I was situated, that it would make no difference with me so I obtained the other two shares. They may be drawn to settle with him. Kelly has done nothing yet. I don't know when he will arrange if I don't know but I may have given you this information before I don't recall it but never mind, you had better know it. Twice than rest at all I have too many things to thank of my writing that I can't remember any thing. The best matters here all gone wrong but I'm sure with Matthew and all help to be done or agree. Tell my papa if that I must stop any longer here or go by the new road. Most efficiently yours etc.
LINES FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

A merry Christmas! and a glad New Year!
A time when saddest bosoms learn to cheer—
A time when every knee will humbly bend
In praise to Him, their Saviour and their friend;
To Him whose foot hath pressed the green earth's sod,
Sharing the world's privations, yet a God;
Who came unto His own, to share the lot
Of those who should have loved, yet knew Him not;
Who sanctified the day by His meek birth,
Proving a brother to the sons of earth.

A merry Christmas to you, mother dear—
A merry Christmas, and a bright New Year!
A morning kiss my offering be to you—
A daughter's guiltless kiss, and therefore true:
And while above thy placid brow I bend,
My thoughts unto the vanished past will wend,
And thinking of the kindred lips of those
Who calmly sleep within the grave's repose,
I'll strive to teach thee, mother, not to miss
Their greetings in my warm and lingering kiss.

A merry Christmas to ye, brothers dear—
A merry Christmas, and a bright New Year!
We will be happy, though the year that's past
A weight of sorrow on our hearts hath cast;
We will be happy, though our fireside
Has lost the face that was its joy and pride;
We will be happy, though within our glee
Our hearts may look back sad and yearningly,
To eyes whose light is quenched, to tones of mirth,
Now fled forever from our lonely hearth.

A merry Christmas to you, gentle friends!
Her heart's best, warmest wishes Lella sends,
Though, to say truth, her friends were ever few,
But they have still been constant, kind and true:
And for those summer ones, whose smiles were shed
When fortune hovered brightly o'er her head,
But vanished when she ceased to yield her ray,
And faded, like the summer's flowers, away,
Her heart is warm enough to wish them, here,
A merry Christmas, and a glad New Year!

A merry Christmas to the Delta, too!
Long live the eyes that read its columns through;
Long may you prosper, merriest of papers,
With Lella's humble rhymes, and Mustang's papers,
Cut up far down in distant Mexico,
Where bloom Señoritas, and reporters "blow;"
Long may you stand, oh Delta, fair and high,
Nor fortune's frowns e'er knock you into "pi."
And now my song is finished, Delta dear—
My next shall be to welcome the New Year.

LELLA.
PRESENTATION BOOKS.—We call attention to the advertisements, on our first page, of Messrs. Steel, White, Norman and Rusconi, of their splendid catalogues of Annuals, and other beautiful books appropriate for Christmas gifts.

See the Christmas Carol of our fair correspondent "Lella," on our first page.

TOBIN'S LETTERS.—A very choice epistle from "Tobin's Knapsack," has been crowded out of our paper again to-day. It will appear to-morrow.

THE MONSTER CIRCUS GOING!—Spalding's Circus—famous for its extent, the enterprise of its proprietor, and the brilliant execution of its manager, John Smith—we regret to see gives its last performance here to-morrow evening, after which, as will be seen by reference to the advertisement, it proceeds to Mobile. Whilst we hope to see them here again this winter, we cannot omit the occasion to recommend them to the favorable consideration of our contemporaries in that city. We will be acquitted of any disposition to exaggerate, or to extract from the merits of the many deserving artistes with which the profession abounds, when we say that Madame Macarte, Kendall's Brass Band, C. J. Rogers, W. W. Nichols, M. Lipman, John Smith, and Alex. Rockwell, are respectively the best equestrienne, brass band and bugler, scene rider, principal and backward rider, vaulter, negro delineator and clown, that have ever visited this city, and we believe are entitled to the claims they advance, as being in these several departments the best in the world. In addition to these fixed stars in the equestrian firmament attached to this troupe, are McFarland, Miss Delsmore, Mon. Macarte, J. Blackwood, John Shindel, R. Rossiter, S. D. Baldwin, G. O. Knapp, and a score of ladies and gentlemen, who would be brilliant luminaries in any other system than that in which they are now revolving. If the Mobile press do not corroborate our statement, we are no true prophets.

BINGAMAN COURSE.—It will be seen that the proprietors of this course, to suit customers, as the retail traders say, have made 12 o'clock the time of the race to-day. The nags entered, are Revenue, Jerry Lancaster and Topaz, so that an interesting race may be anticipated.

COMMERCIAL.—The Cotton Market again presented a very dull appearance yesterday, and the sales did not exceed 1,300 bales, at a falling off of 4 cent from the highest point early in the week.
R. IRWIN,

DRESS MAKER,

No. 89 Eleventh Street,

New York.
At my office, Tuesday, night, Orleans, Dec. 28th, 1847.

My dear wife,

I have now none of your kind fruit, having been unanswerable to reply to your last letter received last Thursday. Another Christmas just gone, I had dinner in our church of a fine sermon from the Deacon, but nothing seemed like Christmas, till Sunday followed, bringing two together, our church was well attended both days, Sunday evening, during singing the report of the Free man, notice was read at the Rev. Mr. Whitehall, who presiding over the sermon few remarks. It appears that during the past year he attended 18,6 funerals, baptised 182, married between 250 and 200 more, I am now waiting the arrival of the Bishop to be confirmed, in order to become communicant; he has already 100 or over communicants, and about 30 Sunday School scholars, he has ten or twenty teachers. He has done all and supported himself out of less than one thousand dollars, now don't you think he has done well? Mr. Whitehall has been a debtor himself, knows how to manage them, all he wants, he says is for them to build him a church, and he can get, along well enough. A collection was taken up for him, 12 between forty and hundred dollars was given, subscribed, gave five dollars for your office, for myself, also 15, sent to the Baptist society.
Sunday Dec 31st the last day of the year, and.
how many changes it has brought about. Many
who entered life with high expectations are now
sleeping in the arms of death, more to participate
in the ushering in of another New Year in this
world. I see the wheel which another year may
turn to press. Yesterday I saw the weather
as bad as I have ever seen it, and very
so uncomfortable with all, hope it may not
last much longer as it looks just now
like clearing up. The prospect of a good day
tomorrow for New Year which will be very
gratifying to the little folks as well as the la
erly. Yesterday I read a few lines from
Isaiah, also verses one and two Corinthians
which I sent for and immediately lost the
book telling when the book came. In the
present administration of the Post Office
department we have had no mail since
through for many days consequently
have not heard from you usual weekly
ought to have heard it by now before yesterday
I hope it may come by morn as I am
becoming one impatient. I sent Sufil off
yesterday to the Bend to get the papers out of the
hand of Matthews, the agent. We had trouble
with last Connie Sufil felt like gave
him back all the papers when he come
down, so what was done by Mr. Reed
through the lawyer was all undone
again and the capture of about 100000
Just so much money there was away I was perfectly astonished to find it. That he should return here and I can find him.

I shall lose my Matthews between me. I lost thousands of dollars. I yesterday made arrangements with another man to take the business. I think little. Mr. Matthews up as soon as he can. These are quite give me a great deal of trouble. I some times think I will give them all up and depend on the Office in State of Miss. Mr. Pratt wrote me that he is coming one week and for money that he has no money. He is quite poor. He can get no money in Alabama. The Phanteer old holding me to their cotton for higher prices. Consequently, they pay no debts. I shall have to send him I suppose about two thousand dollars. Some way to get it. Buy Story, an old inhabitant here and a very wealthy man, two days last week also. Mr. Hinch, wife of Jack, Jack's daughter. Judge Carleton. The son of Commissioners. I have the old judge. The other day, for the first time since they returned he passed on the opposite side of the street, and appeared just about the same as he did when I first saw him and to give during your sojourn here. Mr. Jup said stop in with Mr. Mitchell. I gave me an introduction.
He is going round getting subscribers for the Church. He says he wants five thousand dollars to purchase the land. I think he will be no difficulty in having a church put up thence. I must give something towards it. I suppose but how much can I raise. Made up my mind now much as I have so many calls on money and another that I got rid of a bunch of money. The open doors here or another.

My Cutter comes in shortly, the way all coming how get from which I got my Cutter. Wish they would ride the Cutter come along I will like help getting her. Think was here that long ago for I am becoming mighty nervous already, oh the depression. It is terrible indeed, but patience, my Lord, will be helpful just know. Enclose you will find a draft in Directors Report C payable to you in one hundred dollars which will take your goods to look at. I have not written to Mr. about Mulepa or not you as him to till them about it. Then the Mule left with you you can send them over once over. Make use of what Mulepa will want for the children to give them plenty as low as it costs. Write love to all them to my darling. I remain as ever truly your affectionately. Dear.
Mr. Alex. Curtis

To Mrs. H. L. Curtis

Vicksburg, July 6, 1867.

My Dear Alex,

I left New Orleans yesterday morning, arrived at Vicksburg late last night. The country is crowded with solders. The enemy has retaken New Orleans, and the Rebel forces are said to be marching toward Shreveport. I am well and have nothing to say except to tell you that I expect to be with you by the first of August. I shall write you in detail about the condition of affairs here. I hope you are well and that you have had no further trouble with your health. I am, as ever, your affectionate

Harriet.
The Books I came up by sea
made a pleasant view. It is a Book
which has been running in the
Habermas Ring, of winter letters,
letters being over theJavascript
headings to the hall of the
house of a friend. To the
summer in what to do in summer,
summer. The Books took place,
the letters in with your shift
into your in confusedly in any
summer, it of probably hundred
from days, I would be to know all
in days, to be used to be time to
summer by the ring of a Ripken
am, let the famous support to
within a, I think around to London
books, in a way, I felt it, but
you. I much be you good night
in your part by the battle year. It
fully realize all the difference in
encounter, away. Kindly Angel until
over then home days, little ones of the
prayer of your devoted choosing, Hall.