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NEW ORLEANS:
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DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN AND VETERAN—Yesterday witnessed, in the death of the venerable Robert Spedden, the sweeping of one of the few living links that remain to unite the New Orleans of 1865 with the New Orleans of 1814. Thirty-second was a native of Baltimore, Md., but has resided in this city for upwards of fifty years. It was in 1814 that he lost an arm in the battle on Lake Borgne between the American flotilla and the British grabboats. From that time until his death at the green age of eighty-three years he was esteemed in the city which he had bravely defended as one of its most honored and cherished citizens. Mr. Spedden was the head of a large and respectable family. One of his daughters was the wife of the lamented Lumsden, of the *Picayune*, and both were lost on the illfated steamer that in 1860 was wrecked near Chicago with an excursion party on board.

PERSONAL.—We were happy to meet yesterday the Hon. J. F. H. Claiborne, who is visiting the city for a few days from his residence beyond the Rigolets on the Mississippi coast. As our old readers are aware, Mr. Claiborne was once connected with the New Orleans press on which his writings released eminent credit. After that he was author of several Southern biographies including the Life of Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi. He has proved himself equally at home in the arduous researches of the biographer and the rapid exercises of an editor and newspaper contributor, and ranks unquestionably among the best informed and most graceful and entertaining writers in the country.

Thoroughly versed in all that pertains to Southern labor and agriculture, he would be read with pleasure, and we doubt not with profit, should he see fit to give his views on those questions in the new circumstances which surround them. Every day they are the topics of crude essays which darken uncomprehended facts with impracticable theories; the public would rejoice to see them elucidated by an enlightened and practical pen.

Northern Immigration.

In his long and rancorous indictment against the people of this and other States involved in the late rebellion, the Faneuil Hall address asserts: "They will not encourage Northern immigration with a swarm of small freeholds and free labor; nor will capital and labor go there from the free States under present auspices."

A single glance at the Southern press, from North Carolina to Texas, decisively refutes the first of this above assertions. The journals of all the Southern States which have suffered the ravages of war denote their want of labor and manifest an eager desire for industrious and peaceful immigrants, from the North or from Europe, to settle in them and compel back to their agricultural and commercial prosperity and to their social welfare and stability. It is true they do not wish the presence of political incendiaries; they prefer the room to the company of position interlopers who would come, not to build up, but to destroy; whose track is as poisonous as a centipede's, and whose mission would be, as that of the school whose poisonous inspirations they have imbibed has ever been, to sow the open seeds of hatred, suspicions and plotings, of wrong and vengeance, strife and anarchy. The disciples of the creed whose whole religion is a malediction have never thought of identifying themselves with the fate of the people they aspire to rain. Their immigration is like that of Satan when he crossed the wilds of chaos to curse the earth, and when he entered Paradise, with a spirit almost as malignant as theirs, to depopulate it, not to live in it. The South can well dispense with these civilizers who know only how to organize desolation, with those conspiracies whose work is the architecture of ruin.

But there is no place in the South where the immigrant who may come in good faith will not be gladly received. Go every hand a freehold and a homestead awaits him. He will be grudged nothing which labor may honestly earn or latent fairly win. It will be no matter of quarrel if he seek only to advance his personal fortunes, for in doing that by justifiable means he would necessarily contribute to the general prosperity. Fixed residence and the accumulation of the fruits of wholesome labor and legitimate enterprise would be a sufficient guarantee against incivism. It is not in the nature of a man to hate the land in which he lives, and love and honestly toils. With true manhood, with the generous soul and the loyal heart, home is the sweetest pass of patriotism. Let immigrants from whatever quarter come, and they will soon learn the principal element of patriotism—education in ignorance and hatred of the South, establish themselves in Southern homes as part of the Southern population, their children will commence and involved in the same destiny, and they will assuredly become Southern enough for all the needs of good citizenship and peaceful patriotism. The old proscriptions would not be countenanced by building there a hatred to which we were. But there are winged creatures of evil omen and hoarse appetite, which nidificate among lofty crags in dark and inaccessible recesses, and go forth through the valleys and over the plains to feast on death and putrefaction, then fly back, flapping from out their sombre wings lurtable woe. Such may symbolize the character of those Northern men who concern themselves about the South no further than to make it the theatre of destructive schemes, by which they are ever ready to benefit as a thief may benefit by a fire, but of whose dangers they are careful to keep out of the reach.

This is the kind of prudence expressed in the latter clause of the passage we have quoted from the Faneuil Hall address. "Nor will capital and labor go there (to the South) from the free States under present auspices," say the authors of the address, while none have been more efficient than they and their old laborers in bringing about the condition to which they allude. There is nothing now, or in the future, to make the South, in any degree or in any respect, inauspicious to capital and labor but the pernicious continuance of these agitators and intermeddlers.

New Music.

"Thine! Ever thine!" Words by Edward Hancock, of New Orleans, La. Music composed and dedicated to her friend, Miss Laura Edward, by Miss Emma Wade. Published by Lewis Grunewald, 122 Canal street, N. O.

We are obliged to the publisher for a copy of the above music which possesses both musical and verbal composition.

The *Picayune* is authorized to state that Henry W. Hyams, Esq., has not been appointed, as has been stated, a Director of the Citizens' Bank, of this city.

GOV. PARSONS AT MONTGOMERY.—The Montgomery *Mail* of the 18th notes the arrival that morning of Gov. Lewis E. Parsons, from Washington via Nashville. This is, we believe, the first visit of Gov. P. to the Alabama capital since his appointment as Provisional Governor of the State, which he will now proceed to reorganize on the President's plan.

The Wealthiest Church in the World.

Trinity Church in New York city will soon be, by the expiration of a number of leases of real estate obtained originally through an English grant as far back as William the Third, the wealthiest single church corporation in the world. Most of its leases on which it has heretofore received but a meagre income will expire in 1866. Included in these are 336 lots which were let in 1766 at 75 cents each. These are comprised by building from which John Jacob Astor is said to draw an annual rental of $168,000, while paying annually to the church $300.

The history of finance does not afford a stronger example of so princely an income from so insignificant an investment. Of 2,068 lots originally owned by the church 698 remain, and these now form the most valuable real estate in the 1st, 2d, 5th, 6th and 7th wards of New York, portions of the city destroyed, it is stated, to be exclusively used for commercial purposes. A New York Journal estimates that next year the aggregate property of Trinity Church will be worth $20,000,000. That is scarcely credible.

A third of the amount would be sufficiently enormous and wonderful. Mr. Astor regularly attends the Trinity services, and his assiduity in this respect is ascribed by gossip to his desire to remove his lessees on favorable terms through the good will of all who have control or influence in its affairs. Among those who this judge him is said to be a rector of vegetable fibre but somewhat flippant tongue. As related by a New York paper:

He met Mr. Astor one day, and being very familiar with him, spoke of the fast fagging factory.

"You go regularly to Trinity Church, now?" remarked the rector.

"O, yes," answered Mr. Astor in his quiet way.

"I know all about it, sir," said the parson.

"Well, you know the reason I attend there?" inquired the millionaire.

"Yes, I do," replied the old parson, smiling in a manner which indicated that he thought himself the possessor of a key which could open a mystery.

"I go there, sir, because my lady is fond of [illegible] Mr. Astor.

"Yes, I do," replied the old parson, [illegible] "Does lessee, Astor?" [illegible] "Yes, I do," replied the old parson, [illegible] "Yes, I do." [illegible] "Yes, I do." [illegible] "Yes, I do."