NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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CRESCENT GUARDS, ATTENTION!—You are hereby ordered to parade at Armory, on EVERY THURSDAY EVENING, by order of J. J. CASTY, Captain.

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LAFAYETTE ENCAMPMENT No. 7—Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Lafayette, every FIRST and THIRD MONDAY of each month. Officers: H. D. Virgin, C. P.; A. Hessing, H. P.; J. J. Barrett, S. W.; W. E. Gilmore, J. W.; J. W. Wood, Scribe. Jno. Quin, Treasurer.

I. O. O. F.—HOWARD LODGE No. 13 meets every THURSDAY EVENING in the new Hall, corner of Bienville and Bourbon streets. Officers: Jas. Lewis, N. G.; Geo. Ehrhardt, V. G.; Richard Bailey, Secretary; Geo. Kennedy, Jr., Assistant Secretary; Jas. Freeman, Treasurer. jy21

LONE STAR.—The General Assembly will meet as usual on the FOURTH TUESDAY of each month, alternate with the Grand Lodge of Louisiana. Officers: Bro. Jas. Cunningham, W. M.; Bro. Jas. Hall, Senior Warden; Bro. Jas. Cochran, Junior Warden; Bro. Jas. Turnbull, Treasurer; Bro. Jas. Cochran & Co., Scribe. Lodge room, Exchange Place, Lafayette Square. By order of the President. J. W. FOCHEUX, Secretary.

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Harmony Division No. 16, S. of T.—The following are the officers of this Division for the present term: James Bussey, W. P.; W. S. Brown, R. S.; Wm. Wardell, A. R. S.; Alexander Gordan, F. S.; Henry Armstrong, T.; Chas. Hunter, C.; Henry Gibson, A. C.; John Brown, I. S.; Cornelius Gordons, O. S.... This Division meets EVERY MONDAY EVENING, at Temperance Hall, St. St. Charles street.

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DAN RICE, NED HOUTEN,
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DAILY CRESCENT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE CONSOLIDATED CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

The following lines have much merit, and show a gift of poesie worthy of cultivation. The lady author will excuse us if we say she only needs the circumstances of patient and laborious art to make a reputation for herself:

WHERE IS SOLITUDE?

Is it within this woodland's wild recess,
This fair creation of the Almighty mind,
Where Spring's first smile, where Autumn's glow confess
A bloom, a power, a radiance all divine?
With joyous, active life the soft air teems.
From every branch the birds' wild choir rings clear—
Far from men's haunts their toil, their fev'rish dreams,
Lover of Nature's works, no solitude is here.

Is it upon the green savannah's breast,
Where the blue skylocks brightest, and the air
Tells by its perfume that it has been the guest
Of some sweet bank of flowers? Even there
The lights and shadows on the silent glade,
The morn's first blush, the evening's dewy tear,
Night's solemn state, each lends its potent aid
To prove to man—no solitude is here.

Is it beside thy shore, O, mighty sea,
Changeful of mood, yet changeless in the power
Which sends thy crested waves, in reckless glee,
O'er each frail thing which braves the storm's dark hour?
Whether beneath clear skies thy billows sweep,
Or near destruction in their wild career,
The varying, ceaseless music of the deep,
Thunders or sighs—no solitude is here.

But on life's arid highway, where the crowd
Of men against their kind, their warfare wage,
And check each worthy thought, yet speak aloud
The billing error, the venomed words of rage,
Where charity is met by cold distrust,
And gold, almighty gold, alone shines fair—
Where even Faith's pure robe is stained with dust,
O, lonely human heart—thy solitude is there.

M. E. W.

THE GOVERNESS'S HUSBAND;

OR, RAGGING A LIVE NOBLEMAN.

A few years before Victoria ascended the throne, a very pretty scene was being enacted in one of the splendid reception rooms of the mansion of the ancient titled family of Castlearden. A woman in the full glow of the most glorious beauty that ever lent brilliancy to a human being, was pacing the floor, with anger in her large, deep blue eyes, and unmistakable passion in her small, firmly clenched, and let it be told, marvelously white hand.

"To be treated as a slave—snubbed, reviled and insulted—and what for? Why, because they suppose me to be a poor, helpless girl, as powerless as the fly that a child mercilessly impales. But they shall know differently before long, and my name's not Kate Brown, which as pure blood in my veins as the noblest and best of the Castleardens."

So exclaimed the exasperated girl, as the outline of a daring scheme began to gather rather thickly in the recess of her quick and resolute little head. Now, what had ruffled Kate's temper it would not be very easy, or, indeed, quite proper to tell. All the family had that day gone out of town; but previous to leaving the house Lady Castlearden had been rather precise in some of her instructions, and the Honorable Russel Castlearden excessively presumptuous. He had committed himself so far as to beg a kiss with as little ceremony as he would have done from the lowest domestic in the establishment. His manner, more than his language, had offended the delicate instincts of the poor, but proud dependent, and as soon as the skirts of his coat had vanished, the spirited and highly sensitive Kate gave utterance to the expressions of resentment which we have recorded above.

"I would rather be a toad, and feed on the vapors of a dungeon," continued she, as her foot nervously pressed the soft yielding carpet, "than a woman whom every fop of a man fancies he can address with impunity. I will have a sweet revenge, though, for it all. The Honorable—heaven preserve us!—Russel Castlearden shall acknowledge me his equal, or there is little of woman's art in my inventive head."

So saying, she rang the bell with much vehemence, and on the footman making his appearance, said to him imperiously—

"Order the carriage."

"The carriage, Miss?" exclaimed the man quite astounded.

"Yes, the carriage—My lady Castlearden's carriage—my carriage, while I am privileged to use it," replied Kate, with severity, but not without some dignity. "And Thomas——"

"Yes, Miss."

"You will take care for the future, not to repeat any order I may give you. And also address me in a proper manner, by saying if necessary, 'Miss Brown,' not 'Miss.'"

Thomas made a salaam that nearly brought his flushed face to the carpet, and backed hurriedly out of the room with awful reverence. The beautiful girl, proud of this trifling proof of her superiority, retired to dress, and in about an hour afterwards, she sprang like a bird into the gaily caparisoned carriage of the haughty Lady Castlearden.

"To Madame Robini's first, and then the park;" was the order, and away flew the spirited horses, bearing away a maiden as proud as any that ever graced the halls of England's exclusively proud nobility. Being about the middle of the season, the park was crowded with vehicles, through which the equestrians threaded their way with no little skill.

Our sprightly friend Kate attracted no small degree of attention; and many a pair of fine manly eyes rested on her charming countenance in unalloyed admiration. Her presence created quite a sensation, and numberless were the conjectures hazarded as to her name and rank. The young and handsome men, mounted on remarkably fine steeds, had the audacity to follow the carriage, but all the inquiries they made on the road were fruitless. Nobody knew the lovely day-star that had occasioned all this commotion.

"Who the deuce can she be?" remarked one of the young men to the other.

"I cannot divine. The carriage is the Castlearden's, but they are all out of town."

"Are there many daughters in the family?"

"Half-a-dozen."

"Then this peerless girl may be one of them"

"Very likely; and now I think of it, I heard the eldest had been left in town."

Now the latter individual was struck with our friend Kate, and he determined to ascertain who and what she was, not doubting for a moment but that her birth was as distinguished as her appearance. To carry into effect this intention, Lord Percy followed the carriage with the pertinacity of a hound, and finally traced it to the well known mansion of Lord Castlearden.

"My surmise was correct," thought he, "she is Russel's sister. I have been introduced, but it would not be etiquette to call when my lord and lady are out of town."

Later in the evening he came on foot into the neighborhood to make inquiries; finding a communicative lady in a contiguous circulating library, he described the fair unknown, and to his delight was assured she could be none other than the Honorable Corinda Estella, the gem of the family, and a belle whom he had heard toasted at college. The next day he went again, encountered her in the park, and their eyes met. Kate colored deeply, as she felt, more than saw, that two large, bright dark eyes were fixed intently on her face, and that their owner had almost ventured to salute her. On the following day she saw him parading in front of the house; and, as she could observe him without being seen herself, she experienced a strange thrill, a sort of excessive joy, as she scanned his whole face and figure. Lord Percy was tall and dark, with a profusion of jet black hair. He was the beau ideal of a handsome man. Kate, we should have observed, was also tall for her sex, fair in complexion, with masses of wavy auburn hair, and a figure faultless in its well-defined outline. She had the finest face imaginable; it was so delicate, so pure, so classically regular, without any of the hard lines that accompany what are called model countenances. Her eyes were bewilderingly beautiful ones. They were of that deep blue class which are found to be so capable of beaming with love or firing with anger. But her contour altogether was superb, and it was not surprising that a warm-hearted and romantic man like Lord Percy should have fallen desperately in love with her at first sight. But how to obtain an introduction puzzled him a good deal. Love, however, is fertile in expedients, and the coveted opportunity soon arrived.

On the fourth day of her appearance in the park, Percy boldly rode up to the carriage door, and with the easy and graceful bauvity of a well-bred man, accosted her, and announced himself as her brother's intimate friend.

"My brother!" exclaimed Kate, looking with the surprise she felt.

"Russel Castlearden and myself were college chums," said he.

A smile broke over Kate's fine features, and made her look so enchanting that Percy almost reeled in his saddle.

"Indeed!" she slowly uttered; and even while he chatted about her supposed family, she began to think. She saw in an instant that the chance had presented itself of realizing the daring scheme she had formed. Being naturally of an impetuous temperament, she did not pause to weigh the consequences; and the gallant Percy, after a trivial conversation, rode off undecided, and as madly in love as it is possible for man to be. Kate, too, was sensibly impressed. A strange fluttering about the heart, and a meaning sparkle in her splendid eyes, told of the firstings of a wild worship, which neither time nor circumstances could destroy. Percy followed up the advantage he had so easily gained, and, to the great scandal of the house, became a constant visitor at Castlearden House. His attentions could not be mistaken, but they were misinterpreted.

But Kate, although she noticed the altered demeanor of the servants, heeded it not. A spell more potent than any ever conjured from the necromancer's store-house of horrors was upon her, she yielded to the wild delirium, the terrible mutiny it had created in nature. Percy—her Reginald, the handsome, the brave, the noble Reginald, had declared his passion, and she had almost driven him crazy by the confession that he was lord of her heart. On the tenth day of their courtship, the enamored pair stole to a quiet little church in the western suburbs, and were married. The bold signature of Reginald Percy was traced in the Register book, while under, the trembling hand of Kate recorded the name of "Corinda Estella Castlearden." As she did so, the blood rushed upon her heart, and she half repented, but a glance at Reginald, and the memory of the slight she had endured at the hands of the said Corinda, reassured her. Her purpose became as inflexible as marble.

"I vowed I would wed with the proudest, and I have kept my oath. Corinda has wealth, I have beauty; and I wonder which is the richer?" thought she, as she took her seat in the carriage by the silent Reginald, who pressed her hand gently within his own, and gazed upon her in mute adoration.

Kate returned to the Castlearden House, while Reginald sought his club in a state bordering on lunacy. On the morrow Kate left the mansion under the pretence of visiting some friends in the country, but in reality, to accompany Reginald to Brighton, where they spent the honey moon, which was somewhat abridged by an announcement in the morning papers that the Castlearden family would be in town at the end of three days.

"I had better see your father first," said he soothingly.

"Oh, no, no," uttered Kate, turning deadly pale, "let me return at once."

"What have you to fear, love?" said he soothingly, "my family is one of the best in the land—I am their presumptive to a peerage.—Good heavens! what is the matter, my darling love?"

Kate had fainted. A glimpse she had taken of the future showed her a hideous scene. When she recovered, she passionately entreated to be allowed to return. Her object was to postpone the dreadful expose as long as possible. Reginald reluctantly gave his consent, and the same evening found Kate in her neat little chamber in town, with her face buried in the folds of a shawl, and herself sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He will despise me, he will hate me!" she groaned; and to lose him when I have discovered that I love him to distraction, is horrible. Reginald, will you, can you forgive me."

Kate was so overwhelmed that she had a hysterical attack. Her cries alarmed the house, and presently she was subjected to the torture of a shower bath, varied by the infliction of burnt feathers and brown paper, with copious supplies of vinegar.

The old house-keeper shook her head; the cook covertly shed a tear; and even the butler, who had seen several generations of lovely women, declared that it was a pity, but men would be men, and so long as the young women caliivanted, they must take the consequences."

"What will my lady say?" inquired the housekeeper, after she had adjourned to her room, leaving Kate in a refreshing sleep.

"Don't tell her anything—mum's the word. Besides, I think we ought to have dropped her a line when that sprig of a fellow first came."

This advice was too sensible to be resisted, and it was resolved that Kate should be "cut," and left entirely to herself and her wrongs, if she had any. In the morning she rose considerably better, but pale and stern looking. She had evidently prepared herself for braving the worst. Reginald came early to see her, and was inexpressibly shocked to find her so altered. He exerted himself to reassure her, and succeeded so far as to coax a few truant smiles into her countenance. But resolute as her character was, she experienced a heavy depression of spirits. Her absorbing idea was the dread of losing her husband. Death, disgrace, anything but that shocking alternative. Kate had immense courage, but it required opposition to bring it into play; and this she was soon to have: for the day after her return, while she was sitting in the drawing-room, listening to his hopeful plans for the future, a couple of carriages drove up to the door, followed by a pattering in the hall, which drove all the blood from her face.

"Fear nothing, love, while I am near you," said Reginald, throwing his arm around her, and pressing her fondly to his side.

"I will not—I ought not," she stammered; "but when the truth is disclosed, you will not—"

"What—my dearest, prettiest, wife?"

"Bless you for that word. But when my lord comes, and you leave me, will you not have me and leave me?"

"Hate you—leave you?" ejaculated Reginald, amazed at her troubled manner; but before he could ask for an explanation, the door opened, and my lady Castlearden was observed to stagger back, in the immense discomfiture of my lord, and the utter prostration of a young lady in pink.

"What—what's the matter?" exclaimed his lordship, rubbing his nose. "Matter—why, look there!" screamed her ladyship.

His lordship looked at the direction indicated, and certainly did recoil a pace or two at what he saw. His sons stood agape at his elbow, and his daughters, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, clustered around their mother. There, right before them, with a face very pale, but very calm and decided, stood Lord Percy, proudly supporting the sinking form of the half insensible Kate.

"Percy! Percy! why what the dickens does all this mean?" said his lordship angrily; "this pantomime in my house is singular—extraordinary—very."

"My lord," said Percy, "I owe you many apologies, but love must be my excuse."

"Love!" cried her ladyship, looking apologetically indignant, as she made a fruitless attempt to thrust her daughters from the room.

"Yes, Lady Castlearden—love, and love as pure as that of the angels," said Percy, eagerly. A pause ensued, which he broke by a faint attempt at a smile, saying, "this position may appear equivocal, but it is sanctioned by marriage."

"Married!" gasped her ladyship convulsively. "Married!" screamed the daughters, huddled together. "The dey-vil," exclaimed the son, Russel, with marked emphasis.

"Yes, married, my lord," replied Percy, in a higher and sterner key; "your daughter and myself were married at —— church three weeks ago."

The shout that was raised was heard in the square outside, and brought up the alarmed servants pell mell into the room.

"Married—daughter!" ejaculated the old peer, as he took a deliberate survey of the flock of feminines, to see if any one of them was missing. "The huzzy! the impostor! the shameless creature!" chorussed the ladies.

"Married, I repeat," uttered Percy, with much energy, "and to the scion of a house that cannot bring a blush to the cheeks of Castlearden."

"You are joking, surely," replied the old man.

Reginald's only reply was to bestow a warm caress upon the almost convulsed Kate, and to attempt to lead her, as a suppliant, to the feet of her mother.

"Take her away!" shouted her ladyship, as she recoiled with an expression of loathing.

"This is your own child!" said Reginald, indignantly.

"Child! how dare you address such language to me! She is no child of mine."

Reginald turned ashy white, and holding Kate a little from him, bestowed an imploring glance on the agitated peer.

"This young person is not my daughter, my lord," said the latter, "nor any relative of mine."

"Then who—who—?" gasped Percy.

"Who is she? why, my daughter's governess," was the prompt reply.

Reginald let Kate slip from his arm to the floor, while he stood gazing at her prostrated form transfigured with horror.

"Come, come, Percy, it is time to end this farce," said Lord Castlearden; "it is unseemly; and before my daughters, too."

"But I am married!" vociferated Percy.

"Kate's husband!" exclaimed her ladyship, who fanciied the objects in the room had multiplied *ad infinitum*.

The domestics caught the expression, and "Kate's husband" passed the round of the amazed group.

"Forgive me, Reginald, do not look so. Kill me if you will, for I deserve it; but do not for mercy sake, hate me," said Kate, in a tone of piteous entreaty. "Woman," said he, fiercely, "is what they tell me true?"

"It is."

"And your name is ——"

"Kate Brown."

A deep groan broke from the young man's chest, and sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands.

"Woman, have you dared?" said the peer angrily.

"Leave the house, minx!" cried her ladyship.

"Such brazen effrontry. Well, I never—a prison would be too good for her," were the charitable remarks of the sons and daughters.

The servants were silent; but they drew away from her as if she had been a pestilence. All this roused Kate from the lethargy into which she was sinking, and springing to her feet, she confronted her taunters with the aspect of a Pythoness. Her nostrils distented like those of a panting steed.

"Cowards!" she cried, "how loud you can bark at a solitary, friendless woman. You would bite too, if you dared; but I defy any one of you to so much as wag a little finger at me."

Reginald, upon hearing this spirited declaration, raised his wan face, and regarded her fixedly.

"You heap reproaches on me," she continued, "and never think of blaming yourselves. Who first suggested this relation to me? You" addressing lady Castlearden, "by your contumelious treatment of what you considered a worm. You," addressing her husband, "by your haughty coldness; you," to the daughters, "by your tyranny—your coarse, cruel tyranny; you, to the sons, "by your insults, your detestable, cold-blooded insults. Was I a meek, poor thing, to endure all this uncomplainingly? No! I studied my revenge and determined to have satisfaction, by casting a slight on the whole order. The beauty that made me hated by you!"—this was to the young ladies—"and tormented by you"—this was to the sons—"I swore should avenge me. Accident threw this gentleman in my way. He became enamored of the peer's daughter, and offered her honorable marriage. Would he have done the same to Kate Brown the governess? I doubt it; and as I loved him, and distrusted myself, I allowed the deception to go on. The result you know. I am now Lady Percy."

This was delivered with an air of lofty disdain, not unmingled with the fondness of a woman who unreservedly loves. Reginald groaned audibly, but in his inmost heart he could not help admiring his courageous and extremely beautiful wife. But his pride had been wounded, and he stood aloof from her. Kate noticed the action, and tears started to her eyes.

"Reginald," she said, in a voice broken by emotion, "say you do not hate me! the few will perhaps release you, and then you can wed another, in your station of life, but never a truer or more spotless girl than the one you are spurning. Dear Reginald, say one kind word to me, and I will pass away from you like a dream."

As she said this, she flung herself at his feet, and clasping his knees, looked up beseechingly in his face. The appeal was irresistible—he bent down, imprinted one burning kiss on her ice-cold forehead, and then darted from the room. Kate's husband was never more seen in Castlearden House. Kate left almost immediately after he did, but not before she had with her little hand made the cheek of the Hon. Russel Castlearden tingle again.

The same night she was closeted with her uncle—a Mr. Brown, a bachelor who had large transactions in the general grocery line. The old man seemed mightily pleased with her, and, as he chucked his niece under the chin, jocularly said—

"That having gone into the world a little had done her good. She had 'bagged a live nobleman,' an exploit never before performed by a Brown, and he honored her for the deed."

"But I have lost him," sobbed Kate, "he is gone—gone forever!"

"Not a bit of it," replied her uncle assuringly. "His vanity and prejudices, and all that, are touched; but he will come round in time, depend upon it."

"He may get a divorce, or, the marriage may be declared illegal." As this surmise dilted through Kate's mind, she evidenced a strong tendency to hysterics; for Kate was a proud and virtuous girl, and keenly felt the prospective disgrace. Her uncle was alarmed; and forthwith consulted his legal adviser, who consoled him with the positive assurance that the marriage was perfectly legal; five hundred years hence, when the united streams of the Brown's and Percy's flowed in one channel, there might be some difficulty in tracing the descent, that was all. Its next step was to endeavor to find out Kate's husband, and accommodate matters between them, but the search was useless; for Reginald, dreading the ridicule that was attached to this singular alliance, had fled no one knew whether. Kate in time became quite soothed; her womanly strength was great, and an imperative duty quite weaned her thoughts from useless grief.

Five years elapsed, during which time she constantly resided under her uncle's roof; but notwithstanding all his diligent inquiries, no Reginald could be discovered, so that "Kate's husband" became quite a household myth, and many were the portentous shakes of the head indulged in by the old ladies of his acquaintance when the mystery was discussed. At last he was traced, but to a debtor's prison. A fierce career of dissipation had terminated in his becoming an inmate of the King's Bench, where, wearied and disgusted with himself, and all the world, he had languished for some months. And had he all this time, thought of Kate? Often, for he was not adamant; and a vision of her beauty and spirit, as she braved and heaped scorn upon her mean foes on the last occasion he saw her, haunted him day and night. Despite himself, he cherished a warm attachment for her, but then her confounded name—Kate—why, when he thought of it, he felt inclined to give his folly the *coup de grace*; love of life was stronger, and it prevailed. Sorrow and punishment humble the proudest dispositions, and in those moments when he thought more like a man than the younger son of a peer, he would have given the world, if he had possessed it, to have been reconciled to society and the wife of his bosom. A melancholy began to prey upon him, and he was rapidly becoming misanthropic. One day, while musing over the past in the gloomy chamber his limited resources only allowed him to occupy, a stout, good-humored looking old gentleman presented himself, and in a brusque manner bade him look up, for he was not so friendless as he deserved. Reginald started, and demanded his name and business.

"How much will it take to get you out of this cursed place?" inquired the visitor, bluntly.

"Are you authorized by—by—" the name of his family trembled on his tongue, but he could not utter it.

"By the best of friends you have—the very best!" cried the old gentleman, evidently pleased, as he surveyed the fine manly figure and handsome face of the prisoner.

"Cannot you afford me a clue——"

"Not at present, my authority only extends to your release, and that immediately.

Reginald persisted, but it