New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

## The Rattlesnake.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

BY REV. E. HUTCHEON.

Earth hath a thousand tongues that sing
An unrecorded melody,
And many a lonely, creeping thing
Shows, if thou wert to listen, see,
A veiled or slighted majesty—
A slow-paced worm that all deride,
A lark, a tress may dash aside
The arm of strength, the crown of pride;
A breath too faint to lift the flower,
A moonbeam or a tone hath power
To crush us in the evil hour.
Bold and thoughtful man will tell,
Who thread the wild and pierce the dell,
And climb the cliffs and splinter'd rocks
Rent by the old-world Vulcan-shocks,
Where thou, dread mountain king, dost lie,
With spotted mail and flashing eye,
And thy huge quivering volume roll'd
Through quite three hundred fold,
Within thy walls of matted brake,
Grim cockhant, terrible Rattle-snake!

O fair and beautiful is earth,
With beaming eyes and loving words,
And dones of leaves and joy of birds,
Yet fill'd with myriad forms of death;
Her gems, her seasons, growth and birth,
Her rest, her change, her tears and mirth
Are passages for human breath
To flee the fever, rack and strife,
The splendor and the gloom of life;
Unseen herd as the wrinkled shells
That gleam in ocean's secret cells
Swing evermore the viewless gates,
At which a grizzly warder waits
To wait the exiled soul away
From home and the dear light of day;
Anon, as gently, softly comes
The Reaper, as the lisping breeze
That lifts the sick-day's yellow blooms
Or mars the glass of summer seas;
His footsteps noiseless as the sound
Of buds in spicy nights of spring,
Which pierce the folding walls that round
In waxen flake and fibre cling—
Yet Death hath many a mighty door
Which lings grate a dissonant roar
That runs along the shivering soul
Is shriek and wail and sexton-toll.
To hail the portals of the grave,
Mind roaring pan and ringing glaive,
Miles times by foaming chargers tend,
And gaspling hands and slippery sod,
Hail ling, hood-hooded cammon-ade!
To hear the now, the hiss and clash
Of waves on waves that madly dash,
Then to our boiling foam-couch leap
From those Niagara's thunder-steep;
To see at midnight, flashing high,
Fearless to parley or to fly,
The cockney Sipe's hard eye,
Then meet the quick, tremendous bound
That dashes out our gasping breath
In pattering blood-gouts o'er the ground—
Oh! this is horror, this is death,
Which he who blanchless meets, must feel
His brain cright with triple steel.
And earth hath many a gloomy path
Shrouded alike to the hall of Death,
Less mighty than the whirlwind's wrat
Or tiger's bound or volley'd scath
Of battle's blue, vindictive breath;
And in our dells and by the rills,
And on the rock-dwelled hills,
And deep within the lonely wood,
Here the young fawn bounds gaily for food,
There the young bird shrieks, and eyes grew dim,
That saw the branches round them swim,
And felt a sudden shadow fall
As from the concave's vestal wall,
And mossy plain and vaulted blue
Go rocking from their dizzy view,
Where those lonely the mouldering trunk
Thick in the moist, dark earth hath sunk,
And by the cleft thy hower dost make,
Death-darting, fiery Rattlesnake!
Fierce dweller 'midst the rocky glades,
And lonely, damp, enormous shades
Of hoary oaks and clarion pines,
And cedar of gigantic vines,
Thy wonders fill the highlands on them rear,
Thick, leafy fallebjah's grove;
As if, upon their golden ears,
To chain, the ear of rushing stars—
Appalling worm! thy home is where
The wild wolf makes his dreary lair—
Midst crimes on moss and cypress shade,
And bramble's thorny pollisade—
Thy hunter is in his pathway starts,
His pulses fly with wilder bound,
As thy fierce eye upon him darts
Like lightning leaping from the ground,
Where through the sunder'd boughs, in gold,
A blush from Morning's cheek hath roll'd,
In which, with trickling venom warm
Gleam, like a crescent, thy lurking form,
While the quick rattle, quick and keen,
Rings through the lonely, sylvan scene.
But if, of danger unaware,
His foot impinge thy curtain'd lair,
Thy fang disclos'd, thy form dilate
With kindling ire and instant fate,
Then launched on the unheeding foe
Died! what a fast, electric blow,
That seals the rocks, the hills and sky
In unison ever reeling by!
Thy glittering coils to men disclose
A symbol of all mortal woes;
Down through the long, dim ages gone,
Thought roves in gloom and silence, on
To where the Eden rills and bowers
To rapture charm'd the radiant hours,
And where beside the mystic Tree
Lay one who wore a shape like thee,
And chain'd with lotus-words the ear
Of her who could not choose but hear.

Yet reptile, round whose savage home,
Men pause and shudder as they roam,
Upon thy fiery shape I gaze
In seeming awe of Him whose ways
Alike are with the Infant's wose,
And Earthquake's hoarse, Titanic throes;
And in thy folds and burning eyes
Like brewing storms in Tropic skies,
A fierce, barbaric beauty lies,
And tells that He whose hand hath pil'd
Yonder screen, frowning brows
In domes of everlasting snows,
Amidst the swoop, the growl and clang
Of whirlwinds wings unnerv'd to hang,
Hath made thee terrible and wild
And clipp'd with death thy gleaming fang.

LITCHFIELD, Conn.

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S TACTICS.—Michael Maloney was a private belonging to an English regiment of infantry, which happened to be stationed in Canada during the American war. At the distance of two or three miles from the quarters of the regiment there was an outpost, at which a sentinel was placed. One day, when it fell to Maloney's lot to be employed on this lonely service, an unexpected order arrived from head-quarters for the immediate departure of the regiment. Amidst the hurry and bustle usual on such an occasion, nobody thought of relieving the outpost; and there poor Michael was left to starve with a musket on his shoulder, or to run the risk of being taken up and shot for desertion. The feelings of hunger, however, having at length got the better of his sense of duty, he returned to quarters without leave; and finding that the regiment was gone, nobody knew whither, he proceeded to a farm-house, and found employment as a laborer. After a lapse of three years, during which he lived very comfortably, his regiment came back to its old quarters. At first he was terrified at the idea of being taken up as a deserter; but that native ingenuity, which is sometimes whimsically displayed by his countrymen, soon suggested the means of exculpation. He put on his soldier's dress, shouldered his musket, and took his station at the very outpost where he had been placed three years before. He had been here scarcely an hour, when a corporal belonging to the regiment, with his guard, approached the spot for the purpose of leaving a sentinel upon it. The corporal, seeing it already occupied, cried out, "Who are you, what regiment do you belong to, who sent you, and how long have you been here?" "Och, then," replied Michael, "you may well talk, sure none but the old Nick himself would have kept guard so long; don't you know that some of you left me here three years ago; that none of you ever came to relieve me till this very moment; and have'nt you now found me at my post?" Michael was immediately conducted to his quarters. The commanding officer on learning his story received him with kindness; and the adventure formed a subject of merriment for some days after.

KILLED HIS MAN.—*La Grange*, Ga., January 12, 1857.—You have doubtless heard of Dr. Thompson, the waggish proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, in Atlanta, in this State. Well, once upon a time, two gentlemen (the one decidedly under the influence of a spiritual presence, and the other approximating the same condition) stopped at the Doctor's hotel. In consequence of some extraordinary manifestations on the part of the "tightest" gent, he soon found himself "nigh unto a muss" with the Doctor. His friend, however, carried him off before matters reached a crisis. After stowing him away, the friend returned, and accosting the proprietor, said very emphatically:

"Sir, you have been treading upon dangerous ground, sir; that man is not to be tampered with, sir; do you know, sir, that he has killed his man, sir?"

"Killed his man!" says Thompson, with a voice like a thunder-clap, and a most intense expression of contempt upon his phiz: "By Jove, sir, let me inform you that I have practiced medicine for twenty years, and you must'n attempt to frighten me with a chap that has only killed his man. Bah! sir, it won't begin to do."

The fellow "collapsed" and forthwith settled his bill. [Porter's Spirit of the Times.

A clergyman in Salem, Ohio, in a discourse upon Christian charity, told his hearers that on occasions when they were called upon to aid in benevolent enterprises, many of them were "trying to bide their souls behind three cent pieces!"

## "OUT AT ELBOWS."

[The following sketch, from Harper's Weekly, is a capital thing in its way. It portrays with great force a species of genteel misery known in all large cities; a misery which has augmented to a fearful extent of late years. It is a picture of New York life; but feeling assured that there are a great many in New Orleans who will at once recognize its truthfulness, we cannot refrain from transferring it bodily to our columns.]

Duly at noon and night I explore Broadway, from the Battery to Union Square. I am as punctual as a poor clerk with a hard master and a small salary. I have no master, however, and, what is still worse, no salary. Having no business, except writing, I walk Broadway for exercise, and to see life. It rests me when I am weary; it amuses me when I am sad. Sometimes it saddens me when I am gay; but of that hereafter, perhaps.

My observation is more whimsical than profound. I begin with a determination to observe men and manners closely; but before I am aware of it, I am guessing the number of letters in the signs, or admiring a new pattern of vase in the china shops. When I come to myself I smile sarcastically at my infirmity of purpose, and begin anew. Five minutes after, I am on the other side of the street, in front of a bookstore, scrutinizing the new books. My vivid imagination pictures the distant day when I too shall have arrived at the dignity of print and binding, and I strut ostentatiously, wrapping my cloak around me like a royal mantle. Many are my backslidings from the path of knowledge, but many are the flowers that I gather by the roadside. I see more than I dream of at the time; glimpses of faces linger and ripen in my memory, and beautiful and bizarre dresses

"Hang out their banners on its outer walls."

When my great æsthetic work, in three quarto volumes, "THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS IN AMERICA," appears, the world will be amazed at my power of observation.

I have a warm interest in some of the men and women that I meet in Broadway. Their faces are as familiar to me as the face of my beloved. I could describe the color of their hair and eyes; imitate the peculiarities of their gait, and draw up a pretty correct inventory of their wardrobe. I know when they need new garments, (a few, it grieves me to say, need them sadly at present,) and when they have new garments, I rejoice.

Five or six weeks ago I noticed a gentleman, whom I have since seen daily. It was the dusk of a raw November evening, one of those nights when the wind is damp and cold, and sensible people who have no business to keep them out of doors hurry home as fast as they can. I was sunning myself in a tropical picture at Goupil's window, when he passed, brushing my elbow. I turned suddenly, and caught his profile as he glided noiselessly away. There was something in his face that made me look at him again. It was a pale face, manly but irresolute; a little of bloom lingered in the cheek, like a tint of summer in a fading autumn leaf. The lips were thin and compressed, but more, it seemed, from habit than firmness of character. His coat was buttoned up tight to the chin, and his hat was pushed down firmly over his brow. I followed in his wake as far as St. Nicholas, where I lost him. He must have impressed me deeply, for I remember counting hut three signs, and crossing the street twice in the whole time.

I sauntered slowly homeward, and wondering who he was, associated him in my mind with the late Edgar A. Poe. It was a freak of fancy on a slight basis of fact. Nine or ten years ago, when I first put pen to paper, I had a passage at arms with Mr. Poe. It grew out of a copy of verses which I wrote and sent him in his editorial capacity. He said the verses were good (I fear he flattered me) but that I was not their author. This produced a reply from me, which reply produced another difference of opinion. After a few complimentary remarks we parted, and spoke no more. I felt bitterly toward the lover of "the lost Leonore" until I saw him again, on a rainy autumn night, standing under a rugged and dripping awning, in a forlorn and beggarly neighborhood. I had an umbrella, but he had none. My first impulse was to go up to him and offer him half of mine; but fearing a repulse, I passed on, leaving him there in the rain. I have never forgotten my regret for it; see his sallow face and his dark haunting eyes whenever I pass the spot. Poor fellow! he too was out at elbows—out at elbows in the soul!

I met my new street-friend again the next morning. He was on his way down town, with a crowd of clerks and book-keepers. I saw that he was a gentleman by birth, but that he was in some subordinate position. Well because his clothes were shabby for their wear, better than my own, but—I divined it. Some men are always well dressed, no matter how poor and old their garments may be; others are always ill-dressed, though clothed in purple and fine linen. A true gentleman is always well dressed, unless his boots are bad. The boots of my street-friend were old, but they fitted his foot neatly, and were freshly polished. "I'll warrant he blacks them himself," was my thought, and I was right. Mark Wilmot's only servant is—Mark Wilmot.

When I began this paper I meant to describe Mr. Wilmot's personal appearance; but on reading over what I have written, I find I have not done so. I have given him pale cheeks, compressed lips, and an irresolute up to the chin. These be indeed faint outlines, but they must stand. I cannot fill them up properly. I flatter myself that I am skilled in character-painting, as you will see when you read my thrilling novel, "The Great-hearted News-boy;" but Mark Wilmot baffles me. I have often tried to catch the expression of his face, and define it on paper. Many an idle moment has I wasted upon my mind, and many a sheet of foolscap have I wasted, to no purpose. He is my Ideal Man in the Iron Mask.

I soon found that I expected to see him daily; for when by any chance I missed him, I was lonesome and moody. Neither my successful guesses at the sum total of the signs, the new vases that I saw in the windows, nor yet a brightening prospect of being myself on the bookseller's shelves—to say nothing of a pair of black eyes which now and then beamed upon me from under such a love of a bonnet!—none of those things quite satisfied me, unless I saw Mark Wilmot in the course of my walk.

Time flew, if I may use so bold an expression. Autumn died into winter, and the old year passed away to make room for the new. My New Year's calls led me to the house of Mrs. Leo Hunter, who sat all day in state in her front parlor, under the lighted chandelier, waiting to receive the homage of her numerous admirers. She gave us a feast of reason, thinking that most of us needed nothing more; which was true of myself, for I had nibbled nineteen pieces of plum-cake and drank a famous quantity of lemonade, before reaching the shrine of genius.

As I passed into the hall a gentleman passed out. It was Mark Wilmot. We met face to face, bowed, exchanged a look of recognition and separated, he to continue his calls elsewhere, and I to whisper those gilded nothings, "the compliments of the season," to Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"By-the-way," said I, after the customary greeting, "who was the gentleman that I met in the hall just now? I often pass him in the street."

"Marie, child," said Mrs. Leo Hunter to a young lady in the corner, "who was he? I forget his name. He is one of your friends."

"It was Mr. Wilmot, ma'am."

"Ah, true; Mr. Mark Wilmot. I remember his wife; a charming person. She dresses elegantly. You must have met her here."

"I dare say," I replied. "Mrs. Leo Hunter has the faculty of drawing charming people about her. I see scores of them at her receptions. Have I not seen the celebrated authors of "The long, long, Heavens," and "Shillings and Sixpences," the sweet but mournful poetess, Carrie Cauliflower, whose "Spirit Sigh" is blown abroad on all the wings of fame; the talented but strong-minded author of "The Merciful Magdalen" and Mrs. L. H. herself, the modern Sappho?"

The modern Sappho tapped my cheek with her fan, and called me a sarcastic wretch. I was on the point of replying, but was prevented by a batch of new arrivals, among whom was a fiery young author, who had vowed vengeance against me for speaking my mind about his book in The Literary Mohawk (I am the book reviewer of that independent journal,) so I departed, burning to know more of Mark Wilmot.

My wish was soon gratified. For spending one cold January night, or what little remained of it—say from ten to twelve—at *The Century Club*, I had the pleasure of an introduction to him. *The Century* is our best New York club. It might not impress an Englishman, accustomed to the crack clubs of London, those fashionable clubs in the neighborhood of St. James', the resort of young gentlemen of fortune, who may be seen at the windows or lounging about the steps, now eying the ladies through their quizzing glasses, and now tapping their military boots with small riding whips; it might not suit John Bull, but then John is hard to suit, especially when the scrolls between him and the sound of his beloved bells. Doubtless Major Pendennis and similar old truth-tellers would sneer at *The Century*; but the Major's spiritual creator, genial Makepeace Thackeray, delights in it. At least so think sundry of his admirers, members of the club. I am not myself a member of the club, for I have neither time to attend its meetings, nor (but this is between ourselves) money to pay its fees. But I have a friend who is, and occasionally I spend an hour with him in the club-rooms.

On the night in question my friend and I were indulging in small talk, and discussing a couple of cigars, when the American Thackeray, the accomplished author of "The Noodle at Newport," entered the room we were in, accompanied by Mr. Wilmot. We nodded a welcome, and removing our legs from the chairs in which they were resting, invited him and his companion to be seated by us. He assented, and we ordered cigars and whisky punches for four.

"Mr. Wilmot, gentlemen."

We rose and bowed.

"You look cold, sir," said I; "permit me to place your chair by the fire. It is a bitter night."

He thanked me, and sat down in front of the fire. By this time the waiter reappeared bearing four small blue pitchers with silver lids, and a bunch of mild cigars. We divided the pitchers among us, and took each a cigar. Mr. Wilmot lighted his at the grate, while I was twisting my last poem into a lighter. Anxious to impress my friend, the American Thackeray began a disquisition on the subjectivity of the ancients, and the subjectivity of the moderns, taking for his text a picture at Newport! Knowing my ignorance of the fine arts, I sat and listened, glancing at Mr. Wilmot with half-closed eyes. He leaned his hands on his knees and stared dreamily into the fire. The fire threw a rich, warm light on his face, melting its paleness and deepening and enlarging its bloom. His head was slightly bald, his chestnut hair was touched with gray, and yet there was no indication of age about him. He looked younger than usual. But for a wrinkle at the corner of his eyes he might still have passed for a young man. He was dressed just as I had always seen him, in a suit of rusty black, years behind the fashion. It was neat, but pitiful, it was so threadbare. You felt that he was poor—a gentleman out at elbows.

He gazed steadily into the fire, studying its red core of heat, but his mind seemed far away. There was no recognition of the present in his vacant eyes.

"Of what is he thinking?" I thought, "of the past, or the future? What pictures rise up before him? what shapes long since dead?"

I was drifting off into a sea of reverie when he aroused himself, relighted his cigar which had gone out, and began to sip his punch.

While I had been watching Mr. Wilmot the fine art disquisition had somehow shifted from the picture at Newport to the ladies in Broadway. My friend was criticising them.

"I have traveled," said he, "in three continents, and have seen women of all ranks in each; but I have seen none to compare with the women of America in foudness for dress. Perhaps I am too sweeping when I say, the women of America; let me correct myself and say, the women of American cities. There is still a little simplicity left in the country. Miss is not wholly a peacock there, unless she has been spoiled by a winter in town. But her more polished city sisters, the beautiful but soulless creatures, who flaunt in Broadway daily, dressed in the most expensive and least durable dresses in which they trail and drag through dust and mud, splendid alike in sunshine and in storm—I have not words to express my contempt for them. God help their fathers and husbands!"

I protested on behalf of the ladies, as a gallant man should do, and charged my friend with being a sour and crusty bachelor.

"I have a strange fancy," said Mr. Wilmot, taking his cigar from his mouth, and joining in the conversation for the first time: "an absurd idea, for which you, sir," turning to my friend, "are partly answerable. What you said about the dress of our American women set me thinking, and a dream, which was already half formed in my mind, begotten, salamander-like, in the glowing coals, took a definite form and meaning. I imagined a man with an expensive wife! There is no novelty in that, you say. I agree with you; there is none. But there is novelty in the character of the man—as I conceive it.

"I shall not begin with my hero's birth and parentage, neither shall I end with his death and burial. The most that I shall attempt will be to sketch an episode of his life. It will be the merest outline—a suggestion, and nothing more.

"At the beginning of my dream he is rich—rich in his own inheritance, richer still in expectations. His parents belonged to the old Knickerbocker race, the first families and wealthy citizens of forty years ago. He was educated after the fashion of the day. His father sent him to college, gave him a course of travel on the continent, and then took him into the counting-house and made him a partner. He had a fine head for business, and had he been born poor he might easily have become rich; but being rich already, the chances were in favor of his becoming poor. Like the sons of most rich men, he had no incentive to exertion. Why should he exert himself when he had money enough, and his position in life was certain?

He sat down and folded his hands, and let the days and years slip away. His tastes and habits were expensive; but he could afford to gratify them, so they injured no one. His money was his own, he reasoned and he had a right to spend it as he pleased. Admitting the force of this argument—the usual plea of spendthrifts—there is still a higher law to which we must all submit, the good sense of mankind! We must answer for our follies before that tribunal as well as to our own consciences. I may know myself to be a fool, but I can not afford to have the world think me one.

"My dreamhero lived in an establishment of his own, a bachelor's snuggery, at a quiet out-of-the-way hotel. He had a suit of parlors fitted up in superb style, and a stud of blood horses. He was a capital four-in-hand, and every summer afternoon he might have been seen driving out of town into the direction of Cato's, passing every thing on the road. He gave magnificent suppers at his rooms, *petite soupers a la Regence*, which were the envy of all the young bucks about town. They drank deeply, and played heavily, winning and losing thousands of dollars at the faro bank. He was a great fool in some matters, there is no doubt of that; but there was a vein of shrewdness in him, as there often is in fools, which would have saved him in the end. Only one thing prevented it—he married an expensive wife!"

Here Mr. Wilmot paused, and gazed into the fire, as if he had lost the thread of his fantasy, and was waiting for a moment of inspiration in which to finish it. He puffed his cigar vigorously, and was soon wrapt in a cloud of smoke. The light of the fire passed from his face, and danced away on the wall behind him.

"What will keep one," he resumed "will keep two." So runs the old saw. It may be true of the poor, but it is false of the rich. Given the taste of one prodigal, no proofs of mental arithmetic can work out the waste of two, particularly when the second is a lady! My friend gave up his bachelor's snuggery, bought a fine house, or what was at that time considered a fine house, in a fashionable part of the town. I think it was in Bleecker street! Were I relating a story of today, I should place him in the Fifth Avenue; but as I make him flourish thirty or forty years ago, I confine myself to probabilities, and stick to Bleecker street! He had a noble old mansion in the noble old Knickerbocker style. None of your brown stone gimcracks, sixteen feet broad and six stories high; but a substantial old brick house, with a full stoop, a lofty hall, and deep arched windows on the roof. It was fitted up in the grandest way. The furniture was imported from Paris, the carpets were from Turkey and Persia; while the pictures, of which there was a gallery, were by the best living artists, with here and there a genuine old master. There were cabinets of rare china—Sevres and Dresden vases, uncouth tea-pots and saucers of the Tang dynasty; a marvelous night curiosity in Palissy ware, and the deuce knows what besides. The china was not pretty, but it cost a heap of money, as the nursery-novelists say. This, and other household extravagances, the full-length mirrors in every room, the stately marble busts, the beautiful Parian statuettes, the massive gold and silver plate, the cellar of old wine—it was not these things that ruined my friend. Nor his stud of blooded horses, nor Madame his wife's coach with outsiders in livery. No, it was Madame's round of balls, parties and dinners—her numberless new dresses, her pearls and diamonds, her summers at the watering-places, her daily and hourly profusion and waste—in short, Madame herself!

"'We must retrench, my dear,' said the husband to his wife one day. 'I have failed.'

"'But *I* have not failed,' she answered, 'and I will not retrench.'

"But she had to retrench, in spite of herself. For when she ordered her carriages to go a-shopping the coachman refused to harness the horses until his six months' wages were paid! She called a hack and was driven to the Stewart's of that time—I forget who it was—but his clerks refused to cut the five yards of point lace that she wanted (it was only one hundred dollars a yard!) until it was paid for! She bowed and smiled, and riding away in her hack gave a rival house, where they were not so particular, the preference!

"She patronized all the trades-people who would trust her, and flourished for a short time longer. But she had to come down at last. Certain ruthless men called creditors, engaged certain other ruthless men called sheriffs, and armed them with certain deadly weapons called writs. They attacked the house in a posse, and compelled the garrison to surrender. The garrison marched out, not with flying colors and the honors of war, but basely and ignominiously; and a sanguinary flag was displayed over the door! The house was sacked by a General Auctioneer! Their mirrors and carpets were knocked down to an ambitious landlady, a wily picture-cleaner took their Old Masters, while the rare old china went to all sorts of people at their own prices. A newly-married Irish woman bid off the tureen of Palissy ware for a pickle dish!

"The gentleman went into business again, as soon as he had passed through his bankruptcy. He was not successful. How indeed could he be successful, with such an expensive wife?

"You will say he might have talked to her and reasoned with her. So he might, and so he did, but in vain. She would not be reasoned with. She was proud and imperious, and *would* have what she wanted, in spite of the cost. Of course he failed again. The path of such a man can but be downward. He went through a sliding scale of failures, and ended as a clerk or a book-keeper, or some menial of the sort. I have not quite made up my mind what practical justice to inflict upon him.

Here Mr. Wilmot paused again, and drank the remnant of his punch. The light of the fire returned to his face, flickered a moment on his thin sarcastic lips, and then dropped down to his feet.

"My dream breaks here," he said at last. "I glower into the coals for the rest of it, but it refuses to show itself to the light. The embers grow confused. The character of the man (it was his character, or something about it, that stuck me as being novel, remember, and not his life), his character seems to undergo a great change, but the woman is as proud and imperious as of old. She fights poverty, step by step, laughtily, resolutely, meanly. The man is a wag in his way; a strange one I confess, and he resolves to punish her, or, failing in that, to punish himself for his past follies. He makes her dress as richly as his means, stretched to the utmost, will allow, while he goes wilfully out at elbows. He feels a grim satisfaction in sacrificing himself to his poverty. To sacrifice one's self is a noble thing, in the abstract; but to sacrifice one's self as he does, is not noble. It is bad and weak. His sacrifices are not made with humility but with pride—a cold, hard, bitter pride, which would be more laughable if it were not painful and morbid. He would not rise above his present condition, even if he could. Why should he? he would rise only to fall again. He wastes his life in drudgery, obscure and unknown. Now and then he walks Broadway in his suit of rusty black, stared at by the crowd. And when his wife goes to fashionable balls and parties—for she will not be cured of her old weakness—he calls for her at mid-night, like a lacky as he is, and bears her home shivering in the cold! But, mercy on me!" he added abruptly, looking at his watch, and gliding from the bitter tone of his last words into a frank and merry brusqueness, "it's midnight now, and my wife is waiting for me. I shall catch it! This comes of telling stories at the club, give me another cigar and let me go. Good night."

"Good night," said we; and calling the waiter to refill three of the blue pitchers, we drank the health of Mark Wilmot, and all true hearted gentlemen out at elbows.

When I went home that night it was difficult for me to fit my night-key. I thought that some thief had stolen the key-hole, or that the landlady had taken it in, to keep it from catching cold! Cigars always serve me so. But at last I found the hole, and creeping softly up stairs, found the door of my chamber. I soon fell asleep, but my sleep was disturbed by dreams. First I lost the hand of my Rosamond, and my pearl shirt stud. Then Mr. Wilmot snatched my cloak, and left me in the pelting rain. Then the ashes of my cigar dropped, and burned a hole in my splendid green velvet vest! I survived these misfortunes, terrible though they were, but only to be married to the black eyes and the love of a bonnet! We made a bridal tour to Newport in company with the American Thackeray, had a happy but bewildering time, and returned to New York again. Then my woes began. I had an expensive wife! She bought all the vases that I had admired in the china shops; all the rare books in the booksellers' windows; two of the biggest gilt signs, and dresses without number, including the five yards of point lace that the clerks refused to cut for Mrs. Wilmot! Then the bills came pouring in. Dry goods' bills, milliners' bills, bonnet-makers' bills, boot-makers' bills, upholsters' bills, cabinet-makers' bills, doctors' bills, every body's bills! There was a storm of them. I woke in terror, and lo! all fled. The bills were only flakes of snow, which were falling in the moonshine; and the beautiful black eyes for whom the dream-bills were run-up—I mean the only known number of her shoe—were not in my forlorn old attic, that is certain; for what young lady in her senses would think of marrying a poor author, out at elbows?

## Lady Biron.

There is a singular story told concerning the grand parents of Col. Hutchinson. His maternal grandfather was not the eldest son of Sir John Biron. There was an elder brother, who had displeased his father so much by an obscure marriage that he intended to divide his estate equally between his sons. The younger son married the daughter of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had enjoyed a princely office during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This lady was endowed with rare beauty and great accomplishments; and her husband was exceedingly enamored of her. But noble-minded and intelligent as she was, she had one great weakness—she could not endure that a woman very inferior to herself should be the wife of the elder son, while she was wedded to the younger. This source of discontent was removed by a sad accident. One day the brothers went out to hunt with their father; and the elder, being of a merry disposition, commanded something to be put under his servant's saddle, to frighten the horse and make sport. The joke succeeded so well that the author of it died in a passion of laughter.

The marriage which gave so much offence had proved childless; and the younger brother of course inherited the estates and titles of the family.

The high-born beauty was now in the very zenith of her wishes, and blessed with a lovely family. But it pleased divine Providence suddenly to eclipse her glory. At the birth of twin daughters her brilliant intellect was obscured forever! The best physicians in England tried in vain to restore her understanding. She was never frantic, but had a pretty poetical delirium, often more delightful than the conversation of women who had perfect use of their senses. Her husband relinquished all business and all amusements, and devoted his whole time to her and to the education of their children. After the loss of her reason she had other children, but they were not affected by their mother's unfortunate condition.

Though Lady Biron's mind was distempered in all other respects, she retained perfect love and obedience to her husband; and he treated her with more tenderness and respect than he had done even during the first years of their happy union. Thus in the constancy of mutual affection they advanced toward old age.

When she was ill, he slept in a separate bed in the same chamber, while two women took turns in watching her.

It was his custom the moment he unclosed his eyes to ask how she did. One night when he was in a very deep sleep, she departed from this life. He was to have gone a hunting that morning, the exercise being recommended for his health; and it was his habit to have the chaplain pray with him before he went out. The nurses knowing how much he loved his wife, were afraid to tell him of her death, and they begged the chaplain to inform him of it in the gentlest manner he could. Sir John did not that morning according to his usual custom, inquire how his lady did. He called the chaplain, joined with him in prayer, and expired in the midst of the holy service. The husband and wife were laid side by side and buried in the same grave. It was never known whether he had discovered his loss, and his heart had broken at the separation from one he loved so dearly, or whether a strange sympathy of nature had produced this affecting coincidence. But so it happened, that God in his mercy took them at once from the world, whose bitterest portion is a widowed heart.

AN ARAB LION HUNTER.—A rival to Gerard the famous lion killer, has arisen in Algeria. He is an Arab named Baba Hussein, of Lambesa. His last exploit was the killing of a lion and a lioness. In the night of the 21st ult., after a heavy fall of snow, he went into the mountain of Aures, armed, not like Gerard, with an excellent double barreled Devisme's rifle, pistols, and a pedgnard, but with two simple artillery carbines and a butcher's knife; and before long he fell in with a lioness and lion. He killed the former and wounded the latter in the foot. The lion limped off, but Baba Hassien followed him, and seeing him in a clump of brushwood, again fired, and wounded him between the shoulders. The lion then threw himself on the ground in an agony of pain, with blood flowing profusely from the wound. The Arab sent him another shot, and then went up to him and put an end to his sufferings by plunging his knife into his throat. The man afterward had the lion and lioness conveyed to Batna. The former weighed nearly six cwt., and measured nearly ten feet; and the latter was also a magnificent animal. Baba Hassien had previously killed three lions.

## Schedule of Mails.

### NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

**From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.**

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 7 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for forwarding.

LAKE COAST MAIL—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, are Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M., and Thursdays at 7 A. M.; Pascagoula on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,800—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL—Supplying Labranche's, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Dorville, Plaquemine, Sunshine, Bruly's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Loblolly's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL OR LAKE MAIL—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 5 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALABAMA MAIL—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 11 A. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL—Closes daily at 6 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Astoria, Independence, Tangipahoa, Pumpkinville, Hoyes and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL—Closes on the 12th and 28th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying English Turn, Pointe-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Ronquillo Settlement and Buras Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SAVANNA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 2 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, prepaid.

HAVANA MAIL—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c.; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

| BRITISH POSSESSIONS. | Half Ounce Letter. | Newspaper. |
|---|---|---|
| When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is— | | |
| 2500 miles or under | 10c. | 2c. |
| Over 2500 miles | 20c. | 2c. |
| NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS. | | |
| When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is— | | |
| 2500 miles or under | 24c. | 6c. |
| Over 2500 miles | 44c. | 8c. |
| When received in the United States, and the distance to the office of delivery is— | | |
| 2500 miles or under | 20c. | 2c. |
| Over 2500 miles | 20c. | 2c. |

NEW GRENADA, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, NEW SOUTH WALES AND CHINA.—Closes on the 4th and 19th of each month, at 6 P. M. Arrives on or about the 12th and 28th of each month.

☞ Postage to New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, etc., via England, by packet or private ships, 33 cents single rate, prepaid; via France, 10 cents each quarter ounce, prepaid, is added to the above postage; via New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 43 cents; and on each newspaper, 8 cents, when sent; and 10 cents on each letter, and 2 cents on each paper, when received.

☞ The postage to New Grenada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Dieman's Land and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 10 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The single letter rate to California and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply.

A. S. NEVITT, P. M.

## NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

| | From | To |
|---|---|---|
| BAGGING, ⅌ yard— | | |
| Kentucky | 14 | 18 |
| East India | 12½ | 13 |
| BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Kentucky | 9 | 11½ |
| Northern | — | — |
| BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb | 1 65 | — |
| BRICKS, per 1,000— | | |