New Orleans Daily Crescent.

ORIGINAL POETRY, TALE AND SELECTIONS.

THE WATCHWORD.

A SONG FOR THE SOUTH.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

I.

Awake! hearts of the South,
Your aunt is betrayed.
Awake! men of the South,
Your rights they invade
Whose love should brotherly be.
A watchword I'll give,
And a rallying cry:
"In the South we live,
For the South we'll die."

II.

Union! furled be its flag
When Justice takes flight.
Union! its spirit is gone
When "might makes right,"
And equality's but a name.
A watchword I'll give,
And a rallying cry:
"In the South we live,
For the South we'll die."

III.

Oppress! men of the South,
Is slumber you're lost.
Rouse! superior caste,
Each man to his post,
Aggression has gone its full length.
A watchword I'll give,
And a rallying cry:
"In the South we live,
For the South we'll die."

AN OVERRULING PROVIDENCE.

[Translated from the French.]

Father Beauregard* had just preached in one of the churches of the capital his beautiful sermon upon Providence, which, like all his sermons, had drawn together a considerable crowd of auditors. Upon returning home, he had just disrobed himself, in order to rest after his extreme fatigue, when a stranger was announced, desirous to see him. Taking time only to change his dress, he at once presented himself to the unknown visitor, whose manners and appearance denoted him to be an artisan.

"What do you wish, sir?" said the venerable preacher.

"To speak with you a moment," replied the stranger in a manner so agitated as at once to arrest the attention of Father Beauregard.

"Most willingly," said the preacher: "I am ready to listen. Sit down."

"I have just heard your sermon," said the artisan.

"Well, I am glad of it, for I have said some things which should not be lost upon either of us."

"Oh! sir, you have certainly spoken beautifully. Nobody could have done better. You have extolled the benefit of an overruling Providence. But, sir, I do not believe in Providence. There is no Providence for me. Wait a minute, and judge for yourself. I am a carpenter by trade. I have a wife and three children. We are honest working people who never wronged any one. Inquire about us in my neighborhood, and everybody will tell you that I is an honest man, getting his living by the sweat of his brow; that he pays his debts; that he does not drink; that he does not play; and that he takes good care of his family."

"I can easily believe all this, my friend," interrupted Father Beauregard, much touched by the heartfelt words of his visitor, "but to what does all this lead, and what connection is there between these details and your belief in Providence?"

"You shall hear; you see before you a man resolved to throw himself into the river."

"Good heavens!" cried Father Beauregard, really alarmed at this acknowledgment. "God preserve you from such a fatal step! You not only kill the body but you peril the salvation of your soul. What has given rise to such a dreadful thought?"

"Oh, I have just met with a heavy loss by the failure of a debtor. I have liabilities which become due on the 30th of this month, and I cannot meet them. It will be the first time my signature has been dishonored, and I cannot bear the idea of this disgrace. It is after having in vain solicited assistance from my friends, who would be glad to help me if they could, that I determined to drown myself."

"But, my friend, what will become of your wife, who loves you, your children who need you, if you drown yourself?"

The poor man's tears answered to these interrogatories, but he replied, after a moment's pause, "When I am dead the world will take pity on them; I cannot live to see them dishonored, to see them bearing the burden of my shame."

"How was it, then, with such a frightful plan as this in contemplation, you came to hear me preach?"

"It was only by chance, sir; I had no intention of doing so. I was in the neighborhood of the church, and noticed the crowd entering; I asked who was going to preach; they told me a celebrated priest. I remained and heard you through; all you said was very good, very fine, but I was still in the dark, I could see no Providence for me."

"What, to hear my sermon, to come and see me, to confide in me, and yet in all this you do not recognize a Providence?"

For a moment the man was silent, and then replied: "It is strange, sir, very strange, still I see no way for me to pay my debts."

During the interview, the heart of the good priest was deeply moved; he had heard the unhappy man's story, whose manners and language sufficiently attested its sincerity. With further investigation, he resolved at once to act in his behalf.

"Listen, my friend," said he to him. "I believe you to be an honest man, unfortunate through the agency of others, and I wish to help you out of your trouble. How much money will cover your debts? I am not rich, still I can contribute something towards making up the sum."

"Oh, sir! you are too good! Less than three thousand francs will suffice me."

Father Beauregard rose, opened his secretary, and taking therefrom a hundred louis, returned to the poor artisan, and said:

"My friend, here are a hundred louis. I should not have been able to have done this myself, but a few days since the Princess Clotilde, after having heard me preach on charity, sent me a large sum of money, begging me to use it for the benefit of the unfortunate, and to distribute it to any whom I should judge worthy of assistance. It has already done much good, softened the ills of many; but my friend, your visit here, at this critical juncture of affairs, is, in my view, a stream of light upon the ways of God to man. Take this money, pay your debts, and believe in an overruling Providence."

Full of surprise and overwhelming gratitude, the poor carpenter fell on his knees at the feet of the good father; he could not speak a word, but raising his streaming eyes to heaven, in a language more powerful than words, expressed the joy of his deliverance.

*Beauregard was a French Jesuit preacher, who died in February in 1859.

Two very splendidly attired ladies recently made a condescending visit to the studio of one of the distinguished landscape artists in New York, and asked the privilege of looking at his pictures. The artist was but too happy to comply with their request, and placed before them a brilliant sunset which he had just finished. His visitors were lavish of those charming epithets which ladies bestow so liberally upon the objects of their admiration. "Oh! isn't it lovely? How sweet! How natural!" etc. And then, after gazing at the glowing canvas for a few minutes in rapt silence, the lady who had been loudest in expressing her admiration, said, with a *naïveté* which must have penetrated to the very core of the painter's heart, "Pray, Mr. G——, is it a moonlight?" The artist meekly replied that it was intended for a "sunset." "O; indeed!" replied the lady. "Pray, Mr. G——, which do you think the most difficult to do, pictures in oil or in worsted?" "Really," replied the astonished painter, "I am unable to say, for I have never done anything in worsted." "Ah!" said the lady, "I find it so difficult in working little dogs to put in the eyes."

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MY DIVINITIES.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh Love! before thy glowing shrine
My early vows were paid;
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,"

It is now many years since I was put down on the list of non-marrying men, and I have often had it in my mind to attempt to refute the popular theory that the human heart is capable of loving but once, by painting the different divinities at whose shrines I have knelt, and the character of the worship they inspired.

Without further preliminary, I will simply state the fact, that I awoke to a susceptibility to female influence at a very early age, and experienced all the phases of a grand passion, when but eighteen years old.

Ah! Fanny, you little charming witch of a widow, I know now that in the twelve months' seclusion which worldly decorum required as due to the memory of the dear departed Brown, it was only *pour passer le temps*, that your fascinations were played off on your boyish companion.

As a matter of course she was older than myself; yes, by seven good years, but her bitterest enemy, or the most cold-minded spinster, unless they had previously investigated the family Bible, would not have hazarded the suggestion that she was a day my senior.

In a quiet country home, (that of my grandparents, and where she had come to board for the summer months) we were necessarily thrown much together, and alone, for my grandmother was a total housekeeper, and, consequently, absorbed in her domestic affairs, and my grandfather was his own overseer, and in the fields all day.

For several weeks after we thus become members of the same household I was quite shy of her presence; in the first place because of the *mauvais honte* of incipient manhood, and in the next, because I very naturally supposed that one who wore such deep and profuse trimmings of crape on her dresses, was enveloped in a grief too profound to admit of any intrusion.

Fanny herself broke the ice, preparatory to the establishment of a better acquaintance.

One beautiful morning, when the world was dewy and fresh from its night of sweet summer repose, I sat after our early breakfast lounging on the settee that stood on the wide, old-fashioned porch, the end of which was shaded by the intertwined wreaths of a multiflora rose and a fragrant English honeysuckle.

I read by snatches from some books of poems, (Byron, I suspect, for I remember those were my Byronic days, when I liked to fancy that I did not "love the world, nor the world love me,") and yet all the appreciative within me was awake to the sights and sounds of delight, that made up my rural surroundings.

I became conscious, although my back was to her, that Fanny, or Mrs. Brown, as I thought of her then, was standing in the hall door, and instantly I chose to believe that I had intended to hurry off in the cool of the morning to fish in a neighboring creek.

Fate, however, intended that the finny tribe, so far as I was concerned, should for that day remain in the tranquil depths of their native element.

A few light footsteps and a slight rustling of drapery gave me information that the little widow was approaching, and a second after my breath stopped as suddenly as if an unexpected shower-bath had been let loose on my devoted head, for she paused at the back of the settee, and bending over my shoulder until her fragrant breath came warm upon my cheek, pretended to try to see, as she asked me in dulcet tone—

"What are you so absorbed in reading, Edwin?"

Everything grew black before me, and for the space of a moment I think I was profoundly ignorant as to what I was engaged in perusing.

She did not seem to think strange of my silence, but reaching out the whitest, plumpest, most bewitchingly dimpled hand, that ever a fascinating syren of a young widow was possessed of, she pointed with one taper, rose-tipped finger, to an impassioned passage I had marked, and said—

"It is not possible you can ever have realized its truth."

I know not what audacity possessed me, for I certainly had never made love to a woman before, but I half turned, lifted my eyes to hers, and replied—

"Never, until the present moment."

It was enough. Fanny had breathed life into the statue, and so after permitting me to gaze for a blissful second into the heaven of her dark blue eyes, she turned away, with some casual observation about the beauty of the weather.

The spell once broken, I looked at her, and discovered she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

Scarcely of a medium hight, her figure was round and symmetrical, and of a perfect grace of motion. Her hands and feet—well, I am free to confess I have never seen any more perfect. Complexion of a milky white, with crimson lips and "vermeil tinctured" cheeks—eyes serene, and with a profound something in their depths which I then thought was inexpressible feeling; brows and lashes dark, and hair of a beautiful brown.

She hovered about the porch, gathering a bud here and a spray there, and finally, after some little pruderies, granted my half-assured request, and shared them with me, to be treasured, I told her, for life, and as actually occurred for the space of six months.

At last she declared herself obliged to return to some all-important occupation, and notwithstanding she must have seen my gesture to detain her, and understood my imploring gaze, she cold-bloodedly retired within.

Then, indeed, I went to the fish stream, but not with any idea of betraying piscatory trust; it was to be more entirely alone, to still the thrilling pulse, which brought heart and brain into such close communion, and to nurse to fuller life the longing, the hope, the ecstatic and uncomprehended bliss that had suddenly waked within me.

When I returned Fanny was seated with some trifle of sewing, in the large, airy parlor, and I was soon at her side, drawn as irresistibly as the needle to its magnet. Ah! the days, the weeks, the months that followed. Looking at them through the lapse of years I am not ashamed of them. There is no love so deeply earnest and so entirely pure, as that of a boy emerging into manhood. Every thought, every feeling, every hope seemed centered in her. A feverish impatience filled every hour that separated me from her, and in her presence was sunlight, and music, and fragrance, and all things that minister to the finer senses.

I am confident now that the fair widow Fanny played me on and off, most artistically, though I believe (you know it saves my vanity) that she really liked me.

My grand parents had never appeared to observe my devotion, but I shrewdly suspect that I owed my sudden recall by my father to prepare for my trip to Virginia, where I was to enter the University, to some private information they had forwarded.

Words cannot picture the wild grief that parting brought to me; and though I have since had sorrows more lasting, no after blow of fate has ever caused a keener, more rebellious, or more hopeless anguish than I then knew, for I had a premonition that change would certainly follow separation.

Fanny played the part of comforter, and three months subsequently married a cousin, from whom parental ideas of expediency had separated her in her maidenhood.

Time and distance lessened the force of the blow, but although I am now on the shady side of—of well, of fifty, why should I hesitate to acknowledge it? and she has long been a happy wife and mother. I have always avoided seeing her.

CHAPTER II.

"White, lovely skin, and tress of gold."

If my first love dawned to life as gently as the flushings of a delicious morning, my next came overpowering and swift as the lightning stroke.

Every one who claims the humanity of Virginia as his Alma Mater, doubtless retains vivid recollections of the generous hospitality of the inhabitants of Charlottesville and its vicinity, and of the exquisite beauty and vivacious intellectuality of the greater number of its females.

Reduced to a somewhat unimpressible condition by my first experience, three years of my course at college passed away without my again yielding more than a meed of passing admiration to any woman. One night, when high festival was being held at the house of one of our most popular Professors, I responded to an invitation with which I had been honored, and bent over the hands of his splendid wife and lovely daughter, with a bow in which I then thought it would be difficult for any one to throw more of devotion, dignity or grace.

This form complied with, I wandered listlessly through the well-thronged rooms, greeting the acquaintances I met, but not attaching myself to the train of any of the charming hours who flashed their eyes or wreathed their crimson lips with a view to captivation.

At length, I paused in the last apartment of the suit, and beamed in contemplation of the scene against the marble shelf that supported a mirror, tired already, as I chose to think, but remembering at the same time that my figure would be reflected with a fine statuesque effect. Absorbed in a reverie which I imagined to be misanthropic in its character, I had almost forgotten my surroundings, when a sudden hush, and then an inarticulate murmur, which evidently bespoke admiration, made themselves conscious to me. I was not sufficiently aroused to inquire their origin, but still standing in my half asleep, half awake state, I knew there was a general closing in, as of interest and curiosity among the assembled guests, and then an opening to make way for the advance of some one.

A moment after, as I remained with my eyes still bent on the floor, a handkerchief of exquisite texture, and a white japonica, in its wax-like perfection, fell at my feet.

To stoop to raise them was an involuntary motion, and to look up to discover to whom they should be restored equally so. The result of my glance was that I placed the handkerchief in its owner's hand, and then, with a hardihood at which I myself was afterwards much surprised, mutely claimed the flower as treasure trove, by quietly placing it inside the folds of my vest, and making a profound obeisance.

The little by-play was so quickly passed that no one seemed to have observed it; and the lady, one glance from whose eyes had struck me like an electric shock, received the handkerchief and passed on with a superb indifference, as though it had been presented by an attendant menial.

The salutation of an acquaintance caused the lady and her venerable and distinguished-looking escort (whom, from the resemblance existing between them, I rightly conjectured to be her father) to pause under the full blazing light of the central chandelier, and I then discovered that, if beauty be a royal birth-right, Honoria Southall was regally endowed.

Forehead and nose in one unbroken line of classic purity, crimson lips with a haughty curve that rarely condescended to melt into the magic of a smile, slender, well-defined brows, and a skin of that delicate texture and transparent tint which is so seldom seen except in early childhood, golden blonde hair, and eyes black and glittering, which flashed a disdainful light from their deeply fringed lids.

Her form; what can I liken it to? Nothing, save that tree of pride which makes its home in the East—the palm—so delicate, so round, and yet so uplifted and aspiring.

Her dress was like herself—striking, beautiful, splendid.

A female toilette has always given me a kind of epicurean delight, and I remember her's on that occasion, in all its details.

Rich folds of satin, wrought with threads of gold, fell from the perfect zone of her waist to the floor, and there swept in the graceful flow of a demi-train. Something that seemed half cincture, half boddice, of crimson velvet, resplendent with crushing jewels, clasped her dainty form, and from it swelled a sea-like form of rare laces, encompassing her matchless shoulders and rounded arms.

Above her head waved snowy plumes, worn after a style no other woman would have dared assume, and on her white brow glittered a costly coronal of diamonds; wrists and swan-like neck were ablaze with the same precious stones.

I obtained the somewhat difficult privilege of her acquaintance. She was of a nobly descended and aristocratic family—one of the haughtiest of that proud old State. They lived in princely splendor on Gen. Southall's plantation, to which they had but recently returned from an European tour, and there all that love could imagine, or taste devise, or money procure, was lavished on this last remaining treasure of the wife and child-bereft man.

There is an innate element in my character which always prompts me to the effort to overcome anything which presents itself as an opposing force, or to accept anything which seems to come as a challenge; this, added to the love which had sprung so quickly to life, urged me to seek, and, if necessary, to conquer a return of my fiercely burning flame, though nothing could seem more absurd at the first glance, than that I, who came of good but not aristocratic parentage, of limited means, and untried capacity, should attempt to combat the pride, the station, the wealth, and the prejudice that "hedged in" the Southall family.

I found Honoria Southall as rarely endowed intellectually as physically. So comprehensive a mind, such a quick and sparkling wit, such a vivid and glowing imagination, is rarely found blended in a perfect whole, and by a will, which overpowered even her haughty reserve, I found the way to have them all employed, at first for my pleasure, and then eagerly and earnestly to gain my approbation.

Madly as I loved her, and gladly as I would have bent at her feet, the humblest thrall of all her train, I had an intuitive consciousness that no portion of her regard even, far less of her proud heart, would be given to one who came only as a suppliant.

Can I ever forget her glance of angry amazement, when she was first signally convinced that we met on equal ground, or not at all; and oh! thank God, can I ever forget the rapture that gave a noonday splendor to my life, when from that moment I gradually came to know that for me she was no more the repellant, scornful woman, but the sensive, noble-hearted girl, feminine, and tender, and dependent, as nature intended her to be, instead of the personification of pride, which circumstances had combined to make her.

And would you not think so marvellous a piece of workmanship could have tempted even Time to stay his flight? Would you not think the great Destroyer himself would have found the arm unnerved that aimed a shaft at life so precious? Yet when those grand forests which clothe the mountain sides with living verdure, again put on their autumnal livery, we buried that glorious creation, her immortal part purified from all its dross, a fair and youthful victim to the dread curse of her mother's family—consumption.

You who have known this great sorrow, you who have seen the object of your hopes, and prayers, and pursuit fade away from your sight, you who have looked on the anticipated wife of long, happy years; clad in the simple drapery of the grave, and pressed kisses on white lids which no more lifted to reveal the blue unutterable love expressed in "sweetest eyes," you know how heavy was my visitation of grief—a grief of which the world at large takes no cognizance.

CHAPTER III.

"She seemed to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes,
For looking at her."

In that great trial which seemed to throw a cloud before all my future, I sought consolation in a mother's arms, and in the lapse of time, I come to be—shall I say reconciled? Well, no! not reconciled, but I learned to endure that which could not be remedied.

For it, the cherished plans of years were swept away. No longer desiring the honors of professional life, or cherishing political aspirations, I craved the active pursuits of commerce—ventured my little patrimony in it, was reasonably successful, and finally the freaks of fortune brought me to Louisiana and to New Orleans.

The bustle, the animation, the vitality of the place affected me agreeably, and here I recovered the tone of character which is natural to me, realized an interest in my surroundings, participated cheerfully in festive scenes, and once more cherished the belief that many happy years were in store for me.

As time winged its flight, I scattered flowers at many a shrine, but never knelt a petitioner at any, until the disagreeable thought forced itself on me, that I should never love again.

By "the purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid,"

the treasonous thought was fearfully avenged.

After having made a satisfactory breakfast, I was one morning pursuing my way in a most harmless manner to my accustomed avocations, when a lady just in advance of me slipped upon some trifle that had been thrown upon the banquette and but for my timely aid, would have had a severe and awkward fall.

As she quickly extricated herself from my arms, her upturned face, in place of being suffused with a flush of mortification, was expressive only of comic mirth; and her eyes gave me a quick glance of wicked raillery, as she managed, through the sweet notes of an irrepressible laugh, to utter "*mille remerciemens*" for the assistance. A moment more, and she had turned the corner, or was lost in the crowd, and departed, I feared, forever from my vision.

That day I was totally indifferent as to whether cotton was up or down, and felt as though all things were "weary, flat, stale and unprofitable."

That face with its coquettish nose, "bud burstiness of lip, sparkling eyes, clear, soft brunette complexion, and setting of jetty, waving hair, tormented me like an imp of mischief.

That night, ennui, propitious fate, the suggestions of a possibility, or what you will, took me to the place where "most do congregate" the indigenous beauties, called Creole—the French Theater.

I am afraid upon that occasion I was in a state to have committed dreadful crimes, for I certainly had "no music in my soul," and thought the opera a dreadful bore, until a change of location, and an accidental use of the lorgnette revealed to me the heorine of my little morning adventure.

With a tremulous eagerness I sought a young friend who was an habitué of the place, and pointing the young girl out, asked him if he knew who she was.

Slowly fixing his glass at a proper focus, he took, as I thought, a deliberate survey, and then answered languidly:

"Auh—the stout lady in blue silk—auh, yes—with a feroniere of pearls—that is Madame——"

"No, no," I said as politely as circumstances required, but inwardly feeling that I would derive ineffable satisfaction from shaking him for his nonchalance; "not the lady in blue with the pearls, but that charming little sunbeam of a thing in simple white, with no ornament but her beautiful black hair."

He turned and looked at me with as much curiosity as he could take the trouble to feel, and then resumed his investigation.

"Let me see. Why, I declare," (here animation weakly demonstrated) "I believe its"—(stopping to polish an imagined speck on the glass, and then adjusting it to his eyes in a leisurely manner) "I believe it's—it is—Hermance. Don't you know? My cousin, just come out, Hermance de'Longueville. I did not know she was here to-night. I must go and speak to her—let me have the pleasure of introducing you."

Talk about Tantalus; all that he ever suffered in sighing for the unattainable was nothing compared to what that introduction led the way to for me.

I flatter myself I am a sensible man—eminently so—but if ever I did play the fool, that little vixen made me. She was so capricious, so evanescent, so unexpected in her words, and yet so lovingly girlish and irresistably arch that she kept me alternating as to whether I idolized or hated her, and halting between a harrowing uncertainty as to whether I was to her an object of perfect indifference, and a deep-seated conviction that she gave me her secret adoration.

Sleep! Why I was ignorant of "the balmy" for weeks at a time. Lying awake, pondering on some one of her innumerable freaks, or else gloating over some tender word, some confiding glance, or some wondrous witchery of action.

Eat? I positively declare my indifference to the pleasures of the table was really wicked; but a combination of love, doubt, jealousy and hope is as certain a preventive of appetite as sea-sickness itself.

Well, the sequel was what I now know might have been anticipated from the chapters that preceded it, but it fell upon me as a thunder-clap would, coming from a cloudless sky.

It reached me through the medium of a morning paper, and came in the shape of an announcement of: Married, M'lle. Hermance de Longueville to Mr. ——; I will not mention who; but suffice it to say, that of the many victims who were lifted to a seventh heaven of bliss by her favor, or sunk in an abyss of despair by her frown, it was the one whose rivalry had least disturbed me, whom I thought furthest from ever robbing me of the willful sprite, through whose waywardness had peeped out enough of the pure womanly soul to make her inexpressibly dear and to convince me that when the hey-day of early youth was passed, she would fill honorably woman's noblest sphere of wife and mother.

The circumstances of this disappointment were such that vanity and pride came quickly to the rescue, and I was enabled to pay Madame Hermance a bridal visit with as much composure as any one of her numerous guests, and I found her such a sweet little wife, and striving so hard to maintain the dignity of demeanor proper to her newly acquired position, that notwithstanding such a thing has been declared impossible, love was quickly succeeded by friendship, which remains steadfast to this day.

CHAPTER IV.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

I loved once again, and at a time when it seems all human passions should be stilled.

It was during that dread time of terror, an epidemic, that, hastening to perform the offices of friendship for one whom long years of companionship had taught me to prize, I found already installed at his side a guardian angel, a sweet minister of charity, the good Sister Serena.

The flame of vitality, the flickerings of which we both watched with an interest so tender, sunk slowly in the socket, and went out in the darkness of death; but in that atmosphere of gloom I witnessed such devotion, such self-sacrifice, such soothing gentleness and such christian fervor, that the woman was visible far above creed or calling, and I thought how nobly, how holily, how usefully life might be passed, if a man could claim as wife one whose clear judgment would point him so unerringly to paths of rectitude; whose great, noble heart would satisfy so entirely his every craving for earthly love, and whose true piety would lead the way to an eternity of happiness in the sublime hereafter. Serena Trelford was not bound by inalterable vows; she was one of an order who, after following their mission of charity for a certain term of years, are free to resume the ties of society or give themselves more entirely to the Church.

Gentle Serena was not beautiful in feature, and yet hers was a face that claimed a second glance. Her forehead, low, and full, and broad, were the seals (rare union) of genius and peace. Her grey eyes, large and dark, were tender as the "brooding doves," and let out a brightness from the soul within, which irradiated the physiognomy, that was all too irregular and unrounded, to come under any of the rules of feminine prettiness.

She could not look upon my love from the point of view that I would have placed it, and shrunk away in a holy horror at the thought of having given rise to such a sentiment during the time that she had dedicated herself to the service of the Lord; and I doubt not, in her fear that she was to blame, suffered many a self-inflicted penance, mortifying and severe.

I wailed patiently the three years of her unexpired service. I ceased to plead my suit—denied myself the sharing her ministrations, but watched, unobserved and unsuspected, her holy life, resolving, when it could be done without a violation which she deemed sacrilegious, to speak of love, and win her with all her goodness, to beautify and adorn my fate.

It might not be. Her faith, her zeal, her hopes from early childhood had been to give herself, body and soul, to the services of the Church which she accepted as the true one; and, I believe, from every plea that I could urge, whether of love, of religion, or of expediency, she turned in prayer, asking power to withstand them, as temptations to lead her from the chosen path.

Her sojourn as one of the world was short.

She entered her novitiate, and I myself saw the wrapt fervor that transfixed her, when, her probation past, the rites were performed that made her a spiritual bride, and shut her out from all earthly love save that of sisterly charity.

I hope, I believe, I have been a better man since I— but pshaw! I did not start out to tell you of my inner life, only to show by my experience that love, sincere and devoted, may burn many times in the same heart.

And yet—my buried queen; she whose fair form has long been dissolved into its original element, she whose fair tress has been so often damp with irrepressible, hopeless, bitter, bitter tears, why is it that in that heaven which the holy Serena warned me to seek, it is that spirit I would have to meet me at its outer gate, and go with me to the feet of our Saviour and our Judge.

It must be

"That they whom death has hidden from our sight
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone."

It must be that

"The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

But what's this? After all, I believe I am spoiling the proposition I intended to prove, and for fear I make it even worse, shall leave it for each one to decide for themselves, whether I have loved once, or many times.

PLOWS.....PLOWS.....PLOWS.

1200 King's Carey PLOWS, assorted sizes.
1500 Hall & Spear's Cast Valley PLOWS.
1500 " " Wrought Peacock PLOWS.
1000 Ball's PLOWS, assorted.
1000 Avery's " "
1000 Clore's Calhoun PLOWS.
1500 Barret & Colman's celebrated Steel Rover do.
150 Nourse, Mason & Co.'s Steel PLOWS.
1000 Mayher's Cast PLOWS.
UNIVERSAL PLOWS,
Together with a general assortment of—
Agricultural Implements,
—Consisting of—
GRAIN CRADLES, FANNING MILLS,
CORN SHELLERS, STRAW CUTTERS,
ROAD SCRAPERS, etc., etc., etc.
—Also—
A full assortment of Slocomb's PREMIUM AXES and EDGE TOOLS, which were awarded the Silver Medals at the late Fair at Jackson, Miss. For sale by
C. H. SLOCOMB & CO.,
d9 4m 67 Canal street, And 56 to 58 Common str e

PREMIUM PLOWS AND SCRAPERS—
2000 TOST'S PATENT PREMIUM
Plows and Scrapers,
For sale by C. H. SLOCOMB & CO.,
Sole Agents,
d9 4m No. 67 Canal st. and 56 to 58 Common st.

ALBERTSON & MUDGE,
—AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF—
PORTABLE AND STATIONARY
STEAM ENGINES,
SAW-MILLS, SHAFTINGS, GIN GEARING,
—And every description of—
Machinery for Mill and Plantation use.
—Also, Agents for the sale of—
CLEMONS, BROWN & CO.'S
SINGLE AND DOUBLE CYLINDER COTTON GINS,
—AND—
Bates' Patent Steam Gauges,
No. 8 UNION STREET,
Between St. Charles and Carondelet streets, New Orleans.

The Machinery offered for sale by us is from establishments which have been engaged in manufacturing for the Southern country for the past twenty five years, and it will be found to be entirely adapted for the uses for which it is intended, of a much superior quality to a great deal of the machinery brought to this market, and at extremely liberal prices. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine for themselves.

CLEMONS, BROWN & CO.'S COTTON GINS have been used successfully in various parts of the South for fifteen years and more, during which time upwards of FIVE HUNDRED of them have been sold annually. We guarantee them to be equal in every respect to any gin sold in this section.

THE DOUBLE CYLINDER GIN is a recent invention of Mr. J. F. Brown, of Columbus, Georgia. We refer persons who are interested to the following certificate, which is taken from hundreds which we have received:

RUSSELL COUNTY, ALA., February 3, 1859.

Messrs. Clemons, Brown & Co—

Gentlemen—I have used one of your Double Cylinder 60 saw Gins during the past season, and take pleasure in stating my conviction that its performance is far superior to any Gin I have ever tried for speed, convenience and safety. I was induced to buy it because I believed it would pay for itself in the saving of time in one crop, and it has fully answered my expectations. It requires no more power to propel it than a Single Cylinder 50 saw Gin, while it cleans twice as much cotton per day and is much easier attended to; this is occasioned far from the lesser width of the breast, and that it will rip all the cotton that can be put in the roll without throwing out or choking. It cleans the seed remarkably clean, and makes as good a sample of cotton as any Gin I have ever tried. The cotton growers of Columbus have repeatedly told me I had a superior Gin, without knowing it was one of your Double Cylinder style. Your Double Cylinder Gin I consider a great improvement on the ordinary Gin, and the planter who makes over fifty bales of cotton will find it to his interest to lay aside the Single Cylinder 40 or 50 saws Gin and place himself under obligations to you, by purchasing your Double Cylinder Gin, and thereby save time, labor and money.

Without the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, permit me to assure you of my friendly consideration.

EDGAR GARLICK.

Messrs. W. G. Clemons, Brown & Co.

Samples of both styles of Gins, as well as other Machinery, may be seen at our store.

ALBERTSON & MUDGE,
No. 8 Union street,
e24 2m6t-4f Between St. Charles and Carondelet.

PATTON, SMITH & PUTNAM,
CORNER OF MAGAZINE AND GRAVIER STREETS,
Agents for the Sale
—OF—
MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,

Have now on hand and are constantly receiving, on commission, direct from the Manufacturers, the Largest and Finest assortment of—

Manufactured Tobacco,

of every variety, they have ever offered in the trade, and solicit the attention of GROCERS and DEALERS to their stock before purchasing.

They are the SOLE AGENTS for BURTON & MAY'S Cross and Extra pounds; LA BELLE CRESOLE, 5's and 10's, BUCK FINNEY'S 5's and 10's, and KENT'S 10's—besides various other brands; GRANT & WILLIAMS' ½ lbs., and others; LEONORA pounds, which took the Premium at the State Fair at Petersburg, Va., November, 1859; Y. & E. P. JONES' pounds and Twists, which have taken the Premium in North Carolina six years in succession, and is perhaps the finest Tobacco in the world!

WILLIAMSON'S TWIST, (first pickings) KATE ELIZA pounds, intended for connoisseurs only, and in fact every description of Tobacco generally used.

We also have the POWHATTAN PIPES, which we receive direct on commission. d12 6m

CUCULLU & D'HEZA, DEALERS IN SUGARS AND MOLASSES,
—And—
Importers of Havana Produce
AND CIGARS,
OFFICE—No. 5 ST. LOUIS STREET.

Constantly on hand, in lots to suit purchasers, Sugars and Molasses at the lowest market rates. Also, Havana Cigars, of the most select and choicest brands, and Havana Produce generally.
n3 2ydt—6m CUCULLU & D'HEZA.

WATER! WATER!!
CLEAR, PURE WATER!!

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish the public with his
HYDRAULIC SELF-CLEANING
FILTER,
with capacity to furnish from FIVE GALLONS to ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PER DAY!

This Filter is unlike all other Filters, as it never gets foul. It is adapted to all purposes where filtering is required.

☞ For reference—St. Charles and St. Louis Hotels, Carrollton Railroad Company, Louisiana Sugar Refinery, Dr. Mercier's Canal street, and others now in use.

☞ Office No. 2 Tchoupitoulas street.
N. F. RICE,
n3 tf New Orleans.

NOTICE OF COPARTNERSHIP—MESSRS. C. E. REMONSENQ and J. J. HURIA, are active partners of our firm since the 1st of September last.
S. D. GRATIAA & CO.,
50 Customhouse street.
New Orleans, January 1, 1860. jn1 1m

CAPT. J. E. DUNCAN.....WM. P. DUNCAN.....S. L. JAMES
CIVIL ENGINEERING—J. K. DUNCAN & CO.,
Civil Engineers, Surveyors, Architects and Superintendents,
Nos. 131 COMMON STREET, and
fe24 1y 243½ CARONDELET STREET.

G. N. MORISON & CO.

G. N. MORISON. G. S. G. HARVEY.

G. N. MORISON & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, etc.
No. 12 Magazine street, New Orleans.

Having received a new and extensive stock of fresh DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, etc., etc., respectfully inform Merchants, Planters and Physicians that they are prepared to supply them with every article in the Drug line they may require, all of the purest quality, at as reasonable prices as they can be purchased in the city. Among the articles already on hand and coming in store are the following:

2000 ounces Sulphate Quinine, French and American;
300 pounds Blue Mass, English and American;
200 pounds Calomel, English and American;
200 pounds Mercurial Ointment;
300 pounds Honduras Sarsaparilla;
150 pounds best Turkey Opium;
100 ozs. Sul. and Acetate Morphine;
25 ounces Otto Rose;
20 casks Sal Soda;
100 kegs, Sup. Ch. Soda;
10 kegs Ger. Blue Wash;
20 bbls. Cheruna, light;
5 cases Indigo, Car. and Manilla;
10 casks Fyt and Fustick;
53 packages Sakratus;
52 bbls. pure Castor Oil;
25 demijohns Spt. Nitre;
25 bbls. Alcohol;
40 bbls. Copperas;
20 bbls. Epsom Salts;
10 bbls. Flour Sulphur;
10 bbls. Roll Sulphur;
2 bales Senna, East India and Alexandria;
2000 pounds Gum Arabic, select, fine and sorts;
25 carboys Sulp. Nitric and Muriatic Acid;
22 jars Carb Ammonia;
25 carboys Aq. Ammonia;
300 pounds Acetic Acid;
1000 pounds Tartaric Acid;
200 ozs. Tannic Acid;
20 kegs Pearl Barly
150 kegs Turkey Opium;
1000 lbs. Arrow Root, Amer.;
500 lbs. Arrow Root, Bermuda;
200 pounds Assafœtida, in cans;
200 pounds Balsam Capaiba;
5 bbls. Black Lead;
10 bbls. Ginger Root;
10 bbls. Refined Camphor;
50 boxes Castile Soap;
500 bbls. Cayenne Pepper;
10 gross Copaiba Capsules;
3 casks Chloride Lime;
200 pounds Chloroform, P. and W.;
10 bbls. Cream Tartar;
2000 pounds Ext. Logwood;
1000 gallons Copal Varnish;
2 bbls. Dry Urat;
2 bbls. Gum Myrrh;
3 bbls. Valerian Root;
10 bbls. Tapioca;
2 bbls. Sugar Lead, white;
5 bbls Scotch Snuff, in bladders;
200 doz. Garrette Scotch Snuff;
100 doz. Lorillard's Maccaboy Snuff;
200 doz. Rooms's Maccaboy and Scotch Snuff;
600 pounds White Wax;
100 pounds Dover Powders;
1000 ¼ assorted Herbs;
50 kegs Refined Saltpetre;
5 cases British Lustre, superior article;
20 cases Cooper's Isinglass;
5 bales Hops;
100 pounds Iodine Potash;
300 ounces Nitrate Silver;
2 cases Marina Flake and Sorts;
20 cans Magnesia, Cal., English;
5 cases Magnesia, Carb;
10 cases Ref. Borax;
25 lbs. Oil of Bergamot
50 lbs. Oil Peppermint;
50 pounds Anisseed;
20 pounds Oil Cloves;
25 pounds Oil Cedar;
10 pounds Oil Cubebs;
20 pounds Oil Black Pepper;
30 pounds Oil Almonds;
3 gross Shoemaker's Plasters;
40 gross Sedlitz Powders;
10 gross Soda Powders;
20 gross Sugar of Lemons;
10 gross Yeast Powders;
5 cases Liquorice, Calab. and Sicily;
500