New Orleans Daily Crescent.

ORIGINAL POETRY, TALE AND SELECTIONS.

FORGIVEN.

BY VIRGINIA.

APPROPRIATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. KAZIA A. R.

One night an angel winged her way from earth,
Her heart was grieved and her sweet face was sad,
For she had been where heartlessness and mirth
Contaminate all their ills to drive man mad,
Where vice and shame and purity entwine,
A mind bore to wantonness and wine.
Oh! she had seen such pictures that a thrill
Pervaded her as she passed, to see a white winged figure, still
And weeping at the close barr'd Crystal Gate!
Softly she flew and closely clasped the fair
And weeping penitent so lonely there.
Her voice of music murmured in the ear
"Dear sister, tell me why dost linger here?"
The sinner turned in gentle, and surprise,
To meekly raised these pure delicious eyes.
Her white wings drooped like some wind-shaken flower,
Yet back from earth she turned her mellowed glance;
As unto the dove unto her loved one's bower
Her eyes the bright glance to the heavenly blaze,
With restless lip, with slow and timid motion
From her high brow the golden wavelets threw,
Whose gleaming ripples from its tiny ocean
Shot forth a shower of sparkling spray and dew,
Which clung like jewels to each rose tip'd finger
Closely as lovers lips cling in the night,
Her sweet and eyes which look farewell, yet linger,
Growing more dazzling, beautious, pure and bright,
One soft white hand shut out the rays which sought her,
Into sea foaled shades the fire fly's glow,
And like the far off sound of purling water,
Her voice broke forth plaintive, and sad and low:

"Pure as an island far out in the sea,
Where all day long the winds sang tenderly,
Soft as a mother murmurs to her child
A low, sweet "Hush-a-bye" unfinished wild,
Which in its vagueness, lulls to sleep and rest,
The tired snow flake clinging to her breast.
Where the rose eye'd her bosom in amorous bliss,
To the wanton's caress and the air's golden kiss;
Where the winds were as perfumed as Araby's breath,
And their sighs low and soft as the whisper of death;
Oh! when the stars came down to kiss the sea,
Then the ideal home of Poesy.
As if some elfin troupe had passed—and pausing given
That into a faint exquisite touch of their own heaven.
Ah! they may speak of Italia and her soft skies,
But there were blue and sweet enough for those charmed eyes;
And on the heaven of her mainesake bay,
Remembered ocean birds at anchor lay;
Or farther out upon the sparkling sea,
Some proud ship floated slow and lazily;
Dashing the foam from her dark sides in foam and spray,
As sunset and harvest were there at play;
I would make a world of poetry and flowers,
And clouds and stars, to match that isle of ours!

I met and loved him on this wave loved isle,
My own now I feel the wanton smile
Glide coquettishly around my lip—my breast
Is swelling with an ocean of unrest,
My memory paints the hours—the hopes—the bliss,
The words of truth—dear words—the velvet kiss;
All intermingling in a golden stream
Of sympathy and confidence. O dream!
Full changing dream of truthful youth and love,
How fraught with sweets thy falseness—as the dove,
Who folds the death-dart closely 'neath the wing
Until it rankles in her velvet side,
So with a cold tenacity I cling
Unto the fatal shaft on which I died.

One twilight hour I lean't upon his breast,
As eve had just begun to ope her eyes;
My hand within his own was softly pressed,
And he was gazing on the hazy skies!
"I think wonder," and his voice was low
And deeply tremulous, as waves that flow
From out the coral caves of India's sea,
"If then love'st I, yonnel as he loves thee?"

"Love thee? by all the rosy blisses
Which round my life their charms entwine,
By thy lips lie on full of kisses,
By this fair hand clasped close in mine;
By every ray of beauty beaming
From thy delicious azure eyes,
By thoughts, which set this wild heart dreaming,
By every star in yonder skies
I love as none has ever loved
Since woman sighed, or man first roved.

"Love thee? by each soft breathing hour,
By every murmur from the seas,
By every wild exotic flower,
Which lays its breath upon the breeze;
By those light curls, silken and straying,
Above thy brow so full and fair,
And by its ray of beauty beaming
Amid those gold rings clustered there,
I love with feelings like the wind
A million fairies could not bind.

"Love thee? come throw thy arms about me,
And let thy bright gaze meet mine own,
I could not bear this world without thee
So closely to this heart thou'st grown;
I would not give these moments fleeting,
Which I enraptured pass with thee,
I would not give this sweet love's greeting
For all the jewels 'neath the sea!
Then lay thy fair head 'gainst my heart,
Its pulse will tell how dear thou art!"

One mild September eve she came between
His heart and mine—closing the fairy scene
I had deemed deathless. All things earthly die,
And love is earthly—hard, hard destiny!
Then first I saw her; Oh, she was so fair,
With dew drops brightly sparkling in her hair,
Eyes soft and blue—yet, in their deep depths played
Dark quivering rays, until they seemed afraid
Of light—and 'neath their softly curtained lid
Drew back, as if their lustre then was hid.
Their brilliancy was only mellowed like a star,
Which looks more lovely shining from afar!
Then such a fear came quivering o'er my brain,
My heart had burst, had it returned again!
Trembling, I signed my harp just newly strung,
My reckless fingers o'er the chords I flung,
As on the winds the low tones sadly swept,
The captains trembled, and the young eyes wept
Their fragile child—no wonder then that he
Enshrined her in his heart, forgetting me.
The spirit sighed, and turned her lustrous eyes
Back to the golden gates of Paradise!

'Twas but a word, but oh, so roughly spoken,
That each link quivered on hopes tightened chain,
Yet did not snap, but fingered on unbroken
To have the breath of anger once again.

'Twas but a word, but oh the deep, dark meaning,
Clutched with a fiery hand upon my brain,
Awakening grief with shadowy form and leaning
Who wept a sea of agony and pain.

'Twas but a word, though years and years did lengthen
The stream of life, yet no'r again has won,
To love the heart which kindness could but strengthen,
And that hath word had forever undone.

It came upon me like the lightning shock,
Sudden and sharp, blasting the mighty rock
Of Pride—uprooting all the flowers,
Fancy had planted in love's heralded hours!
Then, rushed the waters wild of dark despair,
Whose waves gulped down each hope which lingered there.
As on they swept their low hoarse sullen moan
Came back and murmured unmingly, alone, alone!

A ship, I saw, I scarce remember now,
A crash of voices on the passing wind,
A heavy throbbing of my aching brow,
And leaving all I ever loved behind.

I will pass over what I then became
In that strange land, so lost to honor, fame;
The song, the dance, and laughter wild and gay,
Coarse midnight revels, turning night to day,
The Bacchanalian feast, wine bright and red
And hellish. Then hope from me fled.
One night I watched the moon rise pale and cold,
And ride imperious through the midnight sky,
I gazed until the stars seemed to behold
Her icy impress in my frozen eye.
Proud, stern and grieved, nor did she deign to look
Upon the dark clouds floating here and there,
Her face was like a silver covered book
Whereon we read the title of despair.
That grief touched around my palsied pride,
I laid my own hand on my life and died!

Life, thought and feeling ceased abrupt and short,
As when a reckless come, upon a chasm's brink
And sudden stop, a cold and marble sort
Of freeziness when'er I strove to think
Was all I know, yet knowledge I had not,
And life and death and earth were one great blot;
Nor feeling had I—and the sky and sun
Were all gone out, or mingled into one.
At length, as in a dream most indistinct,
I felt, or saw two stars in beauty rise
Just up above me, each a golden link
As twere between myself and Paradise;
And as they came straight down from heaven to me
A white cloud floated slow and gracefully
Athwart the sky, and caught in its embrace
Those shining orbs—oh, then I saw a face
Of such exquisite beauty peering through
That fleecy cloud and hazy mellow blue,
With waving hair of blended gold and light
Above the brow so beautifully white,
And eyes so strangely pure that 'neath their ray
I grew unsteady, and quick turned away.
Intensely bright were those Koh-i-noor eyes,
Ah! purity herself would love to prize
Their memory. O, never in my dreams
Of earthly happiness and heartfelt bliss,
Or on the tide of life's dark varied streams,
Had I e'er seen a face, a form like this!
Soft as the mother bird unfolds her wings,
Drooping in fondness o'er her startled young
So o'er me light and free fell those gold rings,
And round my form her spirit arms were flung.
Through the infinity of space we flew,
'Mid haze and dust and stars we hurried through,
With her long finger pointed to the sky
And holy looks within her lambient eye,
On, on, we flew; when light proclaimed it dawn
I felt my pinions grow, and she was gone!

I saw a vista carpeted with flowers,
Whose sloping arches leaned against the sky,
Far in the distance were most georgeous bowers
And pyramids of every hue and dye,
Small pink-winged butterflies with silver eyes
Floated about and sip'd the shining dew,
I saw a myriad stars above me rise,
And those high gates unveiled in light and blue!
I turned one glance to earth, he still was there,
Then poised my snowy pinions for the flight,
Swift as a thought, I hurried through the air,
Leaving below me all the gems of night,
My spirit leap't a free, light-wiry thing,
For all but one of earthly ties were riven.
Why does remembrance that dark shadow fling
E'on as I sit beside the gates of Heaven,
'Twas but last night when first I turned from prayer
I pressed my hand in silence on my brow,
And Oh, I heard his dear voice on the air,
As plainly as I hear the Hallelujah now.
Quickly I passed yon arching wall of dew,
Stretching mine arms adown the slope of Heaven,
But fleeter e'en than these light wings flew
My heart to kiss the heart it had forgiven.
I saw him standing 'neath the star-lit sky,
And caught his wild song as I floated by:

Come back to me! come to this joyless world,
The hours are lonely here and sad without thee
My heart the bed in which thou art empearled
Is quivering, dreaming, throb'ding, all about you,
Come back, come back to earth!

Speak once to me, beloved, far up in Heaven,
The winds shall waft thy voice from pole to pole,
Breathe in mine ear, dearest, thou art forgiven,
And sooth this reckless murmuring of my soul,
Come back, come back to earth!

Breathe o'er my cheek, with thy pure ambient breath,
And gently lift the wavelets of my hair,
Pass like a breeze before my path! O, Death,
With thy rude breath to chill a flower so fair.
Come back, come back to earth!

Come, true of heart, come on thy spirit wing,
Oh, let me feel thine arms around me twine,
And as in life my lip to thine shall cling,
I'll feel thy heart throb back replies to mine,
Come back, come back to earth!

I whispered soft, "my soul, thou art forgiven,"
And hastened, weeping to the gates of Heaven.

Alas, alas, on earth no rest for me,
And now I cannot join the holy throng,
Which like an endless river I can see,
White in the distance as they pass along,
With their gold harps to bow before the throne,
And I am murmuring here alone, alone!
If I but softly touch those jeweled bars,
The angels sweep no more their tuneful strings,
But from me turn their eyes like fading stars,
Hiding their lovely faces 'neath their wings.
"Tell me, sweet sister, is it still too late,
Or must I weep forever at the gate?"

But hark! a swelling hymn is softly heard,
Which echoes through the opal dome of Heaven,
A voice breathes forth, like rose leaves softly stirred,
"*As much as she hath loved, is she forgiven.*"
And when again she raised those starry eyes,
She saw the pearl wreathed roof of Paradise!

New Orleans, April 22, 1860.

At a negro celebration, lately, an Irishman stood listening to the colored speaker expatiating upon government and freedom; and, as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said—"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; did'nt he, now?"

Somebody said—"He is'nt a negro; he is only a half negro."

"Only a half nagur, is it? Well, if a half nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might beat the prophet Jeremiah!"

"A lady who had read of the extensive manufacture of odometers, to tell how far a carriage had been run, said she wished some Connecticut genius would invent an instrument to tell how far husbands had been in the evening when they "just stepped down to the post-office," or "went out to attend a caucus."

STYLISH CLOTHING.—The spacious Southern Clothing Establishment of Mr. L. W. Lyons is now crowded with a huge variety of everything which the inventive skill of tailors could produce, from the latest agony of cost to the most recent system of pantaloons, whether said articles of raiment be designed for the large uses of men or the small demands of male children just big enough to walk, or the intermediate needs of boys of larger growth. The goods of this house are well known for excellence of make and material, and the extent of its stock is always such that it can meet any wholesale or retail demand which may be made by its many customers. See advertisement.

EXCHANGE ON EUROPE, WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.—Messrs. C. Cavarroc & Co., 116 Royal street, importers and wholesale dealers, offer for sale exchange on over twenty cities of France, all sorts of foreign wines, cordials and liqueurs, sardines, preserved fruit, decilphon, Italian, castile soap, etc. We direct the attention of the trade to the advertisement of Messrs. C. C. & Co.

MATTING, CURTAIN AND CARPET GOODS.—J. D. Damaron & Co. are receiving per ships Balloo and Southern Chief 500 pieces of Canton matting of every style and quality. They also offer for sale, at reduced prices, a new and tastefully selected assortment of floor oil cloth from three feet to twenty four feet wide; window shades and cornices of the latest designs; curtain bands, lace and muslin curtains, barcelle, satin de laine and other curtain material, tables and piano covers, etc.

(Written for the New Orleans Crescent.)

MR. TRITTROT'S LITERARY EFFORT.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

To be a young man with nothing to do is to be placed in a dreadful position. We have ancient authority to prove the fact, for long before Mr. Augustus Trittrot wore long clothes, or had any need of papspoons or rattles, it was written that idleness is the mother of vice, and, moreover, that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Now to have such a patron as the last mentioned individual seeking employment for one, is certainly no credit to a body, and Mr. Trittrot being aware of the quicksand upon which he was standing, while his friend in sable was busying himself in his behalf, concluded to turn the tables and himself patronize the devil; a more modern one, however, the imp of the press.

Mr. Trittrot had great faith in his impulses; he trusted implicitly in them—acted upon them at once. To think of this d—l was to serve him. He took up his pen, held it over his inkstand awhile, as visions danced before his eyes of the smiles and congratulations and compliments which would be his when it should become known in the village of his adoption that the recent successful article in the columns of the Crisp County Courier was really written by him. Puffs of the creamiest odor and most delicious flavor lay before his mind's eye, gotten up by the county editor, and running something like this—

"It gives us extreme pleasure to announce the fact that the flourishing article written on the subject of ——, and giving evidence of so fine a mind, so rich a genius, so high an order of talent, such a degree of wit, embodying so much pathos, displaying such a thorough knowledge of human nature, conveying so touching a moral, etc., etc., etc., is by our accomplished, gentlemanly, highly-bred and warmly appreciated fellow-townsman, Augustus Trittrot, Esq., etc., etc., etc."

These imaginary notices were very flattering. Augustus laid down his pen, went to his glass and rearranged his neck-tie with an additional air of importance in his already very important bearing.

"Strange," he soliquised, "that I never hit upon this before. Should'nt be at all surprised if the editor should offer to pay for my articles. Should of course appreciate the compliment conveyed in such a tender, but what a handsome rejection of his paltry coin I would write him. Pay! as though brains could be hired by the job, like bricklayers, or fiddlers to country dances! How delighted the Adamses will be, they are of such a literary turn; and there's the Fletcher family, and the Relacos! all diamonds of the first water in society, and so fond of showing their appreciation of modest merit! I think I see them all crowding round me saying, 'We congratulate you, Mr. Trittrot—we are proud of you, Mr. Trittrot—really, Mr. Trittrot, we never dreamed what a gem of genius was lying *perdu* in our midst before. May its light never be less!'"

In the most complacent mood, Mr. Augustus T. resumed his pen. He felt capable of doing justice to any theme, but wished to select for his first article some topic of light and general interest—something particularly adapted to the columns of a country newspaper. He anxiously wished to avoid anything which, however twisted and turned, could be personally applied by any of his friends. He had heard of promising authors splitting upon such rocks, and he was anxious, above all things, to steer clear of them himself. He enjoyed a degree of popularity in the village where he lived which he valued too highly to afford to lose; and he would as soon have thought of existing without his three meals a day, as without the favor of the Adamses, the Fletchers, and the Relacos, the three first families in the place.

"I have it at length; I will take a country town as my subject—surely nothing could possess more general interest—a pithy description of some petty village—a few hits at some characters to be found in all country places—a few reflections applicable to any small settlement. Surely, I could not have made a happier choice.

The article was written. Mr. Trittrot himself was pleased with it. He wondered if it was usual for authors to feel pleased with their own productions. He tried to tone down his feelings, lest they should transcend the limits of "modest merit." He carefully revised it; polished up his knowledge of the rules for punctuation; sent his gold pen upon another tour through his Country Town; allowed it to pause for a period here; to curvet at a comma there; pause to bow at a semicolon somewhere else. Then he attached his signature, with all the flourishes in which he had become so proficient at Professor Dolbear's Writing Academy in New Orleans. His name had never looked so well in his eyes before. The truth is, a man's name never does look so well as when attached to honest labor. He may harness it up to idle recreations, to reckless expenditures or liberal indolence, and be called "a good fellow," "a first rate chap," "a whole-souled institution," and all that; but it is not till he affixes it to some honest occupation—real labor of head or hand—that it gains solid footing in a community, or looms up in the steady light of worthy respectability to its owner. Mr. Trittrot understood something of this. When he looked upon his name at the foot of what he had intended for an innocent, cheerful, sunny picture of general, but real life in a country village—a picture which, with all the preponderance of the bump of self-esteem in his cranium, he could not but admit had been a task of real labor.

With his own hands he bore it to the village post-office; and as he slily slipped it into the box with all its luminous address to "Crisp Cricket, Esq., editor of the Crisp County Courier, he chuckled to think with what awe and curiosity the postmaster would regard him through that little window, where heretofore they had met face to face in such friendly familiarity, when it should be fully known that he, Augustus Trittrot, really wrote for the Press!

Alas, Augustus, for thy mistake! It is not when a man becomes a public character that he inspires his fellow with awe and curiosity. These sentiments are laid aside as he lays aside the private individual, and, forever after, he is common property—a sort of government land which every one imagines can be bought cheap and held by paying the taxes.

It would be a week before the sketch could make its appearance. Augustus made up his mind that Eternity meant waiting a week for something or somebody one wanted to see.

The evening before publication day the Fletchers gave a party. Of course Mr. Trittrot was there—everybody was there. Never had Augustus been so brilliant; never had he experienced such a flow of spirit. The prospect of looking, so to speak, his brains in the face on the morrow, did not in the least intimidate him. If any one had asked him then that serious question, which has busied so many pens and puzzled so many poets to answer—If Time himself had stopped in his steady course to say to him "What is Life?" he would have answered, it is a glory—a triumph—a beaker brimmed with bliss—a state of elation—it is satisfaction—it is all.

Supper was over at the Fletchers, and the company were in that unsettled state between music and promenading which usually follows ice cream and cold meats eaten near midnight. Our Augustus had upon his arm Miss Adams, the belle of the town; and suddenly every one's attention was arrested by the sage figure of Deacon Sobersides standing between the folding doors, spectacles mounted and a most portentious expression of countenance, while in his hand he held an advance copy of the Crisp County Courier.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "your attention for a little while. I have an article to read you. We have been scandalized; outrageously vilified, and I wish you to tell me which is most worthy of being drummed out of town, the editor who published the stuff or the man who wrote it!"

A pin might have been heard to drop, and the company seemed turned to groups of statuary, as in listening and expectant attitudes they bent to catch the first word.

Augustus Trittrot shared the general feeling. Who was the vile author of a calumny upon this most excellent community? What could it be? Who could have dared?

With slow, sonorous tones, Deacon Sobersides read, as he raised the paper to his eyes, the title of Mr. Trittrot's first literary effort. He could not believe it! *This* the calumny! *this* the vilification! *his* piece! impossible! But, like a parson anxious to impress his text upon his hearers' minds, again the deacon read that self-same title. Augustus choked. It seemed to him that the high scaffold he had mounted was suddenly knocked from under him and a rope was round his neck. He knew his own name would close that terrible reading, and he knew that Deacon Sobersides, who was a man entertaining strict and peculiar notions of duty, and had long striven in vain to bring our hero to join the sheep he was zealously driving to the fold—he knew the deacon would consider it a righteous privilege and his bounden duty to read that name with stern and terrible emphasis to that expectant crowd.

He stood his ground, however, and when the name of Augustus Trittrot rolled from the Deacon's lips, he felt the small hand on his arm twitch nervously—felt rather than saw the quick glance of indignant astonishment Miss Adams gave him, then knew she had left his side. In an instant he was isolated; every one had left him, and conversation, low and indignant, was swelling through the rooms. Only for an instant did surprise and disappointment overwhelm Augustus. Then he drew himself up, walked to the place between the folding-doors the Deacon had vacated, and said, in clear, distinct tones, "Ladies and gentlemen." Conversation ceased, and the company again became groups of statuary. They represented anger and contempt now, however, as a few minutes before they had represented interest and expectation.

With all the eloquence he was master of, Mr. Trittrot disclaimed all thought of being personal in what he had intended for a harmless picture of country life in general. Of this community he knew only good—he had ever felt proud that he was a member of it. He was shocked at the turn affairs had taken—he called upon any one present to tell him if in their experience they knew not a thousand places where his sketch could better, a thousand times better, be applied than here. He hoped that his friends would take his word as—

"Do not say a gentleman," interrupted Mrs. Adams, who, with a daughter hovering on each side of her, stood near the speaker—"you are no gentleman, sir. You know you meant me when you alluded to the old lady who took snuff in private, and supposed no one knew it—you know you did, you scamp."

"Upon my honor, madam, this is my first knowledge of your habit, which I am sure is innocent enough if—"

"You meant me," interrupted Mrs. Fletcher, "when you alluded to the woman who never allowed her servants to have any butter to eat."

"And me," cried Madame Relace, "when you spoke of the mother with marriageable daughters, whom she is so anxious to marry off that when, in fruit time, she nailed up the notice of "man traps within," to keep the boys from stealing her cherries, the young men of the place took it that she meant her girls. Oh, don't deny it! don's deny it! You can't mend matters now. Don't open your mouth to me, sir."

"And he meant me," roared the deacon, "when he said one member of the church was in the habit of filching enough from the subscription plate on Sunday to pay for the wine used on his own dinner table. Who carries round the plate but me, I'd like to know; and how the dev— development o such a plot could be allowed to go on in a young man's brain without scorching it, I can't tell."

In vain Augustus remonstrated—in vain he told them they were revealing facts never dreamed of in his philosophy—in vain he begged them, for their own sakes, to hush. His pen had been dipped in the ink of human nature, and every one recognised a portrait of him or her individual self in the pictures it had drawn. He felt like an icicle in a winter's sun, standing there under Mrs. Fletcher's chandeliers, and the company seemed to drip off from him, so coldly did they pay him mock courtesy and pass away.

What had become of his dream of fame, and pleasure and congratulation? Gone was the glory—the triumph—the beakers on the brim—the elation which he had a little while before called Life. He rushed home. For days he tried to brave the storm—to breast the battle. Alas! the bird was down, and everybody now seemed eager to pluck a plume from his disabled wings. No one would see the ridiculous light in which people were placing themselves by applying what he, the author, never dreamed could be applied to them, and even the postmaster, now-a-days, flung his mail matter through the little window as though the person to whom those letters were addressed was "nobody, nohow."

Finally one of the village dignitaries called and insinuated to Mr. Trittrot that he had better settle in some other place, and reminded him that the top rail of any of the surrounding fences could easily be taken down in case of emergency.

A word to the wise was sufficient, and vexed beyond measure at himself, at the editor, at the community, at everything, Mr. Trittrot disappeared from the village, chewing as he went, for very spite, the only copy he possessed of his first literary effort.

The famous chestnut tree in the Tuileries, which is said never to have failed, since 1815, to show a leaf on March 20, is exciting some interest in Paris. A correspondent writes:

I cannot say positively whether the wagers were lost or won; but I can attest that the issue between the backwardness of the season and the traditional precocity of this tree was most closely contested. I examined the tree carefully on the 19th, and then there were on it only round buds—nothing like a leaf. On the 20th I was not able to renew my visit; but to-day, the 21st, many of the buds have burst, and there are unmistakeable leaves to be seen. The general impression, however, is that the tree has lost caste; that there was no leaf sufficiently developed to swear by on the 20th; and that the miscarriage is to be attributed to the troubled state of the world, and perhaps to the wrath of the Pope.

A railroad conductor, who wore a long, roomy, white linen sack coat, with a standing collar, and buttoned up to the chin, had a dispute with a female passenger. The lady won the victory gloriously, by the following brilliant and destructive charge: "You are a pasty fellow, aint you? You are the first conductor I ever seed agwine about among a passel ove decent wimmen folks *in the shirt tail.* Ain't you 'shamed ove yourselve?" He probably was, for he left that car quickly, and unbuttoned the shirt tail coat.

A GAMUT OF IMPATIENCE.—A village dame was thus heard calling from her cottage door to a child playing in the distance, and hearing but not heeding her mother: "Lizzie, luv! Liz—a—buth! E-Liz-er-Buth! Boss, you young husey!"

Nicaragua and the United States are two very unfortunate countries. The former has had her President kidnapped and the latter hasn't. We don't know which is entitled to the most condolence.

Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear!" was the whispered reply.

HEAVY STOCK OF TRUNK GOODS.—Messrs. H. W. Reynolds & Co., No. 3 Magazine street, one door from Canal, are now landing immense additions to their always very extensive stock of trunk goods—an item of their merchandise now landing being a thousand trunks, constituting a complete assortment of all kinds, from the "Indy's mammoth" to the gentleman's valise. They are selling, wholesale and retail, at greatly reduced prices, and keep constantly on hand all sorts of India rubber goods and oil clothing. We refer to advertisement.

SPRING STYLES IN CLOTHING.—Mr. Robert Gribble, of the elegant clothing establishment corner of Camp and Gravier streets, has in store a very choice selection of all that is neat and desirable in the way of spring and summer fashions of gentlemen's clothing. The customer who goes in there and buys will come out attired in genteel and comfortable garments, feeling and looking like a gentleman. This is so. We ask attention to Mr. Gribble's advertisement.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC AND DAGUERREAN ARTS are brought to perfection at the magnificent art establishment of Messrs. Anderson & Blessing, 61 Camp street. The pictures which these artists turn out are unequalled in execution and finish by anything which we have seen, and if they fail to suit a purchaser the fault is not in them but in the customer, who could be suited nowhere. The dispatch with which a picture is taken and finished ready for delivery is one of the most admirable features of the management of this concern.

POETRY.—Moody's shirts must certainly be made on the Singer Machine, they are so poetical. Just study their "Owed in the Kin Statelmate" in another column, and say if it is not really blank verse. Mr. Moody was no very polite to the public on the "Inauguration" day, that it could only be expected he would taper off with some further attention to the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TREDEGAR LOCOMOTIVE AND MACHINE WORKS
Richmond, Virginia.
JOSEPH R. ANDERSON & CO.,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
Locomotive, Portable, Strictly Portable,
—And—
STATIONARY STEAM ENGINES,
CIRCULAR AND SASH SAW MILLS,
Sugar Mills, Gin Shafting,
And every article of Machinery required by the Southern Planter.
—Also—
Car Wheels and Axles, Bar Iron, Bridge Bolts, Spikes, Chairs, and other Railroad Fastenings, Iron Trucks, etc., etc., Iron and Brass Cannon.
EDMUND M. IVENS,
General Agent.
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SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
Save the Pieces!
ECONOMY! DISPATCH!
"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."
As accidents will happen, even in well-regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, etc.
Spalding's Prepared Glue
Meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready and up to the sticking point. There is no longer a necessity for limping chairs, splintered veneers, headless dolls, and broken cradles. It is just the article for cone, shell, and other ornamental work, as popular with ladies of refinement and taste.
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"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."
N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle. Price, 25 cents.
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Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
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Put up for Dealers in Cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanying each package.
A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually to every household.
Sold by all prominent Stationers, Druggists, Hardware and Furniture Dealers, Grocers, and Fancy Stores.
Country merchants should make a note of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, when making up their list. It will stand any climate. jal9 1yAW

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ALL SIZES, FROM 8 to 16 DIAMETER OF CYLINDER
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, from 1½ to 30 horse power.
DRAINING WHEELS, from 12 feet to 30 feet diameter.
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Lee & Leavitt's Patent CIRCULAR SAW MILLS, with both iron and wooden frames, with Norcross' Rocker Boxes and Stearn's Patent Eccentric Head Blocks.
Page's and Page & Child's CIRCULAR SAW MILLS.
Double Circular Saw Mills, with Top Saws.
Straub's Iron Frame CORN and FLOUR MILLS, from 18 to 3 inches diameter.
NEWELL COTTON SCREWS, of 6, 7½, 9 and 11 inches in diameter, by 12 feet long, and geared for either horse or steam power.
SHAFTING, COUPLINGS, PULLIES, STANDS, HANGERS, and Boxes of all sizes.
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CIRCULAR SAWS, up to 72 inches diameter.
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An assortment of all sizes of the above articles generally in store, ready for delivery at the shortest notice, and for sale on the most favorable terms and at the lowest prices.
Every article fully guaranteed.
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PERRY'S NON-EXPLOSIVE, CAMPHENE, BURNING FLUID AND PATENT BURNERS.
PATENT COAL OIL LAMPS—in great variety.
REFINED KEROSENE OR COAL OIL—Which burns without odor or smoke.
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LAMPS AND CHANDELIERS,
In great quantity and variety.
SPERM, LARD, COTTON SEED and MACHINEKY OILS.
A complete assortment of STOVES, among which are the celebrated GLOBE COOKING STOVES, the cheapest good Stove in the market.
PLATED AND BRITANNIA WARE.
TABLE CUTLERY, together with a general assortment of House Furnishing Goods too numerous to mention, for sale at the lowest prices, by
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BILLIARD TABLES—BILLIARD TABLES
35.....ST. LOUIS STREET.....35
Under the St. Louis Hotel.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a BILLIARD SALESROOM at the above place, where he intends to keep constantly on hand BILLIARD TABLES, from the celebrated manufactory of J. W. BRUNSWICK & BRO., Cincinnati, of all descriptions and prices; such as
ROSEWOOD,
BIRD'S EYE MAPLE, MAHOGANY,
BIRCH AND OAK,
With Marble, Slate or Wood Bed. Also, Bagatelle Tables and Balls, Pool Balls, Cushions, Cloths, Cues, Pockets, Cue Leathers, Ten Pin Balls and everything appertaining to Billiards or other games.
N. B.—Specimens of the above Tables can be seen at the St. Charles, Marble Hall and St. Louis Billiard Rooms.
Repairing done at short notice and on reasonable terms.
m29 1y A. W. MERRIAM.

AMERICAN AROMATIC
BITTER CORDIAL,
—AND—
TONIC AROMATIC BITTERS.
A Cordial for Ladies, Aged Persons, etc.
Of these two varieties of Bitters, the first is to be taken mixed with any agreeable fluid, while the second may be taken pure, or both may be mingled together, forming a bitter of greater or less intensity, so as to please every taste. The aroma and delicious flavor these Bitters possess have induced the finest judges to pronounce them superior to any bitters manufactured. They are particularly efficacious in restoring health, and invigorating impaired digestion, that fruitful source of diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Nervous and Liver Affections, General Weakness, etc., all of which render life a burden. In any fever, followed by protracted convalescence, and consequent weakness, no remedy is better adapted to restore strength and hasten the complete return of health.
N. B. The American Bitters may likewise be taken pure. They do not contain much spirits. The strong flavor they possess arises from its aroma, the predominance of a bitter principle, both of which are, however, highly agreeable. Said Bitters have been introduced into general use in the principal coffee-houses, hotels, clubs, etc.
Sold by
KARSTENDIEK & CO., cor. Gravier and New Levee sts.
A. A. PEYCHAUD, 30 Royal street.
J. WRIGHT & CO., 21 and 151 Chartres street.
N. R. PEPIN & CO., 31 Common street. m23 2m

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New York.
Every variety of Blank-Book, Paper, Stationery, Steam Printing, Lithographic Work and Book-Binding.
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It has been my desire to excel in the quality of BUTTER furnished to my customers, and the patronage I have acquired in the last fourteen years is proof of success.
My TEAS, being selected by an acknowledged judge, in New York, will be found to be choice.
The stock of the store is changed many times during the year and is therefore fresh. A full assortment constantly coming in, bought and to be sold for cash.
Country orders solicited, to which prompt attention will be paid. Terms, cash or city acceptance.
H. H. HEDDEN,
m26 6m corner Common and Carondelet sts., New Orleans.

A. A. MAGINNIS' COTTON SEED OIL
—And—
OIL CAKE MANUFACTORY,
Nos. 115 and 117 Magazine street,
NEW ORLEANS,
Keeps constantly on hand Crude and Superior Clarified OIL, OIL CAKE, OIL CAKE MEAL, and decorticated Seed.
Orders for the above filled with promptness and dispatch.
CASH paid for COTTON SEED on delivery. al6 tf

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES
—and—
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Patented Feb. 19, 1856; Oct 28, 1856; Dec. 5, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1859.
PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Sole Manufacturers,
63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.
These tables are in use and may be seen at "Miller's Southern Billiard Saloon," 105 Gravier street, also at the Louisiana Pelican and Boston Clubs, and can be obtained from M. M. MILLASS, sole Agent for the city, who also sells all articles in the Billiard line, as follows: Billiard Cloths, Balls, Cues, Leathers, Chalk, etc. He has also on hand and for sale several fine second-hand Billiard Tables. jy11 1y

J. WRIGHT & CO.
MEDICAL.....MEDICAL.....MEDICAL.
WINER'S CANADIAN VERMIFUGE
SAVES THE CHILDREN.
This is the only cure remedy against Worms in the human frame—things that are so fatal and destructive to children.
Save the Children!
Let mothers be timely warned, and not allow these child murderers to remain in the systems of their offspring. Remember that
WINER'S CANADIAN VERMIFUGE
will at once and for ever banish the reptiles, and the young will be saved. Think of this.
Colonel Vasser, of Mississippi, in a letter to J. W. Vesey, Esq., of the Aberdeen Conservative, thus winds up his communication on the value of this medicine to his own family: "My experience has convinced me that, in the experiment I have made with Winer's Canadian Vermifuge, it is due to suffering humanity, as well as to the manufacturer of the medicine, to make public the result of my observations.
"[Signed] W. H. VASSER."
The Vermifuge is for sale, wholesale and retail, by
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21 and 151 Chartres street,
Sole Proprietors.

THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.
DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR
Has universally supplanted all other ointments and healing applications, in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, wherever introduced; and its intrinsic merit is the true secret of its success in all cutaneous affections, whether the cause be accident or disease.
Burns and Scalds
Are instantly relieved of their anguish, pain and inflammation by a timely application of this marvelous healer, and the flesh is renewed as if by a charm, no blemish or scar remaining.
The Friend of the Nursery.
Children are frequent sufferers from external injuries, especially from field and camphene explosions, therefore every mother should have this healing preparation constantly at hand. It heals sore breasts, and quickly removes the Tetter, or Ringworm, so prevalent in children.
To Travelers by Sea and Land.
The machinist, the traveler, and every other individual whose lot in life throws him within the chance of accident from explosion, fire or collision, should bear in mind that this Magic Extractor is his best and only friend. It is both portable and cheap, and should ever be his companion, as a friend in need. There are thousands of living witnesses to testify to its marvelous virtue, who owe their sound limbs and muscles to its saving efficacy.
The following are a few of the leading diseases to which DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR is a preventive, as well as a cure:
Burns, Bruises,
Boils, Broken Breasts,
Bites of Reptiles, Cancer,
Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands,
Chilblains, Cramp,
Contracted Cords, Chafes,
Diseases of the Skin, Erysipelas,
Fistula, Frost Bites,
Fever Sores, Felons,
Glandular Diseases,
Mercurial Sores,
Pains generally,
Pimples, Piles,
Poison, Rheum