New Orleans Daily Crescent.

A LOVE STORY.

Throbbing, throbbing
Like the beating
Of the ocean at its feet,
Which in kisses, sweetly, madly—
With its kisses, sweetly, madly,
Pouts near your strong heart beart.

Listening fearful,
And but fearful,
This I know! you care no more;
While the moon and stars and ocean,
With a slow, vibrating motion,
Rocked and swung against the shore:—

"Whose is Mary
Strikes all beauty
From our love, meet me, the while,
Mocking, laughing
Leaves us
In her pathway who bereaves us—
Clasp her cruel hands and smile?

"Or Artemi,
Sad Artemi,
Sighs and sighs and alone,
Weeping at her, linger by her,
Gentle, gentle, lonely, dirty her,
Unless gives us back her own?"

Closer creeping,
Passionate, weeping,
Love's chained mate your breast;
While I tend to tell you strongly,
Love we are acted wrongly,
God would care for all the rest.

Silver-breasted,
Snow-crested,
Flash the proud waves in the light;
But two spirits are benighted,
Two hearts broken, two lives blighted,
When we parted yesterday.

SNAKES I HAVE MET.

I have everything in the world of which I enter-tain a horrible hatred and an unconquerable dread, that, without exaggerating, is a snake, and next to a snake, anything in the shape of a lizard, scorpion, toad, or other reptile; nevertheless, it seems to have been decreed that from my earliest infancy upon me I should be doomed to be ex-tremely frequent encounters and adventures with the reptile creeping upon the earth. The first serious adventure I recollect myself upon was, I believe, I should have been very little more than years old at the time of the occurrence—I was bitten by a cobra coiling itself under the pillow of my little cradle, who slept on a mat on the floor, and she then used I sound distinctly articu-lated the words "Ma-ma! Ma-ma! (Pa-ma-ka-ka) with which I was familiar from my nurse, I drew attention to the envelopes intruder, and forthwith got him out by a long blank interview, reach-ing, I dare say, three years; after which, my ad-ventures with reptiles which I can recall to mind are very, very numerous and varied legion. The next incid-ent relating to reptiles which I can recall to mind was my brother Bill—who was elder than I, and a small white scorpion. Bill had been playing with a block padlock on the fowl-house door, and he had locked the little padlock in the key-hole, and immediately, to my intense astonishment and amusement, performed a most extraordinary dance round the yard, accom-panying the same with the most hideous howls, execrations and grimaces. But I had no idea at the moment, of course, that he had been stung by a scorpion.

One evening, heavy monsoon at Madras, when the rain had ceased, I went down the river to work an extent that I detailed the country for many miles around. I was standing at the billiard-room surveying the heavy sweep out of the windows, when my atten-tion suddenly arrested by the moribund groans of a child. Turning round, I saw a huge snake and the very act of engorging a little boy, sitting at the opposite door, was Mrs. Gibbs and her young family, driving before them some wretched little frogs, which were vainly en-deavoring to escape from their relentless pursuers. I soon became interested in the billiard-table, and another off little boy in the veranda cleared me of my disagree-able, weighty, I should, before midnight that day, I had seven snakes of all descriptions and sizes put killed in that billiard-room by the servants. The water rose so high that every house in Madras looked from a perfect imitation of reptiles, and snakes, but jackals and birds sought an asylum in houses of men, with bandicoots, rats, mongooses, and every conceivable reptile material to fit up a very, very, and numerous natural history.

I was sitting in a traveler's bungalow once, at a place called Gotagherry, between Madras and the Malabar coast, and my friend was sitting near the door, so as to catch as much daylight as possible, reading some work from the little library with Government and voluntary contributions Gotagherry boasted. Suddenly, I perceived that a large snake had collied itself round the back of the chair, and was poking its head between his legs and its body, as though seeking for some other coil. For a moment I was paralyzed, and the next the snake had shifted its search, and was coiling itself round the young officer's neck. As the native servant or servants made his appearance (he was the only one I ever knew) I noticed that he fell to the ground in a faintly fit. My friend was a man of immense nerve and great pres-ence of mind; he saw at a glance that his only chance was to remain as still as a statue; the slightest move would have alarmed the snake, and then nothing could save him. I, on my part, sat in the chair, I dare not move, for fear lest the snake should see me. In a few seconds, fortunately, the ser-vant and palkee-bearers returned from the lope where they had been having their curry and rice, and the noise of their approach alarmed the snake (then coiled round and round the body of S——) so much, that it unwrapped itself rapidly, and slid out of the door, S——, fainted instantly he found himself free, and I, my chair had been so intense that fell ill for many days afterwards. In relating this adventure to Mr. W——, whom we met at the very next station, he told us one of his own strangest experiences.

"I commanded," said the Major, "the detach-ment of foot artillery stationed in the fort at Masu-lipatam, and I, of course, as you know, gentlemen, or any Christian to be quite honest, Mrs. W——, was not recovering from a severe illness, and for the first time for many a day, was able to join me at the mess table. Most fortunately, I was on a gar-rison court-martial that day, and had my sword hanging by its belt to the chair-back. Our bunga-low was a flat one, with no intervening platform between the verandah and the mess room. Every attention was suddenly arrested by a huge cobra, who had been most busily hunting for squirrels' nests among the capital tiles. Raising his hooded head, and looking terribly, the reptile threatened alternately to each of us, or the other of us, its venomed fangs, preparing a fell inch. As for Mrs. W——, she fell, fainting back in her chair perfectly uncon-scious, and I, I fell back in my chair perfectly uncon-scious, and I, for a second, removing my eye from the snake's, I gradually unsheathed my sword, and suddenly bounding aside at the same instant, severed its head from its body. It was a hair-breadth escape, I can assure you, for both of us." Something afterwards, I was residing at Chilteor, in North Arcot, and there was a little detached bungalow in the grounds, as they are called, where I kept my supply of beer and other European luxu-ries. I always kept the key of this place myself, and one morning, as was my wont, went in for to get out some articles for the day. The door was the only place of ingress or egress, and the godown which was thatched with palmleaves, could not possibly offer a single window, darkness being a requi-site in these hot countries for that kind of store-house. What I required took me to the very fur-ther extremity of the room from the door, and I was just stooping down to select what I wanted, when I heard a tremendous flop behind me, and then a scuttle. Turning round, I saw a cobra and a full grown regular pitched battle. The cobra had been after the rat's young ones, and the in-furiated mother was thirsting for revenge. Though much alarmed for my own safety—for I had no means of escape without passing the cobra—I soon became intensely interested in the combat. At first the rat fought with the greatest caution, keeping from side to side with remarkable agility, and avoiding the outstretched fangs of the cobra; at last, however, the snake, which in the interval had received many severe bites—seeing his adver-sary, and then the rat, apparently aware that its case was now hopeless, grew reckless, and closed in with its opponent. In less than two minutes, it succeeded in killing the snake, and then crawling aside upon a bunch of straw, the victor died apparently in the greatest agonies.

I had another illustration of the enmity existing between rats and snakes, many years afterwards, in Syria. I had set up into reading a file of the Times newspaper; the servants had all been in bed for hours, when I withdrew to my own, it wanted only a few hours to daylight. As I closed the bedroom door, I was startled by a hissing under the chest of drawers close by, and the next instant a rat darted out, followed by a large snake, and those two set to work fighting against the door. In my alarm I upset the chair on which I had placed the candle, and found myself at once in utter darkness, locked in with a snake and a ferocious rat. To jump upon my bed was the work of an instant, and bloody did I bellow for assistance out of the window. I might as well have called on the winds to aid me. I had neither match nor weapon of defence save a bolster, and the room so dark that I could not distinguish my own hand. Shouts kept close before my nose. When the scuffle ceased, I expected every instant to feel the horrid fangs of the snake, I felt something around my legs, and in the inevitable anticipation I remained three long hours, at broad daylight relieved me of my fears, and I found both combatants dead before daylight.

I have never, in all my experience, found snakes so fond of aggressors, unless you get them into a bad fix and, or during their season of breeding. Then the cobra is indeed terrible, and I was chased by one at Tellicherry for nearly half an hour, escaping the brute only by dashing quickly round still standing near a stout bamboo, armed with which weapon I soon dispatched it. At the best of times, it is nervous work coming to close quarters with a cobra; one false aim, and you are a dead man. People have a notion that the green snake of India—which is certainly a pretty specimen, if anything in the shape of a snake can be pretty—is harmless. I can prove to the contrary. One day I saw a beautiful mango bird dangling from a bough of a bamboo bush; the glare was intense, and I had my blue spectacles, for which reason, perhaps, I could not well distinguish the cause of the phenomenon, not supposing it to have been trapped by some wile, I seized the bird as a great prize, for I was making a collection to bring home with me. In a second afterward, the glass of my right-eye spec-tacle was shattered to pieces, and I hastily recov-ered from my amazement, when the snake, disap-pointed of his prey, wriggled off into the thickest of the bush. The glass saved my eye and my life, for the poor mango-bird was riddled through and through the head, from one eye to the other, and every atom of brains had been abstracted. They are dainty gentlemen, some of these snakes, and I was well acquainted with one that preferred tur-keys' eggs for his breakfast to any other. I used to watch my turkeys as they strayed about the grounds, and mark their nests, leaving them undis-turbed until they began to sit. One hen had fixed upon a myrtle-bush, round which she used to flutter and scream every day, poking her stupid-looking head out in so strange a fashion that I was once induced to watch her. No sooner had she deposited her egg, than a cobra made its appearance, and with the greatest dexterity sucked the egg. With greater wisdom than the fabled destroyer of the the goose and the golden eggs, the cobra spared the turkey to supply his dainty breakfast.

But if the reader wishes to study the natural his-tory of reptiles to perfection, I recommend him to live a month or two at Bangkok, in Siam. He will have the satisfaction, when he wakes of a morn-ing, to see a snake peeping out of a hole in each corner of the room, and two or three little ones amusing themselves at hide-and-seek on the floor. If he looks up at the ceiling he will perceive a specimen of the lizard tribe called the *Tequey*—from its peculiar cry—a lizard that looks as if it was afflicted with leprosy, and which has the as-tonishing faculty of throwing itself ten yards across from one upright wall to another. If he carry his inclination for study still further, he can investigate the mysteries of a Siamese stew, and find alligator the chief ingredient. He will find ample opportunity of collecting out of his soup-plate, tea-cup, wine-glass, or the hair of his head, or from off the back of his hand, specimens of the mosquito-fly, ant, green bug, grasshopper bug, vulgus, earwig, flea, in all the diversified branches of each genus. Nor when the fatigues of day are over, and he dons his slippers for ease and com-fort, need he be surprised to find a scorpion in one, and a centipede in the other, while a colony of white ants are investigating the merits of lite-rature in his book-case.

DARING ADVENTURE.

BY GRATIANO.

[From the New York Mercury.]

The scene of our tale is the parlor, or large hall for the reception of travelers, in an old inn in Yorkshire. Around the large chimney-place is a goodly company assembled; and, whilst the logs crackle on the hearth, and the flames go blazing upward, former Hunt delivered himself of the fol-lowing story:

"I am going to tell you an incident which hap-pened in my grandfather's lifetime," commenced old Hunt; "and from my grandfather's lips I myself heard it, as I sat on his knees, when a child."

"One fair afternoon," said the venerable gentle-man, "about the end of August, putting on my hat and picking up my cane, I walked out of the house, and directed my steps towards "The Uni-corn," to have a smoke and confab, as was my wont, with Miles Tottingham, who was the first proprietor of this inn. The air was delicious—not at all warm; and as the road from my farm to the inn ran through a wood, the foliage of whose trees overspread the path, I had a most delightful walk. The little birds, hopping from twig to twig in playful sport, and singing merrily, seemed to enjoy the beautiful afternoon as much as I did.

"I had not walked very far, when the clatter of horses' hoofs saluted my ears from behind; and, turning round, I perceived a man, mounted on a little black mare, fast approaching. He was dress-ed in a very handsome blue velvet coat, adorned with lace; and a little three-cornered hat, feather-ed on the edges, was set jauntily upon his head. His cheeks were full, and covered with bushy red whiskers, and his complexion healthful and ruddy. As he rode up to me, touching his hat and drawing in his little mare, he said:

"Good evening to you, friend. Whither do wend your way?"

"To the Unicorn inn," I answered. "Will you not accompany me there?"

"Luckily, my course tends thither, likewise," he said.

"We then entered into a conversation upon va-rious topics—among which was the Unicorn inn and its history.

"Who was the owner of the building when it was sold to Tottingham?" my companion asked.

"A certain old fellow of the family of Munton, sir—Robert by name. He was a discontented, re-served old gentleman, and, in a fit of displeasure with one of his servants, concerning some repairs to the mansion, he sold the house and left this part of the country. Miles Tottingham was the pur-chaser."

We had by this time emerged from the wood, and were in sight of the little inn—at the door of which we perceived some travelers dismounting from their horses and entering the house.

"We will have company," said my comrade.

"Yes, I perceive so," I answered. "Whom do you take them for?"

"They seem to be officers of justice. And see!" he continued, "one of them is reading a proclama-tion at the door; for the inmates of the tavern are collecting around him."

"They are on the track of some rascally high-wayman, or some other infringer of the laws," I said.

"I will ride forward and see what is going on. Hi! Bess!" he cried. And giving his mare a cut with the whip, galloped off.

"In a few moments, I arrived at The Unicorn, but too late to hear the proclamation. Miles was standing on the lawn in front of the house; and him I addressed thus:

"What have we here, Miles?"

"Officers in search of a noted scoundrel, who is said to have appeared lately in these parts. But no one can tell where he is, for one moment he is in London, the next in the north; and so he goes galloping all over his Majesty's kingdom."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Turpin! Richard Turpin!—£50 offered for his capture!"

"He's about here—is here. Well, I pity the pockets of the gentlemen who may chance to fall in with him!"

"Just than, my friend whom I had met on the road, and who had now dismounted, came up to us.

"I'll venture to say," he exclaimed, "that those men are on a wild goose chase. They won't find Turpin—for the last I heard of him he was on Hampstead Heath, near London; and I'm direct from that part of the country."

"I hope it is as you say, friend; for it would be rather disagreeable to have such a guest amongst us," said Tottingham. "But never mind Dick Turpin, he continued, "let us in gentlemen, and get supper, for it is beginning to grow dark."

So saying, Miles led the way, and the stranger and myself followed.

On entering, we perceived about six men in the room, (this apartment that we are now in) sitting around a table; they were smoking and talking. One of them, Miles Tottingham told us, was Mr. Alpheus Redbrow—a constable of St. George's, and a very shrewd thief-taker.

He was small in stature, with deep-set, little eyes, that seemed to look into your inmost thoughts. The five other men were under-consta-bles. The landlord showed us to a table not very far from the others, so that we could hear on what subject they were conversing.

"I'll tell you yot it is, Mr. Redbrow," said one of the men—whose name I afterward learned was Rockstone, "we've got to nab this prigger, or I'll be blowed if I goes back to Lunnon!"

"I'm confident of success," answered Redbrow. "He can't be such a smart fellow as to escape me. I've traced him all over the country; and it'll be a great wonder if he escapes them. I was talking the other day to Dr. Coates, whom I saw at Sir Peter Rockwood's manor; and he is as enraged about the scoundrel as I am."

"It certainly is a great misfortune that men like this Turpin should run wild over our country, set-ting the laws at defiance," I said to my new friend.

"It is so, Mr. Hunt; I agree with you; but Ty-burn will see this rascal before long."

"I don't know about that; he's a pretty smart fellow," I answered.

"The landlord then brought us some ale, and the evening passed away very pleasantly. I found Mr. Baker—he he told me his name was—a very amusing man. He told me he was a London draper, on his way to Edinburg on business; and requested me, when I told him that I dwelt near, to allow him to rest for the night at my farm—alleging that he had not too large an amount of money with him, and he was afraid it might give out before he reached his destination. To this I readily con-sented—my wife and child being absent on a visit to some relations, so that I had plenty of room for him.

"At 9 o'clock, picking up my hat, I told my friend, Mr. Baker, that I was going home, and asked him if he would accompany me or follow at his leisure. He answered, that he would come after me in half an hour—at the same time in-quiring where my farm was. I then left.

"The events which afterwards occurred at the inn, I relate from what the landlord told me subse-quently.

"Mr. Redbrow had been talking the whole even-ing with Rockstone and the rest—the only topic being Captain Dick Turpin, and how he could be entrapped. After I left, Mr. Baker went up to the table around which the Constables were sitting, and said:

"Gentlemen, you wish to capture Dick Turpin—do you not?"

"Ay, sir—we do. But what is that to you?" ex-claimed Redbrow, scrutinizing Baker.

"This much, sir, I know where Turpin is at this moment," answered the latter.

"You do?" cried the constable, jumping up from his seat.

"I do, sir!" said Baker.

"Where is he, then?"

"You shall know that when you give me the money—the reward for his capture."

"Humph! you shall have the cash when you're delivered him into our hands."

"Then, sir, I won't enlighten you on the sub-ject," said Baker in a decided tone, and turned away.

"Alpheus Redbrow considered for a moment, and then walked up to Baker, who had resested himself, and was sipping his ale in a very uncon-cerned manner, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said:

"Look ye, master; I believe you're an honest man. Now, I'll give you half of the reward (£25) on your telling me how you came to know about the thief."

"I traveled with him last night," answered the one addressed, "and he informed me where he was going. He relieved me of my purse at the same time."

"Where did he say he was going?"

"Give me the money and I'll lead you to him in ten minutes. I will act on no other terms," said Baker, stamping his foot on the floor. "I must have the whole reward."

"Done sir," exclaimed the constable, giving Baker £50 in gold, tied up in a little bag. "Gen-tlemen, come; to horse. Turpin is ours-to-night."

"Landlord, have my mare at the door immedi-ately," cried Baker. And the landlord bustled away to obey him.

Redbrow, Rockstone and the rest put on their hats and examined their pistols, which as they found them all right, they returned to their pockets and holsters.

"The horses are ready, gentlemen," said Miles, opening the door and putting in his head.

Redbrow and Rockstone, stepping up to the landlord, paid their reckonings, and then walked out. Lightly did Baker leap into his saddle—Red-brow doing the same. The moon, just then break-ing forth from behind a cloud, threw a stream of light over the scene, so that every object in the landscape, however distant, was visible.

"Mr. Redbrow," cried Baker, aloud, "you wish to see Dick Turpin; *I am he!*"

So saying, the highwayman struck the spurs into his mare's flanks, and swiftly galloped away over the meadow. On he went, over the lawn in front of the inn, until he came to a high fence, which the black mare cleared gracefully; and the horseman sped onward in his lightning course.

"Ha!" shouted Redbrow, his face scarlet with rage and mortification. "Why stand ye, dastards? Forward!"

"The sudden flight of the highwayman had taken the constables so by surprise that they looked on in amazement, not knowing exactly what to do, until roused by Redbrow's shouting at them—which he did just as Turpin was clearing the fence—they gave their steeds the spur and dashed after him. On they rode, all very well until they came to the fence, which Redbrow's horse immediately leaped; but Mr. Rockstone's steed refused to go any farther, and stopped so suddenly as to throw that honorable gentleman over his head; and he alighted in a mud-puddle on the opposite side. The other constables had cleared the fence after Redbrow, and rode on at a rapid pace, notwithstanding the cries of the discomfited Mr. Rockstone—who was so wedged in, that it was impossible for him, without assistance, to extricate himself. Turpin, in the meantime, had disappear-ed amid the trees of the neighboring forest.

"To return to myself: I reached my farm-house, entered the sitting-room, and, lighting a couple of candles, sat down at the table, with Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet before me.

"I read on for about half an hour—being en-tranced by the production of the great Bard of Avon—when I was aroused from my occupation by a rap as if with a whip-handle. I arose, and walking out into the hall, opened the door. On the threshold stood Mr. Baker; but I was surprised to see him in such a state as he was. He looked as if he had been riding for his life, and his little black mare smoked and puffed so that I inquired:

"Why, Mr. Baker, what has happened to you?"

"Laughing, and wiping his perspiring brow, he said:

"Nothing, only some of Bessy's fun, sir. She started on a regular race from the inn, and persist-ed in it until we arrived here."

"Rather warm weather for such fast riding!" I said. "But come in, Mr. Baker—come in, sir, and let us see about supper."

We entered the sitting-room; and, telling my guest to seat himself, I went into the kitchen to prepare supper. In a few moments, I returned with the meal on a tray, which I set down on the table. My guest had taken the mare around to the stable in the meantime.

"You have a nice little farm here, Mr. Hunt."

"Yes, sir; it is a homely but comfortable house," I returned.

It seemed to me, just then, that there was a noise outside as of horsemen; but I did not hear it re-peated, so thought no more about it. I entered into a conversation with Mr. Baker concerning the country, its products, etc., for about half an hour. When that time had elapsed, I heard a loud clat-tering of horses' hoofs and shouts of men outside.

"Blast them!" cried Baker, leaping to his feet, "they've scented me out."

"What do you mean, sir?" I said, somewhat as-tonished.

But he had no time to reply, for the front door was burst open, and Mr. Redbrow, followed by the other constables, (minus Rockstone) rushed into the apartment.

"Ha! ha!" cried Redbrow; "so, Mr. Turpin, you are here?"

At this I was astounded—amazed at the fellow's coolness and knavery. Mr. Redbrow then ad-dressed me:

"Mr. Hunt, I am surprised at your harboring such a robber as Turpin under your roof."

"I knew him, sir, only as Mr. Baker."

"Then he deceived you, too?"

"As to his name and occupation, he did."

"Riskum!" exclaimed Redbrow to one of the of-ficers, "advance and seize the prisoner!"

"Not under my roof, sir," I exclaimed. "The rights of hospitality shall not be thus violated. Turpin or Baker, or whatever his name is, is my guest, and as such I will defend him."

"So saying, I stepped between the constables and the highwayman.

"Take care, Mr. Hunt," said Redbrow, "or I will arrest you, also. In the name of King George I charge you, sir, to deliver him into my hands, or bear the penalty."

"Never mind the old goose," said Turpin. "I will take care of myself."

"No sooner had he done speaking, than he rushed toward the table, and, clapping both hands upon the two candles, put them out. The room was now pitch dark.

"Ha! don't let him foil us again!" shouted the constable, in his rage, leaping toward the place where he had last seen the highwayman. But he groped about in vain, only clutching hold of Ris-kum by the legs. In the meantime, Turpin had reached a window, jumped upon the sill, thrown up the sash, and kicked out the shutter—the moon-light streaming in upon the tableau.

"Mr. Hunt, I thank you for your kindness," he quickly said. Then, drawing a pistol, and pointing it at Redbrow," who was advancing to seize him, he exclaimed:

"Stand where you are Alpheus, or by Jupiter, I'll send some cold lead through your skull!"

"Notwithstanding this threat, Redbrow advanc-ed and fired—the ball whizzing past Turpin's head.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the highwayman. "Good evening, Mr. Redbrow."

"So saying, he jumped through the window, fol-lowed by the bullets of all the constables, but es-caped unhurt. Quick as lightning he sped to the stable, and, mounting his bonnie Black Bess, gal-loped swiftly away, before Redbrow could even reach the front door; and they had the satisfac-tion of seeing him disappear in the mazy distance.

"Redbrow swore that he would have his revenge on me; but he never carried his threat into execution—because, I suppose, he feared the ridicule of its being known that he was so completely foiled and outdone by Dick Turpin.

"And so ends my grandfather's story," said Farmer Hunt.

"What became of Turpin?" asked one of his listeners.

"He met the fate he so justly merited some years afterwards on the gallows at York," answered the farmer.

Apropos of adopting French plays, the following anecdote is told of Bourcicault, the author of Scott's novel: "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," Shake-speare's tragedy of "Hamlet," and everything else that ever was written, as having transpired just previous to his leaving for this country. It is stated that he was one day complaining to Mr. Brough, one of the greatest *transetysts* of the day, that the managers of the United States were playing his pieces without paying him for them, and that he was determined to have jus-tice, and intended going to America for that ob-ject. Brough replied, "If you are really serious, sir, had you not better prosecute those who are playing *your* dramas nearer home, rather than suffer the discomforts and perils of crossing the broad Atlantic?" "Where? who are playing my pieces?" demanded Bourcicault, with great em-phasis. "In Paris; the French are doing them all the time, in the original," responded Brough. Bourcicault changed the topic of conversation im-mediately. His predilection is a desire to make money; his politics, to get a paying play; his am-bition, to establish the greatest theater in the world.

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Ex-Ship Ann Washburn,

—From Bordeaux—

15 quarter pipes COGNAC, J. B. Baron, 1837.
20 casks Red Wine, Cotes de Frontenac.
52 boxes .. Chateau Margaux.
48 boxes .. St. Estephe.
154 casks .. St. Julien.
160 casks .. Pauillac.
25 casks .. St. Estephe.
750 boxes .. Cantenac.
313 boxes .. St. Julien.
20 pipes WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
50 casks ..
15 quarter casks COGNAC, J. Bord, 1835.
17 eighth .. ..
150 baskets ANISETTE, extra superfine, Chauvet.

C. CAVAROC & CO., 116 Royal street

Ex-Ship Victoria,

—From Bordeaux—

20 quarter casks COGNAC, Coeq, Pere & fils, 1830.
20 eighth .. ..
10 quarter casks .. .. 1802.
10 eighth .. ..
22 casks RED WINE, Chateau Dillon.
21 hf. cks .. ..
8 casks WHITE WINE, Sauterne, 1851.
16 hf. cks .. ..
60 casks RED WINE, Pauillac.
60 casks .. St. Julien.
50 pipes .. ..
100 boxes .. ..
100 boxes, 24 half bottles ..
500 boxes RED WINE, Cantenac.
200 boxes .. St. Julien.
100 boxes, 24 half bottles Red Wine, St. Julien.

C. CAVAROC & CO., 116 Royal street.

Ex-Ship Cleopatra,

—From Marseilles—

1000 baskets OIL, 32 ounces, J. Plagnol.
500 .. 11 ..
100 boxes VERMOUTH, Noilly, Pratt & Co.
50 .. MUSCAT, ..

C. CAVAROC & CO., 116 Royal street.

Ex-Ship John Trucks,

—From Bordeaux—

110 casks RED WINE, Pauillac.
83 casks .. St. Estephe.
104 casks .. St. Julien.
112 casks .. Cantenac.
220 boxes WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
700 .. RED .. Cantenac.
510 .. .. St. Julien.
20 pipes WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
250 boxes RED .. Chateau Dillon.
50 .. 24 hf. bottles RED .. St. Estephe.
50 .. Preserved FRUITS, Rodel.
5000 hf. boxes SARDINES, ..
5000 qr. .. ..
20 casks WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
12 hf. casks ..

C. CAVAROC & CO., 116 Royal street.

Ex-Ship Pilgrim,

—From Bordeaux—

100 boxes WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
200 .. RED .. Cantenac.
130 .. .. St. Julien.
75 casks .. ..
20 .. WHITE .. Haut Sauterne.
30 pipes .. ..

C. CAVAROC & CO., 116 Royal street.

Ex-Ship Falmouth,

—From Bordeaux—

167 boxes WHITE WINE, Haut Sauterne.
480 .. RED .. Cantenac.
12 .. .. St. Julien.
60 casks .. .. Cantenac.

C. CAVAROC & CO., m19 Mo5f 116 Royal street.

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, Chains, and other Railroad Fastenings, Iron Trucks, etc., etc., Iron and Brass Cannon.

EDMUND M. IVENS, General Agent,

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JAMES & LE BRETON,

CIVIL ENGINEERS, SURVEYORS,

—AND—

Architects,

Successors to J. K. DUNCAN & CO.—Office, No. 27 Commercial Place. ja26 6m

LEARY & BLAKEWEY, COPPERSMITHS and Sheet Iron Workers, Front and Fulton streets, between Notre Dame and Julia streets.

Being both practical workmen, we are prepared to execute everything in our line with a facility possessed by no other firm in the city.

All orders for Chimneys, Juice Boxes, Claritiers, Breechings, Stills, Fire Beds, Filterers, Ash Pans, Heaters, Copper, Tin and Pewter Worms for Distillers, and Sheet Iron Pipe, will receive immediate attention.

☞ Orders from plantations and steamboats attended to with promptness and dispatch.

SOLE AGENCY OF THE CELEBRATED STACKER IRON WORKS TENNESSEE.

Sugar Kettles, from 84 to 72 inches diameter.....$1 25 an inch.
.. 66 to 42 inches diameter..... 1 00 an inch.
.. smaller 42 inches diameter..... 75 an inch.

Furnace Mouths $25, $30, and $35, according to size and pattern. Grate Bars 6c. per pound.

E. F. LAVILLEBEUVRE, Commission Merchant, No. 12 Union street.

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ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—THE STATE OF LOUISIANA, Parish of Orleans, City of New Orleans.

Be it remembered, that this day, before me, WALTER BRIGGS PETERS, Notary Public, in and for the city and parish, duly commissioned and qualified, and in presence of the witnesses who are hereinafter named and undersigned—

Personally came and appeared the parties whose names are appended to act, and who have signed it, same at the foot thereof—

And severally declared that, by virtue of and pursuant to the provisions of the act No. one hundred and thirty-one, passed by the General Assembly of this State, and approved on the fourteenth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, they and those by them represented, have agreed and do by these presents agree, covenant and bind themselves, and such other persons as may hereafter be joined and associated with them, to form and create a corporation under said act, to be styled "The Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of the State of Louisiana," and to that end they have agreed and do by these presents agree to and enter into the following articles of association and agreement:

ARTICLE FIRST.

The corporate name and title of the Association shall be "THE MECHANICS' AND AGRICULTURAL FAIR ASSOCIATION OF LOUISIANA," and its domicil is fixed in the city of New Orleans.

ARTICLE SECOND.

The object and design of the Association is to promote and foster improvements in all the various departments of Agriculture, including Cotton, Sugar, Coffee, Tobacco, Rice, Hemp, etc., etc., Horticulture, Fruits, Vegetables, Ornamental and Stands Gardening; the promotion and development of the Mechanic Arts; House Manufactures in all branches; the rearing, improvement and development of the races of useful animals; the general advancement of rural economy; the encouragement of household manufactures, and the dissemination of useful knowledge upon such subjects by offering inducements and premiums therefor.

ARTICLE THIRD.

The President of the Association shall be the proper officer upon whom citation or other process shall be served.

ARTICLE FOURTH.

The capital stock of the Association is hereby fixed at the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, represented by six thousand shares of twenty five dollars each, which shall be paid for as follows, to-wit:

Twenty per cent. in cash on the fifteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and sixty; twenty per cent. on the fifteenth day of June following; twenty per cent. on the fourteenth day of July following; twenty per cent. on the fifteenth day of August following; and the remaining twenty per cent. on the fifteenth day of September following; but the operations of the Association may be commenced when thirty thousand dollars of stock is subscribed for, after which period stock may be taken and subscribed for on the books of the Association, and issued by the proper officers, and shall be paid for as follows, say: Twenty per cent. cash at the time of subscribing, and the remaining eighty per cent. in instalments of twenty per cent., maturing every thirty days until acquitted.

In case any subscriber refuse or neglect to pay his, her or their subscription or instalment, within sixty days after the same falls due, the Board of Directors may declare the same forfeit to the Association, or may keep or dispose of the same at pleasure.

ARTICLE FIFTH.

No stockholder shall ever be held liable for any amount beyond his, her or their subscription.

ARTICLE SIXTH.

The Association shall have a seal, he device being the coat of arms of the State of Louisiana, with the inscription encircling it, of "Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of the State of Louisiana," and may use such medals, with devices, legends and inscriptions, and issue such diplomas as may be determined on.

ARTICLE SEVENTH.

The powers of the Association are vested in the President and Board of Directors, consisting of twenty-one stockholders, who shall be elected annually on the first Tuesday of May in each year by the stockholders, at such place in the city of New Orleans as may be selected, after advertisement inserted in at least two newspapers published in the city of New Orleans; any stockholder shall be eligible as a Director, provided he own in his own name four shares of stock. Notices of election shall be published ten days at least. All elections for Directors shall be by ballot, and held under the superintendence of a committee of the Board of Directors, and every bona fide owner of stock shall be entitled to as many votes as he, she or they may own of shares of stock; provided that no person shall vote in his, her or their own name, over fifty votes at any one election; and provided further, that after the first election held hereunder, no person shall be entitled to vote on any shares of stock that shall not stand in his, her or their names on the books of the Association, for three months prior to any such election.

ARTICLE EIGHTH.

A plurality of votes shall be sufficient to elect Directors, and they shall, at their first meeting after their election, select one of their number for President, who shall be elected by a majority of the Board present at such meeting.

ARTICLE NINTH.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Board, and all contracts, evidences of debt, certificates, diplomas, etc., shall be signed by him. In case of his absence from any cause, the Director then present of the highest number pro tempore, who shall for the time being exercise the full power of President.

ARTICLE TENTH.

A failure from any cause to elect Directors, on a day named for that purpose, shall not dissolve the Association, but the Directors then in office shall hold over until another election shall be held, of which due notice shall be given in the manner pointed out in Article Seventh.

ARTICLE ELEVENTH.

Messrs. Isaac G. Seymour, C. Potthoff, C. H. Slocomb, Geo. W. Race, Jas. O. Nixon, Luther Homes, Charles Felix, Henry R. Sawsey, Lal. Folger, Thos. N. Blake, Geo. W. Sloer, L. H. Pike, David H. Fowler, John Penniston, F. W. Tilton, Isaac N. Marks, Thomas O. Moore, E. S. Kleinlee, P. A. Rost, J. H. Overton, and F. Hardesty, shall be the first Board of Directors; and serve until their successors are elected, as provided for herein.

ARTICLE TWELFTH.

The President and Board of Directors shall have the right to fill vacancies that may occur in their own body, arising from any cause, and are authorized to create and appoint such officers and agents as they may think proper for the management of the Association, delegating such officers and agents such powers as may be determined on by the Board; and the Board may adopt such regulations and by-laws, and change, alter, repeal and amend the same at pleasure; provided such rules, regulations, by-laws, etc., be not inconsistent with law or these presents.

ARTICLE THIRTEENTH.

This Association is formed to continue and endure for the term of twenty-five years from date, unless sooner dissolved by a vote of the Stockholders, or by law.

ARTICLE FOURTEENTH.

The Board of Directors is authorized to lease, purchase and hold such real property, lands, tenements, and other appurtenances as they may require for the uses or exigencies of the Association, and sell, dispose of, alienate, encumber and hypothecate the same, or any part thereof, at pleasure.

ARTICLE FIFTEENTH.

The Directors shall, if they think proper, and if any profits justify it, declare such dividends as they may deem advisable.