New Orleans Daily Crescent.
SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1861.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

THE CRESCENT IS PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY, BY J. O. NIXON, No. 70 CAMP STREET. - - - TERMS: DAILY, $10; WEEKLY, $3 PER YEAR.

VOLUME XIV. SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1861. NUMBER 23.

LOAN FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE Confederate States.

Five millions of this most advantageous investment will be offered to the public on the 17th April ensuing, and every citizen throughout the Confederate States will have the opportunity of taking a share of the benefit, at the same time of sustaining the cause of his country.

Bonds with coupons will be issued in sums from $1000 to $50, and where it is preferred, stock certificates in the usual form may be had. The interest is at eight per cent. per annum, payable every six months at all our principal cities.

The debt has the very unusual and important security of a duty of one-eighth of a cent per pound, or about 62 cents per bale on all cotton exported. This duty, under all circumstances of peace or war, secures the punctual payment of the interest, and furnishes a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal. The coupons when due are receivable in payment of the duty on cotton, and are thus made available as coin, everywhere in our country. In order to enable all portions of our people to take part of this valuable investment and to exhibit their common interest in raising funds for the common defense, books of subscription will be opened at the cities and principal interior towns; five per cent. must be paid in cash at the time of subscription, and the remainder on or before the 1st May—interest to run from the date of each payment. Persons desiring to secure their subscriptions may pay in cash the whole amount, and take a receipt for the delivery of bonds or stock. To equalize the rate of subscription at all points, and to enable all persons conveniently to subscribe, current bank notes of the place will be received at their market value in coin.

In case of an over-subscription, preference will be given to those who pay down the whole subscription; next to subscribers of $50; next to subscribers of $100.

C. G. MEMMINGER,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Montgomery, March 16th, 1861.

For more ample information to all concerned, a copy of the act of Congress is subjoined:

AN ACT TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND TO PROVIDE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

SECTION 1. *The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact*, That the President of the Confederate States be and he is hereby authorized, at any time within twelve months after the passage of this act, to borrow, on the credit of the Confederate States, a sum not exceeding fifteen millions of dollars, or so much thereof as in his opinion the exigencies of the public service may require, to be applied to the payment of appropriations made by law for the support of the Government and for the defense of the Confederate States.

SEC. 2. The Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized, by the consent of the President of the Confederate States, to cause to be prepared certificates of stock or bonds, in such sums as are hereinafter mentioned, for the amount to be borrowed as aforesaid, to be signed by the Register of the Treasury, and sealed with the seal of the Treasury; and the said certificates of stock or bonds shall be made payable at the expiration of ten years from the first day of September next; and the interest thereon shall be paid semi-annually, at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, at the Treasury and such other places as the Secretary of the Treasury may designate. And to the bonds which shall be issued, as hereinafter, shall be attached coupons for the semi-annual interest which may accrue, which coupons may be signed by officers to be appointed for the purpose by the Secretary of the Treasury. And the faith of the Confederate States is hereby pledged for the due payment of the principal and interest of the said stock and bonds.

SEC. 3. At the expiration of five years from the first day of September next, the Confederate States may pay up any portion of the bonds or stocks, upon giving three months previous public notice, at the seat of Government, of the particular stocks or bonds to be paid, and the time and place of payment; and from and after the time so appointed, no further interest shall be paid on said stock or bonds.

SEC. 4. The certificates of stock and bonds shall be issued in such form and for such amounts as may be determined by the Secretary of the Treasury, and may be assigned or delivered under such regulations as may establish. Bitmons of them shall be for a less sum than fifty dollars; and he shall report to Congress, at its next session, a statement in detail of his proceedings, and the rate at which the loans may have been made, and all expenses attending the same.

SEC. 5. From and after the first day of August, 1861, there shall be levied, collected and paid a duty of one-eighth of one cent per pound on all cotton the growth of the Confederate States, which duty is hereby specially pledged to the due payment of interest and principal of the loan provided for in this act; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and required to establish a sinking fund to carry into effect the provisions of this act. Provided, however, That the interest coupons issued under the second section of this act, when due, shall be receivable in payment of the export duty on cotton: provided, also, that when the debt and interest thereon, herein authorized to be contracted, shall be extinguished, or the sinking fund provided for that purpose shall be adequate to that end, the said export duty shall cease and determine.

Approved 28th February, 1861.

Referring to the above advertisement for a loan of FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS to the Confederate States, together with the act of Congress creating it, the undersigned, appointed Commissioners, give notice to the public that books of subscription for said loan, will be opened at the Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, on the 17th of April, 1861.

Apart from other considerations, this loan offers to subscribers a high rate of interest—*eight per cent. per annum*—payable semi-annually, and the highest order of security—a special appropriation of an export duty on cotton of one-eighth of a cent per pound—thus presenting inducements which cannot fail to command the loan to public favor as a sound and profitable investment.

SAMUEL SMITH,
JAMES D. DENEGRE,
REM. J. FORSTALL,
JOHN I. NOBLE.

Commissioners.

NEW ORLEANS, March 29, 1861. mar29 1m17

Hotel Arrivals Yesterday.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.—H Pratt, G F Glover, A G Sturke, J H Eddens and lady, W G Babcock, J A Pierce, J B Fellowes, Ala; J W Hingston, J H Hopston, J Johnson, G M Hanson, W M Smith, T England and lady, Miss J Cavitt, Wm Parkedale, C B Simpkins, R G Kiger, Miss, Jennings and lady; Miss L Courtney, M Courtney, B Haynes, Dr P Myers, J S Scott, E T Powell, E J Hoover, Col J M Pearson, L L Johnson and family, Miss Elley, J M Howell and lady, Jno McDowell, Miss F D Martin, Wm Polk, J P Andrews, J W Pollard, Miss J Robinson, Lieut A White, F Dolbonde, Ala; S P Cook, Texas; S C Gerard and lady; Ohio; T Bowman, Jno W Dupuy, Jno C Waldock, Ky; C Smith, Va; S F Witherspoon; Col Jno M Elder.

CITY HOTEL.—A Brown, Ark; W D Burton, S Stansbury, A S Murphy, J Abraham, H Garfinkle, J Cooper, W B Cooper, J D Cooper, D M Robinson, H E Moore, Jr, J Boyan, Ls; S L Fairchild, Hinsthurst; D M J Ferguson, J W Ferguson, J H Sandy, P Young, R Barr, J J Holland, J W Mitchell, James W Ellis, J H Wood, M P Dent, T C England and lady, Miss J Carroll, Miss; Capt M Larkin, R V Holland, Tenn; Chas Douglas, Ala; G N Merrill, Evansville; A C Cardest, J T Witherspoon, J H Mann, M W Courtney, Mrs Sutton; P W Titus, J B Jones, Tex; Mrs M L Moore, H B Moore, Jr, H E Moore, Sr, Mo; J H Sauvens; A N Harris, Va; J T Andrew, Ala; R H Bell, Central House; A C Barrett, Arcola; Miss Holmes, Maine.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.—W D Robinson and lady, W Whitaker, W W McNeal, J A Woolfolk, Texas; J Williams; H McClaran, Louisville; A C Maestrie, J M Rogers, Ls; Col R H Johns, Dr D L Pearce, Jno L Clay, R B Banks, Theo White, C Vanderpool, E T Hudnall, W Mitchell, J F Lemkin, B G Kizer, Miss; B Bailey, Tenn; W C Power, R F Willett, N O. Miss; B Bailey, Tenn; W C Power, R F Willett, N O.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.—S W Taylor, Miss Turner, Miss Chapman, Miss; A Flinn, A Gray, Ala; Lieut F E Prime, U S A; H R Marks, Tex; J S Vasingen, H A Persand, H B Watkins, Dr R A New, R Cade, R Gibson, A D Vinton and lady, La; T P Hamilton, Tenn.

☞ Dr. Charles E. Kelly, Dentist, No. 152 Camp street, between Carondelet and Baronne, New Orleans.

THE METAIRIE RACES.—We have given our readers full and timely notice of what is ahead at the Metairie. We have now only to reiterate that the sport begins to-day, with two sweepstake races; the programme of which, and other matters interesting to all who intend going, are duly advertised in the proper part of our paper.

A correspondent asks: "What is Greeleyism?" It is free love, table-leaving, infidelity, intemperance prettiness, vote yourself a farm, hatred of the South, brown bread, and the shawl. These, in brief, are the elements of Greeleyism.
[Boston Courier.

HINTS TO YOUNG CAMPAIGNERS,

—WITH THE—

MANUAL OF ARMS.

Arranged and Selected from "Hardee,"

—BY—

QUINTUS CURTIUS SNODGRASS, ESQ.,
High Old Private of Louisiana Guard.

DEDICATED TO CHARLES AUGUSTUS BROWN, ESQ.

PART II.—ACTIVE SERVICE.

CHAPTER IV.

After an action it is the duty of officers to prepare a full and accurate list of the killed, wounded and missing. Sergeants should be careful that the names on their respective rolls have been originally placed there with due regard to their correct orthography, as it must be intensely annoying to the spirit of a defunct warrior to know that, after having laid down his life for fame, his name has been misspelt in the paper that announces the sacrifice that he has made. The term "missing" is pleasantly and conveniently ambiguous, as it may either signify that the individual has been taken prisoner or that he has run away, and should the latter supposition have been the case, it is by no means necessary that his friends and all the world should know of his little "accident." A judicious officer will, therefore, place his name under the above head.

As soon as it has been officially announced that such and such parties are not expected to rejoin their comrades at mess again in this world, young men with any degree of enterprise and spirit, will, without delay, proceed to appropriate any little creature comforts or spare change that their lamented friends may have left behind them; but until the list has been issued officially such a proceeding is deemed premature, and "hands off" should be the word. In view of these sad chances of war it is well that every man should at the commencement of a campaign, look about him and find out some one whose size is about his own and, consequently, one whose clothes he can wear with comfort, he should also discover if their tastes be similar as to the size and stiffness of bristles of the article toothbrush, if they use the same style of soap, etc., etc.—and having once marked such a man, spot the spot where he stows away his kit, and by attention to this rule, after the first action, those that are left, will absolutely roll in luxury, while those that are gone, will scarcely miss what they left behind them. We know that there is a proverb which tells us "It's ill waiting for a dead man's shoes," but we question whether it extends to his drawers, his brandy flask and his toothbrush, and now, should it do so, it must be remembered that the proverbs of mere civilians are no criterion of what should or should not be done by a military man.

After an action, during which the officers of infantry corps gallantly remained full five paces behind the line of their men, there are of course many promotions made, with the accompanying increased pay and rations, while the newspapers teem with interesting anecdotes of coolness and self-possession; how Lieut. Smith, in the very heat of the combat, asked one of his sergeants for a piece of tobacco; how Capt. Brown, in a voice entirely free from tremor, commanded some one else to go somewhere and do something that was dangerous; and how General Robinson heroically and originally remarked, "Victory or death."

And then the officers of cavalry! Who would not be a dragoon? True it is that horses require much attention and care, but they repay you for it a thousand times; for be you as arrant a—but no, we will not use such a word. Supposing, therefore, that you be nervously timid, if your horse be a well-trained charger, and you do not become so nervously frightened as to fall off, your reputation is at once made. You are seen charging at the head of your troops; you do not return till they do, having been in the thick of the fight, and for your gallantry are promoted to a captaincy. Your horse at night gets his quota of oats; instead of which, in the same ratio that you were promoted, he should, according to his actual merits, be made a brigadier-general. How many officers are there, with huge epaulettes dangling from their shoulders, which said epaulettes, if justly awarded, would be hanging on the shoulders of their horses. We ask, how many; and echo majestically replies—"Oh, ever so many."

And meanwhile these poor privates who have been standing up in front and loading and firing at will, or, what is more probable, very much against their will, what is to be done to reward them for the courage and devotion they have exhibited? Simply nothing; they cannot all be made officers, and hence the question, does it pay for a man brought up as a gentleman and accustomed to the luxuries of life, to go into active service as a private? We think that we hear our readers shrieking out in energetic chorus the emphatic monosyllable "No." Nor does it to go forth giving up home, friends, comfort, and perhaps life, for your native State, when the powers that be refuse to give you the proper accoutrements and necessaries of life, and fit weapons to protect the lives that are offered in their service. While the volunteer corps of New Orleans have been for months straining every nerve to perfect themselves in drill, that their services might be the more valuable when called for; while the young men of these corps have expended their every spare dollar to meet the many expenses which ripen such an organization, the Louisiana Legislature has been too much occupied passing bills of personal aggrandizement, and of a nature peculiar to State Legislatures, to lend even a helping hand to these young harvesters in the field of glory. They will neither repay them what they have been compelled to lay out of their outfit, nor will they even give them safe, proper or efficient arms.

It is all very well to say, "Place your trust in the God of Battles," but he personally would prefer, besides the trust aforesaid, something besides a musket that will either not go off at all, or else will explode at both ends at an unexpected moment. As we are writing this, one of our finest companies have left the city on an excursion of pleasure. May the god of target excursions watch over them and send down merciless rains just about the time they are going to shoot at that target, for if those muskets go off, many a gallant young soul will go off with them. This company will probably return, but we fear will return to us decimated. We have digressed somewhat from our subject, this being the farewell chapter of Hints to Young Campaigners. Will not some one soon fill their place by Hints to Old Legislators.

AN ENVOY IN TROUBLE.—The managing editor of one of our sporting journals was arrested a night or two since, and taken to the Fourteenth Ward Station-house, on the charge of knocking down an old gentleman and robbing him of his gold spectacles. The old gentleman—a very respectable looking person—told his story: He had been knocked down and robbed of his spectacles. The editor told his story: He had been about town and had drank; farther he could'nt say. "Why," said the Police Captain to the accuser, "how that you have taken of your hat I see your spectacles on your forehead." "God bless my soul," said the old gentleman, "so they are. It was my watch the villain took." A search was made, and the officer not only discovered that the watch was in the scoundrel's own pocket, but that the accuser was decidedly drunk. The editor was therefore released, much to the gratification of a large circle of friends, who had been roaring with laughter during the performance. [N. Y. Herald.

All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

Husband—"Mary, my dear, this apple dumpling is not half done." "Well, finish it then, my dear."

TELEGRAPHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

FORMIDABLE NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

[BY THE SOUTHWESTERN LINE.]

English and French War Vessels to the United States.

NEW YORK, March 29.—One of the morning papers publishes a letter from Paris, stating that the French and English Governments are fitting out powerful war steamers for the United States, at the suggestion of England. France is to furnish three first-class frigates. The English contingent will, perhaps, be larger. The fleet sails with sealed orders.

Spain is also preparing to send a formidable force to the Gulf, not, however, in concert with France and England.

Texas Intelligence.

From the Galveston News we extract the following report of the cotton market for last week:

In this market the sales on Saturday, 16th inst., were 100 bales, the demand being good, but operations being checked by the high prices asked. On Monday, 18th, 100 bales were sold at irregular rates under a rather dull market; for the lower grades holders gave way a little, on the European and New Orleans advices, but they would not concede any reduction for the higher grades.

The more encouraging news by the New Orleans steamer on Tuesday, 19th, produced a more active demand, and on Tuesday and Wednesday, 840 bales were sold, an advance being realized on all qualities. On Thursday and Friday, 21st and 22d, the advance was maintained, operations being checked, however, by light receipts, inferiority of the quality offered, and disposition of factors for high rates, while buyers, in view of the irregularity of European quotations, were not disposed to meet factors' demands. The sales for the last two days amounted to 375 bales, or, for the week, 1415 bales; quotations closing at:

Ordinary, 7¾ to 8¼; Good Ordinary, 9¼ to 9¾; Low Middling, 10¼ to 10½; Middling, 11¼ to 11½; Strict Middling, 11½ to 12; Good Middling, 12¼.

The receipts for the week are 1470 bales; the exports 2762.

The Dallas Herald of the 27th has a long and interesting letter of the 16th from Capt. E. W. Rogers, who was placed in charge of Camp Cooper for the State. He had transferred the post and property to Col. H. E. McCulloch, acting for the Convention.

Col. McCulloch then marched on Fort Chadbourne and Camp Cooper, and took possession of them—the United States troops surrendering without opposition—returned to Camp Cooper, and was to leave again in a few days to complete his arrangements for holding those posts and garrisoning them with an efficient Ranger force.

Capt. Rogers was to start on the 17th with 82 men, on a scout to the head waters of the Colorado, taking seventeen pack mules and his provisions from Fort Chadbourne. They would be out for over a month, and from Col. Baylor's and Capt. Karnes' reports, and from the numerous signs and trails, all pointing to one direction, expected to find a large encampment of Indians. Capt. Rogers was determined to have a bout with the Indians, if he could possibly reach them in time.

On the 24th February, Col. Dalrymple, commanding the companies placed on the frontier by the Governor, started from Camp Cooper on a scout of 30 or 35 days, with forage, etc. He had Captain Harrison's company, Capt. Sublett's and a part of Capt. May's company, making in all over a hundred men. Nothing reliable had been heard from him since the two Indians were killed by Capt. Harrison's company, the day after they left Camp Cooper.

These constant scouts, by tried Ranger companies, are the only way to guard the frontier from Indians.

From Washington.

Under date of the 25th, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes:

What will Virginia do? is again the great question. The Administration takes great interest in the movements of her Convention, as is evidenced by its sending Mr. Lamon to Richmond. It is stated that on Friday a distinguished delegate of the Virginia Convention telegraphed Mr. Lincoln to the following import: That the tide of secession sentiment was surging over the country of Richmond, reaching even to some of the sternest advocates of Union; that, to retain Virginia, an extra session of Congress must be convened, and the Crittenden or Peace Conference Resolutions adopted.

The story goes that Mr. Lincoln at once dispatched his friend Lamon to Richmond to treat with the true men and save the country of the Union men. I hear on all sides the story of the strength of the Secessionists. It is believed that Lamon has gone further South than Richmond, and that since his departure the Administration has changed its programme in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter. It is even reported that the evacuation is to be conditional. Colonel L. is to examine the stock of provisions on hand, and if the supply is not sufficient to maintain the troops now here, then he will deliver the President's order to Major Anderson to evacuate the fortress.

Disputches to day from Fort Pickens state that the garrison there is short of provisions, and can hold out but a short time longer. None but official communication is permitted at Pensacola, and the squadron can neither reinforce the fort nor furnish supplies. Apparentest this week, then, but long the Government will also be compelled to abandon Fort Pickens to the Secessionists.

I have heard it said that information has been received by several members of the Cabinet that Jefferson Davis' prophecy, that in twelve months the Secessionists will be in possession of the capital of the United States, has been based upon certain anonymous letters, and that Mr. Lincoln's Administration is determined to do all in its power to prevent the Border States from going out of the Union.

Secretary Seward states that the North has generally become satisfied of the sincerity of the South, in desiring to close the pending partnership, and that there can be no reunion or good judgment evinced in attempts to enforce a continuation of it. If these views are in accordance with the Secretary's sentiments, we may look for a compulsory peaceful policy in the Cabinet. The Senate very wisely declined to take up the resolutions relative to the appointment of its officers. The Republicans know that if they should succeed upon them the Democrats would leave them without a quorum, and thus greatly embarrass the Administration. It is stated that the President has determined to send H. Winter Davis, of Maryland, to Russia.

FROM MOBILE.—The Mobile Tribune of Thursday has the following:

The trotting race previously announced between Jeff. Davis and Steve Cook, came off yesterday evening at the Magnolia Race Course. Jeff. Davis won in three straight heats. Time, 3:18—3:22—3:31.

We learn that the steamer Dixie Rose, which left yesterday for Pensacola, took over 600 stand of arms and 200,000 cartridges.

GREAT SEIZURE OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY.—*Washington*, March 24. Detective Kese, of Washington City, has seized and retains by order of the Court, bogus and counterfeit notes on twenty-seven banks, amounting to $207,000; also, plates, dies, etc. The larger packages contain the following: $30,000 counterfeits on the Bank of Augusta, Me.; $60,000 unsigned counterfeits on the State Bank of Ohio. The dies were of $10's and $1, and $2 50.

REMARKABLE EXCRESCENCE ON A HUMAN BODY.—Mr. Lewis Foot, of Plainville, N. Y., aged seventy-two years, died on Monday, the 11th, and on Tuesday an immense bony excrescence, extending from the back of his right ear to his right hip, was removed. It weighs *fifty-two and a half pounds*, and is called by the doctors—skipping their jaw-breaking technicalities—"a degeneration of the shoulder blade." It had been growing since 1836, and did not affect his general health very seriously. The operation was performed by Dr. Jackson, of New York, assisted by Dr. Moody, of Plainville, Dr. Hart, of Southampton, and Dr. Carrington, of Farmington.

Mr. Foot was at the national convention of medical men at New Haven last year, and the universal testimony was that nothing like it had ever before been seen. The size of this extraordinary excrescence or tumor is such that it nearly fills the half-barrel in which it was put for preservation as a medical curiosity. [New York Paper.

JULIAN MEVILLE, auctioneer, sells to-day at 12 o'clock, at the St. Charles Exchange, a large cottage house, situated on the corner of Washington Avenue and Annunciation street. For particulars see advertisement.

THE attention of buyers and dealers in tin, roofing and zinc, is called to the sale advertised for this day at 11½ o'clock A. M., by D. E. Morphy, auctioneer.

Local Intelligence.

GOOD FRIDAY

Was a beautiful day. The wind and dust were disagreeable enough in the forenoon, but the dash of rain which intervened dismissed the one and settled the other, and the calm and sunny afternoon was truly glorious.

The religious observance of Good Friday, by the Catholic population, was as extensive as ever. The Catholic cathedrals and churches were crowded, morning, noon and evening, with devotees of all ages and nationalities; and multitudes of those who profess no religion were in attendance, silently observing and hearing the solemn and impressive religious ceremonials of the day.

At the St. Louis Cathedral, the masses were especially impressive, and great crowds were in attendance at the different hours of the solemn ceremonial.

A VISIT TO THE ALGERINES.

Yesterday being destitute of items, of our usual threadbare kind, (the day being Good Friday) we rambled off from our tiresome old beat. The afternoon was so bright, spring-like, sweet, fresh, and generally glorious, that we wandered to the "great levee," (as Talk on 'Change so truly calls it) and took down, on our mental tablets, a thousand items, more or less.

We took a philosophical view of the immense panorama of cotton bales, boxes, barrels, and the thousand other odds and ends that cumber the great platform, which is the lap of the Mississippi valley, and into which lap is poured the wealth of that mighty and greatest of earth's cornucopias, the Mississippi river.

We looked at the long line of steamers; gigantic floating palaces and little bob-tailed explorers of the bayous, mingled promiscuously together, but all nosing the levee with equal ambition and pride, all their mighty maws open, some gorging, others disgorging, and some smoking up for a new battle with the mighty and muddy river.

We looked over the great multitude of humanity which surged and boiled around amid the piled-up wealth of the valley, and around the noses of the hungry steamboats. Hibernian and African Jehus, the roar of whose wheeled vehicles came upon the ear, sonorous and steady, like the rushing of many waters; the laboring gangs, improving their muscle in healthy tussle with the bales and the barrels and the boxes; the discharging and receiving clerks, the commission house clerks, the merchants, brokers, captains, mates, strangers of all nations, vagrom boys, idlers of different degrees, and peddlers of many kinds—a grand pot-pourri of humanity, such as may not be seen at any other port in America.

We looked up and down the river, and saw the two horns of the city crescent lined with fat-looking ships shining in the sunshine, and leaning warmly to their wharves—speaking silently of the many far-off countries, and quietly smiling the assurance that so long as there are wharves in New Orleans, there will be ships from all parts of the globe ever willing and glad to snug up to them.

We looked next at the river, mighty, muddy and rushing; high up between banks, searching wickedly for weak levees, and evidently hungry for its usual spring feast, its crevasse-lunch, upon the sugar plantations, and, if possible, a taste of the city by way of dessert, as it had in 1849. Wonderful stream! Saturnine river! The same muddy and ugly thing that it was when it sullenly swallowed the corpse of the first white man, DeSoto! Now the commercial artery of the greatest country of the Occident, with mighty cities on its banks; yet no more proud, no less wicked, than when the unbroken green lined its banks, and when it knew no other ripple than that of the wind, the red man's canoe, or the tail of the catfish! We feel like abusing the old river, mighty and useful as it is. It won't become civilized. It has been praised in all sorts of ways. The steamboats have steadily puffed it up for the last forty years; yet it swallows a steamboat whenever it gets the chance, and in its cavernous bosom keeps the caken bones entombed forever. Hungry with the taste of DeSoto, it now swallows up a legion of white men each year. Blown-up and sunken men, murdered, drunken men, suicides, it matters not whom, it swallows with equal appetite—it does'nt care—it asks no questions and it tells no tales. It spurns human sympathy and admiration—it tells its secrets only to the fishes. The great Calhoun once pulled it as an "inland sea;" yet it has never offered any better acknowledgment than that of trying to convert itself into a sea, to drown out the plantations and homes of those whom Calhoun loved best. Historians have praised it; poets have emblamed it in lasting verse; travelers of all countries have paid their tribute to its majestic might; this reporter and a thousand other newspaper men have tried to say handsome things about it—and yet, if it could, it would as greedily gulp down the body of John C. Calhoun, Charles Gayarre, and this reporter, as it did that of DeSoto and the brilliant steamboat crowds, and the hundreds of unknown and uncared-for wretches whom murder, alcohol and suicide did throw upon its soft but dark and treacherous bosom. Ungrateful, remorseless, monstrous old river! The rest of our indignation about the thankless old river we reserve for a future occasion.

We looked across the river and saw a spire or two, a few tree-tops, and other things indicating that Algiers was in the same old place. Algiers is a good place when you get into it; but, viewed from this side of the river, it is a standing offense, a perpetual insult to New Orleans. It never looks New Orleans fairly or openly in the face. It always grins at us like a Mardigras mummer, through a mask and domino composed of dry docks, mountain high, ancient ships without bows or rudders, venerable steamboats "going to seed" with their sterns this way, and other aged floating things, which make common cause with the other things in defying New Orleans.

Whilst our dandruff was elevated about this conduct of Algiers, and whilst we were debating whether we should go over and see it or not, we saw the ferry boat coming, and—

(*To be continued.*)

A PEN PICTURE.

Few persons have any idea of the wonderful things that can be done with a simple pen and ink, in the way of life-like pictures and landscapes. We once saw a large account-book, every capital letter of which was a picture of some sort; the whole book, in fact, was filled with quaint figures like those on the cover of Punch, portraits of distinguished men, views at sea and ashore, etc., etc., all executed in the most perfectly artistic style.

Last evening we saw a very fine specimen of this pen-picturing, executed by Mr. Howard Bristow, as a present to his friend, Dr. H. C. Gray. It is an allegorical representation, contrasting Health and Sickness. In the center, a grinning death's head upon a scroll, with a brawny blacksmith on the right, and on the left a pale, attenuated figure stretched upon a bed, while other ghostly, shrouded figures, are seen beyond. The various scrolls, lettering and flourishes which fill up the remainder of the picture, are executed with exquisite skill

YOUNG AMERICA AGAIN.

A youngster of four winters' life, of our acquaintance, rejoiced in a Bell and Everett flag during the Presidential campaign. A morning or two since he exhumed it from the dust of the past, and bringing it to his papa, asked leave to take it on the street. Papa said, "No; Bell and Everett were politically dead." "Who killed them?" was the query. "The Black Republicans," was the answer. Studying a moment, the query came back, "Are they the negro minstrels, pa?" Papa was unable to answer, for certainly there has been a harp of one string in use for some time past.

A MOURNFUL PICTURE.

Can the painter limn, or canvas portray, a sadder thought than this: Passing along one of our most crowded thoroughfares, a few days since, we saw a bright looking little fellow, of some ten years of age, clasping the hand of his reeling, intoxicated father. The feeble strength of the child was taxed to the uttermost in the guidance of the father. We caught, in passing, the remark, "Oh! we'll soon be to Jackson Square. There we can sit down!" Brave boy, may the future color the picture with a more mellow hue.

CELESTIALLY WASHED.

Recorder Emerson's Court, by many degrees the dirtiest and worst-furnished court-room in the city, got an unexpected washing by the dash of rain which came along yesterday afternoon. The edge of the roof being torn away, in the course of the repairs now going on, the rain came through the ceiling in streams, washing one whole side of the room, and giving the reporters' corner an especial drenching—for which we are thankful. Had the rain come along an hour or two earlier, it would have broken up the court proceedings.

DIED OF HIS WOUND.

Coroner Beach yesterday held an inquest on the body of Nicholas Molloy, a native of St. Johns, Newfoundland, 25 years of age, who died at Charity Hospital, where he was taken on the night of the 3d inst., with a stab-wound in the chest. He was very drunk at the time, and was never afterward able to tell who stabbed him. The post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Drew. Beside the fatal wound, which brought on pneumo-hydro-thorax and death, there were two slight wounds in the left side. The Coroner's verdict was, that death resulted from a penetrating wound in the chest, inflicted with a sharp instrument, by some person or persons unknown. The deceased was a laboring or sea-faring man.

THE DE SOTO RIFLES.

Capt. Kountz and his company were out last night. We were out with them, and it was so late when we achieved the brilliant success of getting back to No. 70 Camp street, that we are compelled to defer our report. We'll have something to say about it on Monday.

THE COURTS.

RECORDER EMERSON'S COURT.—Yesterday being Good Friday, nothing was done beyond discharging the dock and arraigning newly-accused parties. The arraignments were as follows:

Jim, slave of N. T. Edson, charged with having, on the 26th inst., at the corner of Poydras and Basin streets, assaulted Cornelius H. Vanderwall, of the firm of Wallace Hall coffeehouse, and struck him violently in the head with a hammer, with intent to kill. Sent to prison, to be examined on the 4th proximo.

Thomas Smith, alias Nicaragua, arrested on the steamboat landing by detective officers Isard and Farrell, as a dangerous and suspicious character. Sent to prison, in default of $1000 bail, to await examination.

W. H. Burroughs, charged with striking Peter Conway, on Lafayette street, which certainly did not look at all like a church-going article; he asked him he could tell so precisely where he was. "There is a tree in the hedge," said the blind man, "and that causes a lull in the air, because it stops the current; I always know when I come to the tree."

Not many months back, a traveler was riding, on one of the bleak and stormy nights for which the past year will long be remembered, over a dreary district of hill, down and dale, in central Yorkshire. He had a weary way to go, and his whole route lay in the teeth of the wind and tempest, which threatened to sweep him from the road. As he struggled on, his horse shied at the sections of some fences. Not relishing the idea of being benighted on that wild spot, he set spurs to his steed, and, trusting to the animal's instinct and sure-footedness, galloped through the darkness towards his destination. He had reason to repent of his precipitation, for the horse diverged from the track, and became entangled in a clump of furze and shrub, and he himself was thrown, but fortunately, without any serious injury. He was able to mount again and recover the path, and proceeding more cautiously, arrived at the village inn where he intended to put up about midnight. Here, on dismounting, he discovered that he had lost his watch, which had been torn from its fob by the fellow that served as a guard, and had most likely fallen to the ground among the furze where he had been thrown. He grieved at the loss of a valuable time-piece, and bemoaned his misfortune with the landlord.

There was a poor blind man sitting in the bar, who immediately rose and volunteered to go in search of the missing watch. The case appeared hopeless to the traveler, who could scarcely describe the spot where his misfortune had overtaken him, and who deemed the attempt to recover it on the part of a blind man as supremely ridiculous; and, indeed, it turned out in spite of this discouragement, however, the blind man seized his staff and set forth in the midst of the wind and the pouring rain. He knew the district better than the traveler did. He traversed the six miles of stormy heath and mountain, and, heedless of the driving wind, commenced his search. Having arrived at the spot he set his ear to the ground, and groped through the furze in all directions; the wind howled, and the long grass whistled around him, but amid all this melancholy sound he was able at length to identify the still small ticking of the watch, which he recovered, placed in his bosom, and brought back in triumph. Here is an exploit rivaling almost the fairy feats of Fine ear himself; it is one, however, for the truth of which we can vouch, while it is one which it is most certain that none other than a blind man could have accomplished.

It is probable that, in most blind persons, that faculty of the mind which phrenologists have supposed to be demonstrated by the organ of locality, must be exercised and perfected to an extraordinary degree. A blind workman, if he use a score or more of tools, always knows the place to hand on the right one when wanted, and will toil in an instant, and even after a considerable lapse of time, whether his tool-box had been tampered with, or the arrangement of the implements altered. The perfection of this faculty is sometimes exhibited in blind chess players, who generally attain to remarkable proficiency in the most complicated of all games. We have seen boys of tender age, and who were born blind, playing this difficult game in a masterly way, and generally checkmating their more mature antagonists. Their sole guide is their sense of touch; and it is astonishing to note with what rapidity they ascertain all they want to know by this means. By merely laying the palm of the hand and the finger-tips on the pieces as they stand, they master in a moment the position of the contending forces, and, without being informed of the adversary's plans, make the necessary disposition to defeat them.

PRESCRIPTION FOR A FASHIONABLE LADY.—Madam, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present, I prescribe only for your feet:

1st. Procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such as you may buy at the stores, under the name of lamb's wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, thick as a board, that will keep you dry and warm, in spite of wind and weather.

2d. If you want to be really thorough, change them every morning, having the fresh ones hung by the fire during the night.

3d. Procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and treble soles, and wear them from October to April.

4th. Avoid rubbers altogether, except a thick layer, which you should have cemented on the bottom of your feet.

5th. Hold your feet in cold water an inch deep five or six minutes before going to bed, and have them rubbed hard with some one's naked hand.

6th. Now, madam, go much out of doors at all seasons, and believe me, not only will your feet have a good circulation, but, as a consequence, your head will be relieved of its pain and congestion, and your heart be relieved of its palpitation, because relieved of its accumulations.
[Boston Journal of Physical Culture.

AT a Bible-class meeting lately held in a country town, the passage in the New Testament describing the Saviour's ride into Jerusalem on "an ass's colt," was the subject under consideration, and the pastor inquired:

"For what purpose did the people throw branches of palm trees in the way?"

This was a poser, but an old deacon ventured on an answer:

"I reckon," said he, "it was to skeer the colt?"

AMUSEMENTS.

VARIETIES—*Benefit of Charles Bass.*—That veteran actor, the present popular stage-manager at the Varieties, takes his benefit to-night. He appears in his greatest character, *Falstaff*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." For many years it has been conceded that but two actors alive could do justice to this merriest of Shakspeare's creations—Hackett and Bass. Miss Thompson and Mrs. Leighton are to appear as the merry wives, *Ford* and *Page*; John Owens appears as *Slender*, and Fannie Brown as *Anne Page*. The comedy is splendidly cast, and will be well treated. A dance by M'lle France and M. Brillions, and the drama of "The Last Man," with Bass as *Geoffry Dale*, will finish off to-night's excitements. The house will certainly be jammed.

ST. CHARLES—*Benefit of Mrs. Waller.*—Mrs. Waller takes her benefit to-night, appearing as *Lady Macbeth*, to the *Macbeth* of her husband, with Pope as *Macduff*. The afterpiece is the burlesque upon "Norma," with Deller and Smith as *Norma* and *Adelgisa*, and Laura Honey as *Pollio*. The bill is a liberal one, comprising, as it does, both the sublime and the ridiculous to an unusual extent. Hermann, the magician, begins on Monday.

ACADEMY.—*Benefit of Frederick.*—The usual noon performance for ladies and children will take place, beginning shortly after 12 o'clock. At night Zouave Frederick takes his benefit, assisted, not only by the whole strength of the Zouaves, but by some of the best singers of the Opera House. The bill is an uncommonly attractive one. Read it, and visit the box-office early.

George the Third was very partial to Corbonel, the wine merchant, and frequently admitted him to the Royal Hunt. Returning one day, the king entered familiarly into conversation with him, and rode side by side a considerable distance. Lord Walsingham watched an opportunity, and called Mr. Corbonel aside, and whispered to him. "What's that what has Walsingham been saying to you?" inquired his Majesty. "I find, sire, I have been unintentionally guilty of disrespect, by not taking off my hat when I addressed your Majesty; but, you will please to observe, that whenever I hunt my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig to my head, and, as I am mounted on a very spirited horse, if anything goes off so must all go off together." The king laughed heartily at the whimsical apology.

FROST MUSIC.—I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped and listened. For sometime I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest which was not far off; but the tone was not harpiike, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was, in fact, almost under my feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air holes, for the place was a wilderness; and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion when, in some still night after a warm, spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and a racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been somewhat before that the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very