The New Orleans Crescent.

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S. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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Fifteen...	40 "	75 "	100 "	150 "	250 "
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SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 22, 1868.

A VALUABLE MAP.—Mr. Jas. McMyler, of the "Map House," corner of Dryades and Calliope streets, has presented us with a very valuable map—Watson's new railroad and telegraph map for 1868. It is printed on both sides, one side containing an excellent map of the United States, with a variety of valuable statistical information on the margin, and the other side containing a map of the world, which is also a good one. This map, which is about four feet square, is for sale by Mr. McMyler at the remarkably low price of three dollars. He is the general Southern agent for the sale of the map, and is now engaged in appointing sub-agents throughout the South.

We are indebted to Capt. Pitfield, of the steamship Mexico, for a copy of the "Two Republics," a newspaper published in the city of Mexico, of the date of March the 7th.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—We were pleased to receive a visit yesterday from Mr. Jas. L. Ryan, agent of the above named company. We have the assurance of an old friend and a responsible merchant, who was formerly in this city, and now resides in New York, that this company is one of the best and soundest in the country. Mr. Ryan proposes, in connection with our well known fellow-citizen, Mr. A. P. Cleaveland, to establish an agency of the Equitable at 122 Gravier street, and we refer for full particulars to the advertisement in to-day's paper.

We would refer our readers to the card of W. S. Crane, Esq., in another column, in reference to the payment of a policy on the life of a deceased brother. The reader will not fail to note the fact, hat the company not only paid the policy in full, but also a dividend of 50 per cent. on the premium paid by the assured. The Old Phœnix with its millions of dollars of assets is too well and favorably known to require an extended notice from us.

According to special orders No. 60, from the military headquarters of Gen. Reynolds, Dr. G. H. Gunn, of the U. S. army, is required to report to the commanding officer at Austin, Texas, for assignment to duty at Camp Verde.

The clerk of the Lafourche has our thanks for a copy of the Alexandria Democrat.

Alexis Soyer, the celebrated culinary artist, is known to have said that "Religion feeds the soul, education the mind, food the body." Of the first and second some may differ with Mr. Soyer, but of food being necessary for the sustenance of the body, we believe all must agree with him; and in order to procure the proper articles of food we advise our readers to call at the fancy and family grocery store of Messrs. Berry & Hart, No. 71 Camp street, where everything in the grocery line can not only be purchased at low prices, but delivered in any part of the city free of drayage.

An auctioneer in Nashville, Tennessee, was selling a mare at public auction last week. He allowed one of the bidders to get on the mare to try her speed. He must have been pleased for he has never returned.

A Mrs. Beauchamp, of Hinds county, Miss., committed suicide last week by drowning herself in a pond.

THE TEHUANTEPEC RAILROAD.—The "Two Republics," a newspaper published in the city of Mexico, has the following:

Hon. Emile La Sere returned to New Orleans on the 18th ult., from New York, where he had been for three months previous, laboring in the interest of the Tehuantepec railroad transit. His efforts have been so far successful, that he is about to visit Mexico to consummate further arrangements for the completion of the road.

DOUBLE VOTING.—A correspondent of the Montgomery Mail, writing from Wetumpka, on the 18th, says:

There were over one hundred votes voted double at this box. There were over one hundred who voted by affidavit whose names are not on the registered list of this county, yet they swore they were registered here.

The Illinois Staats Zeitung, a German radical paper, speaks in the following complacent manner of its own party:

Suppose the State of Alabama was admitted today, and in spite of all the congressional generosity, it votes at the next election for the Democratic candidate? Well, in that case, Thad. Stevens will move to annul the vote of the State, and by a new ukase declare her to be unreconstructed again.

A good *stand* for a printer—at his case.
A sinking fund for a *heath*—city currency.
The devil's dues—Ben Butler.
Next to nothing—a cipher (0.)
Black mail on the South—niggers voting.

"Say, friend," asked a stranger the other day of a citizen, "can you inform me where Toulouse street is?" "No," was the witty reply, "unless all the streets are *too loose*."

To "raise the wind"—Turn a fanning machine.
An ominous sign—The undertaker's.
An alarm of fire—telling a red-headed woman her baby is ugly. SPLIGGINS.

Editorial Paragraphs, Etc.

Grau's German Opera troupe is in Savannah.
Thanks to the officers of the steamer Idahoe.
Thanks to the officers of the steamer Morgan.
Minnesota has caught the hop fever.
The spiritualists are in full blast at Chicago.
Conkling is said to be the best looking man in the Senate.

The rich senator from Rhode Island is known in the reporters' gallery as "Little Sprague."

It is said that the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co. sunk $150,000 in the Atlantic—Magazine.

Thanks to the officers of the steamer St. Mery.

Bismarck sleeps like a marmot throughout church service, and what is more, snores.

The Mississippi river is open above and below Lake Pipin.

Ristori is coming back from Havana. She will soon get to be an old 'stori.

Fessenden is said to spend his evenings in whist playing, but is always ready for debate.

Yates thinks the conviction of the president very doubtful.

We hear favorable accounts of coming crops from every part of the country.

A Democratic paper in Washington nominates Chief Justice Chase for the Presidency.

Thanks to the Southern Express Company for a bundle of late papers.

The probable line of defense in the trial of the president is prefigured elsewhere by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette.

Secretary McCulloch's late letter to the chairman of the finance committee, is given in another column.

The proprietors of the Boston Post have just paid $150,000 for property upon which to build a new publishing house.

The London Times says a more popular man could not be sent from America to the British court than Geo. B. McClellan.

Lucien Bonaparte, one of the new cardinals, was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the first Napoleon.

Further particulars of the great storm show that it was unparalleled in extent and destructiveness.

The president's counsel, it is said, think the evidence of General Rousseau absolutely necessary for the defense. It is believed he can be summoned from Alaska in about three months.

A London correspondent says the poet laureate appears to be collecting all the discarded scraps of his waste paper basket, and selling them to the magazines, as some people clear out their wardrobes once a year.

Alluding to Stevens's late refection of oysters in the Senate chamber, the New York Times remarks that the South is only Mr. Stevens's metaphorical oyster which, with ancient Pistol, he says, "I with sword will open."

"Mack" says Fessenden may be called a conservative Republican, which is a man who swears the thing is wrong yet does it, and justifies himself in the belief that as a choice of evils between that and Democracy he is choosing the least.

On the 18th the president formally attended the funeral of William Slade, a much respected colored man, who has been for years the steward of the executive mansion. Mayor Wallack and other local celebrities were also present. The deceased was quite wealthy.

The journalists of Oberlin, Ohio, call a barber "a tonsorial professor;" winter is spoken of as "Mr. J. Frost;" a surprise party is entitled "an amicable invasion:" burglars are dubbed "modern adepts," and the public speaking in the college is called, "The Monthly Rhetorical."

Celeste and Boosey, says a sharp writer in the Chicago Tribune, do not go to the Italian opera because they like it better than English, but because it is fashionable. Do you want proof of this? "Fra Diavolo" is one of the most popular of foreign operas, and yet Herman's interpolation of a simple English ballad, sung in English, creates more enthusiasm in the most fashionable audience than all the rest of the opera combined. These people like the English best, but for the sake of fashion they will endure musical martyrdom just as a woman will let her back hair stretch her eyes to her ears, or let a corset put her on half rations of breath for the same reason.

THE "KU-KLAX" KLAN.—This mysterious organization appears to be on the increase throughout the South. Its purposes are subjects of speculation among the Southern papers. Those who are in the secret say nothing about it; and those who are not are evidently much perplexed over the enigma. The Nashville Union thus describes the doings of the K. K. K. in that locality:

All yesterday rumors were rife on the streets that at half-past eleven o'clock of Wednesday night a ghostly cavalcade had made its appearance on the square, simultaneously with a similar parade at Murfreesboro, and daylight of yesterday revealed on a brick wall on the east side of Printers' alley the following mysteriously awful summons:

"Attention! I. O. V.—Dem. No. 1, March 4th, 1868.—Special orders No. 14.—You are hereby commanded to meet in secret conclave to-morrow night (5th), at twelve o'clock. The cock shall crow thrice. The serpent's head shall be crushed. So say you all. By order of the

"MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND TURK."

The strange hand writing on the wall created an immense sensation and a sharp lookout was kept last night by the curious. At about midnight a body of thirty horsemen, wearing black masks and dressed in the somber habiliments of the Ku Klux made their appearance on Church street, but moved silently along, giving no indications whatever of anything but peaceable intentions. They were at first supposed to be a party of young men out on a nocturnal frolic, but a closer inspection led to a different conclusion. Disappearing shortly after, they were next seen about two o'clock this morning moving down North Summer street towards the Sulphur Springs, and are supposed to have left town by that route.

We understand the police are to take steps looking to the prevention of another display of the kind, and serious trouble is anticipated between the M. P's and the mysterious horsemen. There is a corporation law against the wearing of masks, and by the authority of this the Metropolitans will act.

SIX SHIRTS FOR $9.—The invention of the sewing machine has been one of the greatest comforts to the human family ever discovered, and we think we can prove by facts incontrovertible the truth of our assertion. A fine shirt makes complete a gentleman's toilet, and a clean shirt is absolutely necessary to a man's comfort. This is a necessity, and the manufactory of our esteemed friend, Col. S. N. Moody, the prince of shirt manufacturers, can at the shortest possible notice make to order any given number of the finest shirts in this country, and at prices that defy the competition of foreign enterprise. Colonel Moody has one of the most complete stocks of gentlemen's furnishing goods in the South, and as he has heretofore monopolized the trade in this line of business he is determined to maintain his status by selling six shirts of his own make for $9. This price brings it within means of every man's purse to give himself the comfort of a clean shirt every day, and to those who are in want of this luxury we cheerfully recommend them to go to the corner of Royal and Canal streets, where they will have this expectation realized both in the price and show of goods, and in the gentlemanly courtesy of the popular proprietor.

VERBUM SAT.—The time for piscatorial ruminations is at hand, and to those who are fond of Isaac Walton's favorite amusement we would say, for all the implements necessary to a complete outfit for such sport, go to Morris McGraw's, 55 Gravier street, where you will find one of the most complete assortments in the city. His stock embraces every class of sein and net, hook and line, while his stock of wooden and willow ware consists of every article in that line of goods. Mr. McGraw does a large and paying business, and having all the facilities of the trade, is prepared to extend the most liberal advantages.

TREATRICALS.

The season draws to a close; and people evidently appreciate the fact, for the audiences at all the places of amusement have increased considerably during the past week. Benefits have been numerous. At the Varieties, Mrs. Gomersal, Messrs. Fiske and Dyott, and at the Academy the Miacos have tested their claims to popularity. The Fiske benefit on Wednesday evening received an additional éclat by the production of "Sky High," a new musical extravaganza, written by a member of the New Orleans press. On this occasion there was assembled an audience which (if we except the Mistick Krewe gatherings) we have never seen surpassed for beauty and intelligence. Miss Pincide and Mr. Parkes have, we learn, terminated their engagement at the Varieties—the latter having already gone to New York. Delahanty, Hengler and Add Ryman have returned from St. Louis during the week, and are now appearing nightly as before, at the Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Watkins reached here on Saturday from Augusta, Ga., and will commence an engagement at the St. Charles to-morrow evening.

Miss Kingsberry leaves for St. Louis on Tuesday, to fill an engagement at Ben Dollar's Opera House in that city. The Masonic testimonials during the week have brought her name very generally before the New Orleans public in connection with the noble cause of charity. A very handsome sum—we could not learn the exact amount—was realized for Louisiana Relief Lodge by her performance of *Fanchon* on Wednesday evening.

The reciprocal testimonial last evening was equally well attended, and gave assurance that Miss Kingsberry, when leaving New Orleans, will carry with her the prayers and best wishes not only of all Masons, but of everyone interested in the work of doing good. We have never seen anywhere a more enthusiastic assemblage. At the conclusion of the last scene in "Little Barefoot," throughout which the beneficiary had been frequently applauded, Miss Kingsberry came before the curtain, accompanied by Mr. Stevens, and bowed her acknowledgments. As she turned to retire, Joseph P. Hornor, Esq., came from behind the curtain, and addressing the fair young actress, told her that the Masons of New Orleans had appreciated her noble efforts in the cause of charity, and were desirous of presenting her with some memento by which she might recall her visit among us. He placed about her neck at the same time a blue ribbon, to which was affixed an elaborately wrought gold medal, appropriately inscribed.

Miss Kingsberry replied very neatly and touchingly, expressing her gratitude for the kindness evinced toward her during her engagement, and promising to wear the medal as long as she lived.

Then the audience applauded more loudly than ever, and amid the clapping of hands and fall of bouquets, Miss Kingsberry, conducted by Mr. Hornor, turned to retire. In doing so she was presented by a gentleman seated in one of the stage boxes, with a beautiful wreath, bearing red and white ribbons.

The applause however did not end with her disappearance, but only grew louder, now subsiding, now swelling up into a great tumult of enthusiasm, until, for the second time, the object of it all came again upon the stage, escorted by Mr. Hamburger, W. M. of Louisiana Relief Lodge, No. 1, and wearing the medal of which she had just been the recipient.

So triumphant an ovation has rarely been accorded any popular favorite in the Old Drury, and we can only regret that last evening was the closing one of Miss Kingsberry's engagement.

The medal, wrought by the skillful workmanship of Brother Fred Holyland, is of heavy gold, bearing upon one side the square and compass, with the crescent and star, emblematic of the Masonic fraternity of New Orleans, and surmounted with the inscription "Testimonial to Alice Kingsberry." Upon the reverse is the crescent supporting the arms of Louisiana, with an inscription, (upon the ribbon,) "From the Masons of New Orleans," (and in the crescent,) "At the complimentary benefit given her by them. March 21, 1868." The whole is encased in a heavy chased border, surmounted by the emblem of one of the degrees which Miss Kingsberry has taken.

To-night Mr. Harkins has a benefit at the St. Charles, appearing as *Julio* in the "Six Degrees of Crime," and as *Conchichet* in the "Wept of the Wish-ton-wish." This programme is a strong one and ought to fill the house with Mr. Harkins's admirers, whose name is legion.

Mr. Lawlor's benefit to-morrow night at the Varieties will also lay claim to an ample share of public favor. The patrons of the Varieties have been unanimous in pronouncing that gentleman an easy, graceful and always faithful actor. Mrs. Leighton has, we are glad to see, volunteered for the occasion.

The following sprightly little piece of poetry, previously published elsewhere, is from the pen of Miss Alice Kingsberry:

STOLEN KISS.

Gently sighing,
Nearly dying,
Who would miss
Divine pleasure,
Without measure,
Stolen kiss.

Heart heart pressing,
Hands caressing,
This is bliss.
Burning, freezing,
Scarcely breathing,
Melting kiss.

Sad and grieving,
Thee I'm leaving,
Think of me.
Miles asunder,
In thy slumber
I'll kiss thee.

Some new attractions are promised at the Academy this week. Some magic tableaux, and dissolving views will be presented, and, having already seen them, we can vouch for their rare attractiveness and beauty. They were exhibited at the exposition in Paris, and achieved there a wonderful success. And then, beside this attraction, bear in mind that Delahanty, Hengler and Ryman have returned, either one of them being a host in himself for humorous entertainment.

The performances offered this evening may be summed up as follows:

At the St. Charles Mr. Harkins's benefit will be the occasion of his appearance in two leading characters, in "Six Degrees of Crime" and the "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish."

At the Varieties "Sky High" will be repeated, as well as the drama entitled the "Irish Emigrant."

At the Academy the "Red Crook" will reach its final representation. The usual attractive olio performances will be also presented.

The Crescent City Museum will be open day and evening, as usual.

THE GREAT REDUCTION STILL LASTS.—The price of clothing is very much less than the emergency; still Messrs. Garthwaite, Lewis & Stuart, 31 and 33 Camp street, are selling their splendid stock of clothing, trunks, valises, carpet bags, etc., at such prices as will bring it within the means of the most meager purse to clothe themselves decently. A man is generally estimated by his dress, and as these gentlemen are selling the most fashionable styles of dress clothing at you may say nominal prices, there is no reason why one should not go well dressed.

CHOUTEAU & EDWARDS.—This brand of flour is manufactured out of the most carefully selected wheat, and the popular agents, Messrs. Chenoweth, Casey & Co., No. 70 New Levee street, claim for it the test of our community, believing, as they do, that it will give the most perfect satisfaction. In the West it has a reputation that stands far above many popular brands, and all that the agents ask is an impartial trial, feeling confident that in every instance it will meet with the entire satisfaction of the purchaser.

THE MCCARDLE CASE.—A Washington special of the 18th, to the Cincinnati Commercial, says:

It has been generally taken for granted that the effect of the act passed last Friday, supplementing the reconstruction acts which repealed the provision for the appeal of *habeas corpus* cases from the circuit courts to the Supreme Court of the United States, must be to throw the McCardle case out of court, unless it be decided before. That act becomes a law on the 25th inst. Some hold, however, the reverse. They argue that an *ex post facto* law is impossible under the Constitution, and the appeal of the McCardle case to the Supreme Court is an accomplished and recognized fact. It seems to be well settled by the decisions of the court itself, in the case of Clison vs. the State of Georgia, that the repeal of a statute giving jurisdiction prevents the rendition of a judgment, although the case may have been submitted to the court. Hence the act which was carried through Congress last week cuts off the judgment in the McCardle case, unless a decision is given by the court in advance of that act becoming a law. This decision is expected on Monday next.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence of the Crescent.]

NEW YORK, March 16, 1868.

The New Hampshire election having lost some of its sensational power, for now-a-days a few hours may be enough to make an item of news old, the impeachment of the president is again the important thing on the carpet, especially as the opening of the great trial has now come. It is again discussed among all classes with much the same vigor as when it was first announced. The slight effect of the matter on the general business, however, is very note worthy.

Pierre Carme has accepted John Deery's challenge to play any man in the world a French game of billiards, 500 points up, on a carom table, for $1000. The match between Melvin Foster, of this city, and McDevitt, of Chicago, has caused much excitement among the entire community of players. This match is for the championship and $500 aside, and is to be played on the 8th of next month, in Chicago. Foster has declared against the push shot, matches now arranged will, of course, be played with the push shot, jawing alone being barred. The table in the championship match will be one of the standard Phelan & Collins, Foster to have choice of any one now in Chicago.

The arrangements are being rapidly completed for the great "National Fair" for the establishment of a home for the widows and mothers of our dead soldiers and sailors. The fair will be conducted on much the same plan as were the sanitary fairs during the war, and which proved so successful. Besides the fair, lectures, art exhibitions and concerts will be given, and a grand ball. The committees have already been appointed; on these are many of our very prominent citizens. General Robert Anderson heads the locating and building committee. It is expected that many of the churches will furnish tables in the fair. The States will be invited to contribute. All this is very gratifying, after the many wretched schemes purporting to be for the benefit of the soldier and his wife and children, but really planned in the interest of the meanest class of swindlers.

Miss Fanny Kemble's readings still attract large audiences, and still win unbounded admiration. The way in which she is greeted now forcibly reminds one of the warmth of her reception years ago. All these years have only given to her genius a mellow ripeness, and she has more power to-day, and stands without a rival. Last evening she gave "Measure for Measure." Some of our sister cities will soon hear voice.

The superintendent of public buildings still continues to harass delinquent tenement house owners. Since Saturday he has served over fifty notices on them, demanding a compliance with the law in regard to construction, fire escapes, etc. The public has been thoroughly awakened to the vital importance of this tenement house reform. The poor have been greatly benefited by the action already taken, and the future gives much greater promise. Landlords have found that "man-trap houses" can't be built or maintained with the impunity of years ago.

No very sudden and marked changes in general business to record, only a quiet and rather steady growth into better things. All in all, trade gives considerable promise. The stock market has as much up and down activeness as ever. Erie still continuing the apple of discord. Horace Greeley says he don't know much about who is bull or bear in this fight, but this he does know, that the Erie railroad ought to be regularly earning and paying fair dividends to its stockholders, and it is a burning shame to somebody that it is not. He then says: "When, O when will our legislature pass a stringent law making it a misdemeanor to buy or sell stock or bonds on time?" in other words, to bet that the price of a given stock will be higher or lower on a specified future day than it is when the bet is made. Such a law would add largely to the ranks of our useful workers while substracting from that of our gambling fellows, and would rescue the little all of the thousands of widows and orphans from the whirling clutch of heartless blacklegs. Suits and counter suits continue in Erie and the officers of the company have gone to Jersey City, and taken their funds with them. The reason assigned for taking the money is the guarding it against a possible attachment. The end is not yet.

The week just gone by has been prolific of first-class musical entertainments. The last but one concert was given at the Academy of Music, by the Philharmonic Society, in presence of a large and select audience. Connoisseurs of music are right in saying that this society has by far the best orchestra in America, and compares favorably with first-class institutions of that description in Europe. Their selection is generally excellent, and was so in the said instance. Madame Parepa Rosa earned well deserved laurels by the performance of an air from Oberon, not any the less for being comparatively unknown in our country. The orchestra played with their usual precision. Another musical treat was the performance of Mozart's beautiful opera, "Don Juan," at Pike's, where Madame Parepa Rosa and Mrs. Hunk, excelled, as Donna Anna Zerline respectively. The role of Leporrelo degenerated too much into that of a clown, but is to be hoped that when Mr. Harrison's troupe, who are on the point of leaving the city, return, their short comings will be done away with, and also that we will be favored with the production of more good operas such as "Don Juan." Operettas do very well for a certain class of people, but in the end the performance of well known operas will be more appreciated even by those who make no pretension to musical science.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

WHIM-WHAMS.

BY JOCKO.

William Beauxjambes, Chiz and I had the pistols out the other day. As we were returning, Chiz asked: "Suppose I were to level this weapon at William; in what would I differ from a man buying a sight draft on Liverpool?" Neither of us could say; so he explained—"One would be taking a bill at sight and the other—" but no! I will not repeat what he said—it is too atrocious.

Vice Versa—A bad habit of rhyming.

Georgraphical query—Was Ultima Thule in the Russian possessions? and if so, was it anything like the *thule* we find now-a-days composing a *ruche in* a bonnet?

Hans to Franz, who is just from Ganz—"Vy dis sea sick trip you vas shoost bin bad like dis Bologny vot not shmell like beaches?" "Sie nicht kann say?" "Den I dell you. Von vas ein sad bassage, unt die oder vas ein bad sassage. Sie verstay?"

Corpus juris civilis—Law in Louisiana.

Is it fair to say of a barber building up a lady's false hair that he is upbraiding her falseness?

Motto for a field hospital—*Inter arma leges silent.* They bury arms and legs silently.

Why is a battery forming for action like a future dispensation of Providence? It is coming into position (interposition.)

If humor is a grosser kind of wit, what a funny place a grocery ought to be!

Sensible—*Equus* meaning *horse* and *animus* meaning *mind*, does *equanimity* more properly signify *stock minding* or *horse sense?*

Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis—It is spoiling a good thing to pepper apples.

On Caroudelet, the other day, I met Chiz. He looked about him hesitatingly for a moment and then asked, "Why is cotton like Pompey's last battle?" I was unable to tell, and the unfortunate youth continued, "Because it is *for sale here.*" (*Pharsalia*, I fancy, he meant.) We parted in silence and I have not seen him since.

The difference between *cous de cygne* and *coups d'etat*—The former are supported by bodies of swans; the latter by bodies of geese.

What Greek poet does a man resemble who buys an acre of land on credit? Anacreon. Why? Because he is getting *An-acre on tic.*

Solemn young lawyer—"A able effort by Mr. Codex yesterday?" *Funny young lawyer*—"Yes! *ab min-able.*"

Children will be children all over the world. Does the fact that this saying is true make it more agreeable to have them so all over the house?

Piquant style of beauty—a face like a pecan.

An *Auge*-an task—dressing a lady's hair.

SAILING OF THE UNITED STATES.—The steamship United States, Capt. Norton, sailed last evening for New York direct, with a full freight and the following named passengers:

Thomas Leeds and wife, Miss Lena Reed, Chas. Dubois, B. Butterfield, Winchester Ross, Louis Sarina, C. G. Gottschalk, Francois Chiffoné, J. Kavanaugh, Vincent Peligrine, Sophie Bentelspacher, Herbert Fontenay and wife, and 16 in the steerage.

SAILING OF THE CORTES.—The steamship Cortes, S. Whitman, commanding, sailed from her wharf, foot of Toulouse street, at 5 o'clock last evening, for New York direct, with a full freight and the following named passengers:

John Johnson, wife and 2 children, Thomas O'Brien, A. O'Brien, J. H. Lynch and son, P. Rooney, S. Smither, C. Constancies, O. Rowbinney and others.

LETTER FROM PELIS OATES.

Mr. Editor—During the war it used to be hard tack, now it's hard taxes. The difference is the one used to be all square, the other isn't generally viewed in the same satisfactory light. The contemplation of the one is floury, of the other, bilious in the extreme. The hard tack used to come in a box, whereas now the hard taxes have got us all into a box ourselves.

I shudder now to think of it, but I came very near being appointed street commissioner some months since. The commander was looking about for some citizen who had never stormed a United States gunboat or captured a granite fort, all alone and unaided, and pitched upon me.

"Oates," said he, "I'll make you street commissioner if you want; you're a loyal man, I believe?"

I replied that I was loyal to the core (de ballet).

"Well," he continued, "Oates, my friend, are you radical, Democratic, conservative, or neutral?"

"I am, general," I answered.

"Enough," said he, "you'll do, Oates. By the way, I suppose you know there's some tip-top four-bit brandy over at Gumbel's, don't you?"

"No, I wasn't aware of it," said I; "just make out that little order, general, and send it down to my office, 25 Roo Too-loose; I'll clean the streets all right, general;" and leaving four bits for bitters, I quit the military shades.

And that was the nearest I came to being street commissioner. In view of the present condition of city notes, I don't regret it much. Barns used to say "a chiel's amang ye takin notes, and faith he'll print 'em," but it does seem to me there's too many of these chiels about town just now takin and printin city notes as fast as possible, and the result is note-owe-rious. It sometimes occurs to me that Hancock ought to make a clean sweep in the City Hall—but on inquiry, I find that that duty devolves daily upon the colored porter of the establishment.

Our sheriff has become decidedly popular of late, judging by his numerous attachments. The constables have become nautical, for they are continually on the seize, raising the wind with auction sails. You see people are willing to dance but won't always pay the fi-fa. In these cases the constables show an undeniable judgment.

A man who bought a dog from me two weeks ago on credit, came up and offered to pay me the other day in city notes, when they were somewhere down about forty per cent. discount. He said the dog had run away the day after he got him, and mournfully inquired whether I honestly, conscientiously, thought the dog was worth his paying me for it.

"Why don't you keep the cur an' see?" I indignantly replied, thinking of my departed dorg.

"I want you to take the currency," he answered.

"But," I remonstrated, "this depreciation brings me too low."

"It don't bring me Carlo," he continued.

Well, I finally took the money, and bid the purchaser good day, hoping he'd find the lost one.

"Let me know," he said, "if you should accidentally see any cur he favors."

"Thank you," I said, "I never carry favors with anybody."

Then I went to see if I could dispose of my city notes. There were ten two's. Meeting an acquaintance I inquired where I would find a dealer in notes.

"Dealer in Oates," he said, "why go to any lawyer's office. They're always feed."

"Nonsense, a broker's office; try and give me a direct answer."

"Broker sophistry I see you don't like" he replied. "But come along," pointing down the streets, "There's a plenty of city note brokers ahead."

"Brokers and breakers, too," I murmured, and we went along together.

"What's oats worth to-day," shouted a grain merchant as I passed his store.

"Well, sir," said I, "your inquiry, although decidedly impertinent I will answer. A peck of (v)oats to some politicians is worth its weight in gold. But if you speak of me Oates, Pells Oates, personally, individually—why, sir, I—er—yes—sir—yes, sir, am decidedly hard up."

"Oates, you're excited," said the merchant.

"If so, why not?" I continued. "Anything that goes against me goes against the grain."

"To be—certainly," he stammered, and I left him evidently much confused.

The broker received us with noteworthy politeness. "Greenbacks," said I, grandly, throwing the price of my dorg's liberty upon the counter. "Give me portraits of Chase." When I got the money I wished that instead of a greenback I had my dog back. Alas! poor Carlo. I was walking through the market a day or two afterward, whistling a familiar air, when suddenly I descried Carlo, pursued by a crowd of urchins. It was in vain that I endeavored to stop him, as, darting between my feet, he upset me, and was off like a flash, his caudal appendage intracurally located. And now, the only link which binds him to my memory is—a sausage link.

"OTIUM CUM DIG."

For the New Orleans Sunday Crescent.]

Some people and things in this world are grievously mistreated. "Lo," for instance. Who, I should like to know, ever authorized anybody to call Lo an Indian, and by what right do mankind at large assert that he was poor? And *Verbum*, too, who is eternally declared to have *sat*, and *Nihil* whom everybody is constantly accusing of having *fit*? All these are the victims of groundless, and I must think, malicious assertions, the general belief in which can only be ascribed to the depravity of human nature, ever ready to think evil of others. These, however, have each found a defender. But there exists an individual in behalf of whom no writer has as yet taken up the cudgel, and one, too, who has been oftener and more grossly aggrieved than any mentioned above. I refer, of course, to *Otium*—he who is so often told to "cum dig." What right-minded man, I ask, has not fumed with sympathetic indignation on hearing this order, insulting in its stern brevity, reading, as it does, not "*Otium*, please *cum dig*," or, "*Otium*, if it's not inconvenient, I should be happy if you would *cum dig*," but short, sharp, "*Otium, cum dig.*" You can almost imagine you hear d—n you after "*Otium*," or that the orderer means, "*Otium*, if you don't *cum dig*, you'll catch h—all Columbia." But if the order outrages you, how must your bosom glow with admiration of the angelic sweetness of temper with which it is received. Think! Here is *Otium*, descended from the old Latin race—a nobleman, perhaps, who knows?—venerable, on account of his great age, which is now nearly 2000 years, claiming consideration from the fact of being a foreigner, and, therefore, ignorant of our language and customs, laconically insulted by being told to "*cum dig.*" Heavens! what a di(t)gredation! And yet no word of complaint, of anger, escapes him. Who ever heard *Otium* raise a row with anybody? Who ever knew him to publish a card referring to his past record and general distaste for rural life as a plea for not *cum*ing and *dig*ging, or stating that no one was authorized to request him to "*cum dig?*" In this respect he sets an example, alas! too little followed in these degenerate days.

Another thing: There is a dark mystery hanging about *Otium* which does not invest others of his kind. *Nobody knows what action he ever took on the order.* Has he always in silence obeyed the agricultural mandate, or has he, with the facit scorn of a virtuous mind, simply put it aside? Volumes might be written on each side of this deeply interesting subject by men learned in the antique lore pertaining to it, and probably a satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at; but in defaut of such men, scarce, ehen! now-a-days, *Otium's* conduct under the trying circumstances in which fate has so often placed him, must ever remain an impenetrable secret, whose sphynx like face we can see but dimly peering at us through the mists of twenty centuries. But whichever course he pursued, certain it is he made no sign. Whatever he did, he did it without any fuss—admirable, inimitable *Otium!*

These few hasty remarks have been called forth by the indignation with which I have long witnessed the repeated insults offered to the subject of this article and the calm equanimity with which he has borne them. I cannot better close them than with a moral, the use of which, my friends, will make you bless him whose life gave it birth.

Moral—When you sometimes find yourself in *Otium's* fix, when adversity thrusts the spade into your unwilling hands and calls you from scenes of pleasure to "*cum dig*," learn from *Otium* the grand lesson of silence—"grin and bear it."

BASE BALL—*Mobile vs. Montgomery.*—The Dramatic Club, of Mobile, has challenged the Montgomery club to a series of match games of base ball, for the championship of the State. The Montgomery club, we learn, which hold a meeting to night, will accept the challenge, and the game will therefore be played in this city. It will excite considerable interest.—[Mont. Mail.

A teacher of an Episcopal school in Hartford advised his boys to sacrifice something during Lent. They retired, deliberated, and decided to sacrifice—hash!

For the Sunday Crescent.]

PRYTANIAN PARLOR SCENES.

BY JOCKO.

Scene II—Drawing-room at the Pooley. Fascinating Dog, *solus*. Arranges himself gracefully upon a sofa and strikes an attitude delicately expressive of mingled ease and expectation. Servant returns—Miss Pooley will be down in a minute. Minute passes—two—three—five. Fascinating Dog smooths his hat! Ten minutes. Fascinating Dog walks carelessly by mirror, stops abstractedly and adjusts scarfpin; looks absently at himself in mirror and goes across to the pier-glass to see how those trousers fit. Fifteen minutes—regards the paintings; twenty minutes—examines busts and other stoneware about the room, giving a glance at the mantel vases and turning over some souvenirs of travel on *étagères*, pier-tables, etc. Thirty minutes—Fascinating Dog grows desperate and—opens a photograph album. Before anything happens, however, Miss Pooley enters.

Miss Pooley—(Trippingly.) "I am afraid I have made you wait. But, positively"—

Fascinating Dog—(Beamingly.) "It has seemed an eternity—though I believe"—

M. P.—"Oh, you are so sarcastic."

F. D.—"I give you my word"—

M. P.—"Now don't be ironical."

F. D.—"Indeed, I"—

M. P.—"You are too severe."

F. D.—"Really, I had no intention"—

M. P.—"I believe you are jesting all the while."

F. D.—"I assure you, you entirely"—

M. P.—"If you don't leave off quizzing I shall not say another word."

F. D.—"'Pon my honor, I never once thought"—

M. P.—"Oh! you satirical creature," etc.

At the end of half an hour the F. D. withdraws, fully persuaded that he is an elegant extract of Aristophanes, Juvenal, Molière, and the London Punch, combined, and wondering how it happened.

Some one was speaking to Brougham one evening in the green-room of the theater of the genius of Booth and of his fine features: "What an eye he has! it looks as if it could pierce through a board!" "Then," said Brougham, "it must be a *gimlet* eye!"

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