The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1868.

From Every Saturday.]

Tennyson's New Poem.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, POET LAUREATE.

Lucilla, wedded to Lucretius, found
Her master cold; for when the morning flush
Of passion and the first embrace had died
Between them, though he loved her none the less,
Yet often when the woman heard his foot
Return from pacings in the field, and ran
To greet him with a kiss, the master took
Small notice, or austerely, for—his mind
Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy-borne, perhaps, upon the rise
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
She brooked it not; but wrathful, petulant,
Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
Who brewed the philter which had power, they said,
To lead an errant passion home again.
And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
And this destroyed him; for the wicked broth
Confused the chemic labor of the blood,
And tickling the brute within the man's brain
Made havoc among those tender cells, and checked
His power to shape: he loathed himself; and once,
After a tempest, woke upon a morn
That mocked him with returning calm and cried:

'Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
Struck out the streaming mountain side, and showed
A riotous confluence of watercourses
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
Where all but yester-eve was dusty dry.
Storm and what dreams ye holy gods, what dreams,
For thrice I wakened after dreams. Perchance
We do but recollect the dreams that come
Just ere the waking: terrible! for it seemed
A void was made in Nature; all her bonds
Cracked; and I saw the flaming atom-streams
And torrents of her myriad universe
Running along the illimitable inane
Fly on to clash together again, and make
Another and another frame of things
Forever: that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies
His function of the woodland: but the next!
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rain-like down again on earth,
And where it dashed the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods.
And hands they mixt, and yelled and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yelled again
Half suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—
Was it the first beam of my latest day?
Then, then, from utter gloom stood out the breasts,
The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a sword
Now over and now under, now direct
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down shamed
At all that beauty; and as I stared, a fire,
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,
Shot out of them, and scorched me that I woke.
Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not even a rose, were offered to thee? thine,
Forgetful how my rich proemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?
Deity? nay, thy worshipers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who far aloof
From envy, hate and pity and scorn
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, centered in eternal calm.
Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touched, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.
Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her,
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her Deity false in human-amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye Gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian called
Calliope to grace his golden verse—
Ay, and this Kypris also—did I take
That popular name of thine to shadow forth
The all-generating power and genial heat
Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood
Of cattle, and light is large and lambs are glad
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers:
Which things appear the works of mighty Gods.
The Gods! and if I go my work is left
Unfinished—if I go. The Gods, who haunt
The lucid interspace of world and world,
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a wind,
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
Their sacred everlasting calm! and such,
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,
Not such, nor all unlike it, man may gain
Letting his own life go. The Gods! the Gods!
If all be atoms, how, then, should the Gods,
Being atomic, not be dissoluble,
Not follow the great law? My master held
That Gods there are, for all men so believe.
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant
Surely to lead my Memmius in a train
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof
That Gods there are, and deathless. Meant? I meant?
I have forgotten what I meant: my mind
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed.
Look where another of our Gods, the Sun,
Apollo, Delius, or of older use
All seeing Hyperion—what you will—
Has mounted yonder; since he never sware,
Except his wrath were wreaked on wretched man,
That he would only shine among the dead
Hereafter; tales! for never yet on earth
Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting ox
Moan round the spit; nor knows he what he sees,
King of the East, although he seem, and girt
With song and flame and fragrance, slowly lifts
His golden feet on those impurpled stairs
That climb into the windy halls of Heaven:
And here he glances on an eye new-born,
And gets for greeting but a wail of pain;
And here he stays upon a freezing orb
That fain would gaze upon him to the last:
And here upon a yellow eyelid fallen
And closed by those who mourn a friend in vain,
Not thankful that his troubles are no more.
And me, although his fire is on my face
Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell
Whether I mean this day to end myself,
Or lend an ear to Plato where he says,
That men like soldiers may not quit the post
Allotted by the Gods: but he that holds
The Gods are careless, wherefore need he care
Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout and stone, that break,
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-life,
And wretched age—and worst disease of all,
Those prodigies of myriad nakedness,
And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,
Abominable, strangers at my hearth
Not welcome, harpies miring every dish,
The phantom husks of something foully done,
And fleeting through the boundless universe,
And blasting the long quiet of my breast
With animal heat and dire insanity.
How should the mind, except it loved them, clasp
These idols to herself? or do they fly
Now thinner, and now thicker, like the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they,
The basest, far into that council hall
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land?
Can I not fling this horror off me again,
Seeing with how great ease Nature can smile,
Balmier and nobler from her path of storm,
At random ravage? and how easily
The mountain there has cast his cloudy slough,
Now towering o'er him in serenest air,
A mountain o'er a mountain, ay, and within
All hollow as the hopes and fears of men.
But who was he, that in the garden snared
Picus and Faunus, rustic Gods? a tale
To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—
For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus
Totters: a noiseless riot underneath
Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—
The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;
And here an Oread (how the sun delights
To glance and shift about her slippery sides
And rosy knees, and supple roundedness,
And budded bosom peaks) who this way runs
Before the rest—A satyr; a satyr; see—
Follows; but him I proved impossible;
Twy-natured is no nature; yet he draws
Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
That ever butted his rough brother-brute
For lust or lusty blood or provender:
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
Whirls her to me: but will she fling herself
Shameless upon me? Catch her, goatfoot: nay,
Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness,
And cavern shadowing laurels, hide! do I wish
What? that the bush were leafless? or to whelm
All of them in one massacre? O, ye Gods,
I know you careless, yet careless, to you
From chilly want and ancient use I call—
I thought I lived securely as yourselves—
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey spite,
No madness of ambition, avarice, none:
No larger feast than under plane or pine
With neighbors laid along the grass, to take
Only such cups as left us friendly warm,
Affirming each his own philosophy—
Nothing to mar the sober majesties
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life—
But now it seems some unseen monster lays
His vast and filthy hands upon my will
Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
My bliss in being; and it was not great;
For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
Or Heliconian honey in living words,
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life—
Poor little life that toddles half an hour
Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end—
And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,
Not manlike end myself—our privilege—
What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
What Roman would be dragged in triumph thus?
Not I, not he, who bears one name with her,
Whose deathblows struck the dateless doom of kings,
When brooking not the Tarquin in her veins
She made her blood in sight of Collatine
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
Spout from the maiden fountain in her heart,
And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
As I am breaking now!
And therefore now
Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
Those blind beginnings that have made me man,
Dash them anew together at her will,
Through all her cycles—into man once more,
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower—
But still this cosmic order everywhere
Shattered into one earthquake in one day
Cracks all to pieces—and that hour perhaps
Is not so far when momentary man
Shall seem no more a something to himself,
But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
And even his bones long laid within the grave,
The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
Into the unseen forever—till that hour,
My golden work in which I told a truth
That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks
The mortal soul from out immortal hell.
Shall stand: ay, surely: then it fails at last
And perishes as I must; for O, Thou,
Passionless bride, divine Tranquility,
Yearned after by the wisest of the wise,
Who fail to find thee, being as thou art,
Without one pleasure and without one pain,
Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
Thus—thus: the soul flies out and dies in the air."

With that he drove the knife into his side:
She heard him raging, heard him fall: ran in,
Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon herself
As having failed in duty to him, shrieked
That she but meant to win him back, fell on him,
Clasped, kissed him, wailed: he answered: "Care not thou!
What matters? All is over: Fare thee well!"

A VISIT TO THE STOCK LANDING.

If it were more generally known that the Stock Landing in Jefferson City would amply repay in amusement the slight trouble to be encountered in getting there, we feel assured that there would be a much more numerous attendance of pleasure seekers there than there is.

It is by taking a short ride on the Magazine, Annunciation or Tchoupitoulas street cars that the visitor most easily reaches this locality, where he can learn much that would interest him as to the manner in which New Orleans receives her supplies of viands, to whom they are sold and of what description they are. He can also there learn more of the mysteries of stock driving, and the habits and customs of stock drivers than at almost any where else, and in less time. He will, furthermore, most likely be able to meet his butcher in the character of buyer instead of that of seller—a role in which he was so well known as an actor before. And the difference which these two characters make in the man, can be studied and moralized upon at leisure some future day. Our observer will behold this man of beef steaks, sirloins and *entre-cotes*, who, no later than this morning, was so extortionate in his charges, and so absolute while wielding his knife and wheting steel, now, an humble suppliant for bargains, protesting that the prices for which cattle sell will leave him no margin for profit; and denying, with astonishing affrontery, that he gets more than ten cents per pound for the beef which he now seeks to buy for five, and intends selling for twenty or twenty-five as soon as butchered.

There, also, will be seen the shrewd speculator, who has brought a drove of cattle, sheep or hogs from Texas or the West, anxiously awaiting the result of his venture, or, if its fate should be known, counting his gains in a fence corner, or cursing his bad luck should he have lost, over the counter at "The Corner." The best dressed, though not generally the best looking class of these strangers, are those from the West. Their "store bought" clothes, well oiled boots, and modern style of hats, plainly discover them to be inhabitants of thickly populated and improved localities; but their cunning eye, uneasy movements and shrewd remarks, tell plainly that their New England schoolmasters had not failed to impart to them a certain amount of their "cuteness"—to give it no worse a name. The bold and uncultivated Texan, however, is a mortal made of other clay. He is never a dependent upon small tricks for any advantage he may get, but upon a certain dash which is just as apt to deceive the stranger in him. His homespun suit, broad brimmed hat, high top boots and gingling spurs, will remind one forcibly of the bold riders that followed Forrest and Tom Green over a many well fought field, or who remorselessly plundered your little patch of green corn, during the late "unpleasantness." Trained from infancy to ride the wild horses of his native prairies, he is undoubtedly more at home on his steed than on foot; yet, we would not advise anybody to *rile* him, even then, for his fondness for making love and fighting is proverbial. If he would only comb out his long yellow locks, and trim his beard to a reasonable length, he would be decidedly handsome, for his figure is good and his eye has the bold glance of a freeman who could hold his own in love or war. What he does not know about horses and cattle is not worth knowing, and if the cunning Western buyer thinks that he can pull wool over his eyes, he will find himself upon trial woefully mistaken.

The next class in interest at the Stock Landing in the *vacheros* or bull drivers; the men whose duty it is to deliver the cattle to the butchers after they are sold. These dashing riders can vie with the best horse breakers of Texas or the *vaquero* of South America, in governing his steed, throwing the "lasso," or in driving a refractory bull. Mounted upon his well trained *mustang*, his slouched hat thrown back and flapping in the breeze, in his left hand the reins by which he indicates, with a mere touch, his wishes to his horse, and in his right the formidable lasso, ready for use at any moment, standing bolt upright in his stirrups, his spurs gingling and the iron hoofs of his charger clattering upon the stony street in harmony, he is a picture well worth seeing, and most likely to be remembered when once seen.

Look out for yourselves, all you who are in the middle of the street, for the great gate of the stock yard has just been thrown open, and here comes, rushing headlong out, twenty or thirty bullocks, fresh from the prairies, as wild as bucks, and as savage as the bulls of the Spanish amphitheater, amid the shouting of the *vacheros*, poppings of whips and the yelpings of stray dogs. Quick as thought the *vacheros*, cover their flanks and rear, and urge them on in the desired direction by renewed shouts and lashings from their long thonged whips, which make a noise nearly as loud as a rifle and cut like a knife into the tough hide of the poor animals. But soon they arrive at a cross street, or it becomes necessary to change the course of the drove, and now one of the most refractory, who has for some time been observed to be watching his chances with uplifted head and flashing eyes, darts off at lightning speed exactly in the wrong direction. "Then comes the tug of war," for he must be pursued and brought back, while the others are kept together. One or two *vacheros* detach themselves from the main body and give chase. Their fleet coursers soon come up with the fugitive, and then pass him; he paws the earth and charges the nearest, making the ground tremble under his feet; and then woe to the *vachero* if his horse should fail him, for his torn and mangled body would soon ornament the tremendous horns of the infuriated animal. But as quick as were the movements of the bullock, equally so are those of the horse. He merely springs to one side, just at the right moment, in obedience to the touch upon his bit by his watchful rider, and the maddened beast goes on in his headlong career, while the rider stands harmless. Another pursuit then follows, and perhaps another charge is avoided, when recourse is had to the ever efficacious lasso. This is thrown while the pursuit is most rapid, and when both beef and horse are in full career. The *vachero* holds it in his right hand, and whirling it around his head while awaiting a favorable opportunity, finally looses his hold, and it encircles the horns of the fugitive. As soon as the horse perceives the lasso has left the hand of his rider he stops short, and bracing himself back upon his haunches, awaits the tightening of the rope, one end of which is secured to the pummel of the saddle. It is a terrible strain, and the dust is plowed up for several feet as the horse slides on, drawn by the weight and velocity of the bullock; but as he is on his guard and the other not, he is always victorious, and the entrapped animal gets a fall upon the hard stones, which must damage considerably the quality of his flesh. This so shakes him up and astonishes him that he shows no inclination to arise, but bellows in impotent rage; then the terrible whip is again resorted to, which soon makes him writhe in agony, and getting up, off he goes again; but the lasso is still around his horns, and he is soon taught the "way he should go," for a sensible bullock rarely desires a repetition of the lesson in "ground and lofty tumbling" which has been given him as above described, and he is once more gathered within the drove without great trouble. Sometimes an unlucky pedestrian accidentally encounters one of these mad bulls as he turns a corner, and "goes under" in a most surprisingly quick manner, and on other occasions the wild fugitive will charge right into a house, frightening its inmates and breaking all the crockery and glassware within reach. But serious accidents are rare—possibly, perhaps, because people are always on the lookout in that locality.

"Jeff, the leader," too, is a notable at this interesting place. His services there are valuable, and that they are appreciated, is proved by his sleek sides and consequential air. Jeff is a handsome fellow, and his rotund form does not damage his claims for admiration in the least—and he seems to know it, too; for there are few strangers visiting the Stock Landing—man or beast—that does not have an opportunity afforded them of admiring his points. Jeff is a milk-white four-year-old Durham steer, and is called "the leader" because he has been trained to lead cattle off and on boats upon which they are brought to market, or sent away. He has a staff composed of one little nigger, two innocent looking sheep, and one sober old hog; but the master mind of Jeff enables him to monopolize the attention of the public. It is worth money to see him dignifiedly walking the staging on his way aboard of the steamship from Texas, which has just made fast to the wharf, and is preparing to land the cattle, which form the greater part of her cargo. He feels that this cannot be done without him, so he takes his time, and don't like to be hurried. Arriving aboard, he stalks aft to where the cattle are penned, and then turns his face forward, still keeping a sharp look out with one eye. The barriers which confine the impatient cattle are then thrown down, and the shouts of the crew give Jeff the signal. He seems no longer the same animal, but comes down to his work with admirable spirit, and bounding off at full speed for shore, sets the example for all the rest who follow after him; they do this so closely sometimes as seriously to endanger his safety. Arriving on shore, he dodges into a corner purposely made for him, and the wild cattle pass by, and, the big gate closing, an effectual barrier is placed between them before they discover that he is a gay deceiver. Jeff reminds me forcibly of a brave officer leading a regiment on a charge as he emerges from the port of the steamer, followed headlong by the wild children of the prairie; perhaps he feels a little that way himself. His staff officers—the sheep and hog—are faithful and efficient; but as there is no danger attending their duty, Jeff watches their movements with an air of contemptuous indifference. The little nigger he keeps to hold a rope which he wears like an ornament around the butts of his horns. Jeff seems to hold him in high esteem, and it is supposed that he is more influenced by him than any one else in the world. This little nigger may have a name, but nobody ever seems desirous of learning it. It is enough to know Jeff's. The sanguinary butchers at first looked with lustful eyes upon Jeff's well-lined ribs; but, when they came to know him, they acknowledged his worth, cast the thought from them in shame, and almost asked his pardon. Unless Jeff meets with an accident, he is destined to die a natural death; but his is a dangerous profession, and we live in fear of having to pen his obituary yet. But good luck to him.

There are a good many other things worth seeing at the Stock Landing. Not the least in interest are the stables for cattle, mules, horses, sheep and hogs, which occupy the space of several squares of ground, and open into a yard which, together with the way to receive and ship, is used in common by all the merchants. The business of the stock merchants is mostly done on commission, and an idea may be formed of its magnitude when I mention that the sales of one house sometimes reach the amount of $15,000 in one day. Our friends T. G. Noel & Co. are among the heaviest dealers, and sold large amounts last week to dealers from the West and to butchers in the city. Mr. T. G. Noel, the senior partner and active business man of the firm, at the Stock Landing, is an old resident and Southerner. We never saw a man with more energy or industry, and his kindly disposition and social qualities have made friends and correspondents for him all over the country. His partner, Mr. Robt. H. Parker, of McKinney, Texas, is one of the best known stock men of that great stock raising State, and his name is a synonym with honesty, integrity and intelligence. We confess to a strong partiality for this house and their way of doing business, and are convinced that no obstacles can long set such a firm back. It was from the delightfully cool balcony of their office, in the second story, on the corner of Louisiana Avenue and Tchoupitoulas street, that we took the greater part of the observations above detailed; and Messrs. T. G. Noel & Co. will please accept our best thanks for the courtesies then extended us.

SHURTZ.

A ESSY—BI SEBE RAULS, ESKWIRE.

Shurtz iz er knoun; uf singler er ploosel number, cordin ter ther mount uv um er feller hez: ther same ez ter ghendir, cordin ter whether a feller orr er gall weerz um; Shurtz iz wun uv ther knounz I wuz naivur abull ter dickline, (butt I muss kornfess thet I didn't hev menny oppert hunitys wen I wurz beein eddikated.) en I'll be dogon'd ef I wood ef I kood—pertickewlarly ef sedd en buv-menshunn'd Shurtz wuz wun uv Moody's knew kleen wunz.

Shurtz iz tricks which most evryboddy luvz ter hev, en wood, kood en shood hev luv'd ter hev, evir sense ther "leetle dizzygreeblewness" tween Kane en Aibull. I doan't no whoo inwented Shurtz—sum sez et wuz Moody. I kaynt sai; et mought; en then agin et moughtn't; butt etz sartin thet hee maikes en allphirud big lot uv um—whi he'z gut er big howse plumm full uv um, en iz allurz maikin mo.

Shurtz en Phrench iz Sheemeeze; butt beewar evvir kallin um bi that appleaisbun ter er gal. Ghee-whillikinz! chee'd dy write thar. Fur, yer se, itz ther naim ther guarmennt is knoue bi whenn itz uv ther phemail ghendir, en tho gals doan't min torkin uv ther maskerline artickle, thai er powurful affeerd uv menshunin the phemmynine artickle. Folks doo sai thet taint sow en furrin countryz; butt itz orl the saim ter uss of et izn't. We haint gut no gals butt our'n, en what'z ther uze uf torkin; thee wurrud Sheemeeze *mirst* bee tabbyhood wen torkin ter gals.

Ter reetirn ter shurtz, I'll stait pawseertiverly thet kleen wunz iz mo deesighraybull en derti wunz; yit a derti shurt ez fur er hedd uv nuthin. Shurtz er ginrally indickytiff uv karicktir en hev er powirphull innphluince pun er fellerz korndock. Er mann as hez on kleen shurtz orl ther tim haybityoually, iz orllerz hornizt. Thee shurtz keepz him sow. En wisa wussa, with er feller whoo weerz derti wuns. Moody's ther hornestiest mann en ther wurruld, kaze hee'z gut mow kleen shurtz en ennyboddy.

Shurtz duzn't gro onn treeze butt ez maid bi ther buv enbeefourmenshion'd Moody et hiz stow orn ther kawner uv Kaynall en Rawyall stritz. Hee celz sicks uv em fur knine dorliuz en hee'z gut Kraywatz en draugh-ers ter match.

En uther singler fack bout shurtz, viz: thet thai made Moody hisself, hoo'z know werry hornary speesymen uv er man, he haint.

I doant believe I'll sai enny mo bout shurtz ter day.

IRON PIPE, GAS, STEAM AND WATER FITTINGS, ETC., ETC.—It is with a peculiar pleasure that we refer our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Bostick & Seymour, corner of Common, Front and Fulton streets, which appears in another column this morning. The stock of this house is extremely large—especially in the way of the article advertised. Messrs. Bostick & Seymour are gentlemen with whom it is a pleasure to deal, and their prices are as low as the times will allow for good merchandise.

The finest assortment of sewing machines can be found at the office of Grover & Baker's, 182 Canal street.

SENSASHUNS.

BI SEBE RAULS.

The instetooshuns kommunly korled a sensashun is a wurd uv 3 sillybulls, an' not hard to spell ef a feller knose how; but durndably so ef he duzent. I hev knowd little cusses of 5 year do it slick as goos grees, and uthurs of 60 en upurds fale mizzurbly. Sum sez its luck; but I knot 'taint.

Sensashuns may be split inter 2 kinds—plezent an' onplezent; an' when so treeted is werry comprehensybull an' is werry comwinsing. Thuss, tharfour:

It iz a plezent sensashun ter find a 50 doller bill; but durned onplezent ter find ther cus which lorst it, arterwurds.

It iz plezent ter dror big pay fur wurk; but onplezent ter dew sed and aforementshund wurk.

It iz plezent ter lick a feller which you ketch kissin yer wife; but onplezent ef he ketchez yu a kissin hizin and licks yu.

It is plezent ter git tite on gude licker; but not, ef when yu kum hum gist 'bout abul ter navergate, ter fine yer bedrum full uv dumed backbitin ole wimin who'se kaulled ter see yer mother'n-lor.

It iz plezent ter walk hum with er putty gal; but ther korntrairy ter dew so with hur ma; ezpeshully ef yer butes air hirtin yer.

It iz a plezent sensashun ter go ter Vicktaw's with a buzzum frend ter git a good feed; but ontirelly diffrunt ef he shud aickspeck yu ter pay fer it.

The sensashun is plezent when yer wife—ther mar of your lamms—puts hur arrums around yer neck and kisses you; but diarmittrikully oppersite ef she axes yer for monny ter bi shuse fer the chillun, or grub, when yer haint got it.

When er feller's blone up on a amoonishun chist, it's onplezent; but when he finds out he aint hirt, it's plezent, fer he's hed the airoonortick expeedeshun for nuthin, and will hev suthin ter brag uv ori his life.

It iz sartainly onplezent fer ter be eatin a dinner with kumpiny ter hum, end fer er skunk of a dunn to pertrood hisself; burt itz er plezent olde thinge fer ter receeve a knice little lort of grosericzfum Meshews Peterson, Hill & Elliott's (korner Polderass en Chapitoolass strit) ez er prezunt, phree grateus en fur nuthin, en ez er tokin of ther 'preesheashun ov yer geenus ez er riter and pubdick servant.

N. B.—Ther buv-menshunn'd Peterson, Hill & Elliott er bricks, en sellz groceriz allphired reesneabull. Frank Pennington iz wi um; he'z a nuther brick, en'z gut sum ov ther best whisky I evver smelt.

(Ther buv notty bean muss knot bee konsidderred ez er part ov thice arrtickkle; its sorter nochi, ez ther Itallianers sez.)

It iz a werry agreebull thing ter taik 2 or 3 fust rate fellers hum ter taik pot luck with yer; but onplezent on arrivin thar ter find yer leff no munny for markittin in the mornin, and to heer smuther'd thunder up steers frum yer mother'n-lor and wife.

It iz plezent orlso to eete the grub that they will muster up befour tha ar thruw; but onplezent ter face ther musick when tha fust cum down steers. Ther glancyz ar tremenjuously witherin.

It iz an onplezent sensashun fer ter hev an ole fren cut you ded on ther stretes; but *wisa wursa*, of you oze him borror'd munny, kaze now you kneed'nt pay the honorary cuss a sent.

Wharfour, mi reeders will see thet ther are manny sorts of plezent an onplezent sensashuns which kneed know argiments ter conwince a feller as ter ther power over his feelins.

Ther ar uther sensashuns: sich is neither plezent nur onplezent orl at wunce, an sich az mite bee korled by a harder kname 'n onplezent; or sweteter applelashun 'n plezent.

When a feller kisses a phemale in ther dark, he is ondeside ed ez ter his sensashuns. Ef, when ther candle kums in he seize that she'z putty ther skale dips ter ther side uv plezurer. Ef shee'z old as hiz rispecktid muthir, hee'z ez mad ez ther devil.

Ef wen warkin on ther strete yu slips up orn a nasty bannanner peelin' an' kums down kerslap on yer posterritories, an' a half duzun knewzeboyz who stan' loafin round, holer and larf at yer, it iz more'n onplezent. I'm two Chrishtune ter sa what it iz, or how much.

Ef, arter yer hev slipped intu the back lot whar yer swetehart hez prommiced ter mete yer, yu ar diskivered bi hur par, who sits ther big yaller dorg on yer—woodn't yer kall that more'n onplezent? I shud think sow.

But ef yer angul Mahalley Jones tels yer that hur wirgine hart iz irrewokeibly yourn, dew not you'ns feel suthin more'n plezent sensashuns?

But whi kepe drivin' on enlargin on ther theme. Everybody but a durned iule nose what sensashuns iz.

Outrage on American Citizens in Monterey.

The Brownsville Courier extra contains the following account of outrages perpetrated on six American gentlemen at Monterey, Mexico, which the telegraph has briefly referred to:

On the evening of Tuesday, April 21st, Messrs. Ernest Leichbard, Forbes H. Potter, Samuel B. Kathrens, Montgomery, Zaptha and Rice were quietly walking on the street, at about 11 o'clock, conversing in an ordinary tone of voice, when Senor Davila, secretary of the governor of the State of Nuevo, made his appearance on the balcony of the governor's palace, and ordered a patrol to arrest them, which was done.

The patrol delivered them to the police, and the latter conducted them to the calaboose. They were thrust into a miserable, dirty cell, with about seventy condemned felons, and passed an uncomfortable night.

On the morning of the 22d two of the Americans were ordered to carry out and empty a large tub containing the accumulated filth of twenty-four hours. This they refused to do. The order came from a prisoner employed by the jailor to perform his menial work and to execute his tyrannic commands. This loafer and felon immediately drew a cowhide from his clothing, and inflicted the lash upon one of the gentleman, cutting his coat and lacerating his back at every blow.

Knowing that resistance would be certain death, they concluded to perform the disagreeable job.

They were then set to sweeping the court yard of the prison. One of them did not use the broom to suit the caprices of the diabolical understrapper, and he was flagellated unmercifully; and his back bears the marks yet, and will for many a day.

Every epithet of abuse and vituperation were heaped upon them, and every indignity offered which malignity and cowardice could suggest.

From the prison they were taken before an alcalde of the first instance. This dignitary took his seat with great pomp, and said to the prisoners: "Gentlemen, you created a scandal on the street last night—I fine you ten dollars each." Mr. Montgomery demanded the production of witnesses to prove the charge. The alcalde inquired where were their witness to prove they did not.

The alcalde said Mr. Davila was his witness. Mr. Ulrich, the American consul requested him to be brought. The alcalde said he could not force him to come.

The jailor and his man were brought into court. The latter did not deny having whipped the prisoners—did it because he had the right—the jailor told him to do it.

The jailor denied, and said he told him to treat them kindly. He also denied having robbed them of all they had on their persons, except their watches, which was his first official act after receiving them.

Mr. Ulrich explained the matter to the alcalde. He finally released them, after remitting the fine, and expressed his regret that the affair had occurred.

The articles taken from their persons were recovered by the payment of a fine of twenty-five cents each.

Gen. Treveno, governor of Nuevo Leon, also expressed regret at the occurrence.

Gen. Escobedo said he was sorry. However he had just arrived and had a narrow escape on the road—flight saved him from the hands of bandits.

These penitent feelings were followed by no act of redress on their part.

A lawyer named Garza y Melo took the case of the outraged Americans before the "juez de letres," where it was being investigated.

There was great excitement, especially among foreign residents.

There is hardly a day passes without the perpetration of some wanton wrong by violence upon the person or property of foreigners by Mexican officials.

Mr. Ulrich has reported the transaction to Secretary Seward, and there is hope that our government will take measures to avenge the outrageous insult to her flag by the base indignities perpetrated upon her citizens.

THE PETROLEUM STOVE.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Jos. R. de Mahy, who has bought the interest of Mr. Wm. E. Jervey in the petroleum stove establishment 168 Magazine street. As one of the best evidences of the economy and superior cooking qualities of this stove, we simply refer you to the long list of testimonials, found in another column, believing that the indorsement of such names is sufficient to convince the most skeptical. Mr. de Mahy has on hand a large and splendid assortment of these justly celebrated stoves, which he will sell at the lowest market price. He also has a full supply of gazoline, which he is offering at the reasonable price of 35 cents, and it is to be found at 168 Magazine street, and the corner of Dauphin and Frenchmen streets. See advertisement, and give him a call.

From the Louisville Courier.]

In Memoriam.

HARRIETTE BENHAM PRENTICE.

"EMIGRAVIT."

'Tis difficult to think that she is dead,
The gracious lady who in street or hall
So lately passed with light, elastic tread,
And stately presence. Darkness and the pall
Seem in our thoughts of her to bear no part!
"We cannot make her dead" whose winsome art
It was to brighten life, and pluck the sting
From many a saddened and despondent heart,
While her sweet spirit—ever on the wing—
Soared gaily in the social atmosphere
Of frolic fancy—even though the dart
That death was driving home with hand severe
Quivered in her own breast of keenest suffering!

Go, gentle lady! Nevermore the ring
Of thy gay laughter, or thy gushing song,
Shall from the heart and eyes sweet tribute bring
By hearth or home or in the chapel throng!
Yet shall their memory linger with us long;
And, in the trust that in some brighter sphere
May be enshrined those lavish gifts of God
Which made a nimbus round thy forehead here—
Even while thy feet their path of penance trod—
We, who have loved thee well, above thy bier,
Bedewed by many a heartfelt, household tear,
Breathe a farewell, a blessing, and a prayer,
And yield thee to a Savior's *ceaseless* care!

Beechmoor, April 27, 1868.

Treatment of Soldiers by their Officers—A Pointed Order from Gen. Buchanan.

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH MILITARY DISTRICT, New Orleans, La., May 2, 1868.

General Orders No. 24.]

The extent of the military department composed of the States of Louisiana and Texas, the difficulty of communicating with certain parts of it, and the consequent unavoidable delay in acting upon charges forwarded from posts so situated, demand on the part of all officers the most careful examination into the justice and truthfulness of the charges which they prefer. The commanding general has already, in general orders No. 20, current series, had occasion to call attention to this subject. Its importance induces him more emphatically to repeat the directions then given.

Officers are responsible for the charges preferred by them, and if these charges be false or frivolous, and be preferred without a proper examination on their part into all the circumstances upon which they are based, they are themselves guilty of a military offense, and lay themselves open to prosecution. To cause the confinement of an innocent man simply through carelessness or indolence, is a criminal neglect of duty, and is punishable as such.

This is not an imaginary evil. Not a few of the proceedings of general courts martial, recently acted upon at these headquarters, reveal instances of such acts of injustice towards enlisted men from those whose duty it is, and whose pride it should be, to minister to their comfort and uphold them in their rights. An enlisted man looks to his officers for protection. When charged with a military offense he cannot be admitted to bail; nor can he be discharged upon a writ of habeas corpus. Innocent or guilty, he must—if a private—remain in confinement until he has been brought to trial, and the proceedings in his case have been promulgated. Weeks and even months elapse before this can be done. Deprived of the care or exposed to the dislike of his only legal protectors, he may be most unjustly subjected to ill treatment and robbed of his rights. The record of one case recently brought to the attention of the commanding general discloses the fact that the accused, though finally acquitted, had been in confinement for more than seven months; and the further fact that the charges were preferred without even the most superficial examination into their truth by the officer preferring them. Indifference to, or willful disregard of the interests of those intrusted to their charge, like that of which the case cited is but one of many instances, is not only unworthy of an officer, but partakes of the character of persecution.

* * * * * *

MACHINERY, HARDWARE.

REYNOLDS & QUIRK,
CRESCENT IRON WORKS,
Nos. 223 and 225 FRONT STREET, NEW ORLEANS
Are prepared to make contracts for WROUGHT-IRON WORK of any Description or Quantity, at the Lowest Prices.
Manufacturers of Crescent Brand HORSE SHOES.
Also, of Cary's PATENT EARTH BORER.
Orders left at Box 190 Mechanics' Exchange, or 1690 Post-office, will receive Prompt Attention.

LEEDS' FOUNDRY—
(ESTABLISHED IN 1835.)
Corner of Delord and Foucher streets.
We beg leave to inform our friends and the public generally that we are prepared, as formerly, to manufacture Steam Engines, Boilers, Sugar Mills, Sugar Kettles, Draining machines, Saw Mills, Cotton Presses, Newell Screws, Gin Gearing, Furnace Mouths, Grate Bars, all kinds of Plantation and Steamboat Works, and every description of Machinery in the South. LEEDS & CO.
Orders left at Box 75, Mechanics' and Dealers' Exchange, will receive prompt attention.

SHAKSPEARE IRON FOUNDRY,
206 Gired street, New Orleans.
JOHN GEDDES—JOS. A. SHAKSPEARE—S. EWOOF.
Geddes, Shakspeare & Co.,
Iron and Brass Founders and Machinists, manufacture every variety of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Draining Machines, Mill and Gin Gearing, Grate Bars, Store Fronts, Columns, Sash Weights, etc. Blacksmith Work of all kinds.

AGRICULTURAL.

RICE MILLS.....RICE MILLS.
Having secured the services of Mr. PETER McKINLAY, the inventor of the most approved RICE POUNDER now in use, who has been for more than 30 years engaged in the construction, erection and management of Rice Machinery, we are now prepared, under his supervision, to construct all kinds of Machinery required in the preparation of Rice for the market, and to furnish all necessary drawings and specifications.
A model of McKinlay's Patent Rice Huller, suitable for those who cultivate Rice for domestic consumption, can be seen at our establishment. LEEDS & CO.

A. B. SEELYE'S COTTON GINNERY and COTTON PICKERY, corner St. Thomas and St. James streets, in the immediate vicinity of the following Presses: Mississippi, Louisiana, Fire Proof, Alabama, Shippers', Planters', Tyler, Factors', Commercial, Pelican, Orleans, Merchants', Vicksburg and Penn. Having first-class Carver Cotton Gins, of eighty saws each, the latest improved, he is prepared to haul, gin and pick Cotton from any section of the city.
Box at Price Current office, 129 Gravier street.

GROCERIES, WINES, ETC.

GOODRICH & RAILEY,
(JNO