New Orleans Bee

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, NEW ORLEANS, AUGUST 24, 1864

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NEW ORLEANS:
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Auction Sales this Day.

By S Guinault, jr, at 10 o'clock A M, on Canal street, two squares below Carondelet Avenue and near Canal street Railroad station—Milch Cows, Horses, &c.

EX-PRESIDENT JUAREZ.—We were informed yesterday that a dispatch was received from the house of a commercial house of this city, announcing the arrival in the river of the Ex-President of Mexico, Benito Juarez. If this information is correct it is probable that the Ex-President will not arrive in the city before ten days, as he no doubt left Mexico from the port of Matamoros which is under quarantine. We have no particulars connected with this event.

IMPORTED SACRAMENTAL BRANDIES, &c. Messrs. Brulatour & Co., 51 Customhouse street, have just received from Bordeaux, 41 pipes of sacramental brandies, such as Pinet, Castillon & Co., J. Doug. Henry, Mounier & Co., and other favorite brands.

ABSINTHE.—J. A. J. Perdue, 11 Old Levee street, have for sale 50 boxes of Absynth, first quality, and warranted to be an imported article.

The U. S. Mail steamship Ye-to Geo. W. Couch, commander, will leave Ire-wharf at 5 o'clock this morning for New-York direct with a good freight the U S mail and the following passengers:

Mrs E F Dorlard, W W Wheeler, J Daniel, Mrs A Avery and child, C A Cassard, Miss J Jones, Miss E J Keller, Miss Reed, A Blanchard, T P McKay, L Carriere, J H Wise, C Newman, E W Spencer, Ant Farre, Nicolas, Wm H Avery, Hickie Newman, Mr Rappolier, Wm M Crocker, Mr Bobach, I B Wanton, Geo C Waldron and lady, J Cassard, Mrs M Thompson, Mrs A Porter, M A Carpenter and child, Mrs A B Crouch, F S Cyr, C E N Cyr, E G Cochran, Alfred Dubreuder—in the steerage.

From Mexico.

We translate the following from a letter in Spanish received from Vera Cruz, dated August 1:

Uraga was expected to arrive today or tomorrow in the Capital, and during his sojourn he will be, according to the Emperor's order, treated with the honors due to his rank as General of division.

As to the movements of the army, it appears that the French and the Imperialists will advance simultaneously as far as the States of New Leon, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas. On one side they have already taken Durango, and on the other they have reached Victoria in Tamaulipas. Monterey and Matamoros will be soon attacked, and the question now is to what extent the so-called Imperial Government will go to carry on the war. It is hoped that the conciliatory policy of the Emperor will do more to put an end to resistance than the trumpet of arms.

News from Southern Sources.

We have received a number of Southern papers of dates ranging from July 1 to August 13, and extract from them the following intelligence:

In The Atlantic Ocean and Gulf, published in Mobile of July 30th, we find a statement that the following Louisiana men were at last accounts, in St Mary's Hospital, Montgomery: J C Albert, 9th Regiment, Company F; Edmond Neal, 1st K; H Polmo, 66th, C; J Magique 20th, F; T M Tanner, 1st C; Thomas Hatholl, 5th and 25th A; W H Bryant, 6th G; Frank Hill, Dreux's battalion; C A Lagrange, Fenner's Battery.

The same paper also states that L Cuzon of Co E, and E W Walker, of Co H, 31st Louisiana, at last accounts, were in the hospital at Greenville, Alabama.

The same paper has that J Arnold received at Jackson a Cavalry Hospital Jackson Miss., since the recommencement of the fight on July 20, in which we find the following: Corporal S C Rivers and A J White, Co E, 5th Louisiana, transferred to Meridian.

We find in the same paper the weekly report of the Mobile hospitals. In the report of Hospital Moore there is the following: Transferred, John H Craig, Co C, 5th Louisiana Battery; Bernard Moore, Co C, 1st Louisiana. By the report of Hospital Minor, we find that L F Cowin, Co D, 18th Louisiana; John Reid, Co D, 1st Louisiana; James Rourke, Co D, 1st Louisiana; Frank Partwig, Co A, 18th Louisiana, and John H Craig, Co C, 5th Louisiana Battery, had been admitted. Also that Thos Higgins, 1st La Appeal Rat; Daniel Haggerty and Wm Simmons, Co H, 1st Louisiana, had been returned to duty. By the report of Hospital Nott, we find that J Gallagher, Co C, 10th Louisiana, and F W Muller, Co E, 9th Louisiana, had been admitted. By the report of Hospital Cuny, we find that Joseph C Kichel, Co B, 9th Louisiana, J Ivy Eck, A W Scott, and W Bagg, Co A, and G Gregan, Alexander Carr, J Alexander, C P Kennedy, J H Pulliam, E D McLellan, J C Fulks and J K P Tyler, Co D, 1st Louisiana Artillery, H W McIlhenny, Co B, 1st Louisiana Light Artillery, employed by Major S Prell, Bernard Mumie, Co C, 1st Louisiana; H Ledger, Co F, 1st Louisiana Artillery, Sergt B F Kodgers, Co G, Frank Eastford, Co D, J B Dumain, Co F, Lieut W R Allen, Co F, R Mitchell, A M Roach, Co D, Capt T C R Barnard, Co A, Sergeant J Graham, T O Samuson and E Calder, Co B, and E Baton, Co C, 2d Louisiana. Thomas Shields, Co I, 1st Louisiana; Wood House, Louisiana Artillery; T T Carle, Co K, 4th Louisiana, and James Rooney, Co D, 1st Louisiana Artillery, had been admitted, also that J K Dincle and H J Tonry, Co E, and B B Spears, Co A, 1st Louisiana Artillery, Jno Greenfield, Co A, 2d Louisiana; J C Nugent, Co B, 1st Louisiana Artillery; Martin Nagle, Co H, 1st Louisiana; J J Dugnow, Co B, 5th Louisiana; B L Sorapure, Co B, 2d Louisiana; S E Fowler, Co B, 1st Louisiana Artillery, and Augustus Scutter, Co I, 1st Louisiana Artillery, had been returned to duty.—Picayune.

Tennyson's New Volume of Poems.

For the past quarter of a century the fame of Alfred Tennyson as a poet has expanded and brightened with an exulting effect that has left scarcely another name shining or considered worthy to shine, in the sphere of contemporary English poetry. He, indeed, the only professional poet, the only author who devotes himself to poetical composition with the profound and reverent earnestness of an artist who makes it the supreme object of a lifetime's labor, of whom English literature has been able to boast since the death of Wordsworth. His supremacy is not strange, but to suppose that it was easily acquired would be an egregious mistake.

Poets enjoy no immunity from the universal decree which prescribes effort as the measure of achievement. Like the rest of the human family, they must purchase with toil, paid down in the ready cash of body or mind, whatever they may accomplish of the truly and intrinsically great, and beautiful, and good, and desirable. If Tennyson is beyond comparison the foremost of living English poets, he has also been equally foremost in patient study, laborious and slow construction and painstaking, careful, and fastidious completion. It was only labor conquering with genius that could have given him the mastery genius pointed the way, but the staid yet stern labor secured the triumphant march.

The last volume of poems by this author, and which he had by him revising and elaborating in type for a whole year, was recently issued by his English publishers in London, and has just been published on this side of the Atlantic by Messrs Ticknor and Fields of Boston. The English publication is entitled Idylls of the Hearth. The American edition is entitled forth, in some cases, great probable liberty as well as taste, under the title of Enoch Arden &c. Enoch Arden being the name of what is pronounced to be, on account of its length, perhaps the principal idyll of the volume. The complete idyll is a poem of few and simple incidents. The story is laid quiet, quaint, homely scenery and in a cold, colorless atmosphere. The language is in sympathy with these several features of its local nature. The characters, too, are drawn from the humblest walks of life where pleasure, even in passion, love, duty, develop themselves unconsciously in the simplest of forms, and are only and thoroughly undisguised because their very plainness of expression renders them intelligible. We append a synopsis of the poem.

The scene of Enoch Arden is laid in one of the small fishing and trading towns that nestle under the storm vexed cliff of the Yorkshire or Northumbrian coast, on the German Ocean. Here two youths grow to manhood together, in love with a young maiden, Annie Lee. Enoch an orphan pauper and Philip, the son of the well to do miller of the town. The children were unmistakably surprised to Annie, who, under the influence of affection, tests impartially and successfully until he has purchased his own boat, and builds a home for Annie, when they are married in his one-and-twentieth year. "Seven happy years of health and competence," and mutual love and honorable toil follow, when the decay of trade at their port, a broken limb, and the increasing charge of a family of three children, cause Enoch to decide after much and painful deliberation, on the necessity of greater exertions in a wider field of action. He is offered a berth as a hand in a vessel bound for China, but accepts it, after selling his boat, and setting up Annie in a small trade with the proceeds, that she may support herself during his absence. All goes wrong with her while he is away, without her strong will and earnest purpose. Their third and weakliest child dies, and her business gets into confusion in her unaccustomed hands. The poor woman makes a poor fist at shopkeeping.

"For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying wholesale and
She does not even attend to her children, for Philip May comes to her one evening and begs her to let him pay for their schooling. So Philip sends them to school, and they learn to love him as their father, and one years float by and no news of Enoch comes. Then Philip, who has hitherto kept silent, can hold his peace no longer. He asks Annie to be his wife. She puts him off for a year, then for a month, then she does what most women would have done—marries him.

But it is not until a new instinct of maternity awakens within her, and their first child is born, that she experiences the peace and love and joy which a true wife feels, and over which her yearning remembrances of the lost Enoch has hitherto cast sad shadows. Meanwhile, where was Enoch? The ship in which he sailed is wrecked, and only Enoch and two others survive. They are cast upon a lonely island, which would have been a very pleasant paradise if they could only have left when they wished to. Here his two companions die, and Enoch drags out his sad life year after year alone. At length a ship in want of water heaves in sight, and sends out part of her crew to search the streams and fountains of the island. They listen to Enoch's strange tale, and give free passage home, and land him "even in that harbor whence he sailed before." Here, so changed is he and sorrow stricken, that no one recognizes him.

There is a bill of sale upon the house, where he and Annie used to leave, and Miriam Lane, the keeper of an old tavern, relates to him, not knowing who he is, the changes that have taken place. At the close of the dull November day he steals through the garden of Philip Ray's house, and beholds Annie, smiling and happy, in her peaceful home. He resolves to preserve his secret from Annie, and prays for strength "not to tell her, never to let her know." A year passed by, and Enoch grows ill and feeble. He feels that he is dying, and he calls for Miriam Lane, makes her swear not to reveal the secret until after his death, and then confesses that he is Enoch Arden. This closing information which Enoch gives to the old woman is plaintively sad.

"I charge you now
When you shall see her, let her that I died
Remember her, praying for her, letting her
Know I lie her betrayer, leaving her
As when she laid her hand beside my cot
And—tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her
And tell my son that I died blessing him
And say to Philip that I blessed him too,
He never meant us anything but good.
And if my children care to see me dead
Who barely knew me living, let them come
I am their father, but she must not come,
For my dead face would haunt her after life."

The poems of this last volume, like most of Mr Tennyson's later productions, accept Mand, show a steady growth of the impersonal principle in his imagination, along with the freedom and originality belonging only to a master hand. In the beginning of his poetical career, he was over mastered by the spells of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. What he absorbed from those only and inexhaustible sources, he unconsciously reproduced, and often in forms much more brilliant and witching than the originals. Byron a series of passionate declamation, Keat luxurious fancies, Shelly's mystical longings, Coleridge's mistiness, self-searches and self-communings, Wordsworth's whimsical affectation of the rude and ordinary in human life, were all more or less reflected in the poems of his earlier career. We stood enchanted with the delicious melody floating through the gorgeous architecture of his matchless verse, while down its meandering corridors we could hear echoes from the footsteps of more than one of the mighty masters.

But Mr Tennyson seems, at the ripe age of fifty-five, to have entirely survived these imperfections, and to have outstripping his masters in the study nature now with singleness of poetical devotion. He loves to see her face to face, and not through the eyes of any other. He delights to paint her very determinates. Other poets, with wider and deeper eyes, may have penetrated more deeply into the secrets, explored more remotely the vast expanse of nature, and wrought more riches from her boundless stores. But he seems to vary not their superior gains, content in a narrower space to carefully measure and reverentially copy each outlines and superficies and here and there, such pip and caverns and subterranean revelings, as may be afforded to eyes which are perhaps a little too timid and too set to bear the sight full of nature's truths in the full blaze of their terrible beauty. The most consummate living master of his art, he has not yet obtained mastery over nature.

Yet such is the power which nature has over the artist in this case, that Tennyson is pre-eminently the poet of the picturesque. His fidelity of physical description is excessive, and would sometimes verge on the cold, and at the precision of a Flemish painting but for his inside sense of the analogies and sympathies between physical nature and man's moral being. In Enoch Arden the narrative would be bald and dry if it were not the ground work of the exquisite moral beauty exhibited in the unfathomable tenderness and boundless self-sacrifices of the humble hero of the story. The ethical effect of Mr Tennyson's poetry is singularly pure and elevated.

(From the New-York Times.)

The Public Service and the Public Weal.

There is no man of intelligence and patriotism at this North who does not acknowledge that Government is not only one of the most important of human interests, but that no man's talent, integrity, learning, experience and wisdom cannot be brought to it, and that the happiness of nations and the progress of mankind in civilization is in the highest degree dependent on the manner in which it is carried on. And there is nobody who acknowledges this, who will not also acknowledge that, like all other arts, it has to be acquired by the usual mixture of study and practice, that it needs much knowledge and much experience, and the entire devotion of his time and attention to it to enable any man to succeed in it. To be well done, therefore, the work of Government has to be made the business, the whole and sole business, of some class or other. It can no more be carried on successfully by men whose training and pursuits draw them away half the time in other directions, than the profession of the law or of medicine. In England and the South, the class which takes up Government as a calling, has been and is the aristocracy of birth and wealth and nobody can deny that, in both places, the class of the end and aim of Government, held by the class, have been admirably carried out. Their theory of the best form of polity, and of the great objects of political institutions, differ widely from ours, but it is impossible to deny that, such as it is, it has been properly practiced. The problem before them has been to consistent and perpetuate, under given conditions, the strongest form of oligarchy, and the world knows what skill, courage, tenacity, and fertility of resource, they have brought to its solution.

Our aim here at the North has been something very different, and, as we believe, very much higher, but it must be acknowledged that we are far behind the oligarchists in the efficiency, accuracy and finish of our machinery, and the reason is that we have no governing class whatever. We have a class, and we all know what kind of class it is, who is devoted itself to the work of *statesmanship*, but we have no class which makes legislation a profession, as the southern planters and the English gentry do, and devotes its whole time and attention to its pursuit, for its own sake and for the sake of the honor and fame it brings, without reference to the pay. Our Congressional delegation, as well as our ministerial and all public offices, change every year or two, and are nearly always filled by new men, often with but scanty education of any sort, generally without any experience, and very frequently needy, and absorbed in the miserable and degrading task of making enough money while in office to keep body and soul together when they are turned out of it. How ill fitted these men were to carry on even Parliamentary warfare against the trained veterans which Northern constituencies send to Congress, year after year, the political history of the last fifty years reveals only too plainly!

Our great cause, we believe we might say our great cause, of this interregnum in our political men, to the unwillingness of those who are in possession of independent fortunes, and consequently have their time at their disposal, to devote any portion of it to the service of the State. Representative government has now been tried in various countries, and under various conditions, for over five hundred years, and it has well accomplished as anything of the kind can be, that it cannot be carried on with nearly as much purity or efficiency by men who are dependent on it for a livelihood, as by men who engage in it solely from love of the work or a sense of duty. If our politicians had served democracy with half the skill and courage and devotion with which the Southern politicians served oligarchy, the Republic would certainly be in a better plight to day than it is.

Our difficulty is, however, that our rich men do not, as a general rule, seem to have the slightest idea that they owe their time or personal services to the country.

In another year many thousands of young men from every circle of society, who are now the delight of happy homes, and just taking their fresh, delicious draughts of life, will be dead on the battle-field, and we shall all say that it was very noble, but only their duty to die. And yet we venture to say that it would not be easy to find twelve elderly men of fortune, at the North, at this moment, to give seven hours a day in Congress or in an office, to the public service, if thereby they lost $5000 a year, or fancied that they would inflict the slight injury on a gas company, or any other vested money-making institution. Do not the ethics of the monied world, therefore, need a thorough revision?

JOE SMALLEY MUZZLED IN BRAIN.—A new law for the regulation of the press in Spain imposes the following restrictions: All writings on religious doctrines, the Scriptures and Christian morality, must be submitted to the bishop of the diocese in which the journal is published. The Ministry of the Interior is invested with the power of regulating, as it pleases, the advertisements, sale and distribution of newspapers; and the criminal offences of attacking or ridiculing the Roman Catholic religion and its worship, or insulting the moral character of its ministers, are to be punished with imprisonment; if they consist of appeals for the abolition or change of the religion, or leading to the introduction of any other form, the punishment is to be imprisonment with hard labor. In either case a fine of from 100 to 500 pesetas is to be inflicted.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Provost Court.—Judge Warmoth, Presiding.—In the case of Lenner in whose residence on the coast near the rebel lines, arms and ammunitions had been found, a *nolle prosequi* was entered as there was no proof to base a prosecution on. The accused kept a boarding house and disclaimed any property in the contraband of war. Some gold coin and silver, was claimed by accused. This money was deposited for him with the Assistant Treasurer until wanted for legal business.

James Casey who was arrested, because he refused to let Capt. Crosby ride in his cab was dismissed with the remark from the court that accused only exercised his right.

First District Recorder's Court—Judge H. T. Vennard, Presiding.—The court took up again the case of Conway and others, charged with embezzling the proceeds of a junk shop. The case is drawing slowly to a close, when we can give the result.

Mary, a colored woman who was indecent, Amy Butler, who is lewd, and Wm. Smith, for an assault and battery on his wife, were sent to the Workhouse for 30 days.

Harry Pierson and J. Davis were up as vagrants. Pierson went aboard a ship and Davis went to the Workhouse for 30 days.

P. Morris and Jean Cazena, accused of having committed an assault and battery on P. Bertrand, were held for trial before the First District Court.

Second District Recorder's Court—A. E. Wipff, Presiding.—Jean Friscla and John Friscla were held to answer a charge of having committed an assault and battery on a child.

W. A. Padons for assaulting the family of M. Joubleaux was fined $5.

S Keun, who was rather noisy and suspected of having got himself under the influence of the spirits was fined $5.

H Lacroix, colored, G Francis and Edgar Adam were sent to the Workhouse on the complaint of Mr. Bloom, throwing a doubt on their honesty.

FROM OUR YESTERDAY EVENING EDITION.

The two steamers reported not long since to have been burned by guerrillas up the Sunflower river, Miss., where they had gone in search of cotton, with passes from Wilt Adams, limiting their trips to the Yazoo river, have safely returned to Vicksburg.

COTTON PROSPECTS IN THE BATON ROUGE DISTRICT.—The Baton Rouge *Comet* of the 20th says:

"The crouched earth has brought into existence myriads of insects and every green thing is alive with the parasites of vegetable life. In West Baton Rouge and Iberville, the small patches of cotton, which the high price of the staple has tempted citizens to plant, is beset with the 'army worm,' an insect more invenomed and destructive than Egyptian locusts. A few days ago we saw a proprietor, who under the new law, regulations had planted for three hundred bales, said the worm has made such progress, that he says he will be fortunate to get fifty bales from the entire crop.

The Three Invasions by which Chambersburg, Pa., Has Suffered.

Colonel A. K. McClure, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, has written a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, vindicating the citizens of the Pennsylvania border from charges of cowardice and want of patriotism freely brought against them by Northern papers after the last raid into Chambersburg by McCausland. The writer characterizes three attacks as adding calamity to our desolation and want, and he then proceeds to describe the sad military situation of the ill fated town and its vicinity, in the last and the two preceding invasions of the Pennsylvania border.

We have had three invasions in Franklin county, and each has given us about the same amount of theoretical valor, from city Editors. It seems to be the ambition of many to ridicule the long suffering and plundered people of the border, because they do not keep their stock to be stolen by rebels, and lest rebel armies which have driven our armies in confusion before they reached us. I feel ten fold more in sorrow than indignation at the idea that I would have been a valiant or profitable act had it been in my power, to stop them. Last week I lost my residence, barn, fifty acres of fine timber, and I doubt whether it would have benefited any one had I joined other citizens of Chambersburg to fight, certainly four to one, an organized and unscrupulous foe, and been murdered, as we all pretty certain it must have been.

In 1863, Lee made his raid through the town, while McClellan lay on the river, and with a strong force, within twenty miles of us. Although an army of 100,000 men could not