DAILY CRESCENT.

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TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

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TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1848.

☞ See First and Fourth pages. ☜

☞ We received no mail yesterday from beyond Mobile.

GEN. TAYLOR'S ACCEPTANCE.—In another column we give the long-delayed correspondence between Gen. Taylor and Gov. Morehead. It will be seen that General Taylor unequivocally accepts the nomination of the Whig Convention.

This correspondence is given by the Bulletin—from which we take it—in advance of its official publication.

☞ We are under many obligations to Mr. H. J. Raymond, of the New York Courier and Enquirer, for late English papers.

Socialism—Fourierism—Communism.

In all the newspaper accounts of French affairs the words Socialism, Fourierism, and Communism are of frequent occurrence. They are generally used indiscriminately, as if they designated one particular party. This is an error; the terms are widely different, and one cannot with propriety be used for the other. Socialism is a generic term, and includes the opinions of all persons, parties or factions who are desirous of some change in social organization. In this wide latitude, it of course comprises many of different and often contradictory sentiments, and in fact a vast majority of the people of France may be considered Socialists. The two great parties into which the Socialists are divided, are the Communists and the Fourierites. These, although having the same object in view—an improvement in the state of society and the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes—have very different views of the manner in which this is to be attained, and in fact base their systems upon precisely contrary principles. Fourierism not only admits, but asserts and maintains to the fullest extent, the doctrine of the right of individual property. This is the life of the whole system, and is the very foundation of the philosophy of Fourier. Communism, on the contrary, expressly denies this right, and as the name implies, holds that all goods should be in common, and for the common benefit of all mankind. By this it will be seen that we cannot justly use these terms indiscriminately, as they represent parties whose principles are so totally at variance. Both systems, it must be conceded, are seductive as well to the reason as to the senses, and we cannot therefore be surprised that their doctrines have taken a firm hold upon the minds of the laboring classes of France. Those men enjoy few of the benefits, while they sensibly feel all the evils and defects of the present state of society, and it is but natural that they should have become fascinated by theories which propose to relieve them of their miseries and elevate them to a position of comparative happiness and comfort.

THANKS.—To the lady who sent us that delicious cake yesterday, we return our most sincere thanks.

PHILOLOGICAL RESEARCHES.—We opine the Boston Post will have to try his labors over again, in his efforts to discover the etymology of the word *omnibus*. He has given it to us as the dative plural of the Latin adjective *omnis*. Now, we, when lads, were instructed that *to* or *for* were the signs of the dative, and that *with, from, in* and *by* were the signs of the ablative.

Query.—Do people go *to* an *omnibus*, or do they not rather ride *in* an *omnibus*? Besides, when they have finished their ride, do they not come out *from* the *omnibus*? These, together with other reasons equally conclusive, incline us to the belief that our learned contemporary is in error in this important matter, and that they who ride in an omnibus are in the ablative case, plural number, as well as of the masculine, feminine and neuter genders. Our laborious investigation in this behalf is here closed, and we hope our friend of the Post will "acknowledge the corn."

☞ The steamer New Orleans will leave this day for Vera Cruz.

SPECIE.—A Boston paper of the 11th inst. says: "A portion of our city loan having been taken in England, the City Treasurer, this morning, was selling bills on London for 10 to 10½ per cent. This will act as a check to the further shipments of specie, which is all the banks fear for the present."

FIRES.—During the past few weeks, says the Vicksburg Whig of the 20th inst., there have been several fires in town. Some ten days since a new carriage in the centre of a large house where a number of carriages were stored, was found on fire in the night, and was nearly destroyed before it could be extinguished—that it was the work of the incendiary, there is no doubt, as some of the blocks and chips from the workshop adjoining, were uncommoned in the carriage, and identified. Since that time, a small tenement in the lower part of the city was consumed—how the fire originated we did not learn. On Monday night last, about 12 o'clock, a one story house belonging to and adjoining the dwelling of Wm. Pottieary was discovered to be on fire in the roof—by the prompt and efficient exertions of the citizens, it was extinguished without doing any great damage, except in the removal of furniture, etc.

Northern Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, July 11, 1848.

As we are now "on the eve of an important election," such meetings as I have attempted to describe in my last are frequent here. They are held by whigs and democrats. Believers and Claimers—Barnburners and Old Hunkers. I have noticed, however, that the Clay whigs and the Barnburner democrats seem to be most anxious to hold these grand talking matches. The other parties call as few as possible.

There is much complaint in and about the city, among all classes, of "dull times." I know very many mechanics who are out of work, and can't get pay for work they have done. This is the complaint among all branches and trades, to an unusual extent. Immigration pours in without the least abatement. Hardly a day passes that hundreds of poor wretches from Europe do not land upon our wharves; some in cholera, to sink and disease or poverty, but most, I am happy to say, to take a start which brings them about better times and far more comfort. What is most astonishing to me, is the fact that with such prevalent poverty as characterizes the masses of the immigrants, there is so little criminality. Political economists are fond of arguing that Penury is the Mother of Crime; but take an equal number of well-off people, and, compared with these immigrants, you will souls find not only a great deal more viciousness, but infinitely more of crime which the law takes cognizance of. The poor very seldom have any trouble with the poor immigrants—except, alas! now and then to take a pallid mother and her starving children to the alms house. There are certain persons who see evil in these accessions from abroad; but I defy even them to contradict the well-known facts above mentioned. Moreover, this city is the great receiving point of European emigration.

A very general satisfaction exists here at the prospect presented by the advent of the steamer "Crescent City," of reducing the travelling time between New York and New Orleans, to a point before considered out of the question, except in rare cases, and then only by being racked to death with incessant travel and daily changes. It is now quite certain that, when you get off the levee at New Orleans of a Sunday morning, and go on board the right sort of steamer, the next Sunday will find you in New York—and vice versa. By the inland route, either down the Ohio or across the Lakes, you require, allowing for unavoidable stoppages, detentions, etc., from thirteen to twenty days, averaging fifteen days at least. Then the comfort of making the entire trip without transferring yourself or baggage. My belief is that New York and New Orleans have more identity of character and interest than any other two cities in America. Both are distinguished by a sort of citizen of the world disposition, and in both there is a blessed freedom from all pretentious, and the gossip of second rate towns. May the telegraph and a few lines of rapid steamers conduce to draw still closer and greater the bands of union!

MANAHATTA.

ITALY.

Amid the general convulsions that now agitate the European continent, the mind is divided among so many States, and distracted by so many events, the occurrence of one of which in ordinary times would constitute an era in the history of the world, that we have scarcely time to bestow upon any one country the full share of attention which its importance may demand. Revolution succeeds revolution with such marvellous rapidity, old forms and customs are demolished and new ones substituted with such suddenness, thrones and governments overturned so quickly, that we are scarcely given time to appreciate the occurrence of each one event, much less investigate its cause, before another yet more wonderful takes place. These things burst upon us with the quickness of a meteor, whose progress through the sky we can plainly see, but ill define. In the universal commotion excited by the French revolution, it could not be expected that Italy would remain quiescent beneath the weight of Austrian tyranny. There, as well as in other parts of Europe, the causes of revolution and insurrection, and the feeling of discontent among the people, were extensively diffused. The effect has been the same there as elsewhere, and the struggle can only end by the verthrow of the dominion of Austria, and her expulsion from every part of the peninsula.

It is no new battle the Italians are now fighting; no new enemy they are contending with; but they are stimulated by the hatred of a thousand years, and animated by the recollection of past victories over the same foe.

Eight centuries ago the fertile plains of Lombardy were covered by a multitude of small Republics, each governing itself, subject to its own laws, and enjoying its own constitution. Civilized by their contact with the old Roman empire, they were partially enlightened while the rest of Europe was involved in the darkness of barbarism, yet still retaining the hatred of tyranny and love of freedom transmitted to them by their Lombard ancestors. These States, contemptible individually, were strong and invincible when united, and the cause of unity was found in the pretensions of the German emperors to the dominion of Italy and the control of the Romish church. In the 11th century the renowned Frederick Barbarossa determined to reduce the refractory Italian Guelphs to submission. In accordance with this determination, he invaded Italy with a numerous army of Germans, aided by some confederates from the Ghibeline cities. Milan, then as now, foremost in her opposition to tyranny, combined with the other Guelph cities of Northern Italy to resist the demands of Frederick, and thus was formed the celebrated LEAGUE OF LOMBARDY, of which Alexander III, then Pope, was elected the head. During the contest which followed, the successes were various, but finally terminated with the total defeat of Frederick. In the course of the war, however, the noble city of Milan was demolished, its walls razed to the ground, and its inhabitants scattered over the country. But by this act of barbarity, Frederick only added another to the number of his foes. The confederate republics built a new city for the unfortunate Milanese, and called it Alexandria in honor of the illustrious head of the League. Alexandria afterwards took a prominent part in the wars of Lombardy against the Germans, and it still remains an everlasting monument of the victory of the Italian democracy over the tyranny of Frederick. But although Italy could successfully resist a foreign foe, she could not free herself from the consequences of her own vices. The spirit of faction and the degeneracy infused by unbounded wealth, prepared the way for the numerous petty tyrants who at last subverted her liberties, and finally delivered her to the same yoke she had formerly thrown off. For hundreds of years she has been the prize for which the despots of Europe have contended; her fields have been laid desolate by foreign armies, and to her sorrow she has been made to feel the truth of the sentiment of one of her own divine poets—that her beauty was her curse, for it only served to invite the eager grasp of a foreign enemy.

In 1796, the last remnant of Italian liberty was destroyed in the surrender of Venice to the French army under Napoleon, and the treaty of Campo Formio the next year yielded that Republic to Austria.

Up to the commencement of the present war, the German authority was extended over all the territories of the republic of Venice, part of Lombardy, and included part of Tuscany. The remainder of Lombardy, containing the city of Alexandria, is subject to Charles Albert, king of Sardinia. All these countries are now united in the effort to free themselves from Austria, and their union in the same cause, having at their head Pope Pius IX, strongly reminds us of the glorious League of the 11th century. That the courage which then animated the Italians has not yet departed, the victories lately achieved by the Sardinian army are enough to convince the most sceptical. That the issue of the combat will be all that the friends of freedom can desire, we see no cause to doubt. Austria is indeed possessed of immense military strength and resources, but revolution is rife in her own bosom, and disaffection has even extended to the ranks of her own army. The Italians too are fighting for their nationality, which though long lost is not forgotten, and in such a cause they must at last be victorious, for

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

From the Mountains.

Massacre of a whole party of Cayuses, or Crow Indians, by the Gros Ventres of the Plains—Hostile demonstration of the Sioux Indians—Attack on the Steamer Martha by a band of Yanctons, and murder of several crew.

We enjoyed the pleasure, says the St. Louis Republican, of a few moments conversation with Mr. F. C. Cuilbertson, of the American Fur Company, who left Fort Benton, a trading post some distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone, on the 17th of May, in charge of five Mackinaw boats, and arrived yesterday on the steamer Martha. Some four weeks previous, a war party of twenty Crow Indians that had gone into the Blackfoot country for the purpose of stealing horses, was surrounded by a whole village of the Gros Ventres, of the prairies, in a ravine at the junction of the Maria River with the Teton, above the Yellowstone, and were all slain. This was about fifteen miles from Fort Benton. The different tribes of Indians were very friendly to the whites, although constantly engaged in fights with each other. The season has been remarkably good for trade.

From Mr. Culbertson we learn that the steamer Martha, whilst on her upward trip, was attacked at Fort Lookout by a party of Yanctons, and one of the crew was shot. It seems that these Indians had collected in a large body at this point expecting to receive ammunition from the Indian Agent. In this they were disappointed. After the Martha had been landed a short time, some three hundred Indians collected on her main deck, and seizing the buckets they put out the fires. There were also several hundred Indians on the bank. Several shots were fired at persons on the boiler deck, luckily missing their marks. One shot, however, after having passed through the cabin and hurricane roof, struck one of the crew standing on the opposite side, in the back of his neck, causing his death. His name we did not learn. The Indians, although all armed with guns and knives, did not proceed to further hostilities; and the boat was allowed to proceed on its way, without meeting with any further difficulty.

☞ We take the following from the Louisville Journal of the 18th:

We had a conversation yesterday morning with Surgeon Mosely, of the U. S. navy, who has just arrived from California, via Panama and Havana. Dr. M. left Mazatlan on the 9th of April. Everything was quiet throughout the country. The armistice entered into between Gen. Scott and the Mexican Government had been received. The U. S. frigate Ohio, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Jones, had arrived. He was to relieve Com. Shubrick at that station.

☞ "Pa, was it Windsor Castle that Mary, Queen of Scots, was confined in?" asked little Anthony Augustus, one day, of his father.

"No, my son, not Queen Mary, but Queen Victoria—she, poor thing, has been confined in that Castle repeatedly."

Correspondence between Gen. Taylor and Gov. Morehead.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1848.

Gen. Zachary Taylor:

DEAR SIR—At a Convention of the Whigs of the United States, held in this city on the 7th inst., and continued from day to day until the 9th, you were nominated as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, at the ensuing Presidential election.

By a resolution of said Convention, it was made the duty of their President to communicate to you, the result of their deliberations, and to request your acceptance of the nomination.

In obedience to said resolve, I, as the organ therein designated, have the honor to make to you the foregoing communication, and to ask your acceptance of the nomination.

Permit me, dear sir, to indulge the hope that he who never shrinks from any responsibility, nor fails to discharge any duty assigned him by his Government, will not now refuse the enthusiastic call of his countrymen.

I am, dear sir, with sentiments of very high regard, your most obedient servant,

J. M. MOREHEAD,
President of the Whig National Convention.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 15th, 1848.

SIR—I have had the honor to receive your communication of June 10th, announcing that the Whig Convention, which assembled at Philadelphia on the 7th of that month, and of which you were the presiding officer, has nominated me for the office of President of the United States.

Looking to the composition of the Convention, and its numerous and patriotic constituency, I feel deeply grateful for the honor bestowed upon me, and for the distinguished confidence implied in my nomination by it, to the highest office in the gift of the American people.

I cordially accept that nomination, but with a sincere distrust of my fitness to fulfill the duties of an office, which demands for its exercise the most exalted abilities and patriotism, which has been rendered illustrious by the great same in our history. But should the selection of the Whig Convention be confirmed by the people, I shall endeavor to discharge the new duties then devolving upon me, so as to meet the just expectations of my fellow-citizens, and preserve undiminished, the prosperity and reputation of our common country.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest respect, your most obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR.

To the Hon. J. M. MOREHEAD,
Greensboro, Guilford county, North Carolina.

GENERAL WORTH.—In the Mobile Tribune of Saturday we find the following in regard to the above named officer.

Gen. Worth, one of the most distinguished soldiers of the war, arrived here yesterday quite unexpectedly. As soon as his arrival was known, the city authorities met and adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, This band has received notice of the arrival in this city of Brt. Maj. Gen. Worth, who has so gallantly participated in the glorious achievements of American arms in the late war with Mexico, and whereas, we deem it our duty to exhibit an admiration and gratitude for his illustrious services—Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the corporate authorities of the city sincerely regret the want of sufficient notice of the arrival of Gen. Worth to enable us to pay those honors which he so eminently deserves.

Resolved, That we proceed in a body to the Mansion House, and express to him through the mayor of the city our admiration of his career in arms, and tender him the hospitalities of the city.

In accordance with the latter resolution, the corporate authorities went in a body to the Mansion House, where the gallant soldier was welcomed by the Mayor, in a brief and eloquent speech, which was responded to in warm and excellent terms. In the evening, Gen. Worth left for Montgomery, on his way to Washington, whither, we suppose, he is summoned to attend the Court of Inquiry.

TAYLOR BARBECUE.—The Shelby (Ky.) News says, that it is proposed to have a great Taylor meeting and barbecue at Shelbyville, on Thursday, the 27th of August. Messrs. Clay, Garrett Davis, Chilton, Allan, Letcher, Harlan, Houston, Trumbo, Graves, Monroe, Marshall, Robertson, Dixon, etc., will be invited.

NEW YORK BANKS.—The following is a list of the Country Banks which had their redemption account at the Canal Bank, Albany, New York: Lewis County Bank, Ogdensburg Bank, Jefferson County Bank, Exchange Bank, Seneca County Bank, Onondaga County Bank, Pratt Bank, Buffalo.

RAPIDITY OF SPEAKING.—Some of the reporters state that Daniel Webster speaks at the rate of from eighty to one hundred and ten words per minute; Gerritt Smith from seventy to ninety; Dr. Tyng, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty; Mr. Botts, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty; Mr. Clay, one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty; Mr. Choate and Mr. Calhoun, from one hundred and sixty to two hundred.

RIVER INTELLIGENCE.—AT ST. LOUIS on the 18th inst., the river was about on a stand, with a sufficiency of water in the channel for boats of the largest class. The Illinois river was falling from Peru down, with from five to six feet water in the channel. The Upper Mississippi is reported falling, with thirty-three inches water on the Lower Rapids. The Missouri river was receding slowly.

☞ The hospital at Zurich for hydrophobia uses two table spoonfuls of fresh chloride of lime in half a pint of water, with which they keep the wound constantly bathed. Out of 223 cases, only four died.

SAM COWELL.—Many of our readers, doubtless, recollect Sam Cowell, who appeared several years ago at the Theatres of this city as a low comedian, under the tutelage of his father, Joe Cowell. From the following article, extracted from the London Times, it appears that Sam took a prominent part in the recent attempt of a portion of the English actors to prevent a French company from opening Drury Lane Theatre:

Bow street.—Samuel Cowell, of the Princess's Theatre, was charged before Mr. Hall with taking a leading part in the riot and disturbance at Drury Lane Theatre during the second attempt of the French Company to represent *Monte Christo*, on Wednesday evening, 14th ult. Mr. Chappell, solicitor, attended for the lessee, and Mr. ——, barrister, appeared for the prisoner. Mr. Davis, managing clerk to Mr. Chappell, deposed that he was in Drury Lane Theatre, alternately in the dressing rooms and private boxes, for the purpose of noticing who were the ringleaders in the disturbance. The prisoner was in the pit, occasionally standing on the benches, flourishing a stick, and calling on all around to unite in the general row. He exclaimed, "See what a few Englishmen can do when they stick together!" and held up a large printed placard, "Then he would cry, "Sit down, my noble friends," upon which a large number of the roisters resumed their seats, and pounded the floor with their sticks. Witness saw him at one time turn his face towards the private boxes and expose a stick, and the people in the boxes withdrew, apparently in terror. Upon his cross-examination, witness stated that he knew the prisoner before; saw him take a part in the row on Monday night. The play was *Monte Christo*. Witness could not describe the nature of it. He did not observe any indecent kissing in it. He did not see a man or woman pulled about the stage by the leg in an indelicate manner. Saw no Frenchmen with knives. Did not hear any one say, "Down with the English." Witness did not go for the purpose of singling out an actor. He heard Mr. Jardine's remarks on the previous charges, but could not say whether the learned magistrate stated that the offence was all the greater when committed by an English actor. Was not actuated by any feeling of this kind, but noticed the prisoner because he seemed at the head of the disturbances in the pit.—Mr. Chappell, who was also in various parts of the Theatre on the night in question, corroborated the statements of his clerk, and said that nearly the whole of the seats in the pit were torn up and thrown down, and many of them were broken to pieces. Other damage to the property was then caused by the rioters, of whom there were probably 50 or 100 in the pit, and about 20 in the boxes. Not a sentence of the play was heard from first to last, the uproar continuing with more or less intensity until the fall of the curtain, at half-past 11. Witness particularly observed the prisoner, from having seen him pull off his coat in the boxes, and nothing himself conspicuous among the rioters of Monday night last....

[Extract from an editorial article in the same paper.]

From this it results that one Samuel Cowell, a comedian of the Princess's Theatre, was the leader of the rioters. It was stated by Mr Chappell, the solicitor to the lessee, that their number in all appeared to be not more than 100 in the pit, and a score or so in the boxes. Cowell is stated to have been seen standing on the benches in the pit, flourishing a stick, and calling on all around to unite in the general row. "See," he called out, "what a few Englishmen can do when they stick together." The few Englishmen under Cowell's guidance yielded certainly a very pregnant proof of what Englishmen can do when they unite for any purpose. They can not only prove themselves to be blackleads and ruffians, but they can cover their country with disgrace in the eyes of Europe. Who is this man Cowell? We have heard of Charles Kemble, of Macready, of Charles Kean, of William Farren, of Charles Mathews, and many others, but who ever heard of Cowell? How could Cowell's fate be affected by the fact of Drury Lane Theatre being in the hands of this or that manager? How many of our readers know any thing about Cowell?

From the foregoing extract, it appears that Sam's fame has not yet reached the ears of the editor of the "leading journal of Europe."

The Goosey-Gander;
OR, MEMS. FROM THE DIARY OF AN ACTOR.

——, VA., Sept. 13, 1839.

"Well, the agony is over at last. Been playing in this excellent city for eight months past, and during that blissful period have received for my unparalleled efforts in favor of Thespis the extraordinary sum of $28, together with the proceeds arising from an imaginary benefit, which, by-the-bye, cost me $30 over the receipts of the night. Then there's the landlord, who's got my trunk—the woman that holds my note for the red flannel petticoat that I ogled her out of, in order to have it made into a pair of breeches to 'do' the comic characters in—the little Dutch tailor who made them—the washerwoman—the—the—by Roscius, 'another and yet another!' Well, what is the use of repining! the season's over—the manager's in jail—not the first dollar in my pocket—young and unsophisticated, and 250 miles away from any blood relative! But"——just as I was writing in this mock-heroic strain, yesterday, who should come up but the ex-tragedian of the establishment. His countenance was redolent with health and whisky, and his coat so seedy that you might discover the cobweb-colored shirt beneath its folds. His hat was decidedly well polished, and the only misfortune that it had was that it was too small for his head, or else the head was too big for the hat. He wore a pair of slippers which had made their debut upon the stage on the feet of an individual who played Richard III to an audience of thirteen persons. The waistcoat of the tragedian was gay, remarkably gay—in fact, that vest was the only bright tint that relieved the solemnity of the scene.

"Tom," said the tragedian in a hoarse whisper, "don't be down in the mouth, my boy, for that, you know, is 'caviare to the general;' cheer thee up, lad, for now—

"'Pompeiloy is unbound,
And anon he will make the grandee sour.'"

"I'll tell you what, my boy, I'll make your fortune. I've hired the big Exchange on the other side of the river—got thirty-seven splendid rooms in it, and a bar-room on the basement. I've leased the premises for five years, and I'm going to open bar to-morrow. Ha! ha! what do you think of that, Tom!"

"But, have you got any money?" I inquired.

"Four dollars and a half in cash, and millions in the prospective. But, say not a word to the rest of the artists, else they will be wanting to go shares with us."

Willing to do almost anything, I resolved to share my fortune with his, and tying up my wardrobe in a cotton handkerchief, we left the lovely town and tat-headed citizens thereof who did not seem to appreciate our genius, and repaired to the big Exchange across the river. It was, indeed, a desolate place, almost as roomy as the Corinthian Labyrynth, and twice as tortuous in the windings of its staircases. I got lost in one of the garrets, and had to cry down to my friend to ascertain which way I should descend. We went into the bar-room, which, to my astonishment, I found stocked with many very elegant cut-glass tumblers, decanters, pitchers, and in fact everything necessary (with the exception of the liquors) to furnish such an establishment.

"But what are you going to do for your wines—Port, Madeira, Hock, Champagne—your brandies—your rum—your whisky?"

"Aha! my boy—let me alone for that—the bare mention of that delightful word, *whisky!* has

'Made me once again a man,
And steeled my very soul to fortune.'"

"See—mark ye—a tragedian, particularly one of Hibernian descent, always knows how to get out of a difficulty. The cut-glass was borrowed merely by way of sample; if I'm lucky, I'll pay for them—if I fail—but, as Richelieu says, 'there's no such word as *fail!*'—why, then I'll send them back again. Two dollars out of the four and a half goes for whisky, and as for the Port and other wines, we'll adulterate the liquors!"

"How can that be done?" I inquired.

"Do you see that beautiful iron pot—just big enough for the witches in Macbeth to dance around—well, we'll make it "boil and bubble, toil and trouble" by building a fire underneath it, and after filling it with water we'll gently insert a small piece of *logwood* about the size of a horse's head into the boiling liquid. In due course of time the water will become the color of Port wine, by the addition of a little water we can make it represent Sherry, and so on to the end of the chapter. If it is possible we must get our customers drunk upon the whisky, and then we'll ply them with wine of our own manufacture. But, my boy, it's getting cold—let's go and take a hot toddy—here's a dollar for your bed and breakfast, the villain owed me $20, and mind be up with the lark to commence business—

'Now, my son, may all the Gods protect thee,
Weave brightest phantasies within thy brain,
Encircle thy young heart with dreams of love.
Till sleep'—

"But, spouting is not good in the night air—good night, Tom!"

Away my evil genius went, and I, following his footsteps, soon found myself between a pair of blankets.

——, VA., Sept. 20, 1839.

Only seven days ago, and yet how changed the scene! Last night the tragedian and myself slept; no, not slept, but dwelt upon the soft side of a cellar door, which we had picked out of the streets. It was bitter cold—we had neither fire nor food, and not a morsel of anything eatable had gone down our throats for two days. We had only one cash customer, and he always got his liquor on credit. The individual alluded to had been run over by a dray, and there was a hole in his side, through which, the tragedian said, the liquor was "wont to float out." I shall never forget that night. We were cold, without a rag save the clothes we had upon our persons—not a cent to buy a mouthful of food, and only two drinks left of the whisky. The we could not taste—it was too sacred for our blasphemous lips, and we consecrated it to the two first persons who might be passing by, provided we could decoy them into our place of entertainment. The tragedian spouted Lear at the principal door, in order to attract the attention of the masculine sex, whilst I sang the "Light of other days," in a very plaintive voice, at another door. But alas! no one hearkened to the tones of the dying swan, except an old goose, who having been attracted by the music, wandered along with her gander-husband to the scene of our location. "Now's the time," muttered the tragedian, "call him to ye, Tom, and act like an affectionate uncle to him. In the mean time, I'll provide myself with the necessary instruments of destruction—

"'For I've made up my mind so firm,
That heaven will save or earth will yearn.'"

The poor gander poked his head into the door, and I patted him as kindly as I would have patted the scowse of an elderly relative, from whom I expected $10,000 in year at his decease. Armed with a poker, the tragedian came between myself and the goose, and dealt him a blow upon the nape of the neck, that separated him from humanity, and he was cooked forever! Oh! how we gloated on our prize, and although we had neither pepper or salt, butter or bread, we still resolved to roast him. Then, again, it occurred to us that we had no wood—but no matter, there were plenty of palings in the vicinity, and the next morning the way that myriads of hogs destroyed all kinds of winter vegetables, was a caution to all affected with an agricultural disposition. We tore the palings down, built a fire, pinched the assassinated gander, spitted him over the flames, and when we smelt the savory odors exuding from his well-cooked body, we clasped each others hands, tore the martyred gander limb from limb, buried the bones and feathers underneath the floor, to prevent suspicion, drank the last two glasses of whisky that remained to the bar-room, and then placing our legs towards the fire, soon were locked up in the arms of Morpheus. When I awoke the next morning, I was astonished to find myself alone, but on the counter I found a note addressed to me, which ran as follows:

"*Dear Tom*—Circumstances entirely beyond my control, have necessitated me to leave you thus abruptly. Please settle the bills, (if you have the time,) money, return the glasses, (if you have the time,) and believe me your affectionate friend.

"JOHN FOOLS.

"P. S. If any of that *goose* is left, reserve it for your supper."

I felt worse than Alexander Selkirk when he was cast away upon the desolate island of Juan Fernandez!

STRAW BONNETS.—In 1817, when straw bonnet first became general, it was common to trim them with artificial wheat or barley, in ears, on which the following lines were written:

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female finished trims with grain?
See how the wheat sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries may thrash their wives."

POLITICAL.—The democrats of Crawford county, Pa., have nominated M. B. Lowry for Congress... In Clarion county, James Thompson, the present Representative, is the democratic nominee.

Officers Reported to Gen. Brooke—July 24.

Major Henry Brown, 4th Artillery, from VeraCruz.
Major W. W. Mooers, 4th Artillery, VeraCruz.
Dr. T. B. Wells, Surgeon, 4th Artillery, VeraCruz.
1st Lt. D. N. Couch, 4th Artillery, VeraCruz.
Capt. H. W. Merrill, 2d Dragoons, VeraCruz.
1st Lt. F. J. Porter, 4th Artillery, VeraCruz.
1st Lt. J. G. Swift, Mtd. Rifles, Nashville.
Capt. T. L. Alexander, 6th Infantry, Mexico.
Lt. A. P. Howe, Adj't, 4th Artillery, Mexico.
Capt. S. G. McClellan, Adj't Gen., Mexico.

List of Passengers.

SHIP ALEXANDRIA, from Vera Cruz—3 companies 8th U. S. Infantry, 236 men.

BRIG SABINAY, from VeraCruz—3 companies 5th U. S. Infantry, 217 men.

BRIG ARAGAMONTA, from VeraCruz—2 companies 8th U. S. Infantry, 160 men, under the command of Captains Smith and Blanchard.

☞ T. B. Palmer is our Agent for the Cities of Philadelphia, New-York, Boston and Baltimore.

☞ E. S. Grant, was travelling in the Northern Cities.

☞ A Meeting of the Freemen and Chief Directors of [illegible]

☞ To Purchasers of Clothing.
ALFRED MUNROE & CO.'S
"ONE PRICE STORE," No. 34 MAGAZINE STREET,
Where may be found the Largest and
BEST ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING,
of every Description, in New Orleans.

At this establishment every article is offered at the very lowest price at which it can be sold, and no deduction can in any instance be made. Purchasers, whether they are good judges of the quality of goods, may rest assured of obtaining every article at the very lowest price, without the trouble of beating down, or the fear of being cheated. We keep but one price for goods, and that invariably is the lowest in the city. Our stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods is now very large, comprising

Over $60,000 Worth.

Made in the latest and best manner and warranted.

COATS.

Black and colored Cloth Dress Coats	$11 00 to $25 00
Black and colored Cloth Frock Coats	12 00 to 25 00
Black and colored Cloth Sac Coats	8 00 to 15 00
Cashmere and Tweed Sac Coats	8 00 to 15 00
Fancy and Business Coats	4 00 to 10 00
Overcoats—all lengths	8 00 to 15 00
Merino Sack Coats	6 00 to 10 00
Merino Dress Coats	8 00 to 18 00
Merino Frock Coats	4 00 to 7 00
Cloth and Alpaca Sacks	3 50 to 5 00
Linen Sack and Coats	2 50 to 4 00
Cashmerette Sack and Frocks	12 00 to 15 00

PANTALOONS.

Black Cassimere Pants	$5 00 to $7 00
Black Doeskin Pants	4 00 to 7 00
Colored Cassimere Pants	3 50 to 5 00
Black Satinet Pants	3 50 to 4 00
Colored Tweed Pants	3 00 to 4 00
Cottonade Pants	1 50 to 2 50
French and Fancy Pants	3 00 to 5 00
English Mixed Pants	2 50 to 4 00
Linen Drill Pants	1 50 to 2 00
Linen Check Pants	1 50 to 2 00
White Linen Drill Pants	2 00 to 2 50
Indian Nankeen Pants	1 50 to 2 00

VESTS.

Colored Cashmere Vests	$3 00 to 5 00
Black Satin Vests	3 50 to 5 00
Colored Silk and Satin Vests	3 50 to 5 00
Rich black embroidered Vests	4 00 to 6 00
Rich fancy Velvet Vests	3 00 to 5 00
Gold and silver Brocade Vests	4 50 to 6 00
Best quality Marseilles Vests	3 00 to 5 00
Best colored Marseilles Vests	2 50 to 5 00
Buff Toilet Cassimere Vests	2 50 to 4 00
Rich buff Silk Vests	4 00 to 6 00
Rich black Silk Vests	3 50 to 5 00
Rich fancy Velvet Vests	3 50 to 5 00
Best quality Black Velvet Vests	3 50 to 7 00

SHIRTS, CRAVATS, HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

Superfine all Linen Shirts, wristed bosoms, $2 50 to $4 50, superior Marseilles Shirts, open bosoms and colors, $1 50 to $2 50. Friends' Gingham and Cambric Shirts; Hickory Shirts and Drawers; Linen Drawers, Gauze, Cotton and Merino Shirts and Drawers; Silk Shirts and Drawers, very cool in the fancy Cassimere; Ladies and French Black Silk Cravats, 25c. and Linen Handkerchiefs; Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs; Linen and Silk Gloves; Black Kid Gloves; Cotton, Merino and Linen Sock Hose; Silk and Gingham Umbrellas, etc. etc. etc. Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags, sold at

☞ The Queen's Delight, which forms an essential ingredient in the GRAEFENBERG SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND, is generally rejected by Sarsaparilla vendors. Professor Fox, of Charleston, speaks of it as follows: [illegible] See Bulletin No. 6, 24 page.

Presents for Wives, Sisters and Sweethearts.

☞ We beg to call the attention of our friends coming from Mexico and travellers generally, to the following list of FANCY ARTICLES, entered and selected expressly with reference to these attributes by

PRESENTS.

FANS—Of Pearl, Ivory, Feather, Paper, Silk, &c.
CARD CASES—Pearl, Shell, Silver, &c.
RETICULES—Silk and Velvet, elegant patterns.
PURSES—A fine assortment, new styles.
DESKS—Ebony, Rosewood, Paper Mache, &c.
WORK BOXES—Ebony, Rosewood, Paper Mache, &c.
DRESSING CASES—Ebony, Rosewood, Paper Mache, &c.
PORTFOLIOS—Leather, Velvet, and Paper Mache.
ACCORDEONS—Best French, double reeds.
MUSIC BOXES—Steel and Tin Cases.
BOUQUET HOLDERS—A pretty assortment.
GOLD PENS—Of the finest makers, Gold and Silver Cases.
PARASOLS—Last style.
JEWEL BOXES—Ebony, Rosewood and Paper Mache.
CHESS MEN—Chinese, English and German.
POCKET MONNAIES—Gold and Silver mounted, and full the DIDEUR BOXES—From two to six bottles. [illegible] styles.
PAUTERIES—Of Ebony, Rosewood, Paper, &c.

☞ Now is your, and most easy time for LINEN and COTTON SHIRTS, Gloves, Suspenders, MONEY BELTS, Socks, Cravats, Canes, Cutlasses, Gold Pens, &c. &c.

GUINNESS & BUSH,
Dealers in Toilet, Fancy, and Useful Furnishing Goods,
[illegible] 12 CAMP STREET.

GORDON PLUMMER,
ADJUSTER OF AVERAGES.
☞ Office, 15 Merchant's, Marine Notary, Notary Public, New Orleans.

Sands's Clothing Emporium.

☞ Richard Sands, grateful for past favors, would respectfully inform his friends and the public in his Emporium of Clothing, No. 5 Exchange Place, 3 DOORS, corner of Tchoupitoulas st. N. B. Strangers visiting the city will find it to their interest to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Important to Health.—No family should neglect a trial of the celebrated CAYENNE PEPPER SAUCE. Warranted to be the most healthy and delicious sauce in the world. Manufactured only by the subscriber, at his Wholesale Depot, 12 Camp street, New Orleans.
H. HANSBROUGH.

☞ Strangers in the City, see Dr. R. F. MULLEN'S advertisement, on the first page of this paper. He is one of the most eminent physicians now in the United States. All that ever saw him pronounce him a skillful, scientific and successful practitioner. Office, 18 Carondelet st.

☞ See advertisement, on the first page of this paper, headed "TO PLANTERS AND FAMILIES," of Carson & Co.'s celebrated Mildew and Mosquito Fluid. Planters and families, who all their lives used to suffer from the mosquito, will find in this article a sure remedy. GENUINE and PURE.

GUINNESS & BUSH,
12 CAMP STREET,
DEALERS IN
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
COMBS, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, FANCY KETTLES, POCKET BOOKS, WORK BOXES, DESKS, PURSES, DRESSING CASES, CANES, UMBRELLAS, SHIRTS, SCARFS, CRAVATS, GLOVES, GOL