The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1848. VOLUME I.....NUMBER 215.

JEWELERY.

CROCKERY AND CLOCK STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has REMOVED to his NEW STORE, 251 *MAGAZINE street*, four doors from St. Joseph street, where can be found a large assortment of CLOCKS AND CROCKERY. To all Clocks sold and repaired at this establishment will be given a written guarantee that they will perform well, and should they not meet the expectations of the purchaser, the money will be returned in all cases.

☞ Particular attention paid to repairing CLOCKS in any part of the city.

ol3 3m J. W. KING, 251 Magazine.

KNOWLES & NOEL, *PRACTICAL WATCHMAKERS*, No. 35 CANAL street, first door below Camp, *New Orleans*, keep constantly on hand a large and well selected assortment of Swiss and English LEVER WATCHES, Jewelry, Silver Ware, Pocket Cutlery, Gold Pens, Spectacles, and Fancy Goods.

Our personal attention will be devoted to repairing every description of FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELRY; which shall perform satisfactorily, *or no charge.* my2tf

WATCHES JEWELRY, ETC.

EDWARD A. TYLER, 39 *Camp street*, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his fine and well selected stock of *JEWELRY* etc., comprising Watches of the most approved manufacture, in Gold and Silver, Hunting and Open-faced cases; Silver Ware of every description, consisting in part of Tea, Table, Sugar, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Castors, Cups, Pitchers, Toast-Racks, etc.

A great variety of Jewelry, Cutlery, Rich Fancy Goods, Perfumery, etc.

PIANO FORTES.

Just received from the manufactories of Messrs. Nunns & Fischer, and A. H. Gale & Co., a large supply of their superior PIANOS, in new style cases—a few with Coleman's Æolian Attachment, and Ives's Tuneable Reeds. Please call and examine. au6 tf

CARPENTERING.

C. COLLINS, *BUILDER*, No. 131 POYDRAS ST., (between Carondelet and St. Charles,) New Orleans.

☞ Cisterns made, Counting-houses fitted up, and Jobbing in general done. Also Sash, Doors, Blinds, etc., with which Planters and others can be supplied. my27—tal

STORAGE FOR COFFEE.

WE can take on storage on one floor, second story, in a dry and dark place, 15,000 bags. Also, in another store, from 20,000 to 30,000 bags. Merchants having coffee to store will find it to their advantage to call and examine our warehouses. EMERSON, TOURNE & CO.

ap20 158 Tchoupitoulas street.

HEMP WAREHOUSES.

WESTERN AND PHOENIX.—The subscribers, having devoted the upper floors of the Phoenix and Western Warehouses, exclusively to the storage of Hemp, in order to meet the views of the Board of Underwriters, are prepared to receive and store the article on accommodating terms. Having a number of presses in the same buildings, they are also prepared at any moment to select and re-bale it in the neatest manner, and at low rates.

EMERSON, TOURNE & CO.

ap20 158 Tchoupitoulas st.

CARRIAGES!—CARRIAGES!

AT EASTERN PRICES, at the Commission CARRIAGE REPOSITORY, *No. 66 St. CHARLES street*, opposite the Commercial Exchange.—On hand and constantly receiving FASHIONABLE CARRIAGES of the latest styles, direct from the manufactories; COACHES, ROCKAWAYS, BAROUCHES, BUGGIES, &c., &c., for style, finish and price equal to any in market. Customers are invited to call and see for themselves.

je6 6m H. S. SMITH, 66 St. Charles st.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

THE Patronage that has been extended to us so very liberally the last seven years, while in Common street, has induced us the last summer to erect a large building expressly for manufacturing and repairing CARRIAGES.—We have now one of the largest Shops in the Southern Country, and are prepared, with good Northern workmen, and the best of materials, to build any style of Carriage to order, and guarantee them two years if used in the country. We are also better prepared than ever before for repairing Carriages, and can restore them almost to their original beauty and durability, although apparently worn out and useless. We will pay freight on carriages sent us to repair. We will, also, keep on hand an assortment of NEW and SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES which will be sold low. Old CARRIAGES taken in trade for New ones. We invite the attention of those wanting New Carriages, or their old ones repaired, to call at our Manufactory and Repository and judge for themselves, at the *corner of GRAVIER and CARONDELET Streets*, next door to the Office of the Commercial Water Works, rear of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

je6 6m MATTHEWS & DENMAN.

TO PLANTERS AND FAMILIES.

COMSTOCK & CO.,

No. 59 Poydras street.

HAVE on hand the following genuine MEDICINES, which every family ought to be supplied with, viz:

Hays's Liniment, warranted to cure any case of Piles.

Dr. McNair's Acoustic Oil, a certain cure for Deafness.

East Indian Hair Dye—will color the Hair a jet black—not the skin. [Pains.

Jew David's, or Hebrew Plaster, for Rheumatism and all Juno and Lucina Cordial, for married ladies and others.

The Genuine Gildridge's Balm of Columbia, for the Hair.

Comstock's Sarsaparilla, for purifying the Blood—price 50c.

Hewe's Liniment and Elixir, warranted to cure the Rheumatism or Gout, Contracted Cords and Stiff Joints.

Oil Tannin, for Boots, Shoes, Harness and Carriage-tops; and it will double the wear of all *Leather* that it is used on.

Mother's Relief, for Ladies about becoming Mothers. It relieves all Weakness and Nervousness. Warranted.

SICK HEADACHE.—Dr. Spon's Remedy will cure any case, either Nervous or Bilious. Warranted to do this.

Green's Fever and Ague Mixture, warranted to cure any case, or all pay is refused for it. Try it on these terms.

CAUTION.—Dalley's Original and only Genuine Magical Pain Extractor, which cures Burns, Scalds, Erysipelas and all Eruptions of the Skin, Piles, Barber's Itch, Fever Sores, Rheumatism, Sore Eyes and Nipples.—Sold, *remember*, at 59 Poydras street—so that merchants can make 100 per cent. on it.

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—Kolmstock's Vermifuge is the most extraordinary remedy ever used. Should there be no worms, it will do good.

CONSUMPTION CURED—Also, Coughs, Colds, Pain in the Side and Breast, and all Lung and Liver Complaints—by Dr. Bartholomew's Pink Expectorant Syrup. This is the only article that can be relied on for these complaints, and has cured cases after all other articles have failed.

The Military Shaving Soap is the best article in this city. Price 25 cts. It makes a rich cream lather that does not dry on the face.

TO THE LADIES.—*Balm of Columbia, for restoring the Hair.*—

"Long hair is a glory to woman," says Paul,
And all feel the truth of the pious quotation,
Preserve it then, ladies—your glory may fall,
Unless you protect it with this preparation.

The Genuine Balm of Columbia is not only a Hair Restorative, but the best coloring fluid in the world. It makes the Hair glossy and fine, stops it at once from falling out, and restores it on Bald Heads, and keeps the Hair free from dandruff and scurf.

DR. SPOHN'S SICK HEADACHE REMEDY is warranted to cure any case, either Nervous or bilious. Will you try it? It has cured cases of twenty years' standing.

NEW DISCOVERY.—Dr. Connell's Mixture, for Gonorrhœa and Gleet, Seminal Emissions and Weakness of the Utera or Bladder. This Mixture contains no injurious article whatever, but possesses tonic properties of real efficacy, and more congenial to the constitution, than any other medicine used for these complaints. Freed from the nauseating qualities attending copavia and the common mixtures, it will be found agreeable to the palate and pleasant to the stomach, and will cure any case, or all pay is refused for it. It is equally good and certain for females.—Sold only at 59 Poydras street.

CONNEL'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR will prove a blessing to all those who use it. It is a sovereign remedy for all Burns, Sore Eyes, Felons, Ulcers, Bruises, Tic Doloreux, Erysipelas, and all complaints which need an external application. By its use, Inflammations are removed, Swellings reduced, and even Mortification stayed. It will be supplied to all clergymen *gratis*, for their use, and the poor of their parishes.—Sold only at 59 Poydras street.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT CURED, and YELLOW FEVER PREVENTED, in every case, by the use of Longley's Great Western Indian Panacea—warranted to cure the most severe cases of the above complaints. Loss of Appetite, Bilious Affections and Indigestion are permanently cured by its use. The great points are, it is not bad to take. It does not leave the bowels costive, and never gives pain in its operations. This Panacea will remove all the bad bile from the stomach, and give tone to the system, and thus keeps off all attacks of malignant Fevers. If the stomach is in a healthy state, and the pores of the skin are open, so as to admit of free exhalation from the body, there can be no attack of Yellow Fever. This office the Panacea will positively perform, and we recommend the *unacclimated* and others to try the article, if they wish to insure health during the summer. As a Family Medicine, it is unequalled for Coughs, Colds and all Diseases of the Blood, and Kidney Complaints; for all these things it is warranted unequalled, and all who do not find it so may return the bottle, and get their money again.

DR. LARZETTI'S JUNO CORDIAL OR PROCREATIVE ELIXIR.—For both Male and Female—prescribed as an effectual restorative in cases of Debility, Impotency or Barrenness, and all Irregularities of Nature. It is all that it professes to be, viz: Nature's grand restorative and remedy for those in the married state without offspring. It is a certain cure for Seminal Emissions, General Debility, Weakness of the Genital Organs, Nervous Affections, Leucorrhœa or Whites, and all complaints of Females. As a Female Medicine, it is unequalled. Also, a certain remedy for Incipient Consumption, Indigestion, Loss of Muscular Energy, Physical Lassitude, Female Weakness, Debility, etc. etc.—Sold only at 59 Poydras street.

DISEASES OF THE BLOOD and Breaking out of the Skin effectually cured by a bottle of Comstock's Extract of Sarsaparilla, which will purify the blood, and act as a tonic to strengthen the system, and enable it to bear up against the debilitating heat of summer. Price only 50 cts. per bottle, or $4 per dozen—and equal to any Sarsaparilla sold for $1 per bottle.

☞ CAUTION.—All the above articles are sold ONLY by COMSTOCK & CO., No. 59 POYDRAS street, N. O.; 69 Second street, St. Louis; 50 Royal street, Mobile; Bell & Latham, Bayou Sara; and by Comstock & Co., 21 Courtlandt street, New York. jel 6m 1stp

HEMP! HEMP!! HEMP!!!

THE undersigned, in order further to meet the views of the Board of Underwriters, have set apart, exclusively for the storage of Hemp and other extra-hazardous articles of merchandize, the ONE-STORY fire-proof Warehouse, (Orleans No. 2,) corner Delord and Magazine streets. The locality and facility of receiving and delivering at the Warehouse (there being no hoisting to the second story required) renders this the most desirable place for this description of storage.

au6 6m GEO. R. BEARD & CO.

DR. MENSING, Dental Surgeon,

HAVING returned to the city of New Orleans from his tour in the North and East, is prepared to perform all operations appertaining to the TEETH; and has become acquainted with the best mode of operating approved by the College of Dental Surgeons of Baltimore, Md. His prices for operations are in proportion to suit the times. a16 tf

TOOTH-ACHE CURED

IN LESS THAN ONE MINUTE, by Dr. MENSING'S *TOOTH-ACHE ELIXIR*, or no charge. ☞ Office No. 53 Baronne street, 4th door above Common st., New Orleans.

☞ *Office 53 Baronne street. 4th door above Common.*

J. WEST, Practical DENTIST, 112 St. Charles St.

☞ *Warranted for Ten Years.* ☜

THE SUBSCRIBER, having introduced into his practice a new and improved method of FILLING TEETH with Gold, by which double the amount of density is produced, is prepared to warrant every filling where the Tooth is constitutionally good and healthy *Ten Years.*—Also, whole and half sets of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, either in blocks of carved work, with false jaw and gums, or with single or separate Teeth, as may be preferred, mounted on Gold Plate and confined by atmospheric pressure, sufficiently firm to sustain a weight of sixteen pounds, will be furnished on better terms and of a better quality than can be procured at any other Dental establishment in the South.

☞ J. W. refers to the following gentlemen who have honored him with their patronage:

Prof. STONE.	SYKES & HYDE.
" MURPHY.	STURGES & WRIGHT.
" DIMITRY.	MURPHY & NEVIUS.
Dr. BENBROOK.	ROBESON & ALLEN.

N. B.—Dentists supplied with Gold Foil and Plate.... Office, *No. 112 St. Charles street.* a15 3m

FOR YUCATAN.

MILITARY GOODS.—The subscribers have now on hand 200 U. S. RIFLES, from Harper's Ferry; a large supply of COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, (six shooters;) English BELT PISTOLS, HOLSTER PISTOLS; also, low priced Revolving Pistols, which, with a complete assortment of SWORDS, SABRES, Military Sashes, and other Military Equipments, they offer for sale, low for cash, at No. 15 Chartres street. [jc22tf] HYDE & GOODRICH.

CHICKERING'S PIANO-FORTES.

THE PUBLIC will please take notice that Mr. HENRY PARSONS, 94 CAMP STREET, is my only agent for the sale of my PIANO-FORTES in Louisiana; and that instruments taken at this depot may be considered fully guaranteed from the factory; and that the prices will be the same, adding freight and insurance only. Orders may be left for any kind of instrument, and no advance required until the article is received and approved. J. CHICKERING.

my16 334 Washington street, Boston.

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PRYTANIA Street, 2d door above EUTERPE Street.

MRS. PREWETT, who has had considerable experience and always given entire satisfaction, has opened a SCHOOL as above, where will be taught all the branches appertaining to a finished education—Geography, Grammar, Reading, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, Astronomy, &c., &c.

☞ An experienced French Lady has been employed to give lessons in the FRENCH LANGUAGE. Also—a Gentleman to teach Algebra and the higher branches of MATHEMATICS. Lessons on the PIANO FORTE and GUITAR will also be given, and especial attention paid to the department and moral instruction.

☞ Among those to whom Mrs. P. would refer are—the Rev. Jno. Hutchison, Oakland College, Miss.; Hon. J. A. Stockman, Mayor of Natchez; C. A. Lacoste, Esq., Rev. J. R. Stratton, Natchez; Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Jno. Watt, Esq., Hon. S. S. Prentiss, Gen. C. N. Rowley, and the Board of Directors of the Public Schools of the Second Municipality, New Orleans.

Prices unusually low. o2 1m

WATCHES, JEWERY AND FANCY GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received an additional supply of very superior Gold and Silver Watches, with Hunting Cases of M. I. Tobias, Roskell and other superior makers; also, Fine *London Duplex Watches*, rich Jewelry, of the latest styles, comprising Fine Gold Watch Chains, Keys and Seals, Ladies' Bracelets, Necklaces, Breast Pins, Gold Pencil Cases, Finger Rings, &c. Also, a great variety of FANCY GOODS, selected by one of the firm in the European markets, consisting of Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, fine Fans, Reticules and other fancy articles. Also, fine Scissors and Needles, Table Knives and Forks, Castors, Candlesticks, Double and Single Barrel Guns, Pistols, Revolvers, Bowie Knives, Military Goods, &c., &c., for sale at moderate prices, by

je21 HYDE & GOODRICH, 15 Chartres st.

TO MERCHANTS, PLANTERS, BUILDERS, Carpenters, and all others interested in Building.

W. P. KELSEY & CO., STEAM MANUFACTORY, *ST. PAUL Street, between Julia and Girod sts., near the Protestant Cemetery*, are now fully prepared to execute to order every description of work used in private or other buildings, such as:

Panel and Store Doors,	Mahogany Balusters,
Rolling & Stationary Blinds,	Awning Posts,
Window Sash,	Caps and Bases for Columns,
Window and Door Frames,	Mahogany, Rosewood and
Mahogany Newels,	Black Walnut Veneering,

Every description of Circular and other SAWING.

TURNING of all kinds done to order.

BUILDINGS of every description contracted for. Sugar-Houses, Furnaces, Chimneys and Machinery, with every thing appertaining thereto complete, on the best and most approved plan. Drafts of Buildings and Machinery made to order. Stores shelved and Bars fitted up.

All orders addressed as above will meet with prompt attention. Those who are desirous of building would do well to give us a call.

☞ Mahogany, Cherry, Black Walnut, Cypress and Eastern White Pine Lumber, and Yellow Pine, for building purposes, constantly on hand and for sale. o21 6m

COPARTNERSHIP.

ON the 20th of September, 1848, the undersigned associated with him in the BOOK and JOB PRINTING BUSINESS, MR. LEWIS A. MIDDLETON, late of Mobile. The business of the concern will in future be conducted under the firm and style of SPENCER & MIDDLETON.

o23 H. SPENCER.

MAGIC PRESS PRINTING OFFICE,

89 *MAGAZINE Street, one door above Poydras.*

H. SPENCER. LEWIS A. MIDDLETON.

SPENCER & MIDDLETON have just received at their office, 89 Magazine street, from New York and Boston, a large assortment of well selected new and latest style LETTER PRESS and JOB PRINTING TYPES and PRINTING MACHINES, with which they are now prepared to execute all orders in their line with correctness and dispatch, and on as reasonable terms as can be obtained in the city. With the facilities now at their command, and with a *practical knowledge* of every department of their business, to which they will devote their individual attention, they feel every assurance that they can give perfect satisfaction to all who may favor them with their custom.

In printing CARDS the superiority of the MAGIC PRESS over all others now in use, is generally admitted—in proof of which we invite an examination and comparison of our specimens with those of any other press in the city. We print

CARDS AT FROM $3 TO $5 PER 1000,

And other descriptions of Book and Job Printing at equally low rates. o23

CRESCENT RESTAURAT & OYSTER SALOON,

No. 46 ST. CHARLES Street, corner GRAVIER.

THIS establishment has been entirely remodeled, greatly improved, and very handsomely re-furnished throughout, and is now open for the season. From the previous well-established reputation of the CRESCENT OYSTER SALOON AND RESTAURAT, WALTER deems it superfluous to enter into a long panegyric of his house, but simply to thank his friends and patrons for the marked and liberal patronage he has received, and to assure them that the kind manner in which his efforts to please have been appreciated, will only stimulate him to increased exertions, to secure the large patronage already given, and make the "Crescent Restaurat" the most fashionable and popular resort in the city.

He has made arrangements to be at all times supplied with the finest OYSTERS, from Mobile, Barrataria, Cat Island and Grand Pass, which will be served up in any style to suit the palate.

His arrangements are complete to be seasonably supplied with every variety of GAME and FISH; in the preparation of which no pains will be spared to gratify the taste of the most fastidious epicure.

On his bill of fare will always be found STEAKS, CHOPS, CUTLETS, every kind of POULTRY and VEGETABLES; in short, with every thing in season that can be procured.

His stock of LIQUORS having been selected by himself, are of a superior quality, and embraces the best and choicest brands imported, of French and Swiss Wines, Cordials, Scotch Ale, Irish and Scotch Whisky, London Brown Stout, and the best Philadelphia Ale and Porter—a trial of these Liquors is all that he desires to insure a favorable opinion. o23 1m

HOLBROOK OYSTER SALOON.

THE friends and patrons of the HOLBROOK OYSTER SALOON are respectfully informed that this well known establishment is now open for the winter season; and the public generally is assured that, as heretofore the best quality of OYSTERS will be served up, as the proprietor is determined that the celebrity of his establishment shall be kept up, so that no just cause of complaint may be heard. Thankful for past favors, the proprietor trusts that his continued endeavors to please the public may guarantee to him a continuance of that public's patronage. s25 tf

LOST OR STOLEN.

LOST or stolen from the advertiser, a DRAFT, of which the following is a copy:

No. 112. Camargo, Mexico, August 2d, 1847.
To Lt. Col. T. F. Hunt, Dep'y Qr. M. Gen'l U. S. A.,
New Orleans, La.

At sight pay to the order of James Chaplin, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars, being for that amount received by me in specie for the public service, and for which this shall be your receipt at the Treasury of the United States. Given in duplicate, this being the original, which being paid, the duplicate of same tenor and date to be null and void.

$650. [o17] G. H. CROSSMAN, Major & Qr. Master.

HOEYVILLE BRICK MANUFACTORY.

HOEY & BYINGTON respectfully inform the citizens of New Orleans, Lafayette, Carrollton, Algiers, Gretna and "Hoeyville" that they are now prepared to deliver the cheapest and best made BRICKS in the Southern country, to builders and others, at the lowest price. This establishment is the largest in the South, and the patronage of the public is respectfully invited. HOEY & BYINGTON.

my30 tf

NO HUMBUG.

UPWARDS of 100 bottles of DR. COLEMAN'S GONORRHŒA MIXTURE have been sold during the past year, without complaint in a single instance. Over ten dozen used in our U. S. Hospital!...... This Medicine challenges competition, both in the point of *taste as I certainly of cure*; where it fails, the money will be refunded in every case. ☞ Sold by H. KENNEDY, 64 Chartres street, and at DR. A. W. COLEMAN'S TONIC BITTERS DEPOT, 92 *POYDRAS Street.* au9 w*8

DAILY CRESCENT.

THE WORLD IS BEFORE THEE.

BY G. L. BANKS.

The wide world is before thee,
Go revel in its blaze;
Life's sunshine may restore thee
The smile of happy days.
I would not in thy bosom
One bitter thought should spring,
Be like the treasured blossom
That wears no secret sting.

Soon very strong emotion
Shall droop within thy breast;
The fiercest storms of ocean
At last are lulled to rest,
And o'er the changed scene stealing
A cheering beam upsoars;
So, in the work of feeling,
Hope follows after tears.

The Maniac Clown.... BY J. H. BROWN.

[The following narrative, with scarcely an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature, during one of the lucid intervals, between his howls of madness, while confined in the mad-house of P——, England, and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside—but not forgotten, and the author but awaited an opportunity to place them in this manner be fore the readers of this sheet.—*Literary American.*]

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"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, and surpassing any you have taken, if we can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raving prisoners we have at times."

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the grate, and we entered; crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, hair long, black, and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in various places, of a ring mimic—was a man, who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we had seen, chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting, or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low moaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands; the keeper said in this manner he had passed whole days, and then he was more peaceable, and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick he carried in his hand, he said—"Look up." And the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view. "Why do you come here again?" said he, sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those who come to look at me, that I am mad! do you not fear me? ay! strong man—do ye not fear me, weak creature that I am!—yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet, so that I cannot lift them up, but look ye, there is one thing you cannot chain!—one thing you cannot manacle, and, if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my MEMORY! Chain that! keep that dread form from before me—let it not haunt me day and night—let me not hear the voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said the keeper, "for which I am thankful, for he is like a lion when the fit is on him, and"——

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the mad-man, rising, and flinging his arms as high about him as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again! come, is all ready! who goes on first? why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry and shall make them laugh out to-night!—ha! ha! ha!" and his pale face was lit up with a wild, demoniacal expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary, not come yet? Strange—it's time—long past time, and she knew well she should be here early. Why gaze at me? she is not—no, no, nothing has happened—tell me, is she safe, is my dear child safe? Oh, God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! Ha! ha! ha!" And, with loud shrieks, he dashed his hands to his forehead.

Soon he sat down again upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed round, and upon the keeper and myself, who stood by the door, beyond his reach.

"Come nearer to me," said he, beckoning; "come nearer, not you; no, not you, I fear you," and he shuddered as the keeper stepped towards him—"I fear *you*, for your eyes strike terror to my heart, and that, and the form of my child before me ever, are all I dread!—Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child—I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his head upon his hand, and with a sudden tremor, and wildly glaring eye, he began:

"Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and the clear moon and stars, but now all are the same to me—days I know none, and night lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed, like men, ay, and that too merrily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble, laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and the merry words, and know that I had caused it all—to hear their loud hurrahs, to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That would cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so years went on, until my wife, my own beloved Mary, died; she whom I loved so fondly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester, the clown, the one who made them laugh, could *weep!* But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave; my Mary! she had loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walking beside me in my troubles and sorrows, sharing what I enjoyed, or suffering, without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave dug for her should take me in also. But she had left me one over whom I must watch with anxiousness, and love, if possible, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet, Mary.

"I struggled with the deep, the bitter curse, of poverty. Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance, elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed heaven for its kindness. But no; poor, broken-down, a miserable, wretched man—no profession, no business save the one I followed. I was still forced to drag on in the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

"But what cared the crowd? the *clown* should not be sad; no, no, impossible for the ring-jester to weep, it was a thing unheard-of, and would have raised a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so, with a heart overburthened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and a joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet, artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, ay, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew, and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours, when the toil of my profession was over for the night, did I sit beside her little cot, and gaze upon her as she lay sleeping before me! often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant, and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent, as pure as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I'd struggle, and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

"For, oh! I thought—yes, the thought would come, what if death should rob me of her—her, my Mary—all, all I love on the wide earth—she, in whom were centered all my affections, the only one inducing me still to drag on my weary life; what if the cold, strong, sure arm of death, should smite her down in all her purity and loveliness! True, she would die some time, as did her mother, as must I, must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth! Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies. Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the *clown prayed!* The one, who, in fanciful attire, leaped and rode, joking and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his sweet child—he prayed for her!

"And then again another and more dreadful vision came to me! to which the thought of death was nothing: should she, growing more beautiful and more lovely every hour—should she still continue the object of my entire thought and fall to sin!—oh, God! the thought was sickening: then how I bent me down and prayed—then how! trembled for the fate of my dear child.

"London's no place for a young, motherless, and beautiful girl; for temptation and every allurement to sin and vice existed on each turn: and should *she* fall! Would that ere that moment, I could see her a corpse before me!

"Well, as I'd sit, and gaze and muse on all this, and my thick-coming fancies passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say, 'Dear father, do go to rest, for you are pale, yes, very pale; yes, do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you;' then I'd kiss, and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love for her—no abatement could there be in that while the life-blood coursed through my veins.

"Sometimes I took her to her mother's grave, where she was always sure to bring some simple flower, and I would tell her of the one who lay beneath, so good, so gentle and so kind, telling her that she must try and be like her; and then she'd ask me many artless questions—if she was in heaven then, and if she loved me as tenderly as did she, and when she spelled the only word upon the head-stone—simply 'MARY'—she said, 'Why, that is *my* name, too!'

"My salary became inadequate to my wants—I pinched myself sadly to allow my daughter education, and to enable her to dress prettily, and that she might not suffer for any thing. So I applied for more, and told them that I could not live with what I had. But, alas! they answered that my request could not be complied with; they said they would retain me, paying me what I was receiving, or that I might go; for although I was a favorite, I was growing weak and old, and many a younger one was waiting for the chance and station I then had.

"I demurred, but it was of no avail—I pleaded poverty, but that was no help—and was turning to leave, when once again the manager spoke to me—

"'If you are poor, and wanting, as you say, I can name a way in which you can gain money.'

"'Name it!' eagerly cried I.

"'Your daughter—she is young, and handsome—she'——

"'What mean you by these words?' shouted I, as I stood panting before him.

"'Why not train her for the arena?'

"Horrible idea! Train my little Mary for the arena! No, no, I could not think of such a thing. I could not find it in my heart to bring that dear one, pure as she was—untouched—unsullied yet by sin—into the midst of the many low and vile creatures hanging around such a place. No, no; the thought was agony.

"So I toiled on, harder and harder, still, than ever. Little did those who laughed so loudly, long and heartily, think the heart of him who caused them so to do was sadly beating, while he sang the merry song, or danced and capered, telling his curious jokes, and laughing out so loudly himself—ah, no! At length, nature could support it no longer. I grew sick, and was scarcely able to go through with my performance, and the words of the manager recurred to me again—there was no alternative, and I was forced to bring her to the house.

"And that hour when she stepped therein, I curse—ay, curse it from my heart!"

And here the poor maniac, after talking so rationally, and for such a length of time, covered his face with his hands, and, swaying his body to and fro, uttered loud curses and cries. Upon this I feared that the remainder of his story was lost, and waited long for his paroxysm to cease. By degrees his voice subsided, and he commenced again—

"She murmured not—she said that she was glad she could be earning something to assist me in our poverty, and she would try her best to learn and please. Poor child, poor Mary!

"Weeks, weeks—and many, too—we practiced—every day for hours; and she would not say that she was tired—no complaint, not one—and she learned, too, rapidly.

"How I watched her then!—by her all day, all night, not a moment could my eyes be from her. After hours and hours of training and toil, she was prepared for the *début*. The day preceding the night was sad enough for me. We went together to her mother's grave, and sat an hour or two. I told her that she was soon to come before the world—that she would be surrounded by sin, misery and temptation—but ever to treasure the memory of that mother dead who, when living, was free from taint and peerless as driven snow. She was so young that she could not understand me fully, but said—sweet child!—that she would go to Heaven, to meet her there, and if she would, she must be good to do so.

"The night arrived—portentous night!—and with a sadly beating heart I put on my customary habiliments. Mary was to appear in two performances—the first alone, the second in conjunction with the best performer of the arena—and sweetly did she look when all attired for her first appearance. Never had she looked so beautiful, with her little spangled frock and tights, so like a sylph, so pure, so innocent. Again and again I kissed her, and bade her fear not.

"The house, long before the advertised time for the raising of the curtain, was densely packed, for the announcement of the first appearance in public of the daughter of —— —— had been long underlined, and had been heralded forth in glowing words for several days. Yes, men came to look upon the one whom *poverty* had compelled to appear: whom *want* had driven from her peaceful home, and to laugh at the jests of her sad-hearted father.

"And they would not look in vain—for at rehearsal the manager, struck with her beauty and daring courage, with her skill on horseback, made me liberal offers for her services, which poverty, of course, made me accept. It is not often that managers applaud their hirelings.

"Tier above tier they rose—and when, with a shriek and merry 'Here I am!'" I jumped into the ring, deafening plaudits made all echo again.

"I know not how I acted, what I said—but from time to time I heard them shout. My thoughts were upon my child; and when the moment came for her to appear, and I led her by her little hand to make her bow, feelings of pride mingled with my sadness, for it was Mary, my child, for whom they shouted, unto whom they rose, to whom every eye was turned.

"But, oh! what a moment for me! With the lightness of air she vaulted to the saddle. A crack from the master's whip, and round went the noble steed like lightning—round the arena so swiftly, it seemed to me as if it were not half so long. Then how they applauded! My eyes followed her as she went, my heart knocked against my bosom at each beat, and when she stopped for rest I could not speak. It was well for me that they saw it not—they were waving handkerchiefs and sending flowers to her from every portion of the place.

"It was a triumph. I was wild, frantic with joy, fear and weakness! Sweetly, and with grace, she smiled and waved her tiny arms and hands, as the foaming steed walked slowly around to let her breathe and give her time to rest.

"Off again, performing more difficult feats than before, but with the same ease and grace. One could not have told, to have looked on, that she had done the same thing months and months before, so easy, no effort, so coolly, no embarrassment. It was through—I breathed again.

"But, no—she must come before them, and I led her out again. I need not tell you how they shouted, what they did; you'd say my brain was turned with love for my dear child, and would not think I told the truth.

"And now, one more appearance, and the last that night. On she came, borne by the best performer in the arena, the favorite of the place. With what ease and grace he held her up on high! How smartly she looked, away up there—all tinsel and spangles, glittering so finely in the gas-light!—and he like Hercules beside her, urging the steed onward to its utmost powers.

"The most intrepid riders are carried the swiftest, to enable them to sustain their balance—and he was famous for the swiftness of his riding; it seemed as if his steed flew. No words came from my lips, though I was in the arena all the time. I was not thinking where I was, or what I was doing—all I thought of was my child.

"High up in the air he threw her, catching her as easily as if 't was play—and she clapping her little hands—no fear had she! How they applauded!—her triumph was complete.

"Each moment brought the performance nearer to its close, and how I wished it through! But, no—his steed, fearing the whip, trained to exerting all his powers when this rider was upon his back, kept on his lightning course, and, oh, God! in one unlucky feat he missed her! I saw her fall—the horse reared, and down came his heavy hoofs upon my Mary!

"I cannot tell you what followed. I saw them rise round on every side. There were cries, but I know that piercing shrieks drowned them—I saw blood, red blood, upon my dear child's face. I had sprung to her ere the horse had hardly moved, and seized her from beneath him, and all connected with the place rushed to my side.

"But she, the beautiful—she, my idol, life and hope—a moment before, so full of joy, I had clasped unto my heart a corpse!

"Ay, she was dead!—dead, like her mother Mary—dead, like everything to me that should be full of life—dead, and I lived!

"I know no more—no more!" said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes, as if there had been enough to wash away. "I could have wept once, but now my eyes are dry, and I have no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours they could not separate us; but I remember nothing of it, and am sure it was not so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the songs of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, ay! load me with double manacles as these. When they have barred the doors, ah! they cannot close them to my Mary. I see her now, now, with the red blood streaming down her pale face—don't let me see it—away—away!"

* * * * * *

And with a tear of real pity, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and barred upon the "MANIAC CLOWN."

MACREADY IN LEAR.—From a general criticism upon this great actor in the Home Journal we select that portion referring to his King Lear:

We never see Mr. Macready in Lear without being reminded of that immortal epigram that was called forth during the rivalry, in this same play, between Garrick and Barry:

"The town hath found out different ways
To praise the different Lears:
Barry draws down thunders of applause,
But Garrick—*only tears!*"

Applause, in the aggregate, was not wanting during the evening; but with every disposition to applaud on the part of the audience, they found little opportunity to indulge it, excepting while the drop curtain was down and at the close of the play—when it was equally unanimous and tumultuous. Indeed what we have already said of Macready's *Macbeth* and *Othello*, is even more emphatically true of his *Lear*. The exquisite finish and beauty of each particular passage holds its auditors spellbound for the moment of its action, and before we can hardly appreciate and take in its qualities another passage of equal beauty and power succeeds; then another and another, to the scene; and in the event there is so much of reality and so little of fiction—in other words, so little of Macready and so much of Lear—that the auditor, in spite of himself, "only weeps." He gets sight of a sad domestic catastrophe—something that happened in a remote age, but which the combined skill of the poet and the player has rendered contemporaneous with ourselves; and as the poor old king is, in the judgment of the first of critics, "fit for nothing but to die," so the spectator is capable of nothing but grief.

Mr. Macready's control of the sympathies of his audience is marvellous, but not inexplicable: it originates in the perfect truth and simplicity of his art. A "weak and infirm old man," who is not complaining of his wrongs, but is actually enduring them before us, irresistibly claims our sympathy: nay we do not wait for him to claim it—we do not even stay to proffer it—it springs spontaneously from the heart, and escapes, unbidden, through the eye. And this is, precisely, the relative position of actor and auditor in Macready's *Lear*.

To go more into particulars—though, once for all, we cannot do this at length; to cite every prominent beauty in Macready's characters, would be to quote the plays entire—his manner of looking at *Goneril*, when she complains of his train—his tone and movement in

"Are you our daughter?"

his appeal—

"I gave you all!"

his quiet agony in

"I shall go mad!"

indeed, these scenes—the scenes in the forest—the scene of the couch—the

"I take that lady there to be my child, Cordelia;"

and the closing scene—what are they all but so many things done and suffered by *Lear* himself? And what praise of Macready's art can exceed that which pronounces it simply natural. We so pronounce it and so regard it: Macready in *Lear* exactly realizes what was said of Garrick in that other immortal epigram—the fitting companion to the one already quoted:

"'A king! ay, every inch a king!'—
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing—
He's every inch—*King Lear!*"

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—We imagine that the general idea is, that that very eloquent word "*lam*," in the sense of *strike*, belongs to the *Mosy* vernacular of the present day. "I'll *lam* yer!" is a common threat among those amiable members of society of whom Messrs. Chanfrau and Johnson give such speaking portraitures. But, in point of fact, the word is provincial in Yorkshire, Eng., and has for many years been colloquial in the northern states. Horace Smith introduced it, long ago, in his "Rejected Addresses:"

"If Millwood were here, dash my wig,
I would beat her, and LAM her well."

—*Sunday Mercury.*

We can quote higher authority than this. Sir Walter Scott makes frequent use of the word in one of his most celebrated works—the Bride of *Lam-her-more.—Mirror.*

A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.—You were made to be kind, generous, and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; *for* if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and ask the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

☞ "Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him; "faith, I'm regularly locked *in!*" "*In!*" said his companion, "in where!" Why, *in the street!*"

☞ Erasmus, writing to the Pope, who in a private letter to him had reproached him with eating meat in Lent, replied, "I have a Catholic soul, but my stomach is altogether Lutheran."

☞ The End of Royalty was never more forcibly illustrated than in a recent discovery which has puzzled the antiquarians of Scotland, and is now causing no small amount of discussion in certain circles there.

Some time ago, the workmen in removing the foundation of Trinity College Church in Edinburgh, discovered a skeleton. It was found in the north aisle of the church, under the northeast sacristy, exactly in the centre of the vestry, in an oak coffin, of singular shape, being made with parallel sides and an arched cover, and was evidently that of a female. From various circumstances, and from a comparison of these with the charter of foundation, it was believed very confidently that the remains were none other than those of the Queen, Mary of Gueldres, wife of the Second James, foundress of the chapel. The evidence was deemed so conclusive that the bones were conveyed with considerable pomp to the royal vault at Holyrood, and there deposited with the kingly dead of Scotland.

A few weeks since, the workmen, excavating where the high altar stood, discovered another grave. It was a mass of cement, on clearing away which, they found a strong framework of wood, and in this a fir coffin, which inclosed a leaden coffin, and in this again inclosed one of wood. In the latter was another female skeleton. It was immediately argued that the careful enclosing of this body, as compared with the plain oak coffin of the other, indicated that this, and not that, was all that remained of the royal foundress—especially as the newly-discovered grave was in the centre of the church, and under the high altar. Furthermore, Mary was said to have had a distorted back, and the last skeleton had a curved spine. The whole matter remains involved in doubt. An Edinburgh paper says:

"While people are willing to give those who had charge of the re-interment of the former remains ample credit for having taken time by the forelock, they are not a little inclined to look on the former proceedings as a solemn farce, and their imaginations suggest, that while Shakspeare spoke truly when he moralized on the possibility of the dust of an Emperor stopping a beer-barrel, it may prove fully as true that the remains of some pious man or maid of honor may now repose in a purple velvet coffin, and be enshrined among the illustrious dead as a Princess who has filled a nation with her renown."

The Edinburgh Witness publishes a letter from Mr. Wilson, one of the Secretaries of the Antiquarian Society, who recommends that, to save all difficulty and doubt, the remains of both be deposited in the Royal vault. Mr. Wilson says:

"It will be seen that there is no evidence in favor of the supposition that any error has been committed in assigning the remains found in the vestry to be those of the royal founder, excepting that those last discovered are enclosed in a lead coffin. This is nothing so peculiar to Royalty as in itself to determine the question. Bishop Spence, of Aberdeen, a contemporary of the foundress, and no doubt other persons of note, were interred in the church, and possibly several more queens may turn up on such evidence! It is possible that these latter remains may be those of the Lady Cecilia, youngest daughter of the Queen and James II., who, having died unmarried, would almost certainly be buried in the church, founded by her mother, "for the salvation of all her sons and daughters," as one clause of the foundation charter prescribes.

THE VEGETABLE SOAP OF MEXICO.—Among the products of New Mexico, is a species of palm, called by the natives *lechuguilla*, which has been denominated *soap weed*, from the fact that the Mexicans use its root as a substitute for soap, for which it answers very well. Indeed, it is considered superior to it for the washing of woollens. This singular shrub, which is to be met with on the prairies, but where it never grows to any considerable size, consists of a trunk very pithy, surmounted by a fine head of stiff leaves, each of which is about two feet and a half in length, and armed with a long thorn. The leaves project from this stalk on all sides, and sit as close as possible, and are of a dark green color. The flower is white and very pretty. As each year's foliage decays, it drops down against the trunk, and is of a light brown color. These dry leaves, when fire is applied, flash up like gunpowder, and burn with a bright light.

The plant is applied to many uses by the natives; of its leaves they make their hats; also, when dressed like hemp, it is formed into ropes and sacks, looking like the material known as the Manilla hemp, though coarser.

The author of "A Campaign in New Mexico," observes: "These plants have a singularly provoking quality; being from two to eight feet in height, they will assume to the eye in twilight the most deceptive forms. To the sentinel, they will appear as forms of men; and many an unconscious weed has run the chance of a sentry's shot from not answering the challenge, "Who goes there?" If your mule or horse has strayed from camp, and you start to hunt for him in the gray of the morning, you are sure to be led first in one direction, and then in another, by one of these shrubs, which, from a short distance, has taken the form of your animal. Time after time you may have been thus deceived, yet never seeming to learn experience from a soap-weed.—*Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.*

MOUNT SINAI.—This is the holy mountain, and among all the stupendous works of nature, not a place can be selected more fit for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it, upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the giant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the territorial solitudes, and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it a perfect "sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass, is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies; while the crumbling masses of granite all around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive.

The level surface of the very top or pinnacle is about sixty feet square. At one end is a single rock about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath his favored servant received the tables of the law. There, on the spot where they were given, I opened the sacred book in which those laws are recorded, and read them with a feeling of deeper devotion, as if I were standing nearer and receiving them more directly from the Deity himself.—*Chambers.*

☞ Beau Nash having borrowed some money of a city beau whom he patronized in turn, he was asked one day to repay it, upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, there's that fellow Tomkins, who lent me £500, has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I had called the dog, 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

☞ A droll story is going the rounds, of an honest old farmer who, attempting to drive home a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed, "D—n your apologies—you need n't stand there, you tarnal critter, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn you."

☞ In Cork, the crier endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that is n't lawyers, quit the Court!"

☞ Whenne a manne falleth offe hisse beaste, or essaythe too light his pipe at ye pumpe, he isse too bee esteemed drunkenne.

AN AMBASSADOR EATER.—The king of Appolonia, an African monarch, who had a habit of eating the ambassadors who were sent to him, has been "put down" by a British regiment, aided by several of his subjects.