The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1849 VOLUME I.....NUMBER 277.

THE DAILY CRESCENT.

NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 22, 1849.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CABINET.—[Washington correspondence of the Charleston Courier.]—Though very little is now said as to the Cabinet of Gen. Taylor, and though it is known that he will not make up his mind as to more than one Cabinet appointment before he arrives here, yet it is confidently asserted that he has determined to take one member of the Cabinet from New England, one from Pennsylvania, one from Kentucky, and one from Georgia, and none from New York or Louisiana, as those States have the President and Vice President. As to the member from New England, I learn that efforts have been made by some of the Taylor Whigs of the East to induce Gen. Taylor to take Mr. Webster, if, indeed, he would accept the office, as Secretary of State, and that others are urging Mr. Evans; but Mr. Lawrence will probably be the Cabinet officer from New England, and at the head of the Treasury Department.

MEETING OF THE SENATE AFTER THE FOURTH OF MARCH.—We learn from the National Intelligencer that the President has issued the usual circular to the Senators of the United States, requesting them to meet in the Senate Chamber on the 5th day of March next. It is then customary to receive and act upon the nominations which the President may make for members of the Cabinet, etc. The following is a copy of the circular above referred to:

To the Senate of the United States, respectively.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2, 1849.

Sir—Objects interesting to the United States requiring that the Senate should be in session on Monday, the 5th day of March next, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive, you are hereby requested to attend in the Senate Chamber, in the city, on that day, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, is accordingly requested.

JAMES K. POLK.

THE SOUTHERN COMMITTEE.—"Independent" (the correspondent of the Philadelphia North American) states, in his letter of the 4th, that at the meeting of the Special Committee on Tuesday last, "when Mr. Clayton (as is understood out of doors) protested against any sectional proceedings and interposed to arrest further action, Mr. King, of Alabama, distinctly signified, that unless he was persuaded that the South would generally unite in the appeal, his acquiescence would be withheld."

THE BUTLER CASE.—The N. Y. Evening Post contradicts the statement made in some of the newspapers, that the difficulties between Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Butler had been compromised.

FROM NASSAU.—The brig Pedraza, Capt. Dorlie, arrived at Charleston on the 14th from Nassau. The Charleston Courier learns that Capt. Jellison, his mate and four of the crew of the brig Levant, whose wreck on Abaco on the 25th ult. has been previous mentioned, are passengers in the Pedraza. The four men are under charge of mutiny, having plotted to take the life of Capt. Jellison, previous to the loss of his vessel. Capt. J. had found it necessary to shoot one of his crew at the time. To their mutinous conduct is attributed the loss of the vessel.

Shortly after the Pedraza left Nassau, the four men were detected in stealing from one of the passengers, and becoming insolent they were put in irons. The men were put on board the Pedraza by the U. S. Consul, with directions to deliver them to the authorities here, which was done last night, and they were put in jail.

The steamship Orus, Capt. Tucker, from New York, via this city bound to Chagres, put into Nassau on the morning of the 5th inst., for a supply of coal. She left again on the morning of the following day, and would probably touch at Jamaica on her way over.

The British West India steamer Avon, due 23d ult., had not yet made her appearance, and much anxiety was felt for her safety. The West India and New York mails reached Nassau on the 6th, by a schooner dispatched from Bermuda 28th ult., in consequence of the non-arrival of the steamer.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY.—From the following, which we extract from the Brownsville (Texas) Flag, it will be seen that the democratic principle is making some progress, even in benighted Mexico:

Mexican Elections.—We notice by *El Bien Publico* that the local elections in Camargo have terminated in favor of the people. We understand that the same has been the result at Guerero and other towns in the interior. The work that has been so nobly commenced at Matamoros, as we understand, is spreading wide and far. So true as "Truth is mighty and will prevail," so true is it that the great work of reformation in Mexico has commenced and will and must continue. It is a work that must and will give power and strength to the General Government, whilst it gives prosperity to the individual States, of which the General Government must partake. Reformations are necessary for the integrity of the Mexican Union. Interest, affection, must attach and bind the people to their Government; otherwise, if it is a yoke heavy and burdensome, they will shake it off, self-preservation being the first law of Nature.

Under our immediate eye do we see the blind action of a government: the inhabitants of a large city compelled to eat unwholesome food or set at defiance the laws of their country, while abundance is in their view, on the opposite bank of a river. At Matamoros you will see condemned articles of food in common use. From the ferries which connect the two commercial points, you see the Mexican with his little bag of flour, or few loaves of bread, paddling it along, moved, perhaps, to act thus in defiance of law, by some sick member in his family, whose sickness he imputes to the use of unwholesome food forced upon them by their paternal government. These things are calculated to excite the sympathies of all. They are bad in any view, but when we look upon them with that dreadful scourge, the "cholera," on our border, it is heart-sickening.

We look alone to the ballot-box of Mexico to remedy these evils.

☞ We observe in the Flag the following announcement: We are authorized to announce Col. Walter Hickey as a candidate for the Senate, to represent the counties of Cameron, Starr and Webb, at the ensuing election.

MELANCHOLY DEATH BY DROWNING.—It becomes our painful duty this week, says the Baton Rouge Gazette of the 17th inst., to announce the death, by drowning, of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Jas. Cooper. This melancholy event occurred the night before last, from on board the wharf-boat at this place, between 12 and 1 o'clock. It appears that Mr. Cooper was on the wharf-boat awaiting the arrival of the Luna, when happening to walk out on the middle deck, it is supposed his legs struck against the guard-railing, whereby he lost his footing, fell overboard, and was drowned before timely assistance could be rendered him.

Mr. Cooper had, during a residence of about fifteen years in our midst, filled several respectable and influential positions, with talent and ability—such as Mayor of our city, Major of the 11th Regiment Louisiana Militia, and Justice of the Peace—which latter office he filled at the time of his death. His body was recovered yesterday forenoon, near the spot where he fell.

☞ Cornelius Matthews, the author, broke his leg in New York, by a fall.

THE HAUNTED MAN AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN....A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I....THE GIFT BESTOWED.

Everybody said so.

Far be it from me to assert that what everybody says must be true. Everybody is, often, as likely to be wrong as right. In the general experience, everybody has been wrong so often, and it has taken, in most instances, such a weary while to find out how wrong, that the authority is proved to be fallible. Everybody may sometimes be right; "but *that's* no rule," as the ghost of Giles Scroggins says in the ballad.

The dread word, GHOST, recalls me.

Everybody said that he looked like a haunted man. The extent of my present claim for everybody is, that they were so far right. He did.

Who could have seen his hollow cheek; his sunken brilliant eye; his black-attired figure, indefinably grim, although well knit and well proportioned; his grizzled hair hanging, like tangled sea-weed, about his face—as if he had been through his whole life, a lonely mark for the chafing and beating of the great deep of humanity—but might have said he looked like a haunted man?

Who could have heard his voice, slow-speaking, deep, and grave, with a natural fullness and melody in it which he seemed to set himself against and stop, but might have said it was the voice of a haunted man?

Who that had seen him in his upper chamber, part library and part laboratory,—for he was, as the world knew, far and wide, a learned man in chemistry, and a teacher on whose lips and hands a crowd of aspiring ears and eyes hung daily—who that had seen him there, upon a winter night, alone, surrounded by his drugs and instruments and books; the shadow of his shaded lamp a monstrous beetle on the wall, motionless among a crowd of spectral shapes raised there by the flickering of the fire upon the quaint objects around him; some of these phantoms (the reflection of glass vessels that held liquids) trembling at heart like things that knew his power to uncombine them, and to give back their component parts to fire and vapor; who that had seen him then, his work done, and he pondering in his chair before the rusted grate and red flame, moving his thin mouth as if in speech, but silent as the dead, would not have said that the man seemed haunted and the chamber too?

Who might not, by a very easy flight of fancy, have believed that everything about him took this haunted tone, and that he lived on haunted ground?

His dwelling was so solitary and vault-like,—an old retired part of an ancient endowment for students, once a brave edifice, planted in an open place, but now the obsolete whim of forgotten architects, smoke-age-and-weather-darkened, squeezed on every side by the overgrowing of the great city, and choked, like an old well, with stones, and bricks; its small quadrangles, lying down in every pits formed by the streets and buildings, which, in course of time, have been constructed above its heavy chimney stacks; its old trees, insulted by the neighboring smoke, which deigned to droop so low when it was very feeble and the weather very moody, its grassplots, struggling with the mildewed earth to be grass, or to win any show of compromise; its silent pavements, unaccustomed to the tread of feet, and even to the observation of eyes, except when a strange face looked down from the upper world, wondering what nook it was; its sundial in a little bricked-up corner where no sun had straggled for a hundred years, but where, in compensation for the sun's neglect, the sun would lie for weeks when it would lay nowhere else, and the black east wind would spin like a huge humming-top, when in all other places it was silent and still.

His dwelling, at its heart core—within doors—at his fireside—was so lowering and old, so crazy, yet so strong, with its worm-eaten beams of wood in the ceiling, and its sturdy floor shelving downwards to the great oak chimney-piece; so environed and hemmed in by the presence of the town, yet so remote in fashion, age, and custom; so quiet, yet so thundering with echoes when a distant voice was raised or a door was shut—echoes, not confined to the many low passages and empty rooms, but rumbling and grumbling till they were stifled in the heavy air of the forgotten crypt where the Norman arches were half-buried in the earth.

You should have seen him in his dwelling about twilight, in the dead winter time.

When the wind was blowing shrill and shrewd, with the going down of the blurred sun. When it was just so dark, as that the forms of things were indistinct and big, but not wholly lost. When sitters by the fire began to see wild faces and figures, mountains and abysses, ambuscades and armies, in the coals. When people in the streets bent down their heads, and ran before the weather. When those who were obliged to meet it, were stopped at angry corners, stung by wandering snow-flakes alighting on the lashes of their eyes, which fell too sparingly, and were blown away too quickly, to leave a trace upon the frozen ground. When windows of private houses closed up tight and warm. When lighted gas began to burst forth in the busy and quiet streets, fast blackening otherwise. When stray pedestrians, shivering along the latter, looked down at the glowing fires in kitchens, and sharpened their sharp appetites by sniffing up the fragrance of whole miles of dinners.

When travelers by land were bitter cold, and looked wearily on gloomy landscapes rustling and shuddering in the blast. When mariners at sea, outlying upon icy yards, were tossed and swung above the howling ocean dreadfully. When lighthouses, on rocks and headlands, showed solitary and watchful; and benighted sea-birds breasted on against their ponderous lanterns, and fell dead. When little readers of story-books, by the fire-light, trembled to think of Cassim Baba cut into quarters, hanging in the robbers' cave, or had some small misgivings that the fierce little old woman with the crutch, who used to start out of the box in the merchant Abubah's bedroom, might one of these nights be found upon the stairs, in the long, cold, dusky journey up to bed.

When, in rustic places, the first glimmering of daylight died away from the ends of avenues; and the trees, arching overhead, were sullen and black. When, in parks and woods, the high wet fern and sodden moss, and beds of fallen leaves, and trunks of trees were lost to view in masses of impenetrable shade. When mists arose from dyke, and fen, and river. When lights in old halls and cottage windows were a cheerful sight. When the mill stopped, the wheelwright and the blacksmith shut their workshops, the turnpike-gate closed, the plough and barrow were left lonely in the fields, the laborer and team went home, and the striking of the church clock had a deeper sound than at noon, and the church-yard wicket would be swung no more that night.

When twilight everywhere released the shadows prisoned up all day, that now closed in and gathered like mustering swarms of ghosts. When they stood lowering, in corners of rooms, and frowned out from behind half-opened doors. When they had full possession of unoccupied apartments. When they danced upon the floors, and walls, and ceilings of inhabited chambers, while the fire was low, and withdrew like ebbing waters, when it sprung into a blaze. When they fantastically mocked the shapes of household objects, making the nurse an ogress, the rocking-horse a monster, the wondering child, half-scared and half-amused, a stranger to itself—the very tongs upon the hearth, a straddling giant, with his arms a-kimbo, evidently smelling the blood of Englishmen, and wanting to grind people's bones to make his bread.

When these shadows brought into the minds of older people, other thoughts, and showed them different images. When they stole from their retreats, in likenesses of forms and faces from the past, from the grave, from the deep, deep gulf, where the things that might have been, and never were, are always wandering.

When he sat, as already mentioned, gazing at the fire. When, as it rose and fell, the shadows went and came. When he took no heed of them, with his bloody eyes; but, let them come or let them go, looked fixedly at the fire. You should have seen them, then.

When the sounds that had arisen with the shadows, and come out of their lurking places at the twilight summons, seemed to make a deeper stillness all about him. When the wind was rumbling in the chimney, and sometimes crooning, and sometimes howling in the house. When the old trees outside were so shaken and beaten, that one querulous old rook, unable to sleep, protested now and then, in a feeble, dozy, high-up "Caw!" When, at intervals, the window trembled, the rusty vane upon the turret-top complained, the clock beneath it recorded that another quarter of an hour was gone, or the fire collapsed and fell in with a rattle. When a knock came at his door, in short, as he was sitting so, and roused him.

"Who's that?" said he. "Come in!"

Surely there had been no figure leaning on the back of his chair; no face looking over it. It is certain that no gliding footstep touched the floor, as he lifted up his head, with a start, and spoke. And yet there was no mirror in the room on whose surface his own form could have cast its shadow for a moment; and something had passed darkly and gone!

"I'm humbly fearful, sir," said a fresh-colored, busy man, holding the door open with his foot, for the admission of himself and a wooden tray he carried, and letting it go again by very gentle and careful degrees, when he and the tray had got in, lest it should close noisily, "that it's a good bit past the time to-night. But Mrs. William has been taken off her legs so often——"

"By the wind? Ay! I have heard it rising."

"—By the wind, sir—that it's a mercy she got home at all. Oh dear, yes. Yes. It was by the wind, Mr. Redlaw. By the wind."

He had, by this time, put down the tray for dinner, and was employed in lighting the lamp, and spreading a cloth on the table. From this employment he desisted in a hurry, to stir and feed the fire, and then resumed it; the lamp he had lighted and the blaze that rose under his hand, so quickly changing the appearance of the room, that it seemed as if the mere coming of his fresh red face and active manner had made the pleasant alteration.

"Mrs. William is of course subject at any time, sir, to be taken off her balance by the elements. She is not formed superior to *that*."

"No," returned Mr. Redlaw good-naturedly, though abruptly.

"No, sir. Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Earth; as, for example, last Sunday week, when sloppy and greasy, and she going out to tea with her newest sister-in-law, and having a pride in herself, and wishing to appear perfectly spotless though pedestrian. Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Air; as being once overpersuaded by a friend to try a swing at Peckham Fair, which acted on her constitution instantly like a steamboat. Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Fire; as on a false alarm of engines at her mother's, when she went two miles in her nightcap. Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Water; as at Battersea, when rowed into the piers by her young nephew, Charley Swidger, junior, aged twelve, which had no idea of boats whatever. But those are elements. Mrs. William must be taken out of elements for the strength of *her* character to come into play."

As he stopped for a reply, the reply was "Yes," in the same tone as before.

"Yes, sir. Oh dear, yes!" said Mr. Swidger, still proceeding with his preparations, and checking them off as he made them. "That's where it is, sir. That's what I always say myself, sir. Such a many of us Swidgers!—Pepper. Why there's my father, sir, superannuated keeper and custodian of this institution, eigh-ty-seven year old. He's a Swidger!—Spoon."

"True, William," was the patient and abstracted answer, when he stopped again.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Swidger. "That's what I always say, sir. You may call him the trunk of the tree!—Bread. Then you come to his successor, my unworthy self—Salt—and Mrs. William, Swidgers both—Knife and fork. Then you come to my brothers and their families, Swidgers, man and woman, boy and girl. Why what with cousins, uncles, aunts, and relationships of this, that, and t'other degree, and whatsnot degree, and marriages, and lying-in, the Swidgers—Tumbler—might take hold of hands and make a ring round England."

Receiving no reply at all here, from the thoughtful man whom he addressed, Mr. William approached him nearer, and made a feint of accidently knocking the table with a decanter, to rouse him. The moment he succeeded, he went on, as if in great alacrity of acquiescence.

"Yes, sir! That's just what I say myself, sir. Mrs. William and me have often said so. 'There's Swidgers enough,' we say, 'without *our* voluntary contributions'—Butter. In fact, sir, my father is a family in himself—Castors—to take care of; and it happens all for the best that we have no child of our own, though it's made Mrs. William rather quiet-like too. Quite ready for the fowl and mashed potatoes, sir? Mrs. William said she'd dish it in ten minutes when I left the Lodge!"

"I am quite ready," said the other, waking as from a dream, and walking slowly to and fro.

"Mrs. William has been at it again, sir!" said the keeper, as he stood warming a plate at the fire, and pleasantly shading his face with it. Mr. Redlaw stopped in his walking, and an expression of interest appeared in him.

"What I always say myself, sir. She *will* do it! There's a motherly feeling in Mrs. William's breast that must and will have went."

"What has she done?"

"Why, sir, not satisfied with being a sort of mother to all the young gentlemen that come up from a variety of parts, to attend your courses of lectures at this ancient foundation—it's surprising how stone-chaney catches the heat, the frosty weather, to be sure!" Here he turned the plate, and cooled his fingers.

"Well!" said Mr. Redlaw.

"That's just what I say myself, sir," returned Mr. William, speaking over his shoulder, as if in ready and delighted assent. "That's exactly where it is, sir! There ain't one of our students but appears to regard Mrs. William in that light. Evers day, right through the course, they put their heads into the Lodge, one after another, and have all got something to tell her, or something to ask her. 'Swidge' is the appellation by which they speak of Mrs. William in general, among themselves, I'm told; but that's what I say, sir. Better be called ever so far out of your name, if it's done in real liking, than have it made ever so much of, and not cared about! What's a name for? To know a person by. If Mrs. William is known by something better than her name—I allude to Mrs. William's qualities and disposition—never mind her name, though it *is* Swidger, by rights. Let 'em call her Swidge, Widge, Bridge—Lord! London Bridge, Blackfriars', Chelsea, Putney, Waterloo, or Hammersmith Suspension—if they like!"

The close of this triumphant oration brought him and the plate to the table, upon which he half laid and half dropped it, with a lively sense of its being thoroughly heated, just as the subject of his praises entered the room, bearing another tray and a lantern, and followed by a venerable old man with long gray hair.

Mrs. William, like Mr. William, was a simple, innocent-looking person, in whose smooth cheeks the cheerful red of her husband's official waistcoat was very pleasantly repeated. But whereas Mr. William's light hair stood on end all over his head, and seemed to draw his eyes up with it, in an excess of bustling readiness for any thing, the dark brown hair of Mrs. William was carefully smoothed down, and waved away under a trim, tidy cap, in the most exact and quiet manner imaginable. Whereas Mr. William's very trousers hitched themselves up at the ankles, as if it were not in their iron gray nature to rest without looking about them, Mrs. William's neatly-flowered skirts—red and white, like her own pretty face—were as composed and orderly as if the very wind that blew so hard out of doors could not disturb one of their folds. Whereas his coat had something of a fly-away and half-off appearance about the collar and breast, her little boddice was so placid and neat, that there should have been protection for her in it, had she need any, with the roughest people. Who could have had the heart to make so calm a bosom swell with grief, or throb with fear, or flutter with a thought of shame! To whom would its repose and peace have not appealed against disturbance, like the innocent slumber of a child!

"Punctual, of course, Milly," said her husband, relieving her of the tray, "or it would n't be you. Here's Mrs. William, sir! He looks lonelier than ever to-night," whispering to his wife, as he was taking the tray, "and ghostlier altogether."

Without any show of hurry or noise, or any show of herself even, she was so calm and quiet, Milly set the dishes she had brought upon the table. Mr. William, after much clattering and running about, having only gained possession of a butter-boat of gravy, which he stood ready to serve.

"What is that the old man has in his arms?" asked Mr. Redlaw, as he sat down to his solitary meal.

"Holly, sir," replied the quiet voice of Milly.

"That's what I say myself, sir," interposed Mr. William, striking in with the butter-boat. "Berries is so seasonable to the time of year!—Brown gravy!"

"Another Christmas come, another year!" murmured the Chemist, with a gloomy sigh. "More figures in the lengthening sum of recollection that we work and work at to our torment, till Death idly jumbles all together, and rubs all out. So, Philip!" breaking off, and raising his voice as he addressed the old man, standing apart, with his glistening burden in his arms, from which the quiet Mrs. William took small branches, which she noiselessly trimmed with her scissors, and decorated the room with, while her aged father-in-law looked on, much interested in the ceremony.

"My duty to you, sir," returned the old man. "Should have spoken before sir, but know your ways, Mr. Redlaw—proud to say—and wait till spoke to! Merry Christmas, sir, and happy New Year, and many of 'em. Have had a pretty many of 'em myself—ha, ha!—and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty-seven!"

"Have you had so many that you were merry and happy?" asked the other.

"Ay, sir, ever so many," returned the old man.

"Is his memory impaired with age? It is to be expected now," said Mr. Redlaw, turning to the son, and speaking lower.

"Not a morsel of it, sir," replied Mr. William. "That's exactly what I say myself, sir. There never was such a memory as my father's. He's the most wonderful man in the world. He don't know what forgetting means. It's the very observation I'm always making to Mrs. William, sir, if you'll believe me!"

Mr. Swidger, in his polite desire to seem to acquiesce at all events, delivered this as if there were no iota of contradiction in it, and it were all said in unbounded and unqualified assent.

The Chemist pushed his plate away, and, rising from the table, walked across the room to where the old man stood looking at a little sprig of holly in his hand.

"It recalls the time when many of those years were old and new, then!" he said, observing him attentively, and touching him on the shoulder. "Does it?"

"On, many, many!" said Philip, half awaking from his revery. "I'm eighty-seven!"

"Merry and happy, was it?" asked the Chemist, in a low voice. "Merry and happy, old man?"

"Maybe as high as that, no higher," said the old man, holding out his hand a little way above the level of his knee, and looking retrospectively at his questioner, "when I first remember 'em! Cold, sun-shiny day it was, out a walking, when some one—it was my mother as sure as you stand there, though I don't know what her blessed face was like, for she took ill and died that Christmas time—told me they were food for birds. The pretty little fellow thought—that's me, you understand—that birds' eyes were so bright. I recollect that. And I'm eighty-seven!"

"Merry and happy!" mused the other, bending his dark eyes upon the stooping figure, with a smile of compassion. "Merry and happy—and remember well?"

"Ay, ay, ay!" resumed the old man, catching the last words. "I remember 'em well in my school time, year after year, and all the merry making that used to come along with them. I was a strong chap then, Mr. Redlaw; and, if you believe me, had n't my match at foot-ball within ten mile! Where's my son, William? Had n't my match at football, William, within ten mile!"

"That's what I always say, father!" returned the son promptly, and with great respect. "You ARE a Swidger, if ever there was one of the family!"

"Dear!" said the man, shaking his head as he again looked at the holly. "His mother—my son William's my youngest son—and I have sat among 'em all, boys and girls, little children and babies, many a year, when the berries like these were not shining half so bright all round us as their bright faces. Many of 'em are gone; she's gone; and my son George (our oldest, who was her pride more than all the rest!) is fallen very low; but I can see them, when I look here, alive and healthy, as they used to be in those days; and I can see him, I thank God, in his innocence. It's a blessed thing to me, at eighty-seven."

The keen look that had been fixed upon him with so much earnestness, had gradually sought the ground.

"When my circumstances got to be not so good as formerly, through not being honestly dealt by, and I first come here to be custodian," said the old man, "which was upwards of fifty years ago—where's my son William? More than half a century ago, William?"

"That's what I say, father," replied the son, as promptly and dutifully as before, "that's exactly where it is. Two times ought's an ought, and twice five ten, and there's a hundred of 'em."

"It was quite a pleasure to know that one of our founders—or more correctly speaking," said the old man, with a great glory in his subject and his knowledge of it, "one of the learned gentlemen that helped endow us in Queen Elizabeth's time, for we were afore her day—left in his will, among the other bequests he made us, so much to buy holly, for garnishing the walls and windows, come Christmas. There was something homely and friendly in it. Being but strange here, then, and coming at Christmas time, we took a liking for his very pictur that hangs in what used to be anciently, afore our ten poor gentlemen commuted for an annual stipend in money, our great dinner hall. A sedate gentleman in a peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck and a scroll below him, in old English letters, 'Lord, keep my memory green!' You know all about him, Mr. Redlaw?"

"I know the portrait hangs there, Philip."

"Yes, sure, it's the second on the right above the paneling. I was going to say he has helped to keep *my* memory green, I thank him; for going round the building every year, as I'm a doing now, and refreshing up the bare rooms with these branches of berries, freshens up my bare old brain. One year brings back another, and that year another, and those others numbers! At last it seems to me as if the birth-time of our Lord was the birth-time of all I have ever had affection for, or mourned for, or delighted in—and they're a pretty many, for I'm eighty-seven."

"Merry and happy," murmured Mr. Redlaw to himself. The room began to darken strangely.

"So you see, sir," pursued old Philip, whose hale wintry cheek had warmed into a ruddier glow, and whose blue eyes had brightened while he spoke, "I have plenty to keep, when I keep this present season. Now where's my quiet Mouse? Chattering's the sin of my time of life, and there's half the building to do yet, if the cold don't freeze us first, or the wind don't blow us away, or the darkness don't swallow us up."

The quiet Mouse had brought her calm face to his side, and silently taken his arm, before he finished speaking.

"Come away, my dear," said the old man. "Mr. Redlaw won't settle to his dinner otherwise, till it's as cold as the winter. I hope you'll excuse me rambling on, sir, and I wish you good night, and, once again, a merry—"

"Stay!" said Mr. Redlaw, resuming his place at the table, more, it would have seemed from his manner, to reassure the old keeper, than in any remembrance of his own appetite. "Spare me another moment, Philip. William, you were going to tell me something to your excellent wife's honor. It will not be disagreeable to her to hear you praise her. What was it?"

"Why, that's where it is, you see, sir," returned Mr. William Swidger, looking towards his wife in considerable embarrassment. "Mrs. William's got her eye upon me."

"But you're not afraid of Mrs. William's eye?"

"Why, no, sir," returned Mr. Swidger, "that's what I say myself. It wasn't made to be afraid of. It wouldn't have been made so mild if that was the intention. But I wouldn't like to—Milly!—him, you know. Down in the buildings."

Mr. William, standing behind the table, and rummaging disconcertedly among the objects upon it, directed persuasive glances at Mrs. William, and secret jerks of his head and thumb at Mr. Redlaw, as alluring her towards him.

"Him, you know, my love," said Mr. William. "Down in the buildings. Tell, my dear! You're the works of Shakspeare in comparison with myself. Down in the buildings, you know, my love. Student."

"Student!" repeated Mr. Redlaw, raising his head.

"That's what I say, sir!" cried Mr. William, in the utmost animation of assent. "If it wasn't the poor student down in the Buildings, why should you wish to hear it from Mrs. William's lips? Mrs. William, my dear—Buildings."

"I didn't know," said Milly, with a quiet frankness, free from any haste or confusion, "that William had said anything about it, or I wouldn't have come. I asked him not to. It's a sick young gentleman, sir—and a very poor, I am afraid—who is too ill to go home this holiday time, and lives, unknown to any one, in but a common kind of lodging for a gentleman, down in Jerusalem Buildings. That's all, sir."

"Why have I never heard of him?" said the Chemist, rising hurriedly. "Why has he not made his situation known to me? Sick!—give me my hat and cloak. Poor!—what house?—what number?"

"Oh, you mustn't go there, sir," said Milly, leaving her father-in-law, and calmly confronting him with her collected little face and folded hands.

"Not go there?"

"Oh dear, no!" said Milly, shaking her head as at a most manifest and self-evident impossibility. "It couldn't be thought of!"

"What do you mean? Why not?"

"Why, you see, sir," said Mr. William Swidger, persuasively and confidentially, "that's what I say. Depend upon it, the young gentleman would never have made his situation known to one of his own sex. Mrs. William has got into his confidence, but that's quite different. They all confide in Mrs. William: they all trust *her*. A man, sir, couldn't have got a whisper out of him; but woman, sir, and Mrs. William combined—"

"There is good sense and delicacy in what you say, William," returned Mr. Redlaw, observant of the gentle and composed face at his shoulder. And laying his finger on his lip, he secretly put his purse into her hand. [To be continued.]

TEAS! TEAS!!—72 Canal Street.

Agency of the New York Canton Tea Company.

The Oldest Establishment in America—Principal Establishment in New York.

THE CANTON TEA COMPANY has been popularly known for many years. This is the largest and oldest Tea Establishment in America. The public have had full proof of the integrity and the responsibility; but such has been the great and pressing demand for their Teas, of late, that they have been obliged to enlarge, to a great extent, their two principal Establishments in New York, namely: Nos. 125 Chatham and 163 Greenwich streets. They moreover possess facilities in relation to the Tea Trade, on a very abundant degree, and doubtless superior to any other Tea concern in America. Their scrupulous regard to all principles that tend to elevate the character of a large house is well understood, and has already secured them a connection probably larger than all other Tea Establishments united, and they consequently are determined to sell TEAS, *purer, more fragrant and perfect* for the PRICES, in the aggregate, than any house in the world, China excepted.

They most zealously invite the attention of the inhabitants of this city to their Agency, where the following assortments are always on hand; and they feel no hesitation in stating, that wherever a single trial is made, a very decided preference is given to the celebrated Teas of the Canton Tea Company.

☞ Reader, make the experiment.

The Retail Prices are as follows, subject in all cases to be returned, if not approved of:

GREENS.

Good Young Hyson	$ 50	$ lb.
Fine Young Hyson	62½	"
No. 2. Fragrant do	75	"
No. 3, very fine do	1 00	"
Silver Leaf do	1 25	"
Good Hyson	75	"
Very Fine Hyson	1 00	"
Extra Fragrant Hyson	1 25	"
Good Hyson Skin	50	"
Good Imperial	75	"
Very Fine Imperial	1 00	"
Extra Fine Imperial	1 25	"
Good Gunpowder	75	"
Fine Gunpowder	1 00	"
Extra Fine Gunpowder	1 25	"

BLACKS.

No. 1 Souchong	50	"
No. 2 Souchong	62½	"
Finest Souchong	75	"
Fragrant Pouchong	(various prices.)	
Congo	(various prices.)	
Fine Oolong	50	"
Very Fine Oolong	75	"
Extra Fine Oolong	1 00	"
Ningyong	(various prices.)	
Finest English Breakfast Tea, very rich Pekoe flavored	75	"
Fine Orange Pekoe	75	"
Finest Pekoe Flowers	1 00	"
Howqua, or Finest Black Tea imported	1 00	"
Ne plus ultra Teas, both Green and Black, of all descriptions, the highest grades down in China	1 50	"

TAKE NOTICE.—The Canton Tea Company are the *exclusive* venders of the superior Black Tea called "Howqua's Mixture." They introduced it into America in 1840, and every other person or house professing to sell the same at all—much less at a lower price—deceive the unwary, as the public themselves will perceive, by comparing the spurious with the genuine "Howqua" vended by the Canton Tea Company.

☞ Every package—in addition to it containing full weight, independent of the wrapper—bears the stamp of neatness and elegance, and the Teas therein are so thoroughly secured from light and air that their quality and power will remain unimpaired in any climate. d8 2taw 2m

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

J. & D. WRIGHT & CO'S Patent Wood and Coal Stoves; Air-tight Stoves, most improved patterns, suitable for Halls, Bar-rooms, Churches, etc.;
Fancy high Coal Stoves, for Bar-rooms, etc.;
Common Stoves; nine and ten-plate Stoves;
Franklin Stoves, for wood or coal;
Furnaces; Copper and Brass Preserve Kettles, different sizes;
Copper Liquor Pumps; Tin Pumps;
Oliver Moon's Patent Well Pumps.

—ALSO—

A very general assortment of Cooking Utensils and Kitchen Furniture, of Copper, Iron and Tin Ware;
Brass and Britannia Lamps and Candlesticks;
Brass, Britannia and Japanned Spittoons;
Deed and Cash Boxes; Tumbler Drainers;
Hall and Steamboat Lamps, of different sizes;
Britannia Tea and Coffee-Pots;
Britannia Soup Tureens, of different sizes;
Bush Coves; Copper and Tin Measures;
Copper, Iron and Tin Tea-Kettles;
Buck & McGran's Patent Cooking Stoves;
Church's Philadelphia Coal Stoves.

—ALSO—

My Own Patent D Stoves, on the most improved plan, to burn wood or coal; Cooking Ranges;
American Air-tight Cooking Stoves, for wood or coal, on the most improved plan;
Rotary Ranges, for wood or coal, of different sizes;
Ship Cabooses, of different sizes and patterns;
English Steak Dishes, Covers and Stands;
Cake Moulds; Oyster Gridirons; Oyster Stewpans, etc., etc.
ja8 1y M. H. DEVEREUX, 26 Tchoupitoulas st.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE success which has attended the undersigned in dispensing his many VALUABLE PREPARATIONS throughout the United States and Mexico, and from the constant demand for them, has induced him to take an office, where he may be found at all times, and his Medicines be procured. Having had the advantage of studying with one of the ablest Physicians in, and being also a graduate of the College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, would bez leave to call the attention of those afflicted with the following diseases: Rheumatism in its most aggravated cases, cured in from three to seven days; Dysentery; Diarrhœa; etc., relieved in a few hours. All diseases arising from the abuse of Mercury, and of a delicate nature, eradicated in a few days, *or no charge*. Office, No. 53 Baronne street, fourth door above Common. [d25 3m] DR. WM. H. NICE.

WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The Great American Remedy

For Lung Complaints, and all Affections of the Respiratory Organs

The Best Remedy ever known to Man, for Coughs, Asthma, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Bleeding of the Lungs, Influenza, Difficulty of Breathing, Liver Affections, Pain or Weakness of the Breast or Side, First Stages of Consumption, etc. etc.

OUR Agent at Marksville, La. writes us:

MARKSVILLE, May 9th, 1848.

Messrs. Scovil & Mead—Gents—Enclosed I send you a letter from Dr. Dulany, a Graduate of Medicine, and one of our most skilful physicians, testifying to the remarkable effects of Wistar's Balsam in his own practice. He stands high among the Profession here, and has a very extensive practice. [Signed] G. A. STEVENS.

Dear Sir—I promised to inform you of the result of my trial of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry upon Mrs. M——. It relieved her cough: and her general health was so much improved, that she fancied herself entirely cured, and, *contrary to my advice*, she discontinued the use of it and all other remedies, and recommenced her singing in the Catholic Church. The consequence of this was she had a return of spitting of blood. *She is now, however, using the Balsam again, and is recovering under the use of it.* The Balsam was also used twice in Mrs. M.'s family for Croup with the happiest results. Once, in a *very violent case*, which I am informed was *relieved in three hours after taking three doses*. The other, a little girl, less violently affected, was relieved by taking one dose. Before writing you further, I wish to try this medicine in other cases and on other patients.

Yours, etc., [Signed] B. DULANY, M. D.

REMEMBER,

There is a base counterfeit of this article sold as genuine by unprincipled dealers in medicine in this city. It purports to come from Philadelphia, is coarsely put up, and bears the name of "*Wistar's Balsam.*" It is of recent origin, and is endeavored to be sold on the reputation of the genuine and original preparation. Beware of it, or you will be imposed upon with a worthless imitation. The *genuine* bears the signature of *Sandford & Park* on the engraved wrapper around each bottle, and is sold in this city *only by*

SCOVIL & MEAD, 113 Chartres street,
Between Conti and St. Louis sts.

SOLE GENERAL AGENTS for the Southern States.

N. B.—We have no Agents in this city. ja11

WANTS.

A SITUATION WANTED—By a steady, persevering man, in a Grocery or Western Produce Store, as Salesman, or in any capacity in which he can make himself useful. Salary not so much an object as immediate employment. Any communication addressed to X. B., Crescent Office, will be promptly attended to. ja15 1w*

WANTED.

A SITUATION by a middle aged woman as a child's nurse in a family where the services of a white person are preferred. Satisfactory references as to the character of the applicant will be given by applying at this office. d20

WANTED.

A SITUATION as CLERK in a Mercantile House or as assistant in a Clerk's Office of a Court, is wanted by a middle aged man who has had some experience in either capacity, having been a resident of this city for some years past. The best references can be given. Address Q. Y. at this office. d20

LABORERS WANTED.

WANTED—TEN NEGRO MEN, to work in Warehouse. EMERSON, TOURNÉ & CO.
d12 158 Tchoupitoulas st.

HO, FOR CALIFORNIA!

IN consequence of the great number of persons desiring to go to California, many persons have been precluded from securing passage on the fine ship ARCHITECT. A person having his passage engaged on that vessel, is willing to dispose of it for $225, as he desires to accompany a party of friends by the land route. A Premium of $100 has been offered for passage by the Architect, but he will sell for $225. Apply at this Office. ja10

BOOK KEEPING—ACCOUNTABILITY.

THE Subscriber, an old experienced BOOK KEEPER and BUSINESS MAN, offers his services as an Accountant, for the opening of new sets of Books; the closing or adjusting of old ones, and the regularisation of all kinds of litigous accountability, on moderate terms. He would accept a permanent situation in a Commercial House of extensive business, and would devote his time entirely to the