The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

NEW ORLEANS:

TUESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1849.

Italy, Austria and Hungary.

The following news we find in the Picayune's last evening edition. The America's news has been received by the same paper in full, but of the remainder the substance was contained in our dispatches.

ITALY.—The interest still felt for the position of the Pope continues predominant. His Holiness remains at Gaeta, from which point all kinds of intrigues and negotiations have sprung up, conferring a great celebrity on this almost unknown spot.

The Provisional Government at Rome, concluded by the vote of the Upper Chambers, has endeavored by every means in its power to induce the Pope to return to the Holy City. This he refuses, except on the condition of dissolving the Chambers, disbanding the National Guard, and suppressing the journals—which, among other conditions, only show that his Holiness has no real intention to return at present to the Quirinal.

The Congress for the settlement of the affairs of Italy is about to meet at Brussels; but it is plain that while the executive authorities of the chief mediating powers are scarcely settled—indeed we hardly know who governs Germany—but little progress can be made towards a peaceful solution of Italian affairs.

The Papal States have only an unacknowledged Provisional Government to maintan order in the capital.

M. Cameti, the Commissary General of the Papal army, has arrived in Paris on his way to London, charged with a mission to both the French and English Governments; and in a short time the feeling of Russia, which power has always interfered boldly in Italian affairs, will be known; so that the final disposition of the Pope's person, as well as his ultimate political destiny, cannot be longer delayed.

The relations of Naples and Sicily remain almost in *statu quo*.

At Genoa there has been some slight popular outbreak.

At Turin, the King seems to have laid aside his warlike tendencies, and the final adjustment of the Lombardy frontier seems as remote as ever.

The accounts from Rome to-day are by no means satisfactory for the cause of order. The clubs are now in possession of the Government, and their chief, Lucien Bonaparte, seems resolved to destroy the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. The opinion of the French Cabinet, at present, is said to be in favor of a demonstration on behalf of the Pope, but in such a way as not to have the air of a hostile intervention against the Roman people. It is however quite evident to our Ministers that the real Roman people have very little voice in what is now going on. The manifestation at Rome against the Pope is the work of the commissaries of the Red Republicans of France, and of the red-hot demagogues from other Italian States.

It is reported here to-day that the Pope has accepted the invitation of the Presideut of the Republic to visit Paris, but that he will not come before May. Several diplomatic appointments have been made by the Ministry, but the names have not transpired. It is said, however, that two of the old diplomatists of Louis Philippe, M. de Bourgueney and another, are to have high posts.

AUSTRIA.—In Austria public attention is mainly directed to the war against the Hungarians. We have but very imperfect accounts of the progress of this civil strife. The Imperialists, however, have taken Oldenbening, Trynau and Presburg—the Magyars retiring before them. It is said that the Imperialists will immediately invest Pesth, and crush Kossuth and his followers.

On the other hand it must be remembered that the Hungarians pursued that system of defence best adapted to their country, and their want of resources; and by laying waste the country as the Austrians advanced, they threw almost insurmountable impediments at this season in the march of their enemies. The Austrians are now reinforced with ample funds by Russia, which it is positively stated have been supplied by way of loans. The Hungarians, it is supposed, will have no alternative but to submit.

Vienna and the provinces are all tranquil.

The accounts of the success of the Imperial troops against the Hungarians are rather more definite. It appears that on the approach of the Imperialists towards Presburg, the garrison, 10,000 strong, were preparing to defend the town, but the citizens opposed that step, and then withdrew, fearing that they would have to contend against an internal as well as an external foe. They were followed by Jellachich as far as Wiesselburg, where a sanguinary conflict ensued between them and the Croatians. A portion of Wiesselburg was reduced to ashes, and a still larger portion plundered by the Croatians. Numbers of the inhabitants of Wiesselburg as well as of Raab and Kogern, carry on an immense corn trade and are enormously rich, so that the Croatians no doubt found good booty, unless the Wiesselburgers had packed off their valuables before the arrival of their rapacious visiters. It is said that the Imperialists lost at Wiesselburg two generals, four staff officers, and fifty-seven sub-officers. On the other hand, the Magyars lost in prisoners alone 792, who were forwarded to Olmutz; meantime the Magyars claim a complete victory over the troops of the well-known Pastor Urban, who has been taken prisoner. On the 16th, the defile of Jablunka, which leads from Moravia into Hungary, was entirely in the hands of the Magyars, who had rendered it impassable even for smugglers.

According to the latest intelligence, Gen. Seylick was advancing towards Pesth from the Gallyran side. It is thought, however, that the Hungarian army on the frontiers of Siebengurgen will continue to hold him in check. Letters from Warsaw of the 10th December announce the confiscation of the property of Gen. Bem, who commanded a portion of the insurgents in Vienna, and who is now in the Hungarian service. The young Emperor is expected to arrive in Vienna on New Year Day.

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MADAME ARRALINE BROOKS has the honor to announce to the visiters and resident families of New Orleans, that the days of Tuition are as follows, at the ARMORY HALL:

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Gentlemen's Class....TUESDAY and THURSDAY, from 7 to 10 P. M.

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☞ Madame Brooks will continue to teach until the 1st of April. d8 tf

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ja19 6t

Boz's Christmas Tale.

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

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued.]

"Oh dear no, sir," cried Milly, giving it back, again. "Worse and worse! Couldn't be dreamed of!"

Such a staid matter-of-fact housewife she was, and so unruffled by the momentary haste of this rejection, that, an instant afterwards, she was tidily picking up a few leaves which had strayed between her scissors and her apron, when she had arranged the holly.

Finding, when she rose from her stooping posture, that Mr. Redlaw was still regarding her with doubt and astonishment, she quietly repeated—looking about, the while, for any other fragments that might have escaped her observation.

"Oh dear, no, sir! He said that of all the world he would not be known to you, or receive help from you—though he is a student in your class. I have made no terms of secresy with you, but I trust to your honor completely."

"Why did he say so?"

"Indeed, I can't tell, sir," said Milly, after thinking a little, "because I am not at all clever, you know; and I wanted to be useful to him in making things neat and comfortable about him, and employed myself that way. But I know he is poor and lonely, and I think he is somehow neglected, too. How dark it is!"

The room had darkened more and more. There was a heavy gloom and shadow gathering behind the Chemist's chair.

"What more about him?" he asked.

"He is engaged to be married, when he can afford it," said Milly, "and is studying, I think, to qualify himself to earn a living. I have seen, a long time, that he has studied hard and denied himself much. How very dark it is!"

"It's turned colder, too," said the old man, rubbing his hands. "There's a chill and dismal feeling in the room. Where's my son William? William, my boy, turn the lamp and rouse the fire!"

Milly's voice resumed, like quiet music very softly played:

"He muttered in his broken sleep yesterday afternoon, after talking to me [this was to herself] about some one dead, and some great wrong done, that could never be forgotten, but whether to him or to another person, I do n't know. Not *by* him, I am sure."

"And, in short, Mrs. William, you see — which she would n't say herself, Mr. Redlaw, if she was to stop here till the new year after this one—" said Mr. William, coming up to him to speak in his ear, "has done him worlds of good! Bless you, worlds of good! All at home just the same as ever—my father made as snug and comfortable—not a crumb of litter to be found in the house, if you were to offer fifty pound ready money for it—Mrs. William apparently never out of the way—yet Mrs. William backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, up and down, up and down, a mother to him!"

The room turned darker and colder, and the gloom and shadow gathering behind the chair was heavier.

"Not content with this, sir, Mrs. William goes and finds, this very night, when she was coming home, (why it's not above a couple of hours ago,) a creature more like a young wild beast than a young child, shivering upon a door-step. What does Mrs. William do, but brings it home to dry it, and feed it, and keep it, till our old Bounty of food and flannel is given away, on Christmas morning! If it ever felt a fire before, it's as much as it ever did, for it's sitting in the old Lodge chimney, staring at ours as if its ravenous eyes would never shut again. It's sitting there, at least," said Mr. William, correcting himself, on reflection, "unless it's bolted."

"Heaven keep her happy!" said the Chemist, aloud, "and you too, Philip! and you, William! I must consider what to do in this. I may desire to see this student, I'll not detain you longer now. Good night."

"I thankee, sir—I thankee!" said the old man, "for Mouse, and for William, and for myself. Where's my son William? William, you take the lantern and go on first, through them long dark passages, as you did last year and the year before. Ha, ha! *I* remember—though I'm eighty-seven! Lord, keep my memory green! It's a very good prayer, Mr. Redlaw, that of the learned gentleman in the peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck—hangs up, second on the right above the paneling, in what used to be, afore our ten poor gentlemen commuted, our great dinner hall. 'Lord, keep my memory green!' It's very good and pious, sir. Amen! Amen!"

As they passed out and shut the heavy door, which, however carefully withheld, fired a long train of thundering reverberations when it shut at last, the room turned darker.

As he fell a-musing in his chair alone, the healthy holly withered on the wall, and dropped—dead branches.

As the gloom and shadow thickened behind him, in that place where it had been gathering so darkly, it took, by slow degrees—or out of it there came, by some unreal, unsubstantial process, not to be traced by any human sense—an awful likeness of himself!

Ghastly and cold, colorless in its leaden face and hands, but with his features, and his bright eyes, and his grizzled hair, and dressed in the gloomy shadow of his dress, it came into its terrible appearance of existence, motionless, without a sound. As *he* leaned his arm upon the elbow of his chair, ruminating before the fire, *it* leaned upon the chair-back, close above him, with its appalling copy of his face, looking where his face looked, and bearing the expression his face bore.

This, then, was the Something that had passed and gone already. This was the dread companion of the haunted man!

It took for some moments no more apparent heed of him, than he of it. The Christmas Waits were playing somewhere in the distance, and, though his thoughtfulness, he seemed to listen to the music. It seemed to listen too.

At length he spoke; without moving or lifting up his face.

"Here again!" he said.

"Here again," replied the Phantom.

"I see you in the fire," said the haunted man; "I hear you in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night."

The Phantom moved its head, assenting.

"Why do you come to haunt me thus?"

"I come as I am called," replied the Ghost.

"No. Unbidden," exclaimed the Chemist.

"Unbidden be it," said the Spectre. "It is enough. I am here."

Hitherto the light of the fire had shone on the two faces—if the dread lineaments behind the chair might be called a face—both addressed towards it, as at first, and neither looking at the other. But, now, the haunted man turned suddenly, and stared upon the Ghost. The Ghost, as sudden in its motion, passed to before the chair, and stared on him.

The living man, and the animated image of himself dead, might so have looked, the one upon the other. An awful survey, in a lonely and remote part of an empty old pile of building, on a winter night, with the loud wind going by upon its journey of mystery—whence, or whither, no man knowing since the world began—and the stars, in unimaginable millions, glittering through it, from eternal space, where the world's bulk is as a grain, and its hoary age is infancy.

"Look upon me!" said the Spectre. "I am he, neglected in my youth, and miserably poor, who strove and suffered, and still strove and suffered, until I hewed out knowledge from the mine where it was buried, and made rugged steps thereof, for my worn feet to rest and rise on."

"I *am* that man," returned the Chemist.

"No mother's self-denying love," pursued the Phantom, "no father's counsel, aided *me*. A stranger came into my father's place when I was but a child, and I was easily an alien from my mother's heart. My parents, at the best, were of that sort whose care soon ends, and whose duty is soon done; who cast their offspring loose, early, as birds do theirs; and, if they do well, claim the merit; and, if ill, the pity."

It paused and seemed to tempt and goad him with its look, and with the manner of its speech, and with its smile.

"I am he," pursued the Phantom, "who, in this struggle upward, found a friend. I made him—won him—bound him to me! We worked together, side by side. All the love and confidence that in my earlier youth had no outlet, and found no expression, I bestowed upon him."

"Not all," said Redlaw, hoarsely.

"No, not all," returned the Phantom. "I had a sister."

The haunted man, with his head resting on his hands, replied, "I had." The Phantom, with an evil smile, drew closer to the chair, and resting its chin upon its folded hands, its folded hands upon the back, and looking down into his face with searching eyes, that seemed instinct with fire, went on:

"Such glimpses of the light of home as I had ever known, had streamed from her. How young she was, how fair, how loving! I took her to the first poor roof that I was master of, and made it rich. She came into the darkness of my life, and made it bright. She is before me!"

"I saw her in the fire but now. I hear her in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night," replied the haunted man.

"*Did* he love her?" said the Phantom, echoing his contemplative tone. "I think he did, once. I am sure he did. Better had she loved him less—less secretly, less dearly from the shallower depths of a more divided heart!"

"Let me forget it!" said the Chemist, with an angry motion of his hand. "Let me blot it from my memory!"

"The Spectre, without stirring, and with its unwinking, cruel eyes still fixed upon his face, went on:

"A dream, like hers, stole upon my own life."

"It did," said Redlaw.

"A love, as like hers," pursued the Phantom, "as my inferior nature might cherish, arose in my own heart. I was too poor to bind its object to my fortune then, by any thread of promise or entreaty. I loved her far too well, to seek to do it. But, more than ever I had striven in my life, I strove to climb! Only an inch gained, brought me something nearer to the height. I toiled up! In the late pauses of my labor at that time—my sister (sweet companion!) still sharing with me the expiring embers and the cooling hearth—when day was breaking, what pictures of the future did I see!"

"I saw them in the fire, but now," he murmured. "They come back to me in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years."

"—Pictures of my own domestic life, in after-time, with her who was the inspiration of my toil. Pictures of my sister, made the wife of my dear friend on equal terms—for he had some inheritance, we none—pictures of our sobered age and mellowed happiness, and of the golden links, extending back so far, that should bind us, and our children, in a radiant garland," said the Phantom.

"Pictures," said the haunted man, "that were delusions. Why is it my doom to remember them too well!"

"Delusions," echoed the Phantom, in its changeless voice, and glaring on him with its changeless eyes. "For my friend (in whose breast my confidence was locked as in my own) passing between me and the centre of the system of my hopes and struggles, won her to himself, and shattered my frail universe. My sister, doubly dear, doubly devoted, doubly cheerful in my home, lived on to see me famous, and my old ambition so rewarded when its spring was broken, and then—"

"Then died," he interposed. "Died, gentle as ever—happy—and with no concern but for her brother. Peace!"

The Phantom watched silently.

"Remembered!" said the haunted man, after a pause. "Yes. So well remembered that even now, when years have passed, and nothing is more idle or more visionary to me than the boyish love so long outlived, I think of it with sympathy, as if it were a younger brother's or a son's. Sometimes I even wonder when her heart first inclined to him, and how it had been affected towards me. Not lightly once, I think. But that is nothing. Early unhappiness, a wound from a hand I loved and trusted, and a loss that nothing can replace, outlive such fancies."

"Thus," said the Phantom, "I bear within me a Sorrow and a Wrong. Thus I prey upon myself. Thus, memory is my curse; and, if I could forget my sorrow and my wrong, I would!"

"Mocker," said the Chemist, leaping up, and making with a wrathful hand at the throat of his other self. "Why have I always that taunt in my ears?"

"Forbear!" exclaimed the Spectre in an awful voice. "Lay a hand on me and die!"

He stopped midway, as if its words had paralyzed him, and stood looking on it. It had glided from him; it had its arm raised high in warning; and a smile passed over its unearthly features, as it reared its dark features in triumph.

"If I could forget my sorrow and wrong, I would," the Ghost repeated. "If I could forget my sorrow and my wrong, I would!"

"Evil spirit of myself," returned the haunted man in a low, trembling tone, "my life is darkened by that incessant whisper."

"It it an echo," said the Phantom.

"If it be an echo of my thoughts—as now, indeed, I know it is," rejoined the haunted man—why should I, therefore, be tormented? It is not a selfish thought. I suffer it to range beyond myself. All men and women have their sorrows—most of them their wrongs: ingratitude and sordid jealousy and interest, besetting all degrees of life. Who would not forget their sorrows and their wrongs!"

"Who would not, truly, and be the happier and better for it?" said the Phantom.

"These revolutions of years, which we commemorate," proceeded Redlaw, "what do *they* recall! Are there any minds in which they do not re-awaken some sorrow or some trouble? What is the remembrance of the old man who was here to-night? A tissue of sorrow and trouble."

"But common natures," said the phantom, with its evil smile upon its glassy face, "unenlightened minds and ordinary spirits do not feel or reason on these things like men of higher cultivation and profounder thought."

"Tempter," answered Redlaw, "whose hollow look and voice I dread more than words can express, and from whose dim foreshadowing of greater fear is stealing over me while I speak, I hear again an echo of my own mind."

"Receive it as a proof that I am powerful," returned the ghost. "Hear what I offer! Forget the sorrow, wrong and trouble you have known!"

"Forget them!" he repeated.

"I have the power to conceal their remembrance—to leave but very faint, confused traces of them, that will die out soon," returned the spectre. "Say! Is it done?"

"Stay!" cried the haunted man, arresting by a terrified gesture the uplifted hand. "I tremble with distrust and doubt of you; and the dim fear you cast upon me deepens into a nameless horror I can hardly bear. I would not deprive myself of any kindly reflection, or any sympathy that is good for me or others. What shall I lose if I assent to this? What else shall pass from my remembrance?"

"No knowledge; no result of study; nothing but the intertwisted chain of feelings and associations, each in its turn dependent on and nourished by the banished recollections. Those will go."

"Are they so many?" said the haunted man, reflecting in alarm.

"They have been wont to show themselves in the fire, in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years," returned the Phantom scornfully.

"In nothing else?"

The Phantom held its peace.

But having stood before him silent for a little while, it moved towards the fire; then stopped.

"Decide!" it said, "before the opportunity is lost!"

"A moment! I call Heaven to witness," said the agitated man, "that I have never been a hater of my kind—never morose, indifferent or hard to anything around me. If, living here alone, I have made too much of all that was and might have been, and too little of what is, the evil, I believe, has fallen on me, and not on others. But if there were poison in my body, should I not, possessed of antidotes and knowledge how to use them, use them? If there be poison on my mind, and through this fearful shadow I can cast it out, shall I not cast it out?"

"Say," said the Spectre, "is it done?"

"A moment longer!" he answered hurriedly. "*I would forget if I could!* Have I thought that alone, or has it been the thought of thousands upon thousands, generation after generation? All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble. My memory is as the memory of other men, but other men have not this choice. Yes, I WILL forget my sorrow, wrong and trouble!"

"Say," said the Spectre, "is it done?"

"It is!"

"IT IS. And take this with you, man whom I here renounce! The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier, in its other memories, without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance, from this hour, carry voluntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you. Go! Be happy in the good you have won, and in the good you do!"

The Phantom, which had held its bloodless hand above him while it spoke, as if in some unholy invocation, or some ban; and which had gradually advanced its eyes so close to his, that he could see how they did not participate in the terrible smile upon its face, but were a fixed, unalterable, steady horror; melted from before him, and was gone.

As he stood rooted to the spot, possessed by fear and wonder, and imagining he heard repeated in melancholy echoes, dying away fainter and fainter, the words "Destroy its like in all whom you approach!" a shrill cry reached his ears. It came, not from the passages beyond the door, but from another part of the old building, and sounded like the cry of some one in the dark who had lost the way.

He looked confusedly upon his hands and limbs, as if to be assured of his identity, and then shouted in reply, loudly and wildly: for there was a strangeness of terror upon him, as if he too were lost.

The cry responding, and being nearer, he caught up the lamp, and raised a heavy curtain in the wall, by which he was accustomed to pass into and out of the theatre where he lectured, which adjoined his room. Associated with youth and animation, and a high amphitheatre of faces, which his entrance charmed to interest in a moment, it was a ghostly place when all this life was faded out of it, and stared upon him like an emblem of Death.

"Halloa!" he cried. "Halloa! This way! Come to the light!" When, as he held the curtain with one hand, and with the other raised the lamp and tried to pierce the gloom that filled the place, something rushed past him into the room like a wild-cat, and crouched down in a corner.

"What is it!" he said, hastily.

He might have asked "What is it?" even had he seen it well, as presently he did, when he stood looking at it, gathered up in its corner.

A bundle of tatters, held together by a hand, in size and form almost an infant's, but, in its greedy, desperate little clutch, a bad old man's. A face rounded and smoothed by some half dozen years, but pinched and twisted by the experiences of life. Bright eyes, but not youthful. Naked feet, beautiful in their childish delicacy—ugly in the blood and dirt which cracked upon them. A baby savage, a young monster, a child who had never been a child, a creature who might live to take the outward form of man, but who, within, would live and perish a mere beast.

Used, already, to be worried and hunted like a beast, the boy crouched down as he was looked at, and looked back again, and interposed his arm to ward off the expected blow.

"I'll bite," he said, "if you hit me!"

The time had been, and not many minutes since, when such a sight as this would have wrung the Chemist's heart. He looked upon it now, coldly; but with a heavy effort to remember something—he did not know what—he asked the boy what he did there, and whence he came.

"Where's the woman?" he replied. "I want to find the woman."

"Who?"

"The woman. Her that brought me here, and set me by the large fire. She was so long gone that I went to look for her, and lost myself. I don't want you. I want the woman."

He made a spring so suddenly to get away, that the dull sound of his naked feet upon the floor was near the curtain, when Redlaw caught him by his rags.

"Come! you let me go!" muttered the boy, struggling and clenching his teeth. "I've done nothing to you. Let me go, will you, to the woman!"

"That is not the way. There is a nearer one," said Redlaw, detaining him, in the same blank effort to remember some association that ought, of right, to bear upon this monstrous object. "What is your name?"

"Got none."

"Where do you live?"

"Live! What's that?"

The boy shook his hair from his eyes to look at him for a moment, and then, twisting round his legs and wrestling with him, broke again into his repetition of "You let me go, will you? I want to find the woman."

The Chemist led him to the door. "This way," he said, looking at him still confusedly, but with repugnance and avoidance, growing out of his coldness. "I'll take you to her."

The sharp eyes in the child's head, wandering round the room, lighted on the table where the remnants of the dinner were.

"Give me some of that!" he said, covetously.

"Has she not fed you?"

"I shall be hungry again to-morrow, sh'a'nt I? Ain't I hungry every day?"

Finding himself released, he bounded at the table like some small animal of prey, and hugging to his breast bread and meat, and his own rags, all together, said,

"There! Now take me to the woman!"

As the Chemist, with a new-born dislike to touch him, sternly motioned him to follow, and was going out of the door, he trembled and stopped.

"The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will!"

The Phantom's words were blowing in the wind, and the wind blew chill upon him.

"I'll not go there, to-night," he murmured, faintly. "I'll go nowhere to-night. Boy, straight down this long-arched passage, and past the great dark door into the yard—you will see the fire shining on a window there."

"The woman's fire?" inquired the boy.

He nodded, and the naked feet had sprung away. He came back with his lamp, locked the door hastily, and sat down in his chair, covering his face like one who was frightened at himself.

For now he was, indeed, alone. Alone, alone.

CHAPTER II....THE GIFT DIFFUSED

A small man sat in a small parlour partitioned off from a small shop by a small screen, pasted all over with small scraps of newspapers. In company with the small man was almost any amount of small children you may please to name—at least it seemed so; they made in that very limited sphere of action, such an imposing effect in point of numbers.

Of these small fry, two had, by some strong machinery, been got into bed in a corner, where they might have reposed snugly enough in the sleep of innocence, but for a constitutional propensity to keep awake, and also to scuffle in and out of bed. The immediate occasion of these predatory dashes at the waking world was the construction of an oyster shell wall in a corner, by two other youths of tender age; on which fortification the two in bed made harassing descents (like those accursed Picts and Scots who beleaguer the early historical studies of most young Britons) and then withdrew to their own territory.

In addition to the stir attendant on these inroads, and the retorts of the invaders, who pursued hotly, and made lunges at the bed-clothes under which the marauders took refuge, another little boy, in another little bed, contributed his mite of confusion to the family stock, by casting his boots upon the waters; in other words, by lauching these and several small objects, inoffensive in themselves, though of hard substance considered as missiles, at the disturbers of his repose—who were not slow to return these compliments.

Besides which, another little boy—the biggest there, but still little—was tottering to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposed, by a fiction that obtains sometimes in sanguine families, to be hushing to sleep. But oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which this baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare, over his unconscious shoulder!

It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet, in any one place, for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. "Tetterby's baby" was as well known in the neighborhood as the postman or the post-boy. It roved from door-step to door-step, in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the Tumblers or the Monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for any thing that was attractive, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England, and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flagging bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to any body, and could never be delivered any where.

The small man who sat in the small parlor, making fruitless attempts to read his newspaper peaceably in the midst of this disturbance, was the father of the family, and the chief of the firm described in the inscription over the little shop front, by the name and title of A. TETTERBY & Co., NEWSMEN. Indeed, strictly speaking, he was the only person answering to that designation, as Co. was a mere poetical abstraction, altogether baseless and impersonal.

Tetterby's was the corner shop in Jerusalem Buildings. There was a good show of literature in the window, chiefly consisting of picture-newspapers out of date, and serial pirates and footpads. Walking-sticks, likewise, and marbles, were included in the stock in trade. It had once extended into the light confectionery line; but it would seem that those elegancies of life were not in demand about Jerusalem Buildings, for nothing connected with that branch of commerce remained in the window, except a sort of small glass lantern containing a languishing mass of bull's-eyes, which had melted in the summer and congealed in the winter, until all hope of ever getting them out, or of eating them without eating the lantern too, was gone for ever. Tetterby's had tried its hand at several things. It had once made a feeble little dart at the toy business; for, in another lantern, there was a heap of minute wax dolls, all sticking together upside down, in the direst confusion, with their feet on one another's heads, and a precipitate of broken arms and legs at the bottom. It had made a move in the millinery direction, which a few, dry, wiry bonnet shapes remained in a corner of the window to attest. It had fancied that a living might lie hidden in the tobacco trade, and had stuck up a representation of a native of each of the three integral portions of the British empire, in the act of consuming that fragrant weed; with a poetic legend attached, importing that united in one cause they sat and joked, one chewed tobacco, one took snuff, one smoked; but nothing seemed to have come of it—except flies. Time had been when it had put a forlorn trust in imitative jewelry, for in one pane of glass there was a card of cheap seals, and another of pencil cases, and a mysterious black amulet of inscrutable intention, labelled ninepence. But, to that hour, Jerusalem Building had bought none of them. In short, Tetterby's had tried so hard to get a livelihood out of Jerusalem Buildings in one way or other, and appeared to have done so indifferently in all, that the best position in the firm was Co.'s; Co., as a bodiless creation, being untroubled with the vulgar inconveniences of hunger and thirst, being chargable neither to the poor's-rates nor the assessed taxes, and having no young family to provide for.

Tetterby himself, however, in his little parlor, as already mentioned, having the presence of a young family impressed upon his mind in a manner too clamorous to be disregarded, or to comport with the quiet perusal of a newspaper, laid down his paper, wheeled, in his distraction, a few times round the parlor like an undecided carrier-pigeon, made an ineffectual rush at one or two flying little figures in bed-gowns that skimmed past him, and then, bearing suddenly down upon the only unoffending member of the family, boxed the ears of little Moloch's nurse.

"You bad boy!" said Mr. Tetterby, "haven't you any feeling for your poor father after the fatigues and anxieties of a hard winter's day, since 5 o'clock in the morning, but you must wither his rest, and corrode his latest intelligence, with *your* wicious tricks? Isn't it enough, sir, that your brother 'Dolphus is toiling and moiling in the fog and cold, and you rolling in the lap of luxury with a—with a baby, and everything you can wish for," said Mr. Tetterby, heaping this up as a great climax of blessings, "but you must make a wilderness of home, and maniacs of your parents? Must you, Johnny? Hey?" At each interrogation, Mr. Tetterby made a feint of boxing his ears again, but thought better of it, and held his hand.

"Oh, father!" whimpered Johnny, "when I wasn't doing anything, I'm sure, but taking care of Sally, and getting her to sleep. Oh, father!"

"I wish my little woman would come home!" said Mr. Tetterby, relenting and repenting, "I only wish my little woman would come home! I ain't fit to deal with 'em. They make my head go round, and get the better of me. Oh, Johnny! Isn't it enough that your dear mother has provided you with that sweet sister!" indicating Moloch; "isn't it enough that you were seven boys before, without a ray of gal, and that your dear mother went through what she did go through, on purpose that you might all of you have a little sister, but must you so behave yourself as to make my head swim?"

Softening more and more, as his own tender feelings and those of his injured son were worked on, Mr. Tetterby concluded by embracing him and immediately breaking away to catch one of the real delinquents. A reasonable good start occurring, he succeeded, after a short but smart run, and some rather severe cross-country work under and over the bedsteads, and in and out among the intricacies of the chairs, in capturing this infant, whom he condignly punished and bore to bed. This example had a powerful and apparently Mesmeric influence on him of the boots, who instantly fell into a deep sleep, though he had been, but a moment before, broad awake and in the highest possible feather. Nor was it lost upon the two young architects, who retired to bed, in an adjoining closet, with great privacy and speed. The comrade of the intercepted one also shrinking into his nest with similar discretion, Mr. Tetterby, when he paused for breath, found himself unexpectedly in a scene of peace.

"My little woman herself," said Mr. Tetterby, wiping his flushed face, "could hardly have done it better! I only wish my little woman had had it to do, I do indeed!" [To be continued.]

FURNISHED ROOMS.

TWO OR THREE elegantly furnished PARLORS and BEDROOMS to rent. Inquire at 139 Carondelet st. n7

BOARDING.

THREE OR FOUR Single Gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARDING and LODGING, at No. 236 *Baronne street*. o23 tf

BOARD.

A GENTLEMAN and his WIFE, or TWO SINGLE GENTLEMEN, can be accommodated with BOARD in a private family, pleasantly located below Delord street. Applications addressed to B. V., and left at the office of the Crescent, or through the Post-office to Box B 52, will be immediately attended to. o29 tf

TO RENT.

NO. 72 *CAMP STREET*—The Second Floor and all the Rooms above are to be rented from the 1st of November next. Apply to WELD & CO., 72 Camp street. o20

COFFEE-HOUSE FOR SALE.

A PICAYUNE COFFEE-HOUSE, situated on the Levee, doing a splendid business, FOR SALE on account of the owner wishing to engage in some other business. For stand and terms, apply at the office of this paper. o30 tf

FOR SALE—A BARGAIN.

A RETAIL GROCERY STORE, now doing a fine cash business, together with the leases and fixtures. The purchaser can live rent free, being situated in the best neighborhood in the Second Municipality. The whole will be sold a bargain, as the present owner is going into other business. For particulars, inquire at 53 *GIROD STREET*. d11 tf

WANTS.

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. d30

LABORERS WANTED.

WANTED—TEN NEGRO MEN, to work in Warehouse. EMERSON, TOURNE & 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 setts 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 interests of such house.

ENGLISH and FRENCH translated.

Address at this office, or at Jos. Bruneau's Feed Store, Front Levee, Blue Store.

References—L. CHITTENDEN, J. D. DAMERON, A. W. SCATES. d14 2m P. A. AUBERT, 51 Jackson st.

COTTON DUCK.

75 BOLTS Cotton Duck, Nos. 1 to 10; 50 bolts American and Russian Sail Duck; for sale low by SAMUEL LOCKE, Nos. 8 and 9 Front Levee, ja5 between Custom-house and Bienville sts.

RAN AWAY.

THE BOY DANIEL, aged about 30; complexion copper color; 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high; stout built, and inclined to be bald. A suitable reward will be paid for his delivery to

au22 tf HOYT & FORD 11 St. Charles street.

J. McNEIL, Tailor,

COMMON STREET, two doors from Carondelet,

WOULD respectfully solicit the patronage of his friends and the public generally. He hopes, by diligence and attention, to render entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. He will keep always on hand a good assortment of *CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS, VESTINGS, etc. etc.*

☞ Clothes neatly repaired at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. n16 3m

MAYO'S MUSIC STORE,

5 CAMP STREET, Three Doors from Canal St.

New Orleans.

THE undersigned desires respectfully to inform the Public that they can always find at his MUSIC STORE, a choice and large assortment of PIANO FORTES, at very reasonable prices and on accommodating terms.

Among them are Piano Fortes made by the old and celebrated Manufacturers, T. GILBERT & CO., of rich tone, and finished beautifully in Rosewood, Black Walnut and Mahogany, with Iron Frames, made in the most substantial and workmanlike manner. Also, the justly celebrated ÆOLIAN PIANO FORTES, which for sweetness of tone have not been equalled. They are particularly suited to the country, as the Æolian does not require tuning for years.

The New Improvement in Piano Fotes, the *Patent Vibrating Overbridge*, is also for sale at this establishment. This improvement gives peculiar firmness and brilliancy to the treble, adds to the durability and strength of the Piano, and renders it capable of remaining much longer in tune than those in ordinary use.

W. T. M. is Agent for *Henri Herz's celebrated* GRAND PIANOS and PIANINOS, made in Paris. For power and sweetness of tone they stand *pre-eminent*.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS for sale, at from $50 to $200 each, and taken in part payment for new ones.

CATHCART'S MELODEON.—This beautiful toned Wind Instrument for Village Churches, Lodges, Serenading Parties, and the private practice of Organists, possesses a sweet and powerful tone, is portable, (weighing but 25 lbs.,) and offered at $50 each.

Orders from the Country, for *Flutes, Guitars, Clarionets, Flageolets, Violins, Violoncellos, Strings and Musical Merchandise of every kind*, will be promptly executed at reasonable prices. Bands supplied with Brass Instruments and Band Music.

Harps, Double and Single Action, on hand, and made to order to suit the taste of purchasers.

MUSIC.—The largest Catalogue in the South. The stock is an accumulation of over 20 years, and in it are many old and beautiful pieces, out of print.

New Music received by every arrival from the North, and by the Foreign Steamships. Original Music published every week at the store. Native Compositions solicited.

By addressing the undersigned, Catalogues of Music will be sent to any part of the State.

PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED. Music Bound.

ja11 1m WM. T. MAYO, Agent.

EXTRA PAY.

THE undersigned is fully prepared to execute all papers necessary to procure THREE MONTHS' EXTRA PAY and collect BACK PAY and EXTRA PAY due the heirs of deceased officers and soldiers who served in the late war with Mexico. Office in New Commercial Exchange, directly over Major Dashiell's office. WM. MONAGHAN.

ja15 1m* Late Capt. Co. F, 5th Regt. La. Volunteers.

GUTTA PERCHA HATS.

BY the Saragossa, Clifton, Arkansas and Monongahela I have received a still further supply of those superior GUTTA PERCHA STIFFENED HATS, some of them with a very peculiar and beautiful curl to the brim, surpassing anything yet brought out.

C. D. BUNCE'S

ja8 Premium Hat Store and Manufactory, 39 Canal st.

FELICIANA HOUSE,

Corner of TCHOUPITOULAS and JULIA Streets.

THIS House has been thoroughly repaired and fitted up in good style, and is now open for the reception of BOARDERS. The subscriber respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

ja16 6md&W JOHN HOOVER, Manager.

JEW DAVID'S HEBREW PLASTER.

The Great Remedy

For Rheumatism, Gout, Pain in the Side, Hip, Back, Limbs and Joints, Scrofula, King's Evil, White Swellings, Hard Tumors, Stiff Joints, and all Fixed Pains whatever.

Where this Plaster is Applied, Pain Cannot Exist.

THESE Plasters possess the advantage of being put up in air-tight boxes—hence they retain their full virtues in all climates. We have just received the following testimonial from Col. C. C. Sellers, an eminent lawyer in successful practice in Wilcox county, Alabama. He is a gentleman in high standing, and one whose influence has great weight:

CAMDEN, Ala., Nov. 24th, 1848.

Messrs. Scovil & Mead—Gentlemen—Having been requested to state what has been the result of my experience in the use of your "Hebrew Plaster," I cheerfully comply by saying that I have found it to be as heretofore recommended, an "invaluable medicine." In different cases of my family I have applied the Plaster to chronic sores, tumors and pains, and it has never failed to afford instant relief. I have also used it with good effect upon my own person, in the cure of ulcers, with which I have been severely afflicted.

Respectfully, etc. C. C. SELLERS.

Beware of Counterfeits and Base Imitations.

CAUTION.—The subscribers are the Only General Agents in the Southern States for the sale of this truly Valuable Plaster; and in order to prevent purchasers being imposed upon by a counterfeit article, sold in this city and elsewhere, for the genuine, they invite particular attention to the following MARKS OF THE GENUINE:

1. The *genuine* is put up in smooth, engine-turned boxes, not soldered in.
2. The *genuine* has the engraved head of Jew David on the directions around the box, with accompanying Record of Court to E. Taylor, Rochester.

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

SOLE GENERAL AGENTS for the Southern States. ja11

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