The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1849 VOLUME I.....NUMBER 279.

THE DAILY CRESCENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY—SUNDAYS EXCEPTED:—
BY HAYES, M'CLURE & CO.
A. H. HAYES...J. E. M'CLURE...J. C. LARUE...J. O. PIERSON.

Office—No. 95 St. Charles Street.

TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

DAILY—*Fifteen Cents a Week*, payable to the carriers, weekly.... or, *Eight Dollars* per year—half yearly and quarterly at the same rates—in advance.....Single copies, *Five Cents*.....
The office will receive for all subscriptions exceeding one week.
THE WEEKLY CRESCENT will be furnished to single subscribers at THREE DOLLARS per year; to clubs of four or more, directed to the same Post-office, at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year each; Postmasters and others who may act as Agents, and send orders, paid, for ten copies, will receive one copy in addition for their compensation. *Payable in all cases in advance.* Single papers or packages, in wrappers, can be had at the office of publication, No. 95 St. Charles street.
ADVERTISEMENTS—not exceeding twelve lines, in Agate type, $1 for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Those of greater length in proportion. Notices on the second page, of ten lines or less, $1 each insertion.
Advertisements published weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly or monthly, are charged $1 per square for every insertion. ☞ A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.
MARRIAGE and OBITUARY Notices are charged 50c. per square.

NEW ORLEANS:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1849.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

The Weather—Danger of Street Travel—President Bonaparte—French Affairs—European Wants—The Astor Library—Bank of Commerce—Slave Case, etc.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12th, 1849.

Eds. Cresc.—The weather has to-day moderated very sensibly, and is now fine, clear and sparkling, without being dangerous to nose and ears. Limbs, however, continue to suffer, and many are the legs and arms that demand repairs of damages received from the thousand and one enemies that lurk in every path. The ice on the side-walks is one of the worst of these, but not the only one that reflects discredit upon the police regulations of the city. Almost every street—in which the travel by stages and carts is not great—that presents a declivity of any extent, is crowded with boys, each boy attached to a sled, and starting from the more elevated points they rush down, utterly regardless of life or limb, either of themselves or of persons passing, frequently coming in contact with each other, and inflicting injuries, often of a serious character. Two or three ladies have been seriously hurt in this manner, and yet the nuisance continues unabated.

The America brings us President Bonaparte's inaugural address, which I presume has been forwarded to you, *verbatim*, by Telegraph. It is worthy of all commendation, especially in point of brevity. Its sentiment is as democratic as any ever uttered by his illustrious predecessor and uncle.

The first act of Citizen Bonaparte, it is to be observed, savors of monarchy. The composition of a Ministry is referred to a Premier—M. Odillon Barrot. His magnanimous treatment of Cavaignac was princely, and there is little doubt that the General fully appreciated the motive of his advances. He, however, little as he regards the policy of mere expedience, thought it best not to give "the Prince" the cold shoulder, and hesitated but a moment to receive the tendered hand.

I have no idea that Louis Napoleon is going to be satisfied with the position of a President merely—and even if he himself were so disposed, his *friends* would not fail to change his disposition. The second Sunday in May, 1852, is three years and a half distant in the future, and such a period affords ample time—in France especially—for the public mind to undergo a change. No change of character takes place in France; the Frenchman of to-day differs nothing from the Frenchman of I'An VIII, although he may seem, and really be, different from the Frenchman of yesterday. He *loves* change, but is unchangeable. He is unchangeably changeable. But yesterday Lamartine was his idol, but soon hurled from his high position, Cavaignac was placed upon the pedestal, and received the homage now transferred to President Louis, and soon to be given to *the Prince*, or diverted to another mushroom barn.

Germany wants an emperor! and to does France; and the truth can not well be disguised that such an article, under one name or another, is a necessary evil throughout Europe. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and similar catch-words, are catch-words only. They will soon grow unpopular, and then again unlawful.

Nothing of importance is going on in the Legislature to-day up to two o'clock. In the Senate, the bill to incorporate the Astor Library Trustees was passed, one man, Floyd, voting in the negative.

The Telegraph reports the weather in Albany as rather verging on the severe. At sunrise this morning the mercury stood at 28 degrees below zero, and at 10 A. M. at 16. The Telegraph and Madame Rumor resemble each other in point of credit—their word has to be taken always with an allowance.

The Bank of Commerce of this city has to-day published its quarterly report, and shows an enormous business account. In round numbers its resources are:

Loans and Discounts	$3,744,900
Real Estate, Stock and Promissory Notes	1,079,600
Cash and Cash Items	1,327,600
Expense Account	44,400
	$6,206,500

Profits $319,000—within what time "the deponent saith not."

A branch of the recent slave case comes up to-morrow before one of the Brooklyn courts, in the form of a suit by Clayton, (one of the Brooklyn officers who seized the negro in New York,) against the officers who arrested him (Clayton) as one of the abductors. He prosecutes those officers for damages, etc. Yours, etc. INDICATOR.

The Law of Libel—Moses Y. Beach—New York Banking—Heavy Damages—The West India Mail—English Cause and Cant—American Securities—Floating Ice—California Fever—Fire, etc.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13th, 1849.

Messrs. Editors: The law of libel in New York State is a curiosity. Almost every Judge on the bench entertains views different from his fellow Judges, and expounds the law to suit those views. One presiding Judge will tell the jury that the "greater the truth, the greater the libel," and another, that if the alledged libelous matter be true, it is no libel and there must be no damages.

For the last two days we have had a libel case on the carpet of the Superior Court, possessing, *per se*, no particular interest, but illustrating in its trans, the elastic character of our code.

John Thompson, a broker in Wall street, and publisher or editor of a Bank Note Reporter, prosecuted Moses Y. Beach & Sons for a libel, which appeared in the "Sun" about a year and a half ago. This Beach was a speculator in banks as well as a newspaper publisher, and conducted the two branches of his business in the same office. One concern he started himself, under the free banking law of this State, and called it the "Manufacturers' Bank of Ulster." The bills purporting to be issued at a village of that name, were really issued at the Sun Office in this city, principally in paying off the numerous employees of his establishment, paper-makers, etc. By this arrangement, one-half of one per cent. was cleared on all the paper redeemed, and as large amounts were continually returning, and being reissued, his profits were immense. Not satisfied, however, with one-half per cent. profit for handling a bill once, he struck out a scheme by which he could make two and a half. This was to be done, and was done, by the purchase of two old charters of banks in other States; one in New Jersey and one in Florida. These he paid out, or procured to be issued at par, and redeemed them for reissuance at rates of discount varying from one and a half to two and a half, or three per cent., until it suited his interest to raise the rate. During the time that he was desirous that the bills of one of these banks should stand well with the community, Thompson persisted in quoting them in his Reporter at about their real value—from forty to sixty cents on the dollar. This excited Mr. Beach's ire, and hence the libel.

Thompson laid his damages at $10,000. The case was made out—without, however, any aggravating circumstances. The Court charged that "an editor may publish the truth, but he is held responsible for every thing that is not true. It is no excuse that the articles were written by some one in their employ—they are responsible for every thing that appears in their columns." He pronounced the article complained of, a "diabolical libel."

The jury were absent half an hour, and returned with the following verdict:

"We render a verdict for the full amount claimed, $10,000, as security for the public against the publication by newspapers of libels against individuals."

What right a jury has to bring in such a verdict, I cannot conceive. It should be set aside.

The royal mail steamer "Dee" arrived to-day, in six days from Bermuda, bringing the West India mails. She has no news of importance. Mr. Mitchel was unwell, and had been so for a week previous to the sailing of the Dee. The cold has been intense at Bermuda, but there was no suffering. The Dee has had heavy storms throughout the passage.

The Eastern mail brings us the European papers. Some of those from England are filled with spiteful and insolent comments on the President's Message. The London Morning Chronicle speaks in this wise:

"For the first time in her (America's) history, openly flinging to the winds the precepts of her elder statesmen, she has embarked in a career of conquest; and there is every reason to fear that Mr. Polk has bequeathed to his successors the heritage, not only of national burdens increased, but of a national mind permanently demoralized. The damning blot of repudiation still tarnishes the national fame, and the four years just passed, while they have seen that vast increase on which Mr. Polk insists, in the resources of the Union, have not seen a single step taken towards washing it out. The assets, indeed, have increased, but the liabilities have not diminished, and consequently, while the Americans have more money, they have less honor. One fact is worth a thousand assertions about the 'character of the nation advancing,' namely, that notwithstanding the admitted and unparalleled resources of America, her Federal Stock is to be had at this moment, at a lower price than those of revolutionized France and distracted Austria."

This last assertion is made in the face of the fact that United States Sixes had sold for 98, dividend off, and at the date of the Chronicle's article could not be bought for that price. The highest point touched by the French Five per cents was 77 25f., and by the Three per cents, 47.10f. To be equal to ours they should stand at 81.60f. and 49f. respectively. I have no doubt that United States Sixes, payable in 1868, will be in demand in the London market at 110, in less than three months from this time.

Our own stock market is buoyant to-day again—United States Sixes, '68, having touched 109¼; those of '57, 108¾; and Treasury Notes closed at 109. Of the latter the sales to-day amounted to $81,500, not all *bona fide*, however.

Both rivers are filled with floating ice, which rushes up and down the bay at a fearful rate, with the flow and ebb of the tide, and does much damage to the shipping and wharves. The weather has moderated very much, and promises to give us rain.

There is no abatement in the California fever. Almost every young man in the city worth three hundred dollars, and without a dependent family, has gone or is making arrangements to go to San Francisco. There are forty-five vessels now actually loading with goods for that port. Machinists and manufacturers of wire ware are doing a fine business.

Fernando Wood is out with a card denying that he is a partner with "the Secretary of State or any member of the Cabinet," in his speculation in California trade. He says he does "not believe that the Government is in possession of any information on this subject not generally known."

We had a fire last night in a distillery in Sheriff street, in this city, and one to-day in a church in Brooklyn. The church is that of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, in Cranberry street. It took fire from the heating apparatus in the basement. The damage sustained will amount to about $500. Neither the walls nor the roof were injured.

Respectfully, yours, INDICATOR.

Boy's Christmas Tale.

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

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued.]

Mr. Tetterby sought upon his screen for a passage appropriate to be impressed upon his children's minds on the occasion, and read the following:

"'It is an undoubted fact, that all remarkable men have had remarkable mothers, and have respected them in after life as their best friends.' Think of your own remarkable mother, my boys," said Mr. Tetterby, "and know her value while she is still among you!"

He sat down again in his chair by the fire, and composed himself, cross-legged over his newspaper.

"Let anybody, I don't care who it is, get out of bed again," Tetterby, as a general proclamation, delivered in a very soft-hearted manner, "and astonishment will be the portion of that respected co-temporary!" which expression Mr. Tetterby selected from his screen. "Johnny, my child, take care of your only sister, Sally; for she's the brightest gem that ever sparkled on your early brow."

Johnny sat down on a little stool, and devotedly crushed himself beneath the weight of Moloch.

"Ah, what a gift that baby is to you, Johnny!" said his father, "and how thankful you ought to be! 'It is not generally known,' Johnny," he was now referring to the screen again, "'but is a fact ascertained, by accurate calculations, that the following immense per centage of babies never attain to two years old; that is to say—'"

"Oh, don't father, please!" cried Johnny. "I can't bear it, when I think of Sally."

Mr. Tetterby desisting, Johnny, with a profounder sense of his trust, wiped his eyes, and hushed his sister.

"Your brother, 'Dolphus," said his father, poking the fire, "is late to-night, Johnny, and will come home like a lump of ice. What's got your precious mother?"

"Here's mother, and 'Dolphus, too, father!" exclaimed Johnny, "I think."

"You're right," returned his father, listening. "Yes, that's the footstep of my little woman."

The process of induction, by which Mr. Tetterby had come to the conclusion that his wife was a little woman, was his own secret. She would have made two editions of himself very easily. Considered as an individual, she was rather remarkable for being robust and portly; but considered with reference to her husband, her dimensions became magnificent. Nor did they assume a less imposing proportion, when studied with reference to the size of her seven sons, who were but diminutive. In the case of Sally, however, Mrs. Tetterby had asserted herself, at last; as nobody knew better than the victim Johnny, who weighed and measured that exacting idol every hour in the day.

Mrs. Tetterby, who had been marketing, and carried a basket, threw back her bonnet and shawl, and sitting down, fatigued, commanded Johnny to bring his sweet charge to her straightway, for a kiss. Johnny having complied, and gone back to his stool, and again crushed himself, Master Adolphus Tetterby, who had by this time unwound his Torso out of a prismatic comforter, apparently interminable, requested the same favor. Johnny having again complied, and again gone back to his stool, and again crushed himself, Mr. Tetterby, struck by a sudden thought, preferred the same claim on his own parental part. The satisfaction of this third desire completely exhausted the sacrifice, who had hardly breath enough left to get back to his stool, crush himself agoin, and pant at his relations.

"Whatever you do, Johnny," said Mrs. Tetterby, shaking her head, "take care of her, or never look your mother in the face again."

"Nor your brother," said Adolphus.

"Nor your father, Johnny," added Mr. Tetterby.

Johnny, much affected by this conditional renunciation of him, looked down at Moloch's eyes to see that they were all right, so far, and skillfully patted her back (which was uppermost) and rocked her with his foot.

"Are you wet, 'Dolphus, my boy!" said his father. "Come and take my chair, and dry yourself."

"No, father, thankee," said Adolphus, smoothing himself down with his hands. "I an't very wet, I don't think. Does my face shine much, father?"

"Well, it *does* look waxy, my boy," returned Mr. Tetterby.

"It is the weather, father," said Adolphus, polishing his cheeks on the worn sleeve of his jacket. "What with rain, and sleet, and wind, and snow, and fog, my face gets quite brought out into a rash sometimes. And shines, it does—oh, don't it, though!"

Master Adolphus was also in the newspaper line of life, being employed, by a more thriving firm than his father & Co., to vend newspapers at a railway station, where his chubby little person, like a shabbily-disguised Cupid, and his shrill little voice (he was not more than ten years old,) were as well known as the hoarse panting of the locomotives, running in and out. His juvenility might have been at some loss for a harmless outlet, in this early application to traffic, but for a fortunate discovery he made of a means of entertaining himself, and of dividing the long days into stages of interest, without neglecting business. This ingenious invention, remarkable, like many great discoveries, for its simplicity, consisted in varying the first vowel in the word "paper," and substituting, in its stead, at different periods of the day, all the other vowels in grammatical succession. Thus, before day-light in the winter time, he went to and fro, in his little oil-skin cap and cape, and his big comforter, piercing the heavy air with his cry of "Morn-ing Pa-per!" which, about an hour before noon, changed to "Morn-ing Pep-per!" which at about two, changed to "Morn-ing Fip-per!" which, in a couple of hours, changed to "Morn-ing Pop-per!" and so declined with the sun to "Eve-ning Pupper!" to the great relief and comfort of this young gentleman's spirits.

Mrs. Tetterby, his lady-mother, who had been sitting with her bonnet and shawl thrown back, as aforesaid, thoughtfully turning her wedding ring round and round upon her finger, now rose, and divesting herself of her out-of-door attire, began to lay the cloth for supper.

"Ah, dear me, dear me, dear me!" said Mrs. Tetterby. "That's the way the world goes!"

"Which is the way the world goes, my dear?" asked Mr. Tetterby, looking round.

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Tetterby.

Mr. Tetterby elevated his eyebrows, folded his newspaper afresh, and carried his eyes up it, and down it, and across it, but was wandering in his attention, and not reading it.

Mrs. Tetterby, at the same time, laid the cloth, but rather as if she were punishing the table than preparing the family supper; hitting it unnecessarily hard with the knives and forks, slapping it with the plates, dinting it with the salt cellar, and coming down heavily upon it with the loaf.

"Ah, dear me, dear me, dear me!" said Mrs. Tetterby. "That's the way the world goes!"

"My duck," returned her husband, looking round again, "you said that before. Which is the way the world goes?"

"O, nothing!" said Mrs. Tetterby.

"Sophia!" remonstrated her husband, "you said *that* before, too."

"Well, I'll say it again if you like," returned Mrs. Tetterby. "Oh nothing—there! And again if you like, oh nothing—there! And again if you like, oh nothing—now there?"

Mr. Tetterby brought his ear to bear upon the partner of his bosom, and said, in mild astonishment:

"My little woman, what has put you out?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," she retorted. "Don't ask me. Who said I was put out at all? *I* never did."

Mr. Tetterby gave up the perusal of his newspaper as a bad job, and, taking a slow walk across the room, with his hands behind him, and his shoulders raised—his gait according perfectly with the resignation of his manner—addressed himself to his two eldest offspring.

"Your supper will be ready in a minute, 'Dolphus," said Mr. Tetterby. "Your mother has been out in the wet, to the cook's shop, to buy it. It was very good of your mother so to do. *You* shall get some supper too, very soon, Johnny. Your mother's pleased with you, my man, for being so attentive to your precious sister."

Mrs. Tetterby, without any remark, but with a decided subsidence of her animosity towards the table, finished her preparations, and took, from her ample basket, a substantial slab of hot pease pudding wrapped in paper, and a basin covered with a saucer, which, on being uncovered, sent forth an odor so agreeable, that the three pair of eyes in the two beds opened wide, and fixed themselves upon the banquet. Mr. Tetterby, without regarding this tacit invitation to be seated, stood repeating slowly, "Yes, yes, your supper will be ready in a minute, 'Dolphus—your mother went out in the wet, to the cook's shop, to buy it. It was very good of your mother so to do"—until Mrs. Tetterby, who had been exhibiting sundry tokens of contrition behind him, caught him round the neck, and wept.

"O, 'Dolphus!" said Mrs. Tetterby, "how could I go and behave so!"

This reconciliation affected Adolphus the younger and Johnny to that degree, that they both, as with one accord, raised a dismal cry, which had the effect of immediately shutting up the round eyes in the beds, and utterly routing the two remaining little Tetterbys, just then stealing in from the adjoining closet to see what was going on in the eating way.

"I am sure 'Dolphus," sobbed Mrs. Tetterby, "coming home, I had no more idea than a child unborn—"

Mr. Tetterby seemed to dislike this figure of speech, and observed, "Say the baby, my dear."

"—Had no more idea than the baby," said Mrs. Tetterby. "Johnny, don't look at me, but look at her, or she 'll fall out of your lap and be killed, and then you 'll die in agonies of a broken heart, and serve you right. No more idea I hadn't than that darling, of being cross when I came home; but somehow, 'Dolphus—" Mrs. Tetterby paused and again turned her wedding-ring round upon her finger.

"I see!" said Mr. Tetterby. "I understand! My little woman was put out. Hard times and hard weather and hard work, make it trying now and then. I see, bless your soul! No wonder! 'Dolf, my man," continued Mr. Tetterby, exploring the basin with a fork, "here 's your mother been and bought, at the cook's shop, beside pease pudding, a whole knuckle of lovely roast leg of pork, with lots of crackling left upon it, and with seasoning gravy and mustard quite unlimited. Hand in your plate, my boy, and begin while its simmering."

Master Adolphus, needing no second summons, received his portion with eyes rendered moist by appetite, and withdrawing to his particular stool, fell upon his supper, tooth and nail. Johnny was not forgotten, but received his rations on bread, lest he should, in a flush of gravy, trickle any on the baby. He was required, for similar reasons, to keep his pudding, when not on active service, in his pocket.

There might have been more pork on the knuckle-bone—which knuckle-bone the carver at the cook's shop had assuredly not forgotten in carving for previous customers, but there was no stint of seasoning, and that is an accessory dreamily suggesting pork, and pleasantly cheating the sense of taste. The pease pudding, too, the gravy and mustard, like the Eastern rose in respect of the nightingale, if they were not absolutely pork, had lived near it; so, upon the whole, there was the flavor of a middle-sized pig. It was irresistible to the Tetterbys in bed, who, though professing to slumber peacefully, crawled out when unseen by their parents, and silently appealed to their brothers for any gastronomic token of fraternal affection. They, not hard of hart, presenting scraps in return, it resulted that a party of light skirmishers in night-gowns, were careering about the parlor all through supper, which harassed Mr. Tetterby exceedingly, and once or twice imposed upon him the necessity of a charge, before which these guerrilla troops retired in all directions, and in great confusion.

Mrs. Tetterby did not enjoy her supper. There seemed to be something on Mrs. Tetterby's mind. At one time she laughed without reason, and at another time she cried without reason, and at last she laughed and cried together in a manner so very unreasonable that her husband was confounded.

"My little woman," said Mr. Tetterby, "if the world goes that way, it appears to go the wrong way, and to choke you."

"Give me a drop of water," said Mrs. Tetterby, struggling with herself, "and don't speak to me for the present, or take any notice of me. Don't do it!"

Mr. Tetterby, having administered the water, turned suddenly on the unlucky Johnny (who was full of sympathy,) and demanded why he was wallowing there, in gluttony and idleness, instead of coming forward with the baby, that the sight of her might revive his mother. Johnny immediately approached, borne down by its weight; but Mrs. Tetterby holding out her hand to signify that she was not in a condition to bear that trying appeal to her feelings, he was interdicted from advancing another inch on pain of perpetual hatred from all his dearest connections, and accordingly retired to his stool again, and crushed himself as before.

After a pause, Mrs. Tetterby said she was better now, and began to laugh.

"My little woman," said her husband, dubiously, "are you quite sure you're better? Or are you, Sophia, about to break out in a fresh direction?"

"No, 'Dolphus, no," replied his wife. I'm quite myself." With that, settling her hair, and pressing the palms of her hands upon her eyes, she laughed again.

"What a wicked fool I was, to think so for a moment!" said Mr. Tetterby. "Come nearer, 'Dolphus, and let me ease my mind, and tell you what I mean. Let me tell you all about it."

Mr. Tetterby bringing his chair closer, Mrs. Tetterby laughed again, gave him a hug, and wiped her eyes.

"You know, 'Dolphus, my dear," said Mrs. Tetterby, "that when I was single, I might have given myself away in several directions. At one time, four after me at once; two of them were sons of Mars."

"We're all sons of Ma's, my dear," said Mr. Tetterby, "jointly with Pa's."

"I don't mean that," replied his wife, "I mean soldiers—sergeants."

"Oh!" said Mr. Tetterby.

"Well, 'Dolphus, I'm sure I never think of such things now, to regret them; and I'm sure I've got as good a husband, and would do as much to prove that I was fond of him, as—"

"As any little woman in the world," said Mr. Tetterby. "Very good. *Very* good."

If Mr. Tetterby had been ten feet high, he could not have expressed a gentler consideration for Mrs. Tetterby's fairy-like stature; and if Mrs. Tetterby had been two feet high, she could not have felt it more appropriately her due.

"But you see, 'Dolphus," said Mrs. Tetterby, "this being Christmas-time, when all people who can make holyday, and when all people who have got money like to spend some, I did, somehow, get a little out of sorts, when I was in the streets just now. There was so many things to be sold—such delicious things to eat, such fine things to look at, such delightful things to have—and there was so much calculating necessary, before I could lay out a sixpence for the commonest thing; and the basket was so large, and wanted so much in it; and my stock of money was so small, and would go such a little way. You hate me, do n't you, 'Dolphus?"

"Not quite," said Mr. Tetterby, "as yet."

"Well! I 'll tell you the whole truth," pursued his wife, penitently, "and then perhaps you will. I felt all this so much, when I was trudging about in the cold, and when I saw a lot of other calculating faces and large baskets trudging about, too, that I began to think whether I might n't have done better, and been happier, if—I—had n't—" the wedding ring went round again, and Mrs. Tetterby shook her downcast head as she turned it.

"I see," said her husband, quietly; "if you had n't married at all, or if you had married somebody else?"

"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Tetterby. "That 's really what I thought. Do you hate me now, 'Dolphus?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Tetterby, "I do n't find that I do, as yet."

Mrs. Tetterby gave him a thankful kiss, and went on.

"I begin to hope you won't, now, 'Dolphus, though I am afraid I haw n't told you the worst. I can't think what came over me. I do n't know whether I was ill, or mad, or what I was, but I could n't call up any thing that seemed to bind us to each other, or to reconcile me to my fortune. All the pleasures and enjoyments we had ever had—*they* seemed so poor and insignificant, I hated them. I could have trodden on them. And I could think of nothing else, except our being poor, and the number of mouths there were at home."

"Well, well, my dear," said Mr. Tetterby, shaking her hand encouragingly, "that 's truth, after all. We *are* poor, and there *are* a number of mouths at home here."

"Ah! but, Dolf, Dolf!" cried his wife, laying her hands upon his neck, "my good, kind, patient fellow, when I had been at home a very little while—how different! Oh, Dolf, how different it was! I felt as if there was a rush of recollections on me, all at once, that softened my hard heart, and filled it up till it was bursting. All our struggles for a livelihood, all our cares and wants since we have been married, all the times of sickness, all the hours of watching we have ever had by one another, or by the children, seemed to speak to me, and say that they had made us one, and that I never might have been, or could have been, or would have been, any other than the wife and mother I am. Then, the cheap enjoyments that I could have trodden on so cruelly got to be so precious to me—oh, so priceless and dear!—that I could n't bear to think how much I had wronged them; and I said, and say again a hundred times, how could I ever behave so, 'Dolphus, how could I ever have the heart to do it!"

The good woman, quite carried away by her honest tenderness and remorse, was weeping with all her heart, when she started up with a scream, and ran behind her husband. Her cry was so terrified, that the children started from their sleep and from their beds, and clung about her. Nor did her gaze belie her voice, as she pointed to a pale man in a black cloak who had come into the room.

"Look at that man? Look there! What does he want?"

"My dear," returned her husband, "I'll ask him if you'll let me go. What's the matter? How you shake!"

"I saw him in the street, when I was out just now. He looked at me and stood near me. I am afraid of him."

"Afraid of him! Why!"

"I don't know why—I—stop! husband!" for he was going towards the stranger.

She had one hand pressed upon her forehead and one upon her breast; and there was a peculiar fluttering all over her, and a hurried, unsteady motion of her eyes, as if she had lost something.

"Are you ill, my dear?"

"What is it that is going from me again?" she muttered in a low voice. "What *is* this that is going away?"

Then she abruptly answered: "Ill? No, I am quite well," and stood looking vacantly at the floor.

Her husband, who had not been altogether free from the infection of her fear at first, and whom the present strangeness of her manner did not tend to reassure, addressed himself to the pale visiter in the black cloak, who stood still, and whose eyes were bent upon the ground.

"What may be your pleasure, sir," he asked, "with us?"

"I fear that my coming in unperceived," returned the visiter, "has alarmed you; but you were talking, and did not hear me."

"My little woman says—perhaps you heard her say it," returned Mr. Tetterby, "that it's not the first time you have alarmed her to-night."

"I am sorry for it. I remember to have observed her, for a few moments only, in the street. I had no intention of frightening her."

As he raised his eyes in speaking, she raised hers. It was extraordinary to see what dread she had of him, and with what dread he observed it—and yet how narrowly and closely.

"My name," he said, "is Redlaw. I come from the college hard by. A young gentleman who is a student there, lodges in your house, does he not?

"Mr. Denham?" said Tetterby.

"Yes."

It was a natural action, and so slight as to be hardly noticeable; but the little man, before speaking again, passed his hand across his forehead, and looked quickly round the room, as though he were sensible of some change in its atmosphere. The Chemist instantly transferred to him the look of dread he had directed towards his wife, stepped back and his face turned paler.

"The gentleman's room," said Tetterby, "is up stairs, sir. There's a more convenient private entrance; but as you have come in here, it will save your going out into the cold, if you'll take this little staircase," showing one communicating directly with the parlor, "and go up to him in that way, if you wish to see him."

"Yes, I wish to see him," said the Chemist. "Can you spare a light?"

The watchfulness of his haggard look, and the inexplicable distrust that darkened it, seemed to trouble Mr. Tetterby. He paused; and looking fixedly at him in return, stood for a minute or so like a man stupified or fascinated.

At length he said, "I'll light you, sir, if you'll follow me."

"No," replied the Chemist, "I don't wish to be attended or announced to him. He does not expect me. I would rather go alone. Please to give me the light, if you can spare it, and I'll find the way."

In the quickness of his expression of this desire, and in taking the candle from the newsman, he touched him on the breast. Withdrawing his hand hastily, almost as though he had wounded him by accident, (for he did not know in what part of himself his new power resided, or how it was communicated, or how the manner of its reception varied in different persons,) he turned and ascended the stairs.

But when he reached the top he stopped and looked down. The wife was standing in the same place, twisting her ring round and round her finger. The husband, with his head bent forward on his breast, was musing heavily and sullenly. The children, still clustering about the mother, gazed timidly after the visiter, and nestled together when they saw him looking down.

"Come!" said the father, roughly. "There's enough of this. Go to bed here!"

"The place is inconvenient and small enough," the mother added, "without you. Get to bed."

The whole brood, scared and sad, crept away; little Johnny and the baby lagging last. The mother, glancing contemptuously round the sordid room, and tossing from her the fragments of their meal, stopped on the threshold of her task of cleaning the table, and sat down, pondering idly and dejectedly. The father betook himself to the chimney-corner, and impatiently raking the small fire together, bent over it as if he would monopolize it all. They did not interchange a word.

The Chemist, paler than before, stole upwards like a thief, looking backward on the change below, and dreading equally to go on or return.

"What have I done!" he said, confusedly. "What am I going to do?"

"To be the benefactor of mankind," he thought he heard a voice reply.

He looked round, but there was nothing there; and a passage now shutting out the little parlor from his view, he went on, directing his eyes before him at the way he went.

"It is only since last night," he muttered, gloomily, "that I have remained shut up, and yet all things are strange to me. I am strange to myself. I am here as in a dream. What interest have I in this place, or in any place that I can bring into remembrance? My mind is going blind!"

There was a door before him, and he knocked at it. Being invited, by a voice within, to enter, he complied.

"Is this my kind nurse?" said the voice. "But I need not ask her. There is no one else to come here."

It spoke cheerfully, though in a languid tone, and attracted his attention to a young man lying on a couch, drawn before the chimney-piece, with the back toward the door. A meagre, scanty stove, pinched and hollowed like a sick man's cheeks, and bricked into the centre of a hearth that it could scarcely warm, contained the fire, to which his face was turned. Being so near the windy house-top, it wasted quickly, and with a busy sound, and the ashes dropped down fast.

"They chink when they shoot out here," said the student, smiling, "so, according to the gossips, they are not coffins, but purses. I shall be well and rich yet, some day, if it please God, and shall live perhaps to love a daughter Milly, in remembrance of the kindest nature and the gentlest heart in the world."

He put up his hand, as if expecting her to take it, but, being weakened, he lay still, with his face resting on his other hand, and did not turn round.

The Chemist glanced about the room; at the student's books piled upon a table in a corner, where they, and his extinguished reading-lamp, now prohibited and put away, told of the attentive hours that had gone before this illness, and perhaps caused it; at such signs of his old health and freedom as the out-of-door attire that hung idle on the wall; at those remembrances of other and less solitary scenes, the little miniatures upon the chimney-piece, and the drawing of home; at that token of his emulation, perhaps, in some sort, of his personal attachment, too, the framed engraving of himself, the looker-on. The time had been, only yesterday, when not one of these objects, in its remotest association of interest with the living figure before him, would have been lost on Redlaw. Now they were but objects; or, if any gleam of such connection shot upon him, it perplexed, and not enlightened him, as he stood looking round with a dull wonder.

[*To be continued.*]

FURNISHED ROOMS.
TWO OR THREE elegantly furnished PARLORS and BEDROOMS to rent. Inquire at 139 Camp street. n7

BOARDING.
THREE OR FOUR Single Gentlemen can be accommodated with BOARDING and LODGING, at No. 236 *Baronne street*. o23 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
o20 WELD & CO., 72 Camp street.

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. o20 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

NEW YORK SADDLERY WAREHOUSE,
SIGN OF THE BLACK HORSE HEAD, 15 Canal, near Camp st.
ANDREW G. BULL & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Saddles, Bridles, Martingales, Trunks, Whips, Hogskins, Skirting, Saddlery Ware, Gin Bands, Coach Trimmings and Furniture of every description, having a full assortment of all articles in their line from their manufactory, are enabled to offer to purchasers, both in respect to style and prices, an inducement to call on them, at 15 Canal street.
d27 2m ANDREW G. BULL & CO.

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 Jananned 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;
Dish Covers; 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.

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 9 h, 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

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 beg 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.

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS.
417 CASE landing