The Daily Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT.

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NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1849.

Correspondence of the Crescent.

Mr. Hannegan's Appointment—Mr. Polk—City Comptroller's Annual Report—State Legislature—Black Mail on Wm. B. Astor—Owner of Ship Franklin Arrested—Fire in St. Johns—Weather.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1849.

Eds. Crescent—The Evening Post says that only *sixteen* of the sixty members of the Senate, were present in the chamber, when Mr. Hannegan's nomination as Minister to Berlin was confirmed—several of those absent would have resisted such a nomination, as they would have resisted any other act calculated to bring disgrace upon themselves and that branch of the Government, the dignity of which it was their special duty to protect. "They had been assured (I quote the Post) by President Polk, in person, that he did not feel that he possessed any executive authority, and did not intend to exercise any executive functions, after 12 o'clock Saturday night."

The self-gratulatory sentiment of Ex-President Polk, that he is no longer a *servant*, but a *sovereign* of the nation, is deservedly praised, but it is not original. I remember meeting one day in St. Charles street, in your city, a (since) distinguished member of the Louisiana Legislature, when a friend at my side congratulated him upon his election, which had just taken place. "I see no grounds of congratulation," responded the new member, "in my change of position from a *sovereign* to a servant." *Palmam qui meruit.* Mr. Polk must not steal *that* thunder. It belongs in the *Crescent office.*

Our City Comptroller's annual report has just made its appearance in a tangible form. It appears from it that the city debt on the 1st of January, 1849, amounted to $11,631,232, or about $27 per head for every inhabitant, male and female, old and young. The net expenses of the city for the year 1848 were $2,076,934, including $379,000 for the Alms-house Department; $127,000 for cleaning streets; $171,000 for lamps and gas; $480,030 for police; and for salaries, $209,700. There is some $700,000 of interest on the city debt not included in the account. All the branches of expenditure that I have named, are unduly large. That of the Alms-house Department is perhaps the most outrageous, but those for cleaning streets, and supporting the police, are enormous. An offer has been made by responsible parties to furnish all the supplies, and conduct the management of the Alms-house for $150,000 per annum less than the city now pays for those objects.

The extravagance of the City Fathers has now attracted the attention of the Legislature, and a check will probably be devised there, for the growing recklessness that has marked the administration of the municipal government for the last three or four years.

A question has been raised in our State Legislature whether a man can hold a seat in both the National and State Legislatures at the same time. Mr. Bokee a member of the State Senate, is also a member of the 31st Congress (of course not yet sworn in) and it is held by one party, and disputed by another, that his election to the latter place disqualifies him for the seat that he now occupies in the former. The subject has been under debate for some days, and yesterday a resolution was introduced in the Senate to the following effect: "That Mr. Bokee, though elected a representative of the Second Congressional District, is not disqualified for holding his seat in the Senate until he should signify acceptance." The resolution was *lost* by a vote of 10 to 11; thus, in effect, pronouncing him disqualified.

Mr. Bokee is, or perhaps I should say *was*, one of our most efficient legislators, and is death upon the Canal Bank iniquity. He is chairman of the committee appointed to investigate the affairs of that bank.

The city paragraphists are in extacies at the recent discovery of an extensive black mail operation attempted to be applied to the money-lord, Wm. B. Astor, and the arrest of the parties concerned. The subject forms decidedly one of the best paragraps in its line that a local editor has fished up for many a day. As every paper in the land will copy it, I shall forbear making an abstract of its incidents. The letter from Basswood, dated March 6th, is admirably written, and tells a story that seems to be at least *founded on fact.* If Mr. Astor knew it all to be true, he would not, with all his immense wealth, have bought its suppression with one-tenth of the sum demanded. There is perhaps no man living who cares less for the good opinion of the world around him, than Wm. B. Astor. He has a world of his own—he *owns* it—and nature confines him to it.

By telegraph from Boston, we learn that one of the owners of the ship Franklin, recently wrecked near Provincetown, has been arrested for endeavoring to induce the captain to run that vessel ashore. It will be remembered that the captain, several of the crew, and one lady, were drowned; and the letters showing the owners' guilt were found in the captain's valise. One of the owners has *vamosed.*

The telegraph also tells us that a disastrous conflagration occurred yesterday morning at St. Johns, New Brunswick, by which one hundred houses were destroyed in George, Union, Drurylane and Smyth streets. Capt. Thomas N. Smith, and Messrs. John Brydon, and John Thompson, are named as sufferers.

The weather is still disagreeable, not fit for heathen to live under. The streets are mud banks. The telegraph will tell you of the "Crescent City's" movements, etc.

Respectfully yours, INDICATOR.

MAISON ROUGE CLAIM.—The following letter of Mr. Young is important to the people of Louisiana:

GENERAL LAND OFFICE, Feb. 15, 1849.

Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date to the effect, so far as the action of the Land Department is concerned, of the decision rendered on the 13th inst. in the Supreme Court in favor of the United States in the case of the United States *vs.* King & Coxe, involving the title to the Maison Rouge claim in Louisiana. Although you think this decision bears directly on the title and settles the question, yet inasmuch as this suit was not instituted under the act of Congress, approved 17th June, 1844, which opens the Courts for the adjudication of claims, and as other suits are pending involving the same title under that act, you desire to know whether this office will at once consider this land liable to entry or location, or whether we will wait for the decision of the cases pending under the said act of 17th June, 1847.

Notwithstanding the decision alluded to may become conclusive in favor of the United States on the question of title, yet as the action on which it was founded was a petitory one, being in the nature of an ejectment, we cannot, in view of that decision, proceed to lay open the land to sale or location as other public domain, because the land within the Maison Rouge claim, as *originally filed and claimed*, is regarded as reserved "till after the final decision of Congress thereon," in virtue of the last proviso of the 5th section of the act of 3d March, 1811, entitled "An Act providing for the final adjustment of claims to lands, and for the sale of the public lands in the Territories of Orleans and Louisiana," etc.

Now the final decision, in effect which Congress has given in relation to this matter is, that the case may be adjudicated by the courts under the aforesaid act of 17th June, 1844, which revives and extends the Missouri Act of 26th May, 1824. Hence we are bound to await the judicial decision which may be rendered in regard to this title under the aforesaid Acts of 1824 and 1844, and consequently the land within the limits of the Maison Rouge claim must be continued in suspense from any sale or location, and treated by the Land Offices as reserved land, until otherwise expressly ordered by this office, and to this effect I will despatch instructions to the Register and Receiver at Ouachita, under present date, with a copy of this communication.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
RICHARD M. YOUNG, Commissioner.
S. W. DOWNS, U. S. Senate.

THE WEATHER—*A Dilemma.*—The weather in this region, says the Plaquemine Sentinel, of the 21st, still continues dry and pleasant. It has not rained enough to lay the dust for six weeks. In some parts of our village water is too abundant for comfort or necessity—in other parts we are suffering for the want of it. If it rains, the levee will be greatly weakened, and render it more liable for crevasses to occur—if it does not rain soon, the farmers around us will suffer. Take the prospect in any shape, it is gloomy.

CREVASSE.—A crevasse in the Bayou levee occurred on Monday last, a short distance below Plaquemine, which at one period created good cause for alarm, but through the timely exertions of the neighboring planters and the citizens generally, it was effectually stopped.

[From the Model American Courier.]

The Marriage of Pocahontas.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

The traveler up the James River never fails to look with interest upon a low, level peninsula, which, jutting far out into the stream, commands a long reach of the river, above and below. This was the first permanent settlement made by the cavalier adventurers in Virginia, and was the scene of hardships and losses, of sickness and starvation, of suffering and death, unparalleled in the annals of any of the American Colonies. The city which was here founded was called Jamestown. It was once palisadoed, with incredible labor, and forts built, and houses raised; and it had its presidents, and its captains, and its men-of-war, and its motley array of adventurers, who, incited by the good fortune of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, imagined they had discovered a new *El Dorado*, where mines of gold and silver were to be the prizes of the newcomers. How these hopes were blasted, the battles they fought, the extremities they endured, and how often the town was abandoned, again recovered and rebuilt, are matters which history has made familiar to all. The colony did at length prosper. Adventurers, with more moderate desires, flocked in. Industry and a fertile soil brought plenty in their train; and Jamestown became at length a settlement of note and consequence.

Save the ruins of a church, green with parasitical plants, the growth of past centuries, no farther vestige now remains. In that venerable edifice, or in one perhaps more humbly wrought for the same holy service, a rite was performed which changed the doubtful future of the colonists into one certain and prosperous. That rite, which set a holy seal upon the evils of the past, was the marriage of Pocahontas. The current of that adverse fate which the heroic Smith had endeavored in vain to stem was by this simple act changed into a happier channel, for Powhatan loved his daughter, and buried his enmity at the foot of the altar which witnessed the union of two loving hearts.

The blessed Princess Pocahontas—the guardian angel of weakling Virginia, the preserver of its greatest Captain, the watchful and tender friend, the brave, high-spirited girl, and the passionately devoted wife—what heart beats not more warmly at the recital of her manifold kindnesses! Well might men call her angel, who was more than woman! A brave, gentle, ingenuous nature—a child of the forest, filled with great and good instincts, and imbued with a love for her adopted friends that neither the malignity of her kinsmen, nor threats, nor tribulations, nor dangers, could even move from its watchful steadfastness. And for these high qualities hath the Princess Pocahontas a shrine in every grateful heart. Truly, her descendants have good reason to be proud of her blood in their veins; for those shining acts, which would have graced a civilized Queen, ray out with double lustre, when recorded as native to the heart of a wild woodland Princess.—Honor and glory, then, to the blessed Princess Pocahontas, and may her name be beautiful to the memory for ever and ever! And honor and immortality to the Lady Rebecca Rolfe, the wedded and Christianized Princess Pocahontas, who heard the saving words of grace and an eternal hereafter, and, hearing, believed, and, with the trusting confidence of her childlike nature, knelt down, and was baptized accordingly.* Who then shall say men had not reason to be joyous, when the Princess Pocahontas bestowed her hand, and with it all her heart, upon Master John Rolfe?

JAMESTOWN.

It was a gala day in Jamestown the first day of April, sixteen hundred and thirteen! April in old Virginia. The sweetest month of all the twelve—mild—gentle—passionate—tearful—capricious, and health-inspiring as the Princess Pocahontas herself. It was a gala day in Jamestown. The laborer among the plantations forsook his plough. The woodman in the pine forest and the cypress swamp threw down his axe. The pale delver after precious metals laid aside his mattock with a sigh of relief. The fisherman his nets, and the builder his adze and trowel. Even ancient Master Pinchback, the alchemist, who had come hitherward allured by the hopes of the Philosopher's stone, raked out the embers of his furnace, reverently removed his retort, and drawing a bettermost black silk cap over his scanty gray hairs, and thrusting his long bony arms into a thin gaberdine of dark stuff, took up his staff and walked forth to make one among the crowd. And such a crowd as thronged the town that day! Not great indeed in numbers; but so various in condition, habit, talents, and education, that it was an epitome of ancient London itself. Here, in seedy but neat apparel, moved with slow steps, their melancholy faces somewhat brightened by the occasion, a goodly number of decayed gentlemen, who had sought refuge from the ills of the Old World, allured by the specious hope of being bettered in the New. A little farther on, rolled out from between the checkered door-posts of the Tavern, or Guest House, a noisy set of starveling gallants, with their hats awry—their once gay habiliments of silk and taffety, now sadly soiled and tarnished. Their mouths were filled with strange oaths, and their faces flushed with their accustomed potations. Intermixed with these—some the associates of one, and some of the other—were to be seen poor younger sons of younger brothers, for the most part an idle, dissolute race, hurried off to the new Colony to avoid a worse fate at home; or to relieve their kindred from the responsibility of their maintenance. A few, indeed, labored diligently in their new vocations, who would have been ashamed in their own country to have been seen working at all. Gay roisterers, too, were there; youths of blood and fortune, some of whom had adventured to spy out the riches of the land, and others, to mend their broken health, or in search of new sensations. Ostlers and tapsters, gamblers and debtors, from the purlieus of Alsatia—these, too, formed part of the throng. While, contrasting with the white faces, and civilized garb of the Colonists, were the dark, lithe, manly forms of their savage neighbors—a considerable number of whom formed the wild following of the Princess Pocahontas. The men were tall and muscular, and glided hither and thither with a look of superb indifference; seeming to see nothing, yet observant of all things that were worthy of comment, or to be remembered hereafter. The women, straight, graceful creatures, with great black wondering eyes, shining through pensile masses of long dark hair. For their dress—even fastidious gallants avowed that the light thin deer-skin robe, and buskins of the same, when decorated with scollops of shells, porcupine's quills of various colors, fringed with gay feathers, and musical with hawks' bells and other tiny tinkling ornaments—were dainty coverings and devices, corresponding well with the easy unrestrained motions, and fantastic nurture of the wearer. But if these formed the staple of the crowd, there were yet others of a worthier sort to be met with on that eventful day. Cavaliers, gentlemen of means, talent, and education; who, inspired by the success of the Spaniard, sought to distinguish themselves honorably; and with less brutal and murderous hands to add another star to the already bright galaxy of the English crown. Soldiers, stout-hearted men, some of whom had been the companions of the redoubtable John Smith in his foreign wars; were captives with him among the Turks; shared in his successes and glories in Tartary; and daringly explored with him, for the first time, the green isles and low lying shores of the beautiful Chesapeake. Bearded and swarthy men were they; habited in jack-plate and morion of shining steel, ample trowsers looped at the knee, and close-fitting hose below. Well skilled in their profession, they could handle with equal facility the pike and the snaphaunce, or manœuvre the light artillery, called demi-culverin, saker, and falconet.

A few planters also, were to be seen among the better class; men of industry and energy, who had built themselves block houses for defence, and settled down to the improvemet of their lands in right good earnest. But of these there were not many; for as yet most of the colonists, when they labored at all, did so for the benefit of the common weal, and to the prospective advantage of the adventurers in England, by whose means they had been sent out, and were yet sustained. And besides these, there were four or five others, of a class so different that, for the honor of the country, we do not fail to note their presence. These were mild-featured men, of quiet, grave aspects, clad in plain beavers and jerkins of subdued colors. A little pale, perhaps, these men, from undue asceticism; yet neither priests nor bigots, but simple, god-fearing people, who, being moved to compassion by reports of the idolatry of the land, had left their pleasant homes and comfortable fire-sides, to aid in the conversion of the heathen.

Of the appearance of the city itself, little need be said. It was palisadoed to the height of fifteen feet, and it had its chain of forts commanding both sides of the river, and mounting thirty-five pieces. These, with the Governor's house, and the church, and the public store, were the most notable pieces of architecture—and even these, though strong, could boast of but little beauty. For the rest, the houses were plain structures, built with some little regard to order, clap-boarded with pine, and thatched with rushes, but too new to be at all picturesque.

POCAHONTAS.

Near the Governor's house was a neat building, trellised with vines, and bearing the unmistakable evidence of woman's delicate supervision. It was the dwelling of the widow Forrest. Brave Master Thomas Forrest was laid in the little church yard yonder, about a twelve-month since, pierced to death with seventeen arrows. There were three persons of some note in this neat little dwelling, and all females. The pale widow Forrest; fair and merry Anne Burrass, formerly her maid, but now married, and become Mistress Laydon; and last, and most peerless of all, the Princess Pocahontas. They were tiring her for the marriage ceremony. Mistress Forrest was holding in her hand some fair white flowers, which the merry Anne fashioned into delicate wreaths, and then twined them with a dainty skill among the long raven locks of the Princess.

"Oh, that is lovely!" exclaimed the merry Anne, clapping her hands with delight as she witnessed the effect of the contrast.

"I think so," said the placid widow.

"Nay, it is beautiful! Look for yourself, my lady Pocahontas!" replied Anne, holding up at the same time a hand-mirror. "Look for yourself. See how the tender white buds and pale green leaves peep out from among the dark locks, as if they loved their nestling places. Tell me, my lady Princess, do they not become you hugely!"

The Princess drew her slender form proudly up, and as she glanced into the mirror, her large dark orbs flashed with pleasurable surprise.

"Anne, much good!" she said, emphatically; and, placing her hand tenderly upon the arm of her tire-woman, added "Pocahontas much thank—she go—John Rolfe want see Princess—him wait long time."

"Oh, you must tarry yet awhile—you are not ready. See what he hath sent you for the bridal!"

She exhibited as she spoke, a spotless white garment of rare beauty, together with ornaments of a character to correspond.

"Here," she continued, "is a white silken fillet, guarded with silver, and fastened by a fair brooch and pendants, to rest upon the forehead. Let me place it—thus."

"It is very becoming," said the widow, and again the eyes of the Princess flashed fire.

"Here," continued Anne, "is a double ruff, of the finest cambric, starched with yellow starch, after the late English fashion. It is to encircle the neck. Let me show you."

"Stay!" said Pocahontas: "give me!" and, taking the stiff, ungainly involuted thing between the tips of her tiny finger and thumb, she held it at arm's length, and surveyed it for some time with a look of increasing disgust. At length she turned quickly to her bower-woman, and said—"Take 'way—no like it."

Even the pale, placid widow smiled.

"What think you then of this?" said Anne, holding up a chain of pearls; "but first let me array you in this white dress, or you will not be able to judge of its beauty. Now, Princess, behold!"

Anne Laydon had twined the necklace several times about the well-rounded throat, and then, suffering some longer coils of the same to fall carelessly almost to the laced edge of the low-bosomed dress, presented the hand-mirror that the Princess might herself note the effect.

"Ah!" laughed Pocahontas, drawing in her breath with a well-pleased inspiration, "Chookomah! Chookomah!" (comely, most comely!)

"I knew she would like that," said Anne Laydon, turning to the widow.

"Where Rolfe?" exclaimed the Princess, with animation: "want Rolfe see Pocahontas now! I go find Rolfe."

But again Anne Laydon stayed her.

"Not yet so please you. A little longer—only a little longer."

The Princess looked at her bower-woman for a single moment with the imperiousness of one whose will had hitherto been the law to her companions; but meeting the merry, unabashed glance of the gentle Anne, and the quiet smile of the pale widow, she tamed down the hot blood of her wild, passionate nature, and, taking both of her companions by the hand, said, with the artless grace of a child—

"Dame Forrest! Anne! good friends—other land people wise—head better, heart no better—Pocahontas not wise—Rolfe please, Princess try be good—learn white ways—love Powhatan, Indian father—love Smith, white father—love Rolfe"—her features lighted up and thrilled all over with an exulting expression, and her very heart seemed to bound at the mention of his name, as she added, "Light—dark—hot—cold—all time love Rolfe!"

The pale widow looked out of the casement, and over the street, and across the bowling green, and far away into the little church-yard; and her heart went down into the grave of her dead husband, and her eyes were filled with sorrowful tears. She thought of *her* wedding day, and the deep, trembling, earnest delight, with which she regarded *his* devoted glance as the good priest of the little gothic church of St. Mary's Cray, in the pleasant county of Kent, pronounced the irrevocable words which united them man and wife, for ever and for ever. Dear Anne Laydon knew that the widow's heart was full, and even her merry face began to cloud for very sympathy; but when she remembered how necessary it was to shield from gloomy fancies the gentle and impressible nature of the Princess, she touched her former mistress upon the arm, and with a look of sad caution recalled her to herself. During this time the unconscious Pocahontas had suffered her bower-woman to complete her labors, and was now surveying herself from chaplet to moccasin, with expressions of the most unfeigned delight. She examined her new habiliments in every way—near and then afar; turning them first on one side, and then on the other; weighing the pearls with her hand, pressing them to her cheeks, and feeling their smoothness with her lips, to the no small trepidation of Anne Laydon, lest this exhibition of exuberant gaiety should mar the effect of her labors. All at once, with a facility as singular as it was striking, the mood of the Princess changed. At the sudden tinkling of a hawk's bell upon the deer-skin dress she had so lately discarded, she started timidly, and, covering her face with her hands, preserved for a long time a fearful and impressive silence.

Profound indeed during that dark interval, must have been those sensations of that wild, young creature, which were aroused by the tinkling bell and the deer-skin robe. Who can say that she did not, for a flashing moment, repent that love had changed her forest nature? She thought of her free girlhood before the bark of the white man penetrated the waters that girded her father's kingdom—before she was conscious of a race existing superior to her own; and she, who was a great Princess, and the daughter of a great King, felt degraded by the comparison. Then, she wished she had remained in happy ignorance—happy in the simple pleasures of her forest life, and pleased with the simple sports of her wild followers; and her heart was gradually filled with deep sadness. Then, she reverted to the coming of John Smith, the youthful martialist, whose fame was upon men's tongues in many lands. She remembered how she had witnessed his great valor; and how her heart had yearned towards him with inexpressible tenderness when he was dragged by overpowering numbers to the sacrificial block to die. And then, her heart grew lighter as she saw herself, again, an enthusiastic child of twelve, dash aside the terrible club of the executioner, and laying her smooth young cheek to the bearded cheek of the warrior, bid her stern father crush both or neither. Then followed the memory of her long unchanging watchfulness over the life of the warrior she had saved, and through his worthiness, her affection for his people. And then, then came suddenly again, irradiating as with a great light all the temple of her mind, her love for John Rolfe; and as his voice pronounced her name from the door of the apartment, she awoke from the long trance of the past, and with a loud cry of joy threw herself into his outstretched arms.

Anne Laydon laughed aloud, but the pale widow caught a glimpse of a green grave in the little church-yard, and her eyes were filled with tears.

THE PROCESSION.

Crowds followed the Princess Pocahontas as leaning on the arm of John Rolfe, she proceeded to the Governor's mansion. First, however, as claiming precedence by their affinity to the bride, followed a long train of Indians in their best and bravest array. These were led by Nautaquas, the brother of Pocahontas, and her uncle Tomocomo. They were all apparently without arms, but they marched with a proud, fearless step, equally regardless of the comments of the by-standers, whether those comments were praises from the well-disposed, or muttered maledictions from the lips of the looser sort. On arriving at the appointed place, Nautaquas and his uncle drew off their swarthy followers to the right and to the left, and formed with the Governor's troops a double guard of honor around the house within whose portals had disappeared their beloved Princess. It was high noon when the trumpets sounded; and then flags and streamers of many colors were displayed from the forts, the public buildings, Captain Argall's goodly ship "The Sea Venture," and the smaller barques upon the river. And then, from the mouths of thirty-five pieces of artillery rolled out the volleyed thunder. And then, the great gates of the court-yard were thrown open, and issuing thence, three trumpeters advanced on foot in scarlet doublets, braided with broad gold lace. Next came the old guard of the Colony, bearing pikes and matchlocks; and cased in burnished steel half armor, save the iron head-piece, which was exchanged for the lighter and more peaceful beaver. After these, on a fair white charger, whose trappings swept the ground—clothed in refulgent steel inlaid with arabesque work of blue and gold, with his short black clustering locks surmounted by a light sombrero of Spanish workmanship, rode Sir Thomas Dale, the Governor. Behind him, on a smaller horse, and bearing upon the pummel of his saddle the shining helmet of his master, rode, with his long curling auburn hair and blue eyes, a saucy page arrayed in a dress of light blue satin guarded with silver. To the right and left, rode knights and gentlemen, each attired in his bravest; among whom we note, Sir Thomas Gates, the Admiral; and Captains Percie, Nuse, Croshaw and Argall, and Deputy Master Farrars. Then followed the good Priest in the white vestments of his holy office; and close behind him, with her hand leaning lovingly upon the arm of her betrothed husband, came the Princess Pocahontas. Her kinsmen, with their wild train, followed next; and thronging the way, and bringing up the rear, were the people of the Colony. And the trumpets sounded, and the cannons roared, as the procession moved in this wise to the humble church wherein the marriage rites were to be solemnized.

THE MARRIAGE.

Clustering like bees upon the buttrasses, the embrasures of the church windows, and even from the square tower above, the populace saw the procession advance; and as it entered the sacred portal, many of them climbed up into the great window of the chancel, the better to behold the ceremony from which they had been otherwise excluded by the numbers within. Slowly, and with a solemn step, the good priest now took the lead along the aisle. Pocahontas and Rolfe, supported by the Governor and Admiral, came next; then her uncle and brother. The knights and gentlemen succeeded; while the remainder of the throng entered and occupied such places as they best could. After kneeling devoutly for a few minutes at the foot of the altar, the good priest arose, and standing before the youthful pair, he opened his book. But here a strange and startling interruption took place. Striding up the aisle, where, during the confusion, they had remained talking earnestly together, came, side by side, Tomocomo and Nautaquas. Some of the gentlemen, noting this movement, and apprehensive of mischief, half drew their swords, and awaited, amidst the general hush, what next should come. Nothing daunted by these beligerent forewarnings, the old warrior and his companion passed on until they reached the altar where Pochahontas stood. There, confronting her, Tomocomo took a step in advance of his nephew, and said, in the language of the Powhatans:

"Mataoca, child of my brother, listen! The Good Spirit hath made thee wise beyond thy years. Answer me now, with the straight tongue of thy youth. In the land of thy father, Powhatan, there be goodly haunts, where the wild birds sing among the bushes by the running waters. Wilt thou leave the wild birds sorrowing for the sound of thy accustomed footsteps?

"Mataoca, listen! In the wigwams of thy people there is a place vacant, and they look upon it sadly, and ask of one another, 'Will not the forest dove come back again, and nestle in her old resting-place?' Our young braves falter in their manly games, Mataoca, and in the green corn dance are joyous no more, for they miss thy cheering voice from among them. Why should'st thou dwell in the wigwams of the stranger, when the home of thy father is pleasanter far?

"Mataoca, listen! If thy heart yearns after the running streams of thy childhood, and the sunny places where the wild deer feed—if thou longest to be back among the youths and maidens who pine for thy absence, speak! I am old, but my arm is strong; our braves are many—look around—they can bear thee hence!"

As Tomocomo spake, Pocahontas listened with drooping eyes, and their long dark lashes were gradually filled with tears; but when he had concluded, she cast a long, earnest, loving glance upon the anxious countenance of her betrothed, and, drawing closer to his side, laid her hand fondly within his, and said—

"Tomocomo! uncle! The words that have been spoken make me very sad. I love John Rolfe. If I leave him I should die!"

"Thou has spoken!" said the old warrior, calmly, and folding his robe about him, he fell back and made way for her brother.

"Sister," said Nautaquas, "our father, Pocahontas, is old, and his eyes are growing dim; he says, 'what you do shall be well.' Stay, come; the stranger he will keep peace with so long as Mataoca is happy in her new home. If she is weary, we will take her back—we want her much. But our white friends know more than we, and John Rolfe is a good man. He will teach Mataoca many wise things. Stay—come—my ears are open!"

Pocahontas cast a look of deep affection upon her brother, and then, leaning her head upon the breast of her betrothed, and winding her arm tenderly about him, said—

"Brother, my father's words are good. What can I say? My heart is here with John Rolfe—where my heart is, there is my home."

"Thou hast spoken well, and wisely, Princess," said Sir Thomas Dale, to whom the speeches had been interpreted, "and foul befall the knave who fails to do thee honor. Tomocomo, Nautaquas, the Princess Pocohontas shall be respected by our people as becomes her gentle birth; and that Master Rolfe will entreat her tenderly, I pledge my knightly honor. And now that this trial of her affection is over, I pray you let the ceremony proceed."

And amid the deep silence that ensued, the words of the priest were audible to the farthest limits of the church; and when at length he asked the Princess, in the touching and beautiful words of the ordinance—

"Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband; wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him, in sickness, and in health, and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"—she lifted up her large black eyes, bright with a world of love, and answered in a low, firm, musical voice—

"I will."

And when the ring had been put upon her finger, and the prayer said, the good priest rose up, and pronouncing the benediction, sealed it with a chaste kiss upon her forehead.

And then the trumpets sounded, and the cannons roared; and all the people gathered round, and with waving of caps, and hats, and hands, and kerchiefs, shouted joyously—

"LONG LIVE THE LADY ROLFE!"

* We a few days since gazed upon the magnificent representation of this ceremony, which occupies one of the panels of the Rotunda of the Capitol.—*Ed. A. C.*

Attempted Extortion.

For some time past Mr. William B. Astor, of New York, has been in the receipt of letters signed by "E. K. Basswood," demanding the payment of $50,000 in a particular and secret manner, and in default thereof, threatening his life. As Mr. Astor did not pay much attention to the missives, others were sent to Mrs. Astor to the same effect, and, as the affair grew troublesome, it was determined to put the affair in the hands of the police. In accordance with advice given, Mr. Astor, one fine day, stationed himself at his office door, and delivered to a person unknown, who accosted him, a large package, covered with a liberal quantity of sealing, wax. This man was arrested, and gave his name as Franklin G. Bragg. He was commissioned, he said, to call for the package, and leave it at the U. S. Hotel, addressed to A. R. D. Green, which he was permitted to do, and was afterwards arrested. The officers, being on the watch, arrested a man named Biggs, who called for it, on whose person was found a letter from Basswood, giving him directions how to proceed. It would seem from this that the real offender is still at large, though Biggs may be the real one, and the letter only a well-considered deceit. Other letters have been received by different persons, demanding sums of money, and threatening to burn their property, if they did not pay what was required—all of them apparently proceeding from the same person. The basis of the claim upon Mr. Astor is thus stated in one of Basswood's letters:

To Mr. Wm. B. Astor, No. 34 Lafayette Place—Your life depends upon your complying strictly with the directions of this letter. In the first place I will give you the cause of your receiving this letter. My father was a mechanic and was a partner with your father from 1814 to 1817, in the manufacture of spurious coin for trading in the Indian trade. This coin was used in those countries. I hold all the statements made, and all the particulars and instructions given my father, and the amount manufactured, as was set forth by his account and memorandums signed by my father and his brother. The whole amount manufactured was $2,800,000, the average cost of which was $100 to the $1000; and your father furnished the capital to carry on the business with to the amount of $20,500. The first shipment was made in the latter part of 1814; the amount shipped this time was $30,000. In the commencement of 1815 they shipped $27,000. In July of the same year they shipped $60,000, and from that time till November, 1817, the whole amount shipped, including the above mentioned sums, was $2,800,000.

All the transactions were done by your father, except the manufacturing of the coin, and that was done by my father and uncle. The whole that was received by my father amounted to only $198,000 for their expenditure and support—leaving a balance in your father's hands of $2,602,000—out of which my father and uncle were to have received one sixth part, leaving the amount due them $433,833, without interest and the profits that were made in the business. Besides, my father made a statement every month of the amount manufactured and expenditures and remarks upon the schedule, with all the particulars, and signed his name to it; and my uncle also signed the same papers and sealed them up, and put them in the hands of their sister, so that in case of any detection or clue to the nature of their business, they would not be discovered.

In October, 1817, your father wanted my uncle to go to Philadelphia to purchase materials for the coin, as my uncle was a good judge of the articles they wanted. On the night of their arrival in Philadelphia, my uncle was taken suddenly sick, and died before 8 o'clock on the following morning. Physicians pronounced him to have been poisoned. This induced my father to quit the business, as he had been long in it and had been successful. It was agreed by your father and my father to quit at the end of 1817. At this time your father was generally supposed to be worth $1,500,000, while my father was supposed to be worth from $10,000 to $15,000.

At this time my father wished to purchase some real estate amounting to $47,000. Your father thinking that it might create some surprise or suspicion as to my father's ability, advised the buying of it himself in his own name. It was accordingly done, with the understanding that after they had suspended their manufacturing business, in the early part of 1818, your father would give my father the title to the property. Your father holding the proceeds of their business, he paid for the real estate out of those proceeds. On the 18th of December, 1817, my father was also taken sick, and on the 23th he died, similar to my uncle. Up to this time my father had left the full particulars of all the transactions of the business, and in his last account he set forth the real estate above mentioned. He also stated all the particulars as to their settlement that was to have taken place on the 1st of January, 1818. This was the last account that I have any knowledge of his keeping.

Basswood further avers that Mr. Astor's father actually gave him $10,000 in 1826, as a compromise settlement of the matter.

The United States District Court.

The following is the act which passed the late Congress, providing for the better organization of the United States District Court for this State:

AN ACT for the better organization of the district court of the United States within the State of Louisiana.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That for the more convenient transaction of business in the courts of the United States within the State of Louisiana, the said State shall be, and the same is hereby, divided into two judicial districts, in the manner following, to wit: the parishes of Sabine, DeSoto, Caddo, Natchitoches, Bossier, Rapides, Claiborne, Jackson, Catahoula, Caldwell, Ouachita, Union, Morehouse, Franklin, Carroll, Madison, Tensas, Concordia, St. Landry, Avoyelles, Calcasieu, St. Mary, St. Martin, Vermilion, and Lafayette, shall compose one district, to be called the western district of Louisiana, and all the remaining part of the said State shall compose another district, to be called the eastern district of Louisiana; and all criminal actions or civil suits, either in law or equity, which have arisen in the western district, or against persons residing therein, or concerning lands situated therein, together with all process, writs, recognizances, and records, belonging thereto, shall be transferred to the western district; and all civil suits hereafter instituted against persons residing in said western district, or suits concerning lands situated in the same, in the courts of the United States, shall be in said district; and there shall be held annually in said district one stated session of the court at each of the following places, to wit: at Opelousas, on the first Monday in August, for the parishes of St. Landry, Calcasieu, St. Mary, St. Martin, Vermilion, and Lafayette; at Alexandria, on the first Monday in September, for the parishes of Rapides, Avoyelles, and Natchitoches; at Shreveport, on the first Monday in October, for the parishes of Caddo, Sabine, DeSoto, Bossier, and Claiborne; at Monroe, on the first Monday in November, for the parishes of Ouachita, Jackson, Union, Morehouse, Franklin, Catahoula, Carroll, Madison, Tensas, and Concordia; and a person learned in the law, residing in said western district, shall be appointed by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, judge thereof, with a salary of two thousand dollars per annum, payable semi-annually, with the same powers and duties as the district judge of the United States for the district of Louisiana, as it now exists, and such as are conferred on him, or required of him, by this act; who is required to hold said terms, and authorized and required to hold special sessions of the said court, in the said western district, for the trial of civil or criminal cases, whenever he may deem it expedient; that all process, writs and recognizances of every kind, whether respecting juries, witnesses, bail, or otherwise, which relate to cases to be tried at said special sessions, shall be considered as belonging to such sessions, in the same manner as if they had been issued or taken in reference thereto; that any special session may be adjourned to any time or times previous to the next stated meeting of the district court for said districts; that all business pending for trial at any special court shall, at the close thereof, be considered as of course removed to the next stated term of the court; that the district court, in said western district, shall perform all the duties, and possess all the powers of circuit courts of the United States for the State of Louisiana, except in cases of appeal and writs of error; and the said judge shall appoint a clerk of the court in the western district, for each place where the court sits, who shall reside, and keep the records of the court, at that place, and shall receive for the services performed by them, the same fees and compensation that are allowed to the clerk of said court holding its sessions in New Orleans, in the same State, and shall be subject, in every respect, to the same restrictions and responsibilities; and the district court for the eastern district shall be held in New Orleans as heretofore and it shall be the duty of the clerks of the district and circuit courts of the United States in New Orleans to transmit by some safe conveyance, or deliver to the clerks of the western district, or their order, the original papers in all such cases as properly belong to the court in the western district by the provisions of this act, together with a transcript of the proceedings had therein.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, be and hereby is, authorized to appoint one person as marshal, and one as district attorney, for the said western judicial district of the United States within the State of Louisiana, created by this act, and that the terms of appointment and service, together with the duties and responsibilities of the said marshal and district attorney, respectively, for the district aforesaid, be, in all respects, the same within their said district, as to the terms of appointment and services, the duties and responsibilities of the marshal and district attorney, respectively, of the eastern district of the State of Louisiana; and said marshal shall receive such fees and emoluments as are received by the marshal of the United States for the State of Louisiana; and said attorney an annual compensation of two hundred dollars, and the same fees and emoluments as are allowed to the attorney of the United States for the district of Louisiana.

APPROVED, March 3, 1849.

THE RIVER—*Still Rising.*—The river, at Baton Rouge, according to the Advocate, of the 21st, continues gradually on the rise, and prospects appear gloomier than ever.

☞ The health of Thibodaux is gradually on the mend. The small-pox cases now in existence are of a mild and manageable character.

LIFE'S STAGES.

I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'Twas changed—one summer's day I stepped aside
To let him pass: his face had manhood's seeming;
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called his bride!

Once more—'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a youthful group of forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.
The heavens were clouded! and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell; the white-haired man was gone!

Coal in the Straits of Magellan.

The following are copies of reports from Captain Henderson and Commodore Paynter, of the Gorgon, stating the results of their search for any coal formation in the Straits of Magellan:

Her Majesty's steam-vessel Sampson,
RIO JANEIRO, October 22, 1848.

Sir—I have the honor to acquaint you, that in compliance with orders, from Rear-Admiral Hornby, to make further perquisitions respecting the coal said to be found in the Straits of Magellan, I obtained at Port Famine, by the kindness of the Governor, a guide to conduct me to the veins of Punta Arenas, (Sandy Bay,) and having anchored in Sandy Bay on the morning of the 8th inst., I landed with Mr. Bartowman, second engineer of the Samson, and proceeded to the first vein, about seven miles distant from the bay, situated on the north bank of the river Punta Arenas, forty or fifty feet above the level of the river. The vein is thirty to forty feet in depth, about twenty feet of which could only be got at for the snow; but all that was visible appeared to be clean and of good quality, and may be worked with great ease. The road, as far as the commencement of the first ridge of the hills from the bay, would be about four miles over a perfect level; the remainder, about three miles, is over several ridges of hills, and when it reaches as high as the first vein descends over a deep brow to the bed of the river, and is only a foot-path. The second vein is a mile inland of the first, and the third a mile and a half inland of the second, and were entirely covered with snow, and cannot be got at until the summer is more advanced; they are represented to be quite as good as the first vein, and also close to the level of the river. Having secured specimens of the first vein, and finding the principal difficulty that would attend the working of the mines would be the want of a good road, I returned to the shore by the bed of the river to ascertain how far it might be practicable to take advantage of its level to construct a road, to avoid that part of the present one which ascends the hill; and, although I found the river very tortuous, I saw no great difficulty in forming a road on its banks to join that of the plain, there being abundance of material, wood and stone, on the spot, some of the trees measuring three or four fathoms in girth. The bed of the river is filled with pieces of good coal, which must have fallen from the veins of its banks; and as these deposits are numerous, it may be assumed there is plenty of coal in the neighborhood. I observed, also, indications of metallic substances at the bottom of several tributary rills and rivolets falling into its course. The veins have not been worked, nor are there any appearance of their being so, by the Chili Government, which has only established Punta Arenas as an outpost, under the command of a lieutenant and a small detachment, as a matter of occupation. No reliance can be placed on a supply of coal there until a road is constructed, and the means of transport from the mines to the bay secured, as it was only with great difficulty I reached the first vein by the hill road, which was deeply covered with snow.

I shall leave specimens of the coal for your inspection, and herewith enclose you the copy of an extract from Commander Paynter, of the Gorgon, to Rear-Admiral Hornby, on the same subject, containing a statement of his having examined Laredo bay, together with Mr. Barrowman's opinions of the coal after experiments on board.

I have, etc., THOMAS HENDERSON, Captain.

The second report is hardly worth giving entire—the principal facts being, that Commander Paynter, with several officers, explored for three miles round the bay, without the slightest appearance of coal. He was informed, however, that there was coal at Sandy Bay, eighty miles from Port Famine, which lay four or five miles in the interior. The extent was not known, the outcrop only having been seen; and it would be necessary, if steamers were to be supplied, that shafts should be sunk, and the veins worked in a proper manner.

LEGISLATIVE INDUSTRY.—The Legislature of Kentucky, during its recent session, passed six hundred and seventy-one acts, and fourteen joint resolutions. Among the acts were one hundred and ninety-six granting divorces!

☞ The mechanics at Norfolk have held a meeting in favor of the ten-hour system.

☞ A Mormon Temple is about to be erected at Salt Lake, of a stone resembling Cornelian. The ground, 17 miles long by 12 miles wide, to be enclosed by a mud wall 8 feet high, and to contain four cities, has been laid out.

☞ The wire suspension bridge over the Ohio at Wheeling is progressing rapidly. The whole will be completed by the 1st of June.

☞ It is stated that a block of granite has arrived in Paris from Finland, intended for the tomb of Napoleon. The freight cost $40,000.

☞ Lady Franklin is visiting those ports whence the whalers proceed to sea, to induce them to seek for Sir John Franklin on their next voyages.

☞ The island of Borneo furnishes gold dust, and produces annually about $5,000,000 worth.

☞ At the election for Governor of Arkansas on the 14th inst. Wilson (whig) had 28 majority in the town of Camden.

CRESCENT JOB OFFICE.

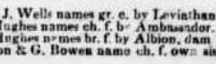
All New Materials of the Latest Style

☞ The proprietors of the "*Daily Crescent*" would respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have added an extensive JOB OFFICE to their establishment—and are now prepared to execute all kinds of printing on *the most favorable terms*, viz:

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS; CIRCULARS; LAWYER'S BRIEFS; BILLS OF LADING; DRAY RECEIPTS; CARDS; POSTERS; STEAMBOAT BILLS, &c., &c., in every style.

All their materials—Type, Presses, etc.—are entirely new, and the very latest improvements, which will enable them to execute their work in a manner not to be surpassed in this city. The Presses are from the foundry of Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., NewYork, which is a sure guaranty of their excellence—the type is from the well known foundries of Messrs. George Bruce & Co. and John T. White, and have been selected with great care to adapt it to the business wants of this city.

RACES.....ECLIPSE COURSE, CARROLLTON.



Louisiana Association Jockey Club.

THE regular Spring Meeting of the Louisiana Association Jockey Club will commence on TUESDAY, 27th instant, and continue throughout the week.

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, March 27—Sweepstake Race for 2 year olds—Subscription $200—Forfeit $200—Declaration $50—Mile heats.

Thirteen Nominations.

1....Thos. J. Wells names gr. c. by Glencoe, dam Fandango.
2....Thos. J. Wells names gr. c. by Leviathan, dam Reel.
3....J. J. Hughes names ch. f. by Ambassador, dam Flight.
4....J. J. Hughes names br. f. by Albion, dam Jenny Mills.
5....Jackson & G. Bowen name ch. f. own sister to Mary Bowen.
6....Wm. J. Minor names f. by Margrave, dam Lady Jane.
7....Wm. J. Minor names br. c. by Doncaster, dam Britannia.
8....J. G. Boswell names b. c. by Margrave, dam by Hedgeford.
9....A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Ruffin, dam Sarah Bladen.
10....Jno. Turnbull names ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
11....Jas. Porter names b. c. by Harkforward, dam by Rattler.
12....Duncan F. Kenner names *Angostura*, sister to Buena Vista.
13....John Campbell names c. by Wagner, dam Glovina.

SECOND DAY—Wednesday, March 28.—Association Purse $150—Mile heats.

THIRD DAY—Thursday, March 29.—Association Purse $250—Two mile heats.

FOURTH DAY—Friday, March 29.—First Race—Association Purse $400—Three mile heats.

Second Race—Same day.—Sweepstake Race for two-year olds—Subscription $200—Forfeit $50—Mile heats.

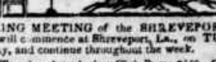
1....W. J. Minor names br. c. by Doncaster, dam by Britannia.
2....S. D. Elliott names ch. f. by Ruffin, dam Mary Walters.
3....Langton & Co. names own brother to Thornhill.

FIFTH DAY—Saturday, March 31.—Jockey Club Purse $600—Four mile heats.

SIXTH DAY—April 1.—Carrollton Purse $250—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. ☞ Entrance 10 per cent. added to each Purse.

THOS. EWBANK LEEFE,
Secretary of the Louisiana Jockey Club.

Races—Shreveport Course, La.



THE SPRING MEETING of the SHREVEPORT JOCKEY CLUB will commence at Shreveport, La., on TUESDAY, the 1st day of May, and continue throughout the week.

First Day—Tuesday, 1st—Jockey Club Purse $150—One mile heats.
Second Day—Wednesday, 2d—A Purse of $200—Two mile heats.
Third Day—Thursday, 3d—A Purse of $400—Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Friday, 4th—A Purse of $200—One mile heats—best three in five.
Fifth Day—Saturday, 5th—A Purse of $150—One mile heats, for beaten horses only—Entrance 10 per cent.

N. B. The Entries will close at half-past three in the afternoon of each day previous to the Race. Two or more horses to start, or the money will not be added. The rules of the Orleans Jockey Club will be strictly adhered to, and the decision of the Judge will in all cases be final. Parties sending their horses forward before the Races will find every accommodation in the town of Shreveport, or out on the track, which is within two miles of the town.

mh19 6td&tW W. J. TYSON & CO., Proprietors.

☞ The Picayune and Delta will please copy.