The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1850. VOLUME III.—NUMBER 234.

DAILY CRESCENT.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

The Worst Enemy.

A TRUE SKETCH....BY PAUL CREYTON.

There was a strange mixture of good and evil in Edgar Sumner's character, which few could understand. Certain phrases of his intercourse with society, represented him as a pattern of manly virtue; others betrayed dark spots on his heart, and promenes to lamentable vices.

The truth is this, Edgar was naturally upright, generous, kind-hearted—all that is admirable in a man. But he had early contracted the pernicious habit of indulging in an occasional social glass. The habit, as is nearly always the case, grew upon him, and became his master. Dissipation deadened his better feelings, and he became careless of the happiness of others. His pleasures absorbed his attention, his truest friends were neglected, and his business suffered. Yet nobody called Mr. Edgar Sumner a drunkard, for he never reeled in the street, and his excellent constitution resisted well the train of physical evils consequent upon habits of moderate drinking.

Now Edgar had a wife, to whom he had been married but a few months, and whom he tenderly loved. Emily was a patient, amiable woman, well worthy the affections of a noble-hearted husband. And she loved Edgar with all the strength of her warm and devoted nature. Singular as it may appear, Edgar loving Emily as he did, could not give up his "social pleasures," as he termed them, even for her.

"My dear Emily," he would say, "you know how well I love you; but you cannot really expect me always to remain with you at home. Men of business must have recreations in which their wives cannot participate. Do you understand me, dear?"

Emily invariably replied that she supposed all this was natural and right, at the same time, declaring that, much as she loved Edgar's society, and regretted his absence, she would not for any consideration, deprive him of his separate pleasures. Then Edgar would kiss his wife an affectionate adieu, and hurry away to meet his boon companions, never dreaming that he took poor Emily's heart with him, and that all the dreary hours of his absence, she wept for his neglect.

A year passed thus. Emily naturally feeble, became languid, melancholy, pale. She suffered much, but as she never complained, Edgar scarcely ever thought of her failing health. At all events, he never suspected the cause.

For one thing, Emily had always felt grateful; dissipated as her husband had become, he always attended church with her on the Sabbath. But at length she became too feeble to go out, except in the mildest weather; and now a new trial was added to her sufferings.

One cold and gusty Sabbath morning in November, Emily had concluded to stay at home, and anticipated much pleasure in having the society of Edgar during the day. Her bright anticipations, however, were dissipated, and her susceptible heart was deeply wounded, when she saw her husband making preparations for going out. As she knew he never went to church without her, she said timidly—

"Are you going to leave me to-day?"

"I thought I would take a walk, and call on Mr. Brace, or Charley Waters—I am not accustomed to staying in the house all day."

Emily's eyes glistened, and she sighed as she turned away her face.

After a pause, she said—

"I hoped you would stay with me to-day. I am always very lonely without you—but *to-day* I shall miss you so much!"

"Oh, I shall be back presently," replied Edgar in a careless tone, "and you must make Ellen read to you while I am gone."

As Edgar kissed his wife good-bye, as was his wont, he did not observe that her lips quivered, and that her cheek was cold; and when he was gone, he did not know that she was shedding tears in secret over his neglect.

Indeed, we may suppose that he forgot her quite; for he did not come home to dine; the tea was served, and the unhappy wife, after delaying long in hopes of his return, sipped her cup and ate her bit of toast without him; and then the chill and gloomy night came on, and Edgar was still away.

The long and cheerless evening wore on, and notwithstanding the kind intention of her sister Ellen, who was her companion, Emily felt unhappiness in the present, and anxiety for the future. At length Edward returned, and from his manner, Emily plainly saw that he had been indulging in the pleasures of the wine-cup. He was very gay, and while his unhappy wife regarded him with tearful eyes, he earnestly declared that he had come home early for no other reason than to have a game of whist with Emily and her sister! Too much agitated to speak, Mrs. Sumner only sighed, and turned away her tears unobserved, while Ellen reminded Edgar that the Sabbath had not yet passed.

"True!" he exclaimed—"I had forgotten! And besides that, there are only three of us. But we should do something *for amusement*, girls, what shall it be?"

"If you wish for amusement to-night," said Ellen, entreatingly,—she was a frank, sensible girl, of eighteen—"if you wish for amusement to-night, Mr. Sumner, you had better go my way again to-day. Emily is very unwell, and your neglect and carelessness are killing her!"

"Hush!" gasped Emily, "how *could* you speak so, Ellen!"

"Because it is truth!"

"Because it is a lie—and because I am not massacre in my own house!" thundered Edgar, angrily. "You are an impudent jade, Miss, and if you come to create misunderstandings between me and dear Emily, you will do well to go home again as soon as convenient."

"Very well, sir," responded Ellen, turning her back upon Edgar, and kissing Emily affectionately. "Good night, sister. Don't cry—Good night."

Emily's voice was choked with sobs, and before she could speak, Ellen had left the room.

Alone with his wife, Edgar looked darkly at the fire, and passed some moments in gloomy silence. The sobs of his wife aroused him.

"What is the matter?" he asked abruptly.

Emily could make no reply. Edgar scowled at the door through which Ellen had disappeared, and his face was with evident perplexity.

"This is a queer state of things," he said at length. "That girl has been trying to put strange ideas into your head, Emily. Can you say that I am ever inhuman to you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Sumner eagerly. "You have never been unkind to me, I am sure."

"Then why did she speak so to me!"

Emily made no answer.

"She is certainly an impudent girl," muttered Edgar. "Why should she try to make differences between us?"

"Oh, she did not, Edgar. She means well—the dear girl; but she spoke hastily."

"And perhaps I did, too," added Mr. Sumner.

No more was said on the subject of Edgar's neglect, and he probably would not have thought of the matter again, had he not discovered, on coming home to dinner on the following day, that Ellen had gone home to her parents.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"She said you told her to go," timidly answered Emily.

Edgar's brow gathered, and he fixed his dark eye on the ground.

"I did say something to that effect, I do believe," he murmured—"but I said it hastily. She should not have gone for that."

"I remonstrated with her."

"You know her spirit. She would not stay, although she loves me, and knows how much I need her."

Edgar appeared very much amused. But it seemed that nothing indeed could make him long thoughtful of his wife's comfort. After dinner he went off whistling a popular air, and returned not until dark.

The domestic had laid the cloth, and Edgar and Emily sat down to the table together. It was then that the vacant seat, which Ellen had always occupied, drew his attention, and occasioned a pang of regret, and a pang of remorse, perhaps.

It was a cold evening, but there was a warm fire burning in the grate, and as Edgar buried his slippered feet in the comfortable rug, and opened the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, to read to Emily, the thought struck him, that it might be possible for him to spend one evening pleasantly at home.

Emily's face was radiant with happiness, as she listened, gazing upon the manly features of her husband, whom she loved so well.

"Dear Edgar," she said, when he paused to stir the grate, "you are so good to stay with me this evening! You make me very happy indeed!"

"Do I?"

Mr. Sumner kissed his companion affectionately, and resumed his reading. At that moment, an approving voice within him made him glad that he had not spoken of going out.

An hour passed, Edgar became weary of reading, and laying aside his book, added fresh fuel to the fire. Then, notwithstanding the presence of Emily, who endeavored to amuse him, he sat gazing thoughtfully at the fantastic blue flames which crept over the dark coals in the grate, growing brighter and brighter, as they crackled, reddened, and began to burn.

Wretched man! He could not content himself at home with the wife he loved, even for one short evening; old habits were imperative; old associations shut out from his heart the comforts of home, and already the powerful thirst for excitement rendered him impatient to join his companions.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"A few minutes past nine," answered Emily.

Five minutes elapsed. Edgar paced to and fro uneasily.

"Emily," said he, at last, "I believe I must go out for a few minutes. You'd better not sit up for me, although I shall be back soon."

Emily affectionately urged him not to go, but he persisted, declaring that he would not be gone an hour. She said no more, and Edgar hurried away.

Emily retired, sick at heart, and weary of existence. She slept not, but as the heavy hours rolled by she listened for the returning footsteps of her husband, praying heaven for strength to suffer, and power to win Edgar from his habits of dissipation.

At midnight she heard footsteps in the silent street. They mounted the granite steps, and then the well known sound of Edgar's latch-key was heard. Edgar had come at last, excited with drink, as Emily had feared. In her agony of spirit, she neither spoke nor moved, and her husband thought she slept.

Again, on the following night Edgar forsook his wife for the society of his vicious companions, and from that time his course was downward still, and Emily, during the cold and melancholy nights, was always left alone.

Strange, that Edgar saw not how fast she faded, and how the light of her eyes were waxing dim, and how her lips were becoming thinner and paler, with an expression of settled grief.

It was now an unusual circumstance for Edgar to return home in a state of intoxication, which belied his oft repeated boast of being a moderate drinker. Frequently he reeled upon the threshold, and exhibited signs of shocking inebriety, on his return to his suffering but patient wife.

On one occasion, Edgar staggered into the door at midnight. It was a stormy February night, and his garments were covered with sleet and frozen rain; but in the forgetfulness which wine had wrought, he had left at the scene of his debaucheries, both his umbrella and his surtout. Even the cold storm had not sobered him; but he was sobered soon!

A strange spectacle met his eyes. Innumerable faces seemed swimming before him in a mist; but these, as he approached nearer, resolved themselves into only three. His wife was stretched upon a couch, and their domestic and a kind neighbor were bending over her. In a maudlin tone, he demanded what it all meant, and a solemn whisper replied—"*Mr. Sumner, your wife is dying!*" The shock was terrible. Edgar was sober in an instant. In remorse and terror he sprang to Emily's side. She was insensible—if not dead!

"No doctor?" he gasped.

Somebody had gone for one, but none had yet arrived.

"She breathes—oh, God—do not let her die!" prayed the terrified, remorseful man.

He sprang from the room—he hurried from the house—down the street, bare-headed, he flew. He felt not the storm. His own guilt and his wife's danger, were all his thoughts. The freezing rain beat upon him pitilessly, and the chilling clamorous tempest howled in his face. It was nothing! A dim light glimmering through misty glow, guided his way. It was a physician's office; and violently he rang. It was many minutes before any one answered the bell; and all this time Edgar was chilled by the blast, and drenched by the icy rain. But the doctor came at last; and Edgar knew no more until he was once more by the bedside of his wife.

"She lives! she lives! save her, doctor, save her! O, my Emily! look at me—speak to me—forgive me!"

It was all like a dream! Edgar awoke in his own room. Silence was around him—mysterious solemn—and his eyes struggled with darkness. He started—there was a sound! It was but the wind. He endeavored to rise from his couch, but something weighed him down like leaden chains. A groan escaped him, and at the hollow, ghostly tones of his own voice, he shuddered. Then the memory of frightful dreams filled him with terror. Still he could not rise. His limbs were like wood or stone. All his strength had left him.

At length, his eyeballs groping in darkness, sought out a ray of light. It was a grey beam that struggled through the shrouded windows and curtains that darkened his bed. At that moment, a stealthy footstep pressed the floor, and Edgar's acute ear could distinguish a sound of suppressed breathing. The footsteps stealthily approached upon the young man's mind. He was filled—he had been delirious. Again he uttered a groan, and this time a good angel answered with a sign.

It was Ellen Blake, his wife's sister! She bent over the sick man, and whispered in his ear words of hope and kindness. Edgar remembered that he had once driven her from his house; and then the awful memory of all his guilt rushed upon his heart. A more vivid flash of reason informed him that the stormy night—the illness of his wife—the fever and despair he felt at the prospect of her death—that all this was not a dream, but reality!

A cry of agony escaped him.

"Emily—my Emily!—is she alive?" he murmured, but Ellen understood not his feeble, incoherent tones.

"Hush—you may not speak," she said. "Be quiet, and you will soon be well."

"But, Emily—"

"I am not Emily—I am Ellen. You shall see Emily soon."

"She is not dead then?"

"Oh, no; very feeble, but still alive."

"God bless you, angel!" murmured Edgar. "I was afraid she died last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, when I went for the doctor."

"Dear Edgar!" exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears, "that was three weeks ago!"

The young man was still very low, but the assurance that Emily was not dangerously ill, the care of the doctor, and the kindness of Ellen, served to restore his strength. Slowly, but gradually he recovered, and in time he was able to get up with the assistance of others, and to walk across the room.

He had not yet seen Emily. She was not able to leave her apartment, and her illness, of long standing, was of a more dangerous nature than her husband's.

One day Edgar felt unusually strong. Impatient to see his wife, he stole from his room unobserved, and sought Emily's apartment. The door was partly open, and he entered unheard. His suffering wife was alone, reclining on the couch which she had not left for many days. Eagerly Edgar sprang forward, forgetful of his feeble state, and fell upon the bed by her side. In a moment they were in each others arms, sobbing like children. Edgar was praying to be forgiven for his guilty neglect, which had well nigh killed her, and she was interrupting him with assurances of pardon and never-dying love.

Oh, it was then that the wretched husband, on his knees by the bed side of his injured wife, opened to her his heart. During his convalescence he had reflected. He saw all his errors in their true light; and now he confessed in deep humiliation. The hand of heaven had chastened him, and he bowed submissively, for his punishment was not only just, but necessary to his good. He had been blind to sin before, but the scales had been torn away from his eyes. He felt the pain, but blessed the light. Oh! he would not complain, but he prayed Heaven, there in the presence of her he had wronged, to forgive as she forgave him, and to restore her to health—not for his sake, but her own, and that of her friends, to whom she was dear.

Ellen came. She lifted Edgar from his knees, and in language of heavenly kindness, cheered his broken and repentant spirit. Emily needed no words of hope and consolation; her heart was already overflowing with joy.

Oh, the divine power of hope and happiness! From that day Emily began to recover strength. The love which shone in Edgar's countenance was of more avail than the skill of all physicians. A new fountain of vitality poured its refreshing and magic waters into her heart.

Reader, this is no mere fancy sketch. I could point out to you the principal characters in this story to-day. Would you see them? Come with me—in imagination to contemplate a reality. Behold it at happy circle, gathered about the fire side that diffuses warmth and cheer these cold November nights. Comforts surround them, and you see at a glance that happiness is theirs. Yonder middle aged man, with dark hair sparsely sprinkled with gray, and an eye that bespeaks the generous soul and manly intellect, is the *Edgar* of my sketch. The beautiful woman, whose brow expands in his affectionate smile, is his wife. The fair girl of five summers, and the gentle boy of two, sitting upon the rug to warm their feet before they go to bed, are the children of this happy home. The couple who are playing chess at the table, are Ellen and her husband—a man well worthy of her love—who are on a visit to the Sumners.

All are happy—even Edgar, for his old habits of dissipation have been completely overcome, and the sight of the wine cup causes him to shudder, and exclaim—

"Oh, ye moderate drinkers, beware! Crush the serpent before it is too late to shake off his tightening folds. Ruin not your own peace and the happiness of your friends, and wait not for the chastening hand of Heaven to teach you wisdom with calamity, and quench your thirst with fire."

From the Charleston Mercury.

KEY WEST, November 22.

Gentlemen—The Austrian bark Gazzetta, bound from New Orleans to Trieste, with 708 bales cotton, was lost off Cesar's Creek on the morning of the 10th. The whole cargo was saved by wreckers and brought to this port, a part of which being in a damaged state has been sold, and brought from $26.50 a $47 per bale. I understand this case will be arbitrated.

On Sunday morning last a ship was discovered ashore near Sand Key. The fleet of wreckers in port at the time went immediately to her assistance, and found her to be the English ship Erin Go Bragh, from New Orleans, bound to Liverpool, with a cargo of 2950 bales cotton. The master would take no assistance, and after a hard struggle of five days, succeeded last night, at high water, in getting her afloat, to the great disappointment of the wreckers, who hovered around her like a swarm of bees. Capt. Thompson deserves great credit for his perseverance, and ought to be liberally rewarded by his owners or underwriters, for whom he has saved, at the least calculation, $20,000. There are few masters of vessels who would, in a similar situation, have had the nerve, particularly at this season of the year, to hold out so long without requiring the assistance of wreckers. It is not yet known whether she will come into port in order to ascertain the state of her bottom, or proceed on her voyage; but from the determined character of the master, my impression is he will pursue the latter course.

The bark Ranger is loading and will sail soon. The salvage has not yet been decreed.

ARRIVED—Nov. 9, schr Nick Hazard, Newport, R. I; Nov. 14, schr Edward Barnard, New York; A. N. McKay, do; Nov. 18, brig Charlotte Vienna, New York; Nov. 19, brig David R. Ackens, from Philadelphia, with materials for the Island Light house at Sand Key; Nov. 20, schr John Boloff, Tampa.

SAILED—Nov. 12, brig Vesta, Archibaldo; schr W. Chester, for New Orleans; Nov. 14, schr Nick Hazard, St. Marks; Sarah, Pensacola; Sun, Anderson, New Orleans; Nov. 15, schr Edward Barnard, St. Marks; Nov. 16, schr A. N. McKay, Archibaldo.

IN PORT—Bark Ranger, loading, to sail soon; brigs Charlotte Wynne, for St. Marks, waiting change of wind; Isabella Reed, loading for New York; Sea Mew, refitting.

Late from Brazil.

PERNAMBUCO, October 17.

There is but little change to notice in our market. Produce comes in very slowly. The arrivals of flour since the 28th ult., 4,055 bbls. The article has been retailing at 19,000 for Richmond, 18,500a19,000 for Trieste, 17,500a18,000 for Philadelphia, but with further arrivals the article must decline, as from the low quotations ruling at the South much will probably be landed here. Three cargoes of codfish have recently arrived, but there appears to be no change in the market. American arrivals since the 3d instant have been brig Ann, Cerrado, E. Wright, and Rover and brig Chief from Newfoundland, and brig Wm. Rice, from Philadelphia. The brig Chief, of Baltimore, sails today for Sag Harbor, with a cargo of oil saved from the wreck ship Franklin, at the time of her wreck, some months ago. Our city is very healthy.

The steamer is just in from the South, bringing Rio de Janeiro dates to the 4th October. The sales of flour are reported at 15,500a16,000 for old Richmond, and 14,000 for old Baltimore. Coffee continues very active, both for the United States and Europe—superior were quoted at 3,000a3,000, good fleets 3,000, good firsts and superiors, mixed lots, 3,000a3,400. The departures for the United States since the 29th September, were, the Kremlin, for New Orleans, with 6760 bags; the Ozarius, for do, with 3900 bags; the Reindeer, for Baltimore, with 3499 bags; the Maria, for Mobile, with 3600 bags; and the Syphide, for New Orleans, with 4,192 bags.

The dates from Bahia are to the 11th October, at which time the stock of flour was 8,000 bbls. The last sale of Baltimore was at 17,800, but the market was flat and purchasers not eager to purchase. The new crop of sugar promised well, but will be rather late. [Baltimore American.

FIRE IN SPRINGFIELD MASS.—The most destructive fire that has occurred in Springfield for many years, took place early on Friday morning, the 22d ult. Decrest, Bavington & Co.'s extensive paysing mills, carpenter's shop, lumber yard and lumber establishment were entirely destroyed, involving the loss of about $20,000, which was insured for $10,000. Nearly half a million feet of lumber has been destroyed. Siren's pattern shop, and Wright & Co.'s forging establishment, adjoining the building belonging to Mr. Allen, of Boston, were nearly consumed. The total loss will not fall short of twenty-five thousand dollars.

FROM VENEZUELA.—A letter in the New York Courier announces that Gen. José Gregorio Monagas, brother of the present President of Venezuela, failed to obtain the two-thirds vote of the electoral colleges necessary to his election. He wanted five votes of the requisite number. Congress has now to decide between the three candidates having the highest number of votes. There is no doubt that their choice will be Monagas.

Several visits have been lately exchanged between the U. S. Charge and the President. The treaty of commerce between the United States and Venezuela will expire on the 4th of January next, and the New York Tribune understands that the Government has taken measures to have it renewed upon the present basis, with very trifling variation in some minor matters.

The claims arising from the late law, the *Ley de Espera*, were being satisfactorily arranged.

The improved state of the country had prevented any fall in prices. All American products was selling well.

PAINTING DONE WELL AND CHEAP. *A. BOWERS*, sign, and fancy painter and Sign Painter, would inform his numerous friends and the public in general that he has a PAINT SHOP, at 174 Magazine street, where he is prepared to contract for executing with promptness and dispatch all orders in his line of business, with the very best of materials. n7 1y

OFFICIAL.

Council of Municipality No. Two.

SATURDAY, November 30, 1850.

The Council met this day, pursuant to the following order:

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 30, 1850.

John Calhoun, Esq., Secretary of the Council of Municipality No. Two:

SIR—Please convoke the Council of Municipality No. Two, at one o'clock P. M., this day.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. D. CROSSMAN.

Present: The Hon. James H. Caldwell, President; Aldermen Hale, Hawthorn, Lawrason, Marks, Montanye, Pride, Renshaw, Sewell, Shields, Sykes, and Yancey.

The following communication was read, from the Mayor:

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, NOV. 30, 1850.

To the Hon. President and Members of the Council of Municipality No. Two:

GENTLEMEN—I have caused you to be convoked this day, in consequence of the death of Abbe Sam S. Shakespear, late a member of your honorable body, feeling persuaded that you will be desirous of paying some tribute of respect to the memory of a so esteemed citizen and a worthy member of society. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. D. CROSSMAN.

Mr. Sykes offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Divine Providence to remove, from the sphere of his usefulness, Samuel Shakespear, late representative of the Sixth Ward:

Be it Resolved, That as a token of the regret expressed at the loss of a faithful public servant and estimable member of society, the Council Chamber be shrouded in black, and the members thereof wear the usual badge of mourning during thirty days.

Resolved, That the Council attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be forwarded, by the President, to the afflicted family of the deceased.

Mr. Renshaw moved that the Council meet at a quarter before four o'clock, in the Council Chamber, for the purpose of attending the funeral in a body; and that the Secretary furnish the necessary crapes, etc., for the occasion; which motions were adopted.

The Council then adjourned until Tuesday evening next, 3d inst., at five o'clock, P. M.

JOHN CALHOUN, Secretary.

AUCTION SALES.

BY J. A. BEARD.

78 squares of Ground, containing **1810 Lots**, with a new and modern built **Dwelling**, after the Gothic style, in the town of **Carrollton**.

Also, **4 Choice Batture Property**, situated at **Algiers**.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

TUESDAY, the next 3, at 12 o'clock, and the following days—Will be sold in another Ward, the Carrollton Property, in square good neighborhood, SEVERAL FINE LOTS 75x—which will be sold in the highest bidder, to wit:

Fronting on Carondelet street, newly built in the modern stamped on the Carrollton Avenue, between Third and Fourth streets, together with all rows at ground.

Also, the following piece of ground adjoining the above property, also which will be sold 100 feet front ground, situated in square of the best locality in the town of Carrollton. A portion of the property is now occupied by a large and commodious Dwelling, with Stable, Cistern, Gas Lights, and the other being a continuation of the Carrollton Railroad to the Lake.

Also, a piece of ground situated near to the large warehouse in Algiers, and bounded by Levee street, the public wharf, Mississippi River, and the property of Dwight Hulse. These lots are well located for speculation, and are worthy the attention of those who are on the Arondas.

Terms—Cash, one-third; credit balance, at 1, 2, & 3 and 5 years' credit for notes bearing mortgage on the property, with 6 per cent interest from date—and if not then paid, to bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, payable at the office of the undersigned, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. n19

Succession of Cyrus Green—Improved Property on Esplanade street, second Municipality.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, December 4, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction, in the Exchange, Magazine street, by order of the Succession of Cyrus Green, deceased, the following Property, to wit:

A modern COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with all the improvements thereon, the property situated on the Esplanade street, in the second Municipality, and bounded by Bourbon street, Rampart street, and Esplanade street, and each measuring 42 feet 6 inches front, and 120 feet in depth, of 42 feet 6 inches front, and 120 feet in depth, and 42 feet 6 inches in rear, and 120 feet in depth, and 42 feet 6 inches in rear, and 120 feet in depth, and 42 feet 6 inches in rear