The Daily Crescent.

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DAILY CRESCENT.

From the New York Sunday Times.

A New German Novel.

The editor, or reviewer, of Blackwood's Magazine has translated portions of a new German novel, called "Anna Hammer," which, he says, is the best he has seen of the "numerous German novels of a political tendency published within the last two years." The novel was written while the author was in prison for an offence against the State. One chapter in this novel relates to "The Crown Jewels of the Princess of Orange," which were smuggled into this part some twenty years ago, by an Italian named Polari. The story has considerable of the German mystery thrown about it, and the interest consists in the fact that the crown jewels are represented to have been stolen by the Crown Prince, and given by him to the person who brought them here—verifying the rumor then prevailing, that the late Prince of Orange lost a large sum at the gaming table, and paid the debt with his wife's jewels.

In the trial of James Gordon Bennett for a libel on the late Surveyor of this port, which may probably be called on early the ensuing term, some interesting facts about that jewel case may be developed, in which it will appear that the principal functionaries of our government, with the exception of General Jackson, nullified the revenue laws to propitiate the favor of the King of Holland, and subsequently presented themselves at that court to receive the generous reward of their friendly cooperation. The jewels were given to the Princess of Orange by her brother, the Emperor of Russia, and political considerations rendered it necessary to make it appear that the jewels were stolen, and not lost at the gaming table by the Prince. Polari was admitted the robbery. He went back willingly to Holland, with an understanding that he was to be pardoned on exonerating the Prince of Orange from all participation in the affair, but they threw him into prison, where he died, and his secret died with him.

We commence the chapter where the tale of the jewels is given to be developed, and end it where the last transatlantic disposition is made of them, the whole forming a complete story. The chapter, as the reviewer and translator pertly remarks, stands alone as a detached and independent sketch of German life, and of political and court delinquencies. Here it is:

The park behind the palace was of great extent. Gardens, pieces of water, copses planted with trees, thick shrubberies and tracts of woodland, were there mingled in an apparently wild disorder, which was in reality the result of careful arrangement and consideration. The whole was surrounded by a lofty wall, in which were three or four small doors. A thick forest came close up to the outside of the wall, and was intersected by several roads.

Along one of these roads there an elegant travelling carriage, drawn by two extremely small and powerful horses. A bearded man, of Jewish aspect, muffled in a large cloak, was seated near upon the box. The shutters of the vehicle were drawn up, so that it could not be seen into. It stopped far enough in the forest. The door opened, and a little man, whose breakfast appearance, not very much of a coat, got out. He left the door open.

"Two mind, Abraham!" said he in Jewish jargon to his driver.

The man touched his cap, so that the horses beside were turned in direction whence they came.

"Stop!"

The carriage stood still, and the little man walked back a few paces, examining the wheels on all sides, as if to make sure that it was sound and complete in every part. With equal attention he inspected the harness and canter of the expensive horses.

"Keep a sharp watch, Abraham, for my return."

"Don't be afraid, Moses."

"The more means I get in, drive off at full speed. But are supposed to hear?—no answer.

"Why should he not?" resumed the coachman, speaking to his other comrade.

"Ah, you know he is deaf!" said the other. "Do you not, my good fellow, that I know what the door was? Your watch with your eyes, for you must not take your eyes off the horses."

"Don't be alarm yourself, Moses!"

"And, Abraham, get not the box during my absence; and be sure and leave the door open, that I may jump in at once on my return."

The coachman answered yes.

"And one thing more. Hear Abraham, will the powers hold out?—was Germain index?—is their feeling? And you are sure the carriage will not break down?"

"Begone, fearful fool, and leave carriage and horses in my care."

The little man looked at his watch.

"Exactly five. It is just the time. Once more, dear Abraham, keep a sharp look-out. I entreat you."

At a sort of smashing run, the timid Jew hurried to a door in the park wall, close to which the road passed. He glance cheerily around him. No one was in sight, and, producing a key, he lastly unlocked the door, opening it only just wide enough to allow him to slip through. In an instant he was in the park, and the door shut behind him.

Completely unseen as the Jew believed himself, there yet was one at hand whose watchful eye had followed all his movements.

At the exact moment that the coachman turned his carriage, and at a short distance from the spot, a man emerged from the thicket. His appearance was very striking. Far above the middle stature, his person for was extraordinarily spare. Large, loose, inward shoulders, a projecting arm, and a hand like a bunch of sinews, indicated that his meagre frame possessed great strength. His strange figure was encasted in a remarkable costume. He wore a short, brown jacket of the color and coarse material of the coats of the mendicant friars, short brown leather breeches, grey linen gaiters and wide strong shoes. His head was covered with an old nondescript gray hat, whose broad brim was no longer in a state to testify whether it had once been round or three-cornered. Across his back was slung a bag, from whose mouth protruded the neck of an old black fiddle. The man's age was hard to guess. His thick strong hair was of that sort of mouse-color which even very old age rarely alters. His countenance was frightfully furrowed; but it its furrows were deep, on the other hand, its outlines were of iron rigidity. The eye was very quick. In short, however narrow the scrutiny, it still remained doubtful to the observer whether the man was tiny, wiry, or seventy years old.

This person, stepping out of the forest, was on the point of springing across the road, when he perceived the carriage and the two Jews. Satisfying himself, by a hasty glance, that he was still unseen, he drew back within cover of the thicket. Concealed behind a thicket screen of foliage, he watched with profound attention every movement of the men, who were too distant for him to overhear their words. When one of them had entered the park, the long brown man made a circuit through the wood, and again emerged from it at a point where he could not be seen by the coachman, but which yet was not far distant from the door through which the Jew had passed. After brief reflection, he approached this door and tried to open it. It was locked. He turned back, skirting the wall—but so noiselessly that the sharpest ear, close upon the other side, could hardly have detected his presence. He paused at a place where tree and thick bushes, growing within the park, overtopped the wall. A long branch protruded across, and hung down so low that the tall stranger could easily reach it. He cheerly examined this branch, its length and strength, then the wall—measuring its height with his eye, and noting its irregularities of surface. Suddenly he seized the branch with both hands, set his feet against the wall, and swung his whole body upwards. Before a spectator could have comprehend his intentions, he was seated on a limb of the tree within the park; it was as if an enormous brown cat had sprung up among the branches. In another second he was on the ground, the slightest possible cracking of the twigs betraying his rapid descent.

He stood in the midst of a thick growth of bushes, the stillness around him broken only by the voices of birds. Cautiously he made his way through the tangled growth of branches into a small winding path, which he followed in the direction of the door. On reaching this, he found himself in a broad carriage road, apparently commencing and terminating at the palace, after connecting windings through the park. Opposite the door was an open lawn. To the right were long alleys, through whose vista the rays of the early morning sun were seen reflected in the tranquil waters of a lake. To the left was a prolongation of the road. Not a living creature was to be seen.

For a minute the man stood undecided as to the direction he should take. Then he re-entered the copse, pushing his way through it with the same caution and cat-like activity as before, to a little knoll nearly bare of bushes, and crowned by three lofty fir trees. He was about to step out into the open space, when he heard a rushing near at hand. He stood still, held his breath, and looked around him; but he was still too deep in the bushes, and could discern nothing. He was only leaves and branches, and towering above them the three tall fir trees, with the morning wind whispering through their boughs.

The man comes was the little Jew, who walked uneasily to and fro beneath the fir trees, on a narrow footpath which led across the knoll. He evidently expected some one. From behind a tree the tall man with the fiddle watched his movements, and listened to his soliloquy.

"Five minutes late," muttered the Jew, looking at his watch. "Am I the man to be kept waiting? He is not to be relied upon. But I have him now, fast and sure." He resumed his walk, then again stood still. "A good affair, this! good profit! a made man! But who—can he be?" He paused before the very tree behind which stood the man in the brown jacket. "He is imprudent," he continued, "light-headed, and reckless. But am I not the same? I am lost if he deceives me. I have him, though—I have him."

"Mosey!" said the strong voice of the long brown man, close to his ear. At the same moment a heavy hand was clapped roughly on the Jew's shoulder. He fell to the ground as though a thunderbolt had struck him; on falling he caught a view of the stranger. "Geigen—" cried he, in a horror stricken voice, leaving the word unfinished.

"Speak the word right out!" said the long man, with a calm, sneering smile.

The little Jew's recovery was as sudden as his terror. He was already on his legs, brushing the dust from his clothes.

"How the gentleman frightened me!" he said in a sort of dubious tone.

"Speak the word out, Mosey—the whole word!"

"What should I speak out!—which word! What does the gentleman want?"

"Mosey, speak the word out—Geigenfritz!"

"What is your pleasure?—what is the word to me?"

"Old rogue! Old Moses Amschel! what is the word to you! what is Geigenfritz to you!—your old friend!"

"I know no Geigenfritz; I know no Moses Amschel. You are mistaken. Let go your grasp—do you hear!" He had become quite bold and saucy.

The brown man looked at him with a smile of scornful pity. "Mosey," he said, "shall I reckon up the prisons and houses of correction in which I have seen you? You have grown a great man, it seems. I have heard of you. You are a rich banker; noblemen associate with you, and princes are your debtors. You are a baron, I believe, and you live in luxury; but you are none the less Moses Amschel, my old comrade. I know you cheerily, and what travel at a trucker, too, who is outside with the carriage."

The Jew's confidence left him as he listened to this speech. He made one more effort to assume a bold countenance, but his voice trembled as he muttered, "You are mistaken. I have business here; leave me, or I will have you arrested."

Geigenfritz laughed. "You have business here! I thought so. But arrest me! Your business will hardly bear daylight, and my arrest would interfere with it."

The touch of these words produced a terrible effect on the little Jew. He stood for a moment gazing helplessly around him; then he looked cheerily at his interlocutor, as like his right hand rumbled in his breast, nothing's seeking something. But he drew it forth empty, and let it fall by his side, while his eyes sought the ground. "Well, Geigenfritz," he said, in a low tone, "here we are together. We will wish by the carriage with my brother. I will soon be back, and we will speak further."

"Not so, old sinner. You said you had business here. Yound I have done business together now many years."

"This time there is no place for you to do."

"But I will for you to execute."

"I don't understand—Geigenfritz."

"What rate is it?"

"Yes, what rate?—Stand-by!"

"Immediately, I report."

"Impossible."

"I have first to remain here."

Moses Amschel grew very anxious. "I swear to you, Geigenfritz, I cannot do a something. The business can't be done to your pleasure."

Meanwhile, Geigenfritz was not to be swerved from his purpose. Moses Amschel ran to and fro, wringing his hands, and arguing his reasons to see him the park. Suddenly he actually succeeded to a person. Geigenfritz followed the direction of his eyes. With extreme swiftness a man ran along one of the alleys, in the direction of the mansion in which they long stood.

"For God's sake, go, leave me!" exclaimed Moses Amschel, in abject supplication.

"Follow, 'tis the Crown Prince. What dealings have you with him?"

"Go, I implore you, go."

"Dog! will you not answer me."

"I have no business with him."

"What business?"

"You shall know afterwards; go, I can't escape you."

"What business?"

"Jewel-box affair. But now go, go!"

"You are right; you cannot escape me." And Geigenfritz disappeared among the bushes.

Moses Amschel had had barely time to recover breath and composure, when a third person joined him. This was a slender young man, of elegant appearance, and handsome but dissipated countenance. His rich dress was disordered.

"Who was here, Jew?"

"No one. Who should be here? Who would I bring with me?"

"I heard talking—who was with you?"

"No one, your Highness."

"Name not my name, Jew, and speak the truth."

"I wish I may die, if a creature was with me."

The young man looked suspiciously on all sides, and then drew from under his coat an object wrapped in a silk handkerchief, and handed it to Amschel.

"Here, Jew, and now away with you!"

Moses Amschel would have unfolded the handkerchief, to look at its contents.

"Scoundrel! do you think I cheat you? In three months."

He took a step to depart, but again returned.

"To America, to New York! Not to London, d'ye hear?"

"I know."

At the top of his speed, as he had come, the stranger departed. Moses Amschel unrolled the handkerchief, glanced at its contents, again carefully wrapped it up, and stole swiftly and cautious, to the park door, which he hastily unlocked, and as hastily relocked behind him. But, as he turned to regain the carriage, his movements were arrested by the iron arm of Geigenfritz, who rose like an apparition from a ditch at his side.

"How you frighten me!—I am not going to run away."

"Because you can't. Now, comrade, halves!"

"Are you mad?"

"Not I, but you, if you think you are not in my power."

Moses Amschel looked around him, but help there was none, and the brown man held him so tightly that he could not stir. The carriage, certainly, was near at hand, but the horses were as skittish as they were good, and the driver must not leave them.

"Show it me," said Geigenfritz.

Resistance was impossible. Tardily and cowellingly the Jew untied the handkerchief, and revealed a diamond diadem of extraordinary magnificence. Notwithstanding his alarm, his eyes sparkled at the sight.

"Old rogue! who stole that!"

"Stole! Nonsense."

"What is it worth?"

"Worth?—a couple of hundred dollars."

"Do you take me for a child?"

"Well, perhaps a couple of thousand."

"More than a million."

"You frighten me."

"No matter—halves!"

"But I must sell it first; you shall have your share of the price."

"Of the price? You won't take me in. We will divide at once."

"How is that possible?"

"Very easy. I break the crown into two halves; you take one, I the other. Give it here."

Moses Amschel shook with terror, and clutched the glittering ornament convulsively with both hands. It was in vain; the iron hand of Geigenfritz detached his fingers, one after the other, like those of a child. With the last remains of his exhausted strength, the Jew still clung to his treasure, when, in another second, would have been wrested from him, when suddenly a broad knife, thrown over the shoulder of Geigenfritz, inflicted a swift deep cut across the back of the hand with which he grasped the diadem. Involuntarily Geigenfritz relaxed his hold for an instant, and Moses Amschel and the coachman Abraham, who, having seen from his box his master's peril, had thus opportunely come to his aid, ran away laughing. The one jumped into the carriage, the other resumed the reins, and they drove off at a gallop.

The conclusion states that the Prince had stolen the jewels from his wife in such a manner as to cast suspicion upon others, and that the Jew was to sell them to furnish supplies to the desolate heir of the crown. The characters are afterwards made to emigrate to this country, and the occurrences in which they are made to mix are an exact counterpart of the adventures of Polari, his wife, and others who figured in the "strange, eventful history."

Adventure with a Pirate.

There lived, not many years ago, on the Eastern shore of the Mt. Desert, a large island off the coast of Maine, an old fisherman, by the name of Jedediah Spinnel, who owned a schooner of some hundred tuns burden, in which he, together with four stout sons, was wont to go about once a year, to the Grand Banks, for the purpose of catching codfish. The old man had five things, upon the peculiar merits of which he loved to boast—his schooner, "Betsy Jenkins," and his four sons. The four sons were all that their father represented them to be, and no one ever doubted his word when he said that their like was not to be found for fifty miles round. The oldest was thirty-two, while the youngest had just completed his twenty-sixth year, and they answered to the names of Seth, Andrew, John, and Samuel.

One morning a stranger called upon Jedediah to engage him to take to Havana, some iron machinery belonging to steam engines for sugar plantations. The terms were soon agreed upon, and the old man and his sons immediately set about putting the machinery on board; that accomplished, they set sail for Havana, with a fair wind, and for several days proceeded on their course without an adventure of any kind. One morning, however, a vessel was descried off their larboard quarter, which, after some hesitation, the old man pronounced to be a pirate. There was not much time allowed them for doubting, for the vessel soon sainted them with a not very agreeable whizzing of an eighteen pound shot just under their stern.

"That means for us to heave to," remarked the old man.

"They I guess we'd better do it, hadn't we?" said Seth.

"O course."

Accordingly the Betsy Jenkins was brought up into the wind, and her main boom hauled over to windward.

"Now, boys," said the old man, as soon as the schooner came to a stand, "all we can do is to be as cool as possible, and trust to fortune. There is no way to escape that I can see now; but perhaps it may give vent they will take such stuff as they find on board, and then let us go. Always rate there is no use in crying when the case is over, and can't be helped. Now get your pouds, and see that they are nicely loaded, and take your knives ready, but be cute and hide them so that the pirates shall see no show of weapons. In a few moments all the arms which the schooner afforded, with the exception of one or two old muskets, were secreted about the persons of our Bloody Sixers, and they quietly awaited the coming of the schooner.

"Hold the hard mate, boys," said the old man, just as the pirates came alongside the stern; "Now, watch every movement I make, and be ready to pause the moment I speak."

As Captain Spinnel ceased speaking, the pirate leaped up under the fisherman's lee quarter, and in a moment more the latter's deck was graced by the presence of a dozen or so savage-looking mortals as ever ever rested upon.

"Are you the captain of this vessel?" asked the leader of the boarders, as he approached the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your cargo?"

"Machinery for steam engines."

"Nothing else?" asked the pirate, with a searching look.

At this moment Captain Spinnel's eye caught what looked like a tail off to the starboard and easterl, but a sign betrayed the discovery, and while a brilliant idea shot through his mind, he hesitatingly replied:

"Well, there is a little something else."

"Ha, and what is it?"

"Why, sir, pirate I hadn't ought to tell," said Captain Spinnel, remembering the utmost extreme persuasion. "You see, I was given to understand that I couldn't be right for mine to tell. You can take anything else you please, but I couldn't tell."

"You are an honest sailor, at any rate," said the pirate, "but if you would live to minutes longer, just tell me what you've got on board, and exactly the place where it lies."

The sight of a cocked pistol brought the old man to his senses, and in a deprecating tone, he muttered—

"Don't kill me, sir, don't. I'll tell you all. We've got forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes, and stowed away under some of the boxes just for safe' the catch backhead, but Mr. Debie didn't suspect that anybody would leave thought of looking for it there."

"Perhaps so," chuckled the pirate, while his eyes sparkled with delight. And then turning to his own vessel, he ordered all but three of the men to jump on board the Yankee.

In a few moments the pirate had taken off the hatches, and in their haste to get at the silver dollars, they forgot all else, but not so with Spinnel; he had been his wits at work, and no sooner had the last of the villains disappeared below the hatchway, than he turned to his boys.

"Now, boys, for your lives. Seth, you clap your knife across the forehand and peak halyards, an' you, John, cut the main. Be quick, now, an' the moment you've done it, jump aboard the pirate. Andrew and Sam, you every of the pirate's grapnels, an' then you jump—then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper. *Now for it!*"

No sooner were the last words out of the old man's mouth, than his sons did exactly as they had been directed. The fore and main halyards were cut, and the two grapnels were cut at the same instant, and as the heavy gaffs came rattling down, four fire barrels leaped on board the pirate. The moment the clipper felt her liberty, her head swung off; and before the astonished buccaneers could gain the deck of the fisherman, their own vessel was half a cable's length to leeward, sweeping gracefully away before the wind, while the three men who had been left in charge were easily secured.

"Hallo, there!" shouted Capt. Spinnel, as the luckless pirates crowded around the lee gangway of their prize, "when you find there are other dollars, just let us know, will you?"

Half a dozen pistol shots was all the answer the old man got, but they did him no harm, and crowding on all sail, he made for the nearest port of their parole, which lay dead to leeward of him, and which he now made out to be a large ship. The clipper cut through the water like a dolphin, and in a remarkably short space of time Spinnel hailed up under the ship's stern, and explained all that had happened. The ship proved to be an East Indiaman, bound for Charleston, having sail and three men on board, twenty of whom at once jumped into the clipper and offered their services in helping to take the pirates.

Hence dark Captain Spinnel was once more within hailing distance of his own vessel, and raising a trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:

"Schooner ahoy! Will you quietly surrender yourselves prisoners if we come on board?"

"Yes we and try it!" returned the pirate captain, as he brandished his cutlass above his head in a very threatening manner, which seemed to indicate that he will fight to the last.

But that was his last movement, for Seth was crouched below the bulwarks, taking deliberate aim along the barrel of a heavy rifle, and as the bloody villain was in the act of turning to his men, the sharp crack of Seth Spinnel's weapon rang to their death peal, and the next moment the pirate captain fell back into the arms of his men, with a fence of bullets through his heart.

"Now," shouted the old man, as he leveled the long pistol gun, and seized a lighted match, "I'll give you just five minutes to make your minds up to, and if you don't surrender, I'll blow every one of you into the other world."

The death of their captain, and, withal, the sight of the painted pirate—the peculiar properties of which the Yankee had well—brought the pirates to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and agreed to give themselves up.

In two days more than time Captain Spinnel delivered his cargo safely in Havana, gave the pirates into the hands of the civil authorities, and delivered the clipper up to the government, in return for which he received a sum of money sufficient for an independence during the remainder of his life, as well as a very hands sic mod from the government.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.—We extract the following paragraph from a London letter in the N. Y. Herald:

The conferences at Warsaw are over; the Emperor of Russia has returned to St. Petersburg, the Emperor of Austria to Vienna, Prince Charles, of Prussia, to Berlin, and the other high personages to their respective States. The result of the conferences has transpired—Austria and the Diet have triumphed. Prussia, once more crest-fallen, has given in on every question. Count Brandenburg, the Prussian Minister, was so much affected by what occurred, and at the degradation of Prussia, to which he contributed as its representative, that he was seized with brain fever, and a telegraphic dispatch from Berlin announces his death. Your readers will be forcibly reminded of the death of Count Bresson, the Austrian at Madrid, under circumstances almost similar, at the time of the Spanish marriages. Count Bresson cut his throat—Count Brandenburg has died raving mad.

AUCTION SALES.

BY J. A. BEARD.

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

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY, December 4, at 12 o'clock, will be sold, at the Exchange, the following property, belonging to the succession of Cyrus Green, viz:

A lot of GROUND, with the improvements thereon, situated in the second Municipality, on Nuevitte street, being the lot marked No. 2 in the plan of Mr. Lewis, and measuring 30 feet front by 120 feet in depth, more or less.

TERMS—Cash.

Succession of Louis Bouligny—Lot of Ground on Port-Lerre street, New Orleans.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

THIS DAY, December 4, at 12 o'clock, will be sold, at the Exchange, the following property, belonging to the succession of Louis Bouligny, viz:

A LOT OF GROUND, situated in the second Municipality, on Port-Lerre street, New Orleans, being the lot marked No. 2 in the plan of Mr. Lewis, and measuring 30 feet front by 120 feet in depth, more or less.

TERMS—Cash.

Choice Building Lots, to close an Estate, with suitable reserve.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, at 12 o'clock, will be sold, at the Exchange, the following LOTS, which will be sold without reserve, viz:

[illegible]

TERMS—Cash.

BY SYKES, HYDE & CO.

Boots, Brogans, Ladies' and Children's Shoes.

BY SYKES, HYDE & CO.

WEDNESDAY, December 4, at 10 o'clock, will be sold, at our store, No. 77 Gravier street, [illegible]

TERMS—Cash.

HATS, SHOES, ETC.

J. BURBRIDGE & CO. have the advantage of a very great variety of manufacturing the [illegible] of HATS, which they offer for sale at the lowest prices. Merchants, Hotel Keepers, and Steamboat Captains, are invited to examine the Stock, which is now [illegible] in all kinds.

NO. XXX XXX CASSIMERE HATS.
BLACK SILK HATS.
PEARL HATS.
BUENA VISTA HATS.
FINE BLACK HATS.
FINE LAMARTINE HATS.
BOYS' UNION HATS.
BOYS' SCARAMOUCHE HATS.
BOYS' SCARAMOUCHE HATS.
CLOTH CAPS, GLAZED CAPS.

J. BURBRIDGE & CO., 41 Gravier street.

Swain.

ANATOMICAL LAST AND BOOT MAKER, IS NOW PREPARED to make, to a model of symmetry and elegance, BOOTS and SHOES, of the finest quality, and of the most approved fashion. The immense advantage of these orders will secure the patronage of the public, and the subscriber will endeavor to merit the same by his attention to the wants of his customers.

☞ Thoroughly well manufactured, and warranted.

PRICES OF PRIZES.

Fine Leather Boots	$12 00
Dutch and Calf Boots	11 00
Fine Calf Boots	11 00
Calved Pumps and Slippers	3 00
Congress Dress Boots	$5 50
Patent Leather Shoes	3 00
Calf do	2 50

J. H. SWAIN, under the St. Charles Hotel, N. O.

☞ Also, a fine assortment of READY-MADE WORK, on hand, or made to order in the city, and finished equal to any work in the country, and at a lower than by any house.

[illegible] SWAIN.

J. C. WEBER, *Boot and Shoe Leather*, CORNER OF *Camp & Gravier streets*, (Old Exchange Stand), New Orleans.

BOOTS AND SHOES STORE.

Every variety of gentlemen's, ladies' and children's fashionable wear, of the best workmanship and materials, and at the lowest Cash Prices. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. [illegible]

TO THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

WILLACY & CO.'S Passage and Forwarding Office.

No. 2 Exchange Place, New Orleans. Passage tickets, North Boats, Steamers, Packets, Ships, Barges, Rivers, Mississippi, Ohio, Mississippi, Red River, Mobile, Pensacola, Texas, Mexico, Havana, Chagres, Panama, Oregon, Sacramento, Chagres, Panama, Oregon, Sacramento, Liverpool, Havre, Paris.

N.B. Passage to Liverpool, Havre, Paris, Mississippi, Ohio, Red River, Mobile, Pensacola, Texas, Mexico, Havana, Chagres, Panama, Oregon, Sacramento, Liverpool, Havre, Paris.

PUMPS AND BATHING APPARATUS, &c.

J. T. CARTY, PLUMBER, No. 121 CAMP STREET, has on hand a large assortment of Pumps and large assortment of Hose Carts, various sizes; Force and Lift Pumps; Beer Pumps, etc., etc.; Cooking Ranges; Bathing Tubs and Shower Baths. Also, lead and copping Lead Pipes; Sheet Lead, and of every description. Pumps and Steamboat work promptly repaired. Also, a variety of other articles on the shelves in [illegible]

☞ Charges moderate.

NEW ORLEANS HARDWARE WAREHOUSE, No. 118 and 120 Bourbon street.

CARRAMAN, BRIGGS and HANSON, offer for sale, at the above place, a large and well selected assortment of Hardware, Cutlery, Locks, Iron and Nails, Saws, Axes, Chains, Leather Belts and Screws, Ace. Ironmongery, etc., etc. [illegible]

HARDWARE AND IRON STORES, Nos. 87 and 89 Camp Street.

PRIESTLEY & BEIN, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Cutlery, Iron, Tin Plates, etc. etc. think their friends for the liberal patronage bestowed on them during the past year, and their energy and attention shall ever merited, will, they hope, secure to them a continuance of their favors. By arrival from Liverpool and Northern ports, they are constantly receiving fresh supplies, especially selected, of every thing in their line, and can confidently invite the attention of purchasers to their large and well assorted stock, of which the following is a part:

English Bar iron, round, square and flat—7-9 tons;
Hoop iron, hammered and rolled—[illegible] tons;
Best Pennsylvania Bar, round, square and flat—100 tons;
Best Pennsylvania Hoop Plate Iron—20 tons;
Best Tennessee Bar, round, square and flat—800 tons;
Best do. hoop iron—20 tons;
Best do. plough plate—4 tons;
Best do. plough moulds—10 tons;
Sweden Iron—200 tons;
Best Sweden plough plates—10 tons;
Russian Bars, 1, 1-8, 1-4 and 3-8 inch round—500 bundles;
Sheet Iron, Russian, American and Tennessee, from 10 to 26 gauge—100 tons;
Hoop Iron, from 1 to 4 inches—800 bundles;
Round Iron, from 3-8 to 1 inches—200 bundles;
Cut Nails, assorted, Wrought and other good brands—2000 kegs;
Pressed Nails—500 kegs;
Pocket and Table Cutlery, Razors, etc.;
Tin Plates, best Charcoal brands—60 boxes;
Block Tin, Zinc, Spelter, etc.—15,000 pounds;
Brazier's Copper, from 14 to 120 lb. sheets—1,000 lb.;
German Steel, Blister and Cast Steel—200 lb.;
Axes, Patent Curled, Half Curled, etc.—[illegible] dozen;
Spades and Shovels, Axes and other tools—50 dozen;
Whitemore's Cotton, Wool and Horse cards—600 dozen;
Collins' Mills Without gum—[illegible] dozen;
Fine Hollowware and Fishers Spears;
Axes, Vices, Stock and Dies, Hollows;
Oil, Trees, Log, Hoes and Cut Chains;
Chain Cables and Anchors;
Coopers' Tools, Farmers' Tools;
Assortment and English Locks;
Window Cord Fastenings;
Fine and Fine Hinges;
Bell and Parlor Bells;
Window Fastenings of every description;
Best of every description of Nails, Screws, Gimlets, Pad and Mill Saws;
Fire Brick and Clay, Hearth Stones;
Tar, Pitch and Rosin, Oil and other good brands;
Boiled Water and Copper—100 tons;
Tinned and Mantle Spikes—[illegible];
Gilders, Marine, Bronzes, etc.;
Epsom, Glauber and Rock Salts;
Alabastine Whitewash;
Chalk in 5 lb. 1 and 2 lb. cakes;
Black and Yellow Paint, Verdigris;
Corks and Bottle Gages;
Cutch, Fine, from 1 to 50 pails;
Mill and Machinery Oil;
Sheet, Bar and Pig Lead; Lead Pipe, etc. etc.

☞ To which we invite the attention of Agents in New Orleans and Merchants in the country, to our well selected Stock, and of the HUMPHREYVILLE COPPER COMPANY. [illegible]

CANDLES—500 boxes Sperm, Star and Adamantine, for sale by [illegible] W. ARTHUR & CO., 28 and 32 New Levee.

SODA ASH—30 casks 84 per cent., landing, for sale by HAYMAN & HOLDEN, 38 Magazine st.

CHESNUTS—30 bags Chesnuts, for sale by HAYMAN & HOLDEN, 38 Magazine st.

SHIPPING.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

For California.

For CALIFORNIA—via the ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.—The patronage the subscribers have received during the past year, in the transportation of Passengers and Freight, by the ALVARADO RIVER, crossing of Vera Cruz, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, convinces us that the Isthmus of Vera Cruz, is the Isthmus for Freight, but for Passengers and Mails, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is the route. The Steamer [illegible] will leave the Pontchartrain Railroad DAILY, on the arrival of the Lake and the Opelousas R. R. and the evening train arrive the Opelousas R. R. at 5 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

[illegible]

For Freight or passage apply on board, or to

J. MEEKER & CO., 6 Perdido street.

For SAN FRANCISCO and SACRAMENTO.

The fast sailing [illegible] GIPSY, Capt. John J. Berry, having [illegible] will be dispatched as above, for freight or passage, [illegible] Freight taken at the lowest rates. For freight or passage, apply on board, foot of Canal street, or to

WM. J. DERRY, 69 Gravier st.

Capt. James A. Grant, of Sacramento City, has also secured a great part of the cabins and steerage, and will be dispatched as above. For freight or passage, apply on board, or to James P. Jox & Co., Commission Merchants, Gravier street, New Orleans. The New Orleans Office of the Sacramento Commercial Advertiser, Rooms Rice, Texas. [illegible]

DOMESTIC PORTS.

CHARLESTON AND HAVANA

Regular Weekly Packet, Steamer ISABEL, Capt. Rodgers, will sail for Charleston on the 20th inst., and regular every Saturday thereafter, for Charleston and Havana, and will sail regularly, leaving Charleston for Havana on the 5th and 20th of each month, leaving Charleston for Havana on the 5th and 20th.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Havana to Charleston or Savannah [illegible]

For further particulars, apply to

M. C. MCBRIDGE, Charleston, or to

E. E. HART & CO., 72 Tchoupitoulas st., N. Orleans, Agents at Havana.

☞ Passengers leaving Havana by this packet will find connections at the Fifth Ward to the Lake Ponchartrain, New York and Philadelphia ships in the same line to leave the [illegible] to date.

FOREIGN PORTS.

FOR VERA CRUZ—The well known and fast sailing [illegible] ALABAMA, Capt. Foster, will sail for Vera Cruz on TUESDAY, the 10th December, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

[illegible]

☞ Passengers [illegible]

C. J. MEEKER & CO., 6 Perdido street.

FOR LIVERPOOL—The A1 ship ALEX. GRANT, Capt. [illegible], will have dispatch as above, for freight or passage, apply to

TUCKER, BRIGGS & CO.,
or W. W. OLIVER, [illegible]

STEAMBOATS.

For Mobile—Regular U. S. MAIL LINE—

The fast and [illegible] steamer FLORIDA, Captain W. T. Gassaway, having been thoroughly overhauled in the last Dryde, with superior accommodations, (including Cabins for Ladies,) will leave the above designated line of Packets, Balmer's DAILY, on the arrival of the Lake and the Opelousas R. R. and the evening train arrive the Opelousas R. R. at 5 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

[illegible]

For Alexandria, Natchitoches, and Shreveport—

The new steamer SAVANNAH, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th instant, at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

EDWARD H. POMROY, [illegible]

Regular Wednesday and Saturday Packet for Alexandria and Natchitoches—

The superior steamer CARROLTON, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

Regular Ouachita Packet CORA No. 2—

The fine new steamer CORA, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

T. B. SMITH, 67 Gravier street.

For Nashville, Clarksville, Lafayette, Ala., and Columbus, Miss.—

The fine steamer [illegible], Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

Regular Red River Packet Steamer GOV. BRYANT—

The fine steamer GOV. BRYANT, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

T. B. SMITH, 67 Gravier street.

Regular Louisville Passenger Packet steamer BELLE KEY—

The fine steamer BELLE KEY, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on THURSDAY, the 5th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

T. B. SMITH, 67 Gravier st.

Regular Weekly Packet New Orleans and Louisville—

The fine steamer NEW ORLEANS, Capt. [illegible], will sail as above, on SATURDAY, the 7th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M. [illegible]

SPEAKE & MOORE, Agents, 6 Tchoupitoulas st.

For Ouachita Packet Steamer DUROC—

For passage, [illegible] apply on board, or to

T. B. SMITH, 67 Gravier st.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

J. D. ANDERSON, No. 17 St. Charles street, Watches, Chronometers and Nautical Instruments accurately adjusted. Philosophical and Electrical Apparatus, and Musical Boxes, repaired. Fashion Chronometers adapted to any watches.

M. H. MEYER, No. 100 Camp street, Wholesale and Retail dealer in JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, FANCY ARTICLES, and WATCHES. All kinds of Watches and Jewelry repaired and warranted.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, etc.—YOUNG & CO., No. 8 Camp street.

[illegible]

MUSIC.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE, 39 CAMP STREET.

P. A. TYLER, Agent for the sale of the celebrated PIANO FORTES, from the justly celebrated Manufactory of Messrs. Chickering & Co. Boston; Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co. Boston; Van Winkle, A. H. Gaw & Co. and Jas. H. Greening, New York. The Piano Forte Manufacturers for the HORSTS' PATENT IRON PIANOS, to be found, most of which are from the factory. These Pianos are declarable the best Pianos now in use, possessing the advantage of being strung with a single string, instead of two, as they will stand longer and be better than any other Piano. These Pianos have an independent rim or case, which can be removed in a moment, thus leaving no connection between the Piano and case. Superior GUITARS, VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS, FLUTES, and Other Musical Instruments, constantly on hand and for sale at low rates. SHEET MUSIC for Piano, Flute, Violin, etc. Also, INSTRUCTION BOOKS for all the above instruments. ☞ A liberal Discount to Dealers. Tuning and all other necessary repairs. All orders promptly attended to.

[illegible]

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the public and the trade, that he has taken the store [illegible] and Musical Warehouse of every description, and is ready to supply the trade on the most liberal terms. Pianos, Guitars, Violins, Accordeons, Flutes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes, Fife Fluts, Fifes, Fifes, Fifes,