The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1850. VOLUME III.—NUMBER 237.

DAILY CRESCENT.

From the Comanche Intelligencer.

Reminiscence of Two Campaigns; or, a Brief Memoir.

In the spring of 1813, in my 16th year, at Harrodsburg, (Ky.,) my native town, I became excited from reading the speeches of Henry Clay in Congress; and on learning the melancholy tidings of the massacre of the wounded prisoners and Kentuckians at the river "Raisin" on the defeat of General Winchester, and of the inhuman butchery of the Kentucky volunteers at Fort Meigs, my feelings, love of country and burning desire to see the wrongs of my suffering countrymen avenged, induced me, young as I was, to enter the army. Volunteers were called for, and the patriotic ardor of every Kentuckian was roused to the highest pitch. We all panted for an opportunity to avenge the murder of our slaughtered countrymen by barbaric, cruel and unrelenting enemies, and every one was ready to buckle on his armor, embark in his country's service, and to march upon the common enemy.

At this time the Hon. Richard M. Johnson, then a member of Congress from Kentucky, was authorized by the President of the United States to raise and equip a regiment of mounted volunteers, consisting of one thousand men, to serve as mounted gun-men for six months. I volunteered, young as I was, and became a member of General (then Captain) Robert B. McAfee's company.

Our regiment performed important military services in defending the frontier of Ohio and the North-west from Indian depredations and savage barbarity and cruelty. We were encamped on Gen. Wayne's battle ground, the theatre of his decisive victory over the Indians the 25th August, 1794, at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, when the joyful news of Commodore Perry's memorable battle on Lake Erie and capture of the British naval force the 10th of September, 1813, was announced. A forward movement of the North-western Army, with a view to a descent on upper Canada was then made by Gen. Harrison. The foot troops crossed the upper end of the lake and landed at Amherstburg and took Fort Malden, which the British army had just abandoned. Col. Johnson's Regiment of mounted volunteers marched by the River Raisin, regained Gen. Winchester's battle ground, and reached Detroit as Gen. McArthur's column was entering that city, and assisted in retaking the city, driving off the Indians, and wiping out the stain of Hull's surrender. The Mounted Regiment crossed over into Canada from Detroit and joined the main army under Gen. Harrison and Gov. Shelby, the latter from Kentucky. The campaign closed in the pursuit of the British Gen. Proctor, which resulted in the *victorious battle of the Thames*. Gen. Proctor was defeated in that encounter, his regular forces overthrown, dismounted and taken prisoners, and the Indian allies, fighting under the orders of the celebrated Tecumseh, were routed and fled, after near an hour's hard fighting, leaving their *brave chief and about thirty of his warriors slain* on the field of battle. On the return of the regiment to Kentucky, the men were paid off the following summer, and each volunteer received a discharge in the following words:

"This is to make known to whom it may concern, that Thomas Curry, a soldier in Capt. Robert B. McAfee's company, composing a part of the regiment under my command, has served his country the period of six months; and this is to certify that said Thomas Curry is entitled to a month's pay for said period; and in testifying to the honorable services of the said Thomas Curry in having acted the part of a brave soldier, the commander of the regiment takes this occasion to return to the officers and men his sincere thanks for their faithful services; and for the fortitude with which they submitted to privations and hardships; and to congratulate them on the termination of their services, which were so brilliant at the commencement was patriotic.

"RICHARD M. JOHNSON, Col., R. M. V."

The war still continued and the American armes were again unsuccessful. While the undersigned was writing in the clerk's office at Harrodsburg as a deputy clerk, the sad intelligence reached us of the defeat of the American army, at Bladensburg and the capture and burning of Washington City, on the 24th August, 1814. This unwelcome and mortifying news came upon us like a clap of thunder. It was well calculated to rouse the patriotism and stimulate every lower of his country, and impel the citizen soldier to still greater exertions and sacrifices in her cause. The American Government was compelled to become the assailant in the resort to arms against Great Britain. But from her extensive marine and large disposable land forces at this period of the war, she could easily embolden to invade American territory. This placed us on the defensive. Our territory being invaded, the country required defenders at every point.

In the spring of 1814 the allied armies in Europe conquered Napoleon, and he was exiled to the island of Elba. England had now a vast military force at her disposal. It gave her an opportunity to dispatch a large army against the United States in addition to that already on our shores and in the field.

A new point of attack was meditated; the city of New Orleans and State of Louisiana were evidently the objects to be assailed by this new British armament. The renowned General Sir Edward Parkenham, an officer of great distinction and prowess, was placed in command. Troops were ordered to the new scene of action, and General Jackson was appointed to defend this exposed section of the Union. Detachments of militia were ordered from Kentucky and Tennessee. The men were drafted, and the company and field officers were detailed by seniority of commission and rank for the campaign. A force of 2250 men were drafted from Kentucky and mustered into service. Having served one tour of duty, the undersigned was not required to stand a draft. Indeed, I was not yet old enough to be placed on the muster-roll as a militia man. I volunteered to take the place of a friend, (who was preparing for the ministry) and was drafted into the 15th regiment, commanded by Lieut. Colonel Gabriel Slaughter, of Mercer county, Ky., and late Lieut. Governor of the State. The Colonel resided near Harrodsburg, and I had known him from earliest boyhood. He appointed me Sergeant-major to his regiment. In this capacity I served in the campaign at New Orleans.

The Kentucky division, under Major Gen. Thomas, reached the city in "flat boats," early on the morning of the 4th January, and encamped below, about a mile in the rear of Gen. Jackson's lines, and under the smoke and sound of his cannon. A distant cannonade was kept up at intervals, every day. The regiment, commanded by Col. Slaughter, consisting of 800 men, fit for duty, and one battalion of the 14th regiment under Maj. Harrison, numbering 300 men, were placed under command of Brig. Gen. Adair, and stationed close in the rear in conjunction with Gen. Carroll's Tennessee division, which had arrived a few days before us. Gen. Adair had orders to act as circumstances should require. This detached force of 1100 men was all of the Kentucky division that was armed and supplied with guns and ammunition up to the evening of the 7th of January. The remainder of the men were left in camp. Gen. Adair was in command of this armed detachment with discretionary orders. On the morning of the *ever memorable 8th January*, 1815, the Kentuckians were brought in close in the lines and directly under the fire of the enemy's main storming column, led on by Gen's. Parkenham and Gibbs, in person. The attack was made at dawn of day, on the *left centre* and the *extreme right* of Gen. Jackson's lines. The column led against our right was commanded by Maj. Gen. Keane, of the British army. It was on a Sunday morning, dark and drizzling rain, and while reveille was beating, that some rockets were thrown, which was the signal for the two storming columns to advance simultaneously to the attack.

The battle lasted about an hour, when the attacking columns were beat off with great slaughter, leaving the field strewed with the dead and dying. The shattered remains of these columns at the close of the conflict made a hasty retreat, under cover of the reserve column of Maj. Gen. Lambert, carrying Generals Parkenham and Gibbs, mortally wounded, from the bloody field. They bush died of their wounds in a few hours. Gen. Keane's column, which advanced up under cover of the levee, and along the brink of the water's edge, shared the same fate. It was repulsed with great loss. Colonel Rennie and other field officers were killed after they had mounted our parapet line of defence. Gen. Keane was borne from the field desperately wounded, but recovered. The command of the British forces devolved on Maj. Gen. John Lambert, a veteran officer, greatly distinguished in the Peninsular war in Spain, and particularly in the bloody battle of Toulouse, which closed that war on the downfall of Napoleon, in April, 1814. The attacking force, including the reserve column, was about 10,000 men. Total loss of the British army in this *last* encounter, was about 2,500 in killed, wounded and prisoners. The American loss was but six men killed and seven wounded, so well were the men protected by the embankment or breastwork, thrown up in the form of a steep levee, with a ditch in front, (the parapet wall being full six feet high,) with batteries of cannon erected at intervals, of various calibres, protected and supported by cotton bales in part, the platform supporting the guns, etc. This unexpected and unparalleled victory decided the campaign, *and closed the war in a blaze of glory*.

All of this I saw and was an humble participant.

On the return of peace, which was officially proclaimed to the army at New Orleans, the 13th March, 1815, the army was disbanded, the troops laid aside their military equipments and the militia and volunteers returned to their homes, families and friends.

As a testimonial of this last tour of military duty, in the service and defence of my beloved country, I refer to the muster rolls in the War office, and to the following paragraph in the "Preface of General McAfee's History of the War, etc., from the commencement of hostilities at Tippecanoe, to the termination at New Orleans."

Extract.—"In describing the operations against the Creek Indians, I have had to rely chiefly on official reports, which, however correct are insufficient in fullness for a complete history.

As to the campaign at New Orleans, besides the common sources of information, I have had recourse to Major Thomas Curry; and I acknowledge with pleasure the assistance he has given me. He served in the Kentucky militia on that campaign, and was able, at an eye witness, to furnish much important matter, etc.

"ROBERT B. MCFEE."

This reminiscence of two important campaigns in the late war with Great Britain, in which I have spoken of myself, is but a simple narrative of facts, incidents, and events, and is prompted by the passage of the "Military Bounty Land Law," in Congress at its late session, and which is being so promptly executed and carried into effect by President Fillmor, and his Cabinet. It is the best evidence that "Republics" *"are not ungrateful."* I accept my little share of this bounty, as a testimonial of the gratitude of a great nation to one of its humblest defenders. THOS. CURRY.

New Orleans, November 5, 1850.

Mother and Daughter.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC RIVALRY.

Deep was the consultation and protracted, which Lady Mary had with her confidential adviser, Mrs. Spence. For more than three hours had the conference lasted, and, like many other councils of war, it broke up without coming to a decision.

"It really is provoking," said her ladyship, "after all the pains I have taken with this headstrong girl—all the sacrifices I have made—all the toils I have gone through, she should now be such a source of uneasiness to me."

"It really is provoking," said Mrs. Spence, with a decided emphasis.

"And what can I do? we have turned over in our minds every plan that appears at all feasible, and yet how can we answer for it that Caroline will agree to any thing we recommend. I really do not know what to do. In short, then, what is your advice, my dear Mrs. Spence?"

"I think," said Mrs. Spence, "what your ladyship suggested is the very plan that, under all the circumstances, you can adopt."

"But which plan do you mean, my dear Mistress——"

Here the sentence and the conversation was broken off together, by the sound of a cabriolet wheeling up to the door, and a flourishing rap, bestowed with all the grace and dignity of a footman.

"I declare," said Lady Mary, in some agitation, "I declare that must be Mr. Temple; this is his usual hour, and my anxiety about that unhappy daughter of mine has made me forget my toilet. Do, dear Mrs. Spence, go by all means, and meet him; tell him I shall be visible in a moment, and if you see Caroline any where, send her to me at once."

The obsequious lady departed, with more than usual haste, but was not successful in what she well knew to be the principal object of her mission, for, on reaching the drawing room, she found Mr. Temple strongly entrenched on a sofa, "giggling and making giggle," (as Cowper phrases it,) with Miss Rawlins. Neither party seemed particularly delighted by the intrusion of the venerable lady. Temple gave her a stately salute, but the cool cut the lip of the fair Caroline, and the flashing of her eye, expressed, as plainly as looks could express it, the concise, but most emphatic prayer, which the nations of the rest of the world have set down as peculiarly our own. Heaven forend that I should hint that any young lady could actually use, in so many words, our national malediction, but certainly she came as nearly as possible within the genius of George Colman the younger. The conversation between Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Spence, having exhausted all the varieties of weather which had existed, or ought to have existed, for the last three weeks, suddenly ceased. Miss Rawlins had not designed to take any part in it.

In due time, Lady Mary, rouseitated from the toilet, made her appearance, and was received by Mr. Temple with all the devotion of a proud cavalier. Many gay attentions were by Lady Mary, half jest, half earnest, of his being so great a stranger, parried by protestations from Mr. Temple, that he had called seven mornings, and spent three evenings of the last week at her house—rallying on a thousand little adventures—plans for seeing, hearing, visiting all manner of persons and things—kept the conversation busy for a while. Miss Rawlins scarcely said a word, being most intent in contemplating the pattern of the carpet. Mrs. Spence judiciously assented whenever her assent was necessary.

"But Caroline, my dear," said her mother, "you do not look well."

"I am quite well," replied the daughter.

"I sincerely hope so," said Lady Mary, "but last night's ball jaded you. I think a little fresh air would do you good. If you would just take a turn in the carriage, I am sure dear Mrs. Spence would be so kind as to accompany you; it would be of much service."

"I'll not go in the carriage," replied the young lady.

Lady Mary cast a glance upon her daughter, which, but for the presence of Mr. Temple, would have been somewhat furious; as it was, it softened into a look at Mrs. Spence, indicative of a claim for pity. Mrs. Spence answered the appeal by a mute declaration that no lady in Europe was so deservedly to be compassionated.

Lady Mary sighed accordingly, and turned her fine eyes upon Mr. Temple most bewitchingly. The gentleman seemed, however, rather amused at the scene.

"I think, certainly, Cary," said he, "that your mother is right; you do look fagged."

"I must have altered very rapidly, then," said Caroline, "for it was only the very moment before Mrs. Spence came into the room that you told me I never looked better in my life."

"Indeed!" thought Lady Mary.

"Mrs charming, I mean, Cary; but still you have that delicate tint for which the fresh air is so reasonable an application. I certainly recommend a ride in the Park."

"I am not in the humor to figure in the custody of a groom," replied Miss Rawlins.

"Custody!" said Lady Mary, in a tone of astonishment.

"Custody!" repeated Mrs. Spence, in accents of horror.

"There is no need of your alarming yourself, Cary,' said Mr. Temple. "I can send back the man to bring my horse, and I will do myself the pleasure of riding with you."

Miss Rawlins appeared to have no objection whatever to this arrangement, but it was broken off by superior authority.

"No, no," said Lady Mary, "I have no idea of indulging wilful young ladies; Caroline did not choose to take the carriage, and she may stay at home. Besides, Temple, I have need of your services to-day; as the carriage is now disengaged, I must take you with me to a concert which I am bound to patronize. Caroline, my dear, Mrs. Spence will have the goodness to stay with you."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Spence; but there were two parties to the arrangement, and Miss Rawlins broke it off at once by leaving the room without any further remark. Lady Mary appeared satisfied that she was gone, and proceeded to give orders for the carriage, in which act we shall leave her, to take the story a little higher up.

Lady Mary was the widow of a general who had distinguished himself in India, and left his widow an ample dowry, and a large fortune to his only daughter. When the scenes which I have above related were passing, her ladyship had been about five years a widow, and admitted now and then that she was five-and-thirty. She might have been, in fact, about three years older. Her daughter had just past nineteen, and was brought out this year with great reluctance. She had completed her seventeenth year before she was emancipated from nursery trammels; and, for more than a year afterwards, she was placed under strict surveillance of governesses, and never permitted to appear at any of her mother's parties.

In the meanwhile, her looking-glass, and her maids told her she was very pretty, and she contrived to infer, from many circumstances, that she was to be very rich. For some time, therefore, she bore this maternal yoke with much reluctance; and when it was found impossible to consider her a child any longer, the first use she made of her emancipation, was to fling herself into all the gaieties within her reach, with an ardor that quite astonished the mother, who had so many reasons for wishing still to consider her a girl. The young lady, however, became almost unmanageable, and mamma conceived herself *an deesspair*.

She was mistaken, nevertheless; for there was one thing still wanting. Miss Rawlins, though from the commencement of her career, she had started a decided flirt, showed no symptoms, at first, of being touched by the tender passion. The attraction of her purse and her person soon obtained her a sufficient number of admirers. But they sighed in vain. Her mother, therefore, considered herself safe on that point, and had no fears of that effectual destruction to all pretences of juvenility—a married daughter. She had still marrying views of her own.

Mr. Temple, the subject of their mutual contests, was a handsome widower of two-and-forty, whose glossy locks—thanks to nitrate of silver and oil-skin night caps—defied the blanching power of time, and whose figure, owing to unremitting attention bestowed upon it, retained its youthful proportions. His manners were agreeable, his fortune large, and, on the whole, he was still a lady killer of no small pretensions. His *penchant* appeared to have decidedly settled towards Lady Mary Rawlins, and he was admitted to her house as a recognised *ami du maison*. Caroline Rawlins had ripened from pretty girlhood to the verge of beautiful womanhood under his eyes, and, as a child, had been a great favorite. In the first year of her escape from the nursery, a tour to the Rhine was decided on, and Mr. Temple attended the ladies as their cavalier. His attention, his pleasant manners, his traveled information, made a great impress on the mind of Caroline. He was the very first gentleman with whom she had ever been thrown into juxtaposition; and, on her return, she told her confidential maid, that so delightful a man as Mr. Temple did not exist. The confidential maid kept the secret as such ladies generally do—and it soon reached the ears of lady Mary.

Here was a dilemma indeed—Caroline in love with Mr. Temple—and Mr. Temple?——It was dreadful even to ask the question. He showed no alteration of manner to her ladyship, but it was evident that he had no particular aversion to a tete-a-tete with her daughter. What was to be done?

This was precisely the subject of the conversation with Mrs. Spence, and we leave the matter undecided. If we hear any further intelligence on the subject, we shall communicate it to our readers. In the meantime, lest they should think we break off too abruptly, we conclude with a moral. Ladies are strongly recommended not to keep their daughters in the nursery until they are nineteen; for if they do, the chances are, the young ladies will fall in love with the first gentleman that catches their ear in private.

N. B.—Peculiar inconvenience will be felt if the said gentleman should happen to be the favorite beau of mamma's own.

A Honeymoon Incident.

The interference of a police office was called for yesterday, at the residence of Mr. Felix M. Baker, in Pine street. The circumstances are worth telling in methodical order. Mr. Baker, a bald headed gentleman of five-and-forty, was married two weeks ago to Mrs. Sarah Garvin, of thirty *"and upwards."* The young couple were very comfortably situated; snug house—nice furniture—handsome income. (Mr. B. is a senior mercantile clerk, with a good salary.) Two weeks of rapture passed—behold! Mr. and Mrs. Baker seated side by side on a sofa in the parlor, arranging their plans for the future. Their expected *responsibilities* happened to be the leading topic.

Mrs. B. I hope the first may be a boy. Dear little fellow! I seem to see him now, tumbling about the carpet and kicking up his innocent heels like a blessed lampkin! He shall have your name, my dear Felix!—it sounds so beautiful and romantic.

Mr. B. Thank you, my love. I wished to have him named Felix; very glad to hear that we agree in every thing. I'll teach him some amusing tricks—see if I don't. I'll make a man of him before he's six years old. Won't, my dear?

Mrs. B. To be sure you will, darling. He shall learn to read and write before he leaves off his petticoats. I know he'll be precocious.

Mr. B. That he will; and he shall learn to smoke a cigar as soon as he is weaned. It looks so manly to see a little toddling fellow puffing away at a real Havana. All promising boys learn to smoke early. I smoked in my second year.

Mrs. B. I'd rather he would not smoke, my dear—it's a very nasty practice.

Mr. B. A nasty practice, my love! How can that be? I smoke, you know.

Mrs. B. Yes, I know you do, Mr. Baker; and it is the only imperfection in your character.

Mr. B. Imperfection! is one of my wives graceful accomplishments, madam—and I've resolved that every son of my mine shall learn to smoke, the first thing.

Mrs. B. And I've resolved, sir, that no son of mine shall learn to smoke at all.

Mr. B. (*With excitement.*) I'm very glad that you mentioned it, then, for it is right that we should come to an understanding on the subject. I'll let you know that I am master in my own house.

Mrs. B. I'll let you know that you are not *my* master, you ugly old tyrant.

Mr. B. Say such another word, you saucy jade, and I'll turn you out of doors!

Mrs. B. Touch me, if you dare. You cowardly old villain. Help! murder!!

Mrs. B. falls into "violent hysterics." Servants rush in. House-maid, supposing that Mrs. B. is assassinated by her husband, flies to the front door, and repeats the cry of "murder." Great crowd collected. Mr. B. taken in charge by a Deputy Marshal of the police. Explanation at the Mayor's office. Mr. B. bound over to be of good behavior towards Mrs. B.—which will insure a quiet house for the balance of the honey-moon. And here was rather a bad matrimonial fracas, all about *smoke*.

A Bachelor's Confession.

Yet could I suffer Clara to depart? Impossible! I would that very day make my declaration.

But the day passed, and though I was often alone with her, every time I opened my lips my heart beat so wildly that I could not summon the requisite courage.

Dinner over, a walk was proposed. I offered Clara my arm, and we wandered forth into the meadows to enjoy the beauty of an autumn evening. The "witching hour" of evening has always a peculiar effect upon me; and now, with the lovely Clara leaning on my arm, averting her melancholy face, and scarcely breaking the silence except to sigh, I felt ashamed of my irresolution, and resolved to propose.

It was easier to resolve than to execute. My heart fluttered so that I was afraid to speak; accumulated nervousness made me powerless. We rambled on. The last tints from the declining sun had faded away in the distant sky—the harvest moon was rising full and brilliant—and Col. Grant suggested the propriety of our return before the word had risen to my lips.

"They are going home," said Clara timidly,

"I could ramble thus all night," I ventured to reply.

There was a pause.

"I hope it will be fine to-morrow," she said.

"So do I," was my answer; then feeling that it was a very feeble sort of a reply, I added, "And—this is the last evening we are—to have you. We will miss you terribly!"

She said nothing.

We walked on a few yards, and I said—

"Are you not sorry to leave England?"

"No: I am an orphan. I have few friends, and no one to regret me."

"Do not—oh! do not say that, Miss Lawrence!" I impetuously exclaimed, and then, blushing, I stopped suddenly.

I felt her arm tremble within mine, and heard a low sigh escape her. I trembled also. I expected her to speak—to say something which should encourage me to proceed—but she was silent; and we reached home before the word had passed my lips. Upbraiding myself for my timidity, I determined that at tea I would declare myself: I would whisper it to her at the piano.

The Fates had willed it otherwise. Clara was not present at tea. She was not well, and had retired to her own room. Next morning she was gone!

The state of despondency into which I fell at her absence, was truly pitiable. Mrs. Grant was exceedingly cold in her manner towards me, and I also thought the Colonel changed. But I was too unhappy to pay much attention to these things. I was perfectly miserable, and neglected my flute.

"What makes you so melancholy?" asked Mrs. Grant one afternoon.

"Am I melancholy?" I replied, with an affectation of joviality. "I suppose it's because I'm poetical."

"More likely because you are proud."

"Proud!"

"Proud."

"What can you mean?"

"I mean, Mr. Meek, that you have tampered with the feelings of an excellent girl—that you have lost an inestimable prize, and you know it—lost it out of pride! Do not pretend amazement. You know you won Clara's love, and yet allowed her to depart without a word from you. And why? Because she is poor."

"Indeed, Mrs. Grant, you mistake me. I have not trifled with her feelings. I love her; indeed I do, upon my honor! It was only doubts of her love."

Mrs. Grant shook her head incredulously.

"Mrs. Grant, I give you my word, as a gentleman, it is so."

"You are willing to marry her?"

"To-morrow."

"Then lose no time! Quick! to London, quick! Lady Dashwood must still be in London. Go and plead your own cause, and my word for it you will make Clara the happiest of women."

That very night I was in London.

After a careful toilet I went to Portman Square, where lived Lady Dashwood; but as I came up to the door I began to hesitate; surely it was not proper to call at this hour! I would call to-morrow forenoon.

On the morrow I was in Portman Square by eleven o'clock. The sight of some gentleman looking out of the parlor window made me so nervous, that instead of knocking at the door I walked past. About an hour afterwards I returned, when to my disgust I found a footman lounging at the open door. What care these insolent fellows do, always lounging on the door steps! I could not face that flunky, so walked away again.

I determined to write. The whole of the next day was consumed in writing, and in tearing up what I wrote. Skilful as I am with my pen, I could not on that occasion please myself; so I resolved to give up the plan and to see Clara myself, and open my heart to her in the burning eloquence of words.

I called next day. The house was shut up. A bill was in the window. Lady Dashwood had gone abroad!

I came home and sobbed like a child.

To this day I am a bachelor!

Official.

Ordinances and Resolutions of Second Municipality Council.

No. 3053.

Whereas, The Board of Directors of Public Schools of this Municipality, at their meeting on the 7th instant, adopted resolutions granting the use of the Lyceum Hall to the Orphan Boys' Asylum and to the Camp Street Female Orphan Asylum, for the purpose of holding *Fairs* therein;

And whereas, The use of the Hall for such purposes directly conflicts with the ordinance establishing the Lyceum and Library Society, which requires that weekly lectures shall be delivered therein, and which lectures are soon to be commenced;

And whereas, The Council of this Municipality, at its sitting on the 12th instant, adopted a resolution instructing the Board of Directors to rescind the resolution for the reason set forth, but the Board have set at naught the authority of the Council, and refused to obey its instructions—

Be it therefore resolved, That the ordinance now existing, which defines the time and manner of electing the Board of Directors of the Public Schools, etc., be and the same is hereby repealed, and the following adopted as a substitute:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of Public Schools shall consist of sixteen citizens, to be elected by the Council annually on the first Tuesday of December, the Committee on Education, and the Mayor, and that the provisions of ordinances and regulations conflicting with or contrary to this, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Passed November 26, 1850. GEO. C. LAWRASON, President pro tem.

Has the effect of law, having been sent to the Mayor on the 28th November, 18 0, and not returned by him within five days, with its objections. JOHN CLARKE, Secretary.

AUCTION SALES.

BY J. A. BEARD.

Building Lot on Estelle street, Second Municipality.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction, at Banks' Arcade, without reserve—

A BUILDING LOT, being the square bounded by Estelle, Edwards, Magnolia and Commerce streets, with a double House, rented to a good tenant, at $36 per month. Said lot measures 35 feet front on Estelle street, by a depth of 64 feet—said lot being No. 7 on a plan exhibited at sale.

Terms—$1000 cash; bal ance at one and two years' credit for notes bearing mortgage on the property.

Act of sale before T. O. Stark, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. d3

House on Philippa street, Second Municipality.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, 1850, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction, at Banks' Arcade—

A certain LOT OF GROUND, with all the improvements thereon, in the square bounded by Magnolia, Philippa and Julia streets and Tilton Walk. Said lot measures 30 feet 7 inch front on Philippa street, by a depth of 120 feet 10 inches to Tilton Walk. The improvements consist of a two story House, with side gate entrance, Kitchen, one story in rear, all in good order, as per plan.

Terms—Cash, payable in money, or the payment of a note due June 12, 1851, the purchaser to assume the payment of a note due June 12, 1850, with mortgage on the property. The property to be kept insured for the benefit of the creditor.

Act of sale before T. O. Stark, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. d3

Succession of ..... Dennis O'Leary.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, 1850, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at Banks' Arcade, by and in pursuance of an order of the Hon. John M. Lizardi, Judge of the Second District of New Orleans, bearing date 6th of November, 1850—

The following described property, belonging to the succession of DENNIS O'LEARY, viz:

A certain LOT OF GROUND in the Parish of Jefferson, on the south side of the Metairie Ridge Road, bounded on the North by Lot 1, on the South by Lot 8, on the East by Lot 2, measuring 30 feet front, on the Road, by a depth of 120 feet, and on the West by Lot 7, measuring 30 feet front, on the Road, by a depth of 120 feet, and on the rear, in the same lot, which measures 30 feet in the western, about 30½ feet 9 inches; and on the northern and southern lines each 119 feet 2 inches and 7 inches, at right angles with said eastern and western lines. The whole as per plan drawn by Mr. J. Springer, dated 12th of April, 1849, and deposited in the office of J. S. Micou, a Notary Public in New Orleans. The property is free from all encumbrances, and is worth $300.

Second.—A certain LOT OF GROUND, No. 31, situated on square Depo, in the Second Municipality—measures 40 feet front on Five street, near the New Basin, to a depth of 125 feet, between parallel lines, on a plan drawn by R. Desdinil, Civil Engineer, deposited in the office of R. K. Buangio, late Notary Public.

Terms—Cash.

Acts of sale before L. B. Kenny, at the expense of the purchasers. d22

Choice Building Lots, to close an Estate, without reserve.

BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at auction at Banks' Arcade—

The following described BUILDING LOTS, which will be sold to the highest bidder, to close an estate, viz:

Six Lots of ground situated in the square bounded by Annunciation, Commerce, Robin and Hunt streets—being Lots Nos. 6, 7, 12, 13, 14 and 15, in a plan established at the sale, drawn by C. A. Hoffer, Surveyor. Lots 6 and 7 adjoin each other, and measure 25 feet 9 inches front on Hunt street by a depth of 145 feet 10 inches 8 lines, between parallel lines; Lots 12, 13, 14 and 15 adjoin each other and measure 25 feet 9 inches front on Commerce street, by a depth of 120 feet, between parallel lines.

Terms—One third cash; balance at 6, 12 and 18 months' credit, for notes bearing mortgage on the property. If the notes are not paid when due, to bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum and 10 attorney fees.

Acts of sale before T. O. Stark, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchasers.

.... Also ....

A valuable Lot of Ground situated in the square bounded by Magnolia, Commerce, Robin and Hunt streets; measures 25 feet 9 inches 4 lines front on Commerce street, by a depth of 145 feet 10 inches 8 lines in depth, between parallel lines.

Terms—One-fourth payable in cash; balance at 6, 12 and 18 months, with 8 per cent. interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

Act of sale before O. D'Armas, Notary Public, at the expense of the purchaser. d22

FAMILY CARRIAGE FOR SALE—Made for one or two horses, with the top handle, for sale low for cash or on a long credit. Apply at 121 Natchez st., up stairs. a23

HOUSE SERVANTS FOR SALE—A mulatto Girl 21 years old, with her child aged 3 years—a good cook, washer and ironer.

ALSO—A mulatto Girl 27 years old, a good house servant and seamstress.

Both the above servants are fully guaranteed, and sold for no fault. Apply at 22 Natchez st. up stairs. n30 3tu 3uo

CISTERNS AND PACKING BOXES made to order, and lighting done by

d3 1y os JOHN H. BERAN, 225 Camp st. near Julia.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh arrivals of great variety and finest quality. Also, 100 new varieties of fresh Flower Seeds; 5,000 Asparagus Roots, Bulbs, etc.; also 4 large Orange Trees; Orange Flower, Apple and other Fruit Trees, Shrubbery and Plants, at the lowest prices genuine articles can be sold for. d1

F. D. GAYE, Cosmos street.

PLANT DEPOT, No. 149 St. Charles street, Lafayette Square, where will be constantly kept on sale a collection of beautiful Plants and Shrubbery. d4 1m os

ALGIERS GROCERY AND SHIP CHANDLERY STORE.—The undersigned is prepared for the approaching heavy fall trade, and to meet the wants of his customers, has enlarged his stock and store, and has so with these facilities to merit their continuance. He is prepared to fill all Plantation, Ship, Steamboat and Family orders in the Grocery and Ship Chandlery line at city prices, and at the shortest notice. He keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Fresh Groceries, Fairbanks' and Thomas' Scales, Oils and Sperm and Coal Tar, etc., Cordage of all kinds, and a general assortment of Hardware, Crockery and Tin Ware, and Sheffield's Warranted Tools for carpenters' and coopers' use.

n5 3m* THOMAS HUGHES.

PAINTING DONE WELL AND CHEAP. J. BOWERS, so long and favorably known as a House and Sign Painter, would inform his numerous friends and the public in general that he has a PAINT SHOP at 154 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. n1 1y

PUMPS AND BATHING APPARATUS, &c. JOHN MCCARTY, PLUMBER, No. 134 CAMP STREET, New Orleans, has just received a new and large assortment of Brass Cocks, various sizes; Force and Lift Pumps; Beer Pumps, etc., etc.; Cooking Ranges; Bathing Tubs and Shower Baths. Also, Lead Pipe and assorted Lead Pipes; Sheet Lead work of every description. Slop and Steamboat work promptly put up and repaired. All orders promptly attended to.

Charges moderate.

NEW ORLEANS CARRIAGE WAREHOUSE, Nos. 118 and 120 *Gravier street.* CARRIAGES and HARNESS of every description always on hand. For sale low for cash or approved paper. ..... Also, ... Springs, Axles, Lamps, Bands, Cloths, Leather Lace and Varnish. d4 6m os W J. A. LIM & CO.

CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASSWARE. F. H. FRIZAL & CO., 84 COMMON STREET, New Orleans, *Importers and Dealers, wholesale and retail*..... Lamps, Plated and Britannia Castors, Candlesticks, Table Cutlery, Japanned Waiters, etc. ..... Goods will be offered at low prices, and when for the country, packed in the safest manner. n20 1y

CLARET—100 boxes assorted qualities, for sale by I. W. ARTHUR & CO, 28 and 29 New Levee.

BUCKWHEAT—200 pkgs, of all sizes, for sale by I. W. ARTHUR & CO, 28 and 29 New Levee.

SHIPPING.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

For California.

FOR CALIFORNIA, via the ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.—The premier of the route, the first class and favorite steamship ALABAMA, R. W. Foster, commander, will leave the Quay of Genoa st., for COATZACOALCOS RIVER, touching at Vera Cruz, on the 10th December. For her first trip, on the 10th January for her second trip, on the 1st February, 1851, for her third trip, and so on subsequently, at intervals of twenty days. The Alabama will ascend the river about 40 miles. Her stoppage at Vera Cruz will be only a few hours. The travel to San Francisco is shortened nearly 400 miles. The cost is greatly reduced, as will be observed by reference to the rates at foot. The country to be traversed is healthy, and the ladies on travel are considered abundant. The road is open. Mules and horses can be obtained. There are towns and comfortable stopovers, and the whole distance can be made in about thirty-six hours. Confirmation of this can be easily procured, previous to engagement, by parties desirous to adventure. No established arrangement of travel has yet been made by the Tehuantepec Company of New Orleans, who propose to give their undivided attention to it, but meanwhile they afford the opportunity, that the public should become practically acquainted with a route of communication which will very soon become a great thoroughfare.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

In Saloon	$50 00
In Lower Cabin	40 00
In Steerage	30 00

Freight 25 cents per cubic foot. 225 pounds baggage allowed each passenger.

Passengers will have to provide themselves with passports from the Mexican Consul.

C. J. MEEKER & CO. 66 Perdido st. n23 1tuo

For SAN FRANCISCO and SACRAMENTO CITY—*Regular Line of California Packets.* The A1 new and very fast sailing bark GIPSY, Capt. Geo. J. Ewing, having half of her cargo engaged, will meet with all possible dispatch. This vessel is of the first class, newly coppered, well found and fitted in every respect, and has excellent accommodations for cabin and steerage passengers, who will be landed at San Francisco or Sacramento, as preferred. For freight or passage, apply to

WM. J. BRYAN, 88 Gravier st.

Capt. James A. Grant, of Sacramento City, the shipper of a great portion of the cargo of this vessel, will take charge of any consignments directed to his care, and give any information in reference to the market. He may be seen at the office of the Agent, and refers to Messrs. Church & Carruthers, Pittsburg; James P. Jack & Co., Cincinnati; Richardson, Carroll & Co., New Orleans; C. T. Ryan, Cashier of the Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Texas. n18

FOREIGN PORTS.

FOR VERA CRUZ.—The well known and favorite coasting ship ALABAMA, R. W. Foster, commander, will leave the wharf, foot of Canal street, for Vera Cruz on TUESDAY, 10th December, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

In the Saloon	$40
In Lower Cabin	40
In the steerage, Mattrass and Sacrate Mat	20

Two hundred and fifty pounds of baggage allowed each passenger.

For freight or passage, apply to

C. J. MEEKER & CO., 66 Perdido street.

FOR LIVERPOOL.—The Al ship ALEX. GRANT, Capt. Alexander, will have immediate dispatch for the above port. For freight or passage, apply to THOS. ROBERS, JR., & CO. or G. W. OLIVER, 22 St. Charles st.

STEAMBOATS.

For Mobile—*DAILY* *MAIL LINE*—The splendid low pressure packet steamer ORIGON, Captain R. A. Hiers, and FLORIDA, Captain T. Gibeson, having been thoroughly overhauled on the Lake Trade, with superior accommodations, (Ladies' Cabins all in State-rooms)—one of the above steamers will leave the Packet Landing, Tchoupitoulas st., DAILY, on the arrival at the Lake of the 4 o'clock P. M. cars—and the way letter bag leaves the office of the Agents at 3 o'clock P. M. for the convenience of those who wish to write.

jan24 1y J. & R. GEDDES, Agents, 10 Bank Place.

Regular Red River Packet Steamer GOV. BENT—For Shreveport, Natchitoches and all intermediate landings, the light-draught and swift running steamer GOV. BENT, Capt. D. Brant decking, will leave for the above and all intermediate landings on FRIDAY, 13th instant, at 5 o'clock P. M. For freight or passage, apply on board, foot of Bienville street, or to [d5] T. B. SMITH, 17 Perdido st.

Regular Weekly saturday Vicksburg W. LADIES—For Vicksburg, Grand Gulf and Milliken's Bend—The new, magnificent and swift running passenger packet steamer NEW LATOS, Capt. Cooper, will positively leave for the above and all intermediate landings on SATURDAY, 7th inst, at 5 o'clock P. M. For freight or