The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1850. VOLUME III.—NUMBER 238.

DAILY CRESCENT.

Ben Bolt.

Oh don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
She went with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of grassy so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh don't you remember the woods, Ben Bolt,
Near the green mossy slope of the hill,
Where oft we have set 'neath the wide spreading oak,
And kept time to the clack of the mill?
The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,
And a cross now reigns all around,
See the old rustic bench, with its roses so sweet,
Lies scattered and fallen to the ground.

Oh don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,
And the little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew?
On the master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt,
And the little running brook now is dry;
And of all the friends that were schoolmates then,
There remain, Ben, but you and I.

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From the Home Journal.

Divorce of Josephine.

Napoleon had become very strongly attached to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense, and of his brother, Louis, the King of Holland. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make this young Prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at ease, and serene days again dawned upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the heart of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly. But she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affections, which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Napoleon, when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious—almost miraculously victorious—over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power, such as in the wildest dream of youth he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were assembled to do his biddings. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle to decide between his love for Josephine, and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was terrible. It was the conflict of the heart and the head, in a godlike eye, in the loss of appetite and sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never even surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the lofty purpose before which every thing had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France her most illustrious, powerful and happy nation the earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, honor, and his soul's peace of rest. For this he was ready to render the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She knew the power of his ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of this child, upon whose destinies her own seemed to be so fearfully blended, and with a trembling heart, she awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts. In October, 1809, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but some perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the dreadful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as it apprehensive that the very sight of one he had loved so well, might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet she had only some forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with the most excited apprehension, every movement of the Emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved; absented himself from her society; the private access between their apartments was closed; he now seldom entered her room, and whenever he did so invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between him and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming, with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed away, and while the Emperor was discussing with his cabinet the alliance into which he should enter, he had not summoned courage to break the subject to Josephine. The evidence is indubitable that he experienced intense anguish in view of the separation, but this did not influence his iron will to swerve from its purpose. The grandeur of his fame, and the magnitude of his power was now such, that there was not a royal family in Europe which would not have felt honored in conferring upon him a bride. It was at first contemplated that he should marry some princess of the Bourbon family, and thus add to the stability of his throne, by conciliating the royalists of France. A princess of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was at length decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna, for Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

At last the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainbleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, and for all that day she had been in her retired apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes, and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak. Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither of them even feigned to eat. Course after course was brought in, and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, kept striking the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal was probably never witnessed. The attendants around the table caught the infection, and gazed in motionless silence. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon and Josephine were alone. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, arose, and approached Josephine. He took her hand, and placing it upon his heart, said:

"Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in this world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my own will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France!"

Josephine's brain reeled: her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted, and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon, and called for help. Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress into his arms. She was still unconscious of every thing, but began to murmur, in tones of anguish, "Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You cannot kill me."

The Emperor led the way through a dark passage to the private staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack; and finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the late Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of the bedroom. Napoleon, then dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women. His hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety, until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless, yet unrelenting Emperor, called at her door to inquire concerning her situation.

"On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter, Hortense, weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night. Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. How much reason had I to dread becoming an Empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time, there occurred the anniversary of the coronation, and of the victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illuminations. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer, in her moistened eye and her pallid cheek, would have observed indications of the secret woe which was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never in public for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow stricken, was with her mother. Eugene was also summoned from Italy by the melancholy duty attending the divorce. From the saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the Emperor if he had decided the question of a divorce from his mother. Napoleon, who was most strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene withdrew his hand, and said:

"Sire! in that case permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How," exclaimed Napoleon sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer Empress cannot remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied:

"Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure. And will you forsake me? Who then, should I have a son, the object of my desires, and preserver of my interests—who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and taking Napoleon's arm, they retired, and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon, "the Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor—your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the fifteenth day of December, eighteen hundred and nine. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses, who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. Every the vitalest present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good and interests of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage when it is proved to be the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say, but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of our beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall retain always the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice, replied:

"I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will, in no respect, change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of our country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public. But in private Josephine surrendered herself to the untrammeled dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the bitterness of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the evening day the Council were again assembled in the grand saloon, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, care-worn and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine, with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings, but immediately upon entering the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly rose upon the entrance of Josephine; all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she advanced silently to a seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the silence of the scene but the sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the meantime, had taken a position by his mother's side. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Emperor.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this language no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants, who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet over. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass through, in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. Josephine remained in her chamber in heartrending, speechless grief, until the hour in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his apartment was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief; her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the disability of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed—then, irresolutely stopping, she burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that now she had no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon—but in another moment all the pent up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting everything, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her arms around Napoleon's neck, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart was breaking.

The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for a moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love, of ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued in this last private interview. Josephine, then in the experience of an anguish which few hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. Napoleon also settled upon her a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year. She was still to retain the title and rank of Empress Queen.

The evening day, at eleven o'clock, all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand staircase and in the vestibule, to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended, veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance, and she waived an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage, with six horses, was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushion, buried her face in her handkerchief, and left the Tuileries for ever.

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The End of Hungary.

Nations, like individuals, have their youth, their manhood, and their old age; and so, too, have races of men. We do not know a more striking instance of this truism than is presented in the history of the Hungarians.

The Magyars were originally an Asiatic tribe, and form a branch of the Finnic race, as is proved by their physical characteristics, not less than by their language. They first appeared in Europe at the beginning of the ninth century. Their career, until the forty of the ninth century was spent, was one of incessant warfare. Mounted on their bows and arrows, and mounted on fleet horses, they were invincible by any force that Europe could muster. They swept up the Danube like a destroying whirlwind, until their territories extended from far below Belgrade to far above Vienna, so that not only what is now Hungary, but vast territories contiguous to it, owned their sway. From this central seat of power, they soon spread their ravages on every side. They invaded Italy, they thundered at the gates of Holland, and even penetrated far into the heart of France. For nearly two centuries the Magyars were to western Europe, what the Turks subsequently became, a race as hated as they were feared, a nation of warriors which nothing could oppose.

But the horsemen whom the feudal chivalry of France and Germany could not resist, Christianity finally subdued. The first Magyars were heathens. They hated the Franks as men of a hostile race, but they hated them worse as believers in a different religion. Then, however, holy missionaries, disregarding the perils that would environ them in the midst of savage heathens, penetrated into Hungary, and preached in the tumultuous camps of the wild conquerors the peaceful doctrines of the Gospel, a mighty change took place. The whole nation was, as it were, converted in a day. A single generation saw the Hungarians transformed from Pagans into Christians. With this great change came more peaceable habits. The Magyars no longer warred on Western Europe with religious fanaticism as before, but rather sought to be on terms of amity with them, and to imitate the arts of peace. Gradually returning, therefore, within the boundaries of their central kingdom, they confined themselves to the plains of Hungary and to the contiguous territories. These tribes began to intermarry with the princes of Western Europe; the people assumed more or less of the habits of civilization; and Hungary became, by the sanction of neighboring potentates, an acknowledged Christian kingdom.

Thus had passed the first period of the Magyar race, that of its fiery, impetuous and colossal youth. About A. D. 1000 it entered on its second term of its existence. A rude and intemperate youth wastes destiny for five hundred years succeeding. During this epoch it was the great bulwark of Europe against Saracen and Turkish invasion. Occasionally, indeed, the Hungarians warred on their Christian brethren; and more than once they allied themselves for a period, and in self-defence, to the Ottoman hordes; but, in the main, they were true to the cause of Christian Europe, and the chief instruments in repelling the assaults of Moslem fanaticism. Like a mighty breakwater, thrown forward to meet the first fury of the tempest, they withstood, for centuries, the war of the advancing surges and the flash of the angry foam. Their military prowess was only exalted by their sturdy independence at home. Inheriting from their ancestors a sort of rude constitutional monarchy, under which the people elected all the minor officers of the State, they maintained these privileges when absolutism reigned every where else on the continent, and when England alone shared with Hungary the benefits of real liberty.

From the final edict, by which the diet invited the house of Hapsburg to occupy the vacant throne, dates the decline of the once mighty Magyars. Since that period their territories have been lessened almost constantly. The aim of the Austrian monarchs has been to destroy the national feelings, and to strip the people of their ancestral rights; and this base scheme has been persisted in, regardless of the heroic sacrifices made by the Hungarians, on frequent occasions, to save the empire. In a measure, the treacherous plot has succeeded. The Delilah that the Magyars took in has shorn them secretly of their strength, and has, in our own day, delivered them over to the hatred of the nations, the true Philistine of Europe. Their national independence has sunk into a mere shadow since the last fatal war. Kossuth and a few other sanguine patriots may still hope for the resuscitation of this gallant people; but we fear their doom, like that of the noble Poles, is sealed, and that the time of their extinction approaches. Their old age is at hand, if not already come. In a century or two, at the utmost, they will probably be lost sight of, in surrounding population. Such is the fate of nations. [Phil. Eve. Bulletin.

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A Regular Pitched Battle.—A couple of weeks ago there was a regular pitched battle on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, among the laborers there, which is described as follows:

"In the early part of last week, a disorderly gang of the armed desperadoes, belonging to the faction of the 'Far Downs,' numbering, it was supposed, 250, marched within a mile of this place, fired their pieces in the air and returned. On Thursday, about noon, we observed a regular 'stampede' among the laborers, along the line in this neighborhood, and quite a large number of them left the shantees, below this office, armed with guns, and ran along the line of the railroad, and rumor said that a pitched battle was to take place between the factions of this neighborhood—but it did not come off. The faction called the 'Leinster men,' marched along the line, about sixteen miles East of this place, and on Friday morning they met the opposite faction, the 'Far Downs,' on the farm of Alexander Craig, Esq., in Derry township, where they had a regular pitched battle—the combatants, numbering 800 men, armed with muskets, fowling pieces, pistols, pitchforks, clubs, etc., met in deadly strife, and incredible as it may appear, *but two persons were killed*—the contest lasted but ten minutes, when both parties separated, leaving their dead upon the field, each we learn claiming the victory. The names of the persons killed, were Bartlay Smith and Neal Callaghan, both natives of Ireland. Smith was killed, by two balls entering the back part of his head—and Callaghan, by a load of buckshot, in the back his head—from the fact of both of these men being burned by the powder, it was evident they met their death from the hands of their friends, by awkward firing. The two men killed, were buried in the meadow where the fight occurred."

Another Tragedy.—We are deeply pained to announce the probable murder of our friend and former townsman, Mr. Wm. Duffee. From letters received by his relatives in this city, we learn the following particulars of his death. Mr. Duffee was riding upon the plantation owned by himself and brothers, in Lafayette county, Arkansas. No other white person lived on the place. About the 23d of last month, the neighbors first remarked his disappearance, and, on investigation, his pistol, boots and other articles were found in possession of a confidential negro. The apprehension of this boy led to the disclosure that Mr. Duffee had been killed by him while they were hunting. The negro confessed this, but declared that the shot by which Mr. Duffee lost his life was accidental. An effort was then made to compel him to tell where the body was concealed. Every other means failing, a rope was tied around his neck, and he was swung up for the purpose of frightening him into a disclosure. Unfortunately, the experiment was carried too far, and the negro was hung until he was dead. He had previously pointed out the place where Mr. Duffee's gun was concealed, but obstinately refused to tell what had been done with the body. This had not been found up to the 6th instant, fourteen days after the murder. [Tuscaloosa Monitor.

Terrible Railroad Accident.—As the freight train on the Northern railroad came down on Tuesday evening, two cars loaded with wood were left at East Andover, and the remainder of the train passed on to Franklin, six miles, where it stopped. The two cars left at East Andover in some way got started, and the grade being descending at about sixty feet to the mile, they rushed down with a tremendous speed, and just as the train stopped at Franklin, they came in contact with it with a terrible crash, breaking in pieces five or six of the cars. But the terrible part of the story remains to be told. Among the ruins of the cars and their contents were found the bodies of four Irishmen, horribly mutilated and nearly lifeless; and it is supposed that others were killed or injured. The persons found are supposed to have been in the cars at Franklin. When the two wood cars were within a half a mile of the train, two men were seen upon it, who had not been found when the train came down that evening, and are supposed to have been killed. [Concord (N. H.) Patriot, 28th ult.

From Hayti.—By arrivals at this port, letters from Cape Haytien to the 23 ult. have been received. They state that the laborers from that part of the country had all joined the army against St. Domingo. The negroes were in high glee from the fact that the demands against the Government for the payment of certain sums, to the amount of about $300 000, alledged to be due to citizens of the United States, had not been backed by the appearance of a fleet from the United States. It seems that Mr. Green, the U. S. Agent sent there to enforce these demands, said, when he left, that if the money was not forthcoming in six weeks, the U. S. Government would send a fleet to enforce it. Now the Haytiens seeing that no fleet has appeared, according to promise, say that the United States dare not send a fleet, and denounce the whole affair as a humbug. [Boston Traveler.

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 to anything, at Auction, at my Rooms, 127 Gravier st—Will be sold at Auction, a Building LOT OF GROUND, with all the improvements thereon, in the square bounded by Saint Mary, Philippa and Julia streets and Tivoli Street, in square No. 2, in the Second Municipality, fronting 30 feet in Philippa street, by a depth of 90 feet between parallel lines. The improvements consist of a two story House, with side gate entrance, Kitchen in the rear, and all in good order, as per plan.

Terms—The purchaser to assume the payment of a note due June 17, 1851; the balance cash. The property to be kept insured for the account of the parties concerned.

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

d2

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 my Rooms, 127 Gravier st—Will be sold at Auction, a Building LOT OF GROUND, with all the improvements thereon, in the square bounded by Saint Mary, Philippa and Julia streets and Tivoli Street, in square No. 2, in the Second Municipality, fronting 30 feet in Philippa street, by a depth of 90 feet between parallel lines. The improvements consist of a two story House, with side gate entrance, Kitchen in the rear, and all in good order, as per plan.

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Succession of J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer. **Dennis O'Leary.**
BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, 1850, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at Bank Auction, by and in pursuance of an order of the Hon. Jas. H. Lanier, Judge of the Second District of New-Orleans, sitting for the term of November, 1850—

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

A GOOD LOT OF GROUND in the Parish of Jefferson, on the south side of the Metairie River Road, bounded on the North by the Road, on the South by the Bayou, on the East by Lot sold to Bernard, on the West by the Road by Lot of Gaudin, measuring on the western line, about 207 feet 8 inches, and on the eastern line and rear, about 200 feet. Further and Terms, to right results with and upon the purchaser. The whole subject to a mortgage in favor of Mr. Farrington, dated 12th of April, 1836, and inscribed in the office of the Recorder of Mortgages for the Parish of Jefferson. The property is free of all other mortgages, as appears from the certificate of Mr. West.

Boundary—A certain LOT OF GROUND, No. 31, situated in square No. 2, in the Second Municipality, fronting 30 feet on Philippa street, near the New Basin, and a depth of 120 feet, or to a parallel line with the Rear Line of Lot No. 30, in said square, adjoining on the West of Mr. Wm. Hunter, and Patrick Farrell.

Terms—Cash.

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

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Choice Building Lots, to close an Estate, without reserve.
BY J. A. BEARD, Auctioneer.

SATURDAY, December 7, 1850, at 12 o'clock—Will be sold at Bank Auction, the following described BUILDING LOTS, which will be sold to the highest bidder, without reserve, viz:

For Lots of Ground in the square bounded by Annunciation, Constantine, Prytania and Coliseum streets, viz: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 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600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 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1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 1322, 1323, 1324, 1325, 1326, 1327, 1328, 1329, 1330, 1331, 1332, 1333, 1334