The Daily Crescent.

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The Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
Of the Council of the Second Municipality.

Published Every Day—(Sunday Excepted)—
BY CROCKETT, FROST & CO.

JOHN W. CROCKETT.....J. W. FROST.....HUDSON A. KIDD.

OFFICE.....No. 93 ST. CHARLES STREET.

TERMS OF THE CRESCENT.

DAILY—Fifteen Cents per week, payable to the carriers, or Eight Dollars per year, payable in advance—half yearly and quarterly at the same rates.

THE WEEKLY CRESCENT—Three dollars a year, payable in advance. Postmasters and others acting as agents, by sending five dollars, will be entitled to two copies.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Reduced to the Cash Standard.
From and after this date, the following reduced rate of charges, per square of 12 lines or less, in Agate, or 10 lines or less, in Pearl, will be invariably adhered to, and thus, while all the patrons of the Crescent will be put upon an equal footing, its columns will be opened to thousands who have never been able, heretofore, to advertise, viz:

First insertion, per square, in all cases	$0 50
Each insertion after, per square, second page	0 25
" " " third page	0 25
" " " outside pages	0 12½
" " " Weekly Crescent	0 25
For one month, per square, second page	$10 00
For one month, per square, third page	6 00
For three months, per square, outside pages	10 00
For six months, per half square, outside pages	10 00
For twelve months, per quarter square, outside pages	10 00

For business cards in the Weekly Crescent, half the rates in the Daily. Contracts will be made with merchants to advertise by the year, based on the above rates. All advertisements not marked will be considered as intended for one insertion only.... Those reduced rates are offered to our patrons as a premium for Cash payments; every advertisement, therefore, (except from regular advertisers, with whom we keep running accounts,) must be left at the counter and paid for in advance. October 1, 1850.

The Maniac Clown.

BY J. H. BROWN.

[The following narrative, with scarcely an alteration, is true. The particulars, thrilling as they are, were taken from the mouth of the unfortunate creature, during one of the lucid intervals between his howls of madness, while confined in the madhouse of P——, Eng., and may be remembered as being noticed by the journals of the time; the notes were laid aside—but not forgotten, and the author but waited an opportunity to place them in this manner before the readers of this sheet.—*Literary American.*]

"And here," said the keeper, as he came to No. 13, from whence came low moaning, "here we have a strange prisoner, from whom you may gather a tale worthy of note, and surpassing any you have taken, if we can but find him quiet, as he is at times; a strange story is his, and he is one of the most savage and raving prisoners we have at times."

So saying, he unlocked the door, after having looked through the grate, and we entered; crouched down upon his iron and immovable stool in the corner, with his face buried in his hands, his hair long, black and matted, his dress fantastical and strange—being but the attire, torn in various places, of a ring mimic—he was a man, who moved not at our entrance; he was, like all we have seen, chained by the wrists to the floor, rendering it impossible for him to move more than was required in sitting or lying upon the coarse bed beside him. Nothing escaped him except a low meaning, which, at times, he sent forth, and shaking his head, buried it still deeper in his hands. The keeper said in this manner he had passed whole days, and then he was more peaceable and less violent.

Touching him with the end of the stick he held in his hand, he said—"Look up." And the miserable creature turned up his haggard face to our view. "Why do you come here again," said he, sadly—"to make a show of me? You tell me, and those who come to see me that I am mad! do you not fear me! ay, strong man—do you not fear me, weak creature that I am! yes, and so you chain my arms and hands and feet, so that I cannot lift them up, but look ye, there is one thing you cannot chain—one thing you cannot manacle, and if you could, I would bear all the chains that could be heaped upon me—my memory! Chain that! keep that dread form from before me—let it not haunt me night and day—let me not hear that voice that rings forever in my ear, and you may chain and load me down, and I will thank you for it." And he dropped his head and buried his face once more in his hands.

"He has not been so rational for many a day," said the keeper, "for which I am truly thankful, for he is like a lion when the fits are on him, and"—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted the madman, rising, and flinging his arms as high as his manacles allowed—"ha! ha! ha! I am with you once again. Come, is all ready? Who goes first? Why do you stare so wildly at me? Come, I am merry, and shall make them laugh out to-night! ha! ha! ha!" and his pale face was lit up with a wild demoniacal expression. Soon he spoke again:

"Where's Mary! not come yet! Strange—it is time—long past time, and she knew well she should be here early. Why gaze at me? she is not—no, no, nothing has happened unto me, is she safe, is my dear child safe! Oh God! I remember, Mary is dead—dead! Ha! ha! ha!" And with loud shrieks, he dashed his hand to his forehead.

He sat down again upon his low iron stool, dejectedly, and spoke not; then looking up again, he gazed round, and upon the keeper and myself, who stood by the door beyond his reach.

"Come nearer to me," said he, beckoning, "come near, not you; no, not you, I fear you," and he shuddered as the keeper stepped towards him—"I fear you, for your eyes strike terror to my heart; and that, and the form of my child before me ever, I dread.—Come, and I will tell you of my child—my little Mary, my own pet child, I'll tell you how she died."

Not daring to trust myself within his reach, I stepped as near to him as possible, so that he could not reach me; he bent forward, placed his hand upon his head, and, with a sudden tremor and wildly glaring eyes, he began:

"Once, I know not when, but I could count by days, I knew the night, could tell the bright sun and the clear moon and stars, but now all are the same to me—days I know none, and light lingers around me ever; well, long, long ago, ere I came to this dull, gloomy place, I was out among men; drank, ate, cried, laughed, like men, aye, and that too merrily, for I was jester in the ring, made the crowd, the heartless rabble, laugh and shout, and raised a merry noise, no matter if my heart was sick or gay, but I was glad sometimes to see the long tiers, the closely packed boxes, and the stalls, each one with smiles, to hear the loud laugh and the merry words, and know that I was the cause of it all—to hear the loud hurrahs, to see them wave their hats and handkerchiefs, when, with a shrill whoop, I jumped into the ring. That would cheer me sometimes when my heart belied the laugh upon my face, the jest to which my tongue gave utterance.

"Well, so years went on, until my wife, my own beloved Mary, died; she whom I loved so fondly and truly, I laid to sleep in the cold, damp earth; no one could have thought that I, the jester, the clown, the one who then laughed, could weep! But, oh! how many hours I have passed beside that lonely grave! my Mary! she loved me as few women love; she had trod on the same rough road, walked beside me in my troubles and sorrows, sharing what I enjoyed, or suffering without a murmur; and when I knew she was dead, it seemed as if my time on earth was over, and the same grave dug for her should take me in also. But she had left me one whom I must watch with anxiousness and love, if possible, more than heretofore—my little daughter, the image of her mother, my own little pet, Mary.

"I struggled with the deep, the bitter curse of poverty. Could I have gained a livelihood by toil, incessant hardship and endurance, elsewhere, gladly would I have rushed to it, and blessed heaven for its kindness. But no; poor, broken-down, a miserable, wretched man—no profession, no business save the one I followed. I was still forced to drag on the arena, where my wants allowed but a very short, scanty respite upon my wife's death.

But what cared the crowd? The clown should not be sad; no, no, impossible for the ring-jester to weep, it was a thing unheard of, and would raise a louder laugh than any of my liveliest sallies. And so, with a heart overburdened, sick and faint, I was forced to laugh and make merry.

"Oh, what a pleasure and joy to me was little Mary! how her sweet artless smiles lit up the gloom within my breast—how her merry laugh made me feel young and happy for the time, and with what fondness, strange, ay, mad devotion, did I hang upon every word, every look of hers! She grew and was beautiful indeed.

"How many hours when the toil of my profession was over for the night, did I sit beside her little cot, and gaze upon her as she lay sleeping before me! often, very often, with a smile playing upon her lovely face, telling that her dreams were sweet and pleasant, and making me even smile myself as I looked upon her, and wish that I was young, and innocent, as pure as she.

"And then what horrid, horrid thoughts came crowding in upon my feverish brain. Ah! how I'd struggle and fight with them, and I would weep and moan aloud.

"For oh! I thought; yes, the thought would come, what if death should rob me of her—her, my Mary—all, all I loved on the wide earth—she, in whom were concentrated all my affections, the only one inducing me still to drag on my weary life; what if the cold, strong, sure arm of death, should smite her down in all her purity and loveliness? True, she would die sometime, as did her mother, as must I, as must all of us, but should that moment be while I remained on earth? Oh, how I prayed to God to arrest death's dart till I was in the skies. Yes, will you believe it, the clown—mark me, the *clown prayed!* The one, who, in fanciful attire leaped and rode, joking and making merry in the ring—he, the one who wept beside the grave of his own dear wife, prayed beside the cot of his child—he prayed for her.

"And then, again, another and more dreadful vision came to me—to which the thought of death was nothing; should she, growing more beautiful and fascinating every hour, still continue the object of my entire thought and fall to sin! Oh, God! the thought was sickening—then how I bent me down and prayed—then how I trembled for the fate of my dear child!

"London's no place for a young, motherless and beautiful girl—for temptation and every allurement of sin and vice existed there. And should she fall! Would that ere that moment, I could see her a corpse before me!

"Well, as I'd sit and gaze, and muse on all this, and my thick coming fancy passed before me, sometimes she would wake; at first she was surprised to find me there in tears, and sought to know the cause; and she would say—'Dear father, do go to rest, for you look pale, very pale; yes, do go, father, for your own little Mary asks you;' then I'd kiss and bid her good night, wishing her pleasant dreams, and leave her till I thought she was asleep again, and then so softly creeping back to watch till morning.

"Each day, each moment, found me growing weaker and weaker. And, as she grew more and more fair and beautiful, the more and more I failed in strength and everything—everything but love to her—no abatement could there be in that while the life-blood coursed in my veins.

"Sometimes I took her to her mother's grave where she was sure always to bring some simple flower, and I would tell her of one who lay beneath, so good, so gentle and so kind, telling her that she must try and be like her; and then she'd ask me many artless questions—if she was in heaven then, and if she loved me as tenderly as did she, and when she spelled the only word upon the headstone—simply, 'MARY'—she said, 'Why, that is my name, too.'

"My salary became inadequate to my wants—I pinched myself sadly to allow my daughter education, and to enable her to dress prettily, and that she might not suffer for any thing. So I applied for more and told them I could not live with what I had. But, alas! they answered that my request could not be complied with; they said they would retain me, paying me what I was receiving, or that I might go, for although I was a favorite, I was growing weak and old, and many a younger one was waiting for the chance and station I then had.

"I demurred, but it was of no avail—I pleaded poverty, but that was no help, and I was turning to leave, when once the manager spoke to me:

"'If you are poor and wanting, as you say, I can name a way in which you can gain money.'

"'Name it,' eagerly cried I.

"'Your daughter—she is young and handsome—she'

"'What do you mean by the words?' shouted I, as I stood panting before him.

"'Why not train her for the arena?'

"Horrible idea! Train my little Mary for the arena! No, no, I could not think of such a thing. I could not find it in my heart to bring that dear one, pure as she was—untouched—unsullied yet by sin—into the midst of the many low and vile creatures hanging around such a place. No, no; the thought was agony.

"So I toiled on harder and harder than ever. Little did those who laughed so loudly, long and heartily, think the heart of him who caused them so to do was sadly beating while he sang the merry song, or danced and capered telling his curious jokes, and laughing out so loudly to himself—ah, no! At length nature could support it no longer; I grew sick and was scarcely able to go through with my performance, and the words of the manager recurred to me again—there was no alternative, and I was forced to bring her to the house.

"And that hour when she stepped therein I curse—aye, curse it from my heart!"

And here the poor maniac, after talking so rationally, and for such a length of time, covered his face with his hands, and swaying his body to and fro, uttered loud curses and cries. Upon this I feared that the remainder of his story was lost, and waited long for his paroxysm to cease. By degrees his voice subsided, and he commenced—

"She murmured not—she said she was glad that she could be earning something to assist me in my poverty, and she would do her best to learn and please. Poor child, poor Mary!

"Weeks, weeks—and many too, we practised—every day for hours, and she would not say she was tired—no complaint, not one—and she learned too, rapidly.

"How I watched her then!—by her all day, all night, not a moment could my eyes be from her. After hours and hours of training and toil, she was prepared for the *debut*. The day preceding the night was sad enough to me. We went together to her mother's grave and sat an hour or two. I told her that she was soon to come before the world—that she would be surrounded by sin, misery and temptation—but ever to treasure the memory of that mother who, when living, was free from taint, and peerless as the driven snow. She was so young that she did not understand me fully, but said—sweet child—that she would go to heaven to meet her there, and if she would, she must be good to do so.

"The night arrived—portentous night—and with a sadly beating heart, I put on my customary habiliments. Mary was to appear in two performances—in the first alone, the second in conjunction with the best performer in the arena—how sweetly did she look when all attired for her first appearance. Never had she looked so beautiful, with her little spangled frock and tights, so like a sylph, so pure, so innocent. Again and again I kissed her, and bade her fear not.

"The house, long before the advertised time for the raising of the curtain, was densely packed, for the announcement of the first appearance in public of the daughter of ——, had been long underlined, and been heralded forth in glowing words for several days. Yes, men came to look upon the one whom poverty had compelled to appear; whom want had driven from her peaceful home, and to laugh at the jests of her sad-hearted father.

"And they would not look in vain—for at rehearsal the manager, struck with her beauty and daring courage, with her skill on horseback, made me liberal offers for her services, which poverty, of course, made me accept. It is not often that managers applaud their hirelings.

"Her above her they rose—and when, with a shriek and merry 'Here I am!' I jumped into the ring, deafening plaudits made all echo again.

"I know not how I acted, or what I said—but from time to time I heard them shout. My thoughts were upon my child; and when the moment came for her to appear, I led her by her little hand to make her bow, feelings of pride mingled with my sadness, for it was Mary, my child, for whom they shouted, unto whom they rose, to whom every eye was turned.

"But, oh! What a moment for me! With the lightness of air she vaulted into the saddle. A crack from the master's whip, and round went the noble steed like lightning—round the arena so swiftly, it seemed to me it were not half so long. Then how they applauded! My eye followed her as she went, my heart knocked against my bosom at each beat, and when she stopped for rest, I could not speak. It was well for me that they saw not—they were waving handkerchiefs, and sending flowers from every portion of the place.

"It was a triumph. I was wild, frantic with joy, fear and weakness! Sweetly, and with grace, she smiled and waved her tiny arms and hands, as the foaming steed walked slowly around, to let her breathe and give her time to rest.

"Off again performing more difficult feats than before, but with the same ease and grace. One could not have told, to have looked on, that she had not done the same thing months and months before; so easy, no effort; so coolly, no embarrassment. It was through—I breathed again.

"But, no—she must come before them, and I led her out again. I need not tell you how they shouted, what they did; you'll say my brain was turned with love for my dear child, and would not think I told the truth.

"And now, one more performance, and the last that night. On she came, borne by the best performer in the arena, the favorite in the place. With what ease and grace he held her up on high! How smartly she looked, away up there—all tassels and spangles, glittering so finely in the gas-light, and he like Hercules beside her, urging the steed onward to its utmost powers.

"The most intrepid riders are carried the swiftest, to enable them to sustain their balance—and he was famous for swiftness in riding; it seemed as if his steed flew. No words came from my lips, though I was in the arena all the time. I was not thinking where I was, or what I was doing—all I thought of was my child.

"High up in the air he threw her, catching her as easy as if 'twas play; and she clapping her little hands—no fear had she. How they applauded! Her triumph was complete.

"Each moment brought the performance nearer to its close, and how I wished it through! But no! his steed fearing the whip—trained to exerting all its powers when his rider was upon his back, kept on its lightning course. And oh, God! in one unlucky feat he missed her! I saw her fall—the horse reared—and down came his heavy hoof upon my Mary!

"I cannot tell you what followed. I saw them rise round on every side. There were cries—but I know that piercing shrieks drowned them. I saw blood—red blood—upon my dear child's face! I had sprung to her ere the horse had hardly moved, and seized her from beneath him, and all connected with the place rushed to my side.

"But she—the beautiful—she, my idol—life and hope—a moment before so full of joy—I had clasped to my heart a corpse!

"Ay, she was dead!—dead, like everything to to me that should be full of life—dead, and I lived!

"I know no more—no more!" said the poor maniac, as he wiped his dry eyes, as if there had been enough to wash away. "I could have wept once, but now my eyes are dry, and I have no tears to shed. Men tell me that she lies beside her mother's grave, and that for many hours they could not separate us; but I remember not that it was so. But they brought me here to this dark place, and shut out the bright light, and will not let me listen to the song of birds, or smell the fragrance of the flowers; they chain me down, ay! load me with double manacles as these. When they have barred the doors, ah! they cannot close them to my Mary. I see her now, with the red blood streaming down her pale face—don't let me see it—away! away!"

* * * *

And with a tear of real pity, and after obtaining the location of the two graves, I turned from him, and the massive doors were again closed and arred upon the "MANIAC CLOWN."

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

I have listened, gentle stranger, to thy voice's friendly tones,
And my heart no hollow response, in its answering influence owes;
All that's truest, best in woman—all that's loveliest in mind,
Are in thy lofty nature, in thy spirit rare, combined;
While be that little may prest it in the sunlight on thy face—
A bosom rich with sympathies for all thy wandering race.

From the snow-capt hills of Sweden, from the Baltic's surging shore,
Then hast come to charm the thousands thou hast charmed of yore;
Thou hast come to share the wonders of the world of opinions,
Thou art here to see what Freedom for this goodly land hath done;
Yet before thee, o'er the ocean, swept the soft breath of thy fame,
And a household word among us is the gentle stranger's name.

By those glad and joyous beings thou hast conjured from the deeps,
Where the wand of star-eyed Fancy o'er her shadowy kingdom sweeps,
By the tender, solemn feelings thou hast wakened in the breast,
By the tides of loving memories that o'er our bosoms roll,
By the holy lights of genius, that so many hearts have blest—
We welcome thee, Enchantress, to the wild shores of the West.

O'er the bright and laughing waters, where the Indian's light canoe
Speeds like the winged peterel, when it skims the boundless, blue;
On the broad and blooming prairie, where the wild steed curbless flies,
And gazing of waving verdure roll like seas beneath the skies,
There thine eyes have looked and lingered, and thy feet the soil have prest,
Where many a thrilling sacrifice has stained bright Nature's breast.

From the orange groves and gardens of sweet jessamine and the blows,
From the wooing climes of sunshine where the queen magnolias blows,
From each bay and isle and bayou—from each city on the shore,
I seem to hear the voices that invite thy footsteps o'er.
Oh, may the angel blessings that from thousand hearts o'erflow,
Go with thee, gentle stranger, wheresoever thou shalt go.

PRACTICAL JOKER.—We remember hearing a story of a fellow who roused a venerable doctor about 12 o'clock one winter night, and, on coming to the door, coolly inquired—

"Have you lost a knife?"

"No!" growled the victim.

"Well, never mind," said the wag. "I thought I'd just call and inquire, for I found one yesterday."

We thought that rather cool, but the following story of Neil McKennon, a New York wag, surpasses in impudence any thing within recollection. Read, and speak for yourself, gentle reader:

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British Minister to this country, he resided in New York, and occupied a house in Broadway. Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hallo!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the party remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party, and I not invited? I must see to that." So stepping to the door, he gave a ring which soon brought the servant to the door.

"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.

"You must call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed."

"Do n't talk to me in that way," said McKennon, "but go directly and tell the British Minister that I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed, and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can your business be with me at this time of night, which is so very urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" asked Neil.

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister?"

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing cards."

"Ah, well," said Neil, "as I was passing I merely called to inquire *what's trumps?*"

AUCTION SALES.

BY VINCENT & CO.

Vallieno.....versus.....His Creditors.

BY VINCENT & CO.
J. EUGENE TOURNE, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, January 13, at 10 o'clock—W. M. REYNOLDS, 118 Old Levee, by virtue of an order of the Hon. Judge of the Fourth District Court, dated Dec. 28, 1850—

The stock and remains of SHOE STORE, consisting of a large assortment of the usual variety of Boots and Shoes, Buskins, Gaiters, etc., suitable for the trade.

.... Also ....

The Fixtures, Shelving, Counters.

Terms cash. ja4

BOOKS—STATIONERY.

New Book Store.
No. 56 Gravier street.

☞ JOHN BALL, Agent, is now receiving and opening at the above store a large and valuable Stock of Law, Medical, Theological, School, Standard and Miscellaneous Books.

ALSO, one of the largest and most superior stocks of Stationery ever brought to this city, consisting in part of—
English, French and American Cap and Letter Papers, Note Papers and Envelopes to match;
Sealing Wax, Fancy Boxes, Counting House and Fancy Ink Stands, Quills, Steel Pens, Ink and every article usually kept by Stationers.
His stock of Paper Hangings Goods is very large and elegant, consisting of—
Writing Desks, Portfolios, Albums, Stands, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, etc., etc.;
A superior lot of Gold, Silver, Tortoise Shell, Morocco and Fancy Purse Mounting, Gold Pens, etc., etc.

☞ His stock is large and complete, and all the Goods new and fresh, having been selected by Mr. B. at the North this Fall. He would respectfully solicit a call from his friends and the public, assuring them that he will sell them Goods at very low prices. d23

STATIONERY AND BLANK BOOKS.—We take great pleasure in informing our former patrons and the public generally that we are now established at our old stand, No. 59 Camp street, and are prepared to fill all orders for STATIONERY and BLANK BOOKS in a satisfactory manner. Our stock being entirely new, and the largest in the South, we offer a complete assortment to those wishing to buy.
CORSON & ARMSTRONG, Stationers,
59 Camp street.
o10 6m

STATIONERY.—CORSON & ARMSTRONG, 59 Camp street, respectfully call the attention of those wishing good and serviceable STATIONERY and BLANK BOOKS to their large, complete and entirely new stock, which they offer on reasonable terms.....Their BINDERY and PRINTING OFFICE being located in the same building, they are enabled to give their special attention to all orders in their line.....To our stock of PAPERS we ask especial reference.
CORSON & ARMSTRONG, Stationers,
59 Camp street.
o10 6m

SCOTCH ALE—Prime Scotch Ale, in quarts, for sale by JOHN TOOLE, 25 Bank Place. ja3

FIGS—500 drums new Smyrna, in store.
j 3 A. F. COCHRAN, 27 Tchoupitoulas st.

ZANTE CURRANTS—40 tierces Zante Currants, now landing and for sale low, by
ja4 S. WOLFF, 95 Camp st.

TAPIOCA—10 bbls superior Rio Tapioca.
ja3 A. F. COCHRAN, 27 Tchoupitoulas st.

INSURANCE.

TENNESSEE MARINE AND FIRE
Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, $300,000.

JOHN. M. HILL, Pres't....GEO. W. MARTIN, Sec'y.

☞ This long established Company, with the most ample means for the protection of its Policies, continues to take RIVER, SEA and FIRE RISKS on the most liberal terms, at its Agency in New Orleans, at the office of
d11 ly CROCKETT, PERKINS & CO., 67 Magazine st.

KENTUCKY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AT COVINGTON, KY.
W. R. ROBBINS, President....A. L. GREER, Vice President.
J. R. PAYSON, Secretary.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
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The terms upon which this company insure life are peculiarly favorable to the insured—much more so, it is believed, than the terms of any other Life Insurance Company, to wit:

The great security afforded in a Guarantee Fund of $100,000, $20,000 of which has been paid in cash, and $80,000 secured in the safest manner, by Bond and Mortgage on Real Estate;

Rates of Premium greatly reduced from the rates of other companies; and more equitably graduated;

Insurance for the benefit of Married Women secure from the creditors of their husbands;

The insured not liable to assessments for losses;

No extreme hazards taken by this company;

An annual dividend to all policy holders, payable in cash; also, additions made to Life Policies every five years;

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Lives of either sex insured between the ages of 14 and 60, exclusive, for 1 year, 5 years, or for life

The pamphlets and tracts published by the company will be found to contain much valuable information respecting the nature, principles, application and benefits of Life Insurance. Also, an examination of the plans of the other Mutual Companies of this country, and a full explanation of the plan proposed by this company, together with various tables showing the rates of premium for the term of life of several companies, compared with the rates of this company, and another giving the actual rates of this company, for all ages and terms at which insurance is made.

Pamphlets and tracts furnished gratis, and applications received and forwarded by

A. H DILLON, Jr., Agent, at New Orleans.
A. J. WEDDERBURN, Medical Examiner.

☞ Office of People's Telegraph Line, Commercial Exchange, St. Charles street. n19 1f

Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Louisiana.

LIFE INSURANCE EXCLUSIVELY.—Extra Guarantee Fund, $50,000.....Accumulative Capital, $500,000.....Parent Office, No. 42 Camp street, New Orleans.

This Company is now ready to make Insurance on White Persons and Slaves, at their established rates of premium. This being the only Company, incorporated in the State, confined exclusively to Life Insurance, with an extra Guarantee Fund, the Directors feel confident that it affords equal and much greater advantages to those desirous of effecting an insurance on their lives than any other.

It is also upon the mutual principle; each person assured becoming a member thereof, and sharing a portion of its profits, being entirely exempt from any liability beyond the amount of premium secured.

Insurance Companies organized upon the mutual principle are generally successful, more especially those exclusively confined to Life, as they are based upon calculations warranted correct by long experience, and close estimates, that the stability and success of this Company is placed beyond a contingency, by the advantageous arrangement she has made for an undivided Guarantee Fund of $50,000, not to be used or lessened, as subscriptions to Mutual Insurance Companies always are, by insurance.

This Extra Guarantee Fund of $50,000 remains permanent until the Company has accumulated a similar amount to take its place.

☞ California permits grant, and extensive traveling privileges allowed.

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JOSHUA BALDWIN, President.
HARMON DOAME, Secretary.
Medical Examiners—RICHARD REIN, M.D.; HOWARD SMITH, M.D.....Hours daily, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.
E. L. GOOLD, Attorney. jy17

New Orleans Agency
OF THE
MUTUAL PROTECTIVE INSURANCE CO.
of Nashville, Tennessee.

THIS Company will insure on the Mutual Principle, Houses, Merchandise, etc. against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE, and the Cargoes of Vessels of every description against the PERILS OF THE SEA AND RIVERS. All persons having their property insured in this Institution are entitled to a full participation in the profits, without any liability to loss.

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A. O. C. Nicholas, Vice President.
A. S. Brown, Vice President.
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LOCAL DIRECTORS:

Thomas K. Price,	R. H. Fraser,
Thos. W. Peet,	J. Dunn,

fy23 1y WM. A. JOHNSON, Agent, 92 Camp st.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LOUISIANA.
INCORPORATED IN APRIL 1849, AND DECLARED A DIVIDEND OF 25 PER CENT. ON 12 MONTHS BUSINESS.

Office, No. 58 Camp street,
Between Gravier and Common sts.

Business of the Company confined to Life Insurance Only

This Company being organized, solely for the protection of the policy holders and their families against want and poverty, is in its operations a great national benevolent institution, conducted upon the most secure and solid principles, and affording for a small annual sum, paid during life, a large and adequate legacy to widows and children after death.

All policy holders, whether for life or shorter terms, who continue the insurance till death, participate in the whole of the profits of the company.

Creditors can insure the lives of debtors. A married woman can effect insurance on the life of her husband, for the sole benefit and use of herself and children, free from the claims of creditors.

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THOMAS HUNT, M. D.
H. G. HEARTY, Agent.....E. L. GOOLD, Attorney.
RICHARD REIN, M. D., No. 271 Magazine street Medical Examiner, who will be at the office daily from 12½ to 1 P. M.

By the Charter only $5,000 is taken on a single life.

☞ This Company is prepared to entertain applications for Life Insurance, and issue Policies on all sound and healthy White persons and Negroes, at the Table of Rates established by the Board, which are less than the rates charged by the New York and Louisville offices, and without their restrictions as to residence in the South. By the charter, Dividends of Profits are declared annually, and the profits draw interest, and can be made available at once to the extent of two-thirds of their amount, where the party has paid his premiums in full.

☞ California Permits New York and Lower rates. Prospectus, Table of Rates, and all information to Life Insurance, and all papers necessary to effect Insurance can be had at the office of the Company.

☞ Extensive Traveling Privileges are allowed.

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. jy12 1y

CISTERNS AND PACKING BOXES made to order, and Jobbing done by
d3 1y os JOHN H. BEHAN, 225 Camp st. near Julia.

GARDEN SEEDS—Fresh arrivals of great variety and finest quality. Also, 100 new varieties of fresh Flower Seeds; 3,000 Asparagus Roots, Bulbs, etc.; 100 Sweet Orange Trees; Dwarf Pear, Apple and other Fruit Trees, Shrubbery and Plants, at the lowest prices against articles can be sold for, at
F. D. GAY'S, Crossman street.

☞ PLANT DEPOT, No. 159 St. Charles street, Lafayette Square. A collection will be constantly kept for sale a collection of beautiful Plants and Shrubbery. d4 1m os

NEW ORLEANS EMIGRANT & REMITTANCE OFFICE.

THE undersigned, at his old established office, continues to accommodate persons desirous of remitting money to their friends in England, Ireland, or Scotland, with Sterling Sight drafts, payable in any post-town in the above named kingdoms, and in Sums six cents and upwards. He also, as usual, continues having passengers brought from Liverpool to this city, on good ships and reasonable terms. Parties living at a distance, by addressing a letter (post-paid) to the undersigned, will be promptly attended to. JOHN TOOLE,
25 Bank Place.

THOMAS ATKINS,
MATRASS MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER, No. 236 *Granite street*.....BEDSTEADS and COTS of all descriptions; Hair and Moss MATRASSES, wholesale and retail. ☞ Ships and Steamboat Captains supplied on the most reasonable terms. mh21 1y

MADAME YORK—This celebrated Philosopher, Astrologer and Physiognomist, and owner of the Egyptian Oracles of Fate, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans that she will remain in the city for a short time, and may be consulted in any of the above sciences at her office, No. 208 Gravier street, between St. Peter and St. Paul streets. Madam Y., if desired, will give Phrenological Charts, with advancements of the head, temperament, etc. Consultation $1. n12 6m

PORTER, ALE AND CIDER—150 boxes Philadelphia Porter, Ale and Cider, pints and quarts, for sale by [d12] E. WOOD & CO. Post 21, 24 Mr.

FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY—Four years in bond, in puncheons and five gallon demijohns, for sale by JOHN TOOLE, 25 Bank Place. ja3

LONDON AND DUBLIN PORTER—Of the best quality, and in pints and quarts, for sale by
ja3 JOHN TOOLE, 25 Bank Place.

CEMENT—1500 bbls. Newark and Rosendale, Roman and other brands, landing and in store, for sale by
ja4 HAYMAN & HOLDEN, 26 Magazine st.

MUSIC.

PIANO FORTE AND MUSIC STORE.
29 *CAMP STREET.*

E. A. TYLER has on hand and is constantly receiving *PIANO FORTES*, from the justly celebrated Manufactories of Hallet, Davis & Co. Boston; John H. Dunham, David Van Winkle, A. H. Gale & Co. and Jas. H. Gruveselier, New York; also Pleyel's Celebrated Orders received for the HORST'S PATENT IRON PIANOS, to be delivered in turn as fast as received from the factory. These Pianos are decidedly the best Piano now in use, particularly for the country, where Tuners can seldom be had, as they will stand longer and in better tune than any other Piano. These Pianos have an independent rim or case, which can be removed in a moment, there being no connection between the Piano and case. ☞ Superior GUITARS, VIOLINS, ACCORDEONS, FLUTES, and other Musical Instruments, constantly on hand and for sale at low prices. SHEET MUSIC for Piano Forte, Guitar, Flute, etc. Also INSTRUCTION BOOKS for all musical instruments. ☞ A Liberal Discount to Dealers, Teachers and all those sending large orders.... All orders promptly attended to. mh25

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The subscribers would respectfully request your attention to their large and extensive stock of Music and Musical Merchandise of every description; and also to their well selected assortment of Piano Fortes, from the factories of the first makers in the United States and Europe.

Strings for Violin, Guitar, Harp, Violoncello, Double Base, etc. Guitar Pins, Pegs, Screws, etc.

Violins, Flutes, Fifes, Fancies, Accordions, Brass instruments for Bands, Tambourines, Banjos, Drums, etc. etc.

Piano Forte Wire, Tuning Hammers, Forks, etc. etc. and every article connected with the Music Business.

Orders for Music and Musical Instruments will be promptly attended to.

A liberal discount made to dealers and professors, and to seminaries.

Second Hand Pianos bought, and taken in part payment for new ones.

All the new Music received from the North as soon as published.

The entire Music Department will be under the charge of Mr. H. D. Hewitt.....New Orleans, La., Oct. 25.
E. A. TYLER,
H. D. HEWITT.
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WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

J. D. ANDERSON, No. 17 St. Charles street, Watches, Chronometers, and Nautical Instruments accurately adjusted. Philosophical and Electrical Apparatus made to order and repaired.
30-hour Chronometers altered to run 36 hours. n23 1y

M. H. MEYER, No. 100 Camp street, Watchmaker and dealer in JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, FANCY ARTICLES, and WATCHES. All Jewelry articles repaired at moderate prices. mh26 6m

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, etc.—YOUNG & CO. No. 1 Camp street, have at all times on hand a large assortment of articles in the above mentioned line. We Think all of the best English manufactures, in the watch line, having had special advantages, from being long in the business, we can offer inducements to those desirous of effecting an insurance on their lives than any other.

It is also upon the mutual principle; each person assured becoming a member thereof, and sharing a portion of its profits, being entirely exempt from any liability beyond the amount of premium secured.

Insurance Companies organized upon the mutual principle are generally