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 J. H. HADDOX.

OFFICE.....No. 92 St. Charles street.

INDOLENCE.

Indolent! indolent! yes, I am indolent,
So is the grass, growing tenderly, slowly;
So is the violet, fragrant and lovely,
Drinking in quietness, peace and content;
So is the bird as the light branches swinging,
Idly its carol of gratitude singing,
Only on living and loving intent.

Indolent! Indolent! yes I am indolent!
So is the cloud overhanging the mountain;
So is the tremulous wave of a fountain,
Uttering softly its eloquent psalm;
Nerve and sensation in quiet reposing,
Silent as blossoms the night dew is closing,
But the full heart is beating strongly and calm.

Indolent! indolent! yes I am indolent!
If it be idle to gather my pleasure
Out of creation's uncovered treasure,
Midnight and morning, by forest and sea;
Wild with the tempest's sublime exultation—
Lonely in Autumn's forlorn lamentation—
Hopeful and happy with spring and the bee.

Indolent! indolent! are ye not indolent?
Thralls of the earth and its usages weary,
Toiling like gnomes, where the darkness is dreary;
Toiling and spinning to heap up your gold—
Stifling the heavenward breath of devotion—
Crushing the freshness of every emotion—
Hearts like the dead, that are pulseless and cold.

Indolent! indolent! art thou not indolent?
Thou who art living unloving and lonely,
Wrapped in a pall that will cover thee only,
Shrouded in selfishness, pitiless ghost!
Sad eyes behold thee, and angels are weeping
O'er thy forsaken and desolate sleeping;
Art thou not indolent? Art thou not lost?

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1851.

During the last day or two, we have been in the enjoyment of frequent showers, with very little thunder and lightning. Thursday, the 10th inst., was, I think, the hottest and most uncomfortable of the season. What effect these warm rains will have upon the refuse vegetable matter lying in the gutters of many of our streets, it is not difficult to guess. The law against throwing offal into the highways, is as dead as some of the dogs and cats which ornament the pavement. Our public authorities certainly let many things go at loose ends. In sanitary matters, for instance, their fatherly care of the public health extends as far, perhaps, as the fitting up and keeping in apple-pie order some "hospital," or other, so located as to render it a cool and pleasant resort for "the Board"—especially if, as usual, its committee room be well supplied with those amenities of "public duty," champagne and cigars—but beyond this, the labors of the health commissioners are not apparent, at least to a cursory observer.

I am told by some who occasionally look through "a hole in the curtain," that the municipal Boards are the most expensive kind of lumber, and a rank swindle on the people. The offices, with few exceptions, are filled by men who use them to plunder the public purse, and are more occupied with devising and carrying out schemes for personal pecuniary profit, than in reforming abuses and expurgating nuisances. Peter Funkism has become municipal. His Honor, the present Mayor, takes no $3000 bribes to license superfluous stage lines, and I believe him to be entirely worthy of his responsible office. He is not only a moral man, but wealthy, and without those pecuniary temptations which needy politicians have; but what can *he* do without the hearty co-operation of the chief of the police, and the other prominent adjuncts of the municipal authority?

It is not difficult to foresee that the new Gambling Law (passed at the recent special session of our State Legislature) will be about as impossible of execution in this city, as was the Mayor's late order to the police to close the six thousand liquor shops on the Sabbath. Public feeling, vitiated and callous to the claims of religion, would not sustain Mr. Kingsland's order, even if it did not directly oppose it; hence, the groggeries triumphed. Nor is the city sentiment less unhealthy on the subject of enforcing the new law against gambling. True, there is a large body of Christian people of New York, all of whom of course are opposed to this rampant vice, and there are many others who have no religion, (beyond a set of moral ethics,) who would undoubtedly hold up both hands for the abolition of the numerous brilliant gambling saloons, in which their sons, clerks and debtors are nightly sacrificing themselves and their friends, but an altogether larger portion of the community, with that prevalent false magnanimity which the devil puts into the hearts of very many "good sort of men," already begin to sullify the new law by excusing the gamblers, and comparing them in a favorable light with the Wall street financiers, and the cotton and flour speculators, etc., etc. Besides these, there is a determined phalanx of men utterly hostile to any interference with the gambling saloons, to wit: the owners, the lessees, the gamblers themselves, the decoy-ducks, and the many public officers and prominent men whom they influence.

P. T. Barnum, Esq., explicitly denied to a friend of mine, before leaving for Europe, that he had any thing to do with that very much denounced transaction, the purchase of the steamer North America, and consequent prevention of the much talked of and (in Ireland) much desired trip to Galway.

Heretofore there have been numerous complaints that letters to and from California have never reached their destination. A brother of mine, engaged in the interior of the gold region, not having received any letters from home for a long time, went down the mountains to San Francisco, a distance of three hundred miles, solely to investigate into the cause of this neglect. No letter repaid him for his long jaunt, but after some further search, he found a whole batch of letters, some not less than a year old. Thus, it was bad enough, but now under the cheap prices, it will be still worse. A gentleman connected with the United States mail line to California, told me yesterday that rafts of letters taken in New York at from three to ten cents each, to be delivered in California, were only taken part way to their destination, and then abandoned to their fate. Sometimes these letters are batched up under cover to the different Consuls on the Isthmus or in California, who are expected to "dispatch" them to their destination, though they have received neither instructions nor compensation for doing so. People who are induced by "low prices" to entrust the delivery of letters or freight to irresponsible parties, have only themselves to blame for the loss or miscarriage which is certain to occur. Bundles of letters for numerous individuals in various California towns, (my informant told me,) were kicking about the Consul's office at Chagres, when he was there a few weeks ago.

In regard to freight and letters for California, it is a good deal like the western emigrant passenger business; they are plundered on the way, or abandoned in the middle of the journey, except in those cases where the parties dispatching them are of the highest responsibility, and fully able to fulfil their promises.

The Home and Grave of the Author of the Declaration of Independence.—A correspondent of the Unionitown Democrat, who has recently visited Monticello, the residence of Jefferson, thus describes it:

"The interior of the house is just as Jefferson left it, except the furniture, which is all gone, save some paintings, mirrors, etc. The house, both outside and inside, bears all the evidences of neglect and decay, but it still retains all its fair proportions, and its venerable mellow, grown gray and mossy by time and neglect, perhaps aside, rather than otherwise, to its appearance, particularly to a stranger. And the venerable aspen trees growing around, throw a kind of melancholy over every thing, that seems to whisper in your ear, and point you about three hundred yards down in the woods, to the grave of him who planted them—to the humblest grave in appearance that ever held the ashes of human greatness. I made a sketch over it.

"I enclose you a little flower from a branch of vine said to have been planted by Jefferson himself, beneath the window of the room in which he died. They have spread all over the side of the house."

Addenda to Mr. Webster's Fourth of July Oration.

The copy of Mr. Webster's address, at the laying of the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol at Washington, was published by us from the New York Herald; and was the original address, as written out, and, before delivery, handed to the printer at the Republic office, and deposited in the corner-stone. It did not, however, contain two passages, which Mr. Webster extemporized, and which he afterwards revised for the press. We now supply them. The first comes in after some interesting statistics of the advance of the country, and is as follows:

And now, fellow-citizens, having stated to you this infallible proof of the growth and prosperity of the nation, I ask you, and I would ask every man, who her the Government which has been over us, has proved itself an affliction or a curse to the country, or any part of it?

Ye men of the South, of all the original Southern States, what say you to all this? Are you, or any of you, ashamed of this great work of your fathers? Your fathers were not they who stoned the prophets and killed them. They were among the prophets; they were of the prophets; they were themselves the prophets.

Ye men of Virginia, what say you to all this? Ye men of the Potomac, dwelling along the shores of that river where Washington lived, and where he died, and where his remains now rest? Ye, so many of whom may see the domes of the Capitol from your own homes—what do you say?

Ye men of James River and the Bay, places consecrated by the early settlement of your Commonwealth, what do you say? Do you desire, from the soil of your State, or as you travel to the North, to see these halls vacated, and their national usefulness clean gone for ever?

Ye men beyond the Blue Ridge, many thousands of whom are nearer to this Capitol than to the seat of government of your own State, what do you think of breaking this great association into fragments of States and of people? I know some of you, and believe you would be almost as much shocked at the announcement of such a catastrophe, as if you were to be informed that the Blue Ridge itself would soon totter from its base. And ye men of Western Virginia, who occupy the great slope from the top of the Alleghany to the Ohio and Kentucky, what say you, you proposes to yourselves by disunion? If you "secede," what do you "secede" from, and what do you "secede" to? Do you look for the current of the Ohio to change, and to bring you and your commerce to the tide waters of Eastern rivers? What man in his senses can suppose that you will remain part and parcel of Virginia a month after Virginia should have ceased to be part and parcel of the United States?

The secession of Virginia! the secession of Virginia, whether alone or in company, is most improbable, the greatest of all improbabilities. Virginia, to her everlasting honor, acted a great part in framing and establishing the present constitution. She hath had her reward and her distinction. Seven of her noblest sons have each filled the Presidency, and enjoyed the highest honors of the country. Dolorous complaints come up to us from the South that Virginia will not head the procession of secession, and lead the other Southern States out of the Union. This would be something of a marvel, certainly, considering how much pains Virginia took to lead these same States into the Union, and considering, too, that she has partaken as largely of its benefits and its government as any other State.

And ye men of the other Southern States, members of the old thirteen; yes, members of the old thirteen; that always touches my regard and my sympathies; North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina! What page in your history, or in the history of any one of you, is brighter than those which have been recorded since the Union was formed? Or through what effect has your prosperity been greater, or your peace and happiness better secured? What names even has South Carolina, now so much dissatisfied, what names has she of which her intelligent sons are more proud than those which have been connected with the Government of South Carolina? In revolutionary times, and in the earliest days of this constitution, there was no State more honored, or more deserving to be honored. Where is she now? And "what a fall is there, my countrymen!" But I leave her to her own reflections, commending to her, with all my heart, the due consideration of her own example in times gone by.

Fellow-citizens, there are some diseases of the mind as well as of the body, diseases of communities, as well as diseases of individuals, that must be left to their own cure; at least it is wise to leave them so, until the last critical moment shall arrive.

I hope it is not irreverent, and certainly it is not intended as reproach, when I say, that I know no stronger expression in our language than that which describes the reformation of a wayward son—"he came to himself." He had broken away from all the ties of love, family and friendship. He had forsaken every thing which he had once regarded in his father's house. He had quitted his natural sympathies, affections, and habits, and taken his journey into a far country. He had gone away from himself, and out of himself. But misfortune overtook him and famine threatened him with starvation and death. No entreaties from home followed him to beckon him back; no admonition from others warned him of his fate. But the hour of reflection had come, and nature and conscience wrought within him, until at length "he *came* to himself."

And now, ye men of the new States of the South! You are not of the original thirteen. The battle had been fought and won, the revolution achieved, and the Constitution established, before your States had any existence as States. You came in to a prepared banquet, and had seats assigned you at table, just as honorable as those which were filled by older guests. You have been and are singularly prosperous; and if any one should deny this, you would at once contradict his assertion. You have bought vast quantities of choice and excellent land at the lowest price; and if the public domain has not been lavished upon you, you yourselves will admit that it has been appropriated to your own uses by a very liberal hand. And yet in some of these States—not in all—persons are found in favor of a dissolution of the Union, or of secession from it. Such opinions are expressed even where the general prosperity of the community has been the most rapidly advanced. In the flourishing and interesting State of Mississippi, for example, there is a large party which insists that her grievances are intolerable, that the whole body politic is in a state of suffering, and all along, and through her whole extent on the Mississippi, a loud cry rings that her only remedy is "secession," "secession." Now, gentlemen, what inflection does the State of Mississippi suffer under? What oppression prostrates her strength or destroys her happiness? Before we can judge of the proper remedy, we must know something of the disease; and for my part, I confess that the real evil existing in the case appears to me to be a certain inquietude, or uneasiness growing out of a high degree of prosperity and consciousness of wealth and power, which sometimes leads men to be ready for changes, and to push on to still higher elevation. If this be the truth of the matter, the doctors are about right. If the complaint spring from over-wrought prosperity, for that disease I have no doubt that secession would prove a sovereign remedy.

The second addendum is a continuation of his invocation to the spirit of Washington, in the following language:

Great Father of your country, we heed your words; we feel their force as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us our sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California.

Fellow-citizens, we must sometimes be tolerant to folly, and patient at the sight of the extreme waywardness of men; but I confess that when I reflect on the renown of our past history, on our present prosperity and greatness, and on what the future hath yet to unfold, and when I see that there are men who can find in all this nothing good, nothing valuable, nothing truly glorious, I feel that all their reason has fled away from them, and left the entire control over their judgment and their actions to insane folly and fanaticism; and more than all, fellow-citizens, if the purposes of fanatics and disunionists should be accomplished, the patriotic and intelligent of our generation would seek to hide themselves from the scorn of the world, and go about to find dishonorable graves.

Fellow-citizens, take courage; be of good cheer. We shall come to no such ignoble end. We shall live, and not die. During the period allotted to our several lives, we shall continue to rejoice in the return of this anniversary. The ill-omened sounds of fanaticism will be hushed; the ghastly specters of secession and disunion will disappear; and the enemies of united constitutional liberty, if their hatred cannot be appeased, may prepare to see their eye balls as they behold the steady flight of the American eagle on his burnished wings for years and years to come.

A friend has sent us the following article from The London Mirror of the Time, by which it will be perceived that there are shoes in London even, who look upon the course of the London daily press in relation to America pretty much as we do:

The Cut Flowers of Industry—Sneers of the Times at America.—One of the peculiar studies of our honorable and disinterested contemporary, the Times, appears to be to insult our children, the Yankees. Next to doing the dirty work of "unprincipled factionists" at home—as Mr. George Bodington, in his admirable letter on the Tamworth riot in the Morning Post, calls the foul traders—and teaching the tyrant lesson of Austria from abroad, and the pecu iar self appointed mission of the "father of lies," appears to be to create and foster an angry feeling between the United States and this country. We know not which is most offensive—the direct sneer or the ironical apology of the great journal, when speaking of American contributions to the Great Exhibition. The Times first talks of "shortcomings." Why, let us ask, are nations to be reprehended in this manner by a philanthropical gentleman without a conscience, who sits worshiping Mammon with his pen? The Americans had distance and the vast extent of their country to deal with. The centralization of Moses & Son has not yet gone a-head there. The nation generally did not much approve of the idea. America has not recognized the Exhibition in a national point of view. Why should she? Barnum was other's lee occupied. We have a whole executive committee of Barnums here. We are garlanding decline—making a bower over our grave. America is occupied with cradles. We are cutting our roses. She is sowing her seed, planting, manuring, grafting. History teaches us that it is during the luxurious decadence of a great nation that art attains its perfection. England is making vast strides forward and backward. Her talent for design is improving. Her taste is becoming more refined; but courage, her independence, her industry and her virtue are on the wane. Let, then, the Times divide America. We look to her cities, her fleets, her population, her enterprise. There is one reproach that some Englishmen are fond of. It is that of slavery, on which they are divided. Let them reply to this—"Ireland!" Our facetious contemporary, Punch, last week gave an admirable sketch of a black slave as a caricature of Powers's beautiful statue. Let the New York Picayune retort with an emigrant. Which will have the laugh?

The Times says, "let Americans beware of the fatal ambition" of desiring "to be Europe also." There is no danger. We do not think that there is much to envy us, in spite of our magnificent display. Shallow, indeed, must those be whom the mere sight of the show affects with such admiration, that they will not hear a word about its ultimate effects. At this rate the happiness of mankind is comprised in scenic display, and we are to eternize a coup d'œil, while a great and sensible manly actor like a child devouring the last scene of a fairy extravaganza at the Olympic Theatre, celebrated for its gorgeous decoration. Ours, to recur to an already employed simile, are the cut flowers of industry; the Americans are content with the plain green shoots of hope and energy. Mr. Paxton may appreciate the notion derived from his trade, if in his new-born grandeur he have not entirely put off the "old Adam."

He had him There!—The following squib was "perpetrated" in one of the public schools in Philadelphia county. I am not aware of its ever having appeared in print, and it's too good to be lost.

It seems that a few hours' exemption from mischief had greatly enlarged the bump of "treachery" in the upper stories of some of the young "ideas," and they took and smeared the balustrades from top to bottom with mud, and when the master came in, he very naturally laid his hand on it when he mounted the stairs. He was soon aware of his sad mishap, but said nothing about it until all the scholars had been called in, and had taken their seats, when he acquainted them with the fact, and said he would give any one *five dollars* who would inform him who had a hand it.

At this moment, up jumped a little red-headed urchin, who said—

"Thir, you theth you'll give any one five dollarth who'll tell yo who had a hand in it?"

"Yes."

"Now, thir, you'll not whip me, will you!"

"No."

"Well, thir, y——, now, you won't whip?"

"You young scamp, I'll lick you if you don't tell pretty soon."

"Thir, you——Oh, I don't like to."

"*Go on*, or I'll skin you alive!"

"Well, thir, *you had a hand in it!*"

The master gave in, and forked over. [Yankee Blade.

JAMES H. SPRATLEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office No. 110 St. Charles street,
Between Poydras street and Lafayette Square,
WHERE all operations on the TEETH will be performed in a satisfactory manner. ath ly

AGENCY OF
ARBUIN, MARETT & CO. COGNAC.
THE undersigned having been appointed Agent for the old established house of "Arbuin, Marett & Co.," is enabled to receive orders for their very superior COGNAC BRANDIES, upon the most liberal terms; to be shipped in any quantity, or to any port that may be required.
JOSEPH P. WOLFF, 38 Camp st.

HENRY HAMBURGER,
Merchant Tailor,
164 CAMP STREET,
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has lately received from Paris, etc. etc., a fine assortment of SUMMER CLOTHS, New Style, imported to the express for the last time. Also, a very superior article of IRISH LINEN.

COLORED COTTON GOODS—
10 cases Plain and Fancy Cottonades;
10 cases Indigo Mixed Denims;
15 cases Striped Ticks;
5 bales Checked Osnaburgs;
5 bales Mariners' Stripes;
3 cases Carolina Plaids and Stripes,
50 cases Printed Calicoes at reduced prices.
And for sale by JOSEPH H. PALMER
aug22 41 Camp street.

BLANKETS—
1000 pairs heavy white BLANKETS;
450 pairs colored Saddle do;
600 pairs fine blue and scarlet do;
120 pairs Whitney and Bath Bed do;
50 pairs Crib and Cradle do.
For sale by
44 JOSEPH H. PALMER & CO. 41 Camp st.

NEW MUSIC.—"COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.—Wm. Hall & Son, New York, have published a brilliant set of variations on the favorite Scotch melody, by Wm. Vincent Wallace. It is worthy of the reputation of this fine composer. To be had of
jy19 H. D. HEWITT.

OIL OF VITRIOL—100 carboys Oil of Vitriol, manufactured at the Southern Chemical Works, for sale by P. L. MASSEY,
aug14 corner Camp and Gravier streets.

PEACHES! PEACHES!—My Depot in at SCOTT & ROBINSON'S, No. 8 Canal street, will have Stands at all the Steamers, and sell to suit Families, Hotels, etc., at wholesale prices.
jy17 1m FELIX HUSTON.

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS—3000 cases Boots, Shoes and Brogans in store and for sale by A. F. DUNBAR & CO.
ath18 tf 84 and 86 Common st.

HATS—White and Black Wool and Camptoniy Hats, always on hand, by A. F. DUNBAR & CO.
ath18 tf 84 and 86 Common st.

LIME—Thomaston, Utica, Altos, St. Louis and St. Genevieve Lime for sale by
HAYMAN & BUILDEN, 66 Magazine st.

AGENCY OF THE O'FALLON STEAM MILLS, St. Louis—We will always be supplied with a stock of superfine Flour of Flour.
FRED. KENNETT & CO. 66 Magazine st.

MOLASSES—10 bbls. Refined Molasses, in store, for sale, jy21 FRED. KENNETT & CO.

Atlantic Steamers.

Between New York and Liverpool.
COLLINS LINE.

Steamer.	Capt.	Tons.
Atlantic	West	2021
Arctic	Comstock	2856
Baltic	Crocker	2856
Pacific	Nye	2856

Between New York and Havre.

Franklin	Warren	[illegible]
Humboldt	Lowe	[illegible]

Between New York & Bremen, via Southampton.
HOLLINS, BALD & BIRDS.

Washington	Ford	1700
Hermann	Absmeier	1500

Between Philadelphia and Liverpool.
J. G. WILLIAMS, Agent, 162 Front street, New York.

Lafayette	Outhwaite	[illegible]

Between New York and New Orleans.
SPOFFORD, TILESTON & CO.

Union	Budd	1400

DAVIS, BROOKS & CO.

Whitehall Staff	Cothrell	[illegible]

Between New York and Charleston.
SPOFFORD, TILESTON & CO.

Southerner	Dickinson	750
Hunter	Berry	900

Between New York and Savannah.
S. L. MITCHELL.

Alabama	Ludow	1200
Florida	Lupo	1200

Between Philadelphia and Charleston.

Alabama	Baker	800
Osprey	Worden	700

Between Charleston and Havana, via Key West.

Isabel	Hutton	1112

Between New Orleans and Vera Cruz.

Alabama	Stewart	600

Between New Orleans and Galveston.

Louisiana	Lawson	1100
Quitman	Finch	700
Pampero	Harvey	370

Between New York and Chagres.

Ohio	Schenck	1000
Georgia	Porter	800
Empire City	Lowe	1100
Crescent City	Tinker	1000
Charleston	Wardle	1000
Roger Jonathan	Crocker	1400
El Dorado	Wright	1000
Pennsylvania	Lennon	1000
North America	Fabens	1000
Philadelphia	Pierson	800
Sarah	Talbot	1000
Tenaro	Hurlburt	1000

Pacific Steamers.

Between San Francisco and Panama.

Oregon	Parker	1000
California	Hall	1000
Northerner	Lodrill	1000
Sapphire	Dubois	1000
Tennessee	Tinnon	1000
Panama	Watson	1100
Golden City	Hitchcock	1000
Sonora	Wade	1000
Northerner	Ward	700
Lewis Cass	Mackey	600
Tennessee		1000
Isthmus	Stringer	300
Unionist	Ward	300
Carolina	Whiting	500
Ohio	Bay	800

Between San Francisco and Oregon.

Gold Hunter	Hall	600
Sea Gull	Ryan	300
Columbia	Le Roy	300
Gen. Pierce	Reland	300

Between San Francisco, Gold Bluff & Trinity Bay.

Chesapeake	Hunt	300
Gen. Warren	Smith	300
Indian	Hanson	300
Enchanter	Sackman	300

Between San Francisco and Sacramento City.

New World	Hutchings	300
Confidence	Gannon	300
Gem of the Pacific	Schoyer	300
Sentinel	Vanvoy	700
Independence	Cook	700
Sacramento City	Hawes	300
Sea Bird	Tucker	300
Tenaro	Marks	300
Gen. Goodman	Baker	300
New York	Averill	800
Washington	Dempsey	800
W. J. Pease	Jenny	300
Pacific	Gray	300
Wm. Penn	Hodgers	1000
Pioneer	Eldridge	300
Gen. Rusk	Rich	600
Chesapeake	Hunt	600
Gen. Warren	Smith	400

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—From June 11 to October 18, 1851.

Office Hours—Week-days, from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M.; Sundays and Holydays, from 9 until 11 A. M.

GREAT EASTERN MAIL, via Mobile, arrives daily at 8 a. m.; closes daily at 10 a. m. for export letters—at half-past 10 a. m. for export all inland and foreign letters. (☞ Letters for the Continent of Europe and the Islands of the Mediterranean, must be prepaid.) Supplying the following way offices: Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian and Pascagoula, daily, at 10 a. m.; Mississippi City and Biloxi, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 a. m. and on Saturdays at 10 a. m.

GREAT WESTERN MAIL, supplying Baton Rouge, St. Francisville, Bayou Sara, Point Coupee, Fort Adams (Fort Washington's Point), Greenville, Grand Lake, Columbia, Napoleonville, Bayou Lafourche, Donaldsonville, Thibodaux, Houma, Colombus (Ky.), Galveston, Pattonsburg, Shawneetown, Henderson, Greenville and Louisville, four times a week, closes at 3 p. m.; and supplying Batchez, Vicksburg, Napoleon, Memphis, Cairo, Paducah, Evansville and Louisville, twice a week, closes at 3 p. m.; arrives daily—hours irregular.

St. LOUIS MAIL, supplying Natchez, Vicksburg, Napoleon, Memphis, Helena, Cairo and St. Louis, twice a week, closes daily (Sundays excepted) at 3 p. m.; arrives daily—hours irregular.

VICKSBURG MAIL, supplying Donaldsonville, Baton Rouge, Point Coupee, Red River Landing, Natchez, Vicksburg, Warrenton, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Warrenton and Vicksburg, closes on Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, at 3 p. m.; arrives on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

ST. FRANCISVILLE, OR COAST MAIL, supplying McCutcheon's Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Bayes, Bringier's, Donaldsonville, Lucas, New river, Bayou Gonla, Gheaville, Paquemine, Manchac, Brady Landing, Bayou Nouque, Lake Maurepas, Madisonville's post, Fort Hudson, Burnside, Waterloo, St. Francisville, Point Pleasant, Bayou Sara, Port Hudson, Pleasant Hill and Woodville, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, at 7 a. m., and on Friday, at 12 m.; arrives on Monday, Tuesday and Friday, by 12 m.

RED RIVER MAIL, supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Sabine Town, on the Texas line, at 3 p. m.; generally on Tuesday and Friday; arrives twice a week—days irregular.

COVINGTON, OR LAKE MAIL, closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 a. m.; arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 p. m.

LAFAYETTE MAIL, closes daily (except Sunday), at 1 p. m.; arrives daily (except Sunday), at 11 a.

CARROLLTON MAIL, closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4 p. m.; arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 p. m.

GALVESTON, SALVERIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA, closes every Sunday, at 7 a. m.; due every Tuesday or Wednesday, at 4 p. m.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, Point Isabel, Brownsville and Rio Grande, closes every Thursday, at 7 a. m.; due every Monday, at 3 p. m.

HAVANA MAIL, closes (direct) on the 12th and 27th of each month, at 7 p. m. and via Charleston on the 8th and 23d, at half-past 10, a. m.; due on or about the 6th, 18th, 23d and 30th. Postage payable in advance.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, MEXICO, Ports in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Atlantic Coast of south America, via Havana, leaves every 20 days, by the Havana mail steamer, on the 12th and 27th of each month, at 7 p. m.; and via Charleston, on the 8th and 23d, at half-past 10 a. m. Due on or about the 6th, 18th, 23d and 30th, (postage payable in advance,) as follows:

British Possessions.—When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is 300 miles or under...Half cents Letter, 10c. Newspaper, 2c. Over 300 miles.....Haltcents Letter, 10c. Newspaper, 2c.

Not Brit. Possessions.—When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is 300 miles or under...Half-cents Letter, 10c. Newspaper, 2c. Over 300 miles.....Half-cents Letter, 10c. Newspaper, 2c.

When received in the United States, and the distance to the office of delivery is 1000 m. or under...Half-cents Letter, 10c. Newspaper, 2c. Over 1000 miles.....Half-cents Letter, 20c. Newspaper, 2c.

NEW GRANADA, West Coast of South America, California and Oregon, closes on the 1st, 11th and 21st of each month, at 7 p. m.; arrives on or about the 6th and 24th. Postage payable in advance, except to California and Oregon. The postage to places on the West Coast of South America, via Panama, is on each single letter 50 cents, and on each newspaper 6 cents, when sent; and 25 cents each letter and 4 cents each paper, when received.

Schedule of Postage.

☞ The following will be the Rates of Postage, on and after the 1st of July, 1851:

1. Letter Postage, by one-half ounce or under, between places within the United States:

3000 miles or under	6c. prepaid.....5c. unpaid
Over 3000 miles	6c. prepaid.....10c. unpaid

2. Letter Postage, by one-half ounce or under, when conveyed by the United States, wholly or in part by sea, and to or from a foreign country:

2000 miles or under	10c. To be prepaid
Over 2000 miles	20c. To be prepaid

—Excepting, however, all cases where such postages have been or shall be fixed at different rates by Postal Treaty, or Convention, already concluded, or hereafter to be made.

3. Newspapers, not exceeding three ounces in weight, to general and bona fide subscribers, postage payable quarterly in advance:

Distances.	Quarterly	Half yearly	Yearly	Half yearly	Quarterly	Half yearly
Fifty miles or under	1½	3	6	12	24	48
Over 50 and not over 300	2	4	8	16	32	64
Over 300 and not over 1000	2½	5	10	20	40	80
Over 1000 and not over 2000	3	6	12	24	48	96
Over 2000 and not over 4000	4½	9	18	36	72	144
Over 4000 miles	6	12	24	48	96	192

On newspapers not exceeding one 200 square inches, the postage is one-fourth of the above rates, payable in advance.

4. Transient Newspapers, Circulars unsealed, Handbills, Price Currents, Quotations, Broad Sides, Pamphlets, and all other descriptions of Printed Matter, not weighing over thirty-two ounces, for each ounce or fraction of an ounce:

Five hundred miles or under	One cent
Over 500 and not over 1500	Two cents
Over 1500 and not over 3000	Three cents
Over 3000 and not over 5000	Four cents
Over 5000 miles	Five cents

Payable in advance; if sent unpaid, double these rates.

5. Magazines and Pamphlets, other than Newspapers, sent rates as newspapers; that is, the postage is paid quarterly in advance, it is to be at half these rates.

6. Drop Letters and Advertised Letters, one cent each, in addition to the usual postage, or honorary, when delivered by the U. S. City Post—

Each letter received by mail	Two cents additional
Each drop letter	One cent additional
Each city letter	One cent
Each circular or handbill	One cent additional
Each newspaper or magazine	One cent additional

June 13, 1851. M. MUSSON, Postmaster.

FRESH SEIDLITZ and SODA POWDERS. 3 gross Seidlitz Powders, a superior article, 6 do. Soda do., supplying at retail, for sale by
P. L. MASSEY, corner Camp and Gravier sts.

COW PEAS....COW PEAS—A fresh lot of Cowpeas Over Peas, for sale from Fair Oaks, Ala. for sale by [jy18] SANELLI & CO. 34 Commons st.

SODA ASH AND PALM OIL—150 cks. Soda Ash and 50 tons Palm Oil, for sale by
jy14 HAYMAN & BUILDEN, 66 Magazine st.

BITTERS—75 cases Baker and Hilyger Bitters, in store, and for sale by
FRED. KENNETT & CO. 66 Magazine st.

CASTOR OIL—18 barrels Adams' No. 1 St. Louis Castor Oil.
FRED. KENNETT & CO. 66 Magazine st.

GLUE—5 bbls. Glue, a good article, landing and for sale by P. L. MASSEY,
aug21 corner Camp and Gravier streets.

NEW MUSIC!! NEW MUSIC.
TYLER & HEWITT, Piano Forte and Music Store, 20 Camp street, have just received from the North over Five Hundred New Pieces of MUSIC, which exceeds anticipation, and enables them to offer, at all seasons, a more complete assortment than any other music house in the South. Among the following new publications, viz.: Operas, Masses, Vocal Duets, Trios, Quartettes, etc.; Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi; Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Rossini, Weber, Hummel, Pleyel, Kalkbrenner, Herz, Thalberg, Prudent, Leopold de Meyer, Doehler, Osborne, Bertini, Moscheles, Henselt, Dreyschock, Czerny, Thalberg, Herz, Taylor's grand method; Publications of the Harmonic Society, Philharmonic, Musical Union, Wolfsohn, Sacred Music, Operatic Selections, etc., in great quantities.
☞ Musical Engravings of all kinds.
TYLER & HEWITT, 20 Camp street.

NEW MUSIC STORE.
20 Camp street, three doors below Poydras.
THE public is respectfully invited to call and examine the large and extensive assortment of PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, at the store of the undersigned, which for variety and cheapness cannot be surpassed. Pianos from J. Pleyel & Co., Stoughton & Co., and the best American makers.
Melodeons from Prince, Mason and Hamlin, Peabody, Panormo and Pleyel, from Paris.
Square Pianos, from Gilbert, Dunham, Wm. Hall & Son, Gaff, and others.
The celebrated prize Piano, from Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, New York.
Melodeons from 6 to 6 octaves.
Parlor Organs, in rich carved cases.
The Harmonious Orchestra, or Unrivaled Piano.
Large stock of Guitars, of rich and varied patterns, some of them inlaid.
Violin Pianos.
Improved Accordeons, warranted not to get out of tune.
Brass Instruments, from double bass to the smallest, with a full assortment of Music, new and old.
ALFRED J. FAUST has charge of the establishment, and will be at all times ready to wait on his numerous friends.
A room has been fitted up for the special use of the ladies, where they can at ease try and have their music before purchasing. [feb 1y] W. T. MAYO.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The undersigned would respectfully recommend his extensive and well selected assortment of Pianos, Melodeons and Musical Merchandise of every description; and also to their well selected assortment of Pianos from the factories of the first makers in the United States and Europe.
Stores for Violin, Guitar, Harp, Violoncello, Double Bass, Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Bugles, Clarionets, Trombones, Cornets, Accordeons, Brass Instruments for Bands, Tambourines, Harps, Drums, etc. etc.
Pianos Forte Tuned, Repaired and Exchanged, on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms, 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 merchants.
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. R. D. Morris.....New Orleans, La., Oct. 1, 1850.
P. T. TYLER,
R. C. DEWITT.

SADDLERY STORE—SMITH & BROTHER, 52 and 53 Common street, New Orleans, offer for sale the most complete assortment of Goods to their line in the Southern country, comprising in part:
SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS—Comp. Gig and Buggy Harness, all qualities; Wagon and Dray Harness, complete or in parts; Collars, Dray and Wagon Saddles, Hames, Bridle Bosses and Plated Stars, of every description.
TRUNKS—Sole Leather Trunks, Travelling Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags, of the latest styles and best quality.
SADDLERY HARDWARE