The Daily Crescent.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK. NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 16, 1851. VOLUME IV.—NUMBER 167.

The Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
Of the Council of the Second Municipality.

Published Every Day—(Sunday Excepted)—
BY J. H. MADDOX.

OFFICE.....No. 99 ST. CHARLES STREET.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, however defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachael for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be penitent! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken,
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Appolonia Jagello at the Altar.

Our readers have already been advised of the marriage of the Hungarian heroine, Appolonia Jagello, to the almost as greatly celebrated Polish exile, Major Tochman. The marriage ceremony took place in a chapel which crowns a lofty eminence in the immediate vicinity of Harper's Ferry. For the gratification of our lady readers—and we hope not a few of the sterner sex will be pleased to learn something of this event—we extract the following description of the bride and groom, and of the marriage ceremony, written by a lady who was present, and communicated to the Southern Press:

At nine o'clock we left the hotel, and took our way up the stone steps leading to the chapel, and there, amid the thrilling admiration of high mass, with assembled spectators standing by, those two high hearted exiles were married. The pews and aisles were thronged. On one hand, close by the altar, with eyes brilliant and clear as an eagle's, stood the bridegroom, in a suit of black, which imparted to his person, that quiet, gentlemanly air least calculated to attract observation. He presented, in his stately figure and noble features, almost every external perfection of mature manhood; indeed his whole tone, in look and demeanor, was that of moral and intellectual elevation.

At the foot of the altar, on a broad step covered with crimson damask, they knelt down. How beautiful and bride-like she looked in her dress of cream-colored satin, as it swept the dark floor like a snow-drift crusted with ice. A cloud of transparent lace fell around her, shedding a softness over the clear, dark complexion of her clime. There was no revealing bust, open heart exposed; her feelings were all too strong and deep for that; but her dark eyes were veiled beneath the shrouding lashes. It is indeed impossible to conceive of a being more lovely than she appeared in the modest diffidence of her set, on the most important and conspicuous occasion of a woman's life, and yet withal, losing nothing of that strength of mind which, so far from being as many erroneously imagine, a masculine or unwomanly trait, is, on the contrary, the crowning mark of a character most truly feminine.

A gush of music burst through the building, rolling to the roof and through the windows, till it came like reverberated melody around the happy pair, while they knelt with linked hands upon the lower step of the altar. A few murmured words which thrilled beneath the bridal veil like melody in a summer cloud—a benediction—and the united exiles stood up. For the first time the bride raised her eyes, and the color now glowed through her veil as if a rose had been hidden in its folds, while a happy smile broke over her face as she turned calmly to receive the congratulations of those who crowded around.

Their lives have been of extraordinary vicissitudes. Both were exiled from their native country by the tyranny of its oppression, he in the earlier era of mature manhood, and she, in the flush of early womanhood. But the measure of her influence is now filled by the strong affection of one of the bravest patriots that ever unsheathed his sword in the cause of bleeding Poland, and she may well dream of enduring happiness.

A Western Judge.—One of the many papers published in that vast and rather indefinite region, yclept "out West," is said to be responsible for the following report of a Judge's sentence lately passed on a criminal:

"Brumley, you infamous scoundrel, you are an unredeemed villain—you paint a single redeeming trait in your character—your wife and family wish we had sent you to the penitentiary. This is the fifth time I've had you up before me, and you have put me to more trouble than your neck is worth. I've exhorted and prayed over you long enough, you scoundrel! Just go home and take one glimpse at your family, and be off in short order; don't ever let us hear of you again. The Grand Jury have found two other indictments against you, but I've discharged you on your own recognizance, and if I ketch you in this neck of woods to-morrow morning at daylight, I'll sock you right square in jail, and hump you off to Jeffersonville in less than no time—you infamous scoundrel! If ever I catch you crooking your finger at a man, woman or nigger, I'll sock you right square in the jug. Stand up, you scoundrel! while I pass sentence on you!"

Formidable Surgical Operation.—A Buffalo paper gives the following account of a formidable surgical operation, remarking that "it is one of the numerous delicate and difficult cases that have yielded to the skill and experience of the same surgeon:"

"Miss ——, a resident of Genesee county, had been for fifteen years a sufferer from the growth of a cancerous tumor. It occupied nearly one half of the front part of the entire chest, and had gained a prodigious size. Dr. Hallon Ganson, of Batavia, was requested to extirpate it by an operation, if he thought it could be done with safety. Accordingly on Tuesday, August 19, at 3 o'clock, p. m., all things being in readiness, Dr. Ganson, assisted by Dr. O. Clark, began the operation, and in a short space of time the numerous friends present had the satisfaction of seeing the huge mass fall from the body, leaving at its bed an enormous gash of nearly one foot in length by six inches in width, extending down to near the ribs. As the surgeon had predicted, the patient survived this bold operation. She expressed her warm thankfulness at its fortunate termination, and also for the great relief from suffering she experienced, in consequence of the chloroform which was administered to her."

Rash and Deplorable Death.—As the train was approaching Andover, on the Erie Railroad, on the 1st, a gentleman and lady attempted to cross the track in front of the locomotive with a horse and buggy; but the horse being vicious, stopped on the track, and the gentleman and lady were instantly killed, also the horse. Henry Fitzsimmons is said to be the name of the unfortunate gentleman. The citizens standing by tried to prevent Mr. F. from attempting to cross, but without avail. They never also made an ineffectual attempt to stop the train. From all the circumstances, the gentleman in charge of the pair are blameless. [Newark Adv.

The Bloomer Costume.—In reference to the Bloomer costume, a correspondent of the Leeds (Eng.) Mercury, sends the following *jeu d'esprit*:

"Let the dames, if a market their gowns at this place,
Let them try and get their petticoats round by their faces,
'Tis only a bold speculation
Against a bad habit, called spectator in Lords,
Yet would many place wings, their husbands have not in,
Dodge all their sovereigns, and throw their minding,
And stick to the skirts of the mind!

Don't fancy, dear Jonathan, ladies are flirts,
Because they have cut their old dangles the skirts,
They have done it to shame you, they really care,
And will sing, when their beds a-where you mend your own.

Stewart's Palace.—Mr. A. T. Stewart, the Merchant Prince of New York city, recently enlarged his magnificent marble structure. As a brief description may not be without interest, we copy the following from the New York Commercial Advertiser:

This "palace of dry goods" is probably the most beautiful and costly building ever erected for such a purpose, in any city in the world, and is one of the lions to be noted by visitors to New York. It is five stories high, and occupies ground from Broadway Chambers street, fronting one hundred and fifty-one feet on Broadway. In front one hundred feet on Chambers street, and its length in Reade street is one hundred and twenty-seven feet. There are also large vaults beneath the street, two hundred and seventy-eight feet in length, well lighted by numerous gratings, and so well finished that it is difficult for a visitor to realize that he is under ground. Below these, and extending under the whole building, are vast cellars, stored with goods not required for immediate sale. The average value of stock in the store is upwards of two millions of dollars, and when the reader considers that it is usual in a flourishing business to turn over stock at least three and often four times a year, he may form some idea of the immense trade transacted.

The salaries of the clerks and porters, employed in the establishment, amount to more than one hundred thousand dollars a year. It is a rule of the firm to pay every boy who enters their service something from the start, although of all places in the world this is the one in which the knowledge of business acquired might be most fairly considered an equivalent for the first year's labor. The fixed and invariable price attached to each article, the division of the establishment into distinct departments for each species of goods, and all the other arrangements, are so systematized that the most perfect order prevails, and the visitor is struck with the clock-like regularity and precision with which every operation is performed. A visit to "Stewart's" will always be remembered with pleasure. No one can view the splendid building, the immense stores of goods of every texture, hues and description, the rapid and yet quiet manner in which the sales are effected and delivery dispatched, without feeling that he has before him a striking example of *the glory of industry*. Our merchant princes even in their trade outvival the display of the titular nobles of the old world.

Cuban Expedition Postponed.—We learn that two steamers were nearly bargained for to sail for Cuba, when the disastrous news received yesterday noon indefinitely postponed the enterprise. One of the ships was the El Dorado, for which $30,000 had been offered, and $20,000 had been offered for another. Both vessels were to have sailed within a few days with as many "passengers" as they could carry, unarmed, of course, and in a condition to prevent any probability of seizure.

Within a few days two brigs have sailed from this port for Cuba, but ostensibly cleared for ports in the Gulf. Both these vessels were laden with arms, ammunition, and provisions for the use of the Lopez party in Cuba.

There was no excitement in town last night; the disastrous failure of the Liberating Army, and the end of the deceived soldiers, was a great topic of conversation, but there was no manifestation of grief than in rage. The mushroom patriots who were so eager to help Lopez while he stay was in the ascendant, are now nowhere to be seen. [N. Y. Tribune, 6th.

Crown Jewels of England.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, describing a visit to the Tower of London, says:

"The room in which the crown jewels are kept is in one of the new towers, built since the fire a few years ago. An old woman has charge of the treasures, and it is her duty to describe them to visitors. In a space not more than two feet square there is jewelry valued at £3,000,000, or nearly $15,000,000. The crowns are splendid, and that of Victoria sparkles with precious stones. The English are very proud of the show, and take great delight in witnessing the astonishment of foreigners, who express surprise and admiration at the value and splendor of the regal baubles."

Snakes—Their Powers of Fascination.—A fact has come to our knowledge which seems to establish the power of snakes to "charm" small animals beyond doubt. Two gentlemen of this city, descending the road to the Ontiopile Falls of the Yough River a few days ago, discovered a gray squirrel sitting in the middle of the road. At the time of the road lay a large rattlesnake. The squirrel, seeming perfectly stupefied, made no effort to escape. The snake approached it so cautiously and slowly, that not a sound was perceptible, except by an evident gradual diminution of the distance between them. At length the snake reached the squirrel, passed its mouth over its head as if licking it, for the purpose of covering it with slime or saliva. This done, it commenced swallowing it, when the gentlemen killed both the snake and the squirrel. [Uniontown Democrat.

London.—If the streets of London were put together, they would extend 3000 miles in length; the main thoroughfares are traversed by 3000 omnibuses and 3500 cabs, employing 40,000 horses. In 1849, the Metropolis alone consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,200,000 sheep, 28,000 calves and 35,800 pigs. One market alone supplied 4,024,000 head of game. London, the same year, ate 3,000,000 salmon, which were washed down by 48,200,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for London milk, and reckoning two gallons a day from every cow, we have here, say 72,000 gallons of "London peculiar" consumed, if not enjoyed, by the London inhabitants. 360,000 gas lights range the streets. London's arterial or water system supplies the enormous quantity of 44,383,326 gallons per day; a thousand sail are employed in bringing annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal, and to clothe and wait upon London's people we have no fewer than 23,516 tailors, 25,579 bootmakers, 40,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 168,017 domestic servants.

The Celestials at a Theatre.—A Sacramento paper mentions the appearance of five-and-twenty Chinamen at the Pacific Theatre, in that city, a short time ago. They had never seen anything like it, in the Flowery Kingdom, that was evident, and their enjoyment was proportioned to the novelty of the exhibition. There was only one difficulty in the way; and that was, that they did not seem to know when it was the proper time to go. Every time the curtain fell, they thought the show was at an end, and began to move toward the door. They had once even reached it, when they were brought back by the band, which struck up a lively air. They behaved, in the meantime, with great gravity and decorum, until the dancing began. Then they seemed to have lost their presence of mind altogether, and went into absolute ecstacies, clapping and applauding with the greatest enthusiasm. They apparently thought it would be carrying self-indulgence too far, to attend any longer, and so they took their leave incontinently, bowing gracefully to the crowd around the door as they withdrew.

Louis Napoleon's Appearance.—President Napoleon's civic appearance at St. Cloud is described in the following passage of one of the letters to the London Chronicle:

"He has aged sensibly within the last few years; stoops slightly, and there is a look, if not of melancholy, of settled thoughtfulness in his features. His manner is quiet—a little reserved—but easy and composedly courteous. He was dressed in plain black—his clothes, by the way, faultlessly made and put on, without a single ribbon, cross, or decoration of any kind. To each lady or gentleman introduced he had a suitably courteous word or two to say in French or English, as it might happen; but the moment he ceased to talk, the shadow of grave thoughtfulness came again like a cloud upon his face."

Locomotion.—In the summer of 1835, the first year of travel on the Boston and Lowell Railroad, there were but two trains a day between this city and Boston. Now there are eleven trains a day; eight over the Boston and Lowell, and three over the new route via Wilmington. Just before the opening of this railroad, the "Middlesex Canal Packet Boat, Governor Sullivan, Capt. S. Tyler," made daily trips between Lowell and Boston—"fare reduced to fifty cents!" Lowell passengers took the boat at Middlesex village. Sixteen years have wrought wonderful changes. [Lowell Cour.

PROSPECTUS.

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Republication of the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the North British, and the Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

Leonard Scott & Co., Publishers,
79 Fulton st. & Gold st., New York.

THESE Periodicals are the critical censors of the British scholastic and literary world. By their criticisms, they add vitality to the works of standard value; not by the criticisms which they possess, also derive themselves, if anything works can valuation for permanent existence. They fill a place which American periodicals cannot supply; for they discuss topics relating more exclusively to the British, political, religious, scientific, and literary, of the continent of Europe. They are quoted by the best talents of Great Britain, and are engaged with the important questions which interest or agitate the civilized world. We have, in our country, no work of all, and yet the latest expressions of the oriental portion of the world, and the people of Great Britain are divided.

The Edinburgh Review

is the exponent of the whig party in Great Britain, being from its pages of political information, and the opinions of the people. While the whig, apparently of administration, was wielded against Russia by British tory rulers, and thirty years ago, the Edinburgh Review, the organ of England with our own country, the Review has advocated the cause of democracy, and of mankind. Edinburgh, the birthplace of Jeffrey, of Brougham, of Macaulay, of Alison, of Sydney Smith, the birthplace of Scott, and of Burns, and even the Hume and Robertson, and even the Hume and Robertson, and even the Hume and Robertson