The Daily Crescent.

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The Daily Crescent

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

A Tale of Days not Long Gone By.

There resided, some years ago, in London, a young surgeon named Gerald Spencer. He was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune; and as every thing that remained to the father was entailed on the eldest son, a good professional education was all that Gerald could expect from his father, and it was all he got. But in the matter of education nothing was spared; and as Gerald had both the will and ability to profit by the instructions he received, there was great reason to hope for a successful professional career. It is often a good thing for a young man to have nobody to rely on but himself. Those who have something to fall back upon, hope to do and may do; but he must do or die; and this stern alternative quickens a man's wits, and lends amazing vigor to his energies. Gerald felt the full force of the necessity; and all the more, that he was deeply in love with the daughter of one of his father's neighbors. He had known Lucy Manwaring from her childhood, for she was six years his junior, and he had loved her ever since he was old enough to know what love was. But though she was the daughter of a gentleman, like himself, she had nothing but her personal qualifications to recommend her. These, however, were considerable, for she was both amiable, pretty and intelligent, and, above all, devotedly attached to her lover, respecting whose talents she was quite enthusiastic.

"You may not think Gerald a sufficiently good match for me now, papa," she would say, "but I know the day will come that you will be proud to call Gerald your son-in-law."

"That may be; I do not dispute Mr. Spencer's talents; but in the mean time he has no money; and however clever a young man may be, it is often years before he gets into practice."

"Very well, papa, we are in no hurry. I don't think it will be so long as you expect before Gerald makes his way. Such talents as his cannot long remain unknown; but, as I said just now, we are in no hurry; and he would be quite as averse to our marriage taking place prematurely, as you would be. He said only the last time he was here, that until he had a comfortable home to offer me, he would never mention the subject to you."

"Very well, Lucy, so much the better; only don't let him mention it to you either; and take care you have not to wait for him till all the bloom is off your cheeks."

"I'm not afraid, papa," answered Lucy: "but even if I were so, Gerald would love me just the same, and we could be very happy without the bloom."

Secure of his love and sanguine of success, Gerald thought he could wait too; bright anticipations of the future lent a charm to labor that was to be so sweetly rewarded; and after studying at Paris and Vienna and rendering himself in all respects worthy of the public patronage he counted on, with the assistance of his father he took a small house in the neighborhood of Golden-square, and with a brass plate on the door, announcing his name and profession, he sat down to wait for patients; and patients came, not a few, between the hours of nine and eleven o'clock, when it was understood he was at home; but alas, how seldom did one of them bring a guinea in his hand! They were all paupers, or next to it—people whom he had attended in the hospitals, or such as were sent by these; for, enthusiastic in his art, he had willingly and carefully investigated and ministered to the maladies of the poor, and when they learned where he was to be found, they crowded to his door. And he was content to see them—they offered subjects for study and improvement; but there would be no getting on without a few rich ones too; how else was he to pay his rent, and have a home for Lucy? However, there was nothing to do but to wait and hope, and he did both—wearying though such waiting is to a man eager to rise, and who knows he has the capacity to do so, if he could only once get his foot on the ladder.

The disappointments and anxieties that have attended the early career of many a man who has afterwards risen to eminence, have been so frequently described that they need not be dwelt upon here; it is enough that poor Gerald Spencer endured them all; and as he had spoken with confidence of his certain success, both to his own friends and to his mistress, it was doubly mortifying to find his performance falling so far short of his promise, that the first year he was obliged to apply to his father for money to pay the rent—a favor that he was not granted without some vexatious allusions to the large sums that had been spent on an education which it was high time should produce its harvest. But still the rich drove past his door, flying to meet whose established reputation inspired hope and confidence, whilst he was exercising all his skill on those who had nothing but blessings to give him in return. But although blessings are indeed blessed things, they will not furnish a man's table nor pay his rent, still less can he marry upon them; and the young surgeon's heart grew sick with disappointment, as his hopes faded from day to day.

"Yes," he would say to himself with bitterness, "when the present generation have died off; when Astley Cooper, and Cline, and all the rest of them are gone; when I am fifty years old, and Lucy Manwaring is married to somebody else—for how can I expect her to wait for me all her life!—and is, perhaps, the mother of a dozen children, I shall get into practice and drive my carriage. I had better have been born a day laborer than be the son of a gentleman with an empty purse, and talents I can find no opportunity of exercising."

His position was so difficult too, for his pride forbade him to tell the whole truth; and whilst he was holding out fallacious hopes to his mistress, he found them as far as ever from realization.

Amongst the students of medicine he had become acquainted with about the hospitals, was one called O'Grady. He was an Irishman, as his name indicated, apparently of low birth, and without connections and with little talent or industry. Neither did he seem to evince any desire or ambition to rise. He seemed either conscious that he was born for mediocrity or content with little; but that little he never appeared to want. Yet those who had known him longest understood from himself that he had no private resources, but had come to London to trade on his talents and education, like many amongst them. It occurred to Gerald sometimes to wonder how he contrived to live; whether he might not have fallen into some inferior line of practice that paid in some degree—a practice that, in perspective, he would himself have scorned, but now he would be too glad to take anything he could get. With the view of finding out O'Grady's secret, he cultivated his society, which, from not liking him, he had originally rather avoided. When the Irishman found him disposed to be civil, he showed himself ready enough to meet him half way; and one day as they quitted one of the hospitals together, he invited him to dine with him at an eating-house he frequented in the neighborhood.

The dinner was not in grand style, but it was plentiful, and O'Grady called for a bottle of wine to relish it—a luxury which the other was very little accustomed to.

"Upon my word, O'Grady," said he, "you make it out capitally, if this is the style you live in every day. I don't know how it is, but though I get plenty of patients, I never get a fee."

"Nor I either," said O'Grady. "Why, man, if I depended on fees, I should not get any butter to my bread."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Gerald, "you have doubtless some private resources. Fortunate man, say I. I wish I had."

O'Grady did not deny the imputation, and so the matter rested for that time, but as, either for motives of his own or from good nature, he not infrequently invited Gerald to share his dinner, the intimacy continued till a degree of confidence was established between them that led to momentous results.

"As for my getting into practice here, I look upon it as out of the question, without some extraordinary lucky hit," said O'Grady one day. "I mean by-and-bye to go back to old Ireland, where, in some miserable hole or another, I shall settle down as a country doctor, and spend the rest of my life astride of the sharp back-bone of an Irish horse. But you ought to get into practice; you have not only abilities but industry, and there isn't a man amongst us who has a better right to get on than you have."

"And yet this ability and industry you are pleased to attribute to me, will scarcely find me in bread and cheese. And the hard part of it is, that when fortune turns her back upon a man in this manner in the beginning of life, one can't—at least I can't—afford to wait until she is in better humor. I suppose practice will come by-and-bye, when I am forty or fifty years of age; but how am I to live and keep up appearances in the meantime?"

"If I had your gift of the gab," said O'Grady, "and knew as much about the thing as you do, I'd give lectures on anatomy. In that way you'd get known."

"But who'd come to them? That is, who'd pay to come to them?—and without fees I couldn't do it."

"I'll tell you what would bring you fees."

"What?"

"Not talking alone, I admit; but get *subjects*—show them what you teach, and you'll get plenty of students to come to you, I warrant."

"I dare say. But how am I to get subjects? Why, K— gave £40 for one lately."

"I know that," answered O'Grady; "but there are ways of doing it;" and then, with his elbows on the table, he leaned across, and in a low voice communicated to Gerald the secret he alluded to.

At that time—and it is not so very many years since these circumstances occurred—surgeons were expected, as much as now, to be acquainted with all the mysteries of the human frame, while the Legislature placed every impediment in the way of their diving into its secrets. There was no provision made for supplying them with subjects, whilst to obtain them by violating the grave-yards was an unlawful act. Of course, however, they were so obtained; many a man lived by the trade, and the surgeons were under the necessity of countenancing the crime, or remaining in ignorance of what they were bound to know. Some of the dire consequences of this short-sighted legislation became known to the world, and we have a verb adopted in our vocabulary which will carry down the legend to posterity; but it is well understood that there were many more deaths by *burking* in different parts of the kingdom, especially in London, than ever became public, as also that the annals of the resurrectionists would record many strange escapes and frightful adventures.

But to return to our story. Shortly after the conversation alluded to between Spencer and O'Grady, the former made known his intention of giving lectures on anatomy; indeed he put advertisements into the papers to that effect, while it was secretly circulated among the students that a subject would be provided for each lecture. As the opportunities for practical observation were so limited as to render such occasions extremely desirable, and as the abilities of the lecturer were well known among students of medicine, he had even from the first a pretty good attendance; and their favorable report spreading, soon brought more, especially as the fee was moderate, till at length he could boast of a crowded audience. Of course every man present was aware that the subjects, which formed the chief attraction, were illegally procured; but it was everybody's interest to keep the secret, and nobody sympathizes with laws that run counter to human necessities. So the lectures continued and flourished; and the fame they shed brought patients, till the young surgeon's fortunes improved so far and promised so well for the future, that he ventured to make his proposals to Mr. Manwaring; and the lovers being quite weary of living on protracted hope, they pleaded their own cause so energetically that the father's consent was won, and they were married.

On this event taking place, trusting that his practice would increase, and be sufficient to maintain himself and his wife, Mr. Spencer resolved to abandon for ever those midnight expeditions with O'Grady to which his pecuniary necessities had won him to consent, but which he had never undertaken without feelings of horror and disgust, as well as extreme apprehension of the danger of a discovery, which would probably have so far shocked the public as to do him irreparable mischief in his professional career.

For some little time, therefore, he depended on his legitimate profits to furnish funds for his family expenses; but these were not always sufficient, and an empty purse sometimes drove him to his old resources—resources, however, of which his wife remained wholly ignorant. That he gave lectures occasionally she knew, and that he was every now and then out a great part of the night with his friend O'Grady; but how they were employed, though she sometimes wondered, she was never told.

In the mean time, Lucy, who having yet no child, had a great deal of time to herself, and who had been accustomed in the country to visit and minister to the poor of the neighborhood, had joined a society of benevolent ladies, which had originated in a proposal of Mrs. Fry and a sister of hers, Mrs. Schimmelpennick—a beautiful woman, who married a German, or rather, I believe, a Dutchman—for the purpose of visiting, improving, and relieving the poor of the metropolis. Each lady had her district appointed, and some of these spread over extremely bad neighborhoods; but the founders of this society maintained that, in the very worst, there existed no danger for the visitor; and they themselves fearlessly set the example of going into quarters that less enthusiastic women would have certainly eschewed.

Lucy, however, was an enthusiast both in benevolence and religion; and she would have despised herself for refusing to follow where those she looked up to led. She therefore cheerfully accepted the district appointed to her, which was none of the best; and as experience seemed to confirm the opinion of the presiding ladies, she went amongst all sorts of people without fear—witnessing an immense deal of wretchedness, the consequence of an immense deal of vice, from which generally, though the least corrupted, the women were the deepest sufferers, and it was by them she was most gratefully received. Often when the men were sullen, the wives expressed by their tears feelings they durst not otherwise give vent to—above all, when they saw their sick children relieved and comforted.

Amongst others, there was a house in her district, the ground floor of which was occupied by some people of the name of Vennell. The family consisted of a man and his wife and two children; and although they lived in a great deal of dirt and muddle, and apparent wretchedness, they did not seem to be in any want, which was a circumstance the less to be expected, that Vennell, from all she could learn, was an idle fellow, who followed no regular occupation, and his wife was a sickly woman, not fit for any.

On the whole, it was a very unpromising sort of *menage*; and on Lucy's first visit the woman received her so coldly, saying, amongst other things, that they wanted nothing of her, that she had not repeated it. Being informed, however, some time afterwards, that Mrs. Vennell was very ill, she called, and found her in bed with a rheumatic fever; whereupon she not only sent the district physician to attend her, but being anxious to make an impression on the woman, who, from having rejected her ministrations, she concluded to be more than commonly in want of them, she returned frequently, carrying her such little comforts and indulgences as the funds of the society could afford, and often reading to her for an hour at a time by her bedside. The effect of all this kindness, however, was not very visible. The woman seemed in a certain degree grateful, but she was not softened. She continued close and reserved, and there was a dark, ominous cloud ever on her brow, that produced an involuntary impression against her. Nevertheless, Lucy, whose enthusiasm was only exalted by difficulties, felt that the worse Mrs. Vennell's spiritual condition was, the more she was bound to persevere in her efforts to ameliorate it; so she continued her visits, though by this time the woman was able to rise from her bed, and was fast recovering her usual state of health.

One afternoon, late in the month of October, in the year 1816, Lucy had been visiting her district, and finding she had a little wine to spare, which she thought would be an excuse for a call on Mrs. Vennell, she went round that way. The woman was up, nursing one of her children, both of whom were young; but she looked unusually sallow, and, as Lucy thought, the cloud on her brow lowered darker than ever.

"I've brought you a little wine to strengthen you," she said; "and as I have half an hour to spare, I have something here I should like to read to you."

"I'm obliged to you for the wine," she answered, "but I don't want the reading: it don't do me no good, but just makes me worse like."

"No," said Lucy; "I'm sure what I read can't make you worse; but perhaps it makes you think yourself worse, and that's a good sign. We are in the way to mend when we see how bad we are."

"I can't mend, and it's no use," answered the woman; "it's very well for them as is differently situated, but where one's lot's cast one must bide."

"Nobody's lot is cast in wickedness," answered Lucy.

"That's more than you can tell," said the woman sullenly. "You gentlefolks come among us and bring us wine and doctor's stuff, and no doubt we ought to be thankful, for you're noways obligated to do it; but for your readings and preachings they can't do us no good, 'cause our necessities is stronger than words printed upon paper, and when maybe we might wish to be better than we are, we can't; perhaps there's them as won't let us—sometimes want won't let us."

"All that you say is very sad," answered Lucy; "but depend on it wickedness and impiety can never improve any body's circumstances in the long run, though it may seem so for a little while."

"We poor folks ha'n't no time to look fo'ards," returned Mrs. Vennell. "We must find bread for ourselves and our children from one day to another, and if we can't get it by fair work we must get it which way we can."

"But dishonest ways are like false friends, my good Mrs. Vennell"—

"Don't call me good; what I am I am; I'm no hypocrite."

"And I like you the better for that, and I've the more hope of you."

Mrs. Vennell shook her head, and could not be brought to admit that there was any hope of her; but on the whole, in spite of this disavowal of amendment, Lucy's opinion of her was improved by these late opportunities of observation, and she inclined to think, from several obscure hints she had dropped, that her husband lived by some dishonest practices, in which the wife took her part more or less, though not without certain regrets and longings after a better state. What Vennell's occupation was she did not know; his wife said, in answer to her inquiries, that he "jobbed about," but she had never yet happened to see him.

After some further conversation she took her leave, impressed with the idea that the woman was more than usually uneasy and desponding, and that it was not like the despondency arising from want of the appreciation of it, but more like the darkness of a spirit clouded by a troubled conscience. The door of the house opened into a dismal sort of lane, skirted on the opposite side by a dead-wall of no great height, which divided it from a church-yard; one of those church-yards in the heart of the metropolis, about which so much has lately been written. As Lucy walked up the lane, a man passed her, in company with a deformed lad, who was apparently extremely tipsy. The man was dressed like a laborer, and she looked back after him, wondering if it was Vennell. As she turned her head he turned too, and their eyes met for a moment; but the boy reeled about so distressingly that she hastened on to escape the disagreeable spectacle. Her thoughts a good deal occupied with the state of the woman she had left, she had reached the neighborhood of her own home before she discovered that her bag was left behind. It was a tolerably capacious one, which she usually took with her on these expeditions, as it would carry a small bottle of wine or any other little matters she wished to distribute; and as it happened on the present occasion, it contained about five pounds of money, most of it belonging to the society. The loss of it, therefore, would be serious; and although it was already late, and would involve her not being home at the usual dinner hour, she thought, considering where the thing was left, it would be better to return for it immediately; so she retraced her steps as rapidly as she could, entered the door of the house, which, for the convenience of its various inhabitants, stood always open, and groped her way, for it was now quite dark, towards Vennell's room, the door of which was ajar.

"What signifies?" said a man, as Lucy, hearing his voice, paused a moment, hesitating whether to go forward—"what signifies? I told you they wanted one for the lecture this evening, and there wasn't no time to stand shilly-shally. Set on the water to boil."

"Why couldn't you get one out o' the same place as you got him afore?"

"'Cause I only got the order this morning, and it arn't so easy, woman. There was a rumpus last night out at Islington, where them doctors was, and they was nigh taken; and that's why they sent to me. Make haste with the water, will you! They'll be here afore I'm ready."

Just as he said these words, and as Lucy, having no notion to what their conversation alluded, was about to advance into the room—whether it was chance, or whether he heard some sound that awakened his suspicions, Vennell turned his head and saw her standing in the passage. To rush out, seize her by the arm, drag her into the room and close the door, was the work of an instant.

"Don't scream!" said the woman, darting forwards and laying her hand on Lucy's mouth—"don't scream, and you shan't be hurt."

Lucy did not scream, but she answered with a trembling voice: "I came back for my bag!"

"*I* know what you came back for," said the man; "I saw you watching me in the lane just now."

"Hush!" said the woman; "she did leave her bag here. Let her go, John—she came for no harm."

But the man stood sullenly grasping her arm. "Sit down there!" he said, thrusting her towards a chair—"Sit you down there, I say. Make yourself at home since you are here."

Terrified into silence, she obeyed, and he went behind her; the woman followed him, and presently she heard a struggle, but no words. An indescribable fear that some mischief was preparing for her made her turn her head, and as she did so her eye fell upon the bed, over which a sheet was spread; but under the sheet there lay a form that made her blood turn cold, for she felt certain that it was a corpse. At the same time the woman was holding the man's arm, and endeavoring to wrest some thing out of his hand: the room was lighted only by one dim candle, which shed its gloomy gleams upon this scene of horrors.

"No, no, John!" said the woman—"no, not if I die for it! She's come to see me, and brought me things through all my sickness." But the man did not seem disposed to relinquish his purpose, whatever it was; when suddenly his wife made a thrust at him with all her strength, and threw him backwards on the bed.

"Run!" she cried to Lucy—"run!" making a gesture with her hand towards the door. "Turn the key this way, and as you've a soul to be saved, never tell what you've seen this night."

The fugitive heard the last words as she fled along the passage into the lane; but the man was after her, and she was not six yards in advance of him when she heard the sound of wheels, and a hackney-coach passed. "Save me—save me!" she cried in a frantic voice; but either the driver did not hear her, or he thought it was some drunken squabble which did not call for his interference, as he drove forwards; but the interruption seemed to have changed Vennell's purpose, for she presently reached the end of the lane unpursued, and making all the speed she could till she found herself in a less dangerous neighborhood, she stepped into a coach, and arrived at home long after dinner-time, more dead than alive. Mr. Spencer, she was informed, had been at home, but was gone out to the lecture, very much surprised, and somewhat alarmed at her absence. Exhausted and distressed, she went to bed, and waited his return. At eleven o'clock he came home, very tired, for he had been out nearly the whole of the preceding night. His first words were words of displeasure: "Why had she not been at home at dinner-time?"

"Tell me, Gerald" she answered," where were you all last night!"

"What is that to you?" he asked.

"It's as much to me as it is to you to know where I've been this afternoon!"

"I beg your pardon, Lucy, I was out on business."

"But I want to know what business."

"My dear little wife, men have often business they cannot trust women with."

"On this occasion, Gerald, I beseech you trust me! I never before made any inquiries about your midnight excursions with O'Grady, but now I have very strong motives for doing so."

"What motives?"

"Motives that concern your safety."

"My safety, Lucy!" he replied in some alarm; "where is there any danger!"

"You were at Islington last night, Gerald!"

Mr. Spencer, who had been sitting by the fire warming his feet, rose and walked to the bedside.

"Who told you, Lucy? I hope you have not been induced by any ridiculous jealousy to spy into my business! If you have I shall be very angry. It's a thing I could not put up with in a wife, however much I loved her."

"I see I'm right," she said, sitting up in bed and confronting him, with a pale and haggard countenance. "I hoped I was not; I have been praying that my suspicions might be unfounded. You know a man called Vennell, Gerald?"

"Vennell! What do you mean?"

"A man that lives at the back of St. S— Church. He's a murderer!"

"Nonsense! I see your mistake. But what in the world has brought you in contact with Vennell?"

"There's no mistake. I tell you he is a murderer, and it's you that makes him one! You've been lecturing to-night!"

"Of course I have," answered Mr. Spencer, still incredulous, and still half angry.

"And you had what you call a—subject!"

"Well, if I had! I'll tell you what, Lucy," he said sharply, "if I hadn't had subjects you would not be Mrs. Spencer; so mind your own business, and don't be foolish."

"Oh, Gerald, Gerald! how the love of gain blinds you to right and wrong! The man, Vennell, is a murderer, I say; and I shouldn't be here to tell you so now, but for his wife, who enabled me to make my escape. If it hadn't been for her, you would perhaps have found a subject on your dissecting table you little looked for."

"In the name of God what do you mean, Lucy!" said Mr. Spencer, at length aroused to the belief that there was something more in this agitation of hers than he had believed.

"Tell me, Gerald," she said, "was it a man or a woman you had to-night?"

"A man—at least a boy."

"I thought so," said Lucy, shuddering. "A deformed boy!"

"Yes, a deformed boy. Why!"

Then, amidst tears and anguish, she told him all that had happened; how she had visited the woman, and how strange her demeanor had appeared; how she had met the man and the boy, and the state of intoxication the latter was in; how she had forgotten her bag and returned for it; and finally, how she escaped.

"His fears made him misinterpret my looking back at him; and when he saw me in the passage, he no doubt thought I had witnessed the murder. But I saw no blood," she said; "how was he killed?"

"Suffocated," returned Mr. Spencer; "but I supposed by accident. It was I that was in the coach," he said. "I was going to fetch the body, and I remember hearing a woman cry, but I little imagined whose voice it was."

"Let us be poor to the end of our days, Gerald," said his wife, "rather than get money by such unholy means!"

And Mr. Spencer was sufficiently shocked and alarmed to follow her advice.

What to do about Vennell he did not know. If he accused him, the man had it in his power to make very unpleasant disclosures regarding himself and O'Grady; and besides, Lucy, was extremely unwilling to implicate the unhappy wife. Finally, after some consultation, it was agreed to warn Vennell of his danger, and then to take such measures as would prevent a recurrence of the crime. But the discovery of Williams and his associates immediately afterwards, led to a full exposure of these dreadful practices, and to a more judicious legislation, which put a stop to them by removing the motive.

Lucy's bag was returned, with all its contents safe, by Mrs. Vennell, and the man I have called by that name was transported at the same time that Williams was executed. The young surgeon, whose real name is not of course here given, rose afterwards to considerable eminence in his profession, and, I believe, died within the last ten years.

REMOVAL—Mrs. A. L. PAGAUD respectfully informs her friends and the public that, for the greater convenience and better accommodation of her patrons she has taken the eligible house formerly occupied by E. H. McNair, Esq., on Tritons street, between Peters and Toronto streets, and will remove her High School for Young Ladies from No. 39 Apollo street on Monday next, the 3d of November. 8 11

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA—Academic Department—Session of 1851-'52—UNIVERSITY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, University Place, Common street.—The Fifth Annual Session of this Department commenced on the 1st of October. The Senior Class will be examined on the first Monday of November for promotion to the Collegiate Department. The Principal has the pleasure of announcing that he has secured the valuable services of the following named Professors in the Collegiate Department:

Professor C. S. Duncan, M. A., Greek and Latin Languages and Literature.

Professor Marc Roux, French Language and Literature.

Professor Hermann Kohlmeyer, Ph. D., German and Hebrew Languages.

R. M. Radcliffe, LL.D., Classical and English Department.

Alex. Wm. H. B. Dennis, Classical Language and Literature.

The Principal will have exclusive charge of the Department of Mathematics.

oct 30 3m C. W. SEARS, Principal.

HIGH SCHOOL, corner of Constance and Race sts., by Rev. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. n28 1y

NEW GOODS—P. W. WOODLIEF, No. 13 Chartres street, has just received per steamships Winfield Scott, Union, and Empire City, and by the sailing packets from New York, Boston and Havre, an assortment of Fashionable and Seasonable FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, therefore respectfully invites a call and recherche style, which he now offers WHOLESALE AND RETAIL to his numerous patrons at very reduced prices. Among his assortment in part of the following, viz:

Super Broché Antique Silks; Rich plaid Rare Stripes;
Colored Armure Silks; English, French and American Cashmeres;
Striped Taffeta Silks; A complete assortment of
High cost plain Poult de Soie; Bag'n, German and French
Black Brocade Façonnée; Hosiery;
Extra rich and safin do; Superior white and cord'd Silk
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Embossed Damask and plain GLOVES AND MITTS.
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Extra rich changeable and lo, of every description.
chameleon Poult de Soie; LACE GOODS.
Small plaid high colored do., A large and elegant assort't of
for mixes; Valenciennes, English,
Marcellines and Florences, of French and German Laces,
every shade and color; and do. Embroideries for mantillas.
White and colored Satins; Superior 8-12 and 12-4 Linen
A low price superior heavy Sheetings;
black and colored watered Damask Table Linens and
Poult de Soie; Napkins, new and splendid
Colored Silk Velvets; styles;
Rich Chene satin striped and 4-4 Irish and German Linens
plain Cashmeres d'Ecosse; and Lawns;
French and English Merinos, Linen Cambric Hdfs, plain;
Mousselines de Laine and Embroidered and hemstitched
Alpacas, solid colors, of deed Curtain Stuff, scotch
every variety of shade, Lace and Muslin, Silk and
Plain, striped and plaid Poplins; Worsted Damasks.
Superior black and col'd plain PLANTATION GOODS.
and figured Canton Crapes; Henry Kersey, Lowell, Lin-
A large assortment of white sey, Jeans, Linsey, Osnaburgs, Stripes
and col'd merino'd and plain and Cottonades;
Crape shawls, some extra Super French Red Blankets;
rich; Heavy Grained Plantation do.
Merino, Cashmere and heavy very superior.
rich Silk Shawls;

☞ P. W. W. would especially call the attention of factors and planters to his stock of goods for their use. It is very complete and the articles have been selected with great care and judgment, the result of long experience in that peculiar line. n26 1f

STRAW AND SILK GOODS,
44 CARP STREET, UP STAIRS.

THE undersigned respectfully informs his city and country customers that he has just received a choice and complete assortment of BONNETS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, TRIMMINGS and MILLINERY ARTICLES in general, which he offers at very low prices for cash or approved city paper.

n22 1mlp ISAAC SAWIN, 44 Camp st., up stairs.

NEW MUSIC STORE,
93 *Camp street, three doors below Poydras.*

THE public is respectfully invited to call and examine the large, splendid and complete stock of PIANO FORTES, MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, at the above establishment, consisting in part of:

Grand Piano Fortes, from J. Pleyel & Co., Henri Herz, T. Gilbert & Co., and the best of other makers.
Semi-Grand Pianos, from Henri Herz and Pleyel.
Pianio Pianos and Pianinos, from Herz.
Square Pianos, from Gilbert, Dunham, Wm. Hall & Son, Gale, and others.
The splendid prize Piano, from Wm. Hall & Son, Broadway, New York.
Melodeons from 4 to 6 octaves.
Parlor Organs, in rich carved cases.
The Harmonicon Orchestra, or Organized Piano.
Accordeons, or Guitars, of rich and varied patterns, some of Tomas' make.
Boehm Flutes.
Improved Accordeons, warranted not to get out of tune.
Brass Instruments, from double bass to alto—together with a full assortment of Music, new and old.

☞ HENRY HERZ, the manager of the establishment, and will be at all times ready to wait on his numerous friends.

A room has been fitted up for the especial use of the ladies where they can always try or have tried their music before purchasing. (feb 15) W. T. MAYO.

MILLER, HARRIS & WALDO,
74 *Canal street, New Orleans,*

WHOLESALE and retail dealers in FINE TABLE CUTLERY, Plated, Planished, Japanned and Wooden Ware; Table Mats; Gilt and Bronzed Lamps and Girandoles; Glassware; Plain and Ormolu Fire Matting, and Home Furnishing Goods generally. Sperm and Wax Candles; Sperm, Whale, Lard, Linseed, Neatsfoot and Chemical Oils; Sperm Gas, Camphine, Alcohol, Turpentine, and Paints of all descriptions; Brushes; Window Glass; Putty; White Lead; Sand Paper; Glue; Curled Hair; Hair Seating and Springs; Flowers, Feathers, Soaping, Furniture, Couch, Black Japan and White Damar Varnishes. Also—Picked and Common Moss always for sale.

PRICES OF CAMPHINE:

By the barrel.....50 cents per gallon
By the five gallons.....55 cents per gallon
For a less quantity.....70 cents per gallon
made up. dW

FURNITURE—FURNITURE.—The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of ladies and housekeepers generally to a large and well selected stock of FURNITURE, the cheapest ever offered in this city, consisting in part of Mahogany and Walnut Chairs, Sofas, Divans, Ottomans, Marble Top Centre Tables, Card Tables; Mahogany, Rosewood and Walnut Armoirs; Mahogany and Walnut Bedsteads, Marble Top Bureaus and Wash Stands, Marble Top Sideboards, Extension Dining Tables, Clocks and Time-Pieces, Hair and Shuck Mattresses, Feather Pillows and Bolsters, together with a large lot of common Furniture.

☞ A call is respectfully solicited from those in want of any goods in their line. H. GREEN & CO.

H. GREEN, } 137 Poydras, bet. St. Charles
JOS. G. HERBERT, } and Carondelet streets.
d 6mlp&W

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Stolen, on the night of the 31 instant, from a house on Canal street, a GOLD DUPLEX WATCH, 18 K, W. Bennett (London) makers, No. 8139, gold face, black hands, and double case on the back. As it is an old family relic, the above reward will be paid, and no questions asked. Jewelers and Pawnbrokers, as well as others, are specially requested to be on the look out. Apply to JOHN TOOLE, 25 Bank Place. [oct]

RAN AWAY from the subscriber on the 3d inst., a negro man named ROBERT, aged about 20 years, of grief color, 5 feet 5 or 6 inches high, with long fine hair, and the left arm stiff in the elbow joint. Said negro was purchased from Wm. Cobb, Esq., of the parish of West Feliciana, in this State, on the 8th day of August last, and it is probable that he is lurking about this city, as he was very willing to be sold. A suitable reward will be given for his recovery.

n8 1f F. W. WOODLIEF, 13 Chartres st.

TEACHER OF MUSIC.

☞ MRS. S. CAMPBELL, Teacher of Music on Piano Forte and Guitar, receives pupils at her residence, on Race, near Camp street; also, at the corner of Carondelet and Julia streets. Besides her regular lessons, she Lectures to her pupils once a week on the Science of Music, free of charge. n8 1m

M. H. MEYER, No. 100 Camp street, Wholesale maker and dealer in JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, FANCY ARTICLES, and WATCHES. All jewelry articles repaired at moderate prices. n8 1m

TO PLANTERS — 3000 pairs MUD AND DITCHING BOOTS,
In store and for sale by
A. P. DUNBAR & CO.
34 and 36 Common street.

OFFICIAL.

RECORDER'S OFFICE, MUNICIPALITY NO. TWO, New Orleans, November 4, 1851.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned is ready to receive a limited number of Indigent Orphans residing within the limits of this Municipality, and that they will be provided for at the expense of the Municipality, agreeably to an ordinance of the Council, passed October 11, 1851. None but orphans having neither father nor mother need apply.

JAMES H. CALDWELL, Recorder.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.
MUNICIPALITY NUMBER TWO.

ALL persons who have present applications for correction of the Assessment Rolls, are hereby notified to present themselves at the private office of the undersigned, Room No. 11 Municipal Hall, at 5 o'clock, P. M., this day, when the applications will be considered.

JAMES H. CALDWELL, Recorder.

NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS.
RECORDER'S OFFICE, MUNICIPALITY NO. TWO, New Orleans, October 1, 1851.

THE ASSESSMENT ROLLS of this Municipality are now open for examination and correction at the office of the Secretary of the Council, in Municipal Hall, room No. 11, and will remain open during thirty days from this date, according to law. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily.

ot 1mlt JAMES H. CALDWELL, Recorder.

FILLING OF LOTS.
SURVEYOR'S OFFICE, SECOND MUNICIPALITY, New Orleans, September 11, 1851.

RESOLVED, That the Surveyor be, and he is hereby authorized to give notice in the official paper to all owners of lots in the Municipality that require filling up, to cause the same to be done, in accordance with the provisions of an ordinance passed August 27, 1851.

In virtue of the above resolution, notice is hereby given to all owners of lots in the Second Municipality requiring to be filled up, to cause the same to be done in thirty days from the date hereof, under a penalty of five dollars per day, moreover, before any court of competent jurisdiction, for every day thereafter that said lots remain unfilled; and that the Surveyor will have all lots that remain unfilled after thirty days from notification, filled at the expense of the owners.

HUGH GRANT,
all Surveyor of the Second Municipality.

Public Night School, 2d Municipality.

THIS SCHOOL will be open nightly for six months, from Monday, 6th inst., from half-past 6 to 9 o'clock P. M.—the Male Department at the Marshall School-house, on St. Mary's street, under the superintendence of Mr. James Blackman as Principal; and the Female Department at the Franklin School-house, on St. Charles street, in charge of Mrs. Julia Bartlett. Applications for admission may be made to the President of the Board, either of the undersigned or the Principals.

J. O. HARRIS, } Committee.
O. LARRAZ, }
FRED'K CAMERDEN, }
oct 6m

Proposals for an Illuminated Clock.

COUNCIL OF MUNICIPALITY NO. TWO, City of New Orleans, Sitting of October 14, 1851.

IN virtue of a resolution of the Council, adopted at the sitting of the 14th inst., the undersigned gives notice that the Committee on Streets and Landings will receive proposals until the 5th of November next for the furnishing and erection of a Tower Clock, with four illuminated dials, in the tower of St. Patrick's Church, on Camp street. The bids must specify the kind and qualities of the clock, the terms on which it will be furnished and at what time it will be completed. Security in the amount of the bid will be required for the faithful performance of the contract. Bids will be left at the office of the Secretary of the Council, and endorsed "Proposals for furnishing and erecting a town clock."

HENRY RENSHAW,
o24 Chairman Committee on Streets and Landings.

Mayoralty of New Orleans,
OCTOBER 15, 1851.

COUNCIL OF MUNICIPALITY NO. TWO, Sitting of October 14, 1851.

RESOLVED, That the Mayor be authorized and requested, after giving ten days' notice in the official paper of this Municipality, to sell at public auction, in accordance with fine and specifications on file in the office of the Surveyor, the contract for painting the external walls, etc., of the Washington, Fish, Franklin and Marshall school-houses, and also the carpenter's work on the Washington, Franklin and Marshall school-houses, subject to the approval of the Council.

[Signed] JAMES H. CALDWELL, President.
Approved October 15, 1851.
[Signed] A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.
True copy: H. BIRR, Clerk.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 15, 1851.

NOTICE is hereby given, in virtue of the above resolution, that I will sell, at my office, on MONDAY Nov. 10, at 12 o'clock M., to the lowest bidder, the contracts for painting and repairing the St. Mary Vegetable Market. The work will be done in accordance with the specifications of the Surveyor.

o19 A. D. CROSSMAN, Mayor.

Specification

For Painting and Plastering, and for certain repairs on the St. Mary's Vegetable Market.

Such repairs as are necessary to the slating of roof must be done so as to prevent leakage.

The truncated portion, or flat part of the roof, is to be stripped of the zinc covering.

The timbers of roof to be well fastened where required, and the shingles nailed down.

This part to be then covered with a tin covering, laid in best workmanlike manner, and reminting up against the back of the roof, and turned up flat to the top, over which it is to lay up as far down as last tier from 3 inches on the other side. Then the main roof to be laid with 12 inches under the long end and 7 inches at the ends, reversed on the pediment or basement of the upper all round, and to lay down over the slated parts of roof not less than 12 inches.

The present tinned walls of and pediment will be removed and best tinned ridge put on, and the 1 inch copper boards substituted, in good workmanlike manner, dispensing in two offices as the present structure, but without the cornice, which is to be done away with, and a flat cornice, as per drawing in the Surveyor's office, to be placed on the basement or pediment at round, of sufficient strength and adapted for a load of twice the weight of the present bell—which cupola will be octagon shaped, with six sides, framed as per drawing, over panel basement, between plinth area: on each of the slated sides, as per plan. The cross timbers for bell to be 5 by 10 inches sound cypress, the rafters 3 by 6 inches yellow pine, the sheeting 1 inch cypress, and the covering to be of good slate, laid to suit the colors, color and cut to answer the distinctness which towards the pinnacle head of the roof. The slates to lap not less than 3½ inches. And the pinnacle head of the roof to be as per plan, will be of best red cedar, secured well to the timbers of the rafters and in workmanlike manner.

Blinds of cupola to be painted with three coats French green, the rest of wood work to be well painted with three coats good white paint, all on the outside, with the exception of the blinds, which will be painted on both sides.

All the outside, other than of the market, or of the market awning, shall be painted with two coats good red paint, same as at present. The facia of the awning, which shall be a new facia of cypress with convex moulding, must be painted with three coats best white paint.

The whole setting of the market will be newly painted with three coats paint, the last of which hard finish, with the ceiling repaired where nec