The Daily Crescent.

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The Daily Crescent

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BY J. H. MADDOX.

OFFICE.....No. 92 ST. CHARLES STREET.

Song.

The following graceful song we find in the Evening Post of the year 1802, "from the pen of a distant friend," as the editor says. Who was the writer?

In briery dell or thicket brown
On mountain high, in lonely vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet-fern scents the passing gale.
There hop the birds from bush to tree.
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is love and liberty.

No parent bird shall love direct,
His fair he seeks in plumy throng,
Caught by the plumage of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song.
They sing and hill from bush to tree.
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes.
Their song is love and liberty.

Some airy songster's feathered shape,
Oh! could my love and I assume,
The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume,
Oh! then we'd sport from bush to tree.
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be love and liberty.

The Story of Ireland.

The moorland was wide, level, and black, black as night, if you could suppose night condensed on the surface of the earth, and that you could tread on solid darkness in the midst of day. The day itself was indeed fast dropping into night, although it was dreary and gloomy at the best; for it was a November day. The moor, for miles around, was treeless and houseless; devoid of vegetation, except heather, which clad with its gloomy frieze coat the shivering landscape. At a distance you could discern, through the misty atmosphere, the outline of mountains apparently as bare and stony as this wilderness, which they bounded. There were no fields, no hedgerows, no marks of the hand of man, except the lakefowns itself, which was the work of man, in past ages; when, period after period, he had tramped over the scene with fire and sword, and left all that could not fly before him, either ashes to be scattered by the savage winds, or stems of trees, and carcases of men trodden into the swampy earth. As the Roman historian said of other destroyers, "They created solitude, and called it peace." That all this was the work of man, and not of Nature, any one spot of this huge and howling wilderness could testify, if you would only turn up its sable surface. In its bosom lay thousands of ancient oaks and pines, black as ebony; which told, by the irrigantic bulk, that forests must have once existed on this spot, as rich as the scene now is bleak. Nobler things than trees lay buried there; but were, for the most part, resolved into the substance of the inky earth. The dwellings of men had left few or no traces, for they had been consumed in flames; and the hearts that had loved, and suffered, and perished beneath the hand of violence and insult, were no longer human hearts, but shine. If a man were carried blindfold to that place, and asked when his eyes were unbandaged where he was, he would say—"Ireland!"

He would want no clue to the identity of the place, but the scene before him. There is no heath like an Irish heath. There is no solitude like an Irish desolation. Where Nature herself has spread the expanse of a solitude, it is a cheerful solitude. The air flows over it lovingly; the flowers nod and dance in gladness; the soil breathes up a spirit of wild fragrance, which communicates a buoyant sensation to the heart. You feel that you tread on ground where the peace of God, and not the "peace" of man created in the merciless hurricane of war, has sojourned; where the sun shone on creatures sporting on ground or on tree, as the Divine Goodness of the Universe meant them to sport; where the hunter disturbed alone the enjoyment of the lower animals by his own boisterous joy; where the traveler sang as he went over it, because he felt a spring of inexpressible music in his heart; where the weary wayfarer sat beneath a bush, and blessed God, though his limbs ached with travel, and his goal was far off. In God's desert dwells gladness; in man's deserts, death. A melancholy smites you as you enter them. There is a glorious strength in the past that envelops your heart, and the moans and sighs of ten times perpetrated misery seem still to live in the very winds.

One shallow and widely-spread stream struggled through the moor; sometimes between masses of gray stone. Sedges and the white-headed cotton-rush whistled on its margin, and on island-like expanses that here and there rose above the surface of its middle course.

I have said that there was no sign of life; but on one of those gray stones stood a heron watching for prey. He had remained straight, rigid and motionless for hours. Probably his appetite was appeased by his day's success among the trout of that dark red-brown stream, which was colored by the peat from which it oozed. When he did move he sprung up at once, stretched his broad wings, and, silent as the scene around him, made a circuit in the air; rising higher as he went, with slow and solemn flight. He had been startled by a sound. There was life in the desert now. Two horsemen came galloping along a highway not far distant, and the heron, continuing his grave gyrations, surveyed them as he went. Had they been travelers over a plain in India, an Australian waste, or the Pampas of South America, they could not have been grimmer of aspect, or more thoroughly children of the wild. They were Irish from head to foot.

They were mounted on two spare, but by no means clumsy horses. The creatures had marks of blood and breed that had been introduced by the English to the country. They could claim, if they knew it, lineage of Arabia. The one was a poor bay, the other, and lesser, was black; but both were lean as death, haggard as famine. They were wet with the speed with which they had been hurried along. The soil of the damp moorland, or of the field in which, during the day, they had probably been drawing the peasant's cart, still smeared their bodies, and their manes flew as wildly and untrimmed as the sedge or the cotton rush on the wastes through which they careered. Their riders, wielding each a heavy stick instead of a riding whip, which they applied ever and anon to the shoulders or flanks of their smoking animals, were mounted on their bare backs, and guided them by halter, instead of bridle. They were a couple of the short frieze-coated, knee-breeches and gray-stocking fellows, who are as plentiful on Irish soil as potatoes. From beneath their narrow-brimmed, old, weather-beaten hats, streamed hair as unkemped as their horses' manes. The Celtic physiognomy was distinctly marked—the small and somewhat upturned nose, the black tint of skin, the eye, now looking gray, now black; the freckled cheek and sandy hair. Beard and whiskers covered half the face, and the short, square-shouldered bodies were bent forward with eager impatience, as they thumped and kicked along their horses, muttering curses as they went.

The heron, sailing on broad and seemingly slow vans, still kept them in view. Anon, they reached a part of the moorland where traces of human labor were visible. Black piles of peat stood on the solitary ground, ready, after a summer's cutting and drying. Presently, patches of cultivation presented themselves; plots of ground raised on beds each a few feet wide, with intervening trenches to carry off the boggy water, where potatoes had grown, and small fields where grew more stalks of ragwort than grass, enclosed by banks cast up and tipped here and there with a briar or a stone. It was the husbandry of misery and indigence. The ground had already been freshly manured by seaweeds, but the village—where was it? Blotches of burnt ground, scorched heaps of rubbish, and fragments of blackened walls, alone were visible. Garden plots were trodden down, and their few bushes rent up, or hung with tatters of rags. The two horsemen, as they hurried by with gloomy visages, uttered no more than a single word:—"Eviction!"

Further on, the ground heaved itself into a chaotic confusion. Stony heaps swelled up here and there, naked, black, and barren: the huge bones of the earth protruded themselves through her skin. Shattered rocks arose, sprinkled with bushes, and smoke curled up from what looked like mere heaps of rubbish; but which were in reality human habitations. Long dry grass hissed and rustled in the wind on their roofs (which were sunk by-places, as if falling in,) and pits of reeking filth seemed placed exactly to prevent access to some of the low doors; while, to others, a few stepping-stones made that access only possible. Here the two riders stopped, and hurriedly tying their steeds to an elder bush, disappeared in one of the cabins.

The heron slowly sailed on to the place of its regular roost. Let us follow it.

Far different was this scene to those the bird had left. Lofty trees darkened the steep slopes of a fine river. Rich meadows lay at the feet of woods and stretched down to the stream. Herds of cattle lay on them, chewing their cuds after the plentiful grazing of the day. The white walls of a noble house peeped, in the dusk of night, through the fertile timber which stood in proud guardianship of the mansion; and broad winding walks gave evidence of a place where nature and art had combined to form a paradise. There were ample pleasure-grounds. Alas! the grounds around the cabins over which the heron had so lately flown, might be truly styled pain-grounds.

Within that home was assembled a happy family. There was the father, a fine-looking man of forty. Proud you would have deemed him, as he sat for a moment abstracted in his cushioned chair; but a moment afterwards, as a troop of children came bursting into the room, his manner was instantly changed into one so pleasant, so playful and so overflowing with enjoyment, that you saw him only as an amiable, glad, domestic man. The mother, a handsome woman, was seated already at the tea-table; and, in another minute, sounds of merry voices and childish laughter were mingled with the jocose tones of the father, and the playful accents of the mother; addressed now to one and now to another, of the youthful group.

In due time the merriment was hushed, and the household assembled for evening prayer. A numerous train of servants assumed their accustomed places. The father read. He then paused once or twice, and glanced with a stern and surprised expression toward the group of domestics, for he heard sounds that astonished him from one corner of the room near the door. He went on—"Remember the children of Eden, O Lord, in the day of judgment, how they said, down with it, down with it, even to the ground. O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery, yes, happy shall he be who rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!"

There was a burst of smothered sobs from the same corner, and the master's eye flashed with a strange fire as he again darted a glance toward the offender. The lady looked, equally surprised, in the same direction; then turned a meaning look on her husband—a warm flush was succeeded by a paleness in her countenance, and she cast down her eyes. The children wondered, but were still. Once more the father's sonorous voice continued, "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Again the stifled sound was repeated. The brow of the master darkened again—the mother looked agitated; the children's wonder increased; the master closed the book, and the servants, with constrained silence, retired from the room.

"What can be the matter with old Dennis?" exclaimed the lady, the moment that the door had closed on the household. "O! what is amiss with poor old Dennis!" exclaimed the children.

"Some stupid folly or other," said the father, morosely. "Come, away to bed, to children; you can learn Dennis's troubles another time." The children would have lingered, but again the words "Away with you!" in a tone which never needed repetition, were decisive; they kissed their parents and withdrew. In a few seconds the father rang the bell. "Send Dennis Cruggan here."

The old man appeared. He was a little thin man, of not less than seventy years of age, with white hair and a dark spare countenance. He was one of those many nondescript servants in a large Irish house whose duties are curiously miscellaneous. He had, however, shown sufficient zeal and fidelity through a long life, to secure a warm nook in the servants' hall for the remainder of his days.

Dennis entered with an humble and timid air, as conscious that he had deeply offended; and had to dread, at least, a severe rebuke. He bowed profoundly to both the master and mistress.

"What is the meaning of your interruptions during the prayers, Dennis?" demanded the master, abruptly. "Has any thing happened to you?"

"No, sir."

"Any thing amiss in your son's family?"

"No, your honor."

"The interrogator paused; a storm of passion seemed slowly gathering within him. Presently he asked, in a loud tone, "What does this mean? Was there no place to vent your nonsense in, but in this room, and at prayers?"

Dennis was silent. He cast an imploring look at the master, then at the mistress.

"What is the matter, good Dennis?" asked the lady, in a kind tone. "Compose yourself, and tell us. Something strange must have happened to you."

Dennis trembled violently; but he advanced a couple of paces, seized the back of a chair to support him, and after a vain gasp or two, declared, as intelligibly as fear would permit, that the prayer had overcome him.

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed the master, with fury in the same face, which was so lately beaming with joy on the children. "Nonsense! speak out without more ado, or you shall rue it."

Dennis looked to the mistress as if he would have implored her intercession; but as she gave no sign of it, he was compelled to speak; but in a brogue that would have been unintelligible to English ears. We therefore translate it:

"I could not help thinking of the poor people at Rathbeg, when the soldiers and police cried, 'Down with them! down with them, even to the ground!' and thinking of the poor bit cabins and all in fire and smoke, amid the howls and cries of the poor creatures. Oh! it was a fearful sight, your honor—it was, indeed—to see the poor women hugging their babies, and the houses where they were born burning in the wind. It was dreadful to see the old bed-ridden man lie on the wet ground among the few bits of furniture, and groan to his gracious God above. Oh, your honor! you never saw such a sight, or—you—sure a—it would never have been done!"

Dennis seemed to let the last words out as if they were jerked from him by a sudden shock.

The master, whose face had changed during this speech to a livid hue of passion, his eyes blazing with rage, was in the act of rushing on old Dennis, when he was held back by his wife, who exclaimed—"Oswald! be calm; let us hear what Dennis has to say. Go on, Dennis—go on!"

The master stood still, breathing hard to overcome his rage. Old Dennis, as if seeing only his thoughts, went on—"O, bless your honor! if you had seen that poor frantic woman when the back of the cabin fell, and buried her infant, where she thought she had laid her safe for a moment, while she flew to part her husband and a soldier, who had struck the other children with the flat of his sword, and bade them to troop off! Oh, your honor, but it was a killing sight! It was that came over me in the prayer, and I feared that we might be praying perdition on us all, when we prayed about our trespasses. If the poor creatures of Rathbeg should meet us, your honor, at Heaven's gate (I was thinking) and say—"These are the heathens that would not let us have a poor hearthstone in poor ould Ireland." And that was all, your honor, that made me misbehave so; I was just thinking of that, and I could not help it."

"Begone! you old fool!" exclaimed the master, and Dennis disappeared, with a bow, and an alertness, that would have done credit to his earlier years.

There was a moment's silence after his exit. The lady turned to her husband, and clasping his arm with her hands, and looking into his darkened countenance with a look of tenderest anxiety, said:

"Dearest Oswald, let me, as she so often done, once more entreat these dreadful evictions may cease. Surely there must be some way to avert them and set your property right, without such violent measures."

The stern proud man said, "Then, why, in the name of Heaven, do you not reveal some other remedy? Why do you not enlighten all Ireland? Why don't you instruct Government? The unhappy wretches who have been swept away by force are no people, no tenants of mine. They squatted themselves down, as a swarm of locusts fix themselves while a green blade is left. They obstruct all improvement; they will not till the ground themselves; nor will they quit it to allow me to provide more industrious and provident husbandmen to cultivate it. Land that teems with fertility, and is shut out from bearing and bringing forth food for man, is accursed. Those who have been evicted not only rob me, but their more industrious fellows."

"They will murder us," said the wife, "some day for these things. They will"—

Her words were cut short suddenly by her husband starting, and standing in a listening attitude. "Wait a moment," he said, with a peculiar calmness, as if he had just got a fresh thought; and his lady, who did not comprehend what was the cause, but hoped that some better influence was touching him, loosed her hands from his arm. "Wait just a moment," he repeated, and stepped from the room, opened the front door, and, without his hat, went out.

"He is intending to cool down his anger," thought his wife: "he feels a longing for the freshness of the air." But she had not caught the sound which had startled his quicker, because more excited ear; she had been too much engrossed by her own intercession with him; it was a peculiar whine from the mastiff, which was chained near the lodge gate, that had arrested his attention. He stepped out. The black clouds which overhung the moor had broken, and the moon's light struggled between them.

The tall and haughty man stood erect in the breeze and listened. Another moment, there was a shot, and he fell headlong upon the broad steps on which he stood. His wife sprang with a piercing shriek from the door, and fell on his corpse. A crowd of servants gathered about them, making wild lamentations, and breathing vows of vengeance. The murdered master and the wife were borne into the house.

The heron soared from its lofty perch, and wheeled with terrified wings through the night air. The servants armed themselves; and rushing furiously from the house, traversed the surrounding masses of trees. Fierce dogs were let loose, and dashed frantically through the thickets. All was, however, too late. The soaring heron saw gray figures, with blackened faces, stealing away—often on their hands and knees—down the hollows of the moorlands towards the village; where the two Irish horsemen had, in the first dusk of evening, tied their lean steeds to the old elder bush.

Near the mansion no lurking assassin was to be found. Meanwhile two servants, pistol in hand, on a couple of their master's horses, scoured hill and dale. The heron, sailing solemnly on the wind above, saw them halt in a little town. They thundered with the butt ends of their pistols on a door in the principal street. Over it there was a coffin-shaped board displaying a painted crown, and the big-lettered words, "Police Station." The mounted servants shouted with might and main. A night-capped head issued from a chamber casement with—"What is the matter?"

"Out with you, Police! out with all your strength, and lose not a moment; Mr. Fitz Gibbon, of Sporeen, is shot at his own door."

The casement was hastily clapped to, and the two horsemen galloped forward up the long, broad street; now flooded with the moon's light. Heads full of terror were thrust from upper windows to inquire the cause of that rapid galloping; but ever too late. The two men held their course up a steep hill outside of the town, where stood a vast building overlooking the whole place. It was the barracks. Here the alarm was also given.

In less than an hour, a mounted troop of police in olivp green costume, with pistols at holster, sword by side, and carbine on the arm, were trotting briskly out of town, accompanied by the two messengers, whom they plied with eager questions. These answered, and sundry imprecations vented, the whole party increased their speed, and went on, mile after mile, by hedgerow and open moorland, talking as they went.

Before they reached the house of Sporeen, and near the village where the two Irish horsemen had stopped the evening before, they halted, and formed themselves into more orderly array. A narrow gully was before them on the road, hemmed in on each side by rocky steeps here and there overhung with bushes. The commandant bade them be on their guard, for there might be danger there. He was right; for the moment they began to trot through the pass, the flash and rattle of fire-arms from the thickets above saluted them, followed by a wild yell. In a second, several of their number lay dead or dying on the road. The fire was returned promptly by the police; but it was at random, for although another discharge, and another howl, announced that the enemy was still there, no one could be seen. The head of the police commanded his troop to make a dash through the pass; for there was no scaling the heights from this side; the assailants having warily posted themselves there, because at the foot of an eminence were stretched on either hand impassable bogs. The troop dashed forward, firing their pistols as they went; but were met by such deadly discharges of fire-arms as threw them into confusion, killed and wounded several of their horses, and made them hastily retreat.

There was nothing for it, but to await the arrival of the cavalry; and it was not long before the clatter of horses' hoofs and the ringing of sabres were heard on the road. On coming up, the troop of cavalry, firing to the right and left on the hill sides, dashed forward, and, in the same instant, cleared the gully in safety; the police having kept their side of the pass. In fact, not a single shot was returned; the arrival of this strong force having so intimidated the insurgents to decamp. The cavalry in full charge ascended the hills, to their summits. Not a foe was to be seen, except one or two dying men, who were discovered by their groans.

The moon had been for a time quenched in a dense mass of clouds, which now were blown aside by a keen and cutting wind. The heron, soaring over the desert, could now see gray-coated men flying in different directions to the shelter of the neighboring hills. The next day he was startled from his dreamy reveries near the moorland stream, by the shouts and galloping of mingled police and soldiers, as they gave chase to a couple of haggard, bare-headed, and panting peasants.

These were soon captured, and at once recognized as belonging to the evicted inhabitants of the recently deserted village.

Since then, years have rolled on. The heron, who had been startled from his quiet haunts, by these things, was still dwelling on the lofty tree with his kindred, by the hall of Sporeen. He had reared family after family in that airy lodgment, as spring after spring came round; but no family, after that fatal time, had ever frightened the mansion. The widow and children had flew from it so soon as Mr. FitzGibbon had been laid in the grave. The nettle and dock flourished over the scorched ruins of the village of Rathbeg: dark moss and wild grass tangled the proud drives and walks of Sporeen. All the woodland rides and pleasure grounds lay obstructed with briars; and young trees, in time grew luxuriantly where once the roller in its rounds could not crush a weed; the nimble frolics of the squirrels were now the only merry things where formerly the feet of lovely children had sprung with elastic joy.

The curse of Ireland was on the place. Landlord and tenant, gentleman and peasant, each with the roots and shoots of many virtues in their hearts, thrown into a false position by the mutual injuries of ages, had wreaked on each other the miseries sown broadcast by their ancestors. Beneath this foul spell, men who would, in any other circumstances, have been the happiest and the noblest of mankind, became tyrants; and peasants, who would have glowed with grateful affection towards them, existed in being their assassins. As the traveler rode past the decaying hall, the gloomy woods, and waste black moorlands of Sporeen, he read the riddle of Ireland's fate, and asked himself when the Œdipus would arise to solve it.

DRUGGISTS' WAREHOUSE — The subscribers have just received and offer for sale the following:

Wedgewood Pestles and Mortars.
Funels.
Glass Syringes, ½ and 1 oz., male.
1 oz., female.
Nursing Bottles, Nipple Shells.
Homœopathic Vials, ½, 1 and 2 drachms.
Vials, assorted sizes. Lubin's extra Vials.
Marin Tincture Bottles, assorted sizes.
Castor Oil Bottles, 1 and 2 oz.
Apothecaries' Scales and Weights.
Fleting Lancets, Spatules.
Tin Foils, Nos. 8 and 10, etc. etc.

E. J. HART & CO. 79 Tchoupitoulas st.

SUPERIOR Madeira Wines and Sazerac Brandies—
vi1. Olivaria & Co. superior Old Reserve Madeira Wine, vintage of 1838.
vi1. Olivaria & Co. very choice Palbitinho Madeira Wine, vintage of 1838.
J. Olivaria & Co. London Market Madeira Wine, vintage of 1838.
The celebrated Sazerac Brandies, vintages of 1795, 1798, 1834, 1835, 1837, 1848; of which we invite the attention of connoisseurs and the trade generally, being of our own importations.
WM. E. LEVERICH & CO.,
nl5 3m Sole Agents in the city, 34 Old Levee.

FRUITS, Etc.—
5000 boxes Raisins—wholes, halves and quarters.
100 casks Zante Currants.
300 mats Cassa.
250 drums new Smyrna Figs.
100 bags S. S. Almonds.
1000 boxes No. 1 Fire Crackers, etc. e.c.
Just received and for sale by
n26 A. F. COUTHAN & CO. 27 Tchoupitoulas st.

SUNDRIES—Ex ships Brunswick, New England and Jenny, from Bordeaux—
125 casks Claret.
125 bbls. White Wine.
500 boxes Claret.
25 boxes very superior Claret.
50 boxes assorted French Fruits.
10 boxes Almonds.
2 half pipes extra fine Brandy.
12 boxes Brandy Cherries.....for sale by
n21 2w A. D. GRIEF & CO. 87 and 89 Old Levee.

BARELLI & CO., 61 Common street, offer for sale the following to close different consignments—
Cognac Brandy; Madeira and Port Wine;
Cod Liver Oil; Saltpetre;
Essences of Bergamot, Lemon, Orange and Rose;
Walnuts and Lentils;
St. Julien Street, corner of Camp street, in house.

JAMAICA GINGER—Tucker's celebrated Cordial Elixir of Jamaica Ginger, for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Diarrhœa, etc. etc. Also—Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger, for sale by
P. L. MASSEY, Apothecary,
n7 corner of Camp and Gravier sts.

CAROLINA RICE — Now landing ex brig Telegraph, from Charleston, 50 casks superior new crop Carolina Rice, for sale by
n19 BARELLI & CO. 61 Common st.

CIGARS—200,000 assorted qualities, for sale by
n26 I. W. ARTHUR & CO. 29 and 29 New Levee.

DRY GOODS, ETC.

S. E. GRUMAN & CO.,
36 MAGAZINE STREET, CORNER GRAVIER,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS
of every description of
Fashionable Hats.

MOLESKIN HATS.	SOFT FRENCH HATS.
BEAVER "	MEXICAN "
SILK "	HUNGARIAN "
CASSIMERE "	BEAVER "
ANGOLA "	R. N. RUSSIA "
WOOL and GLAZED HATS.	

Also—Of Men's, Boys', Youths' and Children's CAPS, PLUSH, OTTER, VELVET, ARMY, SEAL, CLOTH, NAVY, HAIR, GLAZED.

Being heavy manufacturers and direct importers, our goods are got up expressly for the South and South-west; and we are confident that we can offer

Greater Inducements

Both in style and quality, than can be had at most other houses.

☞ The entitled business of BELDEN & Co. will be closed by us. S. E. GRUMAN & CO.,
n22 tf 36 Magazine st.

MRS. M. BRYAN and Mrs. M. A. WENTZ

Respectfully inform the ladies of New Orleans and its vicinity that they have opened a MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT at No. 108 Canal street, near the corner of Bourbon, where they will keep a general assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods, which they will sell at moderate prices. Country orders promptly attended to. Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered in the most fashionable style. n15 tm

LADIES, TAKE NOTICE!—As Mrs. MOODY, (formerly Mrs. Campbell,) at the corner of Poydras and Carondelet streets, has most positively determined to close out her stock of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS within a few weeks, so as to retire from business with the season, it is her intention that her customers who have so liberally patronized her during the past four years shall have the opportunity of making some purchases at fifty per cent. lower than the same goods can be found elsewhere. Mrs. M. prefers selling out her stock in bargains to her friends, rather than by auction. n1 tf

Mrs. C. RODDY,
Corner of Carondelet and Julia streets,
RESPECTFULLY begs leave to call the attention of the ladies, and the public generally, to her large and extensive assortment of English, French, Swiss and SUNBETTS, as well as every article in the MILLINERY line. Her assortment is equal to that of any other establishment in the city, and her prices are as moderate.
☞ Mrs. R. would inform the ladies that she has received the LATEST MODES for many years in this city, and is prepared to give the latest selections to those who may favor her with a call. n1 tf
Bonnets cleaned for Fifty Cents.

NEW GOODS—P. W. WOODLIEF, No. 13 Chartres street, has just received per steamships Winfield Scott, Union and Empire City, per Express packets from New York, Boston and Havre, an assortment of Fashionable and Seasonable FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, to which he invites the attention of buyers and retailers, which he now offers WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, to his numerous patrons at very reduced prices. The stock consists in part of the following, viz:
Brocade Brocade Silks; Rich Lace Mantillas;
Colored Armure Silks; English, French and American Cottons;
Striped Taffeta Silks;
High col. plain Point de Soie;
Black Brocade Façonnée;
Extra rich solid do;
Changeable Taffeta do;
Embroid'd Damask and plain Point de Soie;
Extra rich changeable and chameleon Point de Soie;
Small plain high colored do.
Mousselines de Laine and Florences, of every shade and color;
White and colored Satins;
A few pieces superior heavy black and colored watered Point de Soie;
Colored Silk Velvets;
Rich Chene Satin striped and plain Cashmere d'Ecosse;
French and English Merinos;
Mousselines de Laine and Alpacas, solid colors, of every variety of shade;
Plain, striped and plaid Poplins;
Superior black and col'd plain and figured Canton Crapes;
A large assortment of white and colored d'laines and Grape shawls, some extra rich;
Merino, Cassimere and heavy rich Silk Shawls;
Embroidered Cambric Robes, plain Cambric and Swiss do. do.
Embroidered Cambric Sets, embroidered Cambric Skirts, embroidered Cambric Collars and Sleeves;
Lace Cambric Handkerchiefs, plain Cambric and Swiss do. do.
Embroidered Cambric Sets, embroidered Cambric Skirts, embroidered Cambric Collars and Sleeves;
Lace and Muslin, Silk and Satin Pelerines;
Lace and Muslin Dress Caps;
Superior French Bed Blankets;
Heavy Plantation do, very superior.
☞ P. W. W. would specially call the attention of factors and planters to his stock of goods for their use. It is very convenient that all the articles he has selected with great care and judgment, the result of long experience in that particular line. n25 tf

STRAW AND SILK GOODS,
54 CANAL 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.
n21 6mlp ISAAC SAWIN, 41 Camp st., up stairs.

SILK and WOOLEN HATS and BROGANS, at Eastern manufacturers' prices, at No. 55 Carondelet street.
n21 1w* JOHN B. GROVES & SON.

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS — 3000 cases Boots, Shoes and Brogans, in store and for sale by A. F. DUNBAR & CO.
mh15 tf 54 and 56 Common st.

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS and PLANTERS—The undersigned are now receiving a fresh supply of Russet Brogans and Mud Boots, together with a general assortment of Boots, Shoes and Brogans, which they offer for sale on accommodating terms.
n14 A. F. DUNBAR & CO. 54 and 56 Common st.

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS.—1195 pairs of Boots, Shoes and Brogans, landing from ships Susan Hincks, Robt. Hastings, Flavius and Harrisburg, for sale on liberal terms, by
A. F. DUNBAR & CO.
n14 54 and 56 Common street.

HATS! HATS! HATS!
Now landing per ships Monmouth, Hero and Manilla, a few cases of Fall Style Moleskins, Beavers, Beaters, and a complete assortment of Men's and Boys' Hats, for sale by
o7 WM. J. FREEMAN, 17 Customhouse st.

W. J. FREEMAN, (successor to JOHN DUBRIDGE & Co.,) respectfully invites planters, merchants and traders in general to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he is constantly receiving from the North fresh arrivals of the following goods:
MOLESKINS, ANGOLAS, MEXICANS, MATELOTS, UNION COMPROMISES AND CUPA HATS, etc. etc.
BOYS' UNIONS, BOYS' MEXICANS, BOYS' MATELOTS, other Caps.
CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, with Feathers, etc.
For sale low, for cash or approved paper, at
n27 tm W. J. FREEMAN, 17 Customhouse st.

ECLIPSE STABLES,
BATES FORDNEY, PROPRIETOR—On Philippe street, opposite Union, Horses at all times to let, either in harness or saddle.
Several fine Horses on hand for sale.
A prime lot of Kentucky Mules for sale, on reasonable terms. n14 tf

DR. LACRUZE'S, of Paris, TOOTH AND GUM SPECIFIC.
THIS is beyond a doubt, the best article ever discovered for the Teeth and Gums. It keeps the Teeth free from tartar, and renders the breath sweet to health and firmness, and consequently a sweet breath. For proof of the above facts, see circulars. To be had of the Agents, viz: CLARKE & ALLISON, St. Charles street.
P. L. MASSEY, cor. Camp and Gravier.
J. WEBSTER, 151 Royal street.
J. SYMS, cor. Canal and Carondelet.
A. RENDALL & CO., Magazine street.
Shipping orders promptly supplied.
C. NYSTRAND, cor. Apollo and Chartres.
GEO. REED, cor. Navigation and Rampart.
H. KALTENBACH, Jackson and Levee streets, Lafayette; and of the MANUFACTURER,
n24 1y1p 104 Baronne street, N. O.

MILLER, HARRIS & WALDO,
74 *Canal street, New Orleans,*
WHOLESALE, AND retail dealers in FINE TABLE CUTLERY, Plated, Planished, Tin, Japanned and Wooden Ware; Table Mats; Gilt and Bronzed Lamps and Girandoles; Glassware (Plain and Colored, Gilt and Cut Glass); Spring and Furnishing Goods generally. Sperm and Wax Candles; Sperm, Whale, Lard, Linseed, Neatsfoot and Checaud Oils (Sperm Gas, Camphine, Alcohol, Turpentine, and Paints of all descriptions; Brushes; Window Glass; Patent White Lead; Paper; Glass; Curled Hair; Hair Seating and Springs; Flowing, Polishing, Scrubbing, Furniture, Cough, Black Japan and White Dipped Varnishes. Also—Patent Medicines, always for sale.
PRICES OF CAMPHINE:
By the barrel.....50 cents per gallon
By the half barrel.....55 cents per gallon
For a less quantity.....60 cents per gallon
n1 2p 1y d&W

NEW AND 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, J. Gilbert & Co., and the best of other makers.
Semi-Grand Pianos, from Henri Herz and Pleyel.
Piccolo 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 and varied cases.
The Harmonicon Orchestra, or Organized Piano.
New style of 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 down to alto—together with a full assortment of Music, new and old.
Mr. ALFRED F. TRUST 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 especial use of the ladies, where they can always try or have tried their music before purchasing. [1qdt 1p] W. T. MAYO.

REMARKABLE CURE.—Dr. Fryer, the celebrated Indian Doctor, has the credit of achieving some remarkable cures. We were shown the other day a slave belonging to the Old Levee Steam Cotton Press, Third Municipality, who, we were informed, had been cured of consumption, or rather disease of the liver and lungs, with fever of the bowels. He was discharged on the 23d March, after being confined to his bed for many months. The negro appeared perfectly restored. We also saw, at the same time, a negro who had been cured of a severe cancer by Dr. Fryer. [Editor Louisiana State Republican, Lafayette, Mar 28, 1851. my20 d&W1f

OFFICIAL.

COUNCIL OF MUNICIPALITY NO. TWO,
City of New Orleans, Nov. 25, 1851.

WHEREAS, An act of the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, entitled "An Act relative to the city of New Orleans," approved March 16, 1836, provides that before the Council of any Municipality shall fix and decide on the amount of taxes to be assessed, they shall cause to be made out budgets or estimates exhibiting the various items of expenditures, including also the necessary amount for contingent expenses to be incurred by the Municipality during the current year, for the wants and requisites thereof, which budgets or estimates shall be published in French and English in the official papers of said Municipality during at least thirty days before the meeting when the Council shall fix and decide on the amount of taxes to be assessed.

And whereas, The Council of this Municipality have passed a resolution, at the sitting above mentioned, declaring the whole limits of said Municipality urban.

Therefore, in conformity with the provisions of the act of March 16, 1836, and of a resolution of the Council adopted this day, the following budget is published; and notice is hereby given that thirty days after the first publication of said budget, the Council will proceed to the assessment and decide on the amount of taxes to be levied on the assessable role of 1851.

Statement of Probable Defect for 1851.

Balance due Sinking Fund of Municipality No. 2 on appropriation for 1850	
On appropriation for 1851	71,207 48
Regular appropriation to Sinking Fund (No. 2) for 1852	12,000 00
Non-payable due in 1851 and unpaid	
Cash warrants outstanding November 1st, 1851	
Interest coupons due, to become due and interest	
Interest and cash warrants, notes, etc.	128,199 76
Surveyor's Department as per statement A	52,140 00
Public Schools	12,000 00
Salaries of municipal officers	6,400 00
Mayor, General Council, etc.	1,500 00
Fire companies	6,000 00
Military companies	250 00
Lighting the municipality	1,500 00
Lighting the municipality	2,300 00
Courts	1,800 00
Inquests	750 00
Night watch, day and levee police	16,500 00
House of Refuge and Work-house	2,500 00
Charity	1,000 00
Commissions	1,000 00
Board of Health	1,000 00
	$697,758 33

Deduct Probable Receipts.

From coffee-houses, merchants, etc.	62,500 00
From cisterns	30,000 00
Arrear of taxes	20,000 00
Markets rent for 1851	78,000 00
Municipal Hall for rent to January, '52	6,000 00
	$1,4,500 00—126,500 00
Deficit for 1851	$571,258 33

Statement of Probable Expenditures for 1852.

Regular Expenditure.

Work-house and police	12,000 00
Lighting the municipality	65,000 00
Public schools	$94,000 00
Less contract to be probably received from the State	30,000 00—64,000 00
Salaries of municipal officers	40,000 00
Mayor, General Council, etc.	30,000 00
Fire companies	16,000 00
Contingent	15,000 00
Courts	10,000 00
Courts	7,000 00
Inquests	500 00
Night watch, day and levee police	100,000 00
House of Refuge	5,000 00
Charity	4,000 00
Commissions	20,000 00
Board of Health	3,000 00
Stamps and landings, as per statement B of surveyors	178,790 00
Military companies	1,800 00
Total of regular expenditures	$535,900 00

Extraordinary Expenditures.

Notes payable due in 1852	$268,966 66
Interest coupons due in 1852, and interest on bonds and notes due in '52 and '53	121,028 00
Charity, contingent beyond regular appropriation	5,300 00
Extra appropriation to Fire Companies	15,000 00
Amount of appropriation necessary to be made by ordinance under the act of May 4, 1847, and the provisions of an ordinance of the Council adopted on the 18th day of January, 1848, to meet the bonds the Municipality	34,000 00
A sum equal to the interest required to be deposited in 1852 out of the Market Notes to meet the loan of bonds issued by the State to the Municipality	12,000 00
Discount for prompt payment of tax of 1851	10,000 00
	$460,293 5—$568,993 66
Total expenditure	$1,094,973 50
Deduct receipts—	
From Coffee-Houses, etc.	62,500 00
From Merchants	30,000 00
From Licenses on Billiards, Balls, etc.	1,500 00
From Licenses on Peddlers	1,500 00
Surplus of Sinking Fund	63,000
Less reimbursement for proport