

# NEW ORLEANS

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY, SUNDAY EXCEPTED, AT NO. 23 ST. CHARLES STREET, BY J. H. MADDOX.  
MONDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1859.  
VOLUME V.  
NUMBER 190.

## HOTELS AND BOARDING.

**BOARDING**—A small family, or a few single gentlemen, may be accommodated with board and lodging on a very comfortable scale, by applying at No. 101 Poydras street, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

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**COMPTON STREET VERANDA** (formerly known as the "Old French Quarter") is now open for the reception of families, and is situated at the corner of Compton and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**COMMERCIAL HOTEL**, situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, is now open for the reception of families, and is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**MANDEVILLE HOTEL**—This Hotel, situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, is now open for the reception of families, and is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

## DAILY CRESCENT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CONSOLIDATED CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

### THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY ELIZA KIDMAN.

The Rev. Sydney Smybrook preached his first sermon to-day, on the subject of "The People of God." He was astonished; old men went on the expedition home-travellers introduced, as it were, and a bed of flowers—young men admitted to the sanctified "frank" seating of the speaker—and young ladies, all that was the thing. They, disdaining the matter-of-fact admiration of the rougher sex, looked forward to the future, and, as the young minister was reported free of encumbrances, they thought of putting an end to his season of bliss by providing him with one as soon as possible.

By no means ill-natured, willingly left the simple tasks of his labor of love. I had very mistaken ideas though upon the subject of bread, and its capabilities of rising; I supposed that a very small piece of dough, when kneaded and a little loaf, and was extremely surprised when it yielded only an extensive tea-cake. Mr. S. laughed good-naturedly at my making, and pronounced it very well, what there was of it. I was not a little mortified, and I thought of good everything that I could think of; but, alas! the need of praise always fell short of my expectations. He disapproved, I felt, of a normal air, and assured me that, "he was not expected to taste any equal to his mother's;" and after trying in vain to reach this standard of perfection, I gave up in despair. This, I have to confess, was not the only instance of my being classed in the same scale with the fancy that sermons were longer and winters merrier in childhood than they are now.

This, however, in strict confidence—they would not have acknowledged it for the world, and yet many of the ladies pertaining to the attentive faces were busily at work within the pretty parsonage, altering, remodeling, arranging things to their own particular taste. One of the most striking alterations, was, I think, the view; another would not only have the rose, but would add a honey-suckle, too—it looked pretty and romantic; while a third had re-arranged the furniture, and, in the meantime, she had the last light in the time that Mr. Smybrook arrived at "childhood."

Milly Ellsworth was a very pretty girl, and, therefore, what might perhaps have been vainly expected to be a very successful minister's wife. Her mother, who was a very beautiful woman, and in apparent forgetfulness of the saying that it takes two to make a bargain, she exclaimed: "I have made up my mind to give you a minister's wife."

The last remark was intended as a sort of compliment to the visitor, who enjoyed the entire of that conversation, and, in the meantime, she had the last light in the time that Mr. Smybrook arrived at "childhood."

"I don't think of it," replied Mrs. S., quietly; "but the thought is not unprofitable, and I cannot tell 'tates that would freeze your very blood. I can read some that would freeze a little of that contained in your mother's hair. You little know what is comprised in a wife."

"Of course," replied Milly, with a demure frown, "it is a station of great responsibility, and has its peculiar duties. A minister's wife, too, is a sort of pattern, and should be—in a short, just the thing."

"Exactly," returned Mrs. S., smiling at this very satisfactory explanation, "but for 'pattern' read 'model'—a reflection of every body's own principles, and in which, of course, no two agree. But let me hear your plan on the subject, Milly—I wish to know what you consider 'just the thing.'"

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**SAVANS OYSTER SALOON**—This new and extensive saloon, which has been recently opened, is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**HOLBROOK OYSTER SALOON**—This new and extensive saloon, which has been recently opened, is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**PHENIX HOUSE**, St. Charles st. This public and respectable saloon, which has been recently opened, is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**STRONG'S**—The undersigned, who has been recently opened, is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

**VARIETIES STABLES**—This new and extensive saloon, which has been recently opened, is situated at the corner of Canal and Poydras streets, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Madrox, 101 Poydras street.

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