DAILY CRESCENT

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

OF THE CONSOLIDATED CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT,

OFFICE NO. 95 ST. CHARLES STREET,

Will be regularly served to subscribers in the city at an early hour every day, (Sunday excepted,) for $6 a year, in advance, payable to the office, or $1 each a week, payable to the carriers.

THE CIRCULATION

of the Crescent, Daily and Weekly, is such as to offer a desirable medium to advertisers. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER

reaches largely, and at an early hour, at the homes of citizens, and articles sold in families may be most advantageously advertised in its columns. No paper in the city circulates as extensively among families.

OUR TERMS

are such as to invite the attention and patronage of the public.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

Per Square of Ten Lines in Print—First insertion, in all cases.....$1 00
Every subsequent insertion.....50
Advertisements on the second page are charged as new each day.
A liberal discount will be made with those who advertise by the year or for a shorter time.
All Advertisements not marked will be published one month and charged accordingly.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1853.

☞ The City Budget, a document of much interest to the public, appears in our advertising columns.

☞ See To-day's Supplement.

"NO FRIENDS TO REWARD—NO ENEMIES TO PUNISH."

Gen. Pierce, if the telegraphic report of his Inaugural be correct, has paraphrased the above celebrated political phrase, and adopted its sentiment as a rule of action. He is thus reported in the summary telegraphed:

Having so limited engagements to ratify, he has no rewards to bestow, nor emoluments to remember, nor any personal wishes to consult in selections for official stations.

When we read this, we involuntarily exclaimed, Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What does this mysterious declaration portend?

We have no doubt our expectant democratic friends to whom we had just tendered our congratulations, have been completely mystified by this Presidential announcement, and are busy in cogitating its probable meaning or drift.

Gen. Pierce says "he has no rewards to bestow." What, where are all the offices? Are they to continue to be held by the rascally whigs? Are the long-suffering and long-fasting democratic patriots to be forbidden, now, to enter into the Canaan of office, and driven back into the desert, in which they have already wandered four weary years, exiled from power, plunder and plenty? Are they only to be allowed to put their necks over the official stalls, to die of envy at the sight of some well-satisfied whigs munching the fodder from the public rack? Are they to throng to Washington only to waste their money upon railroads and steamboats, hotel-keepers, cab-drivers, imbibing "men of influence," etc.—to receive a polite bow from Gen. Pierce with his regrets that "he has no rewards to bestow"—to feel the full agony of the "aching void" in their pockets—and return home with profound pity or sovereign contempt for the sublimated ideas of the new President?

Was it for this democratic patriots worked, shouted, spent their money and voted for Pierce and King, and proved "Old Chippewa" a swindling peculator, a coward, abolitionist? Have their voices wasted their sweetness on the desert air, chilly in the echo of those words of fearful import, "no rewards to bestow"? Has Gen. Pierce grown too "virtuous" to give the "cakes and ale" of office to the thirsty and hungry expectants who are crowding into the big house at Washington?

Such would appear to be the melancholy result towards which Gen. Pierce's declaration looks. His declaration is a mere paraphrase of that attributed to Gen. Taylor, "No friends to reward—no enemies to punish." Our democratic friends will remember how they delightedly construed this as the plain English, to them, of "You shall stay in office;" and how indignantly they recalled it, and how bitterly they denounced "Old Buena Vista," when he relieved them from the fatigue of public office. Is not all this recorded? And now, if they do not express a pious hope that Pierce will abide by the law of political morality, as they laid it down for Gen. Taylor, we shall hunt up some old democratic editorials, strike out "Taylor" and insert "Pierce," and show them that the case fits to a nicety. But, Pierce even goes further than Gen. Taylor, and adds to the extremity of democratic woe, by declaring that he "has no rewards to bestow." The city has been carried, but there are no spoils for the victors. This we take to be the plain English of General Pierce's language.

But to make this conclusion still more direct, the report says:

The President acknowledges his obligation to the masses of his countrymen, and to them alone.

So, Gen. Pierce ignores any special obligations to democrats, and presents his thanks "to the masses." Though a unit of the said masses, we doubt our right to share in the aforesaid thanks, as we have an indistinct recollection of something like an election, at which we voted for Scott and Graham. However, we have no objections to be friendly (wonder if Pierce will not give us the U. S. printing?) and to let bygones be by-gones.

We presume matters will be arranged somewhat in this way: Except making the division somewhat more equal than it is, offices will, in this city and elsewhere, be filled by the present incumbents; the U. S. printing here will be divided out between the Crescent and the Delta, the former obtaining the fat jobs. In this case Gen. Pierce will be entitled to the fierce groans of the hungry and disappointed democrats, to one full and undivided term of office, and to assurances of our distinguished consideration.

AN UNCONSCIONABLE WRETCH.

Some time ago, the editor of the NewYork Mirror visited NewOrleans. He was a good-looking, pleasantly-mannered gentleman, with an intelligent, open countenance, which impressed us with the idea that he could admire the beautiful, and would avoid all slanderous report. We were wofully deceived. When the wretch was on the point of leaving our city, not having the fear of the ladies before his eyes, he penned a letter to his paper, in which the following slander most foul is perpetrated:

"At the risk of being charged with a lack of gallantry, I shall venture to state, that the Southern ladies paint like Jezebels. Brows, cheeks, lips and necks bear palpable marks of chalk and "pink saucers." To an unsophisticated taste, this giving the lie to Nature is simply disgusting; and, in a married woman, should be made, by statute, sufficient ground for divorce. I say it boldly, as I intend to leave this evening."

We hold him up to the indignant scorn of our fair ladies, and assure him he is lucky in having made a timely escape from our city. Had the ungallant Colonel remained here up to this, bright eyes sparkling with Juno-like indignation, and rosy lips curled in haughty scorn, and brows darkening in queenly anger would have annihilated all that was mortal of the rash libeller. Let him beware how he ever again sets foot in NewOrleans. All the vengeance of the insulted fair would be poured upon his devoted head.

We call upon the wicked man to repent and make reparation. But if he do not make haste, his wrong will have been marked down among the unpardonable sins.

Think of it, Sir Editor of the Mirror!—what did you, in your hotel, see of the Southern ladies? and, specially, sir, what did you see of the fair ladies of New Orleans? Why, sir, those you saw at the hotels were many of them from Gotham, and may paint rather inartistically. And those you saw upon the streets! why, sir, they might have been "painted Jezabels," but these, too, don't come from this section.

Did you ever look at one of our genuine Southern ladies, and specially, one of our Creoles of Louisiana? Why, sir, they are all grace, a rounded contour, eyes lit at the fountain of the sun, and cheeks colored with the hue of Aurora's earliest beam of light. They are as totally unlike your bony, angular, stiff, leaden eyed ladies of Gotham, with their cheeks fretted into color where the sharp high cheek bones project, as a bird of Paradise is unlike a jay-bird. No wonder you were spiteful and envious.

THE MAIL.—The Eastern mail failed again yesterday from beyond Mobile. Of course it did. We have reduced our expectations down to one or two mails a week, and when two arrive in the course of a week we rejoice exceedingly. If the new Postmaster-General does not do something to remedy this crying evil, it is to be hoped that he will not long retain his office.

OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.—Our list of advertisements in this morning's paper are more than usually extensive, interesting and diversified in character. We advise all our readers, male and female, not to fail to read them.

The "Eclipse" has our thanks for late Louisville, and the Anna No. 2 for late Attakapas papers.

We are indebted to the clerk of the steamer George Collier for river favors.

We are indebted to the clerk of the steamer Anna No. 2 for river favors.

We are under obligations to Mr. James B. Russell, clerk of the steamer James Robb, for river favors.

We are indebted to Dr. AXSON for the March number of his Monthly Medical Register.

NEW ORLEANS MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL.—We are in receipt of the March number of this stirling medical periodical. It appears to be well filled with matter of value and interest to the profession.

JACOB BARKER, Esq.—We shall publish the memorial of this gentleman to the Legislature, on the subject of his private bank, in our paper of to-morrow.

The NewOrleans Monthly Medical Register, for March, is upon our table. Its editor, Dr. AXSON, furnishes in it much medical information of a local character.

Late Publications.

From J. C. Morgan's, adjoining the Post-office, we have received:

Nos. 1, 2, and 4 of MINIFIE'S MECHANICAL DRAWING BOOK FOR SELF INSTRUCTION, published by Mr. M., at Baltimore, 25 cents per number.

This is a very valuable publication for the intelligent mechanic.

ACTS OF CONGRESS RELATING TO STEAMBOATS, collated with the rolls at Washington; a handsomely published pamphlet of 47 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

BIZARRE, a spirited magazine, published at the low rate of $1 25. Getz, Buck & Co., Philadelphia.

THE FIREMEN'S PROCESSION.—Dan Rice seems determined to be conspicuous in every public arrangement, and the Hippodrome was well represented in the procession of Friday. No. 8 was preceded by Menter's splendid band, and the engine was drawn by eight of Dan's fine horses, the "ribbons" being handled by his silent but indefatigable agent, Major General Castle. It is stated positively that Charlie blushed on being complimented very highly on the manner in which he handled the eight aforesaid. His intimate friends deny the charge, and say that it was but the reflection from his red shirt.

ANOTHER CONCERT.—In accordance with the general wish of our citizens, Ole Bull has consented to give another concert at Odd Fellows' Hall, which will take place on Wednesday evening next. See the programme.

MADAME BOSTWICK'S CONCERT.—At the solicitation of many of our prominent citizens, this gifted lady has consented to give one more concert in this city. It takes place to-night, and Odd Fellows' Hall has been secured for the occasion. Musical judges pronounce Mme. B. an artist of great merit, of most delicate and finished taste, and with a rare and admirable control of her voice. Those who go to hear her to-night will enjoy a rich treat.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—As a treat to the patrons of this house, Macallister was induced by the managers to perform there last night. There was a fine audience, and we not believe that any one went away displeased with the entertainment. The performance commenced with the farce of "Turning the Tables," in which Mr. J. M. Weston appeared as Mr. Jeremiah Bumps, an original character of his, and he played it in his usual artistic style. His appearance upon the stage was the signal for a general outburst of applause, offering him the gratifying assurance that he is as popular as ever in NewOrleans. Although Macallister had not sufficient time to arrange all his "fixins," he performed well and gave general satisfaction. He goes from here to Natchez, and we can assure our friends there that they will see many wonderful things during his stay among them.

ORLEANS THEATRE.—Let it be remembered by all amateurs of good music, that "Lucia di Lammermoor" will be reproduced this evening at the French theatre of this city. Mr. Berdas will appear in the part of Edgard. He will, no doubt, have and enthusiastic success. Mr. Prevost, the talented leader of the orchestra, takes his benefit on this occasion.

THE HIPPODROME.—To say that Dan Rice has produced a novelty is only to mention that another is about to succeed it. JOHN SMITH, the great delineator of negro character, has been engaged. Although he has retired from the profession, Dan has, by liberal propositions, induced him to leave for a brief time his sylvan retreat near Mobile, to play a farewell engagement in New Orleans. Who does not know John, and who has not laughed at his oddities in the ring? He is the king of darkies, and his first appearance, which will take place Tuesday (to-morrow) night, will gather such a crowd that Dan will have need of a larger amphitheatre than he now has to contain the eccentric individual whom we last named will also appear, and it is generally supposed that he will say some thing on the occasion.

THE INFANT DRUMMER.—This very beautiful, intelligent and spirited little fellow, who is only four years of age, unexpectedly made his appearance, as a visitor, at Dan Rice's Museum, St. Charles street, on Saturday evening, and created much interest and curiosity on the part of the numerous company then and there assembled. He remained about two hours, and seemed highly delighted with all he saw, particularly the Wild Men of Borneo, the monkeys and the animals and birds, animate and inanimate, generally. The Zaugledon, or Monster of the Sea, he beheld with perfect amazement from its huge length, but would not quit until he had walked around it. It was not without considerable regret the little prodigy was induced to leave the Museum, notwithstanding his mother's promise that he should visit it again on Monday. We understand that the Little Drummer's stay in NewOrleans will be very limited, as he has to be in London early in May, and on his route to exhibit at Cincinnati, Baltimore and Philadelphia. As such, those who desire to hear his enchanting and soul-stirring music must be smart, otherwise they will lose a chance not likely again to be given them, so far as the wonderful "Infant Drummer" is concerned.

METAIRIE COURSE.—Mr. Brunton has been peculiarly favored of late in the way of fine weather, and the track for the last three weeks has been smooth as a carpet. The attendance yesterday was better even than on the Sunday previous, when *Lady Mack* and *Bob* went their cracking two mile race. At an early hour yesterday morning horse flesh and buggies were in demand, and on the Bienville road, about two o'clock, all sorts of vehicles were found to have been put in requisition; here *Cheow* and *Sheriff* were brushing at a two fifty gait; further down the road could be seen *Lady Mack* and *John Burnett*, each earning an honest five spot for their owners and getting along down in the forties; next came a herd which *Little Trifle* led, followed by *Juliet*, *Uncas*, *Baker* and *Walker*, and a road full of "fast nags;" next came all sorts of crabs—here the fast *Baker* was making time, with the fast *Millanon* at his wheel, who, with *George Martin*, pulled out for a brush, and gave him the go-by; in fact, so great was the anxiety to see the race, that omnibus loads were plentiful as blackberries, and pedestrians obstructed the buggies. The result will be found below, showing that that *Dan Rice* took the party through. Mr. Cotterell's poney, *Bob*, proved himself a trump, and drove *Dan* to the stand in the second heat in 2:28, and to the half mile pole in 1:10¼. The same race is to be repeated next Sunday, for two hundred dollars, good day and good track.

First Heat.—After scoring four or five times they got off, *Bob* outscoring *Dan*, and rounding into the straight side with a lead of some two lengths, and going a lively gait, here *Dan* broke, and Ellis showed a gap of some twenty yards, *Bob* going to the half mile in 1:14; on going around the last turn *Bob* made an awful bad break, and Warren, with *Dan*, went by him like lightning, turning into the home-stretch with the little horse at least sixty yards behind. *Dan*, coming to the score well in hand.—Time, 2:34.

Second Heat.—After several false starts they got a good send off, *Dan* having the track, with *Bob* lapped on. In this position they turned into the back stretch, when *Dan* gradually drew out, reaching the half mile pole in 1:10½, with *Bob's* nose at his sulky wheel. Ellis stayed with him from this out, making a splendid brush down the last quarter, *Bob* taking the whip freely, but to no purpose, his conical opponent coming to the stand first. Time 2:28.

Third Heat.—The odds now on *Dan* went up to dollars to dimes, and no takers. *Bob* did not cool off as well as could be wished, and his friends commenced hedging when an opportunity offered. As usual, at the start *Bob* went off lapped on, footing with his opponent around the turns, and crowding him every inch of the ground. Just before reaching the first quarter pole *Bob* broke, and came almost to a stand still. It was a sure thing for *Dan*, who came to the stand an easy winner in 2:36.

We append a summary:

Warren Peabody names *r. g. Dan Rice*	1. 1. 1.
C. S. Ellis names *b. g. Bob Cotterell*	2. 2. 2
Time	2:34—2:28—2:36.

Two consignments of flour from the Ohio river were received in Baltimore on the 26th ult, for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They are the first over this road.

TELEGRAPHED TO THE CRESCENT.

By the Southern Line.

Later from Havana—Arrival of the Black Warrior—Mr. King's health—Great Dispatch.

MOBILE, March 6—7:30 P. M.

The steamer Black Warrior has arrived here from New York via Havana, having left the latter port on the evening of the 3d inst. and reached her wharf in Mobile at seven this morning. The Havana papers brought by her contain no news of interest.

A private dispatch from Matanzas states that Mr. King's health had slightly improved, the climate being more congenial, but he was still in a precarious condition.

The health of Havana is reported good. The Black Warrior has made remarkable dispatch in this trip. She remained in New York only fifty-two hours, during which time she discharged 1,000 bales of cotton, coaled, provisioned, and took on board the largest cargo ever brought to Mobile.

Among the passengers from Havana in the Black Warrior is the Ravel family.

Ship News.

The Black Warrior reports that the steamer El Dorado arrived at Havana on the 2d inst. from Aspinwall, bound for New York.

The brig John S. Gettings was in the port of Havana, loading for New Orleans, when the Black Warrior left.

Charleston Cotton Market.

MOBILE, March 6.

In Charleston, on the 2d inst., there was only a limited demand for Cotton, at prices ranging from 7¾@10¼c. ⅌ lb.

Eastern Mail.

MOBILE, March 6.

The Eastern mail is through, with dates from NewYork of the 28th February. The papers contain but little of interest that has not been anticipated by telegraph.

THE SHADES.—The lunch "fixins" at the Shades to-day comprise a greater variety than has lately been offered. Baked beans is an item which should not be overlooked by the hungry.

"The Wild Man," from the island of Borneo, now exhibiting at the Museum, No. 107 St. Charles street, are creating a great deal of excitement among our citizens. The term "curiosities," seems too tame to apply to these creatures. They are something more than mere curiosities, and suggest strange thoughts in the mind of the beholder. The characteristics of the human race and those of the animal seem to be almost equally blended, while it would be difficult to tell which predominates. In face they look much like monkeys, while their hands are covered with straight flaxen hair. They walk erect, converse with you, and, in truth, appear rather intelligent, though we are told they have no powers of recollection. No one should miss the chance to see them, and none who do see them will regret having satisfied their curiosity.

LOSS OF A STEAMER AND FIFTY LIVES.—By a dispatch from New York, dated the 1st instant, we have information of the loss of the steamer Victory, on the Irish coast and that fifty lives were also lost.

Local Intelligence.

SHIP ON FIRE.—About 2 o'clock yesterday morning, the ship America, of 1400 tons, laying at the head of First street, Third District, was discovered to be on fire in her hold. She had on board about three thousand bales of cotton, among which the fire had originated. It being found impossible to extinguish the flames by ordinary means, the vessel was scuttled and soon filled, so that the fire was extinguished. The buoyancy of the cotton prevented her from sinking, and she now lies at her wharf, with the steamboat Anglo-American alongside, busily engaged in pumping her out. She will probably be raised in the course of the day, with but little damage. When the alarm was given, the Fire Department were soon on hand with their usual alacrity, but were prevented from effecting anything by the scuttling.

FIRE.—About 7 o'clock last evening a fire took place at the corner of Camp and Duplantier streets which consumed a handsome two-story frame dwelling-house on Camp street, next to the corner, with a grocery store in the basement; a two-story frame dwelling next door to the corner on Duplantier street, and the one-story frame building on the north-east corner, occupied by J. Schillings as a boot and shoe store. The Fire Department was soon on the spot and by their effective efforts confined the further spread of the flames. The loss is estimated at about $4000, most or all of which is covered by insurance.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—At 3 P. M. on Saturday, a lady went on board the steamboat Pitzer Miller, lying below Canal street, and walking through the ladies' cabin to the stern of the boat, precipitated herself into the river. Here being a high wharf at the time, her dress, in the descent of the leap, became so inflated with air, that she floated, circling out with the eddy, until such time as two or three skiffs, which went to her aid, were enabled to rescue her from her perilous position. She was apparently very young, and it is impossible to find a motive for this deliberate attempt at suicide.

ANOTHER HOMICIDE.—Another homicide, by all accounts as unjustified as it was sudden, took place on Saturday night in a coffee house on New Levee street. From what we have been enabled to ascertain of the facts, it appears that a man named Cornelius Boyle, and another, Charles McBride, who had had a difficulty about a year ago, met in the coffee house, where, without any apparent provocation, the stab was inflicted of which McBride died. McBride, we understand, was standing at the bar drinking, when Boyle entered the room, loitered about for some time with apparent indifference, and watching a favorable opportunity, rushed upon McBride, struck him upon the head with his left hand, while with his right he plunged a knife into his side. The blow on the head so stunned the deceased that he did not feel the wound in his side, and he immediately ran for his lodgings, which are a short distance off. Being there a priest was sent for, and the wounded man, after receiving the last rites of the Church, lingered about half an hour and expired. Boyle, immediately after inflicting the fatal stab, fled. He was pursued by officers Cochran and Fuller, who, after strict search, tracked him to Willow Grove, above Jefferson City, where, it is understood, he has been engaged in some business connected with coal boats.

The prisoner was discovered lurking among the willows that adjoin the shore. He had changed his clothes. After a violent resistance, he was arrested and confined in the lock-up of the First District. We are informed that he took things very coolly, and laughed and jested about the killing as if it was a fine joke.

Information of the homicide having been communicated to Deputy Coroner Torrell, he, with characteristic energy, repaired to the place where the murdered man lay, and while the facts were fresh in the minds of the witnesses, held an inquest on the body of the deceased.

The jury of inquest found that the deceased, whose name was Charles McBride, was about thirty years of age and a native of Ireland—found death at the hands of Boyle, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. Verdict of the jury—came to his death from hemorrhage, caused by a wound in the left lung, inflicted with a sharp instrument in the hands of one Cornelius Boyle, at a house, No. 95 New Levee street, kept by J. O. Donnell.

POST OFFICE CASE.—The Third District Court has been occupied, for several days past, in the trial of the suit of Thomas D. Johnson, of Texas, against Matthew Martin, of this city, for the recovery of $600, alleged to have been sent defendant through the Post Office.

The action rose forth that at different times in the years 1851 and 1852, several letters were sent to this city to defendant enclosing the amount claimed, and that they were constantly intercepted by said Martin, by being deposited in his box in the delivery department. It is alleged that the defendant refuses to account for the money, saying that he had not received it, and that although his letters with the money were deposited in his box, they were taken out and appropriated by one Thomas Brownjohn, a clerk, formerly in the employ of defendant, but who had been discharged on account of his dishonesty.

The petition avers that although defendant's representations be true, still they furnish no sufficient reason for his refusal to account for the money, nor do they in any manner exhort his liability therefor. Petitioner contended that if said Brownjohn did take and appropriate the letters and their contents, he was enabled to do so through the gross and culpable negligence of defendant in failing to give notice to the postmaster of the discharge and keeping the key in his possession. But they ought to be permitted, unauthorized and untransmitted to exercise the unquestioned rights and immunities attributed to their condition.

In the first place, we are not permitted to stand before it in the mere shadow of any of the large labels, given to the transmitters whereby, in such positions as interpretation, it possibly be given to the indentations of the letters and their contents, and yet, without incurring a hundred dollars, and even without incurring obloquy in that locality, not merely from the fact of taking it to a library of passengers, but from the fact of receiving the same from the hands of a clerk of some Post-office official who stands in a sense in opposition to a company, and who, in the ordinary course of events, which we contend, the gentlemen of the jury will take, we are made liable to the same penalties as the principal himself.

However, the chance of this discovery seemed is not entirely unknown to us. A number of grasping individuals are located together in the immediate vicinity of the Post-office, who, by hand, with ingenuity and unmolested round the several boxes in the city and in the Post-office, are very fitting in transportation of passengers to the enclosure of all packages. The jury will have their conference and consider, not merely with indifference but with an air of complacency, the fact of which it is not proper to mention, but which, to say the minimum, is not one and hand to mention, and which, to say the minimum, is not one and hand to mention, and which, to say the minimum, is not one and hand to mention, and