THE DAILY CRESCENT.

THURSDAY MORNING, NOV'B 17, 1858

To Advertisers—The already extensive and largely increasing circulation of the "Crescent" makes it one of the most desirable advertising mediums in the country. The low price at which it is furnished, (only fifteen cents a week) places it within the means of every one. Its circulation in families is larger than that of any other paper in the city, which fact recommends it especially to those wishing to advertise articles of general or domestic use. There are few houses in the city where it is not a daily visitor, thus bringing its contents under the eye of a majority of our population. Bring on your advertisements!

EDITORIAL BOOK-NOTES.

"Pynnshurst: his wanderings and ways of thinking. By Donald MacLeod, New York: Charles Scribner, 1852." 12 mo. pp. 481.

This, it will be perceived, is not a new book. It is a whole year old; and that, in the present state of authorship, constitutes it into nothing short of a literary antiquity. For letters have, in their highly progressive—not to say headlong—condition, become another "Young America." For them and their new criticism to-day alone, can, by possibility, know any thing: even yesterday was hardly better than stupid; last week ridiculous. As for the remote period of last month, that was, of course, in the Dark Ages; while a whole year back, was, as we have just said, antiquity. Now, in law, it is held so little ingenious for a man to stultify himself, that it won't allow it; but in the new literature and politics, it is quite otherwise. Their whole system is one of inevitable and enormous self-stultification. For in order to make themselves great or wise, they must begin by denying all previous greatness and wisdom; and as they themselves must presently stand, for those who come after them, in the same position of a past wisdom, they make themselves, necessarily, the same sort of fools that they swear all who went before them were. The "Young America" of to-day, must, according to itself, be the "Old Fogyism" of to-morrow. How is it to stop? How not propagate a newer and therefore wiser Young America? What new secret of rejuvenescence has it discovered? Does it propose to stop at itself that amazing "march of mind" which it so largely promises? Unless this can be stopped, Young America itself must be obsolite forthwith; and if every thing is to be brought to a stand, in order that Young America may continue wise, what is to become of that mighty affair, that supreme object, "the Progress?" Oh, paltry theory! Oh, lack-brain system! In all the multitudinous annals of human nonsense, what was ever as trashy as thou? If all the conjoint tanners of the earth were to collect their commodity and mould it into one broad round mass, it would be a leather medal quite too small to be presented to Judge Douglas in honor of his invention!

Our hastier readers may, perhaps, have begun to ask themselves if this is not a deviation from Literature into Politics? We answer, not at all. We are fallen into a Young America of Letters. They proceed upon the same grand idea: both would abolish the Past: and wisely too, we grant, as to themselves. For who could believe in their politics or read their books, that knew of any other? Besides, he who would understand in its causes and in its truth either the Politics or the Literature of a country or of an Age must study them as not only intimately connected, but as largely one. For both are but expressions, under different forms, of the same thing—the being, the mind, the soul of the country that produces them; and the Letters of a land will always be found to be a reflection from its greater shape of existence, the political. If any body wants to see a barbarous literature, he has only to look for a people who have a barbarian civil policy. Their ideas of how they are to divert and how they are to govern themselves will be found just upon a level. There never has existed any literary excellence apart from social soundness. If, therefore, you would raise the genius of either your own country's Letters or Government, apply yourself to elevating its morals and its religion. Treatises on Rhetoric or Statesmanship will never do it. Letters like Liberty come from the heart more than the head. Base souls are capable of neither. Slavish souls will make for themselves a servile, a licentious people a depraved literature. Books are but images of the men who write them and of the men for whom they are written. They will be Jacobinical in a Jacobinical age. Let any one, therefore, who wants Locofocoism to govern us consider how he would like it to make our literature? But we will return to our more immediate subject, this book "Pynnshurst."

It is decidedly a clever and a pleasant one, on which we are sorry not to have earlier fallen. But we are awkward critics and never in our lives were able to give any body half so good an idea of an author as by letting him do it for himself. If he is wise, he can best show it: if he is a dunce, he always knows how to convince you of that, if nothing else. We will, then, pluck out a passage from Pynnshurst. It is a little tale. He has many such. This is told him at Havre, by an old French barber, on whom he stumbles.

LITTLE PAQUETTE.

"You see, Monsieur, that Adele (that was Paquette's mother) was our youngest child, and very pretty, and as merry as a bird, with the lightest foot in the dance, and the sweetest voice for a song, and a rosy cheek, and soft eyes, full of love and gentleness.

"When she went away in the morning to her work, (for she made gloves Monsieur,) it was like a light put out, and when she came back, the house got bright again.

"Well, in the winter she was kept very late; and, coming home one night, she said she was not well; and, at last we refused to let her go out any more, and she would sit in her room and cry all the day long; and so, by-and-by, little Paquette was born; but Adele was not married.

"Poor Adele, she is dead now; we buried her the day her child was christened.

"Till she died, she never tired of holding it in her arms and kissing it, but she never smiled till after she was dead, and then the sweet light came back again to her face. Father Adrien called it the smile of the Forgiven. Here the old man paused for a moment, and sighed, and so went on.

"Well, Monsieur, little Paquette thrived and grew prettier every day, and was the idol of us all, and sister Mary Angela, one of the good Sisters of St. Vincent, taught her to read and write, and to work beautiful things for the rich ladies, and to say her prayers and catechism, and never to tell a lie. And when she was fifteen, it would have done your heart good to hear the clack of her wooden shoes, and to see her soft eyes as she came home in the morning from the early mass

"Well, at sixteen she was to be married. To the finest young fellow of a Claude Borjour in the world, with only one fault; he agreed with Pierre about the regeneration of mankind and universal fraternization.

"Now, I did not think it became him so well as Pierre; for Pierre knew Latin, which made it more natural; but he was an idle fellow for all that.

"So when they talked about crushing tyrants, and doing away nobles and making all men equal, little Paquette would tell them that the king was a very good king; and that they must learn to be good themselves before they could make other people better; that one could not make bread cheaper by killing a king; and that the best way for the poor to get rich, was to work honestly, and not to spend their money in wine shops, nor their time in the debating societies. To be happy, was to be like father Adrien and Sister Mary Angela, who began by being good; and who, though born nobles, worked harder among the poor and the sick in one hour, than Pierre did in a month, even for himself.

"Then Pierre would laugh, and tell her that when the nobles fell, the priests and the sisters must go too; that they were drones, and lived upon the poor. And then, Monsieur, little Paquette would talk to them, just as you did about God and holy Church; and would always come back to this, that to be happy, one must be good; to be prosperous, one must work; and that Claude would be no sailor if there were not any kings.

"And so things went on till that revolution came, and then men killed each other, and the king was sent away.

"Well, Monsieur, there is little more to tell. Good little Paquette begged and pleaded with Claude to keep at his work; but he would go to Paris, to the barricades, to fight against the tyrants, he said.

"So, after awhile, what with the firing of guns and shouting of men, Paquette got nearly crazy, and said she must go to look for Claude; and when she did not come back again, for the cars were all over running in those terrible days, I followed to look for her.

"It was a horrible sight in Paris. The workmen raving and swearing behind the barricades, the dead lying bloody at one's feet, and the moans of the dying all around one. So I ran hither and thither, looking for my child. Every gown I saw I was sure it was Paquette, but when I would come up and look in the face, it was only to be disappointed.

"Then some one shouted my name and bade me get out of the way, for that the soldiers were coming. But just then I saw Paquette; she was kneeling down, with Claude's head in her lap; for he, the fine fellow, lay there dead. So I ran between the people and the soldiers to get at them, just as the people fired and threw volleys of ritches; and then the fire was returned, and all the bullets swept over the old man, but one pierced the fair, white temple of my little child. So she sunk down slowly beside Claude, and never spoke nor moved again.

"They tell me, Monsieur, that I am a great deal better off now; that there are no more tyrants nor haughty aristocrats; and they write 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' all over the city. But Pierre says that France is not regenerated yet; and I, Monsieur, I know that my little Paquette is dead; and all that the Revolution has given me is a silent house, and a broken heart, and the cross upon the grave where the lilies are. It is the third, Monsieur, as you go into the church-yard of Notre Dame."

THE CRIME AGAINST KINDNESS:
EVIL FOR GOOD.

"Ingratitude," says King Lear, "bites sharper than the serpent's tooth." If King Lear did not say this, some other gentleman did. And if nobody ever said it before, we then fall back upon Truth herself; who either has said it or ought to have said it, long ago.

In truth, all the Moralists, from Solomon down to Jo Smith, from Socrates and Plato and Cato down to Caleb Cushing, have dilated upon the heinousness of this offence. Some of them have wickedly insisted that the opposite sentiment, gratitude itself, was to be defined only (taking things as they go) as "the sense of favors that are to come." Others, speaking more historically, have asserted that "Ingratitude is the special vice of Republics." If this be so, this is certainly an eminently republican country.

Athens was ungrateful when she imprisoned Miltiades, banished Aristides and his great rival, Themistocles, poisoned Socrates, Phocion and Demosthenes; Rome made no better return to Coriolanus, Camillus, Scipio, Brutus and many more: Holland butchered De Witt and exiled Grotius: France, in her day of republicanism (happily a short one) sent all her best citizens to the block. But, after all, as, beyond a question, we improve, throughout the world, in every generation, upon the crimes of the preceding one; so is it, of course, in this crime of Ingratitude, the blackest of all. However guilty one moment, the next is sure to exceed it in its atrocity. Yesterday, for instance, we thought the conduct of our neighbor, the Picayune, towards ourselves was the very acme of such wickedness; but to-day a fresh depravity in the same turpitude comes to light, which absolutely makes the behavior of the Picayune show like one of those extinct virtues which are seen no more.

Every body knows how, of late, at the sacrifice of character and consistency and all that he professed to cherish, Mr. Secretary Guthrie has obliged the Freesoil party; giving them what most the Democrats love, the spoils, and slaughtering for them what most they hate, the Compromise men. Well: the other day, as he was passing through Cincinnati, they seduced and stole away from him a negro girl, the slave-attendant of his family, for many years! Witness the following relation of the fact in a Cincinnati paper, which has just reached us:

An Underground Train.—There was somewhat of a fizzle and a snicker about town yesterday, in relation to an underground express train, which was supposed to have taken out a passenger upon whom a very dislingui-hed public servant named Guthrie, had a small *lien*. It appears that the female individual in question was en route for her master's new domicil in Washington City, and that when she arrived here, some of the underground folks informed her that the climate was sickly, and the morals awful in and around Washington, and that if she didn't like to go farther and fare worse, she had better loan for Canada, and the girl—*accorded!* Thus Guthrie loses by the operation, one gal, valued at $600. But the Secretary can afford it. [Cincinnati Columbian, 4th.

Opening of the French Theatre.

On Tuesday night—too late to report of it—we witnessed, with great pleasure, the opening performance of the season, at this thoroughly well-conducted theatre. The piece was that gay and charming opera, the "Barber of Seville."

It was every way fully rendered: in the supreme part of *Figaro* (Mons. Lucrelx) admirably, with great musical excellence and with all that dramatic spirit and grace which this most joyous of scenic characters should have: in *Rosine* (Mme. Martial) well though not up to so high a mark: in *Count Almaviva* exceedingly well, for the young tenor, Mr. Holtzem: in *Basile*, well, as to the dramatic part, by Mons. Beckers: in *Bartolo*, capitally, by Mons Montclar. The whole piece, stage and orchestra, went with that justness of execution which only an accomplished Manager and artists of great merit can attain. We saw nothing ill done, nothing out of taste. It is a theatre which would please any where and do credit to any city.

To-night, we have another opera—that of "Othello," usually esteemed Rossini's best. For the cast, see advertisement.

The St. Charles Theatre.

We took occasion a few days since, on the opening of the St. Charles Theatre, to say a word with regard to the many improvements it has undergone since the expiration of Messrs. Ludlow & Smith's lesseeship and the inauguration of Mr. DeBar. We are now enabled to say something with regard to the merits, abilities, and capacities of this company which has been assembled to maintain the honors of this old and popular place of amusement, and to minister to our pleasure and instruction during the ensuing season.

The influence which a theatre of sterling merit, producing dramatic pieces of established reputation or of decided ability, properly varying the programme of its performance, and ably performing the pieces which are presented, has upon the business interests and general welfare of a great city—especially of a city like ours—cannot well be over-estimated. Hundreds and thousands of planters, residents in the country, and strangers from other cities are attracted to us yearly, as much on account of the high renown enjoyed by New Orleans for its amusements, festivities and general brilliancy during the winter months, as from considerations of health or the calls of business. First and foremost among the amusements of the city are the theatres, which act and are acted upon by the success of the city, in an almost reciprocal proportion. It is therefore of immediate interest to all, citizens and strangers, actors and spectators, that they should enjoy a high and undisputed celebrity, and should be not only good, but very good—not only equal to others, but decidedly better.

In order that such shall be the case, it is imperative that the "stock" of the various theatres shall be such as will produce and maintain this character. Before the "starring" systems was so generally adopted, more attention was paid to this department than we regret to say, is now the case. Many of our managers seem to think that so long as they produce a regular succession of "stars," it matters very little what support they are able to give them, and accordingly provide actors and actresses of very inferior merit to sustain the secondary characters. That this is a wrong belief and bad practice any one educated in the merest rudiments of theatrical knowledge must be aware. To see a *Juliet* who is the flowering and fruit of her profession, personating with a power that is irresistable the character in which she appears, supported by a mushy whose mouthings of *Romeo* are as miserable as his conceptions are contemptible—cannot fail of offending every one's taste, and sadly marring the pleasure of the evening's amusement. It were infinitely preferable to have both *Romeo* and *Juliet* of more companionable abilities—to lose the exceedingly good for the sake of avoiding the exceedingly bad.

We are somewhat fearful that Manager De Bar has committed the very common and erying fault to which we have just alluded—and from the very reasons instanced, we regret it much. That the stock company has engaged is inferior to that of average years past, we do not pretend to say; but that it is inferior to what it ought to be and might be, we entertain some serious suspicions. There have now been five performances at the St. Charles under his new management—during which all of the most prominent members of the company have appeared and given evidence of their respective abilities. A large proportion of the re-engagements are old acquaintances who have trod the stage in this city during previous years—very many of them were with us last winter.

First on the list of the company is Mr. "Consuelo" Jamison—a gentleman much better known in the Eastern cities than here. That he is possessed of some of the requisites necessary to secure the applause of the pit and the gallery cannot be denied, but evidences of his ability to play to a better, more educated and more critical class are not so palpable. Granting the general invidiousness of comparisons, we are forced by Mr. Jamison's acting, in almost every attitude and expression, to recur to the mood he has so plainly studied and so indifferently copied. With much of the *physique* and many of the faults of Forrest, he has but few of his finer and better capabilities; and a bad copy of a poor example is but a poor thing. We complain that Mr. Jamison merges the intellectual in the physical: that he strives to make them take the place of brains: that he strives to exalt the action of the legs and arms above that of the head. We complain that he so often substitutes rant for rhetoric and mass beautiful scenes by disagreeable renderings and a palpably untrue delineation. We think that he is altogether too angular and artificial in his efforts to be graceful and at ease, and too careless and unstudied in scenes requiring the utmost perfection of art. Of minor matters we shall be enabled to speak at greater length hereafter, but these prominent points suggest themselves strongly to us in his rendering of Ingemar—as they doubtless did to many others.

Mr. Nagle ranks next after Mr. Jamison. This young gentleman was with us the last season and assumed essentially the same *role* as that for which he is now engaged. Entertaining none but the most kindly feelings for Mr Nagle, and wishing him all that success in his profession which he is capable of attaining—we cannot, nevertheless, consider him by any means qualified to personate *Charles Surface* or *Bertrand* or even *St. Cyr*; nor do we think that in any of the parts in which we have ever seen him he has proved equal to the demand of time, place and occasion. His articulation is marred by an attendant guttural and catching of breath that is occasionally very painful to hear. His conceptions of character are not sufficiently studied—are oftimes singularly inapt and inappropriate. Those who attended the representation of the "School for Scandal"—acknowledging all the attendant drawbacks—cannot but have been struck with the over-flippant, extravagant, rollicking style of his *Charles Surface*. It was *Charles Surface* half drunk and half crazy.

Mrs. Estelle Potter is an actress of considerable merit and reputation. She makes a good appearance upon the stage, dresses neatly and appropriately; is rarely ignorant of her part and almost equally good in comedy and tragedy. Such an actress cannot but be of great value to any theatre, and we congratulate the theatre-going public on her re-appearance. There are, nevertheless, some very serious faults in her playing, which must have suggested themselves already to those who have been present. Her *Lady Teazle* was not correct, her *Madeleine* was a very labored copy of Julia Dean's, both in attitude and expression, and her *Lucille* was—her own! There is reason to fear that she may not be altogether successful in some of the characters which will fall to her lot, though our hopes are contrary wise.

Mrs. Bertrand is a new comer in New Orleans. She will probably play the same parts that won for her considerable popularity while in New York, and is in our opinion likely to make "a hit" here. She has something of the same versatile talent as Mrs. Charles Howard, sings with ability and in her proper sphere plays with a good deal of taste and understanding.

Mr. W. H. Maddocks, announced from the "London Theatres," has as yet appeared in no character of importance—in nothing which can serve as a correct test, with the exception of *Joseph Surface*. There were some very grave defects, in our judgment, in his portrayal of that character, and there were also some favorable indications. He depicted *Joseph* too much after the Dick Turpin stamp, and hardly brought forward with sufficient clearness the shrewd intellect with which he is endowed. There was also a very melo-dramatic tread, much better adapted to one of Planche's Extravaganzas than Sheridan's famous comedy. It was clear, nevertheless, that Mr. Maddocks had studied his part and understood its wants and requirements. We shall be better able to judge of his merits when we have seen more of his acting.

Mr. Mark Smith, Mr. Potter, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Davis and Mr. Duncan are well known in the city. They were all attached to the theatres during last season, as were also Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Melville, Mmlle. Vallee and others. Mr. W. P. Smith and Mr Duffield—the latter a singer of considerable merit—Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Duff-ld and some others are new comers, who have not as yet rendered it necessary for us to express a very decided opinion with regard to their merits. Time, which tries all things, will undoubtedly give us a clear notion of their competence before long. Hoping all things, trusting all things, we are content to believe for the present their capability to sustain with honor and success their several parts, although objections might be urged to some of those in which they have already appeared.

The same course, we presume, will be followed at the St. Charles this season, that was so peculiarly successful the last. "Star" will follow star in quick succession, and we shall greet again many of the faces of past years. We trust the season will prove as profitable as its predecessor, and somewhat more deservedly so. We are willing, notwithstanding the somewhat unfavorable impressions we confess to having conceived already, to witness in the most favorable light, and commend in the most positive manner, whatever deserving of praise may be presented to us; and are inclined to regret the faults to which we have alluded, only on account of the reasons we have specified.

The attendance upon evenings past has been exceedingly good, and the brilliant promise we have for the coming season leads us to think that it will be well for the St Charles to endeavor to surpass all the history of the past. We shall pay somewhat close attention to the performances there and intend to chronicle, impartially, our estimate of the merit and success which comes before us.

St. Charles Theatre.—The play of "Ingomar," introducing Mr. George Jamison, was performed at this house last night to quite a large audience. As the play bill announced that Mr. Jamison would appear in his original character of *Ingomar* we were led to suppose it was his favorite impersonation, and that in it would be brought out and displayed all the finer points and conceptions of which he is capable. That such was not the case we sincerely wish, and would be rejoiced to find that the acting of Mr. Jamison last night was not a fair test of his capacity. If it was, it argues feebly for his reputation as a finished actor, and that it was not, we would charitably hope. Mr. Jamison did not render *Ingomar* as the unpolished, impulsive, though generous and warm-hearted barbarian, full of the poetry of untaught nature, and of the inspiration that springs from his native wilds; but as an ignorant backwoodsman, half buffoon, half savage, who makes up in bluffness what he lacks in point. He is too seemingly solicitous to cultivate the applause of the gallery, forgetting that there is an audience in the boxes whose sense of propriety is entitled to respectful difference.

Of the other characters in the piece, it is unnecessary to speak. Of Mr. Jamison we may have something to say hereafter.

The Telegraph Case.—We had ordered for insertion to-day the Picayune's defence of itself against Mr. Craig. The pressure on our columns, however, of what will not keep and must wait for nothing—namely, news—compels us to postpone the article (it is long) until to-morrow.

☞ We continued our course of the contents of our Mexican files yesterday, but the crowded state of our columns forbids its publication this morning. We shall to-day continue our extracts from other Spanish papers and present them to our readers to-morrow morning.

The clerk of the steamer A. L. Shotwell, has our thanks for late St. Louis papers.

The steamer Jeannie Deane has furnished us St. Louis papers to the 10th, for which we return thanks.

Maillard's, 67 Royal st.—A full and complete stock of all the finer kinds of Carpetings, consisting of Rose, Axminster, Lasserade, Saxony, Velvet and Brussels Tapestry, Three-Ply Ingrain and Venetian Carpetings; Mosaic Saxony, Axminster and Chenille Rugs; Mosaic Table Covers. Their stock of Fancy Articles is full and complete, being superior to any thing ever offered in this city. An hour can be pleasantly passed in examining their stock.

For St. Louis.—The swift steamer "Grand Prairie" leaves this afternoon, at 4 o'clock, for the above and intermediate points. She carries the mails and but little freight, consequently will go right through. She is commanded by that prince of good fellows, Captain E. A. Sheble.

Pacing Race.—An exciting race is advertised for to-morrow, to come off over the Metairie course for a purse of $300 at mile heats, three best in five. There are four entries for the stake, and as they are nearly all well known nags, there will be much interest manifested in the result. The track is in fine order, and unless bad weather intervenes, fast time may be looked for.

W. M. Burwell.—This gentleman who lately edited the Washington Republic and gained for it a wide influence and reputation, has taken the editorial charge of the Baltimore American. Mr. Burwell is one of the ablest political writers associated with the press of this country, and will doubtless give a high character to the journal which he is now editing.

Hon. F. P. Stanton.—This gentleman delivered the opening address at the commencement of the Botanic Medical College at Memphis recently. It is published at full length in the Eagle, and is a very well written production.

Graham's Magazine.—Richard H. Lee, Esq., has been, by purchase, one of the proprietors of this monthly, and hereafter it will be published by Richard Lee & Co. Mr. Graham will be its sole editor.

The New York Police Uniform.—The "police uniform" is ordered to be used after the 15th inst. In addition to the single breast, there will be a cap of the same color, also of military style, with two brass buttons, and "Police" in silver plated letters in front. It is said a majority of the policemen will refuse to wear it, and that a fund of $500 or $600 has been raised among them to fee counsel to test the right and authority of the commissioners to compel them to wear a uniform.

Departure of Hon. Carroll Spence.—We learn from the Baltimore Argus that the Hon. Carroll Spence, Minister to Constantinople, family and attaches, left Baltimore on the 8th, for Norfolk, from whence he sails in the steamer Saranac, Capt. Long, direct for his destination.

Sporting Intelligence.—On the 10th the second great trotting match between the trotter *Prince* and the pacer *Hero*, came off at Union Course, Long Island—$6,000 were staked on the result. We have not heard of the issue of the race.

Large Robbery at the National Theatre, New York.—Mr. D. L. Geer, of Erie county, Pa., was robbed of $2300 worth of Buffalo and New York city Railroad stock, a check on the Hoffister Bank, Buffalo, for $468 44, and about $200 in money, at the National Theatre, New York, on the night of the 5th. A young man has been arrested on suspicion.

Pardoned.—Gov. Lowe, of Maryland, has granted a pardon to Mary Coleman, who was convicted in the Baltimore City Court in 1844 on nine indictments, and sentenced to fourteen years in the Penitentiary, nine of which she had served.

Marine Disaster.—The Charleston Courier of the 12th says: "We regret to learn that the schooner Aurora S., from Baltimore for this port has been wrecked at Nagg's Head, and that Capt. Frisbie and three of the crew have been drowned.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

TO THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

By the Southern Line.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, Nov. 16, 7 p. m.—Flour has been in fair request, with sales of Ohio at $7 12½ to $7 25 per bbl Mess pork was sold at $15 25 per bbl. Sales of lard in barrels at 10½c to 10¾c per lb. Mixed corn is quoted at 60c per bushel. Coffee has been active, and 3500 bags Rio have been disposed of, mostly at 10½c per lb.

EASTERN MAIL.

Mobile, Nov. 16.—The Eastern mail has arrived, bringing dates from New York of the 10th inst., as late as due. The foreign letters brought by the Franklin, came in this mail.

By the National Line.

NEW YORK FLOUR MARKET.

New York, November 14.—The Baltic's accounts have depressed the flour market here, and prices have declined 12½ to 18¾c. per bbl.

OHIO RIVER—MARKETS.

Pittsburgh, November 14—The River here is still rising and a further rise is expected. There is now 11 feet water in the channel.

Cincinnati, November 14.—The River here has risen 3 feet during the last 24 hours. Hogs are selling to-day at $4 50 to $4 60 per 100 lbs. Sales of Mess Pork at $12 per barrel.

Louisville, November 15, 9 p. m.—The River here is now rising with 4 feet 6 inches water in the canal.

Pittsburgh, November 15.—The River here is now falling slowly with 10 feet 10 inches water in the channel.

Cincinnati, November 15.—The River here has risen 3 feet during the last 24 hours.

Louisville, November 15.—The River here is yet rising slowly with 4 feet 9 inches water in the canal.

POLITICS AT WASHINGTON.

Washington, Nov. 15.—At the meeting of the National Democrats last night resolutions were offered by a Mr. Wendell, lauding President Pierce but condemning the officers of his cabinet, and denouncing especially Mr. Guthrie's conduct.

After some angry words, the President of the Convention knocked Mr. Thomas, Deputy Collector, off the platform. Great confusion ensued, and the meeting broke up in a general row.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Cincinnati, Nov. 15.—The pork market has been heavy to-day and the sales confined to a few lots of hogs at $4 50 per cwt., and of green meats at 8¼c for shoulders 4¾c for sides and 6½c for hams. There have been some sales of lard at 8¾c per lb for No. 1, the purchasers furnishing barrels.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

Washington, Nov. 15—The information of the flight of the Emperor of China was received by a letter from Dr. Parker, of the American Legation at Canton. The letter states that the Emperor left the Empire in charge of one of his brothers. The insurgents were within six days' march of Canton. [A former dispatch stated "within six days' march of Pekin."—Eds.]

ACQUITTED—OHIO RIVER.

Cincinnati, Nov. 16.—Dr. Ames was tried here yesterday on the charge of shooting Judge Hall sometime since. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal.

The river here has risen one foot during the last twenty-four hours.

Pittsburgh, Nov. 16—The river here is yet falling with nine feet water in the channel.

Louisville, Nov. 16.—The river here is still rising, with four feet ten inches water in the canal.

NEWS OF THE CITY.

A Grumbler.—We have received an anonymous communication from some individual who complains that a contract for the construction of a plank road on Josephine street, in the Fourth District, has not been completed, notwithstanding the terms of said contract were agreed upon long ago—even before the annexation of Lafayette. Our correspondent facetiously asks if it can be for the want of men; when, judging from the vote polled at the last election, we must have such hosts of them in the city. He does not make allowance for the fact that the small army marched out under command of the sextons has been returned to its barracks after serving a special purpose.

Surrendered Himself.—James Walsh surrendered himself yesterday at the First District Police Court, knowing a warrant to be out for his arrest on a charge of perjury.

Inquest.—An inquest was held yesterday on the body of a white female infant child, found dead in the river at the Third District Ferry. Verdict—"Came to her death by being burned with vitriol, by some person or persons unknown."

First District Court—*Judge Larue.*—John Horrican was yesterday tried before this Court, on accusations: first, of assault with intent to kill; second, assault with a dangerous weapon. Found guilty on the second count.

Larcenies.—In the cases of Terrence Kavanagh, charged with larceny, and that of Antonio and Charles Arbos, under a similar charge, *nolle prosequi* was entered.

A *nolle prosequi* also was entered in the case of Michael Henry, charged with assault and battery.

The Insurrection Man.—James Dyson, the famous negro insurrection man, was brought by virtue of a writ of *habeas corpus* before Judge Larue, who decided that there were no just grounds for the application of the writ, made out a new commitment, and remanded Dyson to prison to await his trial.

Recorder Winter's Court—*First District.*—B. D Contoulis, otherwise Lacont, was yesterday arraigned before this court charged by Ann Robinson with assaulting her with a pan of hot water, and making threats of a terrific character against her personal safety. The case was fixed for November 18.

A Virago.—Catherine Pettis entered an affidavit against Mary Fully for assault and battery upon herself and infant child at her own house on Vine street. Fixed for the 18th.

Attempt to Kill.—Elizabeth Debert deposed that her husband Frederick Debert assaulted and attempted to kill her. Accused was remanded till to-day.

Grand Row.—Some time ago a deposition was made in this court, charging one Burns, who keeps a coffee-house, or grocery store, at the corner of Benjamin and St. Thomas streets, with assaulting and cutting with tumblers one James McCaffrey in a coffee-house at the corner of Annunciation and Galennie streets. This little piece of amusement, it appears, was retorted last election night by McCaffrey and his friends, who in vast numbers made an assault in the manner of a besieging army upon Burns's aforesaid grocery store, firing pistols and brickbats into it and driving the inmates out of the back doors in great discomfort and terror. One witness, named Spellman, testified that he was in the grocery at the time, and that the crowd, mistaking him for Burns, were about to "gobble him up" utterly, but that he saved himself by making a timely retreat, receiving a pistol bullet in the back of his head *through the top of his hat*, he showed the hole to prove it. On the charge made by McCaffrey Burns was sent before the First District Court under bond of $500. The affidavit of Burns in regard to the attack upon his grocery store, accused only three persons, James and John McCaffrey and Patrick Clark. John McCaffrey was sent before the First District Court under the charge of assault and shooting—bond $500—and the other two were discharged.

Recorder Ramos's Court—*Second District.* Gaspard Cahouret entered a deposition yesterday against one Louis Faivre and others, for assaulting, knocking him down and beating him severely, on St. Philip street. Affiant declares that but for the assistance of one Mr. Grosjean, he would in all probability have been killed. Faivre was required to give $600 security for his appearance, and warrants were issued for the apprehension of the others.

Breach of Trust.—Mr. and Mrs. Simon were yesterday examined on a charge of feloniously retaining a sum of money placed in their hands by a member of the Howard Association for the benefit of a sick man. Security was required for their appearance when notified.

Result of the New York State Election.—The scattering returns by telegraph from various sections of the State clearly indicate that the entire whig State ticket for the Canal Board is elected, in consequence of the large vote obtained by the national democratic ticket, headed by George W. Clinton. Also that the two Judges of the Court of Appeals on which the two sections of the democratic party were united, viz: Judges Ruggles and Begin, are elected by large majorities over Messrs. George Wood and Joseph Mullen, the whig candidates. It likewise appears certain that the whigs have elected about two-thirds of their Senators, for a term of two years—and a large majority of the members of Assembly. Consequently, the Legislature and the Canal Board will be whig, while the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, elected last year, being democrats, hold over for another year. The U. S. Senator in place of W. H. Seward, is to be chosen by the Assembly elected next year, and State Senators now chosen. [N. Y. Herald, 9th.

Health of Rio Janeiro.—Capt. Robinson, of brig Noble, arrived yesterday from Rio Janeiro, reports that city to be perfectly healthy on the 23d of September, the day of his departure. [N. Y. Herald, 9th.

The State Bank Robbery.—The stealer of the money from the Bank of the State has, we understand, been discovered. As was surmised, he proves, we are told, not to be a stranger, but one who had access to the interior of the Bank. [N. Y. Tribune, 9th.

Artistic Appreciation.—On Thursday a young woman from the country stood apparently absorbed with the beauty of Powers's statues in the exhibition. Our friend was anxiously awaiting her criticism. At last it came. "I vow, I think they could afford a sixpenny calico enough to cover them creaters!" [N. Y. Tribune.

The Widow of Gen. Harrison.—The Aurora (Ia.) Standard says:

The estimable widow of General Harrison still occupies a portion of the old family mansion at North Bend. She is in the serene evening of a long and eventful life, and though borne down by the weight of years, is still able to move about her room. She is the daughter of Judge John Cleves Symmes, and was married to General Harrison just the close of the last century.

Wonderful Progress of the Illinois Central Railroad.—The Illinois Central Railroad Company are now laying iron in five different places in this State:

From Freeport towards Galena.
" Bloomington towards Decatur.
" Kankakee Dep't towards Urbana.
" Cairo (or rather Cash river) northward towards Big Muddy river, and
From Big Muddy river northward towards Vandalia.

It is but a little over one year since this great work, near 700 miles in length, the longest in the United States, was undertaken. The Executive Committee are now in this State, examining the line, and they post up their books as follows:

Three quarters of the whole work is graded.

They have more iron on hand than will be necessary to complete the whole road.

The entire amount of money necessary for the completion of the road has been provided for.

One-third of the whole road will be in running order and operated by January 1st next.

The Board of Directors hope (and if the cholera or some other unforeseen calamity does not befall our State, they will be successful) to be able to have the whole road in operation by January 1, 1860.

This, when completed, will be the greatest railroad achievement of the age. If such men as have charge of the Illinois Central Railroad shall get held of the great Pacific road, men as old as Col. Benton may live to see it completed.

The public are already backing to these men to lead off in that great enterprise; but we think the glory they have achieved in Illinois will satisfy their ambition. [Chicago Democrat.

Selling Newspapers on Sunday.—A lad was recently brought before Judge Thompson of the court of sessions of Philadelphia for crying newspapers in the streets on Sunday, whereupon the Judge decided that the crying or selling of newspapers on Sunday could not amount to a breach of the peace, in case the person disturbed was not accosted by the newsboy, and that such a complaint if made would entitle the defendant to punishment.

Murder at Atalanta Ga.—E. A. P. White, a daguerreotype artist, was shot at Atalanta on the 11th, by a boy named O'Bond, at a coffee-house in that town. Three shots were fired, taking effect and causing his death in a few hours. The boy was arrested the next day at Morrison.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.—The aggregate receipts for those two roads for the month of October, amounts to $305,000, being an increase of $124 804 over the returns of the same period last year.

Appointment by the President.—James W. Green, of Virginia, to be Consul of the United States for Lima, in Peru.

Arrival of Emigrants.—The packet ship Daniel Webster, from Liverpool, arrived at Boston the 8th, with 650 emigrant passengers.

Runaway Negroes.—Eleven negroes escaped from Marion county, Illinois, on the 1st, in one party. They were assisted it is thought in their movements by abolitionists.

Professor Henry De Marsan.—The method and abilities of this gentleman, so highly spoken of in this city, are in great favor among the ladies and gentlemen who study the French language. Combining the oral system with the use of but one single and admirable book—it is a reasonable and true method, capable of producing the most satisfactory and incontestable results, and requires a great deal less time than any other system, ridiculously termed "the only successful one." Professor De Marsan has formed Day Classes for Ladies, and Evening Classes for Gentlemen. He gives Private Lessons as usual, at the residence of the Pupil, or at his own rooms, No. 8 Camp street, opposite the City Hotel.

Arrivals at the Principal Hotels ...November 16.

ST. CHARLES.—T B Taylor, W W Johnson, J S Johnson, C E Erwin, D Cox, F P Kimball, D D McGuinn, L Smith, H James, Dr Foster, M Harrison, D A Ogden, J Campbell, NO; J Nelson, S B Bell, H Lynch, H Huntington, C F Hatch, Lo; J B Smith, Mel; Wood, J A Shaw, W Fiske, J Mellon, A J Foster, W C Wood, P H Bond, J M Cuartes, K; J A Swinkling, W Alston, George N Parks, Miss; T S Hopper, Conn; J Y Hinson, T G Rust, H H Lopez, Ind; Wm S Rackley, Mo; A M H James, Ark; W T Simmons, T B Wood, Texas; W J Watt, Ga; J W Harris, Miss; T C McMoran, Ga; R Ridgely Miss; T Cunningham, Ky; S Lewis, O.

ST LOUIS.—J Evans, Z S r; in, La; J R Elliott, G W Johnson, S C Symonds, B Dean and lady, NO; W L Thomson, C T Yemanton, Ky; E Salazar, Mex; J Crockett, Miss; J M Hooker, C O Hoffman, Ky; Maj G Clinton, U S A; W F Lucken, Ga; S Brownson, C Thornton, Mo; P J Edwards, R B Cantherwood and lady, Mo.

VERANDA.—E G McLean, W P Brashears and lady, child and servant, J T Thom s, L H Hesseltz, K Johnson, D R, W Washington, La; W Conway, A Marsh, N O; T T Tell, Texas, W R Harrison, Miss; T M Neal, La.

CITY.—C Caulfield, W C Pierce, La; L B Steele, G A Fyschon, J M Blackburn, H H Briggs, C Calhoun, N O; L Durand, Mobile; W K Harrison, Miss; H Fink, J J Peck, NY; Chisala, Oregon.

ARCADE.—L W Wolf, P C Freely, G A Oscar, C Kirk, E W Barnes, T M Neal, J Lorne, La; W Bradford, G L Mayer, L Cochran, K King, Texas; J H Simon, J A Roubicek, J R Eliott, N O.

Died:

On Wednesday morning, November 16, at 9 o'clock of consumption, JOHN W. RICHARDSON, aged 21 years, (under Warden of City Workhouse,) a native of Sussex county, Delaware, but for the last four or five years a resident of this city.

☞ His friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend his funeral THIS MORNING, at 10 o'clock, from the Office of the City Workhouse.

On Wednesday night, November 16, at half-past 9 o'clock, JAMES BROWN, Jr., of Covington, La.

☞ His friends and acquaintances are requested to attend the funeral, from the residence of Mr. Gicaud, No. 28 Greatmen street, continuation of Dauphin street, THIS AFTERNOON, at 4 o'clock.

☞ Messrs. Editors: Please announce that if WILLIAM HALL, Esq., will consent to be a Candidate before the Democratic Nominating Convention for the JUDGESHIP of the FIRST DISTRICT COURT, vacant by the resignation of the Hon. John C. Larue, he will be supported by numerous FRIENDS. n13

☞ Messrs. Editors: Please announce Col. A. P. FIELD for JUDG