THE DAILY CRESCENT.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1853.

LOVING YOUR ENEMY.

The good find it very difficult to comply with this holy injunction of the Scriptures: the bad seem to find it very easy. For, among them, there are enemies a plenty that are really each other's best friends.

Such is the enmity between Chicane and Casuistry, which Pope describes in the *Dunciad*: they are tugging at the opposite ends of a rope, which is about the neck of Morals; and are really only helping each other to throttle her, while they appear to be struggling with each other:

> Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
> Chicane in furs and Casuistry in lawn
> Gasps as they straighten at each end the cord,
> And dies when Dulness gives her page the word.

In like manner, one may see two apparently hostile sawyers, jerking at the contrary handles of a cross-cut saw: each seems to be doing his best against the other; at every moment they appear to be dragging the instrument out of each other's hands. They have all the air of contending, most bitterly: but do they mean to hurt each other? Not at all: 'tis only what lies between them that suffers from their friendly strife.

So, again, there are no two things that seem more sharply or more unrelentingly to threaten each other with destruction than the adverse blades of a pair of shears. Yet who ever heard of their wounding one another, or cutting any thing but the cloth?

Southern Institutions stand as stood that lady with the cord about her neck; or they are as that log of wood just mentioned; or they occupy the enviable position of that cloth between the shears. At the rope that strangles us, Abolition only pulls North, Disunionism South. This is one blade of the scissors that are snipping us in two; that's the other. Abolition is the top sawyer, Disunion the bottom, of the pit in which we (poor miserable timber!) are sliced into the lumber and plank with which those amicable knaves are building themselves houses, while pretending to be fighting so fiercely.

Irreverent people have long been saying that the parsons could not get a living without him whom they are always abusing, old Nick: and there are some, perhaps, whose best friend he really is. But not a bit greater loss would the Devil be to all the brimstone party of the clergy, than abolitionism would be to Jefferson Davis, Gov. Quitman and the crew of the Fire-eaters generally. Never did despairing and destitute widow deplore a departed husband, whom she could never hope to replace, with more heartfelt grief than one of these most Christian foes would lament the other.

We have often had occasion to point to the fact of the real unanimity masked under the seeming enmity of those two factions. Here follows another pregnant instance of their accord. The remark with which the Journal follows up the juxtaposition of these two democratic texts, is pithy and strong:

MICHIE LITTLE.—The Charleston Mercury, in the following sentence packs away a great deal of truth:

"The South has gained nothing but a loss by this law. It was a stupid blunder on the part of Southern statesmen. The value of the slave lost is eaten up, if capture follows, while hatred to the institution abroad, and opposition to it at home, are increased by its *hard features* and the *barbarous enforcement of them.*"

This is precisely what we have said more voluminously many times since the compromise measures were passed. [N. Y. Evening Post.

Hence it follows that all abolitionists, freesoilers, etc., should give up their opposition to said law, and henceforth yield it their cordial support. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce, 23 inst.

AMERICA AND SHAKESPEARE.

We observe that Dr. Holmes, the lecturer and poet, of Boston, has lately said that we have yet had no great bard, of our own, and that "the great American poet is still to come."

Why, how is this, Doctor? Is not this the most poetical land under the sun? Where are all those tuneful people who have so long been urged upon us, as making up the separate glory of "an American literature?" For our part, we have always supposed great authors to be as thick as hops or as hail, all over our soil, and poets, especially, inasmuch as we have long since satisfied ourself that, in this very literary age, there were thousands upon thousands who write amazing poetry and cannot, for their lives, indite a decent sentence of prose.

But, then, where is New England, in particular? We have been accustomed to look on it as one universal Parnassus. Does any body ever condescend to write prose, there? We had really supposed not.

Consider, Dr. Holmes, what a depraved heresy this is, that you are uttering in the face of all the Mutual Admiration Societies of New England! What will their great central organ, the North American Review, say to you? And dare you, besides, fly into the face of that matchless collection of an unparalleled critic, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold and his bookful of bards? No great poets! Why, sir, did any one ever hear of a *small* American poet? Never, sir, never! It is a prodigy that has never yet occurred: no more than a Virginia family who were less than a F. F. V. If it ever should occur, nobody will believe it: or at any event, nobody will tell of it.

But suppose, oh doctor! he who (you say) has not yet come—the great poet—were, at last, to arrive, sure enough? How should we know him from all the rest that have, in perpetual succession, been heralded to us as the great poet, by every tin-trumpet that now blows Renown about?

And why, sweet doctor! must a poet come, when there's no more poetry? Do you not know that lands over-cropped with a particular thing grow (as the farmers say) *sick* and refuse to grow any longer? Or why, again, do you look for an American poet, when there's no longer an English one? What needs there, to prove that fact, but the late out-cry of wonder over Alexander Smith?

Dr. Holmes! we must ask you several serious questions, painful as it is to ask what can't be answered. If you *had* a great American poet, what would you do for him that you have not done for every mewing metre-monger, from the most dismal of the Puritans down to the most doleful of the sentimentalists? Would you not set him to sing baby-verse to you? What is he to be an *American* poet for? Is he to versify the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence? Shall he resound Congressional speeches, or the glories of the spoils-system? Or, soaring on still bolder wing, celebrate the honors of Manifest Destiny and turn Democracy, which never was reason, into rhyme at least? Why but for such purposes, would you have him an *American* poet? Why, unless that you want him not to write English? Is he to be American by dint of American doctrine or thought or dialect or style? Not, we hope, unless all these are to be a clear improvement upon all our existing literature. If they *are*, why, then, in Heaven's name! let the new poet come, and come quickly, bringing a large school along with him. Nobody will be gladder to see him beat Milton and Shakespeare hollow than ourself.

But allow us, until this rather uncertain poetic advent, promised us only by false prophets, shall come, to insist that the old literature of our language is not only very good, but, according to any signs we have yet given, a great deal better than any we shall get in place of it. Raleigh and Bacon, in prose, Shakespeare and Milton in verse, are quite as good writers as we deserve. As to *American*, we don't know it, in Letters nor in Art: but, on the contrary, hold all that is noble in British wit or valor or patriotism or virtue or sense to be just as much *ours* as here. And, apropos of all this, we take pleasure in laying before our readers, from the London Athenæum, the following:

The suggestion, derived from the recent pilgrimage of some of our Shakspeare-loving transatlantic cousins to Stratford-on-Avon, that some of the windows, designed originally for stained glass, but never filled, should be devoted to offerings from certain cities in the United States, has, it seems, been referred to the vicar, the Reverend Mr. Harding; and our correspondent, "C. F." who before addressed us on this subject, now informs us that the vicar very cordially adopts the proposal. Some of the proposed memorials to the shrine of Shakspeare as offerings by the American nation, and that it had also been warmly approved by others. We hope, therefore, that the proposal will now assume a specific form, by the choice of as many of the most eminent cities in the States as can well be allowed to enjoy the privilege, due justice being also done to our own. A more graceful or affecting tribute to the memory and the world-wide renown of the Bard of Avon could not well be offered than this, from the midst of a region which, in his time, was an unknown and savage wilderness, but which his Anglo-Saxon fellow countrymen have vanquished and have civilized."

How infinitely better, how infinately worthier of two great sister-nations, these mutual honors to the men that are the common ornament, the common benefactors of their race, than the base and odious reproaches and prejudices, which demagogues are always trying to call up in the popular mind. Very different the lesson which one of those who have themselves added to our fame—we mean Washington Alston, far the best of our painters except Leutze, and himself no mean poet—one than whom there was no truer American—has left us. With a noble liberality and truth, he says:

> Though ages long have past,
> Since our fathers left their home,
> Their pilot in the blast,
> O'er untraveled seas to roam,
> Yet lives the blood of England in our veins.
> And shall we not proclaim
> That blood of honest fame,
> Which no tyranny can tame,
> With its chalos!
>
> While the language, free and bold,
> Which the bard of Avon sung,
> And in which our Milton told
> How the vault of Heaven rung,
> When Satan blasted fell with his host;
> While this, in accents meet,
> Ten thousand echoes greet,
> And from rock to rock repeat,
> Round our coast;
>
> While the manners, while the arts,
> That mould a nation's soul,
> Still cling around our hearts;
> Between let oceans roll,
> Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
> Yet still from either beach
> The voice of blood shall reach,
> More audible than speech
> "We are one!"

☞ We are requested to state that the French Protestant Church, situated on Rampart street, corner of Bienville, and under the pastoral charge of Rev. U. H. Williamson, having undergone the necessary repairs, will be open to the public on Sunday morning, 18th inst.

Divine service at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M., every Sabbath.

REPORTS OF DEPARTMENTS.—We have, to-day, to the exclusion of much other valuable matter, published a careful synopsis of the contents of the reports of the various Departments to Congress, which will be found to contain many interesting and valuable statistics and important suggestions.

ORLEANS THEATRE.—The grand opera in five acts, by Halevey, of "Charles the VI.," will be performed at this house on Saturday night the 17th inst. The principal parts will be sustained by Mmlle. Borghese and Bertoni and by Mons. Lapierre and Lacroix.

MMLLE. SOTO.—We learn with pleasure that Mmlle. Soto, the *danseuse*, will shortly arrive, and that she will appear at the Orleans Theatre—probably on Monday next.

☞ Dick Nash, at 97 St. Charles street, has just received and offers for sale a choice lot of pickles and Mechanoe potatoes, both of which articles are designed expressly for family use.

☞ The steamer Grand Turk has our thanks for late papers from St. Louis.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—We have received from J. C. Morgan the last number of Gleason's Weekly Pictorial. It is not a very handsome number, nor is it very well illustrated, but Mr. Morgan can supply all those who desire to read it.

THE RAVEL TROUPE.—This unrivaled troupe of dancers, gymnasts and pantomimists, were at last accounts playing at the National Theatre, St. Louis, to crowded houses. Hundreds of persons wishing to obtain admission to their performances have been nightly turned away for want of room to accommodate them. Since the opening night of these artists.

The company is composed of thirty performers, selected from among the more celebrated in the principal theatres of Paris, Milan, Naples, St. Petersburg and other European cities. Of Gabriel Ravel, and of Mmlle. Zoe, the St. Louis papers speak in terms of unqualified praise. The company will be here shortly after the close of their present engagement.

THE RACES.—In a few days the winter races will commence. Hundreds of interested people are coming to town daily and we expect a few weeks of considerable sport. The stables to be represented are numerous and well filled; the horses are, most of them, old favorites and equal to any of their predecessors. The stakes are worthy of competition. The town is full of strangers, and if we do not have such a season on the turf as has rarely been, either in this city or elsewhere, it will be the fault of the nags most decidedly. Then hurrah for the races!

ORLICH'S BILLIARD SALOON.—Amateurs at this fascinating game will find at this saloon, No. 92 Common street, the best of tables and cues, with all the modern improvements, where a quiet hour may be passed without interruption. The maker of the tables, Mr. Antognini has the most extensive manufactory in the South, and is prepared to fill orders for either tables, cues, cushions, or cloth with the utmost promptitude and on the most reasonable terms; he is to be found at No. 14 Conti street.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—We yesterday noticed the case of Mr. John R. Stuyvesant, in NewYork, who had been swindled out of property to the amount of $10,000 by an infamous conspiracy. The trial of Seymour and his wife, the guilty parties, was set down for the 7th at 10 o'clock. The time arrived; the defendant with his counsel appeared. After the court had waited nearly an hour information was received that Mr. Stuyvesant had died at six o'clock that morning of Asiatic cholera. It is thought by some that he committed suicide rather than meet the exposure the trial would subject him to.

ANOTHER DRAMATIC EXCITEMENT.—The New York Day Book says that the new play of Alexandre Dumas—"*La Jeunesse de Louis Quatorze*"—which was prohibited from being produced at the *Theatre Francaise*, in Paris, by the Imperial censorship, after the manager had expended some $20,000 in getting it up—is now in New York and will be shortly produced at a leading theatre. The time of the piece is when Louis XIV. was about seventeen, and when he was in love with Mademoiselle Marie Mancini, niece of the then all-powerful Cardinal Mazarin, who frustrated this youthful passion of his royal pupil and withdrew its object from his realm.

When the prohibition first transpired, the manager was of course in despair, and wrote post-haste to Dumas at Brussels, announcing the catastrophe. Dumas returned word by telegraph to postpone the first rehearsal of the new play for one week—immediately commenced work, and on the following Monday sent the manuscript of "*La Jeunesse de Louis Quinze*," which was produced with nearly the same decorations as had been provided for the *Quatorze*, and is now running with immense success. This is a literary feat that no other writer but Dumas would have thought of attempting, and one which even he has never equalled.

POST-OFFICE ROBBERY.—A young man named Sela Matthews has been arrested at Watertown, NewYork, charged with robbing the post-office at that place. Over one hundred letters broken open were found in his trunk, with drafts to the amount of $700. He had been employed in the office.

SUIT AGAINST THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—In the Superior Court of New York, Mr. Charles Huston has brought an action to recover $10,000 damages from that city, having had his thigh broken in consequence of falling into a hole in the street.

ANOTHER QUICK PASSAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—The clipper-ship White Cloud, Capt. Cressey, arrived at New York on the 7th in eighty-seven days from San Francisco.

HEAVY OPERATIONS AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.—The greatest day's work ever performed at the NewYork Post-office was that of the 29th of November. The total number of letters received or sent out during that day was 198,867; newspapers, do, 207,102. Total, 405,969. The number of hands employed in the various departments is 140, exclusive of 70 letter carriers and 10 persons employed in collecting letters from the different stationboxes about the city.

FIRE AT LITTLE ROCK.—The residence of John M. Ross, Esq., at Little Rock, was burned on the 6th. The loss amounts to $3300, of which $1800 is covered by insurance.

WANTED.—A supply of "Ottomans," for the repose of the weary Russians. Those stuffed with hair-breadth escapes not desired.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—*By and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate.*—John Y. Mason, of Virginia, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of the French.

Thomas Seymour, of Connecticut, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to be Commissioner to the Empire of China.

Antonio Quiaterio, who caused the soldiers recently at Cardenas, Cuba, to take themselves off the island. It is reported, has been condemned to suffer the death penalty by the garotte.

AMUSEMENTS LAST EVENING.

PLACIDE'S VARIETIES.—Shakespeare's play of "Hamlet" was performed last evening at the Varieties Theatre, with Miss Ellen Bateman as *Hamlet*. We have only to renew our notice of the previous evening. It was poor, bald and incompetent in every respect. It was a child's personation throughout and not that of an actor or actress. It was weak and foolish and namby-pamby. It was the acting of a child. It was *Hamlet* travestied instead of *Hamlet* performed. The startling announcement of the play-bills was all stuff and nonsense; it drew nobody; it influenced nobody. The play was poorly rendered throughout. Miss Bateman's *Hamlet* was bad; Mr. Allen's *Ghost* was bad; and the only saving thing in the performance was Mrs. Warwick's *Ophelia*, which was good.

The comedy of "Her Royal Highness" was played with tolerable merit, but not as such a comedy ought to be played. The children are growing too old for the characters in which they appear and for the commendation they have been used to.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams played last evening before a large and respectable audience. It was not such an one as we could have desired but was nevertheless creditable. To-morrow evening we will be better able to notice their performances.

Beastly Outrage.

One of the most beastly outrages that has perhaps ever transpired in a civilized community, came to our knowledge at a late hour last night. The facts as we were enabled to learn them are substantially as follows: A family residing in the rear of the city had frequently, of late, been disturbed by the visits of a night prowler, who at unusual hours made incursions into their premises. Tracks had been seen in the yard on the mornings following, and the ground was generally torn up in numerous places. Strange noises were frequently heard about there, mingled with deep groans quickly drawn. So great did the alarm of the family become that finally it was determined to call in the neighbors to assist in watching for, and if possible, of apprehending the intruder. Accordingly several young men assembled at the house last night, armed and equipped with ropes and thongs, whips, clubs and bludgeons, to capture the obnoxious individual and to administer to him some wholesome chastisement in the shape of a sound drubbing.

A mysterious circumstance was that the yard wherein the intruder made his incursions was enclosed with a high fence—so high that it was impossible to scale it, and withal guarded with sharp iron spikes—and the only means of ingress and egress was through a gutter that ran under the fence for the convenience of conducting off slop-water. Through this opening it was evident that the midnight marauder made his incursions, and at this spot the young men determined to intercept him—on the very threshold, as it were, of his field of operations.

At this spot the intercepting party waited several hours, and finally, with patience worn out, determined to give over the campaign, not, however, without putting over the mouth of the gutter a bag with a running noose around the open end of it, attached to a long cord, which last was to be drawn tight whenever the intruder should put his head in the bag, so as to secure him effectually. The plan worked well.

Scarcely had the party completed their arrangements and detailed one of their number to attend to the slipping noose, when a sudden churning was heard in the gutter, as though of some one crawling through it on all fours. At the same moment certain deep breathings and groaning were heard, as if the individual making his way through, had some difficulty in doing so, and was suffocated by the filth and mud. All was excitement amongst the ambushed party, when suddenly a movement of the bag indicated that the intruder had put his head into it—the cord was jerked violently, and the night-prowler effectually secured. So great was the excitement that the party immediately set up a yell of triumph—which set all the dogs to barking—and then fell upon the unlucky prisoner with clubs and bludgeons—all the while keeping up such a din that the cries of the victim could not be heard! After belaboring the unfortunate creature in this unmerciful manner for more than a half hour, the party desisted, and untying the bag discovered that several of the poor fellow's bones were broken and that otherwise he was a mass of blood and mud! When our informant left the miserable creature was thought to be at his last gasp.

The most remarkable circumstance about this affair is that certain members of the Police declined to interfere, stating that the abused individual (who goes by the name of Sandy Shote) was a perfect hog, and that his father before him, who was a native of Berkshire, England, was quartered and hung up for being of similar character and of the same bad habits!

N. B. We have since learned that a numerous branch of the same unfortunate family were last winter slaughtered in a most bloody manner at Cincinnati, and salted away in pork barrels! *Verbum sap!*

NEWS OF THE CITY.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN SHAPE.—We were present in the First District Police Office last night when a young woman, rather good-looking, and plainly though neatly dressed, was brought in under arrest, sobbing and exclaiming passionately against the cruelty of man and the world generally. She certainly was not one of that class of women who are supposed to have lost every trace of virtue and all sense of shame, and with whom society has or pretends to have no sympathy. We were told that the woman had been living with a villain, whose name we repress for the present, in the character of his wife, and had been considered as such by many who knew them both; she was the mother of a child by him, and it would naturally be supposed that such intimate relations entitled her to some claim upon him for protection and support. But it seems he recognized no such claim, and being versatile and peculiar in his tastes, cast her and his child out, and installed in place of her in his domestic establishment a lady of color! Reduced to helplessness and absolute want, the discarded woman yesterday evening applied to him for assistance, but was grossly insulted, loaded with the vilest epithets and abuse, and finally delivered into the hands of a watchman and taken to the calaboose, from which she was immediately released by some humane persons who were acquainted with the particulars of the case.

No terms should be held with such a scoundrel; he should be marked and denounced as unfit to live within gun-shot of an honest man. An offence so enormous cannot be his first one, and he is hereby given to understand that, should we learn of his cruelty being again exercised upon this woman, or of his being again concerned in a transaction so far below the usual standard of human meanness, we will most surely not only thoroughly expose his baseness but brand him with the infamy of his own name.

THEATRICAL DISTURBANCE.—The frequent rows that occur in the St. Charles theatre are becoming a source of profit to the city treasury. From what we hear and see, and the numerous arrests made, we infer that the performances in the parquette and galleries must be quite as amusing and perhaps instructive as those put forth upon the stage, and we therefore recommend all people who love fun and have not over-sensitive ears, to go and have a laugh, and don't forget to take their wives and daughters, if they happen to have any. John W. Barrs and Wm. Barr were arraigned before Recorder Winter yesterday morning, and fined for getting up a great noise and disturbance in the St. Charles, during which, we are told, the critical ears of the audience were edified with all sorts of oaths and expletives. Mr. Barr—who had probably presumed upon the fact of his being partly a namesake of the fat and amiable manager—had upon his person when arrested a dangerous looking bowie-knife, for which he was fined $20.

UP AGAIN.—The famous Major Louis Schlesinger, of filibustering, piratical and thievish notoriety, was up again yesterday on an affidavit made by Margaret Bryan, charging him with having threatened her life, and praying his arrest. Schlesinger, it may be remembered, was sent before the First District Court some days since to be tried on a charge of having stolen a sum of money from this same lady.

DISCHARGED.—Ellen Welsh was arraigned yesterday on the charge of having stolen from the house of George Tate, on Gravier street, on the night of the 6th of last October, the sum of $515. Accused was discharged, but the papers in the case were sent to the First District Court.

FATAL FALL.—An inquest was held yesterday on the body of a white man named Jacob Fritz, aged thirty years, a native of France, found dead in Carroll street, between Jackson and Phillip streets, in the Fourth District. Verdict, "Came to his death from injuries received in the head by falling on the curb-stone while intoxicated."

PASSING BAD MONEY.—Michael Faighany was arraigned before the Second District Police Court yesterday for imposing a counterfeit half eagle upon an unsuspecting lady named Mary Hughes. It may perhaps be as well to state that Mary received the five dollar piece in exchange for a similar amount in silver. Accused was required to give security for his appearance.

THIEF ARRESTED.—A free man of color named Charles Ravnel was arrested in the First District yesterday afternoon by officer Daly, charged with having stolen a sum of money; $48 29 were found upon his person when arrested, supposed to be a portion of the stolen dimes.

BOOT LARCENY.—Fred Celland was locked up in the First District Police Jail last night for stealing a pair of boots—or at least for being accused of stealing them.

RECORDER WINTER'S COURT—*First District.*—An affidavit was made before this court yesterday against John O'Halloran, charging him with committing an assault and battery on a lady named Carson, on Melpomene street. A charge also was made against him of cruelly beating his wife with an intention to murder her, cutting her in the face with a knife, and knocking her down and stamping her. The brute was locked up.

A RASCAL.—A butcher of St. Mary's Market named Lafrehe was sent before the First District Court under bond of $500 to answer a charge of feloniously retaining the sum of ten cents, paid him by one Mary A. Conner as the price of a piece of meat, which, together with the dime, he thought proper to keep possession of, abusing and assaulting his fair customer when she demanded her rights.

CHARGE OF EXTENSIVE RASCALITY.—Two affidavits were made in this court a day or two since by David Melville, of the firm of Melville & Co., against Jas. W. Demarest, lately employed as clerk and agent of said firm, embodying a number of serious charges against said Demarest. It is set forth that while acting in his capacity of agent accused has collected and appropriated to his own use considerable sums of money due to the firm; he is also charged with selling for his own benefit a large amount of goods entrusted to him and with carrying away from their store on St. Charles street a lot of jewelry worth about $600. Altogether the peculations of accused are estimated at seven or eight thousand dollars. The charge of trespass was also brought against Demarest, deponent endeavoring to make it appear that after he (accused) had swindled the firm out of their money and goods, he had taken forcible possession of their store, No. 17 St. Charles street. The examination of the case will come off on the 21st inst., when it is possible we may hear a very different version of the story.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT—*Judge Larue.*—Joseph O'Neil, sent before this court in June last by Recorder Winter on a charge of assaulting and attempting to kill Thomas O'Neil with a revolver, was tried yesterday and found guilty of assault.

SELLING LIQUOR TO SLAVES.—Robert John, a free man of color, was tried on two counts—1st, for giving and selling liquor to slaves, and 2d, for causing liquor to be sold and given, etc. Found guilty on the first count. Sentenced to a fine of $300 and costs, and house forfeited.

Nolle prosequi was entered in the case of Wm. Longworth, charged with larceny.

Eliza Lawrence, was found guilty of stealing, on the 23d of November, the sum of $66 from Dennis Hickey.

Antonio Dango was tried on an information for assault with intent to murder one Maria Solari, on the 16th of last September. Dango is a Sicilian, and it appears had been instigated by a man named Rimasea to procure the murder of this woman. She had been attacked from behind and beaten with a club while seated in the door of her store on Chartres street, between St. Louis and Toulouse streets.

It is stated that Maria (who is an Italian woman) was in possession of some secret regarding the man Rimasea, and that in order to ensure against its betrayal, the latter wished to deprive her of life. She stated in her affidavit before Recorder Ramos that the man Dango had confessed to her some time subsequent to the assault that he knew the man who had attempted her life; that Rimasea had offered him (Dango) $100 to kill her; that he had refused but had agreed to, and actually did, procure a man to commit the deed. This was the crime for which Dango was tried and convicted. The assassin was to receive $100 if he succeeded and $30 if the attempt failed. Dango confessed that he stood upon the corner of St. Louis and Chartres streets at the time of the attack, with a club in his dirk to defend the murderer from arrest; he stated that his reason for revealing the whole affair was an enmity towards Rimasea in consequence of a difficulty which had since arisen between them in regard to the division of some stolen money. The monster who committed the deed escaped; he struck but one blow, we believe, but it was with a heavy bludgeon and felled the woman upon the floor insensible, causing her to bleed profusely and placing her life for some time in a critical condition. There was much testimony brought forward tending to prove these circumstances, and no doubt was left of the prisoner's guilt. A verdict was rendered as charged in the indictment.

The Grand Jury yesterday found a true bill against Wm. Johnson and Andrew Mevill for the murder of Christian Metting on the 13th of July last, by striking him with a cane, beating and bruising him, and finally throwing him into the Mississippi river, "wherein," to use the words of the indictment, "there was a great quantity of water."

Also, against James Dyson, the great negro insurrectionist, for attempting to produce discontent among the free colored population of the State, and to excite insubordination among the slaves therein.

Arrivals at the Principal Hotels.....December 15.

CITY.... Capt G D Hopple, M T Vaulen, sir Midas, B Knickerbocker, J B Walker, T J Tate, C J Johnson, W F Stone, Lt T V Power, Texas; Maor Plunins, H G Bottom, NY; P A McRae, Cal; W E Jones, A Walker, H Scruggs, T W George, P R Thomas, Miss; G Meyers, S Smith, S S Mullins, Ky; G W Caudield, do; F Britton, N Orleans.

ST CHARLES.... D W Oliver and lady, Miss Harrison, C; J B Brown Fla; S H Perry, St Louis; T L Lea, Pa; T Pickering, D Walker, J C Seymour, NY; D Ostinger, U S R S; E E Irwin, Mobile; J D Booth J W Hacker, T Green, Miss; T S Freeman, Mobile; E Chapman, S S Rob, J Stuart, H Garr, NO; A H Poll, D J T Luker, G W Jones, Lt; Mai Church, Texas.

ST LOUIS.... Mrs Delagney and servant, S M Bennett, lady and children, La; J W Shiffield, NO; L Morrison, Mrs Morrison, Miss Morrison, W Willis, A Wharton, NY.

VERANDA.... C Hilliard, lady, 3 children and servant, J T Young, NO; A B Bird, NY; G W Shields, Miss; Mrs T W Beckwith, two children and servant, St Louis; J J Traceham, Ky; T J Sappington, Richmond, Va; T Sappington, La.

ARCADE.... J Hays, R Ward, G B King, B E Harris, L L Moore, W L Reese, S S Grenhill, C A Hooper, Stna; B Cowsill, La; J H Lehman, Tenn; A J Micro, L M Caldwell, NO.

Jewels of Memory.

NORMAN'S,

14 CAMP STREET.

☞ The Collection of

SPLENDID ANNUALS,

.... AND ....

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

is so extensive in the Establishment, that the customary Catalogue will be discontinued this season. The Proprietor begs leave, however, to remind his numerous patrons that every work of acknowledged MERIT AND BEAUTY has a place upon his tables, as heretofore, and now ready for examination.

December, 1853. [d14 9pd&W tf] January, 1854.

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BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the Hon. L. U. Gaiennie, First Justice of the Peace for the Parish of Orleans, I will expose at public auction, on WEDNESDAY, December 28, 1853, at 12 o'clock m., at my Warehouse, No. 230 Tchoupitoulas street—

ONE LOT OF FURNITURE,

Seized in the above suit. Terms cash.

d16 J. J. HOPPE, Constable.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

FIRST JUSTICE'S COURT, } [WM. CONNOLLY vs. WM. WILKINS and
PARISH OF ORLEANS. } WIFE.... No. 14,348.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the Hon. L. U. Gaiennie, First Justice of the Peace for the Parish of Orleans, I will expose at public auction, on WEDNESDAY, December 28, 1853, at the hour of 12 o'clock m., at my Warehouse, No. 230 Tchoupitoulas street—

ONE LOT OF FURNITURE,

Seized in the above suit. Terms cash.

d16 JOHN J. HOPPE, Constable.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

FIRST JUSTICE'S COURT, } [Mrs. FITZPATRICK vs. Mrs. KELLY.
PARISH OF ORLEANS. } No. 14,349.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias to me directed by the Hon. L. U. Gaiennie, First Justice of the Peace for the Parish of Orleans, I will expose at public auction, on WEDNESDAY, December 28, 1853, at the hour of 12 o'clock m., at my Warehouse, No. 230 Tchoupitoulas street—

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