THE DAILY CRESCENT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY.

JAMES O. NIXON. WILLIAM R. ADAMS.

BY NIXON, ADAMS & CO.

OFFICE NO. 70 CAMP STREET.

TERMS.

The Crescent will be regularly served to subscribers in the city at an early hour every morning, (Sundays excepted) for $10 a year, in advance; half yearly and quarterly at the same rates, or 75 cents a week, payable to the carriers.

Advertisements, per a piece of ten lines in pearl—first insertion, $1 all cases, $1; for every subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

Has a circulation which renders it a desirable medium for advertisers.

As a Family Paper it circulates largely, reaching many hundreds of homes at an early hour, and being read before the approach of business hours, consequently articles for family use may be advantageously published in its columns.

THE WEEKLY CRESCENT

is published every Monday morning at $5 a year invariably in advance, having an extensive circulation throughout Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Texas, and other States. It presents a favorable mode to advertisers of making their wares and commodities known. Advertisements inserted for $1 per square each insertion.

MONDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1855

☞ Persons leaving the city during the Summer, who desire the daily or weekly Crescent forwarded to them, can have it done regularly for any specified time, by leaving their orders and address at the office, No. 70 Camp street.

The clerk of the steamer Niagara has our thanks for late papers from Louisville, Evansville and Memphis.

THE MAILS.—The mails are becoming too irregular for our commerce. The Northern mail, via Mobile, due on Saturday, failed from beyond Montgomery, Ala. That due on yesterday failed from beyond Charleston. These, with many other failures within the past twenty days, are more than we bargained for.

Will Mr. Postmaster General Campbell turn his attention from "Sam," and look after his mail contractors?

CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The American Congressional Convention for the Third District will meet in the town of Vidalia, parish of Concordia, this day, according to adjournment. A candidate for Congress will, of course, be nominated. Who the fortunate individual will be—for we consider a nomination equivalent to an election—it is impossible to conjecture. So many good and true names are mentioned that from among the multiplicity of candidates it is difficult to make a selection. But, as the convention cannot make a bad choice, without traveling entirely out of the record, we question not general public satisfaction will be given.

Among the gentlemen spoken of in connection with Congressional honors are Judge Watterston of Livingston, Gov. Hebert of Iberville, Allen of West Baton Rouge, Walles of Concordia, and Pond, of East Feliciana.

Either of these gentlemen would make a first rate Congressman; and either, we are firmly convinced, can and will beat the nominee of our opponents—Hon. Thomas Green Davidson—if opportunity is afforded them. Years ago, he was a native American of the strongest sect, far surpassing the Know-Nothings in the intensity of his loyalty to the land of his birth. We think it very doubtful whether his falling from grace will do him much good. If Americanism was all right twelve or fourteen years since, it cannot be unmitigated rascality now.

We presume we shall hear of the action of the convention in a day or two.

THE LIGHT HOUSE BOARD.—Whether the above board cannot be accused of partiality, is not the intent of this article. But the South, whenever an appropriation is made for improvements, always, somehow or another, comes up in the rear. At the session of Congress previous to the last, fifteen thousand dollars was appropriated for the erection of a light house on St. Joseph Island, Lake Borgne. Up to this time no steps have been taken to carry out the purposes of the act of Congress. The hardy mariner on the Lake continues to grope on, running the risks of navigation as usual; and Southern interests, as conformable to practice, neglected by the powers that be. If an appropriation had been made to erect a light house on the shore of some insignificant fishing village near Cape Cod, or in any Northern State, it would have long since been carried out.

THE INSECT EPIDEMIC.—There is a mosquito and bug epidemic now prevailing awfully within the corporate limits of the City of New Orleans. Nothing of the kind was ever before known. The "oldest inhabitant" has been consulted; and after carefully calculating his memoranda and statistics, has arrived at the conclusion that the like was never before known in this afflicted settlement. We have a profound veneration for this ancient individual; would take his word under almost any circumstances; but, had he not been sound on the bug question, we would have been compelled to have thrown him overboard in disgust. Personal, positive and physical knowledge, would have constrained us to such a course.

The long spell of dry weather during the spring, and even the first of the summer months, kept down the mosquitoes and bugs, and we all had a fine time of it. But the rains which followed, and which now follow almost every day, have stimulated the mosquito and bug crops to unwonted production, to unexampled fertility. The parallel was never before known. Huge, black bugs, bombard your papers, Sebastopol like, rattle against your craniums and charge upon your writing materials, while innumerable millions of mosquitoes attack you in every direction—assail ruthlessly your hands, face, ears, nose and mouth, and very often obscure the light of the gas just above you by which you are writing!

What is to be done? Yellow fever epidemics are bad. Cholera epidemics are to be dreaded. We have encountered all, but this mosquito and bug epidemic is the worst we have ever known. Ho, for the protection of a secure mosquito-bar, bug proof!

LACES, RIBBONS, ETC.—S. B. Churchill, Dryades street will open to-day a choice assortment of laces, ribbons, collars and many other elegant and fashionable goods, which he offers to the public on the most accommodating terms. For full particulars see advertisement.

A FAST HORSE.—The Delta has a Mississippi correspondent, who, a few days ago, while driving out with a horse and buggy, was chased by a drove of mad bulls. After a pursuit of a few minutes, notwithstanding the Colonel threw out his overcoat and carriage cushions, the bellowing herd overtook him and came near destroying his buggy and making a finish of himself and his fleet steed.

On the 16th the Manchester (N. H.) Corporation Mill, No. 1, was nearly destroyed by fire, together with the contents. Loss estimated at $250,000. By this accident 500 persons are thrown out of employment. There was insurance to the amount of $100,000.

On the same day another fire broke out destroying twenty-two stores and dwelling houses; including Fatney's block. Loss about $100,000, partially insured.

A QUESTION OF "ACCURACY."

In reference to the leading article in the Crescent of Saturday morning, the Courier of the following day remarks:

ACCURACY.—The Crescent will perceive by a more careful perusal of the remarks made by Mr. Moise at the great gathering of Democrats last Thursday evening, that it has slightly misrepresented him. That gentleman is as remarkable for his extreme accuracy in the use of language as he is for his manly and open candor. He did not say that the principles of the Know-Nothing party "were conceived in falsehood and nourished in deceit" as the Crescent alleges. He said, "This party was conceived in falsehood and nourished in deceit," alluding, of course, to its origin and to the well known custom of its members of denying their connection with it. With this correction we leave the Crescent for the present, but we design to bestow a few comments hereafter on some of the assertions and threats contained in its leading article of Saturday morning.

We do not conceive the Courier's explanation helps Mr. Moise out of his difficulties at all. We rather think it sinks him still more deeply in the mire of his own passionate imprudence and injustice. Admit, for the sake of argument, that he was "slightly misrepresented," what then? Why, the publication of the entire pragraph, in the Courier of Friday, upon a quotation from which the Crescent's article was founded, would make him liable, we respectfully submit, to still severer animadversions than we indulged in. In the hurry of the moment we omitted to copy that paragraph. We now proceed to supply the omission, and are perfectly willing to leave the matter at issue between the Courier and ourselves to the judgment of the public. Here it is, taken from the Courier's report of Mr. Moise's speech. The italics are our own:

"The party opposed to us has put forth *what they call a* platform of their principles. But this party was *conceived in falsehood and nourished in deceit.* How, then, do we know that this very platform is not insted with covert mental reservations? How do we know that what they call their ritual does not authorize them to *act in direct opposition to their published declarations?!*"

It strikes us—and so we think it will strike every intelligent and candid reader—that the distinction the Courier would fain draw in favor of Mr. Moise is without any substantial difference, so far as our strictures upon that honorable gentleman's speech are concerned. The whole paragraph is full of the bitterest denunciation, and the most unfounded and unjust insinuation. Gall, wormwood and prejudice, and regardlessness of consequences, seemed to animate the speaker. Admit that he did not say directly, that the principles and platform of the American party were "conceived in falsehood and nourished in deceit," what did he say? "THE PARTY opposed to us has put forth what they call a platform of their principles. But THIS PARTY was *conceived* in FALSEHOOD and *nourished* in DECEIT." What sort of a platform would naturally come from such a party, if there was the smallest scintilla of truth in his delineation? Why, just such a one as he illustrates!

So much for the point immediately involved in the discussion. If we have not conclusively demonstrated the substantial "accuracy" of our original position, we are very much mistaken. At all events we are willing to leave the matter to a jury of our own countrymen.

Not content with the sulphuric acid of denunciation, Mr. Moise proceeded to pour upon the devoted heads of *at least* two-thirds of his native-born brethren of the United States, residing within the limits of Louisiana, the still crueller and more dangerous vitriol of his insinuations. He asks, how "do we know" that "this very platform is not made with *certain mental reservations?*" Mr Moise must entertain a very poor opinion of his own born countrymen, if the Courier reported him correctly. Not satisfied with saying that they belong to a party "conceived" and "nourished" in all manner of wickedness, he proceeds to insinuate that their platform was "made with certain *mental reservations.*" This sentence embodies a two-fold implication. Not only was the party "conceived in falsehood and nourished in deceit," but the very platform they have published to the world as an exponent of their principles, may have been "made with certain mental reservations!"—that is, the American party of Louisiana are so debased in feeling, so lost to every honorable emotion, that they have put forth, deliberately and coolly, a platform wherewith to deceive and betray the people, mentally reserving to themselves the privilege of casting it aside whenever it suits their purposes! If the interrogatory quoted means anything, it can hardly bear a different interpretation. If we are mistaken in its spirit or tenor, we shall be happy to be corrected. The speaker then proceeded to ask—"how do we know that what they call their ritual does not authorize them to act in direct opposition to their published declarations?"

We can explain the "*how*" to Mr. Moise in short order. Because such authorization and such action would be in the highest degree dishonorable and disgraceful; because any man or association, guilty of such atrocious conduct, would be unworthy the association of gentlemen; and because Americans are not yet so debased and contemptible as to publish one thing as the exposition of the principles they are determined to support, while they have, at the same time, a secret understanding to act in "direct opposition" thereto.

"These may be hard words, but they are true," to use again the reported language of the speaker. And we might go on, to almost any length, and quote and comment upon similar examples of gross injustice both in fact and illustration. That we may do so hereafter is quite probable. Both of the leading speeches of the evening are susceptible of a dissection, which could be rendered as complete as it would be mortifying to our opponents.

The Courier winds up its article by forewarning us that on some future convenient occasion it will comment "on some of the assertions and threats" made by us on Saturday morning. We shall always be happy to meet our neighbor on the arena of fair and courteous debate. We are not conscious of having made any threats. It is not our habit to indulge in language bearing such a purport. And we are particularly guarded when we make assertions. We opine our neighbor will find it a difficult job to upset our statements without repudiating his own report.

A PETRIFIED INDIAN.—While engaged in excavating recently upon the Milwaukie and La Cresse railroad, near Schlesengerville, Iowa, the workmen came upon the petrified remains of an Indian, and with the remains some singular relics of olden times. The body was perfect, not having suffered by decay. His height, at the present day, would be considered gigantic—measuring seven feet two inches. On his breast was a plate of copper, on which were engraved numerous hieroglyphics, the meaning of which can hardly be imagined. But there they are a record of the past. Could these hieroglyphics be read, they might, perhaps, unveil some of the mystery which hangs like a dark cloud over the history of the red man. An arrow of considerable strength and curious construction was also found with him, and especially invites the attention of antiquarians.

On the Boston and Maine Railroad, a few days ago, near Berwick, as the conductor was passing through the cars, taking up tickets, he found a man dead in his seat. The conductor had spoken with him but fifteen minutes before, when he appeared to be in perfect health; and so easy was his transit from this world to the next, that passengers sitting in the next seats did not notice any change.

TO PARENTS.—Those who wish their children to become good writers or book-keepers during the school vacations, are requested to have them begin, on Monday, 23d inst., at Delbear's, No 106 Canal street. See Advertisement.

LATER FROM TEXAS.

The steamship Chas. Morgan, Capt Place, arrived on Saturday last, with later dates from Galveston and interior Texas.

The Galveston News of the 19th states that great numbers of cattle were dying in the counties of Liberty and Jefferson, of the disease called charbone. The News says:

The cattle are first attacked with a swelling in some part of the body, which, if scarified and burnt, generally disappears, but if neglected, goes on increasing until the animal chokes and dies. If the place first attacked is on or near the chest death follows sooner than when a less vital part is affected. Some persons suppose the disease is caused by a fly, but the more probable suggestion is that it is the effect of the brackish water the cattle have used during the late drought.

Three prisoners, two of whom were confined for murder, broke jail at Austin on the night of the 29th ult., and escaped. A man named Wright, who was also confined for murder, refused to make use of the opportunity thus afforded him.

The Austin State Times has the following account of a bloody transaction in that city. The victim, Mrs. Malone, was the mother of ten children:

On Sunday morning last a German named Frederick visited the house of a Mr. Malone, living about twenty miles from this city on the Colorado river, and asked for some buttermilk. Mr. Malone, who had not yet risen, got up, and let the man in and then started to the milk house to accommodate his guest. While he was gone, Frederick walked deliberately to the bed where Mrs. Malone was sleeping and sheathed a broad knife in her breast, killing her instantly. It is said that no previous misunderstanding existed between the parties, and that Frederick had frequently been at the house before the day of the murder. On the return of Mr. Malone with the milk, and his discovery of the act, he took down his shot-gun and aimed at the murderer, but the gun unfortunately snapped; the murderer then made a blow with the same knife with which he had killed the wife, at the husband, who clubbed his gun, and knocked the villian down. He arose and renewed the attack on Malone, who gave him a second blow with the gun, breaking his skullbone. He then tied him, and having attended to the burial of his wife, started with the prisoner to this place, but before he reached here the murderer breathed his last.

Under the head of "More Indian Outrages," the San Antonio Texan furnishes the following account of a recent desperate fight with Indians near the frontier:

On Saturday evening, June 30, some fifteen Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Westfall, who is well known to most of our citizens, and who lives on the Leona, some thirty-five miles below Fort Inge and in this county. The attack was made upon Mr. Westfall while he was absent from the house, leaving at the time no occupants in it but a Frenchman named Louis, and a large dog. It seems that the Indians had been lying in wait for some time, and took this opportunity to attack him. Mr. Westfall, however, succeeded in getting back to his house, wounded in a dangerous manner,—the ball striking him in the left breast, high up and coming out at his back under the opposite shoulder. He fastened the door, and the Indians then commenced an attack upon the house. Louis and Westfall now exchanged shots with them in rapid succession; but Westfall was fast failing from loss of blood. Louis approached an aperture in the wall in order to make sure aim, and was shot through the heart, fell and expired.

The faithful dog, on seeing Louis fall and the blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and, rushing out of a small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one and tore every garment from his body and was on the eve of killing him, when he was shot and overpowered by the demons in human form that surrounded him. Poor dog, he has nobly sacrificed his life in defence of his master. Well may the poet say—

"My dog the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind."

Westfall, overpowered by the loss of blood, could only support himself now by holding to the walls of the house; but nothing daunted, he tore a larger aperture in the wall and stuck his gun out in order to keep up appearances. The Indians, no doubt, thinking they would have a long seige, and many of them being severely wounded, left, taking with them all the horses belonging to the ranch.

It was now night, and Westfall remembers of crawling to his bed which was the last consciousness he had until Sunday evening, when he found himself lying on his bed, covered with blood that had come from the wound and from his mouth; but he was not able to come from his bed until Monday, when from the stench of the dead body in the room he found something must be done. With a great effort he succeeded in dragging the body about twenty feet, but could get it no farther. At sunset on Monday evening he started towards Fort Inge for assistance; but succeeded that night in getting only four miles—and on Wednesday evening he arrived at a house in the vicinity of Fort Inge, where he procured assistance and is still alive, and his physician has strong hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Westfall is a man of strong frame and extraordinary constitution, which accounts for his remarkable escape. He is a terror to the Indians, and is known on the frontier by the name of "Leather Stocking." The Indians without doubt were the Lipans, who commit their murders, plundering, etc., and then take shelter in Mexico.

The Texan has also the following paragraphs:

By a private correspondent, we learn that a boy by the name of Eichorn was closely pursued, near Dhanis, in Medina county, a few days since by a party of Indians, but he was so fortunate as to escape from them. A party was soon mustered and sent in pursuit; they took the trail, but the Indians had the start sufficiently to get to the mountains of the Hondo, where they could secure themselves, before they overtook them, and thus they escaped.

We learned a few days since, that a party of men from Medina county, who left in pursuit of the Indians that had lately been stealing horses and committing depredations there, followed them on the trail past the residence of Mr. Westfall, and there discovered the body of the unfortunate Louis some twenty feet from the house, where it had been left; they buried the body and continued the pursuit.

LAFOURCHE ITEMS.—We clip the following items of intelligence from that excellent paper, the Thibodaux Minerva, of Saturday last:

The weather has become very regular in its habits lately. The mornings are hot, sultry and oppressive; about the middle of the day the clouds gather over us and weep as though the flood-gates of heaven were opened to their fullest extent; and in the evening we have a repetition of the roasting and boiling process. Of course mosquitoes flourish most luxuriantly under such a state of affairs, and the specimens now hovering about our head and heels, and singing their notes of derision as we vainly attempt to annihilate some of the boldest, are a caution to gallynippers."

[White, we appreciate you, this very moment. Can hardly see gas lights owing to the mosquitoes.]

THE SUGAR MARKET.—On next Saturday, the 28th inst., there will be a meeting at the Court House of all those interested in establishing the sugar market at Algiers, instead of over the river as at present. We have heard some pretty strong arguments used on both sides of the question. We sincerely hope something may be done to relieve the planters and shippers living on the line of the Opelousas Railroad from the vexations they have heretofore experienced in regard to this matter.

PUBLIC DISCUSSION.—There will be a public discussion at the Court House in this place, to commence at 12 o'clock to-day, on the platform and principles of the American party. The Hon. B. G. Thibodaux and Louis Bush, Esq., will speak on the occasion. We anticipate an interesting time.

A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the president—"Prisoner, you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defense?" "Nothing, please your honor, but a habitual thirst."

A school mistress advertised lately for an assistant accustomed to confinement. She received an answer from the mother of twelve children.

Telegraphed to the Daily Crescent.

THE EASTERN MAIL.

BY THE SOUTHERN LINE.

MOBILE, July 22.—New York dates as late as due were received by the mail to-day.

Men Stabbed.

Thereee men were stabbed at the New Market, in this city, last night.

SAD OCCURRENCE.—We have already mentioned the circumstance of a woman and child being accidentally shot a few days ago at the camp ground of some New York troops, near Kingston, while a parade was going on. The Herald gives the following particulars:

The cry was raised—"A woman shot!—a woman shot!" whereupon a rush was made to a part of the field where a woman was seen to fall. She raised herself to her feet, when to the horror of all present, a young infant was found in her arms, wounded in the head by a bullet, and and its blood and brains scattered over the face and person of the mother—as she afterward proved to be.

The greatest excitement ensued, and the females present manifested the utmost feeling for the unfortunate mother, and were profuse in their offers of assistance, and so affected were many of them that they shed tears. The wounded mother and child were taken to a tent and a doctor sent for. It was found the wound was caused by a bullet, which had first struck the breast of the mother, passing through the mamilary glands, and then entering the frontal lobe of the child's head and passing out at the top, and again wounding the mother by breaking the bone of her arm. Nor was the course of the ball here stopped, for it struck a young man, but without injuring him much. The child, which was about ten months old, cannot survive, but the mother is pronounced out of danger.

The wounded woman is the wife of Jeremiah Cassel, a farmer, who lives about ten miles back of Kingston. The ball was found to be flattened, and had a piece of bone attached to it. How it got into one of the muskets is a mystery. It is surmised that it came from the Second company, (Capt. Shaler's,) who were directly opposite Mrs. Cassel when she fell. It further appears that they had been shooting at a target in the morning, and it is surmised that a ball cartridge, by some mistake, was mixed with the blank cartridges, and in the excitement of loading the difference was not noticed by the person who sped the fatal bullet. The officers state that all the muskets were carefully examined, and they cannot understand how the disaster could have occurred.

The men are loud in their expressions of sympathy for the bereaved and wounded mother, and the affair cast a gloom over the gala day, which was progressing most pleasantly to all concerned.

In order in some way to atone for the mischief, a collection in aid of the woman was taken up, and nearly a thousand dollars collected. The ball, which was to come off in the evening, and for which great preparations had been made, was dispensed with, to the great disappointment of some five hundred ladies, who had come from New York and the surrounding country to participate in the festivity. The grand review was also postponed. Indeed, the unfortunate occurrence put a stop to all the pleasure the Guards anticipated.

MARIN NARGRAVE'S TRANCE.—A correspondent of the Galveston News gives the following account of a recent occurrence in the village of Edinburgh, Hidalgo county, on the left bank of the Rio Grande. It is very good:

Martin had been on a spree—a thing that persons of experience say it is easier to get on than to get off—and he had gone it with all earnestness until "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," mingled in his mind's eye. In short "the man with the poker" threatened Martin, and medical assistance became necessary. Esculapius drugged and leeched him, but it soon became apparent to his friends that he had gone too far—that he had seen his last spree and drank his last bottle. The sick man lingered a short time and died. Then his friends, pitying his frailties and lamenting his untimely death, speaking of his good qualities and glossing over his few bad ones, hoped for his peace in the world beyond the grave. Lumber was very scarce, none being nearer than Neal's Ranch, to which place a Mexican was dispatched for boards to make poor Martin's coffin. The man in charge of the lumber, when the messenger got there, refused to sell it without an order from a gentleman who, at that time, happened to be in Brownsville, to which place the messenger hurried, and, finally, he accomplished his errand. When he brought the lumber to Edinburgh some nine days had elapsed, and in the meantime Martin's corpse had been stretched out after the custom of the country, and lighted candles kept constantly on each side of it. It was watched night and day by Mexicans, who, as usual, indulged frequently in a little game of monte, which served to lighten their charitable labors. On the ninth night the interesting game was going on; a "lay out" having been made on a blanket on the floor, around which the betters were congregated, when the corpse rose up on end, with its two thumbs tied together, as it had been prepared for the coffin. It was not necessary for it to speak to disperse the monte players. They hurried off, pell mell, frightened as only such superstitious persons can be. Martin got up and took good care to secure the loose change left by the fugitives. He recovered, and is, this day, a healthy man. The fact of his trance is vouched for by undoubted authority, and is perhaps one of the most singular that has ever occurred.

Martin complained that he had to foot the bills for the unnecessary expense of lumber for his coffin, and six and a half pounds of candles which had been burned in lighting up his corpse, which covered all he had gained from the monte players.

During his trance, he says he recollects but one circumstance. He went to hell and knocked at the largest pair of gates he had ever seen or thought of. The devil and Major P——— attended his summons, and the former enquired what he wanted. He replied that he had been ordered there, and he wanted to get in. Major P——— then interposed, and said he knew Martin, and would go out and let him in. "No you don't," said the devil, "you stay where you are, I'll attend to this man myself."

BEER VS. PORTER.—The New Haven Palladium says:

One of the colored porters that frequent the vicinity of the station-house, was this morning saluted in a novel and ludicrous manner. As the individual was leaning against the corner of the station-house tower, wrapt in contemplation of his surroundings, a hand-truck was being trundled past, when one of the wheels struck the curb, and the bung of a half barrel of beer was started out by the shock. The contents took direct aim at the porter's head. He sprang into the air so as to take a splendid stream in his bosom—then turning directly about, received the remainder of the contents in the back—in the meantime making vain endeavors to lengthen the distance between his person and the turbulent fluid. The widened visages and hearty laughing of the bystanders, attested their appreciation of the labors of a porter with more business on hand than he bargained for.

At Toronto, Canada, on the night of the 14th, an attack was made by a mob on a circus company at that place. The wagons and fixtures were smashed and an attempt was made to burn the canvas. Fire arms were used by the rioters and several persons were badly hurt. The police finally quelled the disturbance.

SHOCKING AFFAIR.—A dispatch of the 16th, from Buffalo, says:

James Thompson's house in the village of Brant, C. W., was fired by incendiaries on Saturday night, and Mr. Thompson and three daughters and two grandaughters perished in the flames.

BITTEN BY A BEAR.—During the stay of Rivers & Derious' circus in St. Petersburg, Sig. Capeleno, who does the boxing with the bear, had one of his hands severely bitten by the animal in a rencontre in which Bruin determined for once to get the best of his antagonist.

DROWNED.—On Tuesday last, Charles, son of Mr. Barthelmi, was drowned in the river, while in swimming we presume, and his body recovered on Thursday. We learned no further particulars. Not a year passes that some one is not drowned in the river or bayou, generally boys. [Plaquemine Sentinel, 21st.

SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long, slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain-lances dash
Over mountain and river and town!
Thick the battle-drops fall—but they drip not in blood;
The trophy of war is the green fresh bud;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry;
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky;
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the eaves;
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws wide his one swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor;
And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain
On the step by her half-open door;
At the tune on the sky-light, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green moss replies;
And the bud-headed heather nods to the shower,
And the hill-torrents lift up their voices;
And the pools in the hollows mimic the light
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the firwood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet;
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows and thick-growing wheat;
So the voice of Hope sings at our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

MEETING OF THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.—The St. Louis Republican has a letter from its Kansas correspondent under date of the 9th inst., from which we extract the following:

Most of the members were at Pawnee early on the morning of Monday, the 2d inst., the day of their convocation by the Governor's proclamation. They were obliged to encamp in wagons and tents, as no houses were provided for their accommodation. The legislative hall was not even completed. It was a rough barn or warehouse, in which the floor was not yet laid, although the carpenters worked at it through the Sabbath day on the 1st inst.

The members desired to hold a caucus for the purpose of selecting permanent officers for the two houses. There was no house in which they could sit, and they were obliged to resort to a grove about a mile distant and arrange their preliminaries in its shades.

At 12 o'clock, M., the floor of the capitol was so far finished that it could be occupied, and the two Houses convened at that hour.

Of the Council, Thomas Johnson was elected President, R. R. Rees, President pro tem., John A. Halderman, Chief Clerk, Charles H. Grover, Assistant Clerk, Carey B. Whitehead, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Of the House, J. H. Stringfellow was elected Speaker, Joseph Anderson, Speaker pro tem., J. M. Lysle, Chief Clerk, John Martin, Assistant Clerk, T. J. B. Cramer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Professor Silliman has been experimenting in the substance called petralium, or rock oil, a product of vegetable decomposition found in great abundance in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. It is, in fact, tar oil, expressed by the slow processes of nature from the primeval forests that compose the coal beds. By distillation, fifty per cent. of this substance is converted into a thin light-colored oil, of a faint, bituminous odor, giving about twice the light of camphene, and as a lubricator having the advantages of remaining fluid at a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero, of being entirely free from any corrosive quality, and of not becoming acid, gummy, or rancid.

The Yankee Blade contains a curious typographical blunder in an article headed "The Ways of a Bombshell." It says, "*Is hell* is a diabolical invention, which no one can regard as it approaches without a certain degree of misgiving, etc."

DIED:

At Jackson, Miss, on the 16th inst., JAS. S. HALL, Esq., a native of Kentucky, a gentleman long connected with the press of the country as editor and correspondent.

Mr. Hall has for several years been among us and of us. Gifted with a strong and vigorous mind, he readily grasped the strong points of the subject he discussed, while an active imagination brought to his aid graceful and poetic figures to illustrate and give force to every thought. The press have lost one who cannot easily be replaced.

But from the social circle shall we most miss "poor Jim." We who have so often sat around the same domestic board, shall no more listen to his philosophical homilies, or smile at his severe but quaint asceticism. But as often as the household hearth or festive board are surrounded by warm hearts, so often shall memory recall a lost friend, and each voice will echo "I wish he were here." Thus one by one friends fall like autumn leaves around us—Time's effacing fingers are very busy upon the world without, destroying at once the beautiful and the strong, and our hearts too feel its wasting influence; and as friend follows friend to the sepulchre, the pleasures of hope are crushed, and the memory of joys that are past alone remain to cheer us. Poor Jim is no longer among us—to a nobler heart we cannot say farewell. K.

☞ HON. THOMAS CURRY (formerly District Judge of the Concordia District) is presented as a Candidate for the Judgeship of the Second District of New Orleans, vice Hon. J. N. Lea, elected to the Supreme Court of the State.
jy22 3t6t

☞ REMARKABLE CURES BY DR. J. ELLIOTT.—All the Mules on my plantation having been taken sick of the CHARBON, and having lost a large number of them in a few days, I sent for Dr. Elliott, who prescribed and operated on them, since which none have died, and there that were sick are now in a rapid way of recovery. Since his first visit, ten have been taken in the same manner as three died in, but the Doctor's remedies soon mastered their disease, and they are doing well. I therefore recommend the Doctor to all my friends and to the public generally.

A. WILKERSON.

☞ The relaxing heats of summer leave behind them a long train of evils. The most universal of these are general debility, and its sure attendant, lowness of spirits. For these we can recommend a speedy and unfailing cure, in the shape of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia. It is, in our opinion, a medicine *sui generis*—alone—unapproachable. It seems to reach the fountain head of the difficulty in the digestive organization, and thus to relieve the secretions and the blood of the morbid matter, the cause of disease. In toning up the digestive organs it gives vigor to the membranes of the stomach, and promotes the secretion of the gastric juice, with disorders the food, while its cordial, soothing, and alterative influence imparts general regularity and strength to the action of the secretive organs, and seems to fortify the constitution. Such is our own experience of its effects, and we believe it is confirmed by the evidence of all who have tried it, or had an opportunity of witnessing its operation. For sale by Dr. Jackson, 120 Arch street. See advertisement. jy4 1m6t&W

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AN INTERESTING AND MORAL TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

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Although it has been out but two weeks, the Fifteen Thousand has gone to press. Everybody reads it. In some respects it is far superior to the "Lamplighter."

When the "Lamplighter" appeared, the reading public was taken by surprise. It was an original creation in literature, and was eagerly purchased and perused with an activity that proved the author's power to touching the feelings. Since that period, although many attempts have been made, no work has been written which, in the opinion of the best judges of literary merit, is calculated to achieve such success as the "Watchman." It is a tale of real life and living characters—moral and chastening in its tone, and lofty in its aspirations. The title of the book speaks for itself. It is a story of humble life—a plain, unvarnished narrative of the distresses and struggles of the poor and lowly in their hallow with life. It is essentially an American novel, for it proves that in this country, to the possessor of talent, industry and integrity, poverty and lowly birth are no bars to advancement.

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Delbear's Writing and Book-keeping Establishment, 106 Canal street, is open from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Special hours for each. Lessons not limited. All are desired to attend until perfect.

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Third District Schools.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Public Schools of the Third District, held Wednesday, July 18th, the following Teachers were elected, to wit:

Boys' High School.
JOHN C. DOUGLAS—Principal,
JOSEPH SOUTRA—French Teacher

Girls' High School.
Miss E. MACTIER—Principal,
Mrs. MATTHEY—French Teacher.

Seventh Ward—Boys' School.
H. C. CASTELLANOS—Principal,
Mrs. SAVAGE—First Assistant,
Miss G. DUHY—Second Assistant,
Mrs. BLAIR—Third Assistant,
Miss J. BARNES—Fourth Assistant.

Lobrejon Boys' School.
H. BABAD—Principal.
Miss S C SCHROEDER—Assistant,
Miss CHAPMIS,
Mr. PUBALEIN—French Teacher.

Lobrejon Girls' School.
Mrs PITTMAN—Principal,
Mrs. LUCAS—Assistant,
Miss DUBALEIN—French Teacher,

Seventh Ward,
Miss M. A. NUGENT—Principal,
Miss SUTHERLAND—First Assistant,
Mrs. L. M. RAFIER—Second Assistant,
Miss JENKINS—Third Assistant,
Miss L. TURBEAU—French Teacher.

Eighth Ward—Girls' School.
Miss A. FRY—Principal,
Mrs. BOURGES—First Assistant,
Miss J. A. COLSON—Second Assistant,
Miss M. A. HOEY—Third Assistant,
Miss R. MEADER—Fourth Assistant,
Miss E. MAGLONE—Fifth Assistant.

Eighth Ward—Boys' School.
Mr. J. McDONNELL—Principal,
Mr. ——— First Assistant,
Mrs. VRAU—Second Assistant,
Mrs. KELLY—Third Assistant,
Miss Ann O'BRIEN—Fourth Assistant,
Miss M. HOEY—Fifth Assistant,
Miss JANE SAVAGE—Sixth Assistant,
Mr. CONSTANZIE—French Teacher.

Ninth Ward—Girls' School.
Miss E. J. JOHNSON—Principal,
Miss BURROWS—First Assistant,
Miss M. BURY—Second Assistant,
Miss R. FLANDERS—Third Assistant,
Miss M. BROWNING—Fourth Assistant,
Mrs. SURGI—French Teacher.

Ninth Ward—Boys' School.
Mr. G. H. GORDON—Principal,
Miss M. A. MURPHY—First Assistant,
Miss CAREY—Second Assistant,
Miss R. COLSON—Third Assistant,
Miss E. HOLT—Fourth Assistant,
Mrs. JOSEPHINE CURRY—Fifth Assistant,

Milisburgh [School.
Mrs. JENKINS—Principal.

Hancock School.
Mr. E. BARAN—Principal.

jy21 9p3t A. BOURGES, Secretary.

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MOLIERE'S Select Pieces. 18 mo.
PAUL ET VIRGINIE. Par B. St. Pierre. 12 mo.
ELISABETH; or,