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VOLUME VIII. TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1855. NUMBER 217.

[Kompiled for this echeloon, by the Kresceneta Cree Pots.]

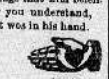
KRISMAS POME---ILLUSTRATED.

Showin the Effex of Two Much Alg Knog, & cetery.

POEM BY VITUS BRIX.

Illustrations by Bruce.

Kind readers all kum list to me, a story I will tell
Uv Billy Larkin's krismus spree, & things that him befell.
Now Billy woz a gud sardeon, ide hav you understand,
His sole was allers in his eye, his hart wos in his hand.

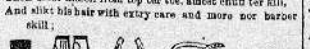
His sole.

His hart.

But Billy had his weknesses, and oll his better merits
On holidays wos roolnd by his luv of ardent sperrits;
And tho he wosent purty, he wos much too fond, alas!
Whurever he mite chance to be uv lookin in a glass.

The ardent sperrits he lurd.

The glass he wos fond uv lakin inter.

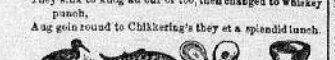
Now fur my storey: you mest know, that on last krismus morn,
Our hero tumbeld outer bed and tuk his openin horn;
Then drest hisself from top ter toe, amost cmuff ter kill,
And shint his hair with extry care and more nor barber skill;


His two things—Hat, glues, standin choler, greasd and shoes.

Then tuk his cain and hankercher, and as the day was fine,
Did loom out on Sent Charls street at a trifle after nine.

As was indicated by his watch.

And ther he met sum bosum frends, and as they all was sound
Upon the goes in swillin, they did go aig-knoggin round;
They stuk to knog an our or too, then changed to whiskey punch,
Aug goin round to Chikkering's they et a spiendid lunch.


Splendid lunch. Whiskey punch.

Then Billy thort to sniv hisself from gettin tite too soon,
Hed help his frend Tom Biggs to spend his krismus afternoon;
So they hookt arms and toddled off; they et a sumchus dinner,
And washt it down with shampain punch—they did as lime a sinner!

Sumchus dinner. Shampain punch.

But Billy's foest was more nor this: his eyes did nearly blister,
In gazin at Miss Julia Ann, his frend's prestiln sister.
She was a most distractin gal, and drest so killin nice,
Her bust so tite, and sholders white, wud uv warmd a hart of ice.

What made her bust so tite.

And she wos gentle as a lamb; she sung like enny burd.
And on her pianner plaid such things as Billy never hurd

The lamb she woz as gentle as. Enny burd that she sung like. The pianner she plaid on.

Now this wos more nor Bill cud stand; the lunch and punch and things,
Had fild his kag so mortel full his better sens tuk wings;
So on his nees he dropt and sed "sweet maiden imo a brick,
And I swar I luv you harder nor the hardest mule can kick!"

The mule whose kick he lurd harder than.

The lady smiled; then up he jumpt, and feelin somewot bolder,
He next embraist her taper waist and and kist her snowy sholder.

Billy perpetrein the diabolikk act.

Then sumthin lively Billy felt, that raised him from his feet,
And he never node what alld him till he landed in the street;
And as he landed on his face, sum krite things he did spy,
And he got a famus purpel ring around his flashin eye.

* * * *

What Billy felt. The krite things he snide.

The purpel ring.

Bill scrambled up and squard hisself to hav a regler fite,
But the dore was shut and the winders closed, and Tom no whar in site.

The house shut up.

Then Billy swore a dreadful oath, and sed, "its clear as mud
That the re solt uv this insult will be a spill uv blud—
'T will never do to swallier it—He make the scoundrel fite!"
So home he went, on blood intent, and a challendge he did rite.

Billy ritin the challendge.

Bill gav the note to Jim his frend, and sed "now I entreat
That yule fix things in bluddy stile;" sed Jim, "as gud as wheat."

The wheat it was as gud as.

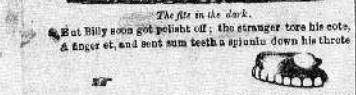
Then Billy started out agin, and roamed around till nite,
And smiled so free among the boys that he got ruther tite;
Bur when thald sx bim what he'd hev, he wud artinkular late:
"Ver punch and knogs thro ter the dogs—i stand on brandy strate!"

Brandy strate.

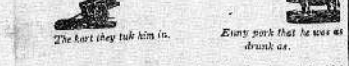
At last his vietum dubble growd; a stranger chap he sor,
Which, thinkin it wos Tommus Biggs, he punckt him in the jor;
The stringer chap wolkt inter him; sum wun turnd off the lite.
And in the dark, upon the flore, they had a tairin fite.

The fite in the dark.

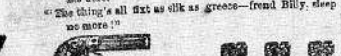
But Billy soon got polisht off; the stranger tore his cote,
& finger et, and sent sum teeth a spiunin down his throte


The finger that was et. The teeth that wos sent a spinnin.

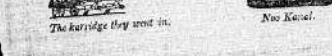
And Billy laid around awhile; and for a chrisbun work,
Sum frends at last did kart him home, as drunk as enny pork.

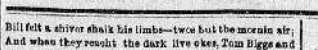

The kart they tuk him in. Enny pork that he wos as drunk as.

With a bunged-up eye, a chawd-up hand, and dreadful swell-up bed,
When Billy woke the follerin morn, he wisht that he wos ded.
And while he wisht, he hurd Jim's voice a shoutin thru the door,
"The thing's all fixt as silk as greese—frend Billy, deep no more!"


The way thing's was fixt.

So Jim stept in and help him fix; they in a karridge got,
And started down the Noo Kanal, at a two-forty trot.

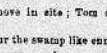

The karridge they went in. Noo Kanal.


His sole. His hart.

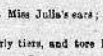
Bill felt a shiver shaik his limbs—twos but the mornin air;
And when they reacht the dark live okes, Tom Biggs and frend was thair.
The seekunds fixt the bisniss up; they meshurd off the ground;
But as they fixt the shootin things they hurd a distant sound.

The distant sound!—Interferens on the Perlice!!—Dan Beasley and Dik Hoovers goin out ter stop the fite!!!

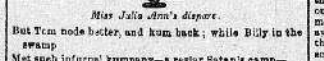
Tha n quik the fliers tuk their stand, by mushual consent;
The word was guv, they wheeld about—pop, pop, their pistils went!
Jest then the perlice hove in site; Tom dropt behind a log.
And Billy streakt it fur the swamp like enny frilend dog.


Enny fretend dog that he streakt it like.

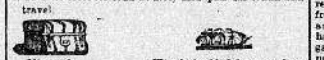
The buty of the bisness was, Bill thort he'd kill his man,
While rumors that Tom had kild him throwout the city ran;
These rumors reacht Miss Julia's ears; she shreakt in wild dispare,
And shed a flud of purly tiers, and tore her raven hare.


Miss Julia Ann's dispare.

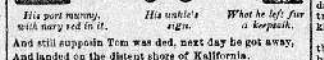
But Tom node better, and kum back; while Billy in the swamp
Met such infurnal kumpany—a regiar Satan's camp—


The infurnal kumpany.

That he konkluded the only way his pucker ter unravel
Wud be to steel ter toun at nite, and pak his trunk and travel.


His trunk. What he konkluded ter travel on.

So, Billy stole ter town at nite; he drest his bruised hed,
But he found he oudent travel, for he hadsut nary red;
And then he wept ontil his nose was red as a karbunkle,
And sighin, "yes, i must see him," he went ter see his unkle.


His port running, with nary red in it. His unkle's sign. What he left for a keepsaik.

And still suppoin Tom was ded, next day he got away,
And landed on the distent shore of Kalifornia.
His habits thar gru better; alg knog he tuckt no more;
And when I last got word uv him, he kep a fancy store.

His assortment.

MORREL:

Gud readers! if yure Krismus day yude like to spend in kloser,
Jest let yer kage git moderet full, but never run 'em over.

ROBERT SCHUYLER.—The Watchman and Crusader of New York, publishes a letter, dated Turin, Nov. 18th, stating that Robert Schuyler, the railroad stock operator, resides in a villa not distant from Genoa. The writer says the governments of Sardinia and the United States are negotiating an extradition treaty, and that Mr. Schuyler is rather opposed to the arrangement.

FIRES IN NEW YORK.—The New York Tribune of Monday, the 17th, says:

Since 12 o'clock Friday night, seven fires have occurred in this city, destroying six buildings and damaging, to a considerable extent, six houses occupied as dwellings and places of business. Within the same period there have been two false alarms. The total loss by these fires will probably exceed $125 000, which amount is only about half covered by insurance.

LANDS IN KANSAS TERRITORY.—Inquiry having been made as to whether lands in Kansas are locatable with bounty land warrants, we learn that the public lands in that Territory will be subject to location with bounty land warrants after they shall have been surveyed, offered at public sale, and become subject to private entry; that at present there are no lands subject to private entry in the Territory, and consequently none now subject to location with warrants. The Indian *trust* lands, however, to be sold for their benefit, will not be subject to such location. [Washington Evo. Star.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT AT FLUSHING.—A few days since, Stephen Dodge, a well known well-digger, of Flushing, L. I., was engaged in setting a curb in the bottom of a well over a hundred feet deep, at the residence of Timothy W. Smith, Esq., in Manhasset, when, by the windlass rope giving way, a heavy box of stone, which was being lowered, was precipitated upon him. The unfortunate man was instantly crushed into a mass and driven into the sand to a considerable depth. A Coroner's inquest was held and a verdict in accordance with the above facts rendered. Mr. Dodge leaves a wife and six small children in indigent circumstances.

JENNY LIND recently paid a visit to Paris, and created quite a sensation. The fair vocalist, however, for some reason or other, has never yet permitted the Parisians to listen to the exquisite tones of her extraordinary voice. It is stated that during her stay at the French capital, she was seen one night at the Comic Opera, but remained only until after the first act. A letter writer says: "She rarely went out, and only two or three times to the theatres in the evening, and to the exhibition during the day, endeavoring to maintain everywhere the strictest incognito, and running away as soon as she was recognized."

"It is added that two or three distinguished visitors succeeded in obtaining an interview with Jenny, and she listened to their compliments without frowning, but it was impossible to draw from her an answer. She did not speak a word, not the least monosyllable. Her friends say in excuse that she does not know French, but this is a fable. Jenny Lind speaks French as well as any German singer, not excepting Mademoiselle Cruvelli."

The Boston Courier says it is very true that whatsoever may be the fortunes or the fate of reformers, their families are the real sufferers in every position which calls forth great effort and stout endurance. The brilliant reception which Kossuth experienced in the United States, had no sooner passed by, than the scene to him and his was changed, and the expatriated family were compelled to seek for the means of a bare support. Kossuth himself lives in London, where he edits the London Atlas; his two married sisters remain in this country; they have met with a variety of vicissitudes of fortune—their lot has been a hard one. The sisters are now separated by death; the survivor, sorrowful and suffering, lingers here.

The Public School Exhibition.

We resume this morning the publication of compositions presented by pupils on the occasion of the late exhibition of the public schools of the city. The first we shall present was delivered by Otis H——, who has never attended any other than our public schools, and to attain the excellence to which he has arrived, he has doubtles practiced what he so ably preaches in his production:

The Triumphs of Labor.

Cities are built. States founded. Governments framed, only with great labor. Newton, the great and illustrious Newton, could not have discovered, by listless inactivity, the laws by which planets roll on through illimitable space. Columbus could not have discovered America, without deep and intense thought. Watt could never have discovered that great and powerful agent steam, by idle inattention. Clay, Calhoun or Webster, could never have received the plaudits of this civilized and enlightened world, unless they, by great exertion, by many sleepless nights, by intense thinking for hours, days, and weeks, had expressed their ideas in such a manner as week to the hearts of the American people. Cæsar or Alexander could not have conquered nations, sacked or pillaged cities, or laid countries in ruin by a mere nod or shake of the head. No! these things had to be done with labor, and thanks to a merciful God, great labor may accomplish deeds even more noble.

What! would you wish that cities should spring up as if by the influence of some genii, at your wish? that all things should appear at your bidding?

Were it so, the names of Putnam, Marion, Sumpter, Washington, and a mighty host of our country's heroes would not have become watchwords to the American people. The star of America would never have risen, and England would have rested a quiet and unknown isle in the vast deep. No names of mighty nations would decorate our histories, and those faculties with which God, in his mercy, has endowed us to take part in life, would be taken away and our noblest faculties would be no higher than the instinct of the brute. But how different are the scenes. Stretch your eye over this broad and vast expanse of earth. What do you see? Does not every part show the work of man? The clothes we wear, this city and civilized state in which we live, and this noble hall in which we meet to-day, are all examples of the art of man. Behold that beautiful and fairy-like steamboat, ploughing, in her swift and gentle course, the waters of the broad and vast Mississippi. Behold again, that monument, rearing its lofty head to the very skies. These are results of labor. Behold the departure of the Pilgrims from England. Did they shrink from the excessive toil and labor of planting colonies? What glorious results have crowned their noble efforts? Merchants! have you gained your reputation and wealth by idleness? You have not become the bone and sinew of our country by the goodness of some fairy. And lawyers, tradesmen and laborers, you know that life has been through hard and difficult toil that you have accomplished your end. Mechanics! ye have not benefitted our institutions by idleness, but by a severe application of both the mind and the body, and we, the rising generation, do not expect to occupy the places of our fore-fathers by listless inactivity. We do not expect to become senators, statesmen or presidents without labor. We do not expect to keep this Union together and prevent discord among our States by remaining idle. Besides, we will not be slow in this. The daughters of America, the life and existence of our country, will ever have for their aim to help "the sons" by kindness, gentleness and persuasion.

The results to be obtained by labor in comparison with those which are but the effects of casual circumstances, have been signally displayed in the war of the Crimea. In the English army position yields to the magic power of gold, and the idle sons of an effeminate aristocracy alone hold the control, thus vainly seeking to overthrow the principle "conscientious labor accomplishes everything!" With the French, on the other hand, promotions are the rewards of valor and military worth. Now let us examine the results. In the fierce assault the arms of France have been crowned with victory, while those of England received little or no credit. Surely England has forgotten the lesson given her by Cromwell but the noble deeds of Napoleon will remain as ever-living examples to France.

Labor is required for every thing, whether in the formation of a pin or in the erection of a city—nothing can be made, nothing can be done, nothing can be accomplished without labor. "*Labor improbus omnia vincit,*" must be our motto.

"Toil, toil, either of the hand or the heart, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility."

The next in order is the composition of Solomon L. H——, which evinces, in our opinion, remarkable qualities for a young gentleman only 15 years of age:

The Preservation of the American Confederacy.

This great and glorious Confederacy of States must and shall be preserved. Never was there a period since the declaration of our independence that stood so much in need of good patriots as the present, to defend and uphold the great legacy left us by the immortal Washington. It may be said that there is no danger to the permanence of our country. But has not every country from time immemorial had its traitors? Have not in ancient days great republics fallen by not having faithful sentinels on their watch-towers? In fact we are now at a great crisis in the affairs of our country; but on great occasions great deeds are required, and on no other spot on the surface of the globe, were such brilliant deeds are to be performed, can such a galaxy of great men be brought together for noble and patriotic purposes as in the confederacy of the American Union. Traitors stand aside, for patriots are too powerful in numbers and will destroy you in their grasp. Come on ye disunionists, north or south of Mason and Dixon's line. Try if you will, and see if those pillars of liberty are strong or weak, and you shall find to your deep regret and heart's content, that the Sampson of liberty is not yet shorn of his strength. At the present time there is unfortunately great and deplorable difficulties existing between different sections of the Union, the chief of which are hostility to slavery, and difference of religious belief: either of which may rend asunder this American confederacy; and what is now the remedy? Difficult, it is true, yet there is a remedy. Strong heads and strong minds! Where there is a will there is a way, and no people can effect their purposes better than the Americans.

In the days of the revolution, in the war of 1812, and in the war of Mexico, they have shown themselves able to meet every emergency and every foe that dare oppose them.

Let us take a view of days that have passed, when religious oppressions disgraced every government of Europe. Religion in the days of Queen Mary, of Scotland, was the terror, and is now rapidly approaching the same and unless arrested by the great men of this country. It is true that three of our great men are dead, Clay, Calhoun and Webster, but their glorious examples for civil and religious liberty, still live as beacons of light to delight and to guide our future generations. Although they are "gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," yet we have remaining some great and noble men who will do battle in every cause that affects the integrity of the American Union. Where are they to be asked? Look to Cass, Stockton, Bancroft, Everett, Crittenden, and a host of others who still live to say to the disunionists "don't place your sacrilegious hands on so noble a government that was defended in war by a Washington, and founded on that noble Declaration of Independence written by that immortal statesman Thos. Jefferson."

We have, to our great misfortune, men seeking to destroy our government by a spirit of abolitionism. Of course this applies almost exclusively at the North, still we have some patriots there who will second the cause of union and freedom for the South and for the whole of the American confederacy. Another great difficulty to these United States is, possibly, a war with some of the European governments. But let them come on if they will. We have tried before, on sea and on land, the mistress of the ocean, and on each occasion victory. These United States offer no threats, but are prepared to resist every and any encroachment upon their soil. Our navy and our militia are not slaves. They fight for liberty and not for pay, and they will take for their motto the emblem of the State of Florida, "Let Us Alone." This government asks for nothing but what is just and right, and will resist everything that is clearly wrong.

We shall conclude, for the present, with the composition of Miss Margaret E. M——, beautiful alike in language and chirography. We shall resume these publications in our next, if possible.

The Shores of the Mediterranean.

From the dark vista of the Past come strains laden with the weight of years, and as we listen the tones are borne on louder and deeper until they sweep like a flood over the Present. From afar there speed echoes which tell of the rise, of the progress of empires, and more solemn grow the tones as the tale of their downfall is borne onward. Over the waters of the Mediterranean they pass, bearing the records of nations which have fallen from their pedestal of power, and whose glory is fast sinking into the tide of oblivion. The first tone breathes of a nation on which the star of science first shed its bright radiance; where the arts were first known and appreciated, under the reign of kings whose motive was justice, and who were ever characterized by their patronage of all with which we store the mind and garner up treasures from the seeds of knowledge. For a time this nation stands pre-eminent, but its power wanes; for the one on whom the crown and sceptre are conferred is engaged in pursuits far removed from the cares of royalty. Other nations have arisen and, the din of warfare marks the contest between Egypt and the power which grasps at its throne. Vain are all efforts to save the monarchy; for on the broad waters two fleets are arrayed for an appalling contest. Hark! the spirit of courage burns low in the hearts of those who bow in homage to Egypt's queen, and they fly as the first shout of their opponents is borne to their vessels. The battle is fought, the victory won, and from the triumphant army sound sounds of rejoicing—for a nation has fallen beneath their arms and Egypt is now numbered with the provinces of the Roman Empire. Plaintive is the tone that tells of Egypt's downfall, and as the last sound dies out another is swept from the chords of memory, which tells of a nation removed to the eastward, bordering on the broad waters of Shinar's blue sea, where the knee is bowed in idolatrous worship to the presiding deities.

But, as time speeds on, there arises a man, who, claiming the reverence due to a delegate of the Most High, would fain lay low the idols of his nation, and place on the shrine a new religion. Though unsuccessful at first, as time passes on, many gather beneath the standard of Mahomet, and eventually his votaries throng each pathway of Arabia; and from thence his religion spreads as rolls the billowy tide along the Eastern and Mediterranean coasts of Africa, propagated as the conquests of the Saracens are extended. They pass on their conquering way over the plains of Africa until they come before a fortress on the western coast. Shall they be victorious? Shall the Christian submit? Aye, even so, for treachery opens the portal and points forward to a country in which the Gothic dominion is paramount. The Saracens cross the Straits of Gibralter, and a chord is now struck which bears in its tones the history of Spain. Shall they conquer? Shall the standard of Mahomet waive from the battlements of Castile and Arragon?

Yes, the power of the Christian is subverted, and now on the vine-clad hills the voice of prayer ascends from the Mosques of the conquerors, and at sunset the chant of the Moor. Peace roll on, and Spain is again under the sway of Christians. Now the ecclesiastical power is supreme, and peace sheds its light upon the nation, but 'tis oft o'ershadowed by the cloud of bigotry which hovers around. But from the distance comes a band of foreign aspect. I did by one whose part had whispered, "Ere Spain shall be a jewel in my casket of conquered States." He recks not of kingly faith; the sweet tones of Mercy fall unheeded on his ear, and he passes onward following a phantom whose name is ambition. What, though mountains rear their stupendous heights before his followers! Must they not forward! Aye, for the beacon light of their leader is in advance, and a zealous proselyte is the one who is now pressing onward, for Bonaparte must needs place a sovereign on the throne of Spain. A sovereign but in name, for Napoleon is the source from whence he derives his power, and humbly must allegiance be tendered for the trust. Ere this monarch is firmly established on the throne the sounds of joy which attended his coronation are exchanged for the din of warfare. But the nation may not alone contend with the power of the usurper, and from an island in the ocean we see a fleet bearing onward to the assistance of the people. Time speeds on, the contending armies are alternately successful, until the Monarch is at last dethroned and the crown again held by the Sovereign of Castile. And as the tones fall on the ear, we hear mingled with them the name of Wellington, and his meed of praise is re-echoed until it is traced on the tablets of memory never to be erased. And as the last note is hushed which breathes of Spain, from the harp of thought come forth sweet tones which tell of Italy, nature's beauteous land, where memory lingers with and though pleasing reminiscences of the past. Fading from the earth is the glory of the once proud nation. Its many mighty cities have fallen, and crumbling ruins now greet the eye, where once was reared structures which told of taste and magnificence. Beautiful Venice! where now are thy monuments? Where the glory that once hovered round thy limits as a halo? Thy monuments lay low; thy glory has departed, and may revive but in the memory, the mournful memory of the past. And Rome, the "Imperial City!" where now is thy power? Nature is unchanged; still swiftly flows the Tiber, bearing onward to the sea, but on its waters seems borne the wreck of all the greatness once existing in the "Seven hilled city." It is fallen, fallen from its "high estate;" but as visions of the past flit before us, we muse not on Rome as she is, but Rome in the hour of her triumph. The harp of thought is again swept, and forth swell strains which tell of a nation the earliest home of science, the land of liberty, around which circle recollections which awake a thrill in the heart of each noble patriot. But she too has fallen, and in naught save the annals of the past do we behold aught of the glory which was once centred in Greece. She has fallen, and as the tone which breathes of this nation speeds on, the lost amid the chords awakened by the deeds of the present.

But when in after years tones from the harp of thought breathe of our own glorious Republic, may there be none save strains of peace, of prosperity, and may it ever send forth sounds which denote the progress of a mighty nation, whose star of destiny shines with brighter radiance each succeeding year, undimmed in its lustre by scenes which have wrought the downfall of powers which exist but in the memory of the past.

Telegraphed to the Daily Crescent.

FROM WASHINGTON.

BY THE NATIONAL AND SOUTHERN LINES.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—There were no ballots taken in the House to-day. A resolution was adopted confining the members to ten minute speeches.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec 24.—Our Cotton market has been dull to-day and the sales only amount to 400 bales; Flour is drooping—Ohio is quoted at $6 62; Corn is selling at 90c to 93.

Cincinnati Markets.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 22.—Flour is firm at $7 50; Oats 30c; Wheat $1 50; Whisky 20½ to 20¾.

River Intelligence.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 22.—The river is at a stand, with ten feet and three inches in the canal. The J. P. Tweed, Empire and J. Landis have arrived from New Orleans, and the Ohio Belle, Fanny Bullitt, Virginia, Hickman, Madison and Monongahela have left for that port.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

Numerous and agreeable as the amusements in this city are, on almost every evening during the season, that of the present evening are markedly pleasant, numerous and satisfactory. Our catalogue gives a brief history and epitome of the whole, which, in order to be fully understood and thoroughly appreciated, must be seen. Citizens and strangers have no reason for remaining within doors this night, however strong the attractions may be during the rest of the year. There is a period of festivity now with us, which, for twelve months past, has had and will have neither prototype nor antetype.

ST. CHARLES THEATER. — *Performances.* — Second night of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. "Irish Assurance;" "Bashful Irishman;" and "Law for Ladies." Grand mask and fancy dress ball after the close of the regular performances.

ORLEANS THEATER.—The grand opera of "Jerusalem," in which Dulue, Junca, Grant and M'me Cambier will appear.

GAIETY THEATER.—"Milly, the Maid with the Milking Pail;" "Used Up;" "The Young Actress," and "Bob Nettles." Performances commence at 7 o'clock, on account of the night's amusements.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—"The old and original Campbells;" Christmas pantomime by the Black Ravel Family, and other entertainments.

FEEL'S SOUTHERN OPERA HOUSE.—Shakesperian Festival, songs, dances and burlesques, by "West & Feel's only and original Campbell Minstrels."

SMITH'S AMERICAN CIRCUS.—A grand display of equestrianism at the corner of Poydras and Baronne streets.

VANNUCHI'S MUSEUM.—Wax statuary and cosmoramas, at 107 St. Charles street.

FOR CINCINNATI.—The fine steamer Monarch, Hayman, master, pushes out this evening, at 5 o'clock, for the above and all intermediate ports on the Ohio. Apply on board or to John E. Hyde, 66 Poydras street.

FOR MONTGOMERY AND WETUMPKA.—The new and very light draught steamer C. Bealer, Shaw, master, leaves this evening, via the New Basin, for Montgomery and all landings on the Alabama river. John E. Hyde & Co., No. 66 Poydras streets are the Agents.

FOR CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.—The fine passenger steamer Ohio, Breide, master, puts out for Cincinnati, Louisville and all intermediate landings, this evening at the usual hour. John E. Hyde & Co., No. 66 Poydras street, are the agents.

FOR SHREVEPORT AND ALEXANDRIA.—The substantial steamer Storm, Captain Robb, leaves this evening for Shreveport, Alexandria, and intermediate landings. Applications for freight or passage can be made on board, or to T. B. Smith, No. 12, New Levee street, or to Lewis Snapp & Co., No. 37, Front street.

FOR VICKSBURG.—The tri-weekly U. S. mail line, between this port and Vicksburg, dispatches the "Princess," Capt. Holmes, at the usual hour this evening. Those who are going up, or have freight to forward, should make application on board, or to Carroll Pritchard & Co., Union Row, No. 52 Carondelet street.

FOR VICKSBURG, NATCHEZ AND FORT ADAMS. The regular Tuesday evening packet steamer Magnolia, Capt. St. Clair Tacmasson, leaves at five o'clock this evening for Vicksburg, Natchez, and way-landings. For freight or passage apply on board or to T. B. Smith, 12 New Levee street.

ARRIVALS AT THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS YESTERDAY.

ST. CHARLES.... D J Wedge, Memphis; Col James S Williams, La; J W Houston, Capt W H Owen, Ala; Jas J Harrison Miss; W M Hymon, Ky; W S Dozier, J I Dudgeon, Mo; H L Seixas, N Y; B Lunn and lady, Columbus; G H Kirk, Ala; G W Clark, Miss; James A Ventress, lady and son, Benj F Moore, E G W Butler jr, La; Thos W Nicholson and lady, Miss; J D Homer, N C; A M Lighton, Ala; J A Morgan, La; Dr W H Dial and lady, Tex; W B Robertson, La; Henry Holmes and lady, N Y; James Bullard, city; N Hunsel and lady, St Louis; R Fortu and daughter, Col Daily and wife, N Y; W D Ballard, Chas Trewsbury, Tenn; R K Ballard, N Y; W P Dabray and lady, Mobile; W J Martin, Oakland College; Henry Eyer, N Y; Dr C W Dutch, Mrs R D Carter, Miss M D Mills, La; James Fitch and lady, Ohio; Henry o Waldson, Saml C Thompson, H G Hoyt and child, N Y; Edward M Knight, Pa; Wm A Booth, Tenn; W N Clark, Mo; W R Anchows and lady, H Perkins, La; F B White, Boston; Wm Bailey, La; S R Kaorr and lady, Milledgeville; J M Daniel, C R Howard, Va; J A Hoarman and lady, Mc; Glendy Burke, city; F W Waldo, N Y; W S Vance, Mrs Vance, Miss S Wallace, Ky; J A Cain, Ala; Robert Mackay, St. Mary's; J Hall, Miss; J L Campau, Detroit; J H Henderson, Dr Fisher and lady, MO.

ARCADE.... D Fitzpatrick, Ark; W H Ozsborn, La; R T Gordon, J B Gordon, Mobile; W Barny, Gergen city; A J Peacock, W E Campbell, J Cherry Wm Kerr, Miss; S P Dunlap, steamer Jack Scott; M Parson, steamer C D Jr; M Londebough, La; J Stuart, Ohio; A Bower, city; Wm L Folwell, Miss; J Vaughan, A M Boyle, La; J H McDonel, Miss.

ST LOUIS.... T O Stark, W H Wikoff, W J Chapman, Messrs Field & Bro, P James and son, Chicago; J Neilspaugh, S C Danks, R S McConnell, St Louis.

CITY.... S R Whitfield, Camden, Ark; M W Bridges, Princeton, Ark; N Johnson, Vernon, La; Thos B Harmanson, R R Howell, Atchefalaya; W P Davenport, Arkadelphia; Miss M S Fuller, F M Fisk, S B Finest, Jr, E L Carter, M McFarland, N Orleans; J Montgomery, Pass Christian; Robt Hughes, Miss Hughes, Galveston; W Thompson, Miss C A Thompson, North Car; Miss A M Cross, Miss P Cross, La; Geo Harris, W L B Van Orden, Jr, N Y; C Nevitt Hanchoc; Jas Stowes, G Torry Tom Torry, Fayette; L B Ker, Concordia Parish; M S Jordan, Ky, R S Key, lady, 3 children and servt, J H Donoghue, lady, and 2 children, Miss; Jas E Reisse, river; J B Anderson, Vicksburg, Capt Smith, ship Fanny Mollenry, Mrs A S Smith, Philadelphia; J H Ross, Norhampton; A B Banis, Hardrodsburg; Lt M Barnnit, St James; J Persons, Mansfield, Campbell Minstrels—T B Pendergrast, S E Clarke, E F Winchell, W Newcomb, H J Ross, Dan Bryant, G S Fowler, Fred Wilson, G W Demorest, Frank Rofer, H Fenton.

Recent Publications.

VILLAGE AND FARM COTTAGES. Illustrated with one hundred Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have received from the publishers, through Mr. J. C. Morgan of this city, a copy of a new architectural work published by them; of a more practical and generally useful nature than Ruskin, Ruskin, or any other we recollect, upon the same topic. It professes to treat of the requirements of American village homes, and gives designs for such houses in various styles, of various arrangements and various prices. There are supplemental chapters concerning interior arrangements and the improvement of grounds, hardly less valuable than the main portion of the work itself. Those who are studying to unite excellence with economy in their buildings, should by all means expend the small amount needed to secure them a copy of this work.

THE IRISH ABROAD AND AT HOME; at the Court and in the Camp. With souvenirs of "the brigade." Reminiscences of an emigrant Milesian. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The compiler, who ever he may have been, of the volume entitled "the Irish Abroad and at Home," deserves well of the reading community for the amusing nature of the compilation he has made. It is nothing other than a biography of the most eminent jokes, bulls, fights, speeches and diplomacy of the Milesian race—as sparkling as Lever or Lover, and as authentic as the majority of similar publications. Many tales and anecdotes we have read or heard before, together with many wholly strange and novel to us, are contained in its pages—making a melange of the most readable description. Those who wish to spend an hour in a pleasant manner can do so by running over the pages of this book. Mr. J. C. Morgan has our thanks for a copy of the book.

PHŒNISIANA; Or, Sketches and Burlesques. By John Phœnix. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

To any one who has kept pace with the current literature of California, either as it appeared in the papers and magazines of that country or as it was manifested when transferred to the papers of the States, the name of John Phœnix must be as familiar as that of the immortal Dosticks. There is a dissimilarity in their genius as there is in the likenesses of children of the same family; but leading traits of originality and humor are the same in both instances. The present volume is a compilation of what has been written by John Phœnix, and to express any commendation of it would be to gild refined gold or paint the lily. The humor and wit of our country has never had a finer illustration than in his writings, which well deserve perusal by all who understand and enjoy a good joke well managed.

HEWET'S ILLUMINATED HOUSEHOLD STORIES, for little folks.—Vol. I, Cinderella; Vol. II, Jack the Giant Killer. New York: H. W. Hewet.

Both of the above named little books are well printed and profusely illustrated. The stories are familiar to all, and only need mention to suggest themselves as very admirable for Christmas and holiday gifts. We are indebted to J. C. Morgan, Exchange Place, adjoining the Post-office, for copies of the forementioned works.

THE HOME ANNUAL. Edited by J. T. Headley. With sixteen elegant Engravings. New York: Leavitt & Allen.

One sure evidence and prognostic of the approach of the holidays is before us in the shape of the beautifully bound, beautifully illustrated and handsomely printed volumes to which it gives birth. The "Home Annual" is a work of three hundred pages, with sixteen engravings and a large amount of interesting matter, biographical, historical, poetic and romantic. It is designed for a gift book, and shines very brilliantly in its gilt edges and blue ornamental covering. Much of the matter has been frequently in print before, and the illustrations are not new Nevertheless, the work is handsome and the contents are interesting. Those who desire to make some new expression of their affection, will find the Home Annual a very happy instrumentality to such an end.

AFFECTION'S GIFT: A Christmas, New Year and Birth-Day Present. New York: Leavitt & Allen.

The little work styled "Affection's Gift," is of a religious character and intended for presentation to the fairer sex. It contains several engravings, very well executed, and a number of essays concerning female influence, female defects, female education, duties, romance and religion—which can be read with profit as well as pleasure.

We are indebted to B. M. Norman, under the St. Charles Hotel and No. 14 Camp street, for copies of both the above volumes.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR: Thoughts in verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the year. By the Rev. John Keble. Elegantly Illustrated. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

We have happily had frequent occasion to notice the elegant, instructive and entertaining publications of the house of E. H. Butler & Co., of Philadelphia, but were never so well pleased with the magnificent manner in which they dress up and decorate their issues, as in the present instance. Aside from the contents, the book is a very glory in the paper and the typography which makes it; and one is half inclined to purchase it from these mere mechanical considerations. The engravings, of which there are a large number, seem to be a compound of line, dot and stipple, and mezzotint—making a very clear and magnificent picture. It follows the episcopal arrangement of the year and makes a sort of rhythmical concordance, which will be read with pleasure even by those who care very little for theology, which was its origin and which is its object.

We are indebted to J. B. Steel, No. 66 Camp street, for a copy, and advise all who can to call and procure one.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA; or, interesting anecdotes and remarkable conversations of the Emperor, during the five and a half years of his captivity. Collected from the memorials of Las Casas, O'Meara, Montholon and others. By John S. C. Abbott. With illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are indebted to the publishers, through J. B. Steel, No. 66 Camp street, for a copy of Abbott's life of Napoleon, containing a resume and brief synopsis of all that has been written by Scott, Las Casas, Montholon and many other chroniclers of his achievements, together with some new facts and such considerations as strike the American reader, after reviewing all that was said, undertaken and accomplished by the greatest man upon whom the sun of the nineteenth century has, as yet, shone. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and both paper and typography deserve the highest commendation, and do honor to the publishers. For the purposes of those who wish to gain a general idea