New Orleans Daily Crescent.

DOUBLE SHEET.

NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 4, 1857.

The McDonogh Estate.

Some of our Baltimore cotemporaries express fears that city will realize but little from the bequest of the late John McDonogh. We are inclined to look upon their apprehensions as not altogether ill-founded. We shouldn't be surprised if Baltimore was not immediately benefitted; and the only way in which New Orleans can be benefitted is for the estate to be sold at public auction as speedily as practicable. As it now stands, it is an incubus, an eye-sore and a nuisance upon and to the best portions of the city, which we have no hopes of seeing eradicated except in the manner indicated above.

The Baltimore Patriot, of the 2d inst., apprehends that the estate will be frittered away in costs, fees, sale, etc. May be so; but nevertheless, the estate is as well managed as circumstances permit. The old miser, who spent a long life in grinding the faces of the poor, whose whole career is unredeemed by a solitary ennobling instance of generosity, left his will so complexed that expensive litigation was a natural and inevitable consequence.

The Patriot concludes an article on the subject in the following terms:

But not more strange than this is the apathetic indifference with which the people of the two cities, for whose benefit this bequest was designed, regard the frittering away of a magnificent property, and its absorption by others. We think with Mayor Swann, that it is high time the whole matter was taken fairly in hand and pressed to a prompt conclusion. The powers with which he has recently been clothed by the City Council gives him full scope for the exercise of his best judgment, and leaves him free to act in the manner he may deem best calculated to advance the interests of the city. He has given ample proof, in other matters, that he does not lack energy, and the McDonogh case appears to us to be one in which everything depends upon promptness and decision of character. It must be apparent to the municipal authorities of both cities that procrastination only serves to add more difficulties to a satisfactory adjustment of the claims they hold to the property under the will, and that the sooner they come to a mutual understanding the greater probability there will be of securing at least a portion of that valuable estate which, under various pleas, is now being wrested from their hands.

Let Baltimore push her claims with redoubled energy. We care not what is done so the estate is divided and sold—or declared insolvent in order that it may be sold. If New Orleans can make anything, well and good; but whether she can or not, let the estate be disposed of at public outcry, so that our enterprising citizens may have an opportunity to purchase and improve the finest locations in the city, now unsightly and almost uncumbrable—as McDonogh would have them were he alive. It would be better for New Orleans to have the estate declared insolvent, to mortgage, and sold by the Sheriff in ten days, than to have it remain in its present position five years, and then be sold for a million.

WE WANT AN ANSWER!—We have, good reader, a question to ask, which you may deem impertinent, but which nevertheless we must ask. It is a question concerning something that involves your personal welfare and our peace of mind; a question that we would rather not ask, but which we are impelled to ask by an impulse which we have no power to resist; and so if you be asked, we will soften it as much as possible, by asking it only of the gentlemen, and not of the ladies; though the ladies, if they feel like volunteering an answer, may do so without incurring our feelings way much. The question, then, is—give us your ear, good reader, and hold your breath—where do you get your shirts? You answer, at Mondy's, do you? Well, that's sensible, and relieves us of a terrible suspense. It shows that you go to the fountain of taste and elegance, and economy at the same time. That's right. Keep it up. You will please be informed, by the way, that the rumor that Mondy had committed suicide because a member of the Carrollton Council recently moved to take down his signs in that town—those time-honored signs, "Get your shirts at Mondy's"—had no foundation in fact. The loyalty of his subjects in Carrollton and New Orleans, and in the "neck of woods" generally, enables the Shirt King to laugh at such puny assaults upon his authority. See his ukase, in this morning's Crescent.

STANDARD MEDICINES.—Winer's Canadian Vermifuge, Begole's Electric Hair Dye and Bertine's Lotion—all medicines of approved excellence—are sold in quantities large and small by Messrs. J. Wright & Co., at Nos. 21 and 151 Chartres street. See advertisements.

CURTAIN GOODS.—A splendid assortment of curtains, lace, muslin and damask, together with all kinds of window ornaments is to be seen at Messrs. J. D. Dameron & Co.'s, No. 124 Canal street. Their stock of carpetings, mattings, oil cloths, etc., is also very rich and extensive, comprising all the beautiful and fashionable patterns of the day. See the advertisement in another column.

TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS.—The solacements of smoking and chewing are to be had in their perfection of "Old Joe," see Jose Domingo, who is sixteen years old—not in life, but in his popularity with the public, as a dealer in the very best cigars and tobacco that are to be had in Cuba. Old Joe's headquarters are at No. 16 Customhouse street, but he has outposts in the St. Charles, St. Louis, City and Arcade Hotels, which disperse the comforts of the weed to the perpetual rush of people that enlivens those establishments. See Joe's card, in another part of our paper.

JOE ROLLINS AT HOME.—Joe Rollins, the prince of shavers—that is, shavers of the tonsorial branch—has as fine a shaving and bathing saloon, as polite and good looking a corps of assistants, as sharp a set of razors, and as sweet and efficacious an assortment of cosmetics as were ever got together under one roof in this country. Joe is always at home, and those who call upon him are sure to be luxuriously "done up."

SUMMER CLOTHING.—Messrs. F. Malard & Co., at the Corner of Canal and Old Levee streets, have on hand their usual very large and extensive stock of clothing for gentlemen, youths, boys, children and plantation negroes. They sell cheaply, and of necessity do a large business. They have furnishing goods of every description to match the clothing, and for a full family or plantation fit-out, no one need leave the store after once entering it. We would direct the attention of citizens, strangers and planters to the partial enumeration of Messrs. M. & Co.'s stock, in our advertising columns.

BOOTS, SHOES AND BROGANS.—Messrs. Reed & Field, No. 66 Gravier street, are receiving fresh supplies of the above articles, in addition to their already large stock. See advertisement.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE.—Mr. H. P. Buckley, the watchmaker, at No. 8 Camp street, has on hand a splendid assortment of silver and plated ware, which housekeepers would do well to examine. See advertisement.

SUPERB CLOTHING.—For an elegant and fashionable summer outfit, there is no establishment more worthy of a visit and inspection than that of Messrs. Norris, Mauff & Co., at the corner of Camp and Common streets, under the City Hotel. All the novel things of the season are to be found there, and everything is at the top of fashion's scale. See Messrs. M. M. & Co.'s advertisement.

"GEM GROCERY."—Mr. E. L. Bercier's *bijou* of a grocery, at No. 23 Baronne street, is still, as it always has been, a place where none but the very freshest and choicest family supplies of all descriptions are kept. Plain and fancy groceries and wines, cordials and liquors, of all descriptions, are always to be had there. See card.

HOYT'S HATS.—Mr. John F. Hoyt, at the corner of Common and St. Charles streets, invites everybody to come and take his hat, or one of his hats. He has all the latest styles on hand, including every thing that is light and graceful for the warm season; and should any cranium of irregular shape or size present itself, he will hat it or cap it at the shortest notice, as he has excellent manufacturing facilities at command. Go, everybody, and try one of Hoyt's hats.

REDUCTION IN BAREGES.—Mr. C. C. Wayland, at the corner of Paydras and Carondelet streets, announces a great reduction in his bareges and other seasonable articles of dress goods. We refer the ladies to his advertisement.

LAW FIRM.—Messrs. J. H. Lea, R. H. Marr and G. W. H. Marr, have opened an office at No. 13 Commercial Place, where they may be found by all who may have occasion for their services as attorneys-at-law.

MCCHESNEY'S WASHING MACHINES.—These invaluable articles of household use are to be had at the office of the manufacturers, No. 22 Commercial Place—they being the sole proprietors of the patent right for the State of Louisiana. They are, however, prepared to sell parish rights for this State, and State rights for Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, Florida and California. See advertisement.

CARPETINGS, ETC.—Messrs. A. Broussean & Co., at No. 19 Chartres street, have on hand a very large and well selected assortment of carpetings, mattings, and all other articles in their line. See advertisement.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—The gigantic drug establishment of Mr. O. O. Wood[illegible], at the corner of Common and Magazine streets, is too well known in the city to need pointing out; but to the country trade, and all who come to the city to make their purchases, we can recommend it as especially worthy their attention and patronage. A larger or more complete assortment of drugs, chemicals, medicines, paints, oils, and glass, has never been offered in the South. We refer dealers in that line, in city as well as country, to Mr. W.'s enumeration of his principal supplies, in our advertising columns.

§ LAW BOOKS AT STEEL'S.—The legal profession are reminded that they may find a most extensive and well selected assortment of books in their line at Mr. J. B. Steel's, No. 60 Camp street. Not only the works of the most renowned American and English jurists are included, but those of France, Germany, Spain and Italy. We refer lawyers and students to the advertisement of Mr. Steel, in another column.

FISHING APPARATUS.—Every description of fishing tackle, for sportsmen and those who fish for a living, is to be had of Messrs. McClurken, Howell & Co., No. 55 Camp street. See advertisement.

HYPOCRISY OF THE WORLD—SLAVE LABOR.

This world is a great hypocrite. It may be set down as a stupendous deceit, without wandering far from the truth. It says one thing and does another. It is gigantic on precept and diminutive in practice. It is always officious in reproving the honest unfortunate, and ever foremost in lavishing praises upon the rich and fortunate, no matter if their skirts are tainted with every meanness known to the calendar. It seldom finds fault with gilded vice, but never discovers any thing to commend in poverty. It invariably goes on the prosperous side, the rich side, and the winning side. If there are any objects it scorns with supreme contempt, it is those whom it was wont to honor when the sunshine of prosperity illuminated their pathway, but whom misfortune has stricken sorely and to the ground. Shakspeare described the world with wonderful accuracy when he said in truthful and undying verse—undying because of its literal truthfulness—that—

"Plate sin with gold, and the strong
Lance of justice hurtless breaks,
Clothe it in rags, and a pigmy's straw may pierce it."

Well, the world is right, as the world goes, and as the world goes so must we all go, or else be swept aside. The current of the world's progress is more irresistible than the current of a thousand Mississippis; and the ingenuity and science of man have yet been impotent to devise a plan to control the surging flow of a single Mississippi. Therefore, the man is a fool who sets himself up as a breakwater against the waves of the world's opinion. If he isn't a fool it makes no sort of difference. He will be washed from his moorings and will only come to an anchor in the Dead Sea of popular oblivion. Then, again, we would like to know what business the world, or anybody else, has with "sin," to use the words of the divine bard, clothed "in rags." "Rags" are a sign of mendicity; "rags" are usually "dirty;" we all have a contempt for "rags;" and although it is possible "rags" may cover as honest and true a heart as ever beat in a human bosom—may be the habiliments of as bright a genius and as noble a mind as ever adorned the earth—still the wearer is only entitled to the munificent accommodations of a workhouse, furnished by an affluent, tax-paying world! Philanthropic carpers may interpose objections to these conclusions, but their objections are of no consequence. The flat of the world is against them, and there is no appeal from the flat of the world. Can any one cite an instance wherein the flat of the world has ever been set aside? No!

The hypocrisy of the world with regard to slave labor in the South, is the hugest hypocrisy the world has ever attempted. It is the world's *chef d'œuvre* in the way of dissimulation. It is the master-piece of workmanship in the line of deceit. It is the cupola of its pharisaical temple of fraud. It caps the climax of unmixed humbug, false philanthropy and unmitigated charlatanism. There is nothing like it, nor has there been anything like it, through all the ages of the past and all the events of the present. It is its own only parallel—its own only comparison—its own only illustration.

The whole civilized world, outside the Southern States, denounces fiercely, vindictively and causelessly, our system of domestic slavery. The world slanders us; the world stigmatizes us; the world applies every odious epithet the language furnishes to us; the world never tires in heaping opprobrium upon us; and the world never wearies in circulating falsehoods about us. The world is our relentless enemy, taking the word in its broadest and deadliest sense, if the world is to be believed—if the world is not practicing the most contemptible hypocrisy—if the world is not doing what the poet said people once attempted, by trying to—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

The hypocrisy of the world concerning slavery is made continually manifest. The changes of the seasons, the division of the hours into light and darkness, the laws of nature that cause vegetation to germinate in the bosom of the earth, to sprout, bloom, blossom, mature and decay, and the ebbing and flowing of the tides of the ocean—are not more apparent or more certain than the hypocrisy we have mentioned.

Yet the world would as soon apply a knife to its own throat as to abolish slavery if it had the power! Why? The world can afford to denounce slavery; but the world *cannot* afford to *quit making money* out of slavery.

At the present time the commercial world watches the slaveholding States of the South with the most absorbing anxiety. No other section of the globe receives a tenth part of the attention. And what is that which is watched so absorbingly—what is that which is considered so attentively? Why, whether nature has been bountiful to, or has withheld from, the slave-grown cotton crops of the South favorable seasons, or has decreed unfavorable seasons! The pivot of the world's commerce is cotton. Cotton vitalizes the trade of the earth. Cotton is to the business world what blood is to the system—what the mainspring is to a time-piece—what the sun is to a dial—what the poles are to the compass—what the pilot is to a ship—what electricity is to the wires that bring Halifax and New Orleans in instantaneous communication. Without cotton, the world knows that millions of wheels, looms, spindles, locomotives, vessels, steamships, and hundreds of thousands and millions of people would be thrown out of employment—that thousands of millions of property, now paying profitable returns upon the investments, would become valueless—and that the industry, progress, capital and power of the various nations would receive a shock like unto that of a violent paralytic stroke upon a healthy man. Hence the world keeps its eyes wide open as to all matters affecting the probably supply of cotton.

The unfavorable weather in the month of April caused the world to sigh deeply. As soon as the world learns of favorable May weather, the world will respire more freely. Put a fall crop of cotton in one scale, and the welfare of all the negroes in Christendom in the other, with an understanding that the judgment must affect materially the one or the other, and the world will decide in favor of cotton all the time, and let the negroes go to perdition without the slightest murmur of remonstrance, provided future fall crops of cotton are not to be injured thereby.

In looking over our English and Northern anti-slavery exchanges, we have frequently been amused with the anomalies they present. In one column the system of slavery is cursed—in the next, the most intense anxiety is manifested about the probable yield of the cotton culture! In one place a stranger to the facts would be led to infer that they desired the abrogation of slavery at all hazards—in the other, he would *know* that they wanted plenty of cotton, regardless of principle, morals or expense. What would become of England—what would become of Massachusetts—if the slave-grown cotton of the South should utterly fail for a single year? We need not enter upon an answer. The nervousness of their commercial papers, whenever they touch the subject of crops, is sufficient response for all the purposes we have in view.

The world is alike ungrateful to slaveholders and hypocritical to humanity. It abuses the slaveholders to benefit the slave, and buys cotton of slaveholders, which alone makes slavery endurable or profitable. The world is a liar in a double sense, and without any excuse for lying in either alternative. If the world was honest in its opposition to slavery, it would cease consuming the products of slavery; but as the world will not do this, it is evident that the world is a great cheat—that it has donned the garb of a false philanthropy to delude the honest and unsuspecting, and to earn for itself a reputation for superior righteousness to which it is no more entitled than the Father of Evil is deserving the appellation of Christian.

If the world is sincerely opposed to slavery, let the world cease patronizing the labor of slavery, and then slavery will speedily cease, owing to the operation of causes beyond the control of those who now hold slaves in humane and elevating subjection. Then the slaves will be more to be pitied than their masters. But, let the world either cease making money out of slavery, or stop abusing slavery! We care not which alternative is adopted.

EAGLE FOUNDRY, RICHMOND, VA.—Mr. Philip Rahm, the proprietor of this foundry, is now in New Orleans, being on a business tour through Louisiana. He manufactures steam engines, portable circular saw mills and machinery generally; and is prepared to receive all orders addressed to him or to Moses Greenwood, at No. 21 Carondelet street. See his card, in our advertising columns.

BANK OF AMERICA.—We perceive that the capital stock of this bank has been fixed at $800,000, for a commencement of business, to be increased to $1,000,000, and that books are now open, under the superintendent, at the office of the Opelousas Railroad Company, and at the notarial offices of Mr. Edward Barnett, No. 87 Royal street, and Mr. E. G. Gottschalk, No. 87 Royal street. Messrs. John Hughes, J. Vinces and George Eustis, Jr., are the commissioners under whose superintendence the subscription is to take place.

MAY NIGHT FESTIVITIES.

The heavy rains of Friday, the horrible condition of the streets, and the general gloom that prevailed wherever the elemental influences could be felt, created with many the impression that the May parties would be broken up, or rendered "flat, stale and unprofitable," if attempted. But those who thought this were rather mistaken. They forgot that every flood of rain brings out its fleet of carriages, and that when carriages are to be had, our young gentlemen are willing to "bleed" freely, rather than forego the pleasures of a "cut and dried" festivity—particularly such a festivity as a May party, in as brilliantly lighted, poetically decorated, generally luxurious, and perfectly water-proof a place as Odd Fellows' Hall—where the chief party was to be given.

The thunder had scarcely ceased to roar, and the waters to rush, ere the carriages began to rattle. From every direction they came teaming like mad, and disgorging their loads of buoyant beauty at the entrance of the hall. At an early hour the ballroom was full, and not long afterward it was perfectly crowded. The youthful beauty and gallantry of all New Orleans were there, and conspicuous amongst them were the young ladies of the First District High School, in whose honor the party was given. For the coronation, which was to precede the ball, the most tasteful preparations had been made. The hall was handsomely decorated all around with flowers and evergreens; whilst at the upper end was a throne, reached by a flight of carpeted steps, and canopied with hangings and evergreens in the prettiest manner. Over all bent an arch, bearing the words in gold, "Our Queen."

Shortly after 9 o'clock the May Queen and her train entered the hall. All were dressed in poetic fancy, and in truth a sweeter troupe of fairies we have never seen. They sang some pretty thing as they marched around—the Queen, Miss Margaret E. Myers, was installed on her throne with due ceremony—and her attendants acquitted themselves of their different parts in the coronation in the most charming manner. The crowner was Miss Sarah North; the scepter bearer, Miss Frances Myers; Spring, Miss Wilhelmina Colton; Summer, Miss Macbeth; Autumn, Miss Josephine Brode; Winter, Miss Athalia Batet; Sunshine, Miss Therese Crozier; Storm, Miss Rosa Benjamin; Evening Star, Miss M. Korndoffer; Morning Star, Miss Anna Etter; Rainbows, Misses Clementina Schneider and E. Brode; and Night, Miss Caroline Labatt. There were besides a brilliant little bevy of maids of honor and flower bearers. The addresses made, and the response given by the Queen, the signal for the dance was given, and then Terpsichore asserted her sway and ruled the golden hours far into the morning. The ball was in every respect creditable to the young gentlemen who got it up, and delightful to all who had the good fortune to be present. We spent the time very delightfully while there, but could not stay all the time. There were other May parties in progress, and we wished to take a peep at them.

At Union Hall, in the Fourth District, there was a party, and we managed to get up there to take a hand in it. It was not a very large party, nor had it any May coronation doings; but it was a delightful party aside from all that. It was a large family party, so to speak; that is, everybody knew everybody—the highest geniality prevailed—the dancing progressed on the high-pressure principle—and the supper which intervened was no less a feast of good things than a blaze of cordiality. There is an enjoyment in these parties, where a lot of friends and acquaintances club together and bring their families, that surpasses that of those larger and more brilliant assemblies in which conventionality holds her frigid sway, separating, as with walls of ice, a great portion of the people present from each other. Our friend Butler—of the Fire Brigade—was host on the occasion, and handsomely did he acquit himself of his duties. His knowledge of French aided him not a little in superintending the delicate duties of the *cuisine* and supper-room, though he is not, by any means, a French cook, or a cook of any kind. Of this party we will remark, that had a May Queen been chosen from the young ladies present, we are certain the choice would have fallen upon our fair friend Miss F—r, of Jefferson City.

There was yet another May party, still farther up town; and we regret that we were unable to visit it, in compliance with the polite invitation extended us. The man who could visit more than two May parties, and get into the merits of each, on the same night, we think would be something more or less than human. From the preparations that were made for the Jefferson City party, we have no doubt that it was a delightful affair; as a May coronation, with Miss Addie White for its queen, was the first thing in order, with any number of other pretty belles and gallant young gentlemen to discharge the important duties of the dance afterwards.

Altogether, the first of May was largely and brilliantly celebrated, notwithstanding its unpropitious aspect in regard to weather.

A CASE.—We are always being told that "Property has its Rights," but surely, in the matter of gloves and boots, Property has its Lefts as well as Rights.

DOCTOR BAAKER.—It is painful to note the departure of a friend at any time, be he only allied to us by the ordinary ties of consanguinity or friendship; but how much more so when he makes the departure of one on whom the public rely for a specific security, especially if that security pertains to life and health. The business or commercial man may leave the circle or sphere of his ordinary occupation and those around, aside from his social qualities, only experience a slight deviation of the usual routine of habitual custom. The lawyer leaves his circuit, and his the judges full relief, and clients a respite from the footsteps of their agent; but when our physician leaves the area of his round of calls, then, indeed, a community, not an individual, relaxes the safety valve of the family engine that moves them through the world. We sadly feel this in contemplating the departure from our midst of the celebrated physician whose name stands at the head of this article, and has been associated with some of the most noble deeds of philanthropy and surgical skill registered in the world's history for ages. Without exaggeration he has been the world's benefactor, when those who were all others in his ability to make the lame and halt walk, the blind see, and those being consumed by slow degrees restored to soundness and that perfect capacity originally designed that man should enjoy, in the treatment of cancers, tumors, ulcers, fistulas, affections of the eye and paralysis, Doctor Baaker has never had an equal; and did we not know that thousands are anxiously awaiting his coming in other climes, we should decidedly protest against his leaving New Orleans until all were healed of their infirmities, but as it is we will forego all selfishness, and bid him God speed trusting that other communities like our own will be generally benefitted by his presence.

MORGAN'S AND UNCLE SAM'S.—Morgan's bookstore and Uncle Sam's letter and newspaper agency—otherwise the Post Office—are great institutions in New Orleans. One deals in private the other in public literature; each is a godsend in its way, and being situated together, as it were, in one vast twin establishment, they are a special blessing to the city. The man who calls on Uncle Sam for a letter or paper, and is disappointed, has only to step into Morgan's, and solace himself from the gentleman's ever-tearing counters. And if Uncle Sam is slow in opening shop of a morning, Morgan is not, and the fragrance of alfalfa by his counters to the wheel of time, saves Uncle Sam many a bitter anathema, many a deep curse. The reason of this is, that Morgan keeps all the literature of the day on his shelves and counters—books on every conceivable subject, and the freshest magazines and newspapers from all publications.

In view of the very great consolation that Morgan affords the early risers who are kept waiting by Uncle Sam's late rising, and of the unwholesome denunciation that he averts, we think the old gentleman—Uncle Sam—should send Morgan, as a special acknowledgment, a gilt copy of each of the books that he periodically prints, or a beauty hand warmer, or a pension, or some other acknowledgment due to useful and patriotic service. Dropping Uncle Sam, we will merely hint to our fellow-citizens in general, and our country friends in particular, that Morgan's store is a place where mental food of every description is to be had, at all seasons of the year. See Mr. Morgan's card.

AMES' SUGAR PAN.—This admirable invention for rapid and economical sugar-boiling is manufactured by Mr. Daniel Edwards, at his establishment, Nos. 28, 30 and 32 New Levee street. Sugar planters who have not yet examined into the merits of the invention, should lose no time in doing so. We refer to the card concerning it, in another column.

POINT LACE SHAWLS AND MANTILLAS.—A large and rich assortment of these articles, together with everything else in the embroidery and fancy goods line, is to be seen at Keegan's, No. 144 Canal street. The particular thing for the ladies to remember is, that the goods are selling at half the usual price.

DR. J. C. WINGARD.—This gentleman, who professes to heal diseases through clairvoyance and spiritual influence, and gives respectable references as to his capability of performing the same, is duly to be seen at his office, No. 188 Canal street. See his card.

BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE.—"The Modern Architect," "Gould's House Carpenters' Assistant," and other works valuable to the architect and builder, are on sale at Mr. T. L. Wiltze's, No. 105 Canal street. See advertisement.

GOLDEN FLAX LINEN.—A supply of this celebrated linen has just been received by Messrs. P. & E. Reilly & Co., No 126 Canal street. A fine variety of ladies' goods, for making up gentlemen's summer clothing, is offering by the same house. See advertisement.

SALE OF SUMMER CLOTHING, ITALIAN STRAW HATS, ETC.—We call the attention of the trade to the sale of an extensive assortment of summer clothing, Italian straw hats, etc., to take place this morning, at 10 o'clock, at Cole & Isaacson's auction rooms, 77 Chartres street. Terms at sale.

SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

It has been discovered that the manufacture of rope and cordage can be made as profitable and extensive a branch of enterprise in the South, as it is in any other part of the country. The raw material for rope making is to be had here cheaper and more conveniently than in Northern cities; the labor requisite to the manufacture can be had quite as cheap; and the profits of the manufactures are increased, by having an extensive market, with a never-failing demand at their very door. Under these inducements to active enterprise, a stock association has been organized in this city, under the title of the "The New Orleans Manufacturing Company," whose object is to supply this market with bale rope, cotton cordage and twine, of a quality so excellent, and at prices so cheap, as to largely abate if not entirely dispense with the necessity of importing those articles. The company have been by no means idle. They have built a large and splendid factory, which will go into operation in a very short time. It will operate experimentally, we are informed, this week.

On Saturday, in company with Mr. Duffus, the Superintendent, we visited and examined the factory of the company. It is situated in the upper part of Jefferson City, on the river bank, and adds not a little to the good appearance of that vicinity. It is a large fire-proof brick building, three stories high, one hundred feet long, and forty feet wide; with a tasteful cupola on top, and the doors and windows dignified with granite lintels and iron shutters. There is a store-house, also fire-proof, which stands separate from the factory, and is designed for the reception and storage of the raw manufacturing material. There are other out-buildings, and the whole establishment occupies the largest part of a square.

Inside the factory we found men at work, amid a perfect wilderness of machinery, putting things in order for operation. A more completely arranged establishment for manufacturing purposes we never entered. The engine is in an outside building, and the boilers in another—stout brick walls, without any kind of fire communication, intervening between them. The boilers, two in number, are encased in a complete and handsome jacket of brick-work, with a small supply boiler between them. The construction of the furnaces and flues is such that the water is heated to a high boiling point in the supply boiler before entering the steam boilers. The connections are such that one or both boilers may be used, as occasion requires. Each boiler has a water gauge of ingenious construction, the superiority of which over all others is generally conceded by engineers. A small hollow crank or index, on the outside, turns a corresponding pipe inside. As it is turned, the exact height of the water is indicated, by the steam ceasing to come out and the water coming out instead, so soon as the end of the inside pipe dips into the water—the end of the outside pipe, of course, pointing the height of the water inside.

Entering the engine room, the eye rests upon one of the finest and most beautiful pieces of machinery ever set up in this city. The engine is of the same kind as that recently put in the U. S. Branch Mint, and is equally admirable for the fineness of its finish and the simplicity of its details. It revolves a gigantic drum, which in its turn revolves the smaller drums and shafts that ramify the factory. Opposite the engine is one of Worthington's steam pumps, or fire engines; a powerful machine, by which a deluge of water can be supplied to any part of the factory at a moment's notice.

We will not confuse our readers by undertaking to describe the machinery for rope and cordage making which covers the three floors of the factory. The upper story is set apart to hemp carding and spinning; the second story to cotton carding and spinning; and the lower story to "laying" rope, or giving the strands, as they come from the upper stories, their final twist together and coiling up for use. There are all sorts of machines—"pickers," "blowers," "beaters," "cards," "spinning-jennies," "willows," "forming machines," and "laying machines;" together with a large and powerful lathe, for repairing and keeping the other machines in order. The process of carding and spinning is sufficiently interesting; but as it is not a new thing here, we will not undertake to describe it—although the improved and beautiful kind of machinery used might well justify us in going into full details.

There is one machine, however, that excited our particular admiration—the "rope-layer," or twisting machine. It is so simple that a child may understand it, yet so ingenious as to cause a wonder how such a thing could ever be contrived. It is about ten feet long, and does with ten times the rapidity the work of the old hand-process, under sheds a hundred yards long. Three spools or bobbins of strands are placed in a rack at one end. A strand from each enters an iron nut, through a separate hole, and all come twisted together out of one large hole in the other end of the nut. The hardness of the twisting, and the degree of tension to which the strands are subjected, are regulated by a contrivance which we are unable to describe lucidly. The rope, as it issues from the nut, coils itself upon a large bobbin, which when full time is slipped out and another put in its place; each bobbin full being of the size and extent of a coil of bale rope. The machine turns out a coil of bale rope of seventy pounds in fifteen minutes. With a number of these machines in operation—the business, we learn, will begin with six—it is easy to perceive that the capacity of the factory for rapid production is very great. The machinery is adapted to the manufacture of everything, from a steamboat cable down to a piece of twine; but the especial business of this factory will be the manufacture of bale rope and cotton cordage.

The mechanical genius of Philo B. Tyler, the inventor of the Tyler cotton press, is very conspicuous throughout the factory. The ingenious water-gauge on the boilers, which we have described, is his; the magnificent seventy-horse engine is his; and the admirable rope-twisting machine is his—all from his establishment in Springfield, Mass. The great bulk of the spinning and carding machinery is from an establishment in Patterson, N. J. The importation of this machinery does not conflict with the claims of our Southern machine-builders, as it is all of a kind which has never been in sufficient demand in the South to justify the embarkment in its manufacture.

The cost of the factory ground, buildings, machinery and all—will not fall short of $85,000. The capital stock of the company is $100,000; and though not all taken, enough of it has been taken to forward the enterprise to its present state of advancement, and put it into active operation. That it will be an eminently successful and prosperous enterprise, we are unable to entertain a doubt, and this result we shall hail with the highest satisfaction.

The factory, as we have already stated, will soon be in operation, and it will richly repay a visit to all who will take the trouble of paying it one.

Silver Siftings—BY CRESCENTA.

As daylight can be seen through the smallest holes, so do the most trifling things show a person's character.

Speak just what you think, but first be sure what you think is just.

Truth belongs to the man, error to his age.

The terror of being thought poor has been the ruin of thousands.

Vice often lurks close to virtue.

It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

The shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests upon truth.

Happiness is a ball after which we run whenever it rolls, or we push it with our feet when it stops.

Everything in its time is easy.

Nature never says that which reason will contradict.

We ought not to quit our post without the permission of him who commands. The post of man is life.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.

In order to improve the mind, we ought less to learn than to contemplate.

The expression of truth is simplicity.

Of all passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages to be sure of it.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the second may be what thou wilt.

Poetry is the art of substituting shadows and of lending existence to nothing.

Malice drinks one-half of its own poison.

Distinction is an eminence that is attained but too frequently at the expense of a fireside.

Talking Practical Sense.

Under the caption of "Southern Party," the Mobile Register, of the 1st inst., contains an interesting and a sensible article. We are thus specific because the Register is a strong Democratic paper, and because too many strong Democratic papers, while zealously urging the necessity of a union of the South for the sake of the South, make it a paramount consideration to speak so violently and virulently about their political opponents as to render a cordial union of the Southern people well nigh impracticable in any conceivable contingency.

The Register assumes that the Old Line Whigs and Americans should affiliate with the Democratic party, because it is the only party in the country that acts as a breakwater against the black billows of Northern fanaticism. Granting, for the sake of argument, all the assumptions, questionable and unquestionable, of our Mobile cotemporary, what does the sum total amount to? Nothing of any great moment, that we are able to discover. The South is in a minority both in the Senate and the House of Representatives; and it is as sure as that the seasons will fulfill their appointed rounds, that the Northern majority will grow much larger in both branches of our National Legislature in two or three years, while there is not the smallest probability of any increase in Southern influence. With but a few unimportant exceptions, the North is in the hands of the enemies of the South—in the hands of the Black Republicans. The Democracy has proved itself wholly inadequate to the task of staying the onward march of Black Republicanism. Yield all the leaders of the Southern Democracy claim for the Northern Democracy, and there is precious little hope left for the South that they will be able to accomplish anything for the South. Besides, the South is a unit on all questions of vital moment affecting Southern honor, interests or welfare.

We regard this syren song of party as the worst omen that frowns down upon the South from the political horizon. It forbodes an immensity of evil, and carries with it not a particle of good. Neither of the existing partisan organizations are competent to save the South. They never will be. It is not in the nature of things that they should be. And, if our people will only look at facts as they are, if they will only read the future from the past, they will trample under foot the worn-out banners of former struggles—obliterate all memory of ancient animosities, and rally under the new and the only standard that promises either safety or protection—a Southern standard, pure and untarnished.

The salvation of the South depends upon the South—not upon any party, Democratic, Whig or American. If the Southern people choose to trust any mere party with the custody of the future, they will find themselves, first dupes, then victims, and when too late, will discover that they have forfeited and lost the ability indispensable to self preservation.

We will now append the conclusion of the Register's article:

On the other hand, the patriotic Whig or "American" may accomplish everything, by cooperating with the Democratic party. For the safety of the South, it is only necessary that its people be animated by a single will, and contemplate the same object. And this result is to be attained by no painful and humiliating sacrifices. All that is necessary is, that obsolete and insignificant issues be submitted and postponed to the supreme interests of the South. Individual and party disputes should be suspended under the shadow of a common danger—to be resumed, if need be, under happier auspices. So in ancient Athens, where the feuds of faction raged with the greatest violence, all the differences of party were closed up to repel the foreign foe. Are we less capable of the highest efforts of patriotism? Is not our necessity as great? Why then does any individual in the South talk in his solitary tent? If the patriotic Whig and "American" had any ally in the North, he might urge some apology for refusing to co-operate with the Democracy. But there is no Whig, no "American" party in the North. Everywhere Black Republicanism is triumphant, or is resisted only by the Democracy. To strengthen the Southern wing of the Democratic party, is to reinforce our friends in the North; to secure amity here, is to guarantee ascendancy there.

The necessity of a complete union of all parties in the South is evident and undeniable. It is equally obvious that every true friend of the South should suspend his prejudices and his animosities, and combine with the Democracy in averting the common danger.

We hope the Register will not weary in the good work it has commenced—that of inducing its party cotemporaries to speak kindly and respectfully of opponents—of those who, in a minority, have as much at stake as other citizens, and who, necessarily, will not be found wanting when the hour of trial arrives. If it can effect this, the greatest obstacle in the way of a "complete union of all parties in the South" will be removed.

"Hope Insurance Company."

STATE OF LOUISIANA, City of New Orleans.

BE IT KNOWN, THAT THIS EIGHTH DAY OF April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-first, before me, EDWARD BARNETT, a Notary Public in and for the parish of Orleans, State of Louisiana, aforesaid, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared the parties whose names are hereunto subscribed, who declared that, availing themselves of the provisions of the statutes of the State of Louisiana, relative to the organization of corporations in this State, they have covenants and agreed, and do by these presents covenant, agree and bind themselves, and those whom they represent, to form themselves into and constitute a corporation for the objects and purposes, and under the stipulations and regulations following, that is to say:

ARTICLE FIRST.

The name and title of the said corporation shall be "HOPE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS," and is domiciled in and established in the city of New Orleans, parish and state of Louisiana, where the seat of the business of one hundred thousand dollars shall have been subscribed for, and it shall exist for twenty-five years from the date thereof. It shall have the perpetual right to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, have a seal and use the same, and alter, change, and at pleasure break the same; it shall have the right to make and execute such laws, rules and regulations, not inconsistent with the laws of the State, or the laws of the United States, as may be necessary for the government of said Company; provided the same shall not conflict with the laws of this State, or the laws of the United States; and shall also have power to fill all vacancies which may occur in their number, or in the Presidency.

ARTICLE SIXTH.

The President shall preside at all meetings, and preside at all meetings of the Board; he shall conduct and manage the business of the Company generally, under the supervision of the Board of Directors; in case of his absence, the Vice President shall preside at such meetings.

ARTICLE TENTH.

The Board of Directors shall have power to invest, from time to time, the money and capital of the Company in bonds and mortgages, on unincumbered and improved real estate, situated in the parish of Orleans, which, in every case, shall be deemed worth at least double the amount loaned thereon. They may also invest the profits of the Company in any bonds, or stock created and issued by the authority of the United States, of this State, or of the corporations of this State, or make loans on a pledge of any of the aforesaid securities, bonds or stock. They shall have power to dispose of mortgages obtained by way of security, or of stock pledged for security, or of property conveyed to them in satisfaction of debts previously contracted, or purchased at public sale upon judgments or orders of sales obtained by said Company, or of any property invisible or immovable, which may have been abandoned to said Company for or concerning the operations of its business; but nothing herein contained shall be so construed, as to authorize the said Company to discount negotiable paper, or to do any other banking operation, nor either directly or indirectly to deal or trade in buying or selling movable or immovable property, goods, wares or merchandise.

ARTICLE ELEVENTH.

Yearly dividends shall be made of so much of the profits of the Company as shall appear advisable; but the proportion of insurance received on risks, which shall not be terminated at the time of making such dividends, shall not be considered as forming parts of the profits of the Company; and in case of any loss or losses, whereby the capital stock of said Company shall be lessened, no subsequent dividend shall be made until such diminution shall have been covered back to the capital stock.

ARTICLE TWELFTH.

In the yearly dividends to be declared, as aforesaid, the amounts to be paid to the stockholders shall not exceed ten per cent. on the amount paid in, and the balance shall be placed to the credit of capital stock account, until the amount is paid in full, when it shall be the duty of the President and Board of Directors to issue certificates to the stockholders for full paid shares.

ARTICLE THIRTEENTH.

After the whole capital stock of said Company shall have been paid in, the Board of Directors shall have the right to deduct from each yearly dividend and lay by a certain part of the said