The Orleans Daily Crescent.

DOUBLE SHEET.

NEW ORLEANS:

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1857.

[illegible] Good Business on a New Plan.—We recently took a look through the new wholesale [illegible] recently established by Mr. O. H. [illegible] Street. Our opinion is, that it is destined to be one of the most [illegible] paying establishments. For its business [illegible] extensive, it has a large variety of dry goods, for ladies' and [illegible] wear, household goods, and plantation goods, [illegible] good quality, and at prices which to us [illegible] are not ignorant of the every [illegible] that goods are sold. For the particular ten[illegible] of business, a purchaser, [illegible] to chaffer with clerks and rack [illegible] of getting the worth of his money, [illegible] open to inspection. If you ask [illegible] your attention to the prices [illegible] of every article in the establishment [illegible] made at an uniform and [illegible] the prices there entered [illegible] in fact, the [illegible] of the establishment—upon an inspection of the goods and prices will convince the merest novice that all is [illegible] for everything is extraordinarily cheap. [illegible] price is made, according to the quantity taken, [illegible] of goods is sold at precisely the same rate as a [illegible] We are perfectly satisfied of the extraordinary cheapness of the goods offered, and now [illegible] universal opinion [illegible] to Houston, Galveston, and others who [illegible] these establishments, and may not be good judges of [illegible] of being as liberally dealt with as the [illegible] dealers; indeed, they need not come to the [illegible] they need do is to write what they want, and the [illegible] will answer every purpose [illegible] to his large supply of dry goods in general, Mr. [illegible] has the agency of the Manhattan Machine Sewing Cotton, and is nearly supplied with negro clothing, which he [illegible] at prices to suit purchasers, sheep with his other goods. We advise [illegible] of cotton, planters, and housekeepers, who may [illegible] to purchase as much as a piece or two of anything, to pay Mr. Boyd a visit and see for themselves. This is all he asks, and we are certain that it is all that will be necessary. We [illegible] attention to his card in another part of this [illegible]

Fancy Articles.—Ladies and gentlemen wishing [illegible] article of perfumery, soaps, cosmetics, at prices [illegible] low, will call upon Mrs. Boyd, [illegible] Street. We refer to her advertisements in another part of our paper.

Wonderfully Cheap Good Things.—[illegible] Dry Goods, No. 2 Customhouse street, [illegible] Canal, offer a variety of good things, suitable [illegible] Their goods are sold [illegible] and Texas. See advertisement.

Placed and Window Fixtures.—Messrs. J. D. [illegible] Canal street, are in receipt of their fall [illegible] of the finest perfection of richness and beauty, and there [illegible] to bring material to the garnishment of door or window [illegible] in the store. Every taste and every purse [illegible] to suit. We call attention to the advertisement.

Clothing, for the Coming Season.—Soon the chills of autumn and the frosty nights of winter will be upon us, and it is high time that our unwelcome population were looking after their wardrobes. To those who may take time by the forelock, we have only to say, that whether he be merchant, [illegible] planter, traveler, mechanic, or father of a [illegible] of boys of assorted sizes, Messrs. P. Mahood & Co., at No. [illegible] Canal street, will rig him or them out in any sort of clothing, and fitting it to a nicety, if their stock is a large one, which we have well assured them extensive. They have also a very large supply of plantation clothing, to which planters should pay some regard. We would call everybody's attention to the advertisement in another column.

Fall Display at Boyrens.—Nothing can exceed the elegant, tasteful and recherché collection now on display at Mr. Boyrens's fancy dry goods establishment, on Canal street. The ladies flutter from and there at busy and delighted as humming birds in a garden, and well they may; for a larger or more splendid stock of dry goods has never dashed the eyes or ribed the purses of our lady population. To those ladies who have not yet visited the store, we would say, read the advertisement in another column—it will give a good general idea of what a visit to such inspection when they go.

Splendid Carpetings.—Go to A. Brousseau & Co.'s, No. 16 Chartres street, if you wish to procure the most elegant and fashionable carpetings, matings, oil-cloths, etc., at the very lowest prices. See advertisement.

Watson's Ten Dollar Sewing Machines.—No economical head now complains of sitting up late of nights, and wasting her fingers to the bone, when a first-rate article of sewing-machine is to be had for ten dollars. Watson's famous invention, at the above price, is to be had of Mr. C. A. Miltenberger, the agent, at No. 101 Gravier street.

Gas Fixtures.—These articles, in every variety of modern taste and elegance, are to be had of Messrs. Humberson & Gaines, No. 90 Canal street. See advertisement.

Goodrich's School Readers.—Mr. Wm. Fleming, at the corner of Magazine and St. Andrew streets, is prepared to supply the whole South with the above, universally acknowledged to be the best series of school readers extant, and reproduced stereotype. He is prepared to supply schools on the most liberal terms, and those interested in education would do well to give him their orders. See his advertisement.

Fall Display at Beethuysen, Lewis & Co.'s.—At Messrs. Beethuysen, Lewis & Co.'s, No. 118 Canal street—Tonro Row, and formerly Simpson's—our lady friends may now regale themselves with a view of as magnificent an outspread of fancy as ever caused their eyes to sparkle, or their hearts to dance, or their purses to show what they were made for. The stock of dry goods now displayed has been selected from the best marts of the old and new worlds with a special view to the captivation and satisfaction of the fair ladies of the Crescent City, as famed for their elegance and refined taste in dress. Ladies of all classes, in respect to their means, may be sure of finding at Messrs. B., L. & Co.'s, the very perfection of whatever description of goods they may desire, whether for wear or household ornament, prior of everything being low according to kind. We would invite our readers, one and all, to call and see their eyes over the advertisement in another column of this morning's Crescent. It will be seen that all the sub-divisions in the field of dry goods are fully represented.

Books that are Books.—Mr. J. C. Morgan, of Hastings Place, has received a fresh supply of Porte Drayer's celebrated work, "Fighting Joe Hooker," also the first supply of Madame La Vert's new work, dedicated to be still more famous—"Souvenirs of Travel." Our friends who wish to read them should call soon, for they will sell rapidly.

Whitney Blankets.—Messrs. Wm. Prehn & Co., No. 121 Common street, have received twenty bales of the above article from Liverpool. See advertisement.

Davis's Sirup of Wild Cherry and Tar.—This famous medicine is always to be had of the agents, Messrs. J. Wright & Co., Nos. 21 and 151 Chartres street. Its merits are fully set forth in the advertisement.

New Saloon Opposite the Gaiety.—Messrs. Thos. W. Dick & Co. have fitted up the building on Gravier street, opposite the Gaiety theater, for a restaurant and drinking saloon. They opened on Saturday night, and will keep open throughout the season for the benefit of the crowds in that vicinity. We refer to their card in another column.

Coal.—Pittsburg coal of the best quality is to be had in any quantity of Messrs. R. & J. Watson on New Levee street, at the foot of Julia. See advertisement.

Linen Sheets at $2 50.—Mr. Louis Charles, at the corner of Perdido and Baronne streets, is selling a fine article of French linen sheets at $2 50 each. Who would not wear linen at such a price as this?

Boots, Shoes and Brogans.—City and country dealers, wishing the best descriptions of shoes and brogans, will have no need or no wish to travel further when once they call at Messrs. Reed & Field's, No. 66 Gravier street. Their stock is gigantic, well-assorted and very cheap. See advertisement.

Carpetings and Certain Materials.—Messrs. Todd & Co. have now on hand at their elegant establishment, No. 120 Canal street, a most gorgeous display of carpetings, floor oil-cloths, curtain materials, and all the accessory ornaments. The new carpetings are as beautiful and gorgeous as human art can make them, while the curtains and other articles are proportionably so. We refer housekeepers and others to the advertisement in another column.

Ladies' Gaiters at a Dollar a Pair.—The ladies will find at Mr. Churchill's, corner of Apollo and Bruxo streets, a fine variety of gaiters and shoes for themselves and children, at prices next to nothing—elegant gaiters for themselves at a dollar a pair, and the other articles in proportion. See advertisement.

"Get Your Shirts at Moody's."—Again the old call rings over the city and parish, in notes more clear and clarion-like than ever. For Moody's Palace, at the corner of Royal and Canal streets, is prepared to receive its accustomed multitudes and supply them with shirts and furnishing goods. No, dy has not yet sent along his fall and winter avalanche of goods, but he has a fine variety of goods in store, which will be closed out at sacrificial prices. See Moody's notice.

Shoes, Gaiters and Brogans.—Messrs. J. B. Valentine & Co., No. 61 Common street, have on hand a fine variety of the above articles, well worth the attention of country merchants. See advertisement elsewhere.

Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines.—These famous labor-saving machines are always to be had of Mr. Wm. L. Cushing, the agent, at No. 13 Camp street. The fact that they do all kinds of work, from the stitching of cambric to canvas; that they are sold, at manufacturers' prices; their use taught free of charge, and their being kept in order for one year, free of charge, should cause as many of them to be sold as there are families in New Orleans. See advertisement.

Southern Furniture Ware-rooms.—We would advise those who may be fitting up or refitting their houses not to forget our friend Charles A. Stewart, whose capacious ware-rooms, at Nos. 171 and 173 Canal street, are always stocked with the richest and most beautiful furniture—not the same furniture, but a succession of changing patterns of furniture—for Mr. Stewart's liberal dealing with his customers keeps him always in a whirl of business. See his card in another column.

Mr. Sigur's Speech at Iberville.

This gentleman has entered upon the canvass of the Third District in earnest, and before it closes the hide of the "Old War Horse" will be ragged under his vengeful strokes. The Iberville Sentinel furnishes a synopsis of his speech in that place on the 12th inst., from which we extract the following:

The speaker at once entered, with scorching argument and withering sarcasm, into the discussion of the proceedings of the first Democratic convention of May last, in which he showed conclusively, from what followed, that Mr. Davidson received his nomination through unfair and unprecedented action—through the unobservance or ignorance of all parliamentary rules, and through a well-known outside influence together combined, evincing a decided purpose to effect the end in view—the nomination of Mr. Davidson—let it cost what it might of principle in the sacrifice of all former precedents, or all rules laid down to govern the action of former conventions, and regardless of that indignation which such an act was calculated to excite throughout the Third District among the Democratic party—that fairly, honestly and legitimately, Mr. Davidson *did not* receive the vote of a majority of the parishes of this Congressional District for the position he now falsely occupies, and that from action and sentiment, of a character by which the wishes of a people can be clearly defined, he is not the choice of the Democrats of this District for a seat in the next Congress of the United States.

* * * *

In this little episode—departing as it were from the line of remarks to be expected—he exposed the utter ignorance of Mr. Davidson upon questions of national policy, and recorded facts and occurrences in the public and statistical history of the country, the knowledge of which is not only indispensable to a public man, but without which he would be regarded as singularly ignorant—which reflects upon his constituents, and which makes him supremely contemptible in the eyes of his peers and the public. He proved from Mr. Davidson's own words—"Congress had no control over the territories"—that he was actually advocating the heinous doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, *without knowing it*, while inventing against it; for Mr. Sigur contrasted in contrasting the principle of Mr. Davidson that "Congress has no power over the Territories," that the right to acquire induces the right to govern, and if the Government comes into possession of territory, she is bound to govern it under the constitution, i.e., to protect the common interests of the people of each State to emigration and receive protection; that, consequently, this hypothesis excludes and destroys all principles of squatter sovereignty, as the latter recognizes the people of the territory, in their territorial form, to shape the laws of such territory and inculcating doctrines operating to the prejudice of some of the States, and effectually excluding from sliding in its political competition, those from other States whose property is objectionable. That this is dangerous doctrine will be readily admitted by all reflecting minds, and it was certainly a dangerous and ridiculous error for a Southern man to make in the Congressional hall of Congress.

Mr. Davidson said that Virginia, in ceding the North-western Territory to the Confederacy, inserted the condition precedent that slavery should not exist in said Territory. While Mr. Sigur showed (from Curtis on the Constitution) that no such clause or condition was expressed or embraced in said deed of cession, but that it appeared in the act of the Confederacy of 1787; and that instead of this session being made in the year stated by Mr. Davidson, it was done in 1784.

In this manner, and in much else that our memory fails us, Mr. Sigur showed how very contemptible and impotent must Mr. Davidson appear as a Representative in Congress, when guilty of such ignorance of the most common events of our past history.

He animadverted with just severity also, upon the assertion of Mr. Davidson, who with presumptuous ignorance and impudence had ascribed the cession of the North-west Territory to the Confederacy by Virginia, to the miserable motive of fear and the paltry consideration of gain; while Mr. Sigur demonstrated that Virginia, in ceding that territory, was actuated by the noblest patriotism. But not only in that *great* speech was he wrong in his assertions and presumptions, but that he was wrong in his dates, wrong in his data, and false in his conclusions.

Frequently during his speech up to this point, the speaker was peculiarly severe upon Mr. Davidson, more so perhaps than he even intended—but throughout, his sentences of burning imprecation upon the man whose character was calculated to dishonor his constituents, were received with the most rapturous applause. He said that his denunciations would be carried throughout the District, and that what he said here would be spoken in the very camp of the enemy.

He then reverted to *outside influence*, and asked the audience if the Third Congressional District had not the right to govern in their own way their own political affairs? Or do we require Custom-House assistance or the interference of that gentleman of New Orleans and New York, John Slidell? [No! no! no! no!] were uttered by several voices.

Mr. Sigur said that he had been called a fire-brand. If by acting as a faithful sentinel on the watch-tower, and giving the alarm when real danger menaced the rights of his fellow-citizens, made him a fire-brand, then he was one! But that if he was thus called, upon the supposition that he would make a factious opposition to the administration, if elected, to the proper administration of justice or the affairs of Government in Congress, the assertion was false. If he was elected to Congress he would resign his position the moment it was made apparent that his presence there was unsatisfactory or repugnant to a majority of his constituents.

Personally, said Mr. Sigur, it made not a sentella of difference to him if he was defeated. He had entered the arena in behalf of justice and the great cause of the people. If defeated, he should have with him still the masses, whose cause he defended and with whose interests he was identified. The people had too long knelt and bowed to the power of political tricksters and wire-pullers—too long had they been imposed upon by their rights being disregarded, their interests trampled upon—too long had they suffered incompetent and dishonest men to represent them in the halls of legislation. He hoped to God that a new era in our social, moral and political affairs, was about to commence in the Republic. If we spend fortunes and a world of care in rearing and educating our sons, and when they arrive at their majority and give indication of superior virtue, talent and ability, we expect to have an equal chance, for those positions of honor and distinction in affairs of government, to which they are entitled, and which sheds lustre upon themselves and posterity. But in the present degeneracy of our political morals, any low trickster, with outside mouled influence to back him from certain sources, whatever may be the character of his morals, his abilities, or his antecedents, will receive the honors which should alone be awarded to the highly meritorious and worthy.

In concluding his speech, (which lasted nearly two hours) Mr. Sigur said that his present design was to get as near as he could the feeling of the people of the district relative to his nomination and support, and he would therefore request all those who were in his favor to go over to his right. The court house was crowded to its utmost capacity—there not being less than three hundred people inside—when every man instantly, and with a shout that seemed would rend the very walls, moved over to the side indicated! He then desired his opponents to move to the left, when not a man stirred in that direction.

Papers had been prepared by the secretaries, which were headed with a request that all those who were in favor of Mr. Sigur and his course, would sign it—this being also for the purpose of getting a practical and undeniable expression of opinion of the people of the district, which, whatever its strength, would be of a character which could not be contradicted—when three hundred were obtained in a very short time.

Locofoco Justice.—The leaders of the Democratic party are willing to admit to the ballot-box free negroes, but if an honest white man is brought up as a witness upon oath, he is ridiculed and discredited because he is not able to write his name.

Some of those who certified before a Justice of the Peace to the *status* of the free negroes at Ten-Mile, are denounced through the columns of the Democrat because they signed their certificate with an ✗, and as being unworthy of belief.

This abuse comes with a bad grace from men who countenance the wasting of the public money that is intended to educate the children of these poor men. They support squatter sovereignty that permits the ignorant alien to vote who has not been upon the soil six months, and who can't speak a word of our language. *This is Rapides Democracy.*

Alexandria American, 12th inst.

Well, what of that, Mr. American? You are behind the age. Did not the last Democratic Senate of Louisiana *vote down* an amendment to the Penitentiary Bill, offered by an American Senator, that the labor of the convicts in the States Prison should not be allowed to *come in competition with the mechanics of other portions of the State?* Most assuredly the Senate did vote down just such an amendment, which was introduced for the express purpose of preventing the labor of convicted felons from being brought in competition with that of honest and skillful mechanics!

Beautiful Job Printing.—We would urge it upon the community, as a fact not to be forgotten, that Messrs. Clark & Brisdin, of the Crescent Job office, No. 70 Camp street, third story, execute all kinds of plain and fancy job printing in a style that is not to be surpassed in the Southern country; many of their jobs, in fact, bring the very perfection of typographical neatness, taste, and beauty; whilst with their superior facilities they are enabled to fill their orders with a promptness and a cheapness which cannot fail to satisfy their patrons. Books, pamphlets, and every description of commercial, legal, and mercantile printing—blanks, circulars, policies, checks, briefs, cards, etc.—form one branch of their business. Fancy printing—such as ball tickets and invitation, wedding and funeral invitations, fancy business cards for framing, printed in colors, or with gold and silver, etc.—constitute the other branch of their business. They have secured a large share of the public patronage, by showing their worthiness of it, but have all the facilities for an indefinite extension of their business. Whoever may want any printing done—beautifully done, quickly done, and cheaply done—should not fail to call upon Messrs. Clark & Brisdin and inspect their specimens. We would call attention to their card in another column.

"The Gem."—The family grocery of Mr. E. L. Bercier, at No. 23 Baronne street, was well named at the start, and continues to merit that name. Supplies of the freshest groceries and choicest wines and liquors are always to be had there, there being a great run upon the grocery by those who affect the weakness of good living. Better supplies are not to be had anywhere

8 Mr. Bercier's card.

"DAYS AGONE."

BY CRESCENTA.

Dear Crescent: While sitting this evening listening to the sighing of the wind, with its mournful suggestions of lost spirits wailing o'er their doom, I picked up a late publication and while sketching it, came across the words that form the heading of this letter. At once ready memory reverted to days and years long buried in the past, o'er which had long since gathered the sear and yellow leaves of time, and lithe forms and fair faces flitted before me, the merry jest and jocund laugh seemed wafted to my ear again. In thought I returned to my school-days, those days when we unconsciously ate the white bread of life, and yet were ever looking forward to happier days to come. Alas, never!

Again, I sat in the old country school house where oft I have seemingly conned my lesson o'er and o'er, while planning mischief, concocting quizzes, etc., and I felt sad as memory reviewed each once familiar face, as I thought of loved ones whose smile would ne'er again greet me in life, of far distant friends, and far more bitter, of hearts estranged, grown cold by the world's touch, corroded by prosperity.

And full well did old recollection bring back a very handsome face, with which I was somewhat deeply enamoured until on one unfortunate composition day, we were all around our teacher's desk, reading the product of our brains, and my dark-eyed beau, in attempting a description of the starry beauties of the heavens, quaintly told us how he "loved to go up stars to look at the stairs." My unlucky shout of laughter got me into disgrace with both teacher and beau, for the former gave me a black mark, and the latter from that day, deserted me for one who had more command of her countenance, and now they are married and I hope happily, (ain't I amiable?) and he would, no doubt, laugh, if asked did he recollect this *penchant* for Cressie, and say, "ah, poor thing, she is an old maid now I believe, as though I might not be an old maid and happier than if a matron. So you see how much I lost from inability to smother a laugh.

Ah, those happy "days agone" when the prospect of a "fish fry," "squirrel hunt," "wild grape gathering," or even a "taffy pulling," was enough to set my heart bounding at a pace that a grand inauguration ball at Washington could not do in days present. Would that I could recall you with your heartfelt glee and joyous companions, accompanied with a more accurate view of the stern realities of the "future"—how I would revel in your pleasures and prolong to their latest moment your innocent amusements! 'Tis ever thus with us poor frail mortals, content exists not for us—in youth ever looking forward with eager impatience, in age ever recurring with regret to the past.

Madame Le Vert's Book.

At length the treat of which the literary public has been in such pleasant expectancy, is set before them. Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert's record of her European reminiscences, which she has designated her "Souvenirs of Travel," and with becoming taste dedicated to her mother, is before us, in the shape of two handsome bound volumes, from the press of S. H Goetzel & Co., Mobile and New York.

In these days of extensive travel and prolific writing, there is perhaps no part of Europe, with the scenes and novelties of which the great mass of American readers are not familiar. It therefore follows, that the interest of any new book of travel, on that continent, must depend for its popularity upon the peculiar genius of the narrator. Though the scenes, objects, and manners and customs, of a strange land, may be invariably the same to all who witness them, the charm of reading about them consists in the particular perceptive faculties, temperament, and literary style, of the traveler who may put his or her diary in type; and, as an illustration of this, an exploration of the interior wilds of Africa or Australia, recorded in a style of purely plain description, would possess much less of interest than a journey over the old beaten field, jotted down in the charming mosaic of fact, fancy and feeling. We have read travel books of both kinds, and must say that we greatly prefer the latter; and our booksellers, we opine, can readily furnish a practical solution of the question, as to which kind best meets the approbation of the reading public.

In the "Souvenirs of Travel" of M'me Le Vert, we recognize a gem of the kind we have been describing—a gem of the first water. The classic spots of Europe have never been visited, the brilliant circles of its capitals never mingled in, by a tourist better fitted, in respect to cultivation of intellect, refinement of perception, and geniality of soul, for their description, than the accomplished authoress of the volumes before us. The qualities which for so many years distinguished her at home, and caused her society to be sought by all celebrities at home and from abroad, were the golden passport of her travel through Europe; and it may be said that in many respects she enjoyed greater advantages of observation than most her numerous predecessors, in making the tour of that continent. No one, at any rate, can read the book, without thoroughly enjoying it, and deciding that the literary abilities of Madame Le Vert are in full keeping with the other accomplishments for which she is so justly celebrated.

We should state, in justice to M'me Le Vert, that her "Souvenirs of Travel" were never designed for publication by her, and appear in print now only at the solicitations of her friends, who, being aware of their great excellence and attractiveness, were loth to see them confined to the comparatively limited circle for whose entertainment they were originally written. A large part of the reading public must have enjoyed the perusal of extracts of Madame Le Vert's letters from time to time, for, whenever she wrote to a friend, that friend was naturally apt to think the gratification of the public would be equal to his own, and, would accordingly furnish extracts to the public press; and thus started, they seldom failed going the rounds of newspaperdom.

The "Souvenirs of Travel" have been received in the city, and are now to be had at the different book stores.

Relics of the Battle of Bladensburg.—A youth, residing near Bladensburg—having had his curiosity excited in relation to the battle of 1814, probably by the perusal of Williams' lately published history of that event—commenced a search for relics upon the field of slaughter, and had not looked long before he found beneath two little mounds, in a gully or ravine, the skeletons of a man and a boy lying apparently as they had fallen, where the earth was hastily thrown upon them. The skull of the man showed the perforation of the forehead by a musket or rifle ball. He lay upon his back with his arms extended, and near each wrist were his cuff buttons, some of which were still distinct enough to reveal the number, "85:" from which, as well as from the position they occupied, it is inferred that these persons belonged to the English army.

Venus.—In the good old Grecian days, Venus was queen of all the gods and goddesses, because she was a type of the sentiment—love—which every man, who was a man, cherished one of the chief necessities of life. But she has fallen from her exclusiveness since then, if not from her high estate. In these degenerate days, owing to the conventionisms and other obstacles which forbid easy approach to the Queen of Love, large numbers of the human family—chiefly the masculine part—vote the tender sentiment and its goddess a romantic fiction, and solace themselves with the minor delights of drinking, smoking, fighting, etc.; and moved to pity by this sad state, the beauteous divinity has ceased to confine herself to the dispensation of love, and now deals in a platonic kindness of the most exquisite and soluding description. She will not preside over drinking, for that belongs to Bacchus; nor fighting, for that belongs to Mars; but over smoking and chewing she does preside, for the heathens in their blindness never sought of electing a divinity to preside over that department of human luxury. She may be seen any day, in all the purity of Carrara marble, and the divinity of art, throned at the upper corner of St. Charles street and Commercial Place, dispensing her platonic favors, in the shape of cigars and chewing tobacco, to the multitude of worshipers who throng the temple. A mortal named P. Prats is her chosen high priest, and as he imports none but the best Havana and Turkish weeds, she declares he shall be her priest so long as she remains in New Orleans.

The E. H. Fairchild for Cairo.—The fine passenger packet steamer E. H. Fairchild leaves this evening for Cairo and all landings this side. She carries the U. S. mails, as well as all well-disposed private mates who may feel like accusing berths on her. She is a crack steamer in every respect, and it is a luxury to travel upon her. Messrs. Bell, Buchanan & No. 67 Tchoupitoulas street, are the agents.

Clothing at the Great Emporium.—Citizens of all callings and all tastes in respect to dress, fathers of families, planters—everybody in fact—have it now in their power to lay in their fall and winter wardrobes at a comparatively small outlay of money. Messrs. Alfred Monroe & Co., at the corner of Magazine and Gravier streets, have received a supply of clothing, which, for extent, variety, elegance and general excellence of material and make, has never been surpassed in the South. The stock of boys' and children's clothing and clothing for negroes is very large, offering a certainty of satisfaction to all who call. The "one price and no deviation" principle still, as ever, governs the establishment, and in the event of dissatisfaction after purchase the goods are either at once exchanged or the money refunded. A better system of business than this no man can desire. For an outline of the goods on hand, see advertisement in another column.

Beautiful Consistency.

The following article, taken from the Shreveport South-Western of the 8th, we commend to the attention of our readers. The developments in it are worthy to be pondered by the Southern public. The contradictory positions assumed by the candidates on the Democratic ticket for two of the most important offices in the State Government, are calculated to excite distrust. If Col. Hunter is right, then Mr. Robertson is wrong. If Mr. Robertson is right, Col. Hunter is wrong. Both cannot be right; and, we respectfully submit, while a struggle of vital moment to the South is going on in Kansas, that an apologist of Gov. Walker should receive neither countenance nor support from the slaveholding masses of Louisiana. We now submit the article referred to:

Beauties of the Democracy!—Last week, Col. Hunter, the Democratic nominee for State Treasurer, and Col. Robertson, candidate of the same "great national" party for Auditor, addressed our citizens, and somewhat puzzled their hearers by assuming almost diametrically opposite positions in regard to Walker and his Pressoil intrigues.

Col. Hunter was evidently disposed to endorse and defend Walker, and believes that the Southern Democracy should do so. The Colonel said:

My position as regards Walker's course in Kansas is this: That he did not violate his instructions, nor the principles embodied in the Cincinnati platform, when he declared that "the Constitution of Kansas should be first submitted to the people of Kansas for their approval or rejection, before being sent to Congress. I understand that he (Walker) could only mean when he says the "people, those whom the convention shall declare" to be entitled to vote. I condemn Walker for pronouncing to say what might or should be the action of Congress in the event of life course not being taken by the Convention, as an future meeting with what did not concern him, and calculated to do harm.

Such is the platform Colonel Hunter stands on, and it will be seen that he assumes the attitude of Walker's champion. On the other hand, Colonel Robertson took a contrary position, and said:

"As regards Walker's Kansas policy my position is "that it would be good policy to submit the constitution of Kansas to such bona fide actual residents of the territory as are defined to be legal voters upon or under the constitution. But when Governor Walker attempts to prescribe the qualification of voters who should be entitled to vote upon the adoption or rejection of that instrument, and when he declared that unless it (the constitution) was submitted to the people of the territory Congress ought to reject it, and thus he would join in lawful opposition in case it was not so submitted, he was lending the influence of his official position to control the action of the constitutional convention and violated the principles of the Cincinnati platform. Walker has evidently re-opened the agitation of the slavery question in Kansas, which until his officious intermeddling, was comparative at rest in that territory, and I regard the weight of his influence to have been against the interests and rights of the South."

So we find the nominees of the Democratic Convention busily traversing Louisiana, openly professing to entertain opinions, and on the stump advocating doctrines, diametrically opposed the one to the other! One nominee endorsing Walker, and declaring that he had not *violated the instructions* given him by the President, "nor the principles embodied in the Cincinnati platform!"—while another nominee asserts most positively that Walker had not only "violated the principles of the Cincinnati platform," but had "evidently re-opened the agitation of the slavery question," and had thrown the weight of his influence "against the interest and rights of the South!" This is the first instance that we remember where the candidates of a party—its recognized standard bearers—adopted both sides of an all engrossing question; the more especially when the issue was of vital moment to those whose suffrages the candidates were soliciting. But we suppose they were anxious to please all sides, and thus bid for the votes of those who are ready and eager to sustain Walker in the stand he has taken "against the interest and rights of the South," as well as of those who indignantly repudiate Walker's acts. As the Democracy pretend to be a party of "*principles*"—principles "the *same every where*"—and cannot, therefore, at the same time support and oppose the policy of Walker, it is highly important that the people of the State, aye, of the entire South, should know whether Col. Hunter or Col. Robertson, represents the principles of Louisiana Democracy. In other words, do the Democrats of this State approve of, or do they repudiate the Pressoil acts of Governor Walker? The Democracy cannot do both.

RAPIDES CORRESPONDENCE.

Parish of Rapides, Sept. 12, 1857.

The opponents of the extravagancies, frauds and corruptions of the so-called Democratic party in this region, were delighted to see and hear their candidate for Congress, while the office-holders, demagogues and leaders of the ruling party were made to hide their diminished heads in utter shame. Col. Sparks is the most effective stumper we have ever had on Red river. In assailing the abuses of Government he speaks by the book, and produces none other than Democratic authority for all she charges he makes.

Col. Sparks' attacks upon Buchanan and his man Walker for the Kansas cheat upon the South are irresistible—they defy all attempt at refutation—when he has shown, step by step, the manner in which the South has been fooled and swindled by the *National* Democracy, through the agitation of the slavery question, from the day of the organization of the State of Michigan down to the last and most infamous Kansas trick, he turns with a masterly and withering hand in exposing the robbing policy of Blue Grass Bob, and his *National* Democratic party of Louisiana. When he approaches the subject of State extravagance and wastefulness of the people's money, it comes home to every man, and the joint interest that is felt in it is shown by the deep and earnest attention that is given to the speaker. When he points to the enormous sums that have been wasted upon Cat Island, and other swamp land expenditures for partisan purposes, a shudder of indignation is seen to pervade the whole assemblage like an electric shock. In every state, can read the book, without thoroughly enjoying it, and deciding that the literary abilities of Madame Le Vert are in full keeping with the other accomplishments for which she is so justly celebrated.

We should state, in justice to M'me Le Vert, that her "Souvenirs of Travel" were never designed for publication by her, and appear in print now only at the solicitations of her friends, who, being aware of their great excellence and attractiveness, were loth to see them confined to the comparatively limited circle for whose entertainment they were originally written. A large part of the reading public must have enjoyed the perusal of extracts of Madame Le Vert's letters from time to time, for, whenever she wrote to a friend, that friend was naturally apt to think the gratification of the public would be equal to his own, and, would accordingly furnish extracts to the public press; and thus started, they seldom failed going the rounds of newspaperdom.

The "Souvenirs of Travel" have been received in the city, and are now to be had at the different book stores.

Relics of the Battle of Bladensburg.—A youth, residing near Bladensburg—having had his curiosity excited in relation to the battle of 1814, probably by the perusal of Williams' lately published history of that event—commenced a search for relics upon the field of slaughter, and had not looked long before he found beneath two little mounds, in a gully or ravine, the skeletons of a man and a boy lying apparently as they had fallen, where the earth was hastily thrown upon them. The skull of the man showed the perforation of the forehead by a musket or rifle ball. He lay upon his back with his arms extended, and near each wrist were his cuff buttons, some of which were still distinct enough to reveal the number, "85:" from which, as well as from the position they occupied, it is inferred that these persons belonged to the English army.

Venus.—In the good old Grecian days, Venus was queen of all the gods and goddesses, because she was a type of the sentiment—love—which every man, who was a man, cherished one of the chief necessities of life. But she has fallen from her exclusiveness since then, if not from her high estate. In these degenerate days, owing to the conventionisms and other obstacles which forbid easy approach to the Queen of Love, large numbers of the human family—chiefly the masculine part—vote the tender sentiment and its goddess a romantic fiction, and solace themselves with the minor delights of drinking, smoking, fighting, etc.; and moved to pity by this sad state, the beauteous divinity has ceased to confine herself to the dispensation of love, and now deals in a platonic kindness of the most exquisite and soluding description. She will not preside over drinking, for that belongs to Bacchus; nor fighting, for that belongs to Mars; but over smoking and chewing she does preside, for the heathens in their blindness never sought of electing a divinity to preside over that department of human luxury. She may be seen any day, in all the purity of Carrara marble, and the divinity of art, throned at the upper corner of St. Charles street and Commercial Place, dispensing her platonic favors, in the shape of cigars and chewing tobacco, to the multitude of worshipers who throng the temple. A mortal named P. Prats is her chosen high priest, and as he imports none but the best Havana and Turkish weeds, she declares he shall be her priest so long as she remains in New Orleans.

THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

NUMBER XXII.

The "Little Giant" of Illinois next claims our attention—a man of remarkable physical structure, having a plenty of head and body, but a deplorable tenerity of leg. Until recently (since his late marriage) he was distinguished for a general rowdyism, both of manner and appearance. Of late, a remarkable change for the better has been noticeable about him. He may be occasionally seen, now, dressed in a cleanly manner *quoad* that peculiar garment which, in ancient story is said, to have given one Nessus so much trouble.

Judge Douglas was born in Vermont, and emigrated to the West, as Micawber did to Australia, in the hope of something turning up by which he might establish his personal fortunes. His success was easy and signal. Being made Receiver of the Land office, he had plenty of opportunity of speculating in Western lands, which he was not slow to avail himself of. He has become, by the increase in the value of his lands, and by successful speculation, one of the richest men in the West. His property is estimated at over a million of dollars in value. Besides his Northwestern lands he has also an estate in North Carolina.

He soon became prominent in the politics of Illinois, and was successively made Judge and Representative in Congress. He was next elevated to the Senate, and is now serving out his second term in that body.

I do not think Judge Douglas is a statesman—that is, in the sense in which that term was applied to Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun. That he has abilities no one can dispute. That he has a remarkably vigorous and acute mind, is evident to any one who hears or reads his speeches. But he does not appear to possess that enlarged and comprehensive view of all subjects appertaining to the welfare of the nation, which make up the character of a complete statesman. He has been accused, too, of consulting more the interests of his party than the interests of the nation at large. Certainly, no one is more constant and steadfast in his party fealty. If he has uttered views at all inconsistent with the established creed of the Democratic party, he has made haste to retract them at the first opportunity. Thus, he may have advocated doctrines among his constituents in Illinois which he would not avow in the United States Senate. He may have enunciated squatter sovereignty in Illinois, but he has been always chary of doing so in Washington. In fact, when pressed on one occasion in the Senate by his colleague, he evaded the responsibility of an opinion by affirming that it was a judicial question, to be decided by the Supreme Court, and that he would not forestal the decision of that tribunal by an opinion of his own. This is certainly a new device for escape from an unpleasant position.

That he should be popular at the South has been to me always a matter of surprise. His supposed devotion to the constitutional rights of the South, in respect of the institution of slavery, must be the only reason—for there is no other question on which his political views accord with the predominant sentiment of the Southern people. He is, notoriously, the advocate of liberal appropriations by the Federal Government to the improvement of rivers and harbors. He is equally as well known for favoring the grants of public lands to the railroad corporations of the North-West. He is, avowedly, an advocate of the Homestead Law—a measure to which the people of the South, without division of sentiment, are inflexibly opposed. He is in favor of alien suffrage in the Territories—a "monster of such hideous mien" that even Democratic Senators in the South opposed it almost unanimously. What there is, then, to commend him to the affections of the Southern people it is difficult to understand. The abuse heaped upon him by the Abolitionists may be the principal cause—but that constitutes no valid reason, of itself, that the South should cherish him with a peculiar affection.

While Judge Douglas is a man of remarkably acute and subtle intellect, he is no scholar at all. He knows nothing of the classics—is unfamiliar with history, except that portion of modern history which has come under his immediate observation. He is not even a grammarian—and his best friends have been frequently mortified at the gross grammatical solecisms which he commits in his speeches.

As Chairman of the Committee on Territories, the whole Kansas *imbroglio* was committed to his management during the two last sessions of Congress. He discharged this duty with fearlessness and firmness. Frequently thrown into collision with the acutest intellects of the other side, he held his own with rare ability and address. But where argument was lacking, he was at no loss for the weapons of sophistry and special pleading. Though unhorsed in the tourney, he was always sure to fall on his feet.

The object of his ambition for the last eight years has been to achieve the Presidency. He will never succeed in it, unless he become an avowed Black Republican. The election in 1860 will be the last time any party calling itself national will ever succeed—if then. In 1864, the overwhelming majority of the North in the Electoral College, arising from the reapportionment of representation, and the admission of half a dozen new free States, will enable that section to dictate the President at its own will and pleasure.

The seat adjoining him will be empty at the next session of Congress. It was filled by the manly form of Thomas J. Rusk of Texas. The echo of the cry that Rusk is no more has scarcely yet died upon the popular ear.

The early history of Gen. Rusk—his gallant participation in the struggle of Texas for Independence—the love and affection in which he was cherished by the people of that State, are all familiar as household words. There was no office in the gift of the people of Texas, which Rusk could not have had for the asking. The highest office of the nation would have been his, had Texas been able to direct it. That he should have fallen, by his own hand, in the midst of his fame and usefulness, and when at the zenith of his popularity, is indeed a distressing as well as mysterious circumstance. What private grief may have unbalanced that calm and powerful intellect, it is not given us to know. It must have been something of terrible weight that could crush the herculean spirit of Rusk.

As a Senator, he was held in universal esteem. No one ever ventured to impeach his patriotism. Calm, quiet, dignified, earnest, sincere, and manly in every thing he undertook, he commanded the respect, if not the admiration of his associates. Often when excitement ran high in the Senate, and Senators were losing their dignity in the heat of the moment, the massive form of Rusk would be seen to rise, and oil would immediately cover the troubled waters. The confidence reposed in him was attested by the last act of the Senate in electing him the presiding officer of that body in the absence of the Vice President.

His latest effort was an earn