New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1858.

THE CURSE OF FREEDOM.

The following illustration of the incapacity of the negro race to bear up under the burdens of freedom, appeared in a late number of the Richmond Enquirer:

BIZARRE.—Bizarre, formerly the Cumberland estate of Richard Randolph, and which was, until 1810, the residence of John Randolph of Roanoke, after the death of Judith Randolph, and St. George and Tucker—the sons of Richard and Judith—passed into the possession of the Tucker family, whose founder in Virginia was the step-father of Richard and John. But on the death of Richard, who manumitted his slaves, a portion of the estate was divided between them, in certain proportions, and not transferable from their respective families. This portion is now known as "Israel Hill," and is situated about two miles from Farmville. The number of free negroes now living there is between two and three hundred, and a more miserable, destitute and prostitute community is not to be found, though they have, and always had the best of opportunities for improvement. Good as might have been the intention of the noble gift of freedom, which their master gave them, they have buried the talent intrusted to them, and are more miserable, dependent, and destitute than the worst of slaves, whether white or black, bond or free.

All attempts to modify or alter the decrees of Providence, must fail; and it is both foolish and impious to make the endeavor. The African bears an ineffaceable brand of inferiority and degradation upon his person, fixed there by the inscrutable will of the Almighty. While all other peoples have improved, under the benign influences of christianity, progress and education, the Africans have remained the same brutal, bestial, barbaric cannibals. The African of to-day, in the jungles of Africa, is not one remove further from the brute creation than were his ancestors, who inhabited the same jungles two thousand years ago. And left by himself, subject to no control except that dictated by his own instincts, the African always was, is, and all experience goes to prove, always will remain, a barbarian of the most debased description. Only when under the absolute sway of the superior race does he make any improvement.

The wretched condition of the Randolph negroes is but another proof of the mental and physical inability of the negro to appreciate and enjoy the blessings of freedom. The free negroes of Canada are sunk so low in the abyss of degradation that no moral line or plummet can be found to sound its terrible depths. The free negroes of the Northern States, as a mass, are but little better off. Idle, worthless and depraved, they are ulcers upon the communities they infest, and in some of the States stringent laws have been enacted prohibiting their emigration and settlement. Emancipation in Jamaica has proved a total failure, as the highest English authorities now admit. According to the London Times, Jamaica emancipation cost the mother country the nice little sum of one hundred millions of dollars—ruined utterly a fertile and fruitful colony, and rendered it a source of large annual expense, when it used to be a prolific source of yearly revenue—and, at the same time, *demoralized and degraded the blacks!* Mark, these are the uncontradicted assertions of the London Times, a journal violently opposed to slavery. The facts must have been powerful, indeed, to have compelled such admissions from such a quarter.

In Hayti the negroes have well nigh relapsed into downright barbarism, are sinking so rapidly in the scale of humanity that they will soon reach the level of their forefathers in Africa, are as morally detestable as they are physically worthless, so far as useful, industrial pursuits are concerned, and, by their daily walk in life, are giving the practical lie to the preachings of such philanthropists as Seward, Greeley, Giddings, Beecher and Company.

Nowhere, on the broad surface of God's globe, has the negro improved morally, mentally or religiously, except in a state of slavery. Those who deny this, deny the truth. Look at the Southern United States for incontrovertible proof of the verity of this proposition. With us, our slaves, as a mass, are moral, sober, useful—and more of them belong to Christian churches—aye, by ten to one—than can be found in all Christendom or Heathendom besides! Which, then, are the true philanthropists? The slaveholders, who elevate and improve and make useful, or the Phariseos, who degrade, debauch and render worthless, the negro race? Impartial history will make a suitable reply in due season.

SPLENDID JOB PRINTING.—We would remind our mercantile friends and all others who may want any kind of printing done, that Messrs. Clark & Brishin are candidates for their patronage, offering credentials as to the beauty and taste of their work, the quickness with which they do it, and the reasonable prices at which they do it. All kinds of plain and fancy printing are in their line; and whilst their plain work, such as business circulars, receipts, checkbooks, blanks, etc., is to be surpassed for its neatness, their fancy work, such as large business and steamboat cards, hand-bills, small cards, ball and wedding invitations, etc., challenges competition with the country. A visit to their offices and examination of their specimens of work done will satisfy any one of the truth of this. They are always to be found at No. 70 Camp street, Crescent building, third story.

HOLIDAY AND TRAVELING CLOTHING.—Any gentleman who would exercise economy in the gratification of his elegant tastes, and whose tastes just now lang eas in the clothing way, should learn the fact, and keep it mind when learnt, that the largest stock of clothing ever exhibited in the South is that of Alfred Monroe & Co., at the corner of Magazine and Perdido streets, where the best is also one of the cheapest. He may clothe his boys as well as himself, in the most elegant boulevard style, at an outlay which may hardly be called an outlay, so very cheap is the price of everything. Furnishing goods, and travelling trunks, carpet-bags, and other traveling goods, are offered in the largest variety; and one article that every man intending to travel by water should have, is the life-preserving vest, a combined garment and life-preserver, the best, most convenient, and well-tried of the kind for a water emergency you intended. It is really worth going to see. We call the attention of all, "both great and small," to Messrs. Monroe & Co.'s advertisement in this morning's Crescent.

GREAT DRY GOODS ATTRACTION AT REILLY'S.—The large and long famous dry-goods house of P. S. Reilly & Co., No. 126 Canal street, is now holding out attractions which no layer of dry goods can easily resist. There are three grand divisions in the attraction:

Firstly, they have on hand a very large and complete assortment of British cambry and underclothing, for ladies, gentlemen and children—all of which they are offering at a reduction of fifty per cent.

Secondly, they have a large stock of Irish linen shirts for gentlemen, which likewise they offer at fifty per cent. to auction.

And thirdly, they have a magnificent stock of white goods—all kinds of muslins, lawns, tarlatans, cambrics, brilliantines, diaslins, curtain and bedding stuffs, table linens, etc.—which also they are closing out at half the usual prices. All the particulars are set forth in the advertisements in another part of this morning's Crescent. Read them, ladies and gentlemen all, and profit by your reading.

NEW BOOKS AT MORGAN & CO.'S.—A supply of interesting popular books, together with the magazines for July, the illustrated papers, and other literary refreshments, has been received at J. C. Morgan & Co.'s, Exchange Place and Commercial Place. Read the advertisement in another column.

BLADON AND CULLOM SPRINGS.—Those of our citizens who delight visiting the above pleasant and fashionable resorts this summer, will do well to leave here on Thursday, 1st on Friday, at Mobile, they will be able to take passage on that staunch and fast packet steamer, the Jeannette, under Capt. Stone—one of the best hosts and most popular captains on the Alabama waters—direct for the Springs and all intermediate points. Messrs. Cox, Breitnard & Co. are the agents in Mobile, and Messrs. John S. Hyde & Co. the agents in this city. Let all who start by Bladon and Cullom make a special care of the Jeannette.

PLANTATION SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS.—Messrs. D. C. Lowber & Co., No. 99 Magazine street, are prepared to fill all orders for Carolina golden seed rice, millet, barley, sorgho sugar, wheat, rye, etc., as well as fine and coarse ground bones, guano, and other valuable fertilizers. We refer planters to the advertisement.

SELL A CHANCE AT SCANLAN'S.—The liquidation of D. F. Scanlan & Co., Nos. 12 and 14 Chartres street, is drawing down to the dying point, and soon the bargain selecting customers at that famous temple of fashion will be no more. There is still a large stock of dress goods, millinery, etc. on hand, and the ladies who have not yet supplied themselves should not be slow in do it now. The millinery establishment, with the fixtures, lease of store, good will and all, is offered in block to any one who may wish to go into that business. See the advertisement elsewhere.

WE WON'T UNDERTAKE TO DESCRIBE IT.—We would cut a pretty figure in the eyes of our lady readers, would we, if we were to attempt to describe or expatiate upon the last feminine novelty, which has just been received by Messrs Benthuysen, Lewis & Co., No. 116 Canal street. We mean, of course, the "Princess Royal Looped Extension Bridal Shirt." It is the "Princess Royal" which unsettles us, and the "bridal" which completes our prostration. In this predicament, we can only beg our lady friends to let us off, and to read the description of the machine which Messrs. B., L. & Co. advertise in this morning's Crescent. It will be seen that it is the *sine plus ultra* of hoop skirts, and all ladydom will be sure to go and see it.

THE EXCITEMENT AT MOODY'S.—The present melting weather is doom on shirts, or rather, the starch in the shirts; a great many have to use two shirts a day, and other tight things in proportion; and consequently there is a rush to the place where shirts are to be had, and cheaply. This place, of course, is Moody's, at the corner of Canal and Royal streets. When he is selling six fine shirts for six dollars, then wipers at a dollar a dozen, and his other goods in proportion, there is no kind of excuse for not insuring in such things fully and freely. See Moody's advertisement.

(COMMUNICATED.)

Free Suffrage.

Eds. Crescent: It is pleasing to me to see the papers investigating the subject of the rights of suffrage in our large cities. The subject is one of no ordinary importance; indeed, it is a subject that should be thoroughly investigated throughout the length and breadth of our country. I once had property—I now have but little. When I had something on which to pay taxes, I was very anxious to see men in office who would represent us in such a manner as would secure the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of inhabitants. I still have the same desire. But, having been unfortunate, and now having but little, I very seldom cast my vote in the ballot-box. In this I may have erred. But I consider the tax-payers the only legitimate voters, whether in the cities or States. When we look back to the good old times when (especially in the older States) a property qualification was required before a man could have the right of suffrage, none but *talented, sober, discreet* and *good men* could be elected to fill any office of profit or honor. Now, it is very different. True, we have many *talented* and *good men* in office now; and I would by no means cast any reflections upon them. But, on the other hand, how many are there in public life who care more for the gambling and drinking houses than they do for the interests of the people who have put them in office? Would such characters ever be elected if the right of suffrage was alone in the hands of property holders? I have ever considered the extension of the right of suffrage to all free persons over twenty-one years of age, whether *native born* or *naturalized citizens*, as one of the most dangerous practices carried on in our nation. The truth is clear, to my mind, that the balance of power is now in the hands of a class of people who fear neither God nor man. All they care for is to have a few *clothes to wear, a little something to eat*, and a *plenty of whisky*.

It is time to look into this matter. We have good and talented men all over our nation; but under our present practice it is very difficult to bring them to light. They will not condescend to the electioneering amongst a class of men without whose vote they can not be elected. It is this practice that keeps *many* men in office to the exclusion of better ones.

I will not undertake to answer the objections raised to a property qualification. I think, however, they are easily answered. To my mind, I have never heard an objection that seemed to me to be in the least plausible.

RICHARD.

(COMMUNICATED.

The Dog Nuisance.

Eds. Crescent—I observe in the reported proceedings of the City Council that a resolution has been passed for distributing poisoned sausages for the purpose of destroying dogs.

It appears to me there is something altogether wrong in pursuing a system which has been followed for so many years, and has proved altogether ineffectual in lessening the vast numbers of worthless curs which overrun the city. Amongst the many objections to it are: first, the risk to human life which necessarily follows such a distribution of poison throughout the streets, and that by, too often, careless hands.

Then the useless expenditure of a large sum of money, as compared with the desired effect, for it is notorious that not one cur out of a thousand is ever entrapped, while good and valuable animals are often destroyed. And again, under the present state of the law, whereby dogs are fully recognized as property, a question may arise as to the liability of the city for the value of any animal that may be destroyed. Many members of the Council are, no doubt, aware that there are a large number of dogs owned here which are not only highly prized by their owners, but saleable for large sums of money.

Now, sirs, the dog nuisance throughout the city is, no doubt, a great and growing evil. Any one who walks or rides, or drives through any part from the centre to the extreme suburbs, must have observed and probably suffered from the savage attacks of the multitude of vicious, snarling curs, prowling in all directions; and as a substitute for the poisoning system in the attempt to abate this nuisance, I would respectfully propose to the consideration of the Council the levying of a tax on all dogs owned within the limits of the corporation. This would not only save risk of accidents to human beings and outlay of money, but it well managed would put a large sum annually in the City Treasury.

I have heard it often estimated that there are at least some fifteen to twenty thousand dogs in this city; but suppose there is only the half of that number, or say even five thousand, and that on these a tax of only $5 per head were levied, this would give a gross sum of $25,000, which, without entering at present into details of system of collection, might be farmed out in some manner as the markets, and making liberal allowance for costs of collection, etc., would produce something handsome to the credit of the city, without the cost of a single dollar, while at the same time it would, I am satisfied, have the effect of causing a very considerable decrease in the number of canines, the chief object to be attained.

Hereafter I may give you the heads of an ordinance on this subject, which, I think, may be easily carried out and prove effectual, provided I see some prospect of action on the subject in the City Council.

With respect, I am,

A TAX PAYER.

SUMMER READING.—Mrs. Stephen's new novel, "Mary Derwent," Julia Kavanah's "Adele," "A Woman's Thoughts about Woman," Parton's "Life of Aaron Burr," "Mab Hung'an," and other good and entertaining books suitable for summer reading, are to be found at the always freshly supplied and largely stocked store of Mr. Thomas L. White, No. 108 Canal street. See his advertisement, this morning.

SITUATION WANTED.—A competent book-keeper, recently returned from California, wants a situation that will pay him living wages. See advertisement in another column.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORTS.—Volume thirteen of the Annual Reports is in course of publication, Nos. 1 and 2 being out. Mr. B. Bloomfield is the distributing agent, and he is to be found at No. 60 Camp street. See his advertisement.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE CHEAP.—A fine brick cottage residence, with all the improvements, situated on Jackson street, Fourth District, is offered for sale, very cheap, on account of removal. See the advertisement.

☞ Ladies will please notice that to-morrow at 10 o'clock, Mr. Levy, at 185 Camp street, will give away goods as usual to those who attend the auction.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS to learn to read, write and speak the English, Spanish, French or German languages perfectly; or fifty dollars to learn to speak either. Fifty dollars to learn the grammar of a language already spoken. Conversation classes begin at Dollozer's, Monday, 28th. See advertisement.

FRENCH PERFUMERY AND IRON FURNITURE.—A splendid lot of fancy iron furniture and fresh supplies of the best Parisian perfumery, are to be seen at Lion & Pimard's, corner of Royal and Bienville streets. See advertisements.

CLOTHING AT COST.—Messrs. D. Moore & Co., Nos. 160 and 171 Poydras street, have on hand a large and most desirable stock of clothing and furnishing goods, hats, caps, etc., for men and boys, which they are closing out at first cost prices. We direct the attention of all to the advertisement.

FURNITURE WORTH LOOKING AT.—If you would see some furniture really worth looking at—furniture which you may buy without fear of after reproach by family or conscience in respect to false economy or bad taste in your purchasing—just take a walk on the shady side of Canal street some fine afternoon, and when you get opposite Nos. 171 and 173, and see the name of Wm. R. Stewart on the door-post, stop and look in.

DR. CRANE'S INSTITUTE.—Sufferers by consumption or other pulmonary complaints, or chronic diseases, such as rheumatism, gout, etc., cannot do a better thing than go to Dr. Crane's Institute, No. 146 St. Joseph street, and submit themselves to the Doctor's treatment of vaporous inhalations and magnetic baths. He has cured a great many cases previously believed to be hopeless, and has established a wide reputation by his uniform success. We call attention to his advertisement in another column.

CARPETINGS AND MATTINGS.—A splendid assortment of these articles, and everything else in the line, is to be seen at Messrs. A. Broussard & Co.'s, No. 19 Chartres street. All are offered at prices to suit the times, and the humblest as well as the most extravagant taste can be suited. See advertisement.

STYLISH, COOL AND COMFORTABLE.—These are the qualities of the clothing offering to the masculine public by Mr. R. Pirkin, Nos. 13 and 15 Camp street. The stock is very large, comprising everything that the man of fashion and the lover of manner comfort in the clothing way. Youths and boys are provided for as well, and the assortment of furnishing goods and traveling goods is not to be surpassed. Read Mr. Pirkin's advertisement in another column, and when you want to visit Pirkin, don't forget his number.

A RARE CHANCE FOR HOUSE, HOTEL AND RESTAURANT KEEPERS.—There has not yet offered in this city a chance to buy stoves, tinware, hardware, cooking utensils, and general housing and kitchenware, as cheaply as that now offered by Mr. Howard H. Zacharie, No. 30 Fulton street, and No. 35 Front Levee street. He is selling out for real the business; and there are few classes of the community who do not need some kind or another of the goods he has on hand, or who will not save money largely by dealing with him. We call attention to his advertisement in another part of our paper.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CRESCENT.

BATTLE HOUSE,
Mobile, June 26, 1858.

Eds. Crescent: Having passed several days here and at Point Clear in the most agreeable manner, I cannot refrain from giving you a few "dottings"—as much, however, for my own gratification as for any benefit to you or particular interest to your readers. First for the Battle House, and their gentlemanly and liberal proprietors. Let me say, what everybody who visits this hotel knows, that the Battle House is the best kept hotel in the Southern country, and Messrs. Chamberlain & Darling have no superiors as caterers, and thoroughly understand the courtesies due to guests. Here you will find clean, cool, comfortable rooms, the table furnished with the very best the market affords, and civil, polite attention in every department, from the office down to the waiters.

During the erection of the additional building at Point Clear, Mr. Darling spends most of his time at the Point; but the general management and supervision of the hotel is presided over by Col. Harding, than whom a more capable, obliging and popular gentleman is not known in *these parts*. The hotel is rapidly filling up. Yesterday morning there were 113 guests, and nearly all the rooms engaged. My impressions of Mobile and her citizens are most favorable. I have seen more of the permanent residents the past week than on any previous visit. Heretofore I have made business trips which have been limited to the transaction of certain business, and there it ended. On the present occasion, I have had the opportunity of seeing them at their homes, in the domestic circle, and also of interchanging business views, and find them possessed of excellent social qualities and an enterprising spirit which eminently fit them for a wider field of action than Mobile affords. This was particularly noticeable in the interest the commercial community, and, indeed, all classes of citizens, exhibit in the enterprise just started here by your New Orleans people, "The Southern Oil Company." In company with a party of gentlemen, I visited the factory yesterday, and was shown through the establishment by the gentleman under whose direction and able superintendence the factory was built. The Secretary of your Company and several of the stockholders from New Orleans were at the Works when we arrived, and the oil was running from one of the refining stills. The process seems simple, and is carried on at a trifling expense, and the results are truly astounding. Eighteen gallons of superior machinery oil are obtained from a barrel of rosin, besides from six to eight gallons of other products of greater value than the material from which it is manufactured. I was much interested in the explanations, and was forcibly impressed with the immense value of the enterprise; yet I cannot be expected to give a correct and elaborate description after an hour's investigation. The enterprise, however, is a *fixed fact* in the estimation of all who have visited the Works, and the merchants, turpentine distillers, and capitalists, all feel a lively interest in the business, and will co-operate in every way possible with the stockholders to promote their interests and further their views. I understand the formal opening of the Works is deferred for the return of the President of the Company, now on a brief visit North, though in the meanwhile the Company will continue to manufacture their products.

I expect to leave for Bladon Springs in a few days, and on my return will devote some time to this oil matter, and endeavor to thoroughly comprehend the whole business, and will then make an attempt to give you a more accurate description, for I am deeply impressed with its importance as an investment as well as the influence it promises to exercise over the destinies of the South for the future.

TRAVELER.

Louisiana Intelligence.

The Mount Lebanon Baptist, of the 16th, says:

The last week has been favorable to planters. But little rain and rather cool. Corn crops still promise well, and we have seen some very pretty cotton, though many complain of grass.

The De Soto Columbian, of the 19th, says:

The weather during the past week has been extremely coquettish, sometimes cold mornings and warm evenings, sometimes cold evenings and warm mornings, sometimes both, sometimes neither, and the last day or two have been warm and showery. Crops are doing moderately well, and grass seems particularly flourishing, corn is tasseling and silking, and cotton generally beginning to blossom.

The Bossier Times, of the 12th, says:

The weather for the last week has been decidedly favorable for crops of corn and of grass and weeds also, but too wet for cotton. We hear universal complaint from our farmers, of grassy and foul crops which otherwise look as promising as can be desired.

The Clinton Patriot of the 12th has the following:

We have had any quantity of rain hereabouts during the past week. The weather is still unsettled, and we are fearful that the continued fall of water will work detrimentally to the interest of the cotton crops in this vicinity. Corn is doing well.

Ripe peaches have made their appearance in our town. They are small, but of excellent flavor.

The St. Helena Imperial of Saturday last says:

For three weeks past the weather has been of a most unusual character for this season of the year, being characterized by several severe blows, accompanied with very heavy rains; and after the weather became more settled the days were extremely warm, while the nights and mornings have been very chilly. It has rained so much lately that the majority of our farmers have not been able to work in their fields regularly, and consequently are over head and ears in grass. As we go to press, it is coming down in torrents.

The Rapides Democrat of Tuesday last says:

The weather has accommodated itself to crops during the past few days. We still have every prospect of abundant harvest before us.

Our planters are rejoicing over the bountiful rain of Monday evening.

The river is falling slowly at this point, but we learn that it is rising at Shreveport, with twenty feet rise coming down from Fulton.

Mississippi Intelligence.

From the Yazoo Observer of Saturday last, we extract the following intelligence:

On Sunday last we had a fine rain. On Monday we had a finer, accompanied with some little wind. We never saw it rain harder for the same length of time. A friend of ours, who has a "rain gage," informs us that he took the measure, and in the space of 45 minutes by the watch, rain fell to the depth of 3 1-16th inches. These rains are general in this section, and our planters are in the best humor about it. They say they have now a good season for crops.

Mr. C. Warren, living five or six miles from this place, was dangerously stabbed a few nights ago by a runaway slave. Mr. W., as we learn, went out to the yard gate, and seeing a negro man standing near, asked him several times who he was. The negro making no reply, Mr. W. went up and caught him by the collar, when the negro pulled out a knife and stabbed him. The negro made his escape. We are sorry to learn that Mr. Warren is not expected to recover. It is not known who the negro belonged to.

The Lexington Advertiser of the 25th says:

From what we could see and learn in merely passing through Lawrence, Copiah, Hinds and Madison, the corn and cotton crops are doing well and are very promising in those counties. The light rains we have had during the week in our own county, we learn, have proved very beneficial, and at present a fair yield is anticipated.

THE DICKENS SCANDAL.—It having been reported that Mr. Charles Dickens was about to be divorced, he publishes a letter pronouncing the various rumors in relation to the matter "abominably false." He says:

Some domestic trouble of mine, of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress and surrounding circumstances of which have been throughout within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its death have but now to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

SHARPE'S RIFLES.—It will be recollected that at the siege of Arequipa, in March last, an unparalleled slaughter intervened; out of some 600 men of Vivanco's force posted at the barricades, 390 were killed or wounded.

In reply to an inquiry made in behalf of Sharpe's Rifle Mfg. Co., they have received the following from an authentic source: "Castillo's forces had 2,000 Sharpe's rifles, and Vivanco's 400, at the siege of Arequipa. It is the opinion of Col. Adwada and other Peruvians that the great slaughter was due to the use of that weapon."

There can be no doubt of the superiority of this unequalled arm as an army weapon. [Hartford Times.

FIREWORKS.—At Messrs. B. Piffet & Son's, No. 122 Canal street, may be found fireworks enough to celebrate the approaching national anniversary all over the South. They are agents for Daniels' Southern Fireworks Manufactory, the best establishment of the kind in the Union; and have on hand half a million torpedoes, and all other kinds of pyrotechnic entertainments in proportionate quantities. All who intend to make a noise on the Glorious Fourth, and retail shop dealers, should remember that Piffet & Son's is the place for their fireworks. A large assortment of fishing tackle and other conveniences for those going to the country are also to be found at the same place. See advertisement.

HOPE.

The following pretty composition was read at the recent exhibition of the Young Ladies' Institute, at Lyceum Hall. It is by a young lady of Jefferson City, and we publish it with the more pleasure on that account; the intellectual efforts of young ladies in all the different districts of our city having had, from time to time, a showing in these columns. The composition is very pretty and very fanciful—brim-full of the glowing, mind-expanding school-girl:

"HOPE."

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Hope, like true love, was born in heaven, where angels reign supreme and wreathe for the soul of man a crown of immortality. Hope is the fountain of life, where poets, maidens, matrons, may all gather a flower that will ever bloom in their hearts. It bears them onward in the hour of need; it lulls their cares to rest; it bids them look into the dim and shadowy future for a brighter hour; it buds in the heart of childhood, and in after years ripens into maturity. Many are the happy moments its cheering presence lures into life. It causes us to view, in fancy's mirror, bright and varied flowers which never bloom in our garden of destiny.

But without it, what is life? When the proud and majestic form of our ill-fated Nautilus was pushed from the last resting-place that she should ever anchor in with security, hope reigned in every heart. Upon that noble ship how few thought of the sad, ah! too sad fate that was so soon to befall them? Upon the deck might be seen, in converse sweet, happy mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, who soon expected to meet some loved friend; but cruel fate decreed that such happy dreams were never to be realized. A few short, pleasant days flew swiftly by, when suddenly appeared upon the blue expanse of heaven a dark cloud, which was destined to be the destroyer of that noble ship and all her precious cargo. In vain she ploughed the troubled heart of the mighty deep, struggling against each blasting breath of the old storm king. The thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, and amidst the tempestuous roar mingled mournfully the voices of human beings, who were called to meet their final doom. But in their darkest hour, they steadfastly clung to "Hope!"

Hush! Again the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, and all was o'er. That noble inhabitant of the mighty deep sank to rise no more. Many an anxious mother and father, sister and brother, wife and husband, were launched into that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." But when death was borne upon the rushing gale, and a watery grave stretched forth to receive them, they looked above, where proudly streamed in the air "the red, white and blue"—the flag of the brave. Then each dying wanderer lisped, in accents of resignation, a tender farewell to this beauteous land and all its varied charms; then, maybap, expressed a wish that many an oppressed nation might yet live to see the dawning of the day when that noble flag—our country's flag—would proudly wave over their much-loved lands; and, as the icy hand of death chilled their longing hearts, and the angry waves swept their bodies down the stream, was softly borne upon the passing breeze these endearing words: "We leave thee, bright earth, where we have spent so many pleasant hours; but now we hope to enter a better home, where all is bliss." Thus, truly has it been said: "While there is life, there is hope."

Upon the banks of a dark and turbid stream, the thunder-deum of heaven hushed into silence the warbling of a few tiny visitants, who had wandered from their congenial sphere to this drear abode. Upon this stream might be seen, in countless numbers, miserable beings who had strayed from the paths of duty and love and wandered to the gulf of crime, where they had freely bathed their hearts in the dark waters of sin. In vain they try to flee the sting of conscience; slowly they glide down the stream of time; their sin-steeped hearts nearly sink beneath the weight of the sorrows which befall them. They see upon the walls of memory, emblazoned in letters of fire, their past deeds of sin and crime. It blights their sight—they turn from the fearful view to behold beneath them a yawning gulf, where beings far more wretched than themselves forever dwell. Eagerly they watch for the unfortunate creatures who are to share their dread abode; they reach forth their hands to receive the perjured souls of those who have wandered from the paths of virtue to the borders of hell; but they shriek for mercy—for time to repent. They pray for forgiveness; their souls bow down with shame, and their hearts are wrung with emotions of regret.

Time is granted—the scene of life shifts. Brighter and brighter appears the once darkened page. New joys bloom upon the banks of the turbid stream. Slowly and softly the sunbeams of light and love fall upon the troubled waters. New life and new energy guard their frail bark. They have repented for the past—for "deeds done in the body" which the hand of time can never obliterate from the book of memory. They look back into the dim vista of the mighty past, and shudder at the fate upon the borders of which they once dwelt. Time glides on with his many joys and sorrows. Suddenly, they find themselves kneeling at a shrine where numerous worshippers flock to pay their tribute. The perfumed breath of many flowers floats over the land, and the music of tiny warblers greets the ear, and the sweet but solemn voice of love mingles happily in the strain. Lured on by this enchanting harmony, we suddenly find ourselves amid bright and smiling faces. We pass onward; when lo! behold! a new, a strange object attracts our enraptured gaze and holds us spell-bound.

Seated upon an eminence, where flowers forever bloom and angels forever dwell, we behold a fair maiden. Her ethereal form gracefully bends to the motion of the balmy breeze. Hush! she speaks! In a moment all is stilled into silence. Slowly she rises from her flowery seat, steps forward, and in accents of love thus addresses her subjects:

"Come, gather around my throne. Here you behold a maiden in form, but in reality a deity. Worship me freely and truly, for in the hour of need I will prove the comforter and stamen of your life. Without my presence, the weary heart will sink beneath the burdens which ever attend man's earthly career. Call upon me, and I will spring forth at your bidding—will bestrew your pathway with the roses of happiness and illumine many dark and dreary pictures which hang upon the walls of life. And when death shall visit you, with all his grim horrors, and tomorrow you with his icy hand, and calls you to that dread account which every earthly pilgrim shall render, then, and even then will I be near to comfort and to guide, to make your last hour seem but a happy parting."

Slowly she waves her snow-white hand, and resumes her flowery seat. Look amid her many worshippers, and we see, in deep devotion, the miserable creatures who, a few short weeks previously, knelt at the shrine of despair. Their countenances have changed; that fearful gaze has fled to regions far, unknown. A look of contentment rests upon their once furrowed cheeks, a smile of happiness ever plays over their time-worn brows. Their hearts bow down in praise and their thoughts wander far into the future, where they behold bright pictures of happier hours yet to come. They have driven despair from their hearts; they have fled from the paths of sin to follow that of virtue, with her ever-crowning glory. They have found the only lasting treasure, the only true source of happiness, and have "drank, deeply, deeply drank," at the fountain of "Hope."

ADDIE WHITE.

A Drink from a Private Bottle.

A contributor to Porter's Spirit of the Times relates the following story:

A few months ago, I spent some time at a tavern in the southern part of Pennsylvania, which was kept by one of the jolliest, best-natured landlords I ever came across; in fact, from the number of good things he said and did, one would imagine that he did nothing but read the Spirit—although I am sorry to say, that I never saw a copy of that entertaining paper while in his house. He was especially devoted to practical jokes, and he played them off with such tact, that the individuals he sold were very often the only ones who were unconscious of it.

One day, when several thirsty individuals were moistening their clay at the bar, a stranger entered, beckoned Thompson aside, and, in a confidential whisper, disclosed to him the fact that "the wanted some of his *best* whisky. I keep a store myself," he added, "and keep some whisky that can't be beat, and when I go anywhere else, I want to get a good article."

Thompson replied, that "he would give him something extra by-and-by," looking in a significant manner at the crowd around the bar—as much as to say, that it would'nt do to bring out good liquor before them. The stranger took the hint, and seated himself until they left, that they might not feel offended at Thompson's partiality.

When they had gone, Thompson winked at us, and produced a bottle, the contents of which he used to assert, "would burn holes in woolen and kill at forty rods," and handing it to his customer, told him in an impressive manner to "try that." The stranger took the bottle, poured about "three fingers" into a glass, held it up to the light, smelt of it, and finally swallowed it at a gulp. He hastily poured a little water after it to help it on its way, and laying down a "fip," remarked, with tears of satisfaction in his eyes: "Well, *thaar*, that *is* good whisky—*some kind as I keep in my store!* Don't get that kind of stuff everywhere!"

"That's a fact," said Thompson, seriously, "*in fact, it don't pay to sell that whisky except to persons that can appreciate it!*"

HOW THE ARABIAN HORSE WAS CREATED.—Gen. Daumas, having adressed a letter to Abd-el-Kader, requesting to know his opinion on the origin of the Arab horse, received in reply the following valuable piece of information:

Know then, that among us it is admitted that God made the horse out of the winds, as he created Adam out of the dust. This cannot be disputed. Many prophets have proclaimed that when God would create the horse, he said to the South wind: "I would bring forth out of thee a creature; be thou, therefore, condensed." Then comes the Angel Gabriel, and taking a handful of the matter, presented it to God, who formed therewith a brown bay horse, and said: "I name thee Horse, and create thee Arab, and give thee a bay color. I attach blessing to the forelock which falls between thine eyes; thou shalt fly without wings, and from thy back shall proceed riches." Then marked her with a star on her forehead, the sign of glory and blessing.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

G. N. MORISON, Wholesale Druggist, No. 12 Magazine Street—

Having received a new and extensive stock of fresh DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, etc., etc., respectfully informs the merchants, planters and physicians that he is prepared to supply them with every article in the drug line they may require, all of the purest quality, at as reasonable prices as they can be purchased in the city. Among the articles already on hand and coming in store are the following:

2000 ounces Sulphate Quinine, French and American.
200 pounds Blue Mass, English and American.
200 " Calomel, " "
200 " Mercurial Ointment.
800 " Honduras Sarsaparilla.
150 " best Turkey Opium.
100 ounces Sulphate and Acetate Morphine.
26 " Otto Rose.
20 casks Sal Soda.
100 kegs sup. Carb Soda.
10 " German Blue Wash.
5 cases Indigo, Caracoas and Manilla.
20 bbls. Cerosina, light.
10 casks Pot. and Pearlash.
80 packages Saleratus.
15 barrels pure Castor Oil.
50 " Alcohol.
40 " Copperas.
25 " Epsom Salts.
10 " Flour Sulphur.
10 " Roll Sulphur.
2 bales Senna, East India and Alexandria.
2000 pounds Gum Arabic, select, fine and sorts.
25 jars Carb. Ammonia.
36 carboys Aq. " "
10 " Spirits Nitre.
25 " Sulph. Nitric and Muriatic Acid.
500 pounds Acetic Acid.
1000 " Tartaric "
200 ounces Tannic "
1000 pounds Arrow Root, American.
800 " " " Bermuda.
200 " Assafœtida, in cans.
200 " Balsam Copaiva.
50 " " solidified.
20 kegs Pearl Barley.
150 " best Turkey Opium.
10 barrels Black Lead.
10 " Ginger Root.
15 " Refined Camphor.
50 boxes Castile Soap.
200 pounds Cayenne Pepper.
10 gross Copaiva Capsules.
casks Chloride Lime.
100 pounds Chloroform, P. and W.
10 barrels Cream Tartar.
2 " Fol. Buchu.
1000 gallons Copal Varnish.
2 barrels Units Ural.
2 " Gum Myrrh.
2 " Sugar Lead, White.
3 " Valerian Root.
10 " Tapioca.
10 " Camomile Flowers, Rom. and German.
5 " Scotch Snuff, in bladders.
100 dozen Lorillard Macaboy Snuff.
200 " Koome's " and Scotch Snuff.
200 " Garrett's " " "
400 pounds White Wax.
100 " Dover's Powders.
1000 ¾ assorted Herbs.
50 kegs Refined Saltpetre.
5 cases British Lustra, superior article.
20 " Cooper's Isinglass.
5 bales Hops.
100 pounds Iodide Potash.
200 ounces Nitrate Silver.
12 cases Manna Flake and Sorts.
30 cans Magnesia, calcined, Eng.
2 cases " carb.
10 " Refined Borax.
2 gross Henry's Calcined Magnesia.
25 pounds Oil Bergamot.
20 " " Peppermint.
20 " " Aniseed.
20 " " Cloves.
25 " " Cedar.
10 " " Cubebs.
20 " " Pepper, Black.
25 " " Almonds.
3 gross Shoemaker's Plasters.
10 " Sodiltz Powders.
15 " Soda " "
30 " Sugar of Lemons.
5 " Yeast Powders.
2 bags Colombo Root.
1 cask Gentian "
2 bales Liquorice.
5 cases Liquorice Calab. and Sicily.
5 " Pearl Sago.
10 kegs Tamarinds, fresh
1 cask Bay Rum, pure.
25 dozen " " "
50 pounds Powdered Cantharides.
2000 pounds Madder.
1 cask Pipe Clay.
20 barrels English Venetian Red.
10 " Spanish Brown.
15 " Mineral Paint.
20 " Whiting.
20 " Paris White.
10 " Chalk.
25 " Lamp Black.
5 " Pumice Stone.
1 " Powdered Soap Stone.
5 " Putty, in bladders.

White Lead;	Chrome Yellow;
Vermillion;	Chrome Green;
Prussia Blue;	Paris Green;
Dutch Pink;	Yellow Ochre;
Red Lead;	Sienna B. and G.;
Turkey Umber;	Vandyke Brown;
Drop Black;	Black Paint;
Patent Dryers;	Litharge;
Copal Varnish;	Linseed Oil;
Couch "	Spirits Turpentine;
Japan and White Copal;	Tanners' Oil,
White Demar Varnish;	Neatsfoot "
Black Leather;	Solar "
Asphaltum;	Lard "
Paint Brushes;	Whale "

600 boxes Window Glass, French and American;
Whitewash Brushes; Window Glass, French and American;
Glutonent, Jars, blue and white
Shoe Blacking; Bed Pans, metal and earthen;
Black Writing Ink; Syringes, large assortment;
Cotton Brokers' Ink; Trusses, " "
Gold Leaf; Mrs. Bell's Supporters;
Dentists' Gold Foil; Apothecaries' Scales;
Glaziers' Diamonds; " Powder Boxes;
Medicine Chests; Pill Boxes, wood and paper;
Medical Saddle Bags; Saratoga Trunks;
Physicians' Cases; Tooth Forceps;
Amputating Instruments; Thumb and Spring Lancets;
Pocketa Cases; Hanging and Cathasers;
Cupping Glasses; Nipple Glasses;
Hagerty's Improved Breast Pumps;
Breast Glasses; Waters' Breast Cups,

Perfumery, etc.

Cologne Water, German and American;
Harrison's Extracts for