New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Sunday Laws.

AN HISTORICAL SONG:

BY REV. J. L. HATCH.

In the *Dark Ages*, long ago,
One *Horne* was flogged on Monday;
What for? That's what I want you to know—
He danced a *hornpipe* Sunday!
That was all!
He but danced a hornpipe Sunday,
But he danced to horsewhip Monday.

By the Roundheads, too, when Cromwell reigned,
We read there was hang on Monday
A cat who "the Sabbath day (?) profaned"
By catching a mouse on Sunday!
Understand;
She *played* with him first on Sunday—
'Twas for *that* she was hung on Monday!

And by America's Puritan men,
Mrs. Hutchiss was punished on Monday;
Cotton Mather forbade her, but once and again
She had *kissed* her babe on Sunday!
I blame for a kiss!
For so many kisses on Sunday
She got so many blows on Monday!

And in New York State, *we know free*,
One *Fisher* was wallopped on Monday
(Old Peter Stuyvesant drew the decree)
For *fishing* a little on Sunday!
Yes, he caught
A fish with one hook on Sunday,
And a cat-o'-nine tails Monday!

So in Papal Italy, two years ago,
Signor *Carr* was imprisoned on Monday
(Twas Cardinal Prela ordered him so)
For *carrying* a bundle on Sunday!
In Bologna,
He "took up his bed" on Sunday,
And was "walked" off to prison on Monday!

So in Old England, only last year,
One *Hayslock* was fined on Monday;
No other crime was made to appear
But his getting in *hay* on Sunday!
It did not pay,
For as much as he saved on Sunday,
They robbed him of on Monday!

Not in *New* England, that same year,
One *Hayden* was tried on Monday;
And the truth of the charge was made quite clear,
He had saved *his hay* on Sunday!
That was proved;
But the Court declared on Monday
'Twas not wrong to *save* on Sunday!

So, too, in Brooklyn, the other day,
Meyerbeer was tried on Monday;
The complaint against him thus did say:
"He has sold *lager bier* on Sunday!"
And he had!
But the jury said on Monday
A *good* drink might be sold on Sunday!

Hurrah! from California State
The news comes that the Sunday
Law indictments found there of late
Were quashed, one and all, on Monday!
For the Court—
The Supreme—declared, on Monday,
That State was FREE, and was free on *Sunday!*

And as the "good time" is "coming," boys,
When a thing that is good on Monday—
A drink, or a drive, or a joyful noise—
Will be thought *not bad* on Sunday!
Everywhere!
When *wrong will be wrong* on Monday,
And *right will be right* on Sunday!

"Our Daily Bread."

A beggar boy stopped at a rich man's door—
"I am homeless and friendless and faint and poor,"
Said the beggar boy, as the tear drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
"Oh give me a crust from your ample store,
To help the beggar boy on his way!"
"Not a crust, not a crumb," the rich man said—
"Be off, and work for your *daily bread!*"

The rich man went to the parish church—
His face grow grave as he trod the porch;
And the tarrying poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began, the choral hymn
Arose, and swelled through the long aisles dim;
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said
Were: "*Give us this day our daily bread!*"

ANTIQUARIAN DINNER.—Lord B., well known for his love of everything out of the way, lately gave a dinner at the Baths of Lucca of the following singular character: the meat, the fish, vegetables, were all at least two years standing, preserved according to the plan of Mr. Appert. The table was supplied with sea water, made fit to drink by the process recently discovered; the claret had been rescued by the assistance of the diving bell, from a merchant vessel sunk in the Thames more than a century ago, (!) and the bread was made from wheat some centuries old, which the noble lord had himself brought from one of the pyramids of Egypt, and had sown in England. The dinner gave the greatest satisfaction.

[Notes and Queries.

COOPER & NEIBERT'S, 27 AND 29 COMMON STREET.—To give a man an enlarged idea of the progress of enlightenment a glance at the list of things invented, would be the simple unadulterated words, "nothing" and "to do," and which are used in sacrificing the articles for sale in the modern grocery store of Messrs. Cooper & Neibert, 27 and 29 Common street, will certainly suffice. Enlightenment never creates a want but that her handmaiden, science, is ready to supply it, in force from her mass from the laboratories of Messrs. Cooper, Neibert, C. & N. are great purveyors of these creations of science, and are well known for keeping an ever ready assortment of all staple and fancy solids, and all staple and fancy liquids, but perhaps they make the matter of "choice groceries" a specialty of their business, intending that every body shall know where they may always find a bottle of fresh pickles, preserves, pickles and such like appetizing condiments which constitute the poetry of eating, and are next in importance to the solid prose of substantial food.

HEAVY METALS AND HARDWARE.—We would recommend to planters, machinists, steamboatmen, smiths, founders, and all others having occasion for manufacturing metals or hardware of any kind, the expediency of a visit to the well-known house of Priestley & Bein, Nos. 29 and 31 Gravier street. By a strict and undeviating attention to the wants of the classes of people who have found, and by an uniform scale of liberality in their dealings with all, Messrs. Priestley & Bein have acquired one of the largest trades in the Southern country, and the immense amount of goods they have on hand need not be considered surprising, only as an evidence of the extent of their trade, which necessitates that immense amount. In a country through their large double store and back buildings will be found a quantity of heavy machinery and smithing and shoeing tools, agricultural implements, chains, cables, pipes, bolts, household and kitchen hardware, etc., of which no adequate idea can be previously formed. The bolts on hand range in weight from 50 to 1500 pounds, and orders are received for any size up to 4000 pounds. A glance over the advertisements of Messrs. Priestley & Bein, in to-day's Crescent, will give a partial idea of the extent and variety of their stock.

THE POYDRAS STREET HAT HOUSE.—A finer stock of hats and caps than that now offering by Ramey, at No. 160 Poydras street, is not to be found by any one in search of a hat. His stock is of an unusual and entirely suited to the wants of a great metropolis like this; comprising everything in that line for business, travel and fashionable wear. Ramey's motto is "latest style and lowest prices;" and those who patronize him discover that the motto is not a vain one. Those who get their hats at Ramey's, will "get their money back," sure. We refer to Ramey's card.

NEW GOODS AT LEVOIS & CO.'S.—At Levois & Co.'s, corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, so famous for the rich and splendid quality of the goods there offered, is now being opened an importation which cannot fail to brighten the eyes of all ladies who aim at style and perfect elegance in dress. The silks, poplins, and other dresses, are truly magnificent; whether the mantillas, burnous, shawls, for capes and cuffs, embroidered robes and skirts, jacouet, muslin and Valenciennes laces, and parures, are all of an equal grade of richness and beauty, though varied in style, and we all that the fullest follower of fashion can by any possibility desire. A large and complete assortment of boys' and girls' plush robes and suits, and some new style parasols, are included in the new display. The ladies will not fail to look over the advertisement of Messrs. Levois & Co., elsewhere.

THE PLACE TO GO FOR YOUR FURNITURE.—Mr. Stewart's ware-rooms, at No. 178 Canal street, are richly worth visiting by all who contemplate buying a splendid suite of furniture, by any means of a little thought. The noble parlor and chamber suits are not to be surpassed in taste of design or splendor of finish; the walnut furniture is the best of its kind; and the plain furniture is the best and cheapest of its kind. Mr. Stewart's prices are reasonable, and none who call upon him to buy will regret it. We refer to his card, elsewhere.

THE LADIES' PATTERN PLAN OF DRESS-MAKING.—Any we have occasion to refer to the system of economical dress making introduced to the city by Mrs. Duffy, of the milinery and dress making store over Mather's, corner Chartres and Canal streets. By this money saving plan ladies who are able to do all the sewing, but are not competent to design and cut on a fashionable garment, are relieved of all such trouble, being furnished with a pattern, adapted in their proportions from measurement, by Mrs. Duffy, together with a facsimile of the dress as complete, so combining that, to put it together as readily as the most expert dressmaker could do it, and at a saving of twenty dollars which are thus left clear from their pin-money allowance to appropriate to the purchase of some of the elegant patterns and designs of all manner of garments and articles of dress, ensemble or ornamental, which Mrs. Duffy selects from the cut and inspect by advertisement in another column, to which we beg the attention of the numerous fair readers of the Crescent.

BAUMBACH & EVERS, 68 Chartres street, are widely known as dealers, at wholesale and retail, in imported and American paper hangings, borders, oils, bronzes, etc. They give much attention to the careful accomplishment of work in paper hanging, which they undertake, as the public are assured by advertisement in this paper.

Sabbath Hour.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I have the privilege—and that is a great privilege I am perpetually being reminded—of residing in the most respectable city of the most respectable town in the universe. "How will it look?" and "What will they say?" are the questions which it is so continually propounding to itself, that it has forgotten, in many of its internal regulations, to consider "How will it do?"

The indomitable virtue of its edicts, therefore, contrasting themselves occasionally with the weakness of our mortal nature, has obtained for it, from some, the designation of the City of Whited Sepulchres. I need not say, however, that such persons (who are rather numerous, nevertheless) are by no means taken any account of by our citizens, but are spoken of by them with a pity that is not very much akin to love, as The Godless. Our city washes her hands of them—a moral ablution at once so inexpensive and satisfactory that it performs it on the slightest provocation—and is pure. It was but lately proposed by one of our rulers, that no vessel shall be permitted to start upon the Sabbath from our city's port, and when some unregenerate member of the council suggested that that would not prevent the ship arriving upon the Sabbath day at the ports of others, he was met with the characteristic observation of "that is their own lookout."

We do not indeed altogether object, I think, to see the wicked misbehaving themselves; it affords us a pleasant comparison, imparts a certain sense of security, and provides inflammable material for the fiery eloquence of our favorite preachers. To look upon one half of our respectable city—that moiety which comes principally under the observation of strangers—you would imagine it, and rightly, to contain nothing but well-to-do responsible inhabitants, who have each their sitting in this or that select conventicle, admission to which is commonly only to be obtained by belief, and where the doctrine so dictated would suggest a somewhat snug arrangement in future. The poor, the dirty, the ill-fedred—all the miserable sinners, in short—are kept in the other half of our respectable city to themselves, and out of sight. To cross from one to the other on the Sabbath day, is to behold a very remarkable social contrast. In the wicked half, the low shops of the general dealers—so low indeed, that in some cases their whole neighborhood appears underground—drive a roaring trade in the other—the righteous moiety in which I have the great privilege of residing—the very blinds in the private houses are drawn down.

On the second Saturday of my arrival with my wife and family at these present lodgings, my landlady, an elderly maiden lady of extreme views, whose stern asceticism of course precludes the suspicion of dram-drinking, which certain features of her personal appearance might suggest, requested to say a few words to me before the Sabbath should dawn, as any reference to earthly matters on such a day must be put out of the question.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I do hope that you will give directions to have your nursery blinds drawn down to-morrow. The neighbors have complained to me of their having been up last Sunday."

"Of whose having been up?" I asked in complete bewilderment.

"The blinds, sir," replied the lady, folding her arms.

"Is it wrong, then, to let my children have the light and air on Sunday, which they get in the week-day, madam?"

"I know nothing about wrong, sir," remarked the my sweetie friend, with a pious shiver; "me and you are as different as light and darkness, happily; but it's not the custom in this city to have the blinds drawn up on the Sabbath day, and it shall not be done in my house, I assure you."

With my usual desire to conciliate, I protested that, rather than hurt the religious feelings of the neighborhood, myself and family were ready to pass our Sundays in the coal cellar.

"By the bye," I added, by way of turning the conversation out of its personal channel, "I now can obtain my letters to-morrow morning, Mrs. Macstarchskin."

"To-morrow morning, sir, is the Sabbath."

I did not wish to enter into the lists of argument with this female theologian, who, in the matter of quotation, was, I knew, a text-reviver of the most tremendous nature; so I merely repeated my question.

"From ten to eleven, I believe," she said, reservedly, "the general post-office is open for the delivery of letters upon the Sabbath, to such as desire——"

"Thank you," said I, interrupting her, "that will do, my good woman." I did not choose to tell her that the world, which we had left behind us in the country, was so unwell that a letter bulletin was sent to us daily; and if I had done so, it would probably not have affected Miss Macstarchskin's views.

The aspect of the principal street in our city, at 10 o'clock upon a Sunday morning, is that of a place which the plague has recently depopulated, and where the houses have gone into mourning for their late inhabitants. The train itself has turned away, as if ashamed of an Christian railway—the only one which permits its wheels to revolve on the Sabbath day—at earliest dawn, by way of long, dark tunnels, bearing all the wicked people that could be collected into the unsanctified fields. The very statue of the grim old Duke looks apologetic and ashamed of his position, in consequence of being seen mounted upon horseback in our city upon such a day. The pavement has scarcely a living creature upon its surface except the cats, who are misled by the stillness to imagine that it is quite early yet, and see no reason for putting a stop to their flirtations. But, inside the portico of the General Post-Office, there is at this time occurring a scene which bears not the slightest trace of a minor theater upon a Saturday night, much more than a public office upon a Sunday. The time (one-half hour) allowed for giving out letters is so short, that even if the godless were so few as our city delights to represent them, they would scarcely be all served within it. Moreover, although the righteous do not come themselves for their letters, and plentifully anathematize those who are bold enough to do so, they send their servants upon that errand in considerable numbers.

Opposite to those grated windows—to the bars of which those who have obtained a good position, at first, hold on with a wise tenacity—is an expectant crowd of enormous size, and of all conditions. The stone staircase in the rear is filled to such a height, that upon the upper part you can see nothing but legs, which it is the peculiar custom of our city to ex hibit in a primitive state.

In the outer hall, beyond, there is even a still more numerous throng, who are only prevented from pouring in and compressing us into a jelly, by the efforts of several gigantic policemen, whose superior elevation is occasioned by their being raised by the unceasing pressure off their feet.

The heat, the smell, the crush is something inconceivable. On the occasion to which I refer more than one person fainted. One old man in particular—I do not say that he should have been there on such an errand, or that he was not an especial judgment upon him, but I merely state the fact—was carried out insensible, and as white as any unbeliever in the city. The horror were rendered (I believe purposely) the more piquant by the reason of our all being able to look in, at one or other of the windows, upon an enormous, well-aired room, where the officials were engaged in sorting the letters with a quiet ease that was, under the circumstances, maddening. They made no more account of us, as we helplessly gibbered upon them through those iron bars, than did the old Indian sentinels of old who watched the struggling sufferers in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

There was one bald-headed, complacent official, especially, whose venerable ear, if I could but have obtained a nip of it, I would have——. But I am sensible that on feeling which was aroused in me on that occasion is a subject fit to be here dwelt upon. The officials flung about on all sides, it was easy to understand by the accompanying gestures, were the reverse of polite, although, from the poverty of the language in use among our citizens, a stranger could readily discern whether the speakers are in a good humor or a furious rage. There was a good deal of digging in of elbows and of striking out of heels, whose effect upon bodies of different densities and characteristics was proclaimed by various ejaculations. There were several dogs amidst this crowd—engaged to attend there, as I believe, by the Sabbatarians—who added their howls of torment to the universal hubbub. I myself resented from under the feet of our hotel-boots one poor little miserable lassie, who turned out to be Miss Macstarchskin's maid-of-all-work, dispatched privately by that good soul (who was anxious to hear from a certain holder for her parlor flat) upon this exhibitory enterprise. It certainly was not a mission fit for a girl to undertake. When, at last, after three quarters of an hour, (for the mail was late,) the three windows were simultaneously thrown open, the scene baffled description. A hundred directions were screamed out by as many voices, and the like number of unsavory hands agitated the atmosphere with anxious vociferous and threatening outreaches. The pressure was redoubled; the volcanoes were carried in on the crest of an open mass wave—which might, for one particular, have been composed of Thames water—and for the space of several minutes all was suffocation, and filth, and frenzy.

How I got my letters I cannot tell, but I am bound to confess, that somehow or other I did get them, and battled out with them into the fresh air. My hat was dinted, my coat was torn; I had a sensation, persuaded I should imagine to one who having been drunk and disorderly, has passed the night in a police station; but still I did come out of that Post-office pandemonium alive.

The principal street was now crowded with the respectable classes who ignore the existence of such a state of affairs as I have been describing, and whose footmen and servant-maids alone know the hideous things which I know.

Putting my hands before my eyes for very shame, I was staggering alone to the stand of cabs—reduced from the week-day thirty-six to six, and those six half occupied with the tracts that are placed by the town council in their windows—when I came bump against Miss Macstarchskin, psalm-book in hand, precise, severe, and confident, on her way to her peculiar tabernacle. I did look very far from respectable, I know, and the contrast between us must have been striking indeed; but then I had not enjoyed the advantage of being able to send a maid-of-all-work for my letters; and surely did not observe the glance with which she favored me; eternal condemnation seemed to struggle in it with a notice to quit her apartments.

I am at present, therefore, in search of other lodgings, which shall be in the country, and not offend the eyes of my neighbors, for since I do not admire the spirit (by which I mean the lucrative stimulant) of the country to the extent of indulging in it in the day time, nor have any other reason for wishing to keep down my window-blinds one whole day in the week, the company's darkness is to me an unmitigated inconvenience.

In conclusion, I must say for this city (great as my privilege of residing within its sanctified walls may be) that there is no other place in the civilized world which can exhibit a scene in one of its public offices such as I have been describing, or where such a Sabbath Hour can be possibly passed.

The Black and White Beans,

OR THE LOTTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH.

From a chapter in the Austin (Texas) Rambler, of the forthcoming History of the Mier Expedition, by Judge F. M. Gibson, we copy the following:

The lottery, as the infernal scheme for the selecting of human victims was termed, was arranged in the following manner: A hundred and seventy-six beans, seventeen black and the balance white, were deposited in a crock, so covered with a silk handkerchief as to conceal the beans. This vessel, so pregnant with the issues of life and death, stood on a low wall, about breast high, which separated the prisoners from the Mexican officers, and behind which the latter were assembled to witness and direct the progress of the most important raffle that mortal eyes ever beheld. The black bean, to the unfortunate drawer, foreboded "the sleep that knows no waking;" the white, exemption from such fate. For the purpose, however, of sacrificing as many of the officers as possible, the latter were placed at the bottom of the crock or urn, while the former, the black beans, were permitted to remain on top until the officers had drawn, when the vessel was shaken and its contents equally mingled. This mean trick affords a lively and by no means uncommon example of Mexican notions of fairness and honesty.

When the reading of the Dallas decree was finished, and all again were silent, the intrepid Cameron, upon whose majestic form all eyes were involuntarily turned, as he moved to and fro, like some fabled god of ancient times, exclaimed: "For my own worthless life I care no more than the running stream for the forest flower blooming upon its green banks; but for my brave troops, whose gallant deeds in defense of their country's rights I have so often witnessed, and who are now about to be immolated upon the altars of a bloody vengeance, my heart bleeds with an anguish words cannot express." Here the speaker, overcome by feelings that choked his utterance, for a moment paused. Finally, mastering his sympathies, he continued: "But language is unavailing; we are wasting time. Come to drawing, boys, let's be at it." Suiting the action to the word, and in anticipation of any command to do so, he calmly advanced to the crock, and thrusting his hand into the mouth of the vessel drew forth a white bean. So likewise did his companion, Wm. F. Wilson. The next names called were Capt. Wm. Byon and F. M. Gibson.

It will not be surprising if, on an occasion like this, we should have been constrained to a brief review of of our past career. There stood the clay-colored, ominous-looking crock—the silk handkerchief carefully folded over the top, prevented mortal vision from peering into its fearful secrets. Perhaps that little article of earthenware was the urn in which were buried all our hopes of life and pleasing dreams of future happiness. Perhaps in its dark chambers lurked the evil genius of our destiny—the spirit to summon us away into eternity! We cast a lightning glance through the vista of past years. Many sats through the storehouse of busy memory of which we deeply and sincerely repented. But the mirror which reflected the deeds of bygone days, exhibited no premeditated enormity of irremediable wrong. In the atoning blood of a blessed Redeemer there was sufficient efficacy for the expiation of our sins, even though they were like scarlet. We remember also our numerous escapes from imminent peril. Through all the vicissitudes of a career more familiar with the storm than with the sunshine of life, the protecting hand of Providence had been over us in kindness. We did not believe that our time was yet come, and thought only of those to whose lips would soon be commended the bitter cup of death.

While Ryon stood before the crock, he said, "Judge, as my right hand is in limbo, while yours is free and you generally lucky, please draw for me." Not being peculiarly fond of such amusements, we respectfully declined taking two chances; but as Ryon was entitled to the *third privilege*, we suggested to him the comfort there might be in the Rory O'More doctrine of "luck in odd numbers," which he soon realized, as the exhibition of a white bean grasped between the thumb and fore finger proved. The writer's experience was compounded of the same satisfactory result. But poor Lindland, who came next, was not so fortunate. He anticipated his fate, and as he expected, drew a black bean. After him the balance of the prisoners drew as their names were called, displaying an unshrinking firmness of spirit which nothing but a sense of conscious rectitude could lend. Indeed, in the case of these two Bearts, a contempt of death was exhibited, and a depth of fraternal affection which, in the days of ancient Rome, would have been perpetrated by the storied urn, as an example of lofty heroism, and an unparalleled brotherly devotion, unsurpassed in any age or clime. Robert Beard, for several days past, had been in a state of extreme physical feebleness. While extended upon his humble pallet, spread upon the cold ground by the affectionate care of his brother William, the latter, conveying a cup of cool water, expressed him, when, rising upon his arms, the sick man said: "William, should you draw a black bean, I'll take your place. Death to me will be a comforter! While a broken reed is left, which in my present condition, I value not, it will relieve me of a pain I am little able to endure."

"No," replied the heroic William, his blue eyes beaming with light not of earth, and his manly bosom thrilling with emotions he could not suppress, "if either is to be made the sacrifice, let the blow fall upon the stouter and the stronger man. Should I return to the paternal roof-tree unmingled by your side, the family favorite, the gray haired our aged parents will be brought with sorrow to the grave. For God's sake, let my loss satisfy the vengeance of Mexico."

This little episode, so touching in its character, brought the pearly drops from eyes which had not been moistened by tears for long years. But the anodyne consolatory did not have to be detained in between these generous children of a common parentage. Both secured white beans, and both, not long after, drew their last breath on the road to the Capital, and were buried in a land whose sun, by the iniquity of its inhabitants, was rendered unworthy of the hallowed duel committed to its keeping.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND SUNDRIES.—The most extensive supplies of drugs, medicines, chemicals, oils, paints, dyestuffs and everything in that line have been received by Messrs. E. H. Wheeler & Co., at their large wholesale establishment, No. 43 Magazine street, and No. 28 Hook Place, adjacent thereto in the trade, painters, physicians, etc., at the lowest market rates. Besides the above, stocks of goods there are in great stock of modern efficacy of family medicines, such as patent medicines, fine oil, hops, extracts, tinctures, roots, saps, etc., and a thousand lots of sundries, of all the different kinds, family merchants, planters, and the trade everywhere, find their supplies to be treated on, and the terms extremely liberal. We draw attention to the advertised list of goods in another part of our paper.

WINES AND LIQUORS.—The quantity of wines, liquors, and kindred good things from France and the Mediterranean, now arriving to the public by Messrs. Delarigne & Co., the importers, no. 144 Royal street, is perfectly marvelous. A portion of the goods now announced as on shipboard, is partly in bonded warehouse, and a portion afloat, to arrive. Altogether, these extensive shipments, alongside one of the most extensive importing firms in the city, are well entitled to the attention of the Southern trade. Read the advertisement in another column.

R. C. ARMSTRAS succeeded Mabard & Co., at the old stand, 65 Gravier street, and by strict attention to business is regaining a new lease where all his second hand of the old house, flattering himself he will be able to meet the wants of all at greatly reduced prices. We refer to his advertisement.

WALL PAPER.—Messrs. Heath & Miller, 73 Camp street, offer fine, medium and low priced wall paper, besides an assortment of outlines, landscapes, alabastres, borders, ceiling tints, plain, silk and satin borders, and are agents for W. H. Tieder & Nephew's celebrated wall varnish. We seek attention to their advertisement and respects for the trade of customers.

D. MOORE & Co., are the gentlemanly proprietors who advertise their "clothing emporium," No. 81 Gravier street, where they can fit out a man or boy, and that upon the shortest of time and the lowest of prices. We can not do more than to say, if youth, with durable and fashionable clothing, suited to his tastes, is desired appearance on the morrow, let him repair to the establishment of Messrs. Moore & Co., where he will be well served, with the marked advantage of saving money.

CLARK & BRIGHT'S.—If any body wants to see what business is, and what beautiful specimens of it can be turned out, let them call at Clark & Bright, in Commercial Alley, and after that go to Mr. Stewart's, in Canal street, and then call at Clark & Bright's. Some fine ordered from the upper story of the elegant building in Canal street to the ground floor of their own present building, in Commercial Place, they have taken quite an excitement that is comparatively nowhere surpassed. Yes, it should be borne in mind that Messrs. C. & B. shall kick of for nothing; but in splendidly, and quickly, and cheaply, too. See their advertisement.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE. The new sewing machine of Grover & Baker has sprung into a certain and wide spread popularity, which is likely to be perpetuated by its important and familiar qualities of cheapness and excellence of workmanship, its non-liable "lock stitch, which is locked," and its adaptation to all sorts of work in all kinds of fabrics, which are possibly sewable. To give farther evidence, when applicants for it are so numerous, and present so various, as to convince and so conflicting claims, is indeed, to achieve no small triumph, and this is what the new Grover & Baker machine has done. Consequently, the demand for them is great, and is increasing in a constantly accelerated ratio which is taxing the capacities of this extensive factory works to turn them out fast enough to meet the shipments for the Southern trade. If there is any one yet who has not seen proof of the excellence of this machine, and who is