New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1859.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

As [illegible] sectional Northern journal, while [illegible] that the North thrives greatly [illegible] to consider that the [illegible] is all on the side of the South, which [illegible] feel much obliged to the North for granting great credit and facilities to its trade, and says that Southerners "can get trusted at the North, but not in Europe. This is the whole story. They are strangers right to the North; and as long as this continues to be the case the value of their produce will mainly go North in order to pay the debt." They are South should feel under exceedingly [illegible] to the North for its kindness in trusting [illegible] as great obligations as the borrower feels to the pawnbroker when he gets from him a society of the value of the article pledged. It is very true that the hated South gets credit in the North, and that the North is exceedingly anxious to accord this credit to the abused and hated South, for the low instinct of gain readily sets aside all conscientious scruples in the cases of individuals, while the great mass of dealers, with southern sectional pride, refuse to acknowledge how vitally essential to the whole North is the trade of the Southerners when they so obligingly "trust" even with execrations on their venality.

The [illegible] of these dealers doubtless fancies that if he should lose his Southern custom, why he would give his attention to the West and other sections, and perhaps, lose a little, but in the end would up another trade for his house and make it all up. But they never contemplate the consequences of so tremendous a contingency as the cutting off of the whole Southern trade at one fell blow, or they would have a somewhat better appreciation of the utter commercial dependence of the North. They never think what would be the result of the cutting off of all commercial relations—which would drive hosts of thousands of mercantile houses to seek trade in those already over-supplied fields and Western channels, where a few might, by good luck, crowd in edgewise, but where the failures of a great number would so divide the trade that it would not pay "expenses" to a single concern. How, in consequence, no notes could be met, no payments of any sort at home or abroad made, save by the very few houses having a large surplus capital, and how the ramifications of such a crisis, spreading in every direction, would crush banks, bankrupt the whole Northern world of wholesale commerce at least, and annihilate credit in Europe—for which, indeed, it would have little further use, as seven-tenths of the foreign imports of the country being consumed in the South, and the greater portion of those imports being made by the North, its importing would at once become a matter of very trifling importance.

The Custom House army of New York would be reduced to a squad of employes who could pick their teeth amid the deserted haunts of a once great business in dignified idleness and melancholy indifference "to the price of cotton." What would they have to do with cotton—what should they have, indeed? It has long enough paid their salaries in paying for the vast wealth of imports which have poured through the Northern offices of the customs. Cotton, the providential inheritance of the South, so long scorped by aliens who have fattened on its richness!—Cotton, anointed King of Commerce, has been the slave of the lamp in building the fortunes of the North! "The King shall have his own again," as the old song saith, when Cotton shall rule in his legitimate Southern dominions, which will smile and laugh with prosperity and progress beneath his beneficent sway. Chained to work in the exchanges channel via the North, his powerful strength has reared the fabric of their fortunes, and increached them with wealth and consequence, which they would now ungratefully use for the oppression of the South.

The crisis which the withdrawal of the trade of the South would produce, and which would shock down like a card house the commerce of the North, would be no transitory trouble like that of '57, for there would be no united and solvent South to back it up, and no incoming crop of King Cotton to rush like a giant to its rescue and pay its debts. It would merely be the beginning of disaster, and the commerce of the North would subside into a very small matter comparatively—a retail business. It could only afford to import the little which its small surplus produce would enable it to pay for, and pay for in cash, for cotton has been what gave the North credit abroad. The heavy wholesaling operations of its great cities would be at an end, their progress checked, and trade, becoming chiefly internal, would be divided out among the thousands of little towns and villages of the country, and capital thus be rendered scarce and powerless because of its lack of concentration—their being no great central mart to act as its heads and brains, control its movements and direct its operations to the carrying out of large objects. Such would be the consequence if the North did not have the opportunity, from and after a given time, of obliging Southerners by "trusting them."

But what would be the consequences to the South of the withdrawal of our trade from the North? Of course they would be the exact converse of the consequences to the North—a result so patent that no demonstration is needed. What would be lost by the North in no longer having the profit of doing our business, would be gained by ourselves in doing it for ourselves. Its profits have been made off of the South, not off of Europe. Our produce which may pass through Northern hands is held no higher in Europe to pay for the handling; we can buy goods as cheap in Europe as the Northerner, but we choose to pay him a profit; we lose the profits on our exchanges through the North—nobody else. All the money which we have been so deprived of has fattened the North in the inverse ratio of our impoverishment. Moreover, we have been continually launching out money for Northern manufactures, and for the reason that we could not protect our own manufactures lest we should at the same time protect those of the North to a degree which would run down the foreign markets for our produce. Work can be done just enough cheaper North to enable its present partial protection to kill Southern manufactures and foster theirs—to the extent of supplying the greater part of the home demand, though Northern wares will scarcely bear exportation—and this we are compelled to submit to, to keep open the foreign market for our productions.

Let Northerners think of these things and admit the impressions of common sense when they meditate acts calculated to provoke the South beyond endurance, and they will come to the conclusion that the knife which the North raises to sever the golden cord of Union will, at the same stroke, kill its own life. At the act of severance the South will rise buoyantly up from its long confinement to the dead weight of holding the North above water, and the latter will sink helplessly down.

FATAL TEMERITY.—A gentleman, who came passenger on the Southern road yesterday, informs us that when a short distance this side of Augusta, a man slightly excited by liquor, who had been in the habit of jumping on the train from day to day and jumping off after it had started, tried his favorite experiment. His foot caught in the spur of the iron railing which guards the platform, he was thrown under the train and literally cut to pieces. No man in his senses should ever attempt such a foolhardy trick.—[Nashville Banner.

FRENCH FASHIONS.—Fashion in the very highest circles abroad has taken a daring flight. The London Court Circular relates that, at a diplomatic dinner recently given in that city, two Russian ladies appeared in military costumes. The Countess F——, wore a red Russian jacket of satin, embroidered with gold, and diamond buttons. The coiffure was a military cap of black velvet, surmounted by an aigrette. The lower part of the dress was not a la hussar, but consisted of a black satin skirt, very short, trimmed with gold, and short military boots. The Princess O——, who was one of the party, wore a dragoon uniform, green waistcoat and jacket, with white trimming, buttons of gold, epaulets of gold, a head dress with a feather, lighter but similar to that worn by the dragoon.

A blunt-spoken, off-handed old gentleman, the other day, previous to dinner, arose and delivered himself as follows:

"For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful—what, wife! a plain hash again to-day?"

It was all in the same breath, and the effect was inexpressibly ludicrous.

Local Intelligence.

CHRISTMAS.—The great holiday of 1859 is past; and a brighter, or gayer, or happier season of festivity was never inaugurated in the Crescent City. *The Day Before.*—The beautiful weather seemed to bring out the whole population. The streets swarmed everywhere, the shops and stores were fairly choked with patronage. Canal street, especially, was a ceaseless moving panorama of life, fashion and beauty. It is stated that the business done in the stores of the central part of town, as a general thing, far exceeded that of any other one day within the general recollection. Everything on Saturday spoke of flush times.

Christmas Eve.—The crackers popped, the boys rioted, the multitudes rolled, fireworks blazed from one end of the town to the other, the shops were crowded, the places of amusement were all filled, and enthusiastic crowds besieged the coffeehouses for nogs and punches and the other comforts of the season. The town appeared to be in high jubilee everywhere. A great spectacle was offered on St. Charles street, in front of the big hotel. A party of men in the portico of the hotel and a party across the street fought a battle with Roman candles. It was a beautiful sight, full of fun and excitement, and was hugely enjoyed by the crowds who witnessed it. The hotel had a grand look in the flash and glare of the fiery shower which pelted it and filled the street. We regretted yesterday to perceive that the newly painted front and pillars of the hotel were spotted all over by the fireworks. The thing ought not to have been done; but in the universal and reckless merriment which prevailed, none thought they were doing any damage. We never before saw such an extensive consumption of fireworks as there was about town on Saturday night.

The Sons of Malta.—The turnout of the I. O. S. M. was the chief excitement of Christmas eve. The three lodges, Brahmin, Cœur de Leon and Crusader, left Armory Hall at 8 o'clock, and marched with music and lights through the principal streets. They presented a brilliant and novel appearance, all being in complete disguise; some in helmets and coats of mail, and highly polished armor, and others the dress of Cardinals, monks, etc. Each lodge had at its head, borne by four members, a coffin covered with a black pall, and attended by a member painted as a skeleton, to represent death. They carried numerous transparencies, bearing the mottoes and devices of the Order. The procession stopped at Concert Hall, on Poydras street, where was waiting a feast of the most lavish description. All hands being in the Hall, and the doors closed, the disguises were thrown off and a scene of the most glorious festivity followed. The amplest justice was done to the feast, and it was late when the truly pleasant and fraternal reunion came to an end. We would like, being in possession of the information, to tell a good many things about people who were there and things which were said and done, but our limited space forbids it.

Christmas Day.—Yesterday was another gloriously bright and pleasant day. Again the streets were filled with gay and happy multitudes; and whole hecatombs of turkeys and hogsheads of egg-nog met the common fate of turkeys and egg-nog. The town was gay all day, and gay at night, the refreshment saloons and the theaters reaping another harvest. Of the happy home scenes, the family reunions, interchange of visits, and the like, we need not speak. These were universal, and joyous to all. The fire on Canal street in the morning, and the fires in the evening, were the only incidents which conflicted with the merriment of this unusually merry Christmas. May the rest of the holidays be as pleasant and happy to the people at large, as was yesterday.

A SAD REVERSE FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.—Who that joined the gay and glittering multitudes of Canal street on Saturday can forget the unusual brilliancy of the stores and windows of Touro Row—particularly those at the Royal street end?

Hyde & Goodrich's, the largest and most splendid jewelry establishment in the South, basked in a splendor hitherto unachieved. The display of rare metals, precious stones, and other costly articles, wrought up in all the resplendent shapes of modern art, fairly caused the eye to ache, and brought up thoughts of Golconda and Aladdin's Cave. One window alone contained diamonds and jewels to the value of $75,000. There were single clusters worth hundreds and thousands, and one diamond set worth $10,000. The display, being unprecedented, was a matter of town talk, and the corner was glutted with gazers all the day long. Scarcely less splendid, in its way, was the dry goods display of the popular and well-known house of Benthuysen, Lewis & Co., next door. Silks, laces, and other goods of the richest and rarest, challenged the admiration of the passing throng, and kept the windows blocked and the store crowded. And to think that all this magnificence was gotten up for the Christmas holidays, and for the unexampled rush of trade just setting in, only to be ruined, destroyed, laid waste by the double scourge of fire and water, on the morning of Christmas day! It was, in truth, a cruel fire.

This fire started a short while before daylight, in the fourth story of Hyde & Goodrich's establishment; said to be in the work-room of the manufacturing jewelers, where fire and forges are used. That it started accidentally, or through the negligence of some one, is the belief of all; no incendiary could have got there; for the house was closed and guarded like a bank. The fire burnt down to the second floor, completely destroying the three upper stories, and the wealth of costly goods therein stored. The roof of Benthuysen, Lewis & Co.'s store was burnt through; the fire damaged nothing inside, but the torrents of water thrown by the firemen rushed, and dribbled and filtered down, thoroughly saturating, and thereby ruining nearly the whole of the gigantic stock of goods, from the fourth floor down to the first. The water was bad, but the fire would have been worse. The firemen only saved Hyde & Goodrich's lower story, and checked the flames by pricking holes in the walls of Benthuysen, Lewis & Co., and playing streams through those holes.

It was lamentable to see the wreck and ruin of the fine dry goods in the one house, and the melted and disfigured condition of what goods were saved from the other. The diamonds, watches and other valuables of the lower story were saved unhurt. But the clocks, statuettes, fine china and glass, bronze and marble ornaments, pictures and paintings, silver and plated ware, cutlery and fire-arms, military goods, and the like, in the upper stories, together with the large and valuable variety of implements and tools used in the work-shops, were either totally destroyed or rendered valueless. We never saw such a wreck of splendid goods as that of the goods saved at this fire, and stored in a room on the upper side of Canal street.

Benthuysen, Lewis & Co. valued their stock at $120,000—all insured, among the different offices in this city, and $10,000 in New York. It is judged that the saturated goods, when auctioned off for account of the underwriters, will bring about twenty-five per cent. of their value—making the actual loss to the insurers about $90,000.

Hyde & Goodrich valued their stock and fixtures at about $300,000; insurance $150,000, all in the city offices; and about $100,000 worth of goods saved, some of it in a damaged condition. With so much of their loss as is not covered by insurance, and counting, at its reasonable valuation, the interruption to their business, Hyde & Goodrich set down their actual damage at $100,000.

The building, belonging to R. D. Shepherd, and insured, was damaged to the extent of about $10,000. This would make the entire loss by the fire about $300,000.

MORE FIRES.—At about 11 o'clock yesterday some cotton bales on the levee, opposite Bienville street, caught fire from some unknown cause; probably sparks from the fire on Canal street. The bales were saved without being much damaged.

The grocery of Robert Lemon, a one-story brick, at the corner of Nayades and Erato streets, was, with most of its contents, destroyed by fire at about 8 o'clock last night. Cause not reported, nor the extent of loss.

This fire was hardly over, when another started, and destroyed a large but old and cheap frame house on Liberty street, between Cypress and the New Canal. It was occupied by some Spanish draymen and carters, and belonged to Dr. Meccier. The loss will probably not exceed $3000. This fire was in an extremely combustible neighborhood; but was prevented from spreading by the timely arrival of the firemen.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR ONE MAN.—A young man named Joseph Wells, a Canadian, probably enjoyed his Christmas with a keener zest and a more grateful and happy heart than any other person in town. Some five years ago his parents died in this city, leaving him poor and friendless. Soon after this misfortune he fell sick of typhoid fever, and, after an illness which nearly carried him away, he recovered, only to find himself helplessly destitute of hearing, totally deaf. Being insensible to sound, he ceased speaking; and since then, an object not only of sympathy for his misfortune, but of kindness and care for his honesty and good behavior, he has led his silent life about the courts and the cathedral at Jackson Square; regularly attending the church and doing whatever little offices he could for his living about the Recorder's office and lockup. The officers took care of him and supplied his wants, as a sort of pet, at at once useful and agreeable.

Think what must have been this young man's sensations, when, on Friday evening, going unwittingly too near the cannon which, at Jackson Square, was belching forth a national salute in honor of the battle of Lake Borgne, (of which that day was the anniversary) he was shocked and thrown prostrate by the concussion! He was taken to the police office and revived by applications of cold water. To his own astonishment his ears were clear and to the astonishment of others he spoke. Still he had a strange buzzing and rattling in his head. Half frightened, he went and prayed, and then returned to his lonely bed. In the morning he woke to find his head calm, but his hearing entirely restored; clear and sweet the torrent of city sounds poured into his head and heart; the ring of the bells, the cough of the steamers, the rush of the drays, the laugh of the children, the bark of the dogs, the blithe voices of friends and acquaintances—new, novel and delighted beyond expression! He tried his own voice and found it good in sound and speech, well as in former years. In the fullness of his heart, he repaired to the Cathedral, and there on his bended knees offered up to the Great Throne the breathings of his deep gratitude. Then he sallied out to see his friends; and the scenes of astonishment and pleasure which followed may be better imagined than described. With tears in his eyes he embraced every one who had treated him kindly, and told his thanks for the favors shown during his years of deafness and dumbness. The heartiness and deep feeling of his joy brought tears to many another eye, and his sudden and surprising restoration was the talk of the day. Who can say that this Christmas did not bring happiness to Joseph Wells?

WM. PLATT TURNS UP AS A FORGER.—Wm. Platt was before Assistant Recorder Monroe on Saturday, charged with passing upon Auguste Carl a check on the Merchants' Bank for $63 25, and upon F. R. Justus a check on the Citizens' Bank for $75, both forged, and in the name of Schmidt & Zeigler, grocers, of Old Levee street, in the Second District. In default of $1000 bail to appear on the 31st inst., Platt was sent to prison.

A BRUTAL PRIZE FIGHT AND A TRAGIC SEQUEL.—On Thursday morning, over the river, just above the line of Orleans Parish, two fist-fighters, named Wall and Connelly, had a meeting. They were engaged about two hours and a half, in which time they fought one hundred and eleven rounds, and pounded each other almost to jelly—Connelly coming off the victor.

The stakes of the fight had been deposited in the hands of one Martin Butz, and there was some difficulty about the giving up of these stakes, owing to alleged foul play by the victor during the fight. The club-room of the chivalry in this case was the doggery kept by this same Martin Butz, at the sweet-scented corner of St. James and St. Thomas streets. On Friday night the disputants met at this place, to come to some understanding, if possible. The result was an aggravation of the misunderstanding; nobody agreeing on anything, except the great question of whisky drinking, and all got so drunk and boisterous as to require the intervention of the police.

Officer James McIntosh went among them at about nine o'clock, and notified them that if they did not keep quiet he would have to arrest them. Upon this, one man, named Thomas Barlow, abused the officer and defied him. The latter went out and rapped for assistance, and John Hook and another officer came up. McIntosh then put his hand upon Barlow to arrest him; but he had no sooner done so than Barlow drew a knife and stabbed him in the side. Hook at once seized Barlow, and in the struggle which ensued Hook received a dangerous stab in the back of the neck, and McIntosh received another stab in his head, penetrating the skull and brain. Barlow after that effected his escape. McIntosh was carried to the corner of St. Thomas and Market streets, where he died in a few minutes. Hook was taken to the Pacanier police station, where his wound was examined by a physician, and pronounced so serious as to render his removal dangerous.

After Barlow escaped, a posse of officers went in pursuit of him, but failed to find him. The report in one of yesterday's papers that Barlow went to his coffeehouse, at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Adele streets, and then and there defied the police to take him, was a mistake. Where he went had not been discovered up to last night. One report is that he crossed the river in a skiff.

The Coroner set about holding an inquest on McIntosh's body. The post-mortem examination was made, and several witnesses examined; but owing to the absence of the principal witness, the inquest was continued to this day, Monday.

McIntosh was a young man and a good officer. He leaves a wife and two children in Philadelphia.

THE DEATH OF CARL LUDWIG.—The inquest into the death of Carl Ludwig, who was shot and killed toward the latter part of last month, by ex-policeman John Brandt, in the Third District, was held by Coroner Beach on Saturday. The following testimony was given:

John Albert sworn.—Says: Towards the end of last month, witness and deceased went to take dinner at Mr. Charles Michael's house; deceased was a little intoxicated; while at dinner John Brandt began to curse deceased, because deceased had spilled some soup on the table; witness told him not to do so; Brandt got up from the table and crossed from the kitchen, where they were eating, to go through the grocery; deceased followed him to pacify him by telling him not to get mad on account of that spoonful of soup he had spilled on the table; they got in the grocery and Brandt seized a weight from the scales on the counter and threw it at Ludwig, but missed him; Brandt left the grocery and crossed to his own house, on the opposite side of the street, and went in; the window was open.

Ludwig approached near the window and spoke to Brandt; witness did not hear what he said. Witness then saw Brandt point a pistol at Ludwig, through the open window, and fire; Ludwig staggered back, and witness thought he was only playing, and said so to Jean Babylone, who was with him. Immediately after, witness saw blood on Ludwig, and remarked, "Carl Ludwig is shot!" Some people came up and assisted the wounded man. Witness went to Brandt and reproached him with the deed. Brandt replied that he was not sorry for what he had done, and would do the same thing again.

Jean Babylone, sworn.—Corroborates in the main the testimony of the first witness, with this exception, that although he saw the shot fired through the window, he could not, from where he was standing, see the person who fired it, and cannot, therefore, swear it was John Brandt.

Mrs Pratt sworn.—Rents a room to John Brandt On the day of the occurrence, between 12 and 1 o'clock, witness was at home, when Brandt came in through the gate, and went into his room. He was pacing the room and swearing, seemingly in a passion. In about five minutes witness heard a shot and went to Brandt's room to inquire what it was; Brandt told her he had shot Carl Ludwig.

After hearing this evidence, the jury came to a verdict that Carl Ludwig came to his death from the effects of a shot wound, inflicted by John Brandt.

CORONER'S INQUESTS.—The following inquests have been held since our last issue:

On the body of an infant, No. 248 Royal street. Verdict, stillborn.

On the body of Mrs. Catherine Wade, Irish, aged 30, in a house on Julia street, between Tchoupitoulas and Magazine streets. Verdict, intemperance.

On the body of an unknown white man, picked up sick in the street, and dead at the First District Lockup. Verdict, intemperance and exposure.

On the body of Barbette Kuntz, German, aged 25, in a house on Marigny street, between Josephine and Solidelle streets. Verdict, intemperance.

On the body of Ervin Krautner, Bohemian, aged 36, in a house on St. Peter street, between Bourbon and Dauphine streets. Verdict not reported.

On the body of Catherine Mack, a native of New York, aged 28, in a house on Lafayette street, between Johnson and Galvez streets. Verdict, asthma.

On the body of Michel Noon, child two years old, native of this State, in a house on Prieur street, between Canal and Gasquet streets. Verdict, accidental burning.

FIRST DISTRICT COURT.—*Judge Hunt.*—The jury in the case of Eugene Pepe, who was tried on Friday for the murder of Michael Dedinger, were, as we have reported, locked up at night, being unable to agree. At one o'clock on Saturday, having been confined for eighteen hours, the jurors reported it still impossible for them to agree. Judge Hunt thereupon discharged them and remanded Pepe to prison, to await another trial. The jurors, it is said, stood eleven for murder without capital punishment, and one for manslaughter.

PAY OF MEMBERS ELECT—*The Slavery Agitation.* Under date of the 15th the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes:

Daily meetings of members elect to the House of Representatives continue to be held, but without any approximation to the election of a Speaker. The Secretary of the Treasury does not recognize these gentlemen as members, and therefore they can receive neither salary nor mileage. The law provides that on the first day of the session members should receive their salary and mileage, but it also provides that the Speaker should sign the check of each member. About twenty-two hundred dollars is due to each member on account of salary which has accrued since the 4th of March last. The whole amount due Senators and Representatives for salary and mileage is a million of dollars. Perhaps the want of money may tend to expedite an organization, but which party shall attempt to starve the other out? The arrival of Mr. Green Adams, of Kentucky, adds one more vote to the South American party.

It is said that the Republicans have made no arrangements in regard to the selection of a candidate for the clerkship or the printership.

Senator Bigler, in his remarks yesterday, expressed his willingness to drop the subject of slavery as a political topic. It may be well doubted whether he will find any member to second this patriotic purpose. The people of the United States, said a British Minister in a public dispatch, have no politics except in relation to slavery.

Though it was agreed on all sides, a few years ago, to suppress slavery agitation, it has never ceased for a moment since, and has now assumed a more menacing form than ever. There is probably no chance for the adoption of the resolution against slavery agitation in Congress lately offered by Gilmer, and now pending. It is much to be feared that the subject of slavery will occupy the exclusive attention of Congress at this session, and that at the Charleston Convention it will be used with effect to split the Democratic party into two antagonistic sections. There are indications of this in the Senate debates already.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—The Homer (La.) Iliad publishes a letter from a person in Burleson county, Texas, whose veracity is endorsed by the Iliad. We extract the following:

I will give you a short account of a very singular case in this neighborhood, which has for the last eight or ten weeks attracted more attention than any case I ever heard of. Persons for fifty or sixty miles, even from Austin, Bastrop and other places, have come to see it. For about three weeks there were every night from ten to one hundred persons present, camping all round. Some time last fall, a young lady, about 20 or 22 years of age, was gathering peas near night, when something bit or stung her on the foot. She says it was a snake, but she did not see it. Some time afterward it began to affect her. She seemed to have fits, commencing about sundown and lasting sometimes a part, and at others all night. I have not been to see her myself, though several of my family have. She first becomes nervous, then jerking, and then her eye-balls begin to protrude, and in a few hours they look like bursting out, and she begs those around her to push them back. During the fit she puts herself in every possible attitude—often trying to bite herself, licking out her tongue, and mimicking a snake in many ways, and most generally becomes unwell she succeeds in biting herself; and, curious to state, she generally tries to bite her big toe. About seven or eight weeks ago she got so she could not drink, and about a week afterwards she could not eat; and she has positively remained twenty-eight days without eating one particle of anything. Doctors could not get anything down her—not even with pumps. She then seemed to suffer less. For some time she has lost the use of one hand and leg, and, in fact, of one side.

KAFFIRS AND LEOPARDS.—Several Kaffirs, who had suffered severely from his numerous depredations, visited him, and exhausted their abusive vocabulary by the epithets which they hurled at his devoted head. Even the civilized man finds it difficult to restrain his triumph over a fallen but dreaded foe, and the savage has no compunction about the matter. Around the cage, therefore, the Kaffirs are seated, and address the leopard in the following terms: "You rascally, cowardly dog! you miserable eater of chickens! so you are caught at last, are you? Do you remember the red and white calf you killed last moon? That calf was mine, you coward! Why didn't you wait until I came with my assagies and sticks? But we let you eat it that your skin might be more sleek when you were killed?" "Look at my assagy," says another, "I will strike it into your heart as I do now into the ground!"—(dig assagy deep into the ground several times)—"Ah, show your teeth, they will make a necklace, and we will roast your heart!" Suddenly, in the middle of their choice address, the leopard would spring up, rush at the stakes, and away would fly all the boasting Kaffir warriors. [Wood's Natural History.

A HORSE ADVERTISEMENT.—A man in Wisconsin advertises his horse for sale, and thus discourses:

Thou canst trust thy labor to him, for his strength is great.

Thou canst bind him with his band in the furrow; he will harrow the valleys after thee.

He will gather thy seed into the barn.

His strength is terrible in which he rejoiceth.

The glory of his nostrils is his pride, his neck is clothed with thunder.

He paweth in the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed. He mocketh at fear, neither turneth his back from the hobgoblin.

Lo! now he moveth his tail like a cedar; his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass, yea like bars of iron.

He eateth grass like an ox; behold he drinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

Who can open the door of his face? yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about.

I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportions.

"He is gentle, he is kind,
And his tail sticks out behind."

And I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

A steamboat passing down the Ohio stopped at the town of Paducah. Being detained there an hour or so, the passengers (as usual upon such occasions) went ashore. Among them was a deck passenger, who soon returned to the boat in a rather more nervous and excited state than he left it. As soon as he got aboard he remarked to one of the officers of the boat that Paducah was quite a brisk little town. The officer replied that he never thought so.

"Well, sir," replied the deck passenger, "you may rely upon it that you are mistaken, for I found it to be a very brisk little place, and one where business is done with great dispatch; for," said he, "I have been up in the town, stole a pair of socks, had a trial and got whipped, and here I am again on board the boat in less than half an hour!"

"Father," said a young lisper of some four summers, "when waith' the flood?"

"O, my son," replied the parent, "that happened a long time ago."

"Waith we alive then?" persisted the little inquirer.

"No, dear," was the reply, "the flood we read of in the Bible happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy in great disgust, "that is too bad! I thought Tom Brown (another youngster of the same age) wath fibbin. He thaid he thaid morning that he was there then and *waded through!*"

During the second day's coursing on the Langton Vold, England, a hare, being hard pressed, ran under a lady's crinoline, to the great dismay and confusion of the wearer. Poor puss, however, was not secure even there—the dogs quickly unhoused her.

A pious young man, visiting a prison in Maine, inquired of some of the prisoners the cause of their being in such a place. A small girl's answer was, "that she stole a saw-mill, and went back after the pond and was arrested."

A clergyman, while engaged in catechising a number of boys in a class, asked one of them for a definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they can go to heaven." "Good boy," said the clergyman; "take your seat."

A NEW POEM.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The *jeu d' esprit* which follows was sent by Mr. Landor to a friend in Italy, without a thought of its publication. Having fallen into our hands, however, by a happy accident, we choose to share the pleasure it gives us with our next friend, the public. One who does not see at once how happy the hit is, will not appreciate it, and all explanation, therefore, is uncalled for. It is eight months' history in eight lines, told only as Landor can tell it:

AN ITALIAN GIRL TO HER UNCLE LOUIS.

Uncle, you said that you would come
And bring with you a big plum cake;
I only find a little pane
In much waste paper—and mistake!

I promised every girl at school
That I would give them each a slice.
Some call you chest—some call me fool,
This trick you shall not play me twice.

SIENNA, Aug. 20, 1859. W. S. LANDOR.

DECEMBER.

The mellow year is hastening to its close,
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed;
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.
[Coleridge.

A POEM BY CARLYLE.

One would hardly suspect Thomas Carlyle of poetizing. The following lines on a beetle, however, are unquestionably his:

Poor, hobbling beetle, needst not haste,
Should traveler traveler thus alarm?
Pursue thy journey thro' the waste,
No foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast—
Smally family—that have not dined?
Lodged under pebble, there they fast
Till head of house have raised the wind.

AN EPIGRAM.

"What's a woman's proper sphere, my love?"
Asked John of pretty Jean.
"You give it up? 'Tis thirty feet
Or more—of crinoline."

HOW TO PRONOUNCE "OUGH."—The ending syllable "ough," which is a terror to foreigners, is shown up in its several pronunciations in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumplings of *dough*,
They're better than meat for my *cough*;
Pray let them be boiled till hot *through*,
But not till they're heavy or *tough*.

Now, I must be off to my *plough*,
And the boys, (when they've had *enough*)
Must keep the flies off with a *bough*
While the old mare drinks in the *trough*.

BACK AND FRONT.—An Irish newscarrier, (says The Builder,) who sometimes courts the Muses, has given his idea of the church-building taste of the people of America in the following lines, which contain more truth than poetry:

"They put us a front to the street
Like odd Westminster Abbey;
But this they thinks to chate the Lord,
And builds the back part shabby."

The King and the Critic.

"God's Heroes and the World's Heroes," by the Rev. J. H. Gurney, contains the following picture of the sort of copartnership of Frederick and Voltaire:

In peaceable times Frederick's restless spirit found employment in literature, and thinking that his business was rather to enlighten mankind than to master what wiser men had written, he poured forth volume after volume, in French, of indifferent prose and worse poetry. He desired to have a critic at hand to correct what was faulty in his compositions, and, as a royal author, coveted for his own the Prince of Critics. So overtures were made to Voltaire to come to Potsdam, there to be entertained with courtesy and honors suited to his fame, and to Potsdam in an evil hour he went.

Never did a palace hold two such men, with talents at once so great and so perverted. The king sat up stairs writing his history or dabbling in philosophy, or penning alternately lampoons and compliments, and Voltaire sat down stairs writing his "Age of Louis XIV." Their productions in manuscript were freely communicated to each other, and profusely commended or freely criticised. For a time Voltaire was pleased and flattered; the king, he said, was as agreeable in society as he was terrible in war. Nothing could be more delightful than this mode of life, or more honorable to philosophy or literature. Voltaire delighted to quiz the poor authors who were admitted like himself to the familiar supper scenes of the palace, and Frederick resented every attack upon men whom he esteemed as prodigies of genius. As occasions of dispute multiplied, the wit could not restrain his pun nor spare his person, so stinging epigrams were written and soon reported to the king. Frederick retaliated in kind; if the weapons were less keen, sarcasm from such a quarter left a rankling wound behind them, and the great master of the mocking art, when too roughly touched, was as irritable and passionate as a spoiled child.

Other grievances followed, and scenes were enacted for the amusement of wits and courtiers, which sound ludicrous beyond description, when we consider the pretensions of both parties, and the terms on which they came together. "You are a philosopher," Frederick had written in the letter of invitation, "and I am one also. What more natural than that we should enjoy each other's society! I respect you as my master in eloquence and knowledge; and I love you as a virtuous friend." The king gave the "virtuous friend" an allowance of tea, chocolate, sugar, and other articles. The "virtuous friend" complained that they were bad, the purveyors being a cheating set. Frederick replied that, in that case, the philosopher might do without them; his sublime studies need not be intercepted by attention to such trifles. Voltaire was in a rage, and to reimburse himself sold his wax candles, taking care, when he left the royal apartments for his own, always to bring along one with him, which was never returned.

A Pleasant Town.

Fuz writes to the Mac-a-Cheek Press, of Columbus:

Columbus is a pleasant place, and, to a man who wishes to retire from business, and devote the remainder of a well-spent life to meditation and cards, I know of no place more favorable. It is true that the water tastes as if squeezed out of bricks, and during the winter, people, very disreputable people, pertaining to houses of the Legislature, and houses which keep the tiger, and other houses that I won't enumerate, come about and make themselves disagreeable. Then conventions meet in Columbus—such as pious conventions, temperance conventions, agricultural and horticultural conventions, that raise the price of eggs and butter, and political conventions, that raise the devil. But then one has such resorts for relief. The charitable institutions are located here, and if one has the blues very badly, he can take a turn in the Blind Asylum, or run through the Deaf and Dumb, or lounge about among the insane. For light entertainment, the Penitentiary is unrivalled.

People sit a great deal in Columbus. If you meet a citizen and say, "good morning, sir," he immediately backs up against a post, or mounts a railing, or drops in a seat, and asks you what you think will be the effect of hanging old Brown—or if you think Douglas has any chance? For your citizen of Columbus is conversant on the subject of politics, and reads up a great deal in that direction. You cannot make him commit himself on any other. There is no use trying him on any literary topic, such as "Eliza Johnson's Revelations of a Hair Dresser," or "Parton's Life of Burr." Nor would it be worth your while to list him on the doctrinal points, such as second marriage, infant baptism, or whether a man can marry his uncle's aunt. Great waste of time, all that. But touch on politics, and your friend who lives just outside the Penitentiary, is eloquent and oracular. His taste in fine art is very much governed by the State House, which greatly resembles an inverted saltcellar on a brick. Wm. M. Corry, speaking from the tribune in the House of Representatives, told the citizens this, and it increased their admiration. It was so simple, yet so grand.

I was told in the greatest confidence, that a grand military spectacle was to come off in the night. I shortly discovered that about everybody was in the same confidence. It seems that the citizens of Newport, Kentucky, are in a great state of alarm, for fear, as I before informed you, that the six or seven aged darkies might rise and seize the Newport Barracks. Five military companies of Columbus have volunteered to go to the protection of the United States troops in Newport.

Sidney Smith, one day describing to a friend the people whom he met at a dinner party, said, "there was Hallam, too, with his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction."

The separation of friends by death is less terrible than the divorce of true hearts that have loved but have ceased to sympathize, while memory is still recalling what they once were to each other.

An Irish post-boy, having driven Sheridan a long stage during torrents of rain, the latter said to him, "Pat, are you not very wet?" "No, please your honor," "I am very dry," was the arch reply.

CHARLES R. RAILEY.

CHARLES R. RAILEY,
WHOLESALE GROCER,
No. 35 Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans,
—Has in store and for sale—

Sugar.
200 bbls. Laverlog's Crushed SUGAR;
50 .. .. Pow'd ..
25 .. .. Co. Pulv ..
50 boxes Stuart's Loaf ..

Coffee.
600 bags prime Rio COFFEE;
100 .. Maracaibo ..
200 .. Laguayra ..
100 .. superior Old Government Java;
70 .. Havana COFFEE.

Golden Syrups.
5 tierces Stuart's N. Y. Golden Syrup;
20 bbls. Belcher's St. Louis ..
70 hf. bbls. .. ..
50 kegs (10 gallons each) ..
20 bbls. very choice La. Syrup;
70 hf. bbls. .. ..

Fish.
50 bbls. No. 1 MACKEREL;
70 hf. .. ..
35 qr. .. ..
220 kits .. ..
35 bbls. No. 2
60 hf. .. Large ..
275 kits .. ..
100 .. Extra Mess ..
25 hf. bbls. .. ..
50 qr. .. ..
30 kits No. 1 SALMON;
50 hf. bbls. Baltimore ROE HERRING.
20 qr. .. ..
60 kits .. ..

Starch.
200 boxes Colgate's Pearl STARCH.
100 .. Oswego ..
75 .. Fox's ..

Candles.
500 boxes various brands Sperm CANDLES.
300 .. .. Star ..
100 .. Adamantine ..
125 hf. boxes .. ..

Soap.
400 bxs. Boston, New York and Western SOAP.

Champagne Wine.
20 baskets Vin Cholepot, quarts;
15 cases .. .. pints;
50 .. Roederer's Imperial and Cabinet;
75 baskets Piper, H. & Co., pints and quarts;
10 cases Ch. Farre Imperial and Cabinet, do.
50 baskets Moet & Chandon's
Green Seal, pints and quarts.

Champagne Cider.
100 boxes Bancroft's Anchor brand, pts. and qts.

S. C. Hams.
27 tierces Extra Sugar-cured HAMS.

Rice.
65 tierces prime Carolina RICE, new crop

Nails.
750 kegs Old Colony NAILS, various sizes.

Yeast Powders.
30 gross small size P. & M. YEAST POWDERS.
5 .. large .. ..

Beef Tongues.
37 boxes Extra BEEF TONGUES.

Beef.
20 hf. bbls. Davis' Extra Family MESS BEEF.
30 .. F. M. BEEF;
25 qr. .. ..

Claret.
400 boxes various brands CLARET