New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 9, 1860.

THE TRUE POSITION OF THE SOUTH.

NOT AGGRANDIZEMENT, BUT SAFETY.

The Black Republican organs, and particularly the New York Tribune, profess to regard the attitude taken by some of the Southern States, that they will secede from the Union in case a Republican President is elected, as unjustifiable and treasonable: they say that it is an attempt on the part of the minority to control and tyrannize over the majority, by preventing the latter from exercising their prerogative of choosing whom they please for President; and that the North will never submit to such dictation, but vote for a Republican or a Democrat as to her people shall seem most wise. "If the South secedes because the North exercises so unquestionable a right," say they, "the blame will rest upon her own head; we of the North desire to preserve the Union, but to do so, we will never accede to the doctrine that the South has the power to point out whom we shall, and whom we shall not, vote for for President." The Tribune, in a recent editorial, puts the case thus:

The Democratic party is now zealously at work, under pretence of love for the Constitution and the Union, to bring about a transformation in the nature of our Federal Government—a change justly regarded by that party as the means, and the only means of perpetuating its power. The Constitution provides that the person who shall receive a majority of the electoral votes shall be President. The only qualification which the Constitution prescribes is citizenship of the United States. The Democratic party proposes another, to-wit: that the consent of the special property interest which that party represents shall first be obtained before any person can be allowed to be brought forward as a candidate. The party which assumes to itself the character of special defender of the Constitution and the Union undertakes, by threats of dissolving the Union and of violent resistance to the authority of the President constitutionally elected, to compel the majority to forego its constitutional rights, and in electing a President to consult not its own wishes and preferences, but those of a small minority. It is evident, if this practice be once introduced—if this claim of the slaveholding interest to a vote upon the selection of Presidential candidates be once conceded, that the nature of our Government will be essentially changed, and that the Union, perpetuated by this means, will be a totally different Union from that which has hitherto existed.

There is the usual want of disingenuous frankness in this statement of the case by the Northern press. The South does not claim the right of controlling the North in the choice of a President; she admits, fully and explicitly, that the Northern people possess the prerogative of voting as they please. But at the same time the South asserts, that while the North holds the legal right of casting her voice as to her may seem best, she has no moral right to so cast it as to effect the ruin of the South; and that, if she does so cast it, in full view of its injurious effect upon us, that she violates her *fraternal duty* as a member of the same family; that she, in effect, commits an act of covert hostility upon us that will render it impossible for us to longer live in intimate relations; and we, therefore, merely warn the Northern people of the consequences of their threatened action, and call upon them to weigh its advantages before the step is irrevocably taken. If they pay no heed to our warnings, and obstinately persist in carrying out their original intention, it appears to us that the weight of responsibility for the ensuing mischief will rest upon them, their acts having made those consequences inevitable.

The position of the South may be illustrated by supposing a case of two brothers, living as partners in business and in close social relations. One of the brothers has a bitter feud with a neighbor, who has long pursued him with his hate, and sought every occasion to injure him in reputation and property, by slandering him in public and private, intriguing with his servants to induce them to abandon his service, and even seeking the lives of himself, his wife and his children, thus causing him anxiety and great loss of happiness. As a further means of annoyance, suppose that this malicious enemy, by flattery and cajolery, should entice his foe's brother to his house, there make him enamored with his daughter, and pledge the two in marriage. At this point, suppose the first brother should interfere and attempt to persuade his kinsman from the step. Finding persuasion useless, he should then tell him frankly, that from the day of the nuptials all fraternal ties between them were severed, and thenceforth they would live as utter strangers.

To such a declaration the young man might truly reply, "You have no *right* to control me in my choice of a wife; you exercised your volition in selecting your wife—leave me the same freedom of choice. If, however, you persist in your unfounded assumption of authority over me, and estrangement follows, the sin of the dissension rests on your head. For my part, I desire to live with you as a brother; I cannot consent, however, to give up my privileges as a man to retain your friendship."

Now, while in a certain general sense the positions of this suppositious brother are true, yet it is clear that in a practical point of view he is altogether wrong and his conduct indefensible. He had a right to exercise his choice in the selection of his wife, but when he went into the family of his brother's deadly foe to find her, he was guilty of a violation of fraternity; he did an act of extreme unfriendliness. To ask his brother to longer continue him in his confidence and affection was to ask what he knew to be impossible to grant. He had voluntarily assumed the part of agent and spy of his brother's enemy, and he was to be used to enable the latter the better to annoy and the more effectually injure his foe. The separation of the two brothers became *necessary to the safety of the first one*. Is the brother who withdraws from fraternal intercourse, or the one whose original act makes such a step imperative, the most to blame?

The grievance of the South is, however, much stronger than that of the brother in our illustration. The two sections of the Union were living on terms of equality and fraternity. All the benefits and advantages that we have been able to control we have lavished upon our Northern kinsmen. We have made them rich and powerful by our trade and patronage, and contributed as much to their development as our own. Suddenly there springs up among them a political party, whose principles consist in schemes to inflict injury upon the South; who seek to accomplish our degradation by denying us our rights; who openly preach doctrines that must lead, if they prevail, to our ruin; who encourage crazy men to invade our territory, and murder our people and attempt to incite servile insurrections; and who praise, sustain and justify such fanatics after they have been guilty of these outrages. And the majority of our Northern brethren seem determined to select as their candidate for President, and by their votes raise over us as Chief Executive, the *leader of this party*, whose essential merit consists in nothing but hostility to the South! At this juncture we say, "If you do this thing you are not our brothers; by your act you array yourself against us as our deadly foes: henceforth there can exist no fraternity between us."

The usual reply that comes from the Black Republican press is, that the Northern people do not sympathize with the Abolitionists, who make war upon the South, but with the Republicans, whose doctrines are not injurious to Southern rights. To this we answer, that the difference between Abolitionism and Republicanism is about the same as that between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. All the principles, aims and tendencies of Republicanism, look to the final destruction of slavery, wherever it exists in the Confederacy; and no sincere Republican, with sense enough to understand the effect of the dogmas he professes, but what must be an Abolitionist at heart. All the honest and frank men of that party admit this; and, in truth, the thing is too apparent to be denied. Theodore Parker, one of the Northern canting political preachers, in a recent letter, written from Rome, on the John Brown raid, which he fully justifies, thus explains the certain process by which all Republicans must quickly become Abolitionists:

"The Republican party," says Mr. Parker, "will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principle as a platform to work its measures on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro.* So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Capt. Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—*i. e. by destroying slavery itself.*"

"An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long control the Federal Government, and will exercise its Constitutional rights, and perform its Constitutional duty, and 'guarantee a Republican form of government to every State in the Union.' That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will often be tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood."

This is the programme that the South is asked by the North to assist in performing. But the South warns her Northern brethren that the first act will be the signal for her withdrawal from the Confederacy. Will the North persist in pushing us to the last extremity?

RANDOM PARAGRAPHS.

Turkish civilization is far from being a bad civilization in many respects—among which we do not include, oh moral and Christian reader, the system of wife-plurality, holding it to be unbecoming and presumptuous in mortal man to endeavor to anticipate on this side of the dark river the experiences which lie beyond that Stygian flood. Let those who may, understand us as referring to the place of bliss; and those who may, again, interpret as they will. Among the commendable features of Turkish civilization is the jurisdiction which governmental power exercises over feminine fashions, so that if a grand Sultanic Turk ruled the destinies of America he would doubtless send a legion of police emissaries through the land, armed with the scissors of fashion's fate, to work "the condign" upon its extravagances, by summarily seizing the wearers, clipping off the lower ends of their dresses, tacking the excissorated pieces on the top-ends thereof, and turning them loose to shrink away to their homes, like peacocks shorn of the vari-colored glories of their caudal ornamentation.

Of late years European fashionable enlightenments have begun to make such trespassing inroads upon the traditional civilization of Mussulmandom as to cause the orthodox disciples of the creed to tremble with alarm and apprehension, and the green-turban'd straightouters of the Faithful have been howling their maledictions on the Frank till the whole crescent curve of the Golden Horn re-echoed with the curses which mingled with the prayer-cry of the muezzins of Istamboul. The men are against innovation and the women are for it—to a man. [Joke.] In commencing the onslaught, Caucasian enlightenment played its right bower on mere civilization—fashion, and this card at once bound all Turkey-hendom its faithful adherents, which was about half the battle in advance. Anon the persistent thrumming of bad pianos began to make the atmosphere of their harems odious to their distracted masters, and so drove them to take their first steps in the march of enlightenment, to wit: to drown their vexation in bowls of forbidden wine in the coffee-houses.

Thus the ball was rolling on bravely, when, emboldened by success, the feminine agency of its circulation attempted too strongly marked and bold a measure. They attempted to show their faces to the sun of heaven and the sons of men in the broad light of day, as a preliminary move, doubtless, toward showing the upper part of their bodies, as do the fair dames of Christendom. This adventurous measure broke the camel's back of governmental forbearance and brought down the vengeance of the Sublime Porte, which recently thundered forth an imperial edict painfully stringent upon the female subjects. It forbids their appearing abroad without the thickest of veils, and furthermore—and here we are applaudatory—strictly interdicts the out-door wearing of thin and low slippers, and gay and extravagant attire, and fanciful embroideries and laces, but limits their promenade toilets to stout half-boots of substantial morocco leather, and plain, thick dresses of cloth or other durable and comfortable material. This is clipping the plumage of the harem birds with a vengeance, and we may imagine that the oceans of tears shed by the disconsolate fair are sufficient even to swell the fatal tide of the Bosphorus, which holds in its depths the sacked and bow-stringed secret of the fate of many of their frail sisters.

A Prediction is Made by the Boston Courier that in less than twelve months the Republicans of Massachusetts and New England will abandon the "cause of the colored man," and will endeavor to be the loudest in the chorus of the mighty throng which is soon to join hands against the sectionalists. The Boston Courier links this prophecy with very bad company to encourage faith in it; for, in the same article, it says that "Republican newspapers throughout the country are still sneering at the Union meetings, and instead of giving impartial reports of the proceedings of those gatherings of men who go for America, however bounded, content themselves with garbled statements and misrepresentations." We could wish that the Courier had taken the pains to enlighten us as to the hypotheses upon which it grounds its prediction, for our ears are very willing to admit words of comfort.

The Barricade Army of Paris is a host—as should be that which rules the empire of France. It is made up of the laborers of the capital, whom statistics show to number over three hundred thousand men of the blouse. This is the power behind the throne of Napoleon, and a dangerously uncertain and whimsical backer to depend upon. But the shrewd potentate knows how to manage it. He knows if he keeps its myriad mouths well filled, they will make the music of "Vive l'Empereur," and that if they are empty, "La Marseillaise," and the doggerel vocal accompaniment of "Le Carmagnole," will issue from them. Hence he expends a large proportion of the revenues in public works, that they may have employment, and compels the bakers to sell their bread at a minimum price, making up their losses on it out of the funds of the public treasury. Hence he likes wars, for a conscription in the faubourg St. Antoine will remove to excellently bloody battle-fields many a hungry and grumbling member of the hydra-headed power behind the throne. Revolutions in France are simply revolutions in Paris, and when he has Paris under his thumb, he holds all France at will. A nice fatal foreign war now and then relieves the city of its surplus revolutionary element, and lightens the cost of its support.

The Southern Clothing Establishment.—For the thousandth time we refer with pleasure to the same subject, to-wit: to the Southern Clothing Establishment of Mr. L. W. Lyons, corner of St. Charles and Common streets, running down through Nos. 26, 28 and 30 St. Charles street. We refer to it with pleasure, because we admire enterprise; and the proprietor certainly was enterprising in setting up so extensive an establishment, in which is collected one of the heaviest stocks of clothing in the whole country, as the advertised lists show. In an assortment so immense the means and tastes of every customer must be easily suited. The stock in the boys' department is very large and various; and this department is so arranged that privacy is secured to ladies who may wish to call and select clothing for their children, without interfering and being interfered with, as would be the case were the same apartment alike to all customers. There is always constantly kept on hand a great quantity and variety of canes, umbrellas and trunk goods. We direct attention to the advertisement.

Photographs and Daguerreotypes.—No finer pictures are turned out anywhere in the world than those which the genuine, experienced and talented artists employed at Anderson & Blessing's magnificent saloon, 61 Camp street, execute with dispatch and at low prices for all callers. Let any one who thinks of having a likeness taken, or has leisure time, call in at this elegant art establishment and examine the specimens there displayed. They are beautiful.

Singer's Sewing Machines.—All who contemplate the purchase of a sewing machine, are referred to the advertisement of Mr. Walter Bennett, agent for the Singer Sewing Machine. It explains the merits of the machine in a striking manner.

Credit Sale of Winter Clothing, Gingham Umbrellas.—We call the attention of the trade to the sale of winter clothing and umbrellas, to take place this day, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Blache & Lemmonon's auction room, No. 77 Chartres street. Terms at sale.

METAIRIE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIFTH AND LAST DAY.

The anticipations of lively sport at the Metairie on Saturday were realized to the full. A lovelier day never dawned; the sky not dotted by even a speck of vapor, and the atmosphere fresh, sweet and exhilarating. The rain of the previous night had given the face of nature a good washing; but its usual consequence was mud; and, unhappily for the expectations which had been raised in regard to the time of the race, the Metairie track was little better than a slough of the plastic element.

The attendance was not only large, but great. It was cheering to note the vehicular stir about town as the hour of the race approached, and to see the long lines of carriages, buggies and other conveyances as they rattled over the shells, to the merry music of the drivers' whips, as well as to see what an ocean of black tops they formed in and around the race course. The attendance was numbered by thousands; the whole of the stands being full, and one portion of them perfectly glorious with angelic presences. The whole scene reminded us of the lively old Lexington and Lecomte days.

The excitement of the day was the meeting of three winners of the week, in a four-mile contest for the Club purse and the final honors. As we stated on Saturday, Mr. Kenner's Epsilon filly *Sigma* was the favorite against the other two, Dr. Wood's Epsilon filly *Tennessee*, and Gen. Wells' Lecomte colt *Uncle Jeff*. At the track, Sigma was still the favorite, though the friends of Uncle Jeff seemed to me more spunky than the day before, and flinched but little from the banters of the Kennerites. Great sums of money were staked on the result. It is estimated by some that the betting was almost as great as it was upon the great post stake race between Lexington, Lecomte, and others, some years ago. With many at the track, the determination seemed to be to make a break this time.

The horses came up to the post in splendid condition, each looking as fine as a polished image of mahogany, whilst quivering with life in every muscle, and displaying fire in every movement. It may easily be imagined how attentively they were surveyed and admired, under the high feeling of suspense and excitement which prevailed. At the proper hour, everything being ready, the animals came proudly up for the

First Heat.—Tennessee has the inside. The start, for a four mile heat, is fair enough. At the turn Uncle Jeff leads, with Sigma next, and Tennessee last, all well together. They churn the mud merrily, and almost bunch in their anxiety to see the back stretch. Down the stretch they go, Jeff and Sigma in close communion, and Tennessee gradually falling behind. Thus they keep it up, and Jeff leads Sigma into the second mile by a length, and this mile offers nothing striking beyond the gallant accompaniment of Sigma to her leader, a thing looked upon by most as a sure presage of success. Jeff leads into the third mile by a length; Tennessee, still in the rear, and still making a display quite comfortable to the fielders. In this mile Jeff and Sigma lay close together, and do some of their best work; Tennessee falling further back than ever. As they come round for the fourth mile, Tennessee, now nearly distanced, is distanced by a balk of her rider, who reins in, thinking the heat at an end. The multitude shout frantically to him to go on, and he goes, but to no purpose. Jeff leads into the fourth mile, with Sigma after him, and abreast of his haunches. Now they have it, and a blanket would cover them. At the turn, Sigma shows in the lead for the first time, and her victory is anticipated by the lustiest vociferation of her friends. She opens quite a gap in the back stretch, but Jeff rallies, reduces the gap to the thinnest possible slice of daylight, and gives his fair antagonist a splendid battle in the run home. Sigma wins the heat by half a length only, and her friends indulge in noisy rapture, whilst not a few of the fielders begin to look as if they felt their noses out of joint. The time of this heat plainly shows the state of the track—8:04¼.

Second Heat.—It is now reduced to a match between Sigma and Jeff; and the gallant behavior of the latter in the first heat stimulates his friends to pick up all the odds that offer against him. The animals come up in good trim for the second grand effort. Off they go again, Jeff leading. He keeps the lead throughout the mile, Sigma pushing him closely all the way. She nearly laps him as he flies into the second mile; he still shows her the way, she losing ground and crowding him several times, and crowding particularly through the home stretch. There is no daylight between them as they open the third mile, he still in the lead. Throughout this mile, the fight is splendidly kept up, and the whole multitude are kept in the most breathless suspense. The same as before, that is, Jeff leading, and neck to rump, they enter upon the fourth mile. Sigma now lays herself out for the tug of war, laps Jeff, and shows ahead at the turn. The most tumultuous shouts rend the air; the Kennerites consider the game up, and so do most of the fielders. Sigma leads gallantly through the back stretch, Jeff falls behind, and the hearts of his friends sink. But see! He was only taking breath for a final effort! He begins to crawl up; and as they round the third turn, he closes the gap! The shouts begin! He laps her coming to the last turn, and the pent-up agony of the fielders ascends to the heavens, louder than before. He shows ahead, as they dash into the home stretch! Good heavens, what throats these people have got. Here they come, splitting the wind, side by side, and the mud flying behind! Who's ahead? Can any body tell? Nobody!

Again and again the silence is banished by the fierce shouts of both parties. "Come on, Uncle. I want to see you!" "Go it, my Sigma! now's your time, Abe!" Abe and Sigma do their best; and so do Jeff and *his* rider! A moment decides! Here they are! there! Uncle Jeff flies under the string with Sigma at his quarters. The Kennerites now are silent; but did you ever hear anything more crazy than the joy of the fielders! Just hear how they yell, and see how they dance and throw their hats! And as Uncle Jeff comes back to the stand, quietly and unpretendingly, (though his darkey rider sits as if all the limber had left his back) the huzzah that honors him seems to be universal. Even the half-defeated Kennerites cannot deny him the honor he has so nobly won. A more exciting or beautifully contested heat has never been witnessed on this course. The time, it is true, is rather slow, 8:10½, but that is the fault of the mud.

Third Heat.—The fielders, or rather the Uncle Jeffites, have to do the loud talking now, and propose the odds as to the result. But the cool and comfortable look of the colt after his eight miles through the mud banishes opposition. There is little betting, the Kennerites having generally lost their appetite in that respect. Their expectations have subsided to a quiet hope. At the start for the final contest, Sigma has the lead by a length; but soon loses it, for Uncle Jeff leads at the turn. Sigma falls back, and opens quite a gap in the back stretch; but soon she pulls up again, and at the third turn laps her leader. They have a lively dance coming home; but Jeff leads into the second mile by a length. Sigma now lets out again on her old favorite spot for such tricks, and has the lead at the turn. She is hotly chased along the back-ground, and in the last turn her invincible pursuer is at her side. They come home sociably together; but before reaching the string Jeff impolitely quits his fair partner's company, and leads a length or two into the third mile. After the first turn, the gap is increased. The thing begins to look hopeless in the back stretch. Once more Sigma crowds up, but to no purpose. Jeff leads into the fourth mile by a length or two, and keeps the lead to the end, Sigma doing her last hard work: falling behind, and catching partly up again. Jeff passes under the string two lengths ahead, wins the heat and the race, and is again tremendously cheered, not only as the victor of the day, but as the hero of the week. The excitement is high and universal. It is seldom that such enthusiasm is seen as now, when Uncle Jeff walks back to the stand, looking none the worse for wear. This was the slowest heat of all, being made in 8:38¼. The horse, and his rider, and his trainer, and his owner, are cheered and otherwise complimented on every side.

SUMMARY:

Metairie Course, New Orleans, Jan. 7, 1860.—Jockey Club purse $1200; four mile heats.
Gen. Thos. J. Wells' ch. c. *Uncle Jeff*, by Lecomte, dam Miss Fatiole, 3 years ... 2 1 1
D. F. Kenner's br. f. *Sigma*, by Epsilon, dam imp. Violetta, 4 yrs ... 1 2 2
James Jackson's br. f. *Tennessee*, by Epsilon, dam Kate King, 4 yrs ... dist.

TIME:

	1st heat.	2d heat.	3d heat.
1st mile	2:03½	2:06¼	2:11
2d mile	1:59	1:57¾	2:01¼
3d mile	1:59	2:04	2:10¼
4th mile	2:02¾	2:02½	2:15¾
	8:04¼	8:10½	8:38¼

Thus ended the winter meeting of 1860; one which has resulted satisfactorily to the patrons of turf sports, and added to the already wide fame of Louisiana stock and the glorious old Metairie. The great feature of the meeting has been the proof of good blood shown in the victories of *Uncle Jeff*.

We believe it is not on record, at least in this part of the country, where, there being five or six stables of good stock on the ground, one three-year old colt should win, successively within a week, a two mile race, a three mile race, and a four mile race. This is enough to stamp the name of Uncle Jeff with renown; and already the sporting world hail him as a worthy successor to his famous old sire, Lecomte.

Now that this splendid racer has fairly made his début before the world, justice requires us to make honorable mention of his trainer, Mr. Jacob Pincus. Blood is a great deal, but training is more; and Mr. P., a young man, for the first time in charge of a racing stable, is entitled to all honor for his science and assiduity, and to a proper share in the triumphs of his pet. Gen. Wells has a horse and a trainer of whom he may justly feel proud.

The new accommodations afforded to the public at this meeting, the strict discipline enforced by the Club in the management of the track, and the courtesy and delicacy of the attentions shown to lady visitors, have alike been commented upon and admired by all of the multitudes who have visited the races during the week.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Sea Lions; or the Lost Sealers. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Townsend & Co. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

This is yet another of the splendid edition of the Cooper novels from the press of W. A. Townsend & Co., and illustrated by F. O. C. Darley. It is fully up to previous issues of this edition in the beautiful typography, the costly material and the fine binding, while as to the merits of the cuts it is needless to remark.

Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

This book is uniquely illustrated in outline engravings of fine execution from designs by Larkin G. Mead, Jr., an artist of well-known talent, while its workmanship can scarcely be sufficiently praised. It is beautifully printed on deeply tinted paper, and looks as if it might be exceedingly interesting.

New Miscellanies. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

This work will find ready sale among all the thousands of admirers of the writings of Charles Kingsley, "Rector of Eversley" and "Chaplain in ordinary to the Queen." These "miscellanies" comprise fourteen different matters of, we presume, choice reading, for we judge by the writer's past.

History of Peter the Great. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

This history of the great Czar of the Russias is in the agreeable narrative style of the author, and specially adapted for the comprehension of juveniles; but adults may read it with more pleasure and with more readily gained information than dryer histories. It has numerous illustrations.

Harry's Summer in Ashcroft. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

A neat little juvenile, combining agreeable entertainment with instruction, and copiously illustrated with graphic cuts.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

This is "Rainbow's Journey," the second one of this commendable series of literature for youth. It is illustrated, and its presentation would make a youngster happy.

The Boy Tar; or, a Voyage in the Dark. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale in New Orleans by J. C. Morgan & Co.

The author is well known as an able and entertaining writer. From a glance through this book we are inclined to think it fully up to its predecessors from the same pen, "The Desert Home," "The Young Voyageurs," "The Bush Boys," etc. It is handsomely illustrated by Charles S. Keene, on tinted paper.

We are also indebted to Messrs. J. C. Morgan & Co. for a copy of the December number of Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine, a very interesting issue of that valuable periodical.

Skating in the Twelfth Century.—One of the old historians of London, writing in the twelfth century, says "that a city should not only be commodious and serious, but also merry and sportful." Then follows a description of the different kinds of sports indulged in by the citizens of the city, showing that our great ancestors could throw off the pressing yoke of business and cares of public life and be jolly, recognizing the utility of a little play to ease life of some of its burdens. At this period, let it be remembered, London was a walled city, and beyond the city were plains of ice. "When the winters were cold," says the writer, "many young men played upon it, some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; others making themselves seats of ice as great as millstones, one sits down, many, hand in hand, do draw him, and one slipping on a sudden, all fall together; some tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and shoving themselves with a little picked staff, do slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crossbow. Sometimes two run together with poles, and hitting one the other, either one or both doth fall, not without hurt—some break their arms, some their legs; but youth desireth glory in this sort—exerciseth itself against the time of war." This was 700 years ago.

One of these bones, fashioned for the purpose of being used as a skate, the under-surface being highly polished, was found in Moorfield some two or three years since, (in 1850) and is now in possession of Mr. C. Roach Smith, F. S. A. This was no doubt the original skate.

The sports and pastimes of our predecessors in English civilization were regarded as schools that tended to develope the sturdy English quality of courage and daring, and physical intrepidity, so essential to a people who are fully conscious of the imperative necessity of just that kind of daring which their rough sports fostered. We may well encourage such sports in our own country.

Boston Transcript.

Great Sales by Alfred Munroe & Co.—Messrs. Alfred Munroe & Co., Story Building, corner of Camp and Common streets, announce that, notwithstanding the extraordinary sales which entirely exceeded their expectations, their arrangements are such that they will never be out of sizes or styles, but that their assortment will be kept full by constant arrivals of new goods. Their large sales have also encouraged them to another movement in which the public is interested, for they are enabled to mark down their prices to a yet lower per centage of profit, and to offer goods which, as ever, are the best quality of their kind in make and fabric. The assortment of goods offered by Messrs. Alfred Munroe & Co. comprises every article which anybody of any occupation may be in need of, under or outer, of all prices, and all good for their grade. We ask general attention to the advertisement of this extensively dealing and well and favorably known house.

Canal Street Fancy and Family Grocery Store.—Messrs. J. T. Yarrington & Co., proprietors of the nice and neat and finely stocked fancy and family grocery, 182 Canal street, corner of Dryades, have now on hand as choice an assortment of goods in their line as can be found anywhere, and their stock is kept constantly full by such additions as are made requisite by their rapid sales. The store is arranged expressly with a view to the accommodation of ladies who may visit it to order their supplies, and who may walk round its roomy and cleanly passages without danger of rubbing their silks against sides of bacon, butter firkins and other defiling articles. See Messrs. Yarrington & Co.'s advertisement.

Clearing out Sale.—Mr. John Todd, of the fashionable shopping emporium, 12 and 14 Chartres street, announces his great annual clearing out sale, when he will sell at a great reduction his entire stock of elegant dress and millinery goods, also velvet and cloth cloaks. This reduction affords an opportunity for extraordinary bargains, as the goods are of the choicest description, directly imported, and the best and most fashionable which could be selected. We ask the attention of every one of our lady readers to Mr. Todd's advertisement, for it is entirely worthy their careful perusal.

Gifts at No. 9 Camp Street.—At Evans & Co.'s well-known and well-stocked book store, No. 9 Camp street, gifts worth from two bits to a hundred dollars are given to the purchaser of a book. No. 9 is near Canal street, on the left hand, going down. We refer to advertisement.

"THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

We are quite convinced that nothing could occupy a portion of our space this morning more acceptably to our readers than a brief contrastive synopsis of that charming domestic prose carol of Charles Dickens, "The Cricket on the Hearth," which, in its dramatized form upon the stage of the Varieties, has excited so general interest and kept possession of the boards since Christmas, crowded houses attending every performance. The drama tells the whole story, and its text is the language of Charles Dickens, with scarcely an alteration, though much of the descriptive matter of the story is omitted, of course, being better supplied by the movement of the drama, the scenery and the costume and action of the *dramatis personæ*. Almost, if not all, the language is literally that of the original book, and those who have read that little gem of literature will acknowledge the extraordinary excellence and truthfulness of the adaptation in every detail. Each of the three chapters of the book is an act of the play, and every character is introduced with the described appearances and the veritable words on their tongues.

The fairy prologue of the opening drama is suggested by the opening chapter, interpreting the songs of the kettle and the cricket, which rivalled each other in making music on the hearth of John Perrybingle (Mr. Couldock) and his little wife Dot (Miss Charlotte Thompson), who is introduced in book and drama, in the interior of her cottage, coming on the scene with the kettle, its lid falling off, to place it on the fire, where it sings its fairy song of home, the cricket chiming in. Dot sits and listens to both, waiting the coming of John, who enters with his bundles, hugs his wife, wants to see his baby—and the cricket, and the baby, and laughing Dot, and happy John, and awkward Tilly Slowboy, the nurse, all make fireside music. And here the story vindicates Tilly (Miss Marshall) from the charges of the dramatic critics that she originates all the hard usage to which the blessed baby is subjected. In fact, she does not treat it half as badly as she is justified by Dickens in doing, for the story reads:

"There! there's the tea-pot ready on the hob!" said Dot; as briskly busy as a child at play at keeping house. "And there's the cold knuckle of ham; and there's the butter; and there's the crusty loaf, and all! Here's the clothes'-basket for the small parcels, John, if you've got any there; where are you, John? Don't let the dear child fall under the grate, Tilly, whatever you do!"

It may be noted of Miss Slowboy, in spite of her rejecting the caution with some vivacity, that she had a rare and surprising talent for getting this baby into difficulties: and had several times imperiled its short life in a quiet way peculiarly her own. Being always in a state of gaping admiration at everything, and absorbed, besides, in the perpetual contemplation of her mistress's perfections and the baby's, Miss Slowboy, in her little errors of judgment, may be said to have done equal honor to her head and to her heart; and though these did less honor to the Baby's head, which they were the occasional means of bringing into contact with deal doors, dressers, stair-rails, bed-posts, and other foreign substances, still they were the honest results of Tilly Slowboy's constant astonishment at finding herself so kindly treated, and installed in such a comfortable home. For the maternal and fraternal Slowboy were alike unknown to fame, and Tilly had been bred by public charity, a Foundling; which word, though only differing from Fondling by one vowel's length, is very different in meaning, and expresses quite another thing.

Then John and Dot sit and talk what the story says, while Tilly puts the baby through, and in their talk they speak these words:

"It spoke the truth, John, when the Cricket seemed to say so; for you have ever been, I am sure, the best, the most affectionate of husbands to me. This has been a happy home, John; and I love the Cricket for its sake!"

"Why so do I, then," said the Carrier. "So do I, Dot."

"I love it for the many times I have heard it, and the many thoughts its harmless music has given me. Sometimes, in the twilight, when I have felt a little solitary and down-hearted, John—before baby was here to keep me company and make the house gay; when I have thought how lonely you would be if I should die; how lonely I should be, if I could know that you had lost me, dear; its chirp, chirp, chirp, upon the hearth, has seemed to tell me of another little voice, so sweet, so very dear to me, before whose coming sound my trouble vanished like a dream. And when I used to fear—I did fear once, John; I was very young, you know—that ours might prove to be an ill-assorted marriage: I being such a child, and you more like my guardian than my husband; and that you might not, however hard you tried, be able to learn to love me, as you hoped and prayed you might; its chirp, chirp, chirp has cheered me up again, and filled me with new trust and confidence. I was thinking of these things to-night, dear, when I sat expecting you; and I love the Cricket for their sake!"

And John, who is a public carrier by profession, refers to his bundles, and points out a package which he says is a wedding cake, and Dot wonders whose—and wonders more when he tells her that it's old Tackleton's (Mr. Leffingwell), and goes into fits when she learns that the fearful village ogre is going to wed her fair young friend, May Fielding (Miss Couldock), who was affianced to Edward Plummer (Mr. Copland), old Caleb's son, who went a sailoring to the "golden South Americas," and is supposed to be dead. Then a strange looking old man, whom John picked up way-faring on the road from the city, comes on the scene, and so he is described:

The stranger, who had long white hair, good features, singularly bold and well defined for an old man, and dark, bright, penetrating eyes, looked round with a smile, and saluted the Carrier's wife by gravely inclining his head.

His garb was very quaint and odd—a long, long way behind the time. Its hue was brown, all over, and Miss Slowboy, hastily rising from the low chair by the fire to seek protection near the skirts of her mistress, and coming into contact as she crossed the doorway with the ancient stranger, instinctively made a charge or butt at him with the only offensive instrument within her reach. This instrument happened to be the baby.

This mysterious stranger is the missing "sailleur boy" who has returned home incog., to see how the land lays and if his love is true to him. And there is some talk and the boy is displayed to the old man, and soon old Caleb Plummer, the toy maker, (Mr. John Owens) Edward's father, comes in to see if John has brought any packages for him, and this is his appearance:

A little meagre, thoughtful, dingy-faced man, who seemed to have made himself a great-coat from the sackcloth covering of some old box; for when he turned to shut the door and keep the weather out, he disclosed upon the back of that garment the inscription G & T in large black capitals. Also the word GLASS in bold characters. He had a wandering and thoughtful eye which seemed to be always projecting itself into some other time and place, no matter what he said; a description which will equally apply to his voice.

John asks him how business is, and—

"Why, pretty well, John," he returned, with the distraught air of a man who was casting about for the philosopher's stone at least. "Pretty much so. There's rather a run on Noah's Arks at present. I could have wished to improve the family, but I don't see how it's to be done at the price. It would be a satisfaction to one's mind, to make it clearer which was Shems and Hams, and which was Wives. Flies ain't on that scale neither, as compared with elephants you know. Ah, well! Have you got anything in the parcel line for me, John?"

And they go on to talk in the play as in the book, which we are ruthlessly cutting up for copy, and Caleb tells about his poor blind Bertha, (Miss Stevens) whom he has persuaded to believe he is very happy, that their miserable home is comfortable, and that his sackcloth coat is fine blue stuff with brass buttons. He laments his son who went to the "Golden South Americas," little supposing that he is present in the apparent form of the old man. The pathetic old toy artist requests permission to pinch John's dog's tail for a moment, and when Dot expresses surprise at the request he explains:

"Oh, never mind, Mum," said the little man. "He mightn't like it perhaps. There is a small order just come in, for barking dogs; and I should wish to go as close to Natur' as I could for sixpence. That's all. Never mind, mum."

Old Tackleton, the ogre, Caleb's master, enters, and here is his portrait, of which Leffingwell is the verisimilis:

He did'nt look much like a bridegroom, as he stood in the Carrier's kitchen, with a twist in his dry face, and a screw in his body, and his hat jerked over the bridge of his nose, and his hands stuck down into the bottom of his pockets, and his whole sarcastic ill-conditioned self peering out of one little corner of one little eye, like the concentrated essence of any number of ravens. But a bridegroom he designed to be.

Tackleton is a very tyrant to old Caleb, but the old man, to save his blind daughter unhappiness, describes him to her systematically as a most kind-hearted man, only a little gruff in his way, and laughs at his coarse abuse as if it were only a joke, as he tells Bertha it is. And the blind girl becomes enamored of the imaginary good man, the fancied benefactor of her father, and this passion is discovered when at a Christmas dinner at Caleb's cottage, where all the *dramatis personæ* are, she learns that Tackleton is about to be married to May Fielding, (Miss Couldock) whose mother (Mrs. Chapman) is "reduced in circumstances in consequence of a disaster in the indigo trade," hence urges the match.

Here is the picture of Caleb's cottage room, just as it is given on the stage, and one of the finest and most elaborate scenes of the kind ever got up in a theater:

There were various other samples of his handicraft besides Dolls, in Caleb Plummer's room. There were Noah's Arks, in which the birds and beasts were an uncommonly tight fit, I assure you; though they could be crammed in, any how, at the roof, and rattled and shaken into the smallest compass. By a bold poetical license, most of these Noah's Arks had knockers on the doors; inconsistent appendages perhaps, as suggestive of morning callers and a Postman, yet a pleasant finish to the outside of the building. There were scores of melancholy little carts which, when the wheels went round, performed most doleful music. Many small fiddles, drums, and other instruments of torture; no end of cannon, shields, swords, spears and guns. There were little tumblers in red breeches, incessantly swarming up high obstacles of red tape, and coming down, head first, upon the other side; and there were innumerable old gentlemen of respectable, not to say venerable appearance, insanely flying over horizontal pegs, inserted, for the purpose, in their own street doors. There were beasts of all sorts, horses, in particular, of every breed; from the spotted barrel on four pegs, with a small tippet for a mane, to the thoroughbred rocker on his highest mettle.

As it would have been hard to count the dozens upon dozens of grotesque figures that were ever ready to commit all sorts of absurdities, on the turning of a handle; so it would have been no easy task to mention any human folly, vice, or weakness, that had not its type, immediate or remote, in Caleb Plummer's room. And not in an exaggerated form; for very little handles will move men and women to as strange performances as any Toy was ever made to undertake.

In the midst of all these objects, Caleb and his daughter sat at work. The blind girl busy as a doll's dressmaker; and Caleb painting and glazing the four-pair front of a desirable family mansion.

The care imprinted in the lines of Caleb's face, and his absorbed and dreamy manner, which would have sat well on some alchemist or abstruse student, were at first sight an odd contrast to his occupation, and the trivialities about him. But trivial things, invented and pursued for bread, become very serious matters of fact; and, apart from this consideration, I am not at all prepared to say, myself, that if Caleb had been a lord chamberlain, or a member of parliament, or a lawyer, or even a great speculator, he would have dealt in toys one whit less whimsical; while I have a very great doubt whether they would have been as harmless.

These are the characters, and the play moves on and the plot develops itself. Poor Old Caleb, in the pathetic scenes with poverty and his afflicted daughter face to face, has frequent occasion to endeavor to hide his emotion by humming that fragment of a song: "We'll drown it in the bowl, my boy—we'll drown it in the bowl"—of which the story says—

It was a bacchanalian song, something about a sparkling bowl; and he sang it with an assumption of a devil-may-care voice, that made his face a thousand times more meagre and more thoughtful than ever.

Edward reveals his name to little Dot, whom he knew of old, under pledge of secresy, until they can outwit old Tackleton, and she suffers the agony of having a secret from John, and John detects her in private conversation with the young sailor, who holds her hand, his disguise of a gray wig removed. Trouble is in the household, and the cricket is silent. John suffers dreadfully, but forgives his little wife in his own heart, at last, considering that he is so much older, and all that; that she is not to blame for being unable to love him. There are terrible times generally, and exciting scenes, and finally all is cleared up; for on the day on which old Tackleton and gentle May are to be married, Edward gets to church a little ahead of the ogre bridegroom, and marries May instead. John's and Dot's and everybody's happiness is as great as their previous misery, and they were all in a storm of glee in Dot's cottage, when the disappointed bridegroom comes in wifeless from the church—and at this crisis is it that the old reprobate experiences that fairy conversion to virtue for which some of the critics, not so well read as they might have been, blame the adapter, for the story reads:

"Mrs. Perrybingle!" said Tackleton, hat in hand, "I'm sorry. I'm more sorry than I was this morning. I have had time to think of it. John Perrybingle! I'm sour by disposition; but I can't help being sweetened, more or less, by coming face to face with such a man as you! Caleb! this unconscious little nurse gave me a broken hint last night, of which I have found the thread. I blush to think how easily I might have bound you and your daughter to me; and what a miserable idiot I was, when I took her for one! Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to night; I have not so much as a cricket on my hearth. I have scared them all away. Be gracious to me! let me join this happy party!"

He was at home in five minutes. You never saw such a fellow. What had he been doing with himself all his life, never to have known, before, his great capacity of being jovial! Or what had the fairies been doing with him to have effected such a change!

And after that they all got to dancing, and the book says it was as uncommon and original a dance as it is made on the stage. That dance alone is worth the price of several tickets. It beats anything of the sort ever rattled off on New Orleans boards. It is tremendous, and the Cricket chirps upon the hearth, and comes forth to sight in tableau with the Kettle and its sister fairies, and the curtain falls.

Old John Brown in Mississippi.

In the Oxford (Miss.) Mercury of Thursday last we find the following:

We have recently learned a queer chapter in the history of Old John Brown, who was recently, as all the world knows, executed at Charlestown, Va., for crimes familiar to the reader. It seems that in 1857 he was in Middleburg, Va., under the assumed name of Smith, and followed the business of itinerant clock repairer. He was well known there to nearly all the citizens, and to a gentleman who is now a citizen of this place. In 1857 that gentleman moved from Middleburg to Oxford, and shortly after his arrival here he met the clock repairer, Smith, on our streets, and they freely conversed with each other. Smith was following the same business, and stated that he had walked over nearly all Mississippi. He went to nearly all the houses in Oxford, took dinner with the then Mayor, Mr. Mitchell, and repaired a good many clocks in town out of order. We also learn from many planters that the same man visited their houses, and from the exact description—all corresponding with others, and corresponding with the descriptions given in the papers and the photographs of Brown—we have no doubt that it was the same man.

But we have better evidence that this was Brown than that. A citizen of Middleburg, who recently came here, informs us that the identical man Smith, who was repairing clocks in that town in 1857, was recognized by its citizens both at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, in the person of Old John Brown. So that the chain of evidence is unbroken that Old Ossawatomie Brown traveled over our county and town, and over Mississippi, ostensibly as an itinerant repairer of clocks, but really for the purpose of taking observations and laying plans to incite the slaves to insurrection. He had assumed the calling he followed for the reason that it would admit him to every house without suspicion, and afford an excellent opportunity to impart his object to the slaves.

We have taken great pains in inquiring into this matter, which has resulted in the thorough conviction that what we have stated is correct. And it is hardly necessary to add that this extraordinary chapter in the eventful life of John Brown affords additional warning to our citizens to beware of strolling Yankees who are constantly in the country disseminating Abolitionism.

Young Gentlemen visiting New Orleans to find business, or those residing here, should bear in mind that merchants and business men pay liberally for good qualifications, and that Dolbear Commercial College, which has been in successful operation more than a quarter of a century, is devoted exclusively to imparting this important information. Let all govern themselves accordingly. See advertisement.

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs are the specialty of the practice of Dr. C. P. Crane, and his system has been attended with great success, as the certificates of great numbers who have undergone his treatment attest. His electro-chemical baths have effected very wonderful cures of rheumatism, gout, lumbago, scrofula, etc., and of all cutaneous affections in all diseases arising from impurities of the blood. Read his advertisement.

Medical Preparations.—Messrs. J. Wright & Co., 21 and 151 Chartres street, are among the most extensive medicine dealers in the country, and at all times have on hand whatever is needed for any ailment. They advertise this morning "Davis' Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar," "Wheat's Canadian Vermifuge," and "Dalley's Magical Pain Extractor."

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Programme of the Black Republicans—Farnesworth, of Illinois—"Black Diamonds" plea as an offset to the Helper book—The Walker Expedition and Old Brown Raid—Judge Douglas and the Administration—Rust, of Arkansas, etc., etc.

[Special to the New Orleans Daily Crescent.]

Washington, Dec. 28, 1859.

Ed. Crescent—The Black Republican members of the House have fully settled their programme of action with respect to the election of officers. Should they succeed in placing their candidate in the Speaker's chair, which they hope to do ultimately by persistent hard work and abstinence of speech, they will nominate a ticket for the other officers of the House, with respect to the claims of the recreant factions who may assist them in the crisis of the election of Speaker, and endeavor to carry it by a resolution of the House. This, it is calculated, will save the details of an election, and will afford a better chance for the Republicans to compass their ends.

The policy which the Black Republican members of Congress have sought to maintain throughout the progress of the contest for Speaker, that of costiveness of debate, or of absolute silence, has been broken in upon since I last wrote you, by a very damaging speech from Mr. Farnesworth, of Illinois. The member from Illinois spoke under the protest of his party, who feared to hazard a discussion before a determination of the contest for the organization of the House. His tirade of speech and his venomous charges against the Democratic party certainly did not benefit his cause or the interest of his party, in the present conjuncture of affairs.

The point of Mr. Farnesworth's speech was an attack upon a book entitled "Black Diamonds," published by Messrs. Pudney & Russell, of New York, which he claimed to be "an offset" to Helper's hand-book of insurrection, inasmuch as it advocated, under the construction he puts upon it, extreme notions of slavery, and had been endorsed by complimentary notices in the leading Democratic papers of the Union. The parallel between the two books is preposterous. "Black Diamonds" never was adopted by Democratic members of Congress as a campaign document, and never was commended by Southern Democratic papers except on literary grounds, as the notices read at the clerk's desk show.

In alluding to references made in the Black Diamonds work to Southern enterprises in the direction of tropical America, Mr. Farnesworth, with frequent repetition and with triumphant air, compared the so-called raid of Walker into Nicaragua with the incursion of Old Brown into Virginia, and called upon Democratic members to point out a distinction in the moral aspects of the two expeditions. This question was propounded on the Black Republican side of the House, again and again, with a sort of a triumphant effect; and it was mortifying to see that those members, who had committed themselves to former condemnations of Walker's enterprise, were wholly unprepared to answer the puerile question, and again and again evaded it in the most embarrassed manner. Even conceding, for the sake of the argument, that the Walker expedition was lawless, there was no room whatever for a parallel between it and the atrocious, demon incursion of Brown into Virginia. It seems never to have occurred to any of the debaters, who were so flustered by Mr. Farnesworth's unexpected interrogatory, to make the simple, obvious and triumphant answer that we were living in a Union, and under obligations of confederate faith that make peace between the States the paramount object of law, honor and patriotism.

By the way, speaking of the Helper Book, I understand that a copy is extant, which was found among Ossawatomie Brown's pikes, containing the annotations of the immortal hero of Harper's Ferry; and that this precious relic is to be exhibited in Congress. Indeed the Helper Book, without the annotations, is considered so much of a curiosity that, as I understand, orders for it from the South are pouring in upon the Northern booksellers. Letters here say that a number of persons in North Carolina have been indicted for circulating the sanguinary book of their countryman.

Judge Douglas was in the House on Monday, receiving the congratulations of his many friends upon his restoration to health. Near by him, interchanging salutations with the members of the House, was the robust, jolly-looking, good-natured Secretary of the Treasury, the implacable opponent of the Little Giant. It was noticed that the Secretary and the Senator did not salute each other. The war between the Administration and Douglas penetrates the social circle, and is now regarded personal as well as political.

The Hon. Charles James Faulkner, of Virginia, has been tendered the mission to France. The nomination will be sent to the Senate next Wednesday. Mr. Faulkner is peculiarly fitted for the place, and will reflect credit upon the appointment. He is a French scholar.

Francis J. Guind has been appointed, it is said, Consul to Havre.

Mr. Rust, of Arkansas, made to-day a bold speech in the House, taking ground against unlawful expeditions against Nicaragua, and the revival of the African slave trade. He also declared his opposition to any effort to extend slavery north of 36° 30', believing that it would not be practical to do so, as soil and climate did not favor it. He was in favor of its expansion along the Gulf, in Mexico, when that country might be acquired by the United States. He would not himself vote for the admission of a slave State, where a triumph for the South would be a mere nominal one, without any corresponding decrease of practical slave States. I have called this a bold speech, because it is so regarded by Southern members. Its philosophy being unanswerable, the expediency of its utterance is only questionable. Mr. Rust, however, has no concealments to yield to expediency.

X.

Winter Silks Cheap.—Messrs. Keegan & McCann, 114 Canal street, this morning make an announcement likely to create a sensation among the lady readers of the Crescent, for they advertise that on and after to-day they will sell out their entire splendid stock of winter silks below cost, in order to make room for the magnificent stock of spring goods which they will soon put in. Some of the prices are given, and the figures are taking, and no mistake. Ladies, improve the occasion.

Selling Out Fall Goods.—To-day, 9th instant, Mrs. J. Silliman commences the sale of the balance of her choice stock of fall goods at reduced prices. The French millinery and fancy goods will go at fifty per cent. less than the cost of importation, and much will go at even a less price than these remarkably low figures. Her cloak goods, silks, laces, bonnets, and straw goods, are all put down to extraordinary figures, as the ladies will find; and the attention of all our readers is directed to Mrs. Silliman's advertisement.

Dolbear Commercial College of the City of New Orleans.—In the Story Building, corner Camp and Common streets. Young men in want of good situations should remember that first class qualifications are always in demand, and that the above mentioned time-honored home institution is devoted exclusively to imparting those qualifications. See advertisement.

Messrs. Julian Neville & Co., auctioneers, would call attention to their extensive catalogue sale of choice wines, which takes place to-day at 11 o'clock, at No. 11 Commercial Place. Parties wishing to replenish their stock will find in this list some of the rarest wines ever offered at auction, comprising very choice Deperet claret, sherries, burgundy, hock of the vintage of 1800, champagne of the most favorite brands, sparkling hock, and in fact every variety to tempt the palate of wine drinkers, as nearly the whole stock was selected by the best judges. The sale is positively without reserve. Catalogues can be obtained at the office of the auctioneers.

Malaga Fruit, Nuts, etc.—Messrs. A. F. Cochran & Hall, 13 New Levee and 11 Fulton streets, have now on hand, as usual, one of the largest and most complete stocks of Lemons, raisins, new prunes, Zante currants, s. s. almonds, new Smyrna figs, dates, Canton ginger, large Texas pecans, Brazil nuts, walnuts, filberts, shelled almonds and canary seed, in the market. We direct the attention of the trade and of purchasers generally to their advertisement.

The Braman & Co. Sewing Machine.—We refer to the advertisement of this machine, which is said to be an admirable article, working rapidly, doing strong work, making a handsome seam, being simple in make and operation and ornamental in appearance. It is a machine which will quilt, stitch, hem, gather, fell and embroider. The office and salesroom is at 90 Camp street. See advertisement of W. E. Braman & Co., and G. J. Forester.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Hotel Keepers are referred to the advertisement of W. M. Burruss & Co., 12 Gravier street, who have in store and now landing from several vessels a very heavy stock of choice family Goshen butter.

Steam Whistles, engineers' gongs, Sutter's locomotive balances, etc., are for sale by D. C. Lowber & Co., 73 Camp street. See advertisement.