New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 23, 1860.

DECEASE OF COL. WM. S. CAMPBELL.

This gentleman, so well known in our community and throughout the Southwest, and universally esteemed wherever known for his many estimable qualities of head and heart, departed this life on Saturday morning last. He was found dead in his bed; and it is supposed that an affection of the heart, which severe bodily disease he previously suffered and endured with manly fortitude, had given fatal virulence to, was the cause of his unexpected taking off. The evening previous he had conversed genially with friends who had called upon him, as was his wont, and was, although enfeebled by sickness, the life and soul of the party. When his friends left him, all were encouraged because of the excellent flow of spirits which had animated him. The sad result, which blasted many joyous hopes, is written down.

William S. Campbell was no ordinary man, mentally or socially considered. He would have made his mark in any community, as he did in this; and, had the opportunity presented itself, he would have shown himself equal to almost any emergency. He was most happily endowed. With a brain capable of comprehending and mastering projects of the largest moment and greatest usefulness—a mind richly stored with education and the invaluable lessons experience always teaches men blessed with practical, sound sense—he was fortunate in being the possessor of a rare fund of wit and humor, which, while it never wounded the most sensitive, invariably pleased and delighted. With equal facility, he could explain the details and workings of a railroad project, or any other enterprise of public improvement, involving the outlay of millions, and with unequalled sagacity point out its general advantages or go into the minutest description, or put a festive board into a condition of unqualified merriment, diffusing pleasure all around. He possessed, in beautiful and munificent combination, the rare qualities of being eminently useful to the community in all practical undertakings—for he was the most practical among the practical when matters of importance claimed his attention—and of being a source of pleasure to his friends, as well as a center of admiration to all who enjoyed the pleasure of even a casual acquaintance.

Col. Campbell, we believe, came to the State of Louisiana, from North Carolina, about twenty years ago. Since then he has filled many public positions, with honor to himself and usefulness to the community. He has been a member of the City Council, and of the Legislature of the Commonwealth, many terms. In each and every public position he has occupied, he has acquitted himself as became an enterprising citizen, a faithful custodian of the trusts confided to his keeping, as a man of enlarged views, and as a legislator, whether acting in a municipal or State capacity, who sought to develope the resources of the metropolis of which he was a resident, as well as of the State of which it is the commercial and financial pride.

In both these respects he was eminently successful. The city of New Orleans owes much to his enterprise, as does also the State of Louisiana. He was the mainspring of our railroad system, which has already done much for us, and which will, in a few brief years, do so much more. He bent his whole energies, and exercised every influence he could command, both by pen and speech, to carry out the plan which has resulted in the construction of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern, and New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroads. He was so much devoted to the cause of developing the magnificent resources of the State, by a well devised system of railways, that he seemed almost gifted with the power of ubiquity. Wherever an objection was raised, he was there to explain and refute it. Wherever a failure was apprehended, he was on hand with a remedy. In the City Council he encouraged the timid, strengthened the vacillating, and made all things clear to the comprehension of the uninformed. In the Legislature, at Baton Rouge, he performed the same good work; and it was as much owing to his ability, energy and indomitable perseverance, as it was to the real merits of the enterprises, that the Legislature was induced to extend the aid of the State to railroads, and thus place beyond the possibility of failure, our splendid system of internal improvement now in auspicious progress to final completion. When our railroads are finished, and when we begin to enjoy in full fruition the mighty benefits bound to flow therefrom, let the name of William S. Campbell be borne in grateful remembrance.

We regard the loss of such a man as loss to the public—as a serious calamity to the Commonwealth. We know of none who can take and fill his place, as he filled it. He was faithful to his trusts—skillful, scientific and laborious in everything he undertook—and was as true as truth to his friends. Among the latter we claim the privilege of ranking ourselves, although it is a very melancholy satisfaction. And while we throw this imperfect flower upon his newly made tomb, we can only add—God bless his soul.

His funeral, which took place yesterday morning, was one of the largest and most imposing ever seen in the city. It showed the strong hold he had upon our citizens, and was a fitting tribute to his public worth and private excellence.

[COMMUNICATED.]

WOMAN'S MARRIAGE.—To marry one man, while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, kindness and truth. It involves giving that to legal right which is guilty and shameful when given to anything but reciprocal affection. It involves double treachery and a cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting and soiling the soul of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disenchantment of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom, soulless beauty, and the hush, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception at home and abroad, by day and night, at our down-sitting and our up-rising; deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, degrading, unrewarded life. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a deeper sin upon her soul, or one more certain to bring down a fearful expiation. For a woman, in very truth, this is a sin against the Holy Ghost—the sin unto death—the sin which casts a terrible darkness over both worlds.

REAL LACES, EMBROIDERIES AND PARIS MILLINERY.—We ask the attention of all ourladyy readers to the advertisement of Mrs. Garner, 107 and 109 Canal street, who is now offering for sale a remarkably elegant stock of Brussels point lace sets and Blackchantilly lace points. These goods are of the most desirable character, being very beautiful and very stylish. Mrs. Turner's assortment of embroideries, cloaks, bonnets, polkas and opera cloaks, Paris made bonnets, bridal bonnets, head dresses, flowers, ribbons and feathers is full and selected with all the care and experience which long familiarity with the business enabled her to exercise. She promptest attention to dressmaking is given at this establishment, and it is done in the most tasteful and stylish manner.

NEW PUBLICATIONS AT WHITE'S.—Mr. Thomas L. White, bookseller, 105 Canal street, is in receipt of various attractive new publications, among them being the great American Almanac for 1860; "The Wide World," a very elegant and readable volume; "Life of Columbus" for children; "Christian Believing and Living," and "The Story of a Samaritan," all of which are well worthy attention. See Mr. W.'s advertisement.

CANAL STREET FANCY AND FAMILY GROCERY.—Messrs. J. T. Farrington & Co., of the Canal street fancy and family grocery, are constantly receiving such additions of choice groceries as are necessary to keep their stock full and ready for all demands of their large circle of customers. The Canal street grocery, at No. 182, is something elegant in the way of a grocery, being as nice and cleanly as a dry goods store, so that ladies can shop for wet goods as well. See advertisement.

DOLHEAR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, in that elegant structure known as the "Story Building," corner of Camp and Common streets, is daily receiving new students. All who desire to become business men are referred to this time honored home institution.

FOR MEMPHIS.—The Memphis and New Orleans packet line mail steamer Ingomar, Captain J. D. Clarke, leaves this evening at 5 o'clock, commencing with the Memphis and Charleston and Memphis and Olde railroads for all points North, East and West, and with line mail steamers for Louisville and St. Louis. For through tickets, apply to J. H. Fenlon, agent, Memphis packet office, under St. Charles Hotel.

THE LATE BALLS.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—The first of the Young Men's Society balls came off at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday night. For the first ball of a series, it was very handsomely attended; the lady attendance comprising, as is usual at these balls, representatives of the loveliness and fashion of all the four quarters of the city. The managers were up to the mark in everything, and still further ratified the good feeling won by the ability and taste of their management in years past. The lads and lasses buckled to with a will, and the dance went off gloriously.

We noticed one thing (for we were there, of course) which at the moment we thought was hardly the thing for a genteel ball. A nice-looking little gentleman in spectacles balancing down the saloon in a waltz, side by side with his partner, swayed his body from side to side as he hopped, whilst his left hand, resting behind him, played with and flirted the tail of his swallow-tailed coat, the effect being at once to display the symmetry of his nether proportions, and to give him the appearance of a bird hopping along. We inquired about it, and were told that the gentleman was a Spaniard from Cuba, and that that was one of the fashionable ways of dancing they had in the ever-faithful isle. We are of opinion that none but dancing-masters should have the privilege of introducing new touches at fashionable public balls.

The second ball of this popular series will take place on the 3d proximo, when another gay time may be looked for.

SONS OF LOUISIANA.—The second ball of the series gotten up by the Benevolent Association of the Sons of Louisiana came off at Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday night. This was a largely attended and splendid affair. Mr. President DeLabarre and Mr. Secretary Larose headed the management, and, with the aid of the other officers and members of the Association, and of the bewitching array of the daughters of Louisiana who were there, had the satisfaction of getting off one of the most delightful reunions of the present season.

The great majority of the belles and beaux were from the Third District—the gay and gallant Old Third; and if there be any who fancy that there are not handsome men and bewitching women in that end of the city, that fancy would not remain one moment after seeing such an assemblage as that which filled Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday night. The Creole girls, always conceded to be unrivaled in their personal beauty as well as in their taste of dress, were present this time in a galaxy which was entirely bewitching, and which fairly flooded the hall with its beauty and loveliness. We repeat what we have said before, and that is, that the daughters of New Orleans can safely challenge the world to produce their equals in beauty and in tasteful costume. "Give a Creole girl a bit of muslin and a ribbon, and she'll make herself look like an angel," is an old and true saying, which we offer here for the fine compliment it contains. Whether they dress in muslin or in silk, the exquisite cut and fit of the dress, the nice adaptation of colors to complexion, and the harmony of the pattern with the contour and stature of the wearer are still the same; so that when a lot of these young ladies get together, it is difficult to avoid associating them with the angels, or considering them as such. At this ball of which we speak, we could have selected fifty or a hundred young ladies, each in herself a perfect and beautiful picture to look at—a poem to read—a sweet puzzle to study and adore.

After what we have said, it is needless to tell how the dance sped, or how delightfully the golden hours flew by, or what a regret it was when, toward morning, the last dance was danced, and the fiddlers hung up their fiddles and their bows. The Sons of Louisiana have certainly inaugurated a most superb series of festivities. Their next ball will take place on the 4th proximo; and we can promise that it will be a still more largely attended and delightful affair than the last.

DEATH OF COL. ROBERT BUTLER.

We are pained to hear of the death of Colonel Robert Butler, (who was General Jackson's Assistant Adjutant-General at the battle of New Orleans) which occurred quite recently at his plantation, on Lake Jackson, near Tallahassee, Fla., where he had been residing for more than a quarter of a century. We have heard none of the particulars of the veteran's death, but understood it took place unexpectedly. Though he had reached a ripe age, he generally enjoyed good health, and his family and friends looked forward to many years of life and usefulness as in store for him.

By a numerous circle of relatives and friends Col. Butler's death will be deeply grieved. No man in Middle Florida, perhaps, was more universally loved and respected by his fellow-citizens than he; and no stranger ever visited that part of the State without partaking of the princely hospitality which he dispensed with the elegance of an old-time Tennessee gentleman, at his beautiful place on the lake. In that region, the name of Butler is the synonym of manly generosity, chivalrous courage and unswerving honor. Going there among the pioneers, he witnessed the country grow up around him, and set a proud example to successive generations of true dignity and uprightness.

Col. Butler was, we believe, a connection of the Jackson family. From President Jackson he received a Federal appointment in Florida, and served as Surveyor-General of the State, with some interruptions, as late as 1842. He was a man of immense stature, and of late years had become quite corpulent. In temper he was genial, and fond of society. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to gather his children and grandchildren around him in his mansion, and witness their dancing and festivities. He was also a great reader, and kept well up with the current literature and politics of the day; and, besides, amused himself occasionally by composing verses, some of which were remarkably clever. He died possessed of considerable wealth. Taken all in all, he was a whole-souled old gentleman, the like of whom can seldom be met in one's pilgrimage through life. Thousands of friends, scattered over the earth, will feel a pang on learning of his death.

The New York "Tribune" and Southern Dissatisfaction.

Probably the most inveterate, dangerous and unscrupulous foe to the South, her people, and her institutions, is Greeley, of the Tribune. He is made of just the timber for a fanatic; but unlike with that character the avarice of a true Yankee, and the conscienceless cunning of a Washington lobby politician. For twenty years Greeley has been traducing the South, and the countless number of barren women and emasculated men in New England, who draw their literary pabulum from the columns of his paper, have very naturally been converted to his way of thinking concerning Southern people, and have their withered hearts and dyspeptic stomachs consumed by hatred towards their brethren in the slave states, who never have done them anything but good, merely because they have been taught in the Tribune that such was their duty as enlightened men and Christian women.

Having pretty well succeeded in disseminating at the North hatred of the South, and thereby warmed into existence hosts of proselytes, Greeley now seems to have determined to persuade his Abolition disciples that the Southern people are only to be despised; being a race of cowards, too degenerate to defend themselves against aggression, and too weak to repel the slightest attack. Of course he is a man of too much information to adhere to such ridiculous notions himself. But that does not hinder him from systematically inculcating such ideas; and he evidently does so with an ulterior and infamous motive. Greeley and his Abolition confederates wish to drive the South out of the Union. The practical sense and sound notions of conservative statesmen have always proved a fatal obstacle to the radical fanaticism and wild theories of the half-mad New England philanthropists. The ballast from the slave section of the Union has alone kept the ship of State from being carried away into the absurdities of rabid Republicanism, Socialism, or some other destructive "ism," to some one of which the Northern mind seems invariably to tend. Hence, men of Greeley's stripe have been restive under the wholesome restraint of Southern statesmen. And, as a first step towards carrying into effect their utopian notions, they desire to dissolve the Union, and thus end a partnership with men whose good sense is not to be clouded by ridiculous enthusiasm, and whose cool judgments cannot be taken by storm by the empty menaces of fanatical excitement.

In furtherance of the infamous plan we have indicated above, the Tribune publishes daily the most unfounded statements of the condition and resources of the South; and interspersed its articles with insulting sneers at the slave section, her citizens and institutions. It treats the indignation throughout the South, called forth by the raid of Brown, as only entitled to contempt. It laughs at the fears of the best men in the country, that a dissolution of the Union is impending, and declares that the South cannot, and will not secede—"that she cannot be kicked out of the Union;" and, in short, leaves no stone unturned in the work of encouraging the Northern fanatics in their insane crusade against the South, by deceiving them into the belief that such can be carried on with impunity. We fear, unless some means be taken to counteract the pernicious influence of the Tribune, that its traitorous conductor will achieve the end he has in view.

Nobody can survey the political horizon without being aware of the presence of threatening clouds. If this Confederacy is to be preserved in its integrity for ten years longer, there must be a total revolution in the minds of the Northern people with respect to Southern rights and Southern people. Abolition aggressions have been carried as far as it is possible for the South to permit. Another inch in advance, and the South *must resist*—she cannot help herself. This fact should be carried home to the Northern people, and they should be made to comprehend how wofully they are being deceived when they put confidence in the Tribune, or any other treacherous print, which asserts that there is no danger. Those papers that talk thus are not honest. They are striving for an aim, and that aim is, the disruption of the Union.

Wholesale Slaughter of Northern Operatives.

As the particulars of the late horrible disaster at Lawrence, Massachusetts, are brought to light, we are more and more impressed with the criminality of the proprietors of the Pemberton Mills. It seems that the building, in which were habitually employed about one thousand girls, when put up some six years ago, was universally considered unsafe. Before the machinery could be put in, numbers of iron braces and anchors had to be used to make the thin and rickety walls stand up at all, and even then, everybody regarded the structure as extremely perilous. Notwithstanding this knowledge, the proprietors crowded it with young girls—many of whom were the sole support of aged mothers, or of infant sisters and brothers—and permitted them to labor on, day after day, in the very jaws of a horrible death, which finally swallowed up two or three hundred of them! But what cared those rich proprietors? The poor girls were but *operatives*—portions of the machinery of the Pemberton Mills. As long as they were in "good order," and able to "run," they were useful—but when sick, or wearied, or *crushed*, or *burnt*, only fit to be thrown aside to make room for new and more efficient substitutes—with about as much thought for their after fate as is bestowed upon a broken wheel in a power-loom, or a damaged arm in a spinning-jenny. In the strife between labor and capital in Massachusetts, labor has to endure what a Southern slave is never made acquainted with, even by hearsay. To find food to eat, and protection against the frost of winter, young girls must learn to live calmly and sit at their looms without terror, while death in his most horrible aspect, with mangled forms and scorched flesh, is continually peering through the crevices in the crazy walls of the "factory."

We are glad to see that some of the Northern papers are calling attention to the inconsistency of those people who, permitting the wholesale slaughter of their own sisters and friends at home, are pretendedly horrified at the cruelties of Southern masters to their slaves! The following article is from the New-York Herald, and it contains some wholesome truths for Yankee digestion:

The shocking catastrophe which occurred at the manufacturing town of Lawrence, Massachusetts, by the falling of the Pemberton Mills, will strike every humane mind with horror. There is a circumstance in connection with calamities of this kind which at once suggests itself as illustrative of the difference between the labor system at the North and South. No such accident as this, with its appalling and reckless sacrifice of human life, ever occurs at the South. There the lives and comforts of the colored operatives are sacredly cared for, while in the manufacturing towns of the North the poor white operatives are ruthlessly exposed to dangers and misfortunes of all kinds. The stockholders of our Northern manufacturing companies have no consideration for their operatives, except to get the most work they can out of them; and they care not whether they are hurried to a frightful death by the falling of an insecure building, or whether they perish miserably and forlorn in a poor-house when they can no longer be rendered valuable in the factory. Probably the lately destroyed mills at Lawrence were insured; if so, what matters it to the company that some hundreds of unfortunate white operatives met a cruel death, and hundreds more are maimed and mutilated for life? They can get plenty more hands to work their mills when they are reconstructed. Such is the heartless system of our Northern manufacturing towns.

But in the South, how different the condition of the colored operatives! No one ever hears of six or seven hundred of them being exposed to the danger of a horrible death, in an unsafe building, by their masters; their lives are too precious and their labor too valuable. They are well cared for in their helpless youth, well fed and clothed, and their health scrupulously attended to in their maturity, and kindly nourished in their old age and decrepitude, thus presenting a strong contrast to the fate of the poor white operatives in the Eastern and Northern States, for whom their masters never entertain the commonest feelings of humanity. Yet to just such a fate our fanatics and false philanthropists of the North would reduce the colored operatives of the Southern plantations.

ALFRED MUNROE & CO.'S GREAT ANNUAL SALE OF CLOTHING.—Messrs. Alfred Munroe & Co., of the great clothing store in the Story Building, here, is now—now with their customers, commenced their great annual sale, for which they have marked down every article of their vast stock in the clothing and furnishing goods line, as it must all be peremptorily closed off to make room for their receipts of spring clothing, and in order that they may commence their next winter's business with an entirely new stock, as usual, and with no old goods and old styles on their hands. Now, then, is the time to buy excellent and fashionable clothing very cheap, and we presume that the opportunity will be improved by the rush of customers to this popular emporium to a greater than ever. We ask the attention of all readers, including parents who have made responsibilities to provide with clothing, to the advertisement of Messrs. A. M. & Co., which speaks for itself.

RICH PAPIER MACHE GOODS, in great variety and of very elegant patterns and exquisite finish, have just been received from Europe by Mr. B. Piffet, 122 Canal street. These goods are of the most delicate and diversity of uses to which art is putting this beautiful material, and the very latest fancies and inventions are comprised among the new and very beautiful articles just received by Mr. Piffet, from the most celebrated and artistic manufacturers of the old world. We direct attention to his advertisement.

CHOICE WINES, BRANDIES, ETC.—John M. BUTTOW, 27 Gravier street, offers for sale in store or bond a great stock of Cognac and Bordeaux brandies, sherry wines of the topaz, amontillado and xaltmer brands, madeira wines, Sicily and Lisbon madeira, port wines and sparkling wines, including champagne of favorite brands, burgundy and hock wines, claret and white wines, Jamaica and St. Croix rum, Scotch whisky, Bourbon and rye whiskey. We solicit the attention of the trade to Mr. B.'s advertisement.

FRESH CANTON MATTING AND CARPET GOODS.—Messrs. J. D. Dameron & Co., carpet dealers, 124 Canal street, are now receiving large additions to their extensive stock, in the way of new Canton matting of varied qualities, floor oil cloth of assorted patterns, window shades and cornices of all styles and qualities, curtain goods, table and piano covers, etc. The stock of these dealers is well known for its excellence and extent, and should be inspected by householders who want anything in their line. See advertisement.

WHISKY, WINE, PORTER AND PORT.—Mr. S. Wolff, corner of Gravier and New Levee streets, offers for sale old Bourbon whisky, Benfield & Co.'s sparkling moselle, London stout and old imperial port. See advertisement.

MEDICAL AND ORNAMENTAL.—Messrs. J. Wright & Co., the great medicine dealers, 21 and 151 Chartres street, advertise this morning Wistar's Canadian Vermifuge for worms, James' Lily White for the complexion, Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar for coughs, and Dailey's Magical Pain Extractor for wounds, burns, etc.

TO COTTON PLANTERS.—Messrs. Vose & West, 119 and 121 Magazine street, between Lafayette and Girod streets, advertise that the famous cotton seed huller and grist mill combined may be seen in operation at their store. It is a great machine.

SLATES.—Mr. J. B. BROWN, No. 6 Union street, offers for sale, in lots to suit purchasers, eighty thousand best quality Welch slates. See advertisement.

Local Intelligence.

YESTERDAY.—Yesterday was one of those beautiful and delightful Southern Sabbaths which exhilarates a population and sets it rolling.

The morning markets, the mid-day churches, the afternoon promenades and drives, and the nocturnal precincts of gaiety, were the four grand divisions of the day's panorama, each and all ruddy with the *coleur du rose* of health and happiness. Everybody seemed to be out and moving around, everywhere.

Our usual pilgrimage after special items for Monday's Crescent was barren indeed; but we shed no tears about it. At the police offices nothing offered, saving the usual sprinkling of unhappy enthusiasts who will insist upon endeavoring to carry more whisky than they can hold.

That last, best, and favorite Mecca of desperate item-hunters, the Coroner's office, was as barren of horror as the police-offices. We found the old fatal slate on the door-post, clean and shining, as though the contagion of pleasure, spread by the gay crowds who flocked to Jackson Square, had inspired it to brighten up and enjoy the Sunday too. As we stood pensively at the door, wondering whether or not Mr. Coroner Beach or Mr. Deputy Soraparu would soon heave in sight, two peach-faced servant girls came along, dressed to kill, their skirts overspreading the entire banquette; and each carried a little cherub of pinkish-looking putty, smothered up in lace frills, cashmere and embroidery. The sight aroused our poetic "feelinks," and we immediately turned about and assaulted the Corner's unoffending slate as follows:

"Oh, Doctor Beach,
If I could but reach
The sight of your visage so gay,
Faith, I wouldn't be slow
In just wanting to know,
Have you held any inquests to-day."

There must have been some little poetry in the above rhyme; for when we came along, at a later hour, we found our "pome" expunged, and in its place the following brief but eloquent response, in the well known "fist" of Mr. Deputy Soraparu:

"What have I to say? Nothing! The good people of New Orleans have been very quiet this week. Not a word for the reporters. Hail, New Orleans.

That's so. There being no pistoloric bang! to distract the police and the Coroner and the reporters, we all shout, *bon!*

DEATH OF A PRINTER.—Saturday's papers advertised the death of Mr. David R. Frazier, in the 30th year of his age.

The deceased was a printer, and for a long time worked in this office. He was a man of many good qualities, chiefest of which was his invariable good humor and his disposition to fun and geniality. For this in particular he was liked by everybody who knew him. His humor, several years since, took a dramatic turn, and many who never knew him otherwise will remember how successfully he performed in low comedy with John Owens, at the Varieties theater, when Owens had his first engagement there. After that engagement, Frazier returned to his printing, and continued at it till his failing health required him to quit. The death of his wife, leaving three little little children on his hands, was the beginning of his sorrow. Each month within the last year found him thinner, and paler, and weaker; and though he well knew he was in the toils of the insidious destroyer, his calm, good humor beamed in his face to the last, and he walked on to his death just as calmly as ever he walked to his daily work. When a man knows that he is dying, and makes no complaint or gloom about it, you may depend upon it that a good man is going.

A few weeks since, we met Frazier on the street, stepping feebly along, but evidently enjoying his walk, for the weather was pretty. The usual smile was on his face as he stopped to speak to us. "Well, Dave," we asked, "how are you getting on, now?" He replied, jocularly, "Oh, I'm getting on, finely. I'll soon be there." A movement of the hand explained that "there" meant the graveyard. "Pshaw, what's the use of talking that way?" we said. Said he, "What's the use of *you* talking that way? You know it, and *I* know it; and when I go out, I want you to come along—it will be a free ride for you." In his quaint, good-humored way, he invited us to attend his funeral, soon to take place.

His last words, it is said, were in the way of a good-humored joke. He was lying on his bed, comfortable and cheerful, and when he spoke, none had an idea his departure was so near. He was left alone in the room for a few moments; and when the attendant returned, he had gone to sleep—his last sleep.

He was buried on Saturday evening, by his brother printers of the Typographical Union, a large number of whom turned out and joined with the other friends and the relatives of the deceased in paying the last honors of earth. Religious service was had, and the body was laid away in the tomb of the Typographical Union, in Greenwood Cemetery. The little orphans left behind have kind relatives, who will be the same as parents to them.

THE MERRY TRIP OF THE MAGNOLIA.—They had a lively, and highly interesting time of it on board the steamship Magnolia, which arrived at this port from Havana and the Florida ports a day or two since.

ATSE. Marks, several planters took passage with their slaves and other valuables, to come westward and try the new and unbroken lands of Western Louisiana and Texas. The negroes, altogether numbered about five hundred. The sight of such a crowd of darkies must have aroused governmental suspicion; for during her trip along the coast, the Magnolia was subjected to all sorts of annoyance, the news having gone on in advance of her. At one place a revenue cutter brought her to, and she was boarded and the negroes closely examined. At Apalachicola and Pensacola she was boarded by the Custom-House officers, who seemed to have made up their minds that the negroes were freshly imported Africans, smuggled into Florida, and now being resmuggled away to the wilds of Louisiana and Texas. Their abruptness of manner and the severity of their inspection of the negroes was actually insulting, not only to the owners of the negroes, but to the officers of the vessel. They, however, had to retire quietly, and were left to wonder who had got off such a sell upon them.

This, however, was not all the excitement of the trip. On board was a young runaway lady, who was stoutly claimed by two devoted young gentlemen. The circumstances, as detailed to us, were these: One of the gentlemen, a well-known coffeehouse keeper and balloonist of this city, was prospecting through Florida, to feel the state of the public pulse on the balloon question. Whilst he was at Tallahassee, it happened that a runaway couple came to the town to get married. The bridegroom that was to be went around with his friends, got drunk, forgot his sweetheart and left town. The girl was in the greatest distress, having neither money nor friends. Our gallant Orleanian, hearing of this, went to her, offered her his assistance, and got along so well with her, that she finally consented to travel with him and make balloon ascensions with him. He brought her down to St. Marks, and together they took passage on the Magnolia for this city. So far, all well.

But it happened, that just as the Magnolia was leaving, the express train from Tallahassee arrived, and among the passengers was the lover who had deserted his love so mysteriously. He had got sober, discovered how meanly he had acted, found out which way his mistress had gone, and followed in frantic pursuit. He took a boat and reached the steamship, just as she had begun to move off, thus securing his passage by the skin of his teeth. Of course he soon found his dulcinea, and proposed to take her under his protection. But the balloon man refused to give her up; said she had accepted his aid and protection, and was traveling with him. Anything but give her up.

The state of the case becoming known among the other passengers, some of them meddled in the matter, and took sides with the first lover. The matter grew hot, and finally a grand fancy dance took place. There was some smashing of noses, pulling of hair, knocking down, dragging around, and other little doings calculated to add spice to the flavor of the trip. Whether the balloon man had anything to do with it or not, is not known; but as he is known to be good with his mauleys, and still had the girl in his possession after the fight, it is to be presumed that he did not stand an idle looker-on. The case was reduced to its original footing, by the whaling of the meddlers. That is, the balloon man kept the girl, and the country lover kept fussing around, determined not to resign his little prepossession upon the young lady.

The Captain of the ship at last felt it his duty to take some steps in the matter. He asked the two men if they would leave it to the girl to decide who she would cling to. They agreed. The Captain went to the girl and asked her the question. She named her first lover. This gentleman threw up his hat, and his joy spread to all except the balloon man, who it may well be imagined could not relish such a change of affairs. So matters stood until the steamship arrived at Pensacola. The Captain, seeing that the balloon man was morose and ill-natured, and fearing that he might take an early opportunity of playing some trick upon, or interfering in some way with the prospects of the happy couple, suggested to the latter the propriety of getting married without delay. They agreed. The ship laid to at Pensacola some hours; and during this time a minister, having been sent for, came on board, and formally pronounced the lovers man and wife.

In honor of the event, that evening the Captain gave a special and splendid supper, to which none were invited save such as he and the happy couple might select. One bad thing about it was this: our friend, the balloon man, the discarded protector of the girl, was not invited. And a still worse thing was, that the bride, having eloped in plain clothes, had no bridal wardrobe, and so got married and presided at the supper in a fancy dress which the balloon man had given her, to wear whenever she should make a balloon ascension with him; a dress all covered with spangles, and stars and stripes, giving her the character of the Goddess of Liberty. It is said that, being a pretty girl, this dress became her as a bride won derfully; and it may be guessed what a sensation the aeronaut would have made with her, in his professional way, had she only stuck to him.

It was treating him cruelly thus to desert him, get married under his very nose, in a dress he had given her, and then refuse to invite him to the wedding supper! But he bore it philosophically. Only next day he went to the husband, and presented him a bill for the value of the dress his bride had on. The husband swore he'd be d—d if he'd pay it. The aeronaut swore he'd be d—d if he would'nt *have* to pay it; but he was'nt going to raise a fuss about it on board the ship.

As the parties all came to this city together, and as no row has since been heard of among them, it is to be presumed that the happy bridegroom settled for the dress or restored it, and that the whole matter has been amicably arranged.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES.—St. Louis Cathedral yesterday morning was jammed in every part; the public anxiety being great to witness the solemn and imposing ceremony of consecrating two candidates for priestly honors. The Right Rev. Archbishop of this diocese, and representatives of the Catholic clergy from other States, were present, and the occasion was one of great interest. The different Catholic benevolent societies, with their regalia and banners, swelled the multitude in the Cathedral; and after the conclusion of the ceremonies, these societies formed in procession, and with their music and banners marched through the principal streets. The procession was five or six squares long, and made a most imposing appearance.

FEMALE RECEIVER ARRESTED.—Mrs. Patton, proprietress of a grocery at the corner of Villere street and Carondelet Walk, was arrested on Saturday, charged with receiving four barrels of flour, which had been stolen from the levee. Officer Malloy made the arrest, having, as the police say, "got the dead wood on her." Three barrels of the flour were found and identified in the back yard, and the fourth had been sold. Mrs. P. tried to bribe the officer, when she found that he was after not only the flour, but herself also. She will make her curtsy to Recorder Summers this morning.

Tute, slave of Berry, was yesterday arrested by the same officer, as the thief who stole the flour.

Tute seems to be a desperate villain of a darkey. When Malloy found him, he was gambling on the levee with some other negroes. He told the officer to mind his own business, and refused to answer any questions. When the officer put hands upon him, he sprang up, gave the officer a polt in the breast which sent him head over heels, and ran. Malloy and others were soon after him. He ran out Poydras street, turned up Fulton, bolted into and through an eating-house, leaped a fence, came out on Front street, and was about repeating his circuit, when he was headed off, seized and nipped. He knocked down several white men in his mad flight.

SUIT FOR INSURANCE.—A suit for $31,000, brought by Moloney Brothers against the Union and several other city insurance offices, (the amount being claimed as loss by the fire on Julia street, on the 23d of April last) has been progressing in the Fourth District Court within the last week. It will probably come to a close to-day. Messrs. Rosselius and Semmes are for the plaintiffs; and Messrs. Legardeur, Maybin, Leory & Duncan, and Pitot, for the Insurance Companies.

FIRE.—The alarm of fire on Saturday night, at midnight, was caused by the burning of a kitchen on the premises of Mr. J. Bowell, on Marais street, between Conti and Bienville. The flames were extinguished before any serious damage was done.

THE BLOW-GUN EXCITEMENT.—The Indians have been driving a brisk trade in blow-guns, or hollow canes, lately; and the prices of those articles must have fallen, for we perceive the boys all over town are using them. Yesterday, we saw some boys with their canes shooting their pin-pointed arrows at the other boys who were stealing rides behind the omnibuses, a sort of punishment for which the drivers were doubtless duly grateful. Some of the boys use the canes for speaking tubes. We saw one quietly put the end of his eight-foot shooter between the heels of an unsuspecting negro girl, and put the other end to his mouth, and then let forth a regular Maltese blast. The darkey didn't jump more than three feet high. The Indians are responsible for all the trouble and excitement that result from the use of the blow-guns.

ANOTHER FAST YOUNG MAN OFF.—The discovery that a check for $1000, cashed by the Crescent City Bank on the 9th instant, was a forgery, was discovered for the first time on Saturday. The signature of S. J. Adler, No. 42 Carondelet street, and the endorsement of John M. Lee, No. 118 Common street, were both forged. It is not known certainly who passed the check; but it is believed to have been a young man employed as a confidential clerk in one of our business houses.

ACCIDENTS.—A little German girl named Weis was run over by one of the Irwin omnibuses on Saturday evening, at the corner of Poydras and St. Charles streets. We heard that one or both of her legs were crushed. Edward McKeemer, driver of the 'bus, was arrested.

James Taylor was taken to the Charity Hospital on Saturday evening, having burnt himself rather badly by falling into a fire in a house somewhere on Ursulines street.

Mr. John C. Smith, of the United States Hotel, Third District, whilst going aboard a ship on Saturday night, accidentally fell from the staging to the deck of the ship, and came very near being fatally injured. He fell on his head, and received a stun and a strain of his neck which kept him senseless till yesterday morning. He is abed at home, and was mending last evening.

A GREAT NUISANCE.—The glut of vehicles at the Magnolia Bridge, over the New Canal, is frequently very great. The bridge being swung open to let a schooner pass, by the time it is swung to again there is an impatient crowd of drays, carts, cabs, everything, on both sides; as soon as the bridge is ready, it is rushed upon from both sides; draymen and carters meet in the middle; they have to stop; then comes a grand scene of cursing and quarreling, and sometimes fighting, before one or the other backs off. We saw a delay of this kind on Saturday. Both sides of the canal were perfectly crowded with vehicles, and it was a matter of interest to all to see who would get over the bridge first; for, from whichever side the first should get over, all the rest on that side would be bound to follow closely in a string, and thus compel the crowd on the other side to keep on waiting. On this occasion two teams met face to face on the bridge; each refused to back; the crowd on each side shouted to their man to go ahead, and there they had it. After a long and furious quarrel, the driver who found himself backed by the smallest crowd backed off the bridge. There ought to be a special officer stationed at the bridge to act as umpire in these disagreeable meetings.

At that bridge, on Saturday, Mayor Stith was waiting in his buggy to get across, when a dray-man drove into him, or rather into his buggy, smashing it rather badly and breaking a shaft, thereby spoiling his honor's prospect of a trot down the shells. The Mayor started to arrest the driver, but he deserted his dray and offered leg bail. Several persons chased him some distance, but he outran them all.

ALL ABOUT A DUBBEN.—Two hands on the steamboat E. H. Fairchild had a fight on Saturday about an old clay pipe, not worth a pinchpenny. One of them, John Glenn, was badly stabbed in one of his arms, and was sent to the Charity Hospital, almost bleeding to death before he got there. Officer Malloy arrested Barney McGuire as the man who used the knife; but Barney swears he is innocent, and that the man who did the cutting ran away. A witness of the affray was arrested and he probably will throw light on the matter at the proper time.

STABBING.—One Andrew Downey was arrested on Rampart street, First District, by officer [illegible] ming, on Saturday night, charged with having dangerously stabbed some unknown man.

VIOLENT ASSAULTS.—James McCue is to undergo examination before Recorder Summers on the 27th. The charge is, that on the 16th instant he knocked down Michael McLeary and cut him in the head and arm with a knife with intent to kill.

John and Catherine Laughrey are to be examined the same day, on the charge of having jointly beaten Mary Ann Dougherty, and knocked her down, with threats to kill.

FINED.—John Silva on Saturday refused to prosecute Francisco Silva before Recorder Long, after having charged him with stabbing with intent to kill. This refusal cost John $10.

Recorder Summers fined James Smith $25 for creating a disturbance in the Varieties theater on Friday night; and fined B. Richardson $20 for carrying concealed weapons.

BURGLARY.—A gold watch and $200 in money were stolen on Friday night from the residence of Mr. Dooley, No. 249 Tchoupitoulas street. Most of the money belonged to a poor old widow woman, who had left it with Mr. D. for safe keeping.

NAUGHTY LENA SMITH.—She was before Recorder Summers on Saturday, generally charged by all the police with being one of the worst women in town, and specially charged with having robbed the too-confiding Mr. Sackett of $170. In default of bail to appear on the 31st, Lena went to prison.

BREACH OF TRUST.—A. Blain awaits a hearing before Recorder Summers. A. Reichard charges him with robbing $14, proceeds of bills entrusted to him for collection.

IS A SHAME!—Yes, it is, that such documents as the subjoined should be flying about, when the night schools are open and free to all:

NEW ORLEANS 17 Dece 1. 59

Dear Sir—Please to cold at the corner Love and Union, war you chall received a Recep from a g. watch found at Mr. —— (Circus street.) the number of the Recepe is in my possession, as y. ave found it on the Levee, by paying the expance for my trouble to right you these few lines

F—— G——.

Union and Love, Rith and side.

THE POCKET PIECE OF JOHN JOHNS.—A comical looking and dirty young man, giving his name as John Johns, was arrested on Baronne street last evening for drunkenness. As soon as he got to the police office he entered a complaint against officer Lynn, who arrested him. He swore, with some indignation, that he was only sick, and that the officer took him up