# New Orleans Daily Crescent.

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS.

J. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 17, 1860.


AUCTION SALES THIS DAY.

B. Roger & Co. sell at 10 o'clock, at Nos. 45 and 47 Old Levee street, between Conventionne and Bienville streets, a large assortment of dry goods.

☞ Particulars in advertisements under auction heads, 5th page.

—SHERIFF'S SALES—

E. S. Parker, Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans, sells at 11 o'clock, on Magnolia street, near the corner of Josephine, groceries, furniture, etc.

☞ Particulars in advertisement on 5th page.

Missouri.—Missouri is all a-blaze for the Union ticket. The young men of St. Louis are organizing in great numbers and going into the canvass with unconquerable spirit. The evening News, after referring to the young men's movement, says:

"Is it not true, as the gifted Wright insists, that the spirit of prophecy lit up the soul of the dying Clay, when he declared in one of his last speeches that "the time would come when there would be but two parties in the country, the one for and the other against the Union—that the motto of one would be the Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws?" That party, said Mr. Clay in advance, "I shall be a member of!" And he is! If ever a noble, unselfish, triumphant and immortal spirit pervaded a party, the spirit of Clay animates and directs the noble band of young men now rallying in St. Louis, and devoting themselves to the sublime work of saving intact the Union and the Constitution of this great free government.

The Arctic Expedition.—The schooner "United States," with its little band of Arctic adventurers, sailed from Nantasket Roads on Tuesday morning about 6 o'clock, with a favorable wind. Dr. William Langshaw, Jr., of Cambridge, accepted the post of surgeon and naturalist to the expedition. He left with only three hours' notice, not even stopping to change his summer clothes. This completes the company—seventeen all told.

The Stereoscope.—Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen one thousand five hundred years ago; and that Giambatista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined pictures placed between them, that we recognize in it not only the principle but the construction of the stereoscope.

D. Ferguson, of Drumbo, C. W., offers a reward of $25 for the arrest of a person who seduced his wife and ran away with her and her three children. The seducer had whiskers under his chin, a Roman nose—very long and brandy colored; his teeth stand open, and he may be easily identified by an enormous quid of tobacco in his cheek, continually chewing.

Shocking Accident.—The little children of Mr. H. A. Rogers, living in Bourbon county, Ky., were playing with a loaded gun on the 8th inst., when it was discharged and one of them was instantly killed, another losing two fingers.

Snake Fascination.—The Narragansett Times tells the following:

While riding on the post road between Tower Hill and Kingston, our attention was suddenly attracted by the fluttering of a robin, which appeared to try "each fond endearment" to distract the attention of something. Looking over the wall the mystery was solved at once. About a rod from the first bird in such distress, raised a foot or more above the grass, we saw the head of an enormous black snake. His "arrowy tongue" was flickering back and forth—his head waved gently to and fro, and all the time his basilisk eyes glittered like little diamonds with their fatal fascination. The other robin hovered around him, flying round and round in a circle and drawing nearer and nearer every stroke of its wing, to open destruction. Our astonishment was broken by the shrill piping of the mate endeavoring to break the spell, and not without some reluctance did we interrupt the scene. The bird, joined by his faithful companion, sprang away like Noah's dove, while his snakeship angrily and sullenly crawled away to look for more ignoble game.

Suicide.—A young man named John E. Jones, from Charlottesville, Va., committed suicide in the Worsham House, Memphis, on Saturday, by shooting himself. The Bulletin gives the following account of the occurrence:

While at this house nothing unusual was observed about his manner or personal appearance, nor was anything known of his intentions of self-destruction until after the fatal deed had been committed. He partook of breakfast yesterday morning, and was shortly after observed to enter his room, where, as it appears, he made deliberate preparations for committing suicide, by locking the door on the inside, tearing into bits a large quantity of letters and papers, and we believe writing a note to some of his relatives. The inmates of the house were startled about 12 o'clock by the report of two pistols shots in Mr. Jones's room, and on breaking in the door, the unfortunate man was lying on the bed, weltering in blood which flowed from two wounds in his head, and with a Colt's repeater firmly grasped in his right hand. The shots had taken effect in each of the eyes, and passing inward lodged in the skull, from which no effort was made to extract them, as the wounds were necessarily of a fatal character. The unfortunate young man linger d in intense pain until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, when death mercifully put an end to his sufferings. The fact that fully fifteen minutes time elapsed between the discharge of the first and second shots, evidences a degree of determination on the part of the would-be suicide, which is perhaps without a parallel. Mr. Jones leaves many friends in this city, who are in total ignorance of the causes prompting him to the commission of the rash act.

Another Little Tommy.—The arrival of a Japanese nearman is announced in the San Francisco papers, as one of the passengers by the last vessel from the land of the No-Kamis. The Alta Californian says:

We were yesterday permitted, in "dreadful secrecy," to witness the opening of the box. The lid was removed, and the merman sat revealed in all its contorted hideousness. No description could do it justice; but though we despair at the outset, we will attempt it. The nearman is about three inches taller than the mermaid; he sits squatted like a superannuated digger Indian, and appears like a skinny, dried up mummy. The body, legs and arms are long and bony, and here and there appear little tufts of hair, though the body is nearly denuded of such covering. The creature is provided with hands something between the human appendage and the flippers of an otter, and terminate in three fingers and sharp claws. It appears to have been amphibious and must have propelled in the water with great swiftness. The ribs, underneath the skinny covering, are apparent and look like those of a human being. The most curious part of all is the head, which connects with the body by a narrow skinny neck, and its shape is like that of the mermaid, but out of the top of it grow two veritable horns, giving to the creature a singular appearance as he grins from between his shining rows of diminutive teeth. Little tufts of hair appear on the spot "where the hair ought to grow," and also about the ears. Had his satanic majesty ever taken it into his noddle to become a fiend incarnate, and yet preserve his identity, he could scarcely have studied out a more appropriate shape than this.

Valuable Property at Auction.—The Sheriff sells at auction this day at noon at the City Hotel, Camp street, valuable property situate on Josephine street, Fourth District. See advertisement.

Sheriff's Sale.—The Sheriff sells at auction this day, at 11 o'clock A. M., on the premises, the balance unsold of the contents of the grocery store situate on Magnolia street, near the corner of Josephine, Fourth District. Also, a lot of furniture.

Cotton Waste.—The attention of engineers is called to the advertisement of the above article, for sale by Messrs. D. C. Lowber & Co., of No. 73 Camp street.

Note Lost.—Mr. A. Warehime advertises as lost, a note for $50, signed by S. S. Jennings and endorsed by himself.

Great Sale of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods.—The particular attention of buyers is called to the large credit sale of foreign and domestic dry goods, to take place this day at 10 o'clock, at the sale room of R. Rogers & Co., Nos. 45 and 47 Old Levee street. Terms liberal at sale.

## VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It is now definitely settled that the Prince of Wales—the eldest son of Queen Victoria, and the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain—is about to visit this country. He will first come to Canada, and will then make the tour of the United States. The correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria, wherein the latter accepts the invitation to the Prince to visit this country, has already been published in the papers.

In other times the tour of the Continent was usually the mode in which the aristocracy and nobility of Great Britain wound up their education, and prepared themselves for the active duties of life. But, of late years, we note a stronger disposition to cross the Atlantic and inspect the wonders and the wilds of the New World. The facilities of travel, indeed, are so great at the present day, that one can run all over the Continent in a month or so—while, in North America, so vast and boundless, almost, is its extent, it would take several years to make a satisfactory visit and inspection of the whole country.

But it is not altogether a trip of pleasure and amusement that the Prince of Wales proposes to make in this country. The Canadas belong to Great Britain; and it is proper that he should see all the dominions of which he is to be the future ruler. In no other mode than by personal inspection can he form correct ideas of the country and the people—their ideas, their wishes and their political and social condition. It would be well if he were to extend his visit to all the colonies of Great Britain, in whatever part of the world they are to be found. It would be of service to him as the future head of the nation, and it would add to the loyalty and affection of the colonists themselves.

The Prince of Wales will travel in this country with but little state or ceremony. He will be known by the humblest of his titles—that of Lord Renfrew. He desires—and very properly—to avoid all public demonstrations, and all the noise, fuss and flummery of the "receptions" which our people are so fond of giving to noted personages. The city of New York, more particularly, is in the habit of making such an ado over distinguished characters—no matter for what they are distinguished—that his Royal Highness may well wish to escape the disagreeable attentions which the Aldermen of that city are in the habit of bestowing so officiously upon every eminent personage upon whom they can fasten their clutches.

The people of this country will not be wanting in respect for so distinguished a representative of British royalty; but it is hoped that their respect will not be of that inquisitive character that kept the Princes of the Japanese Embassy in "durance vile" in a New York hotel during the most of their stay, or of that noisy character with which they are accustomed to greet a great dancer, or a great opera singer, or a great pugilist. If the wishes of his Royal Highness be consulted—and it is in this alone that *true* politeness consists—he will be left to dispose of his time in his own way, and will be at liberty to accept or reject, as he may think proper, the private invitations to the hospitality of our people which he may receive. It is proper, however, that in Washington City he should be the guest of the President—and Mr. Buchanan, we think, has done the handsome thing in so promptly forwarding an invitation to that effect to her Majesty the Queen.

Our relations with great Britain are now of the most friendly character, and all points of dispute have been virtually adjusted. Even were this not the case, it should make no difference in our treatment and in our cordial respect of the heir of the British throne. The most of the people of this country trace their ancestry back to Great Britain. We speak the same language, and our institutions and customs are in many respects the same. The Government is, perhaps, the freest of all on the Continent of Europe. We are sure that no proper mark of respect will be lacking, on the part of the great body of the people of this country, towards the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his proposed visit.

## SENSIBLE OPINIONS.

Hon. R. A. Pryor, a member of the House of Representatives from Virginia, lately made a public speech at Charlottesville in that State, in which he made some important admissions and expressed some sensible opinions. The Charlottesville Review gives the following account of it:

On Friday night week, in Charlottesville, a serenade was gotten up in honor of Roger A. Pryor, Esq., who has been sojourning here for several days, in the discharge of his duties as Visitor of the University of Virginia. On being called out he made a handsome address, in which he frankly and candidly gave his views of the present condition of the public affairs. He said the National Democratic party had no longer an existence, that it was perfectly impotent, and so enveloped by corruption that it absolutely needed to be chastened by defeat and privation. He spoke in the highest terms of the old Whig party and its leaders, and said that he would cordially vote for Bell and Everett if he thought there was any prospect of their success, and concluded by drawing a most gloomy picture of the future. In his opinion, Lincoln's election was inevitable, and nothing was left the South but to show an undivided front to the aggressions of the foe.

On the same occasion other gentlemen made speeches, which the Review further alludes to as follows:

Mr. Wm. F. Gordon, after repeated calls, followed in the same strain, anticipating the same results. The crowd then adjourned to Hon. Shelton F. Leake's residence, who made them a short and pointed address. He paid a high tribute to the patriotism of the Union party, admitted that the Democratic party was now purely sectional and powerless, and concluded with the same ominous predictions. Mr. P. H. Aylett, another member of the Board of Visitors, was then called on, and compelled to get out of bed and address the crowd. He made a strong appeal to his party in Virginia to harmonize, but gave them no encouragement to hope for anything save temporary State success. The general tenor of the speeches of the night was the utter futility of relying on the Democratic party as a party, any longer; that it was divided on sectional grounds, and unable to defeat Lincoln.

All there are prominent and leading Democratic politicians of Virginia. Mr. Pryor, it will be seen, rising above the prejudices of party, concedes the eminent qualifications of the Union nominees, and the patriotism of those by whom they are sustained. His declaration that he would cordially support them if they offered the best prospect of defeating Lincoln, is a significant circumstance; and when he becomes convinced, as he must necessarily do before the close of the canvass, that the ticket of Bell and Everett, adopted by all the conservative Opposition, North and South, is the only one which has a chance to defeat the Black Republicans, we shall expect to receive his powerful aid in the support of our cause. To this conclusion all must come at last. When we see the representative men of the Democratic party in Virginia—a State that has never faltered in her devotion to Democracy—confessing that their party has become corrupt and demoralized, and that it is powerless to prevent the triumph of the sectionalists, it becomes the duty of every honest voter to see if there be no mode of escape. This is offered by the National Conservative ticket of Bell and Everett—and the speech of Mr. Pryor is only one of many other circumstances which go to show that it is to this ticket the people will finally look for successful defence against the common foe.

Practicians.—The editor of the Constitution says that his friends must all put their shoulders to the political wheel. Such fellows as he should be compelled to put their feet to the wheel—that sort of wheel called a tread-mill.

The Democratic National Convention was broken and it was "a bad egg." Of course the odor made decent patriots everywhere turn up their noses.

The Norfolk Gazette asks why certain Democratic rowdies at a late meeting in that city took the seats set for the ladies. No doubt they did it for the gratification of their own vile ends.

Col. North, a prominent mail agent in New York, arrested a mail robber recently and was turned out of office the next day. Before catching that particular robber, he should have gone to Washington and inquired whether it would be perfectly agreeable to the Administration.

Reports recently came by telegraph that Marshal Rynders had been turned out of office by the Administration. The removal would be a most righteous act, and of course the report of it was without foundation.

How are the people of Kentucky at this time?

[Charleston Mercury.

Pretty well, we thank you; how do you do yourself, Mercury?

## THE OPELOUSAS RAILROAD.

We publish below an interesting letter from the Chief Engineer of the New Orleans, Opelousas, and Great Western Railroad, addressed to the President of the Company, showing the importance of the extension of the road to New Iberia. We can add nothing to the clearness and force with which the views of the Chief Engineer are presented, and we can only commend them to the attentive consideration of our readers—particularly the people of the city of New Orleans. It is shown that it is only necessary to extend the Opelousas road to New Iberia, to place this city in direct railway connection with the whole system of Texas roads, radiating in every direction from Houston, and penetrating regions of country producing cotton, sugar, lumber, etc. in abundance, and capable of increasing its productiveness to almost any extent. When it is recollected that we have only forty-five miles of road to make—from Berwick's Bay to New Iberia—to connect with all the railroads of Texas, and to realize all the advantages of such a connection, the appeal for its early completion becomes irresistible. We again invite the attention of the reader to this interesting letter of Col. Bayley's:

Engineer's Office N. O., Opelousas and G. W. R. R. Co.,
New Orleans, La., July 16, 1860.

William G. Hewes, Esq., President:

*Dear Sir*—I have just returned from Texas, after having made a tour of inspection of the Texas and New Orleans Railway, and of the railways radiating from the city of Houston. In view of the great importance of the speedy completion of that portion of our road (now in construction) between our present terminus on Berwick's Bay and New Iberia, 45 miles, the following information is submitted:

The Texas and New Orleans Railway commences at New Iberia, 125 miles from New Orleans, by our line, and extends westwardly, through Louisiana, 116 miles to the Sabine river, and thence 106 to the city of Houston; total length, 222 miles.

The line through Louisiana is all under contract, and it is expected that the same will be completed by the close of next year. The Texas division is well advanced, and will be finished during the present year. Nearly one-half of it is completed and in operation already, while the grading of the other half is nearly finished, the ties on hand, and the rails, chairs and spikes on the ground.

From a personal inspection of the works in progress, and a knowledge of the energy, capacity and ability of those in charge of this great work, I am convinced of its completion in 1861 to New Iberia.

The immense importance of this great feeder to our road can hardly be over-estimated when we consider the extent of its connections in Texas.

The distance from New Orleans to Houston will be 347 miles. In Louisiana, the Texas and New Orleans Railroad traverses a country which recent developments prove is capable of producing sugar, cotton and corn abundantly, while cattle, sheep, hogs, etc., and lumber, will add largely to its business.

The Bayon Vermillion, the Tortue, Plaquemine, Brusle, Mermenton and Calcasieu will each be important sections.

The shipments of cotton for the year ending in April, 1860, from the Sabine, equaled 30,000 bales; from the Neches, 15,000 bales; Trinity river, 50,000 bales, while the production nearly doubles itself annually.

The Texas and New Orleans Railroad must do an immense way business, while it will have for its feeder the Houston and Texas railway, to extend from Houston to Dallas and Red river. The road is now completed to Navisota, 70 miles, and its receipts, in April last, nearly equaled $50,000, while the business for October, November, December and January next is estimated to reach $60,000 per month. The gross earnings for the year commencing October 1, 1860, are put at $600,000 by Mr. Groesbeeck, President, and for the year following at $1,250,000. This company will have 82½ miles finished by the 1st October next, and 125 miles by August 1, 1861. Dallas is 250 miles from Houston.

The H. and T. Central Railroad will have for its feeder the Washington County Railroad, extending from Hempstead (50 miles above Houston) to Brenham, 22 miles, into one of the richest portions of Texas. Eleven miles of this road are already completed, the grading done, with ties and rails on land for the balance, only awaiting the erection of the Brazos river bridge, now building.

From Brenham to Austin, 81 miles, the Air Line Railroad Company are now calling for proposals for construction, and as their private subscription is large, the early completion of their road is beyond doubt.

The business of the H. and T. Central Railroad must be very greatly increased by the completion of the Washington county and Air Line Railways. The number of bales of cotton conveyed over this road for the year ending May 1, 1859, was 59,925, and this must have been greatly increased in 1860.

When it is considered that this railroad must be rapidly extended to Dallas, the center of the wheat region, 250 miles from Houston, and that the Washington county and Air Line roads, together 104 miles, will soon be built, the vast importance of these feeders to the Texas and New Orleans road, and of *all* to the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Road, will be appreciated.

The next great feeder to be considered is the Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad, which crosses the Brazos river at Richmond; thence extends to Columbus, on the Colorado, 80 miles from Harrisburg; thence to LaGrange, 28 miles; and thence to Austin, about 140 miles from Houston.

From Columbus, on the Colorado river, another road will run to Gonzales and San Antonio, about 125 miles, and it is expected that 25 miles of this road will be built during 1861. The total distance from New Orleans to San Antonio, will be about 550 miles, and there can be but little doubt of the ultimate extension thence to Guaymas, and also to Mazatlan, of this route from New Orleans to San Antonio; thus developing a Southern Pacific Railroad route, which, though possessing merits of a very superior order, has not yet been brought permanently before the public.

The entire distance from New Orleans to the Pacific would be about 1300 miles; the route would afford a lucrative way business throughout its whole length, and its termini on the Mississippi and upon the Pacific coast, would be accessible to shipping—a very important consideration.

It remains to notice the Houston, Tap and Brazoria Railway, commencing at Houston and extending to Columbia, on the Brazos river, and thence to Wharton, on the Colorado river; also the road from Houston to Galveston, 50 miles now in operation.

The H. Tap and B. R. R., is finished to Columbia, 50 miles, and this portion of the route traverses the rich sugar district of Oyster creek.

It is expected that this road will be completed to Wharton, 88 miles, by the 1st of January, 1861, and from Columbia it is contemplated to extend it to Matagorda. Considering the preceding exhibit of the condition and prospects of the Texas railways radiating from Houston, and the certainty of the speedy completion of that of the Texas and New Orleans Co. to New Iberia, where it will unite with the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western, *opening at once to New Orleans about 150 miles of finished railway*, to be worthy the attention of our company, and of the citizens of New Orleans, it is respectfully submitted.

Your obedient servant,
(Signed) G. W. R. BAYLEY, Chief Engineer.

The Great Eastern.—The visitors to the Great Eastern appear to be on the increase. On Wednesday there were about 6000, of whom about 2000 were ladies, and 1400 children. All were of opinion that the ship is decidedly immense. It is thought that arrangements will be made for the admission of schools, etc., at a reduced price. At Adam's, show opposite the vessel, on Wednesday afternoon, they had a large grizzly bear exhibiting on a platform, and on being left to himself a few minutes, he slipped off, made tracks out of the tent, and ran up the street, causing the greatest consternation. People scattered in every direction, and proprietors of little stands in the vicinity left them in the greatest haste. One lady was so much frightened that it was some time before she recovered from the effects of the terror. The animal was finally caught and again caged without having injured any person or causing any damage.

[N. Y. Express.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

New York, July 11, 1860.

*Mr. Editor*—New Yorkers are apt to run on one thing till it ceases to excite or amuse them. Horrible murder is all the rage with us at present. The Great Eastern has failed to sustain the sensation her arrival created. Her directors, by imposing so high a tariff on her visitors at the commencement, kept the crowd and rush away; and now that they have lowered the price of admission, the public excitement and curiosity about the monster steamer are on the wane, and cannot be revived and wrought up to the pitch at which they might have been kept for a long period, had more politic measures been adopted. The sovereign people rebel against the English notions of serving the aristocracy and gentry first, and like other sovereigns, are apt to insist upon having the first cut or none. The Great Eastern is as yet in a very unfinished state. She contains numerous unsightly barn-like compartments, and her deck rough and unpolished, will not compare with one of ours made of beautiful American yellow pine. Her grand saloon is more gorgeous than chaste in ornamentation; and though her model is excellent, she is, with the exception of her Titanic size, inferior in every respect to the Adriatic. The visitors of the Great Eastern think her officers rather supercilious; but Capt. John Vine Hall is a modest, hearty, thorough seaman. He and his fellow-officers were entertained on Friday night at the Lafarge House, by the proprietors of the New York Illustrated News; but this recognition of their services is the only one they received since their arrival in America.

The ten days encampment of our favorite volunteer regiment, the Seventh, or National Guards, at Camp Scott, Staten Island, has proved as great an attraction to lovers of sight-seeing as the Great Eastern. Thousands of our citizens have visited their brothers-in-arms, for the sake of a holiday and of seeing how it is possible for respectable trades-people and shop-keepers to live outside of solid brick walls, like Indians. General Scott himself was requested to witness their evolutions upon the ground named after him, but the veteran wrote Col. Lefferts a flattering and lame excuse for declining the invitation. The Chicago Zouaves are however marching hitherward, with the view of taking the shine out of our crack regiment, if not of storming Camp Scott in a sham fight, on Friday next. To relieve the tedium of martial duty, the men have resorted to practical jokes, with which they have greatly perplexed and alarmed one another, thus affording material for long yarns to be spun in after days about this serio-comic campaign, or military picnic, which will, we understand, be wound up with a concert and a *fête champêtre*.

Before I proceed any further I must get one or two horrible murders off my mind. A most fiendish one was perpetrated on Monday morning, in the house of a German named John Henry Schumacher, in Seventy-second street. Francis Hoffman, a fellow countryman of his, whom he had previously employed in his market garden, during his absence early in the morning, stole into the bed-room of Mrs. Schumacher, beat in her skull with a hammer, killed her infant in the same manner, and robbed the premises of some $200 in money and other property. The murderer was however soon suspected, arrested, and, after narrowly escaping lynching, committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Mrs. McGee, of Jersey City, the mother of twelve children, was on Thursday last awakened in bed by one James Gray, who was attempting to violate her person. She had a hard fight with her assailant ere she baffled his purpose and ejected him from her room; and from the weakness of a recent confinement, suffered such internal injuries during the struggle that she died on Sunday evening in consequence. Before she expired, she knelt and called down seven curses upon the head of her murderer.

On the evening of the Fourth, the wife and sister of an ex-Councilman were yachting on the East river with an Alderman and two other civic officials, whom they regarded as their friends and protectors, but who suddenly turned upon them, and attempted to rob them of the "dearest jewel a woman owns." The screams of the intended victims were heard on the shore, and must have frightened the pirates themselves, for they were soon content to land their fair cargo on Randall's Island and sail away from it; but the consequences were not so easily avoided. A relative and champion of the injured ladies has since met one of the would-be ravishers, and told him to arm himself forthwith, as he wanted to shoot him on sight. The Alderman has died, and the other guilty officials are begging for peace and forgiveness in the most craven and pitiful manner.

The "Great Eastern," John Brougham's last burlesque, was produced by the Florences, at Wallack's, on Monday last. For all the connection the title has with the piece, it might as well have been called the Man in the Moon. Brougham wrote this trifle for them as a prologue or introductory to their season, entitling it "The Tycoon," for which purpose it would have answered very well, but the delay and the misnomer has spoiled it. It is devoid of the slightest pretension to plot or story, and amounts to nothing more than a promiscuous dialogue, a few pretty scenic effects, some poor singing, worse ballet—only redeemed from positive dullness by occasional witty and sparkling hits Brougham cannot help making.

Brougham himself is taking his farewell of us at Niblo's in his inimitable burlesques. The house has been thoroughly attended, and "Pocahontas" and "Columbus" have enjoyed a second youth, proving as endurable as a "thing of beauty." Bourcicault is also going to Europe and taking an ostentatious and self-applauding adieu of the American public at the Winter Garden. If what Dion publishes be true, we are a very ungrateful people to let him go without offering him the Tycoonship of America, as he it is to whom we are indebted for our independence, dramatically speaking. He is now passing his recent dramatic adaptations in review before the public. To-night the grand operatic Garibaldi benefit in aid of the Sicilian war of independence is to take place. Yesterday I was present at the sale of the late W. E. Burton's wardrobe. The best garments had, I presume, been culled from it, and I thought the old things brought their intrinsic value. The boxes of MS. plays, for which it was so hard to get a bid, were dreadful to behold, melancholy as a nightmare. I went to the sale in expectation of witnessing some fun, but came away a sadder and wiser man.

It seems to hard to believe, but nevertheless many try to convince me, that Laura Keene will not return to this country. Her wardrobe and other portable property has been quietly transported to England, and her "gentle and courteous coadjutor" is said to be in no enviable frame of mind.

The Walton and Mathews murder is still enveloped in mystery, which will probably be unraveled when the Burdell murder is explained clearly, but not before. The pirate and wholesale human butcher Hicks is to be hung on Friday on Bedloe's Island. Steamboat owners are preparing to profit by the opportunity and afford the lovers of the horrible, for a trifling consideration, a rare chance of gratifying their taste. Zavarr.

Frightened to Death.—The Elkhart county (Ind.) Times says that a little son of D. D. McKnight, living near Middlebury, aged about 9 years, was frightened to death a few days ago while gathering strawberries with another little boy. The owner of the premises seeing them, threatened to shoot them and set a dog on them, and so scared the little fellows that they ran home, a considerable distance, when little McKnight was found to be insane with terror, fancying that he had been shot at, and that the dog was after him, and remained delirious for a few days, when he died.


☞ Tycoon of Japan!—Geo B. Sloat & Co. presented one of their Elliptic Sewing Machines to the Tycoon of Japan—such as are offered for sale at No. 97 Canal street, and is the best one manufactured in America, without a doubt. Its admirable simplicity, its effective operation and its mechanical perfection, are its proud claims to all fay, and the thousands who have used them will readily attest to this great triumph of American ingenuity.

je25 2p1m M. S. HEDRICK, Agent, 97 Canal street.


## TRAVELING CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

Chicago, July 10, 1860.

*Mr. Editor:* My last (as well as my first) ended rather summarily in the midst of confusion and an early awakening to the discomforts of life as exemplified on a railroad car after passing a hot and fatiguing night. However, the morning broke upon us brightly and cheerily and gave promise of a delightful day—which was fully realized. With the glorious sun our spirits also rose, and we felt invigorated with new life as the cool morning air fanned our fevered brow, and equal to any emergency. The rousing up, however, of a car full of people in the early morning is attended sometimes with a good deal of humor and display of character. You feel sore and stiff from being so long in one position. I noticed that men of family fared better than single ones—they seemed to have no scruples about leaning upon their wive's shoulders, and many were the exclamations in the night of, "John, don't lean so heavy!" or, "you must sit up, I'm so tired!" with a grunt from John: "eh, what's the matter Mary, I was'nt asleep;" and he sits bolt upright, with a determination that he won't sleep, but in a minute or so he is off again, and slaks down lower than ever on poor Mary's shoulder—who, wife-like, complains no more. I found the road as good, cars as comfortable, and the conductors as gentlemanly, on the Great Northern and Jackson Railroad, as any that I have been on since, and we have great reason to be proud of our Southern road. Would that we had a dozen more such, branching off to every available point from our good city of New Orleans.

We made exact time to Canton, sharp 8 o'clock; where, having performed our ablutions in a very limited manner, we sat down and enjoyed a very wholesome, good breakfast of corn-bread, chicken and other fixens, for the moderate rate of fifty cents, principally in cash. But here we change cars for the first time, and proceed on our way rejoicing. To persons traveling by railroad for any distance, I would recommend each one to carry a small, well stuffed pillow; it is invaluable for ladies and children, and even for those of the sterner and harder sex it will not be found uncomfortable to fill up a corner of the seat with, or to lay your head upon when disposed for a nap. One other suggestion and I have done, as far as railroad traveling is concerned, and it is this: Don't forget the *small* flask—not too small, either; the water at many places is scarcely drinkable, being brackish and of bad taste; and an early grave is inevitable unless you are furnished with the elixir of life in the shape of a bottle of good old *eau de vie*.

The cotton fields looked in a very flourishing condition, with every prospect of an immense crop—at least I should judge so from the uniformity and general appearance of the plant. For miles and miles you could see but little difference in it; in some fields, of course, it was not as high as in others; but where it was small it was *all* small, showing, of course, that it had been planted later than the higher and better grown plant. It all looked green and bright, and full of life, and did not seem to have suffered either from want of water or sun. So with the Indian corn crop all over the Western States. The farmers have *never made* such a crop as is now growing, and the universal exclamation is, What shall we do with it? Go where you will, it's the common topic of conversation, the immense crop of corn. The wheat crop is only so-so—fair, but nothing to boast of, either in quantity or quality. Oats do., and hay do.; but there is no danger but what there will be plenty of each and more than sufficient to supply all we need and have some left besides.

At Jackson, Tenn., between 9 and 10 P. M., we changed cars again for Columbus, at which place we took the steamboat for Cairo—some twenty or twenty-five miles—which we reached at about 4 o'clock. After breakfasting on the boat we took up our line of march for the Illinois Central Railroad cars, into one of which we ensconsed ourselves preparatory to our departure for St. Louis. This was on the morning of the glorious Fourth, the anniversary of a nation's glory, and which was brought more particularly to our notice while sitting in that car, by the booming of a cannon placed on top of the levee, and whose sound reverberated over many a distant hill in the surrounding States, awakening the people to the recollection that *this* was the nation's holiday, *this* was the anniversary of the day that gave *Liberty* to nations (*not niggers*) to come forth as freemen should do and participate in its proper celebration.

All along the road parties of happy folks, some in wagons, some on horses, and some on foot, were pushing on to some point or place where more than ordinary preparations had been made for a good time. All seemed to be in the hight of good humor and bent on enjoyment. Shout after shout went up as we rushed by them in the train, and each station that we stopped at the rush on board was tremendous; however, no accident occurred, and we arrived safely at Aden (I think) where we took cars for St. Louis, at which place we arrived at about 2 o'clock P. M—making the time from New Orleans in forty-two hours—which was pretty considerably quick traveling, don't you think? We found the city as quiet as a deserted village; in fact it was pretty well emptied—but few people in the streets—stores all closed—no life about any of the hotels—an occasional cracker popped off, was the only evidence we had of its being the glorious Fourth. But we soon found out the cause of this quiet—everybody almost was off on some excursion or other. But towards night a different state of things was exhibited—the streets were literally crammed with people, lager flowed in great profusion, good humor, fun and frolic were in the ascendant, and the whole city seemed given up to revelry and pleasure.

Having recovered somewhat from my fatigue, I started out from the Planters' House to visit the theater, and found the *delicate* Ben and his fascinating and incorrigible friend, to say nothing of the handsome Glee-son, all in fine health and spirits and blooming as full-blown roses. Theatricals have been at a rather low ebb in St. Louis this season. Nothing seemed to amuse the public—not even the always attractive Ravels, who quit a few days ago in disgust and gave place to the Sanford troupe, a company of negro minstrels, who seem to possess a good deal of talent, and who were playing to a very fair house that night. The theater closes for the season on the 14th inst. to undergo repairs and improvements. I hear great accounts of what is to be the order of the day (or rather of the night) at the St. Charles next season. Mr. B. DeBar is now on his way to New York to engage all the talent of the country, and more, too; however, mum's the word. We shall see what we shall see. Anon, anon, sir.

PICKWICK.


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WILLIAM P. WENTWORTH.

Onondaga county, ss. Subscribed and sworn before me this 23d day of June, 1858. H. S. COLE, Justice.

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