New Orleans Daily Crescent.

RAILROAD EXCURSION CORRESPONDENCE.

Saratoga Springs—Items by the Wayside—Storm on Lake Erie—A Genuine Specimen of the Highminded Woman's Rights Female, etc.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

RICHMOND HOUSE, CHICAGO, Sept. 5, 1860.

Mr. Editor—I had the pleasure of meeting several of my New Orleans friends at Saratoga, which rendered my stay at this delightful hygean and fashionable resort even more agreeable than I had anticipated.

A party of them who had just arrived from Newport, gave us all the *on-dits* of that place, which is now about bringing its gay round of pleasures to a close, as watering-places with the thermometer at 95 degrees don't suit ye fashionables much.

They stopped at the Bellevue House, where, certain extra charges were added to their bills, which exceed even the most unreasonable and exorbitant; for instance, $10 per week for a small round table for four persons, and four dollars for three spring chickens, which they called for at their first dinner; it appears chickens are only served regularly, three times per week, of which they were not informed by any one, and having no bill of fare, supposed the luxury of a chicken was not so highly valued by the generous proprietor, Mr. Peckham—good name for a "fowl deed"—as Lord Dundreary would say, "good joke—don't you take?"

The weather is at a delightful point for dancing, and gay hearts and light feet have been enjoying the pleasant hops at the United States Hotel, for which no extra $1 50 is charged as at the Bellevue House, Newport, and by some of the hotels at Saratoga. It would astonish the nerves of some of the proprietors of fashionable watering places North, if they could but see the sumptuous and elegant suppers our hotels of New Orleans and its vicinity set out at their hops.

While I am on the subject of hotels and their comforts and inconveniences, it will not be out of place to make a few remarks of my travelling experience on that score, and declare that the Fifth Avenue Hotel of New York and the Richmond House of Chicago are models in their line. When you take a meal you have all the quiet and comfort of home, without the terrible rush and discomfort of having peremptorily to squat yourself at a fixed hour, when you have no appetite, and then, being compelled to get your fish, flesh and fowl laid before you while you are swallowing your soup—either to do this, or get the answer, that certain articles of food, denoted on the bill of fare, have "stepped out" when you want them. Another bad arrangement I have noticed in some of the said to be first-class houses, is to have good little side dishes, which, if kept warm, would be palatable, sprinkled about the table to become perfectly cold. How much more preferable it is to have your meal when you want it, and get it served in quantity and quality as you desire it. I think it is economy to the proprietor, too, as with a small force five or six hundred guests can be well served in this manner, as there is a continuous ingress and egress—perhaps, not more than one hundred seated at any one time. I understand the Continental of Philadelphia, has the same plan of *table d'hôte*.

These items will be of service to future sojourners in search of comfort. I know it is a usual custom for the generality of travelers to find fault with everything on their route, particularly for those who have never fared half so well at home; but that does not argue that one who really does not desire anything but what is right and just, may not give his unbiassed opinion, particularly when he reaches houses classed as first-rate, where for exorbitant rates he expects to get more than ordinary accommodations.

For myself, when I reach one of these home places, I feel compensated for many of the annoyances and trials of travel.

I had determined to take one of the magnificent lake steamers from Buffalo to Cleveland, to vary the noise and dust of railroads, and a beautiful moonlight giving us every reason to believe we should have a propitious voyage, embarked on the Western Metropolis—on which boat we had excellent accommodations. But we were soon disagreeably apprised of the fact of getting up a storm on these lakes with the utmost dispatch, as in less than two hours from departure a terrible gale broke upon us, with the most vivid lightning, terrific thunder, and a perfect deluge of rain, with a sea mountain high; but our good boat rode and dashed through the mad waters like a gallant craft.

One terrific sea stove in a part of her starboard bulwarks with such a crash as to bounce me up a foot in my birth, and thinking something had broke loose, I emerged to the cabin, where I found many in wild confusion, no one knowing what was coming, and while your subscriber was using his utmost efforts to pacify the female department, assuring them it was nothing, only a slight ground swell, a terrible lurch laid me flat on the floor and stopped my consolation for the moment. As soon as I could recover my legs, I determined to take a look at things below, where I found the carpenters at work, and received a good drenching from enormous sea washing over them. I then ascended to the cabin, and with as much sang-froid as I could muster, reassured the lady passengers that no danger was to be apprehended; but to acknowledge the fact, not feeling myself as secure as if I had been on terra-firma. A friend of mine, who has crossed at times crossed the Atlantic in rough weather, said it was a regular good one for a fresh water pond, and when I remembered the dreadful tornado that have visited this section lately, I had a misgiving that we might be in the midst of one of them, and was glad enough when we reached the wharf in safety. I got a glimpse of an individual whose wife had planked him to her stateroom; the poor fellow being mounted on a chair and holding the sky-light open with both hands, not being able to find a hook to keep it up, as he said, to get a little fresh air and view the majestic turbulence of the elements without, but from the pale colour of his lips and the unsteadiness of his standing, I imagined another cause, which he verified in a few moments—nature could stand it no longer.

We missed our connection with the Southern Michigan road at Cleveland, and passed the day pleasantly, riding around and looking at the sights; took the cars at 6 P. M., and reached this place at 8 o'clock next morning, having been fortunate enough to possess a comfortable sleeping car. I received many kind civilities from the conductor, Josh Tyler, and I wish they were all of the same sort, although, with few exceptions, I have met with uniform courtesy from all sorts of people.

On the trip, I had the gratification of seeing one of the genuine genus-homo, in the shape of a real out-and-out, free-minded, woman's rights critter, dressed in regular bloomer costume of curtain calico, with skirt to her knees, and pantaloons and boots, (she lacked the spurs) with a scoop bonnet and short hair, long white bag and the emblematic umbrella; she came marching in the cars like a trooper, and I shuddered as she cast an eye at a vacant place on my seat; she, however, chose one with a smaller individual, shoved him up into the corner, and quartered her long bag and umbrella on him, and sat down with a grin of satisfaction; soon after, she pulled out her pocket comb, and commenced arranging her short cut hair, sticking it down with both hands; a dive into the long bag produced a paper of lunch, which she reduced in quick order, not even wasting a crumb. When the boy brought the water around to drink, she quietly poured the contents on her head, and slicked her hair down again, which produced a giggle from some one, which she quickly subdued by one of her women's rights scowls. She was "one of them," sure; and she departed at Oberlin, the nest of this delightful association of hybrids.

A humorous old gentleman in the seat in front of me seemed to have a pleasant time with a good looking young woman, to whom he kindly offered a part of his seat. In a little while, her head becoming quite heavy with sleep, he politely requested her to "flop" her head upon his shoulder, which she unceremoniously did; a little while later, the old gentleman became quite leady, and he "flopped" down on her cheek, making a very interesting spectacle of bobbing and nodding together; but his pleasures ceased when the young girl was called for her station.

I find again that same generous hospitality tendered which has been so lavishly tendered on my first visit, and I know all of the Southern delegation will agree that a feeling of being perfectly at home comes over them as they reach this place.

I was much gratified to find that the Southern delegation, on their return from Niagara, had presented our affable friend and agent, Mr. George Gray, of Michigan Southern Roads, with a silver pitcher and salver, as a testimonial of his kind services to them on the trip. I wish a similar compliment could have been extended to the meritorious, gentlemanly and indefatigable Superintendent Rice, and General Agent Sargent, of Michigan Central Road. These gentlemen were of those who originated the trip, furnished lunches and refreshments, and were unceasing in their attentions. I trust the gentlemen named will not for one moment imagine that their kindness and attentions have ever been forgotten, and will be always highly appreciated.

It appears from some of our party who visited Minnesota, that the "Border Ruffians" have been giving some of our Southern folks much trouble about arresting and forcing their colored servants away from them at St. Paul, and its vicinity, and acted in the most shameful manner; particulars of which you have no doubt already received. All parties here are chagrined with this unpleasant matter. It will do a serious injury to the prosperity of that country, as no Southerner will go to a place with such a prospect ahead.

I was present at the performance at McVicker's theater of the new piece of Mrs. Bateman, called the "Poor Young Woman," the principal character, Nora O'Neil, represented by charming, and now beautifully developed, Kate Bateman, of popular and child notoriety, some years ago; with a form well moulded and her beauties just ripening; with a voice of fine compass and great modulation, she is bound, with study, to reach a very high step in the ladder of her profession. There are some points of thrilling interest in the piece, where Kate shows the metal of which she is composed. She plays an engagement next week in St. Louis and I understand goes to the St. Charles this season, when I know the numerous friends of her childhood will gladly welcome back this blooming and opening rose-bud.

I will pay a flying visit to my old friends and chums in St. Louis, revel in lager beer and all their kind hospitalities, and then make tracks for home, sweet home.

NUX.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

NEW YORK, August 29, 1860.

Mr. Editor—The infatuation which compels our Italian Opera managements to ruin themselves continually has possessed them unusually early this season. They have given out that they will open the Academy of Music on Monday next, September 3d, and avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by their announcement to instruct the public concerning the nature, expense and benefits of the opera, for which we are assured by them we have a most excellent taste, albeit nothing but republicans. The dulcet little Adelina Patti takes the lead this season in "Sonnambula," supported by Brignoli and Amodio. Muzio conducts, and has written an original opera called "Semisaria" for the Academy, in which it will be produced during the season. Max Maretzek is to "cooperate." Mesdames Colson, Strakosch and Fabbri, Signoris Ferri, Susini, Errani and others have also consented to lend us their sweet voices for a handsome consideration, which may be approximately estimated by means of the statement made by the Directors to the effect that their expenditures for the season will amount to more than four hundred thousand dollars. Madame Cortesi and Signor Musiani, unrivaled in the school of impassioned and impulsive singing, will alternate for a fortnight with Patti. Carl Formes is also secured, but the engagement of Tamberlik, who will come up rather late in the season, is the greatest triumph of which the management can boast. Being anxious to visit this country, this most celebrated of living tenors was brought to terms with less difficulty than is generally met with in securing an artist of half his fame and talent. Such is the glimpse afforded us of the operatic programme, but to expect a rigid observance of its promises, express and implied, would be to look for that jewel consistency in politicians. The campaign is begun too early, but those engaged in it rely for the present upon strangers more than our citizens to sustain their premature commencement, and we trust their dependence will not betray them.

The gymnastic tournament at Niblo's Garden, in which "outsiders are counted in," has been conducted as yet without the occurrence of any serious casualty, the accidents happening to the amateurs being such as are calculated to excite more merriment than sympathy. The latter have not outdone the Hanlon brothers, but some of them successfully emulate the feats of our professional athletes. Mr. George Jordan and Miss Jane Coombs have succeeded the Florences at Wallack's, and brought out "The Wife's Secret" with success. I remember the Keene's in this play, but Jordan's *Colonel Aymoll* has supplanted my previous recollection of the part. Miss Coombs was not so successful, and her representation of *Lady Eveline* proved immeasurably less natural and touching than Mrs. Keene's, (Ellen Tree's) but was still a great improvement on any effort of hers I have witnessed hitherto. Prof. Anderson's Psychomanthenum at the Winter Garden, has been thronged most oppressively, and though to me his tricks seemed as old, they are applauded with a heartiness that startled me. Am I growing so old, or is the world growing young again? To me, the Professor does not seem half so entertaining as formerly, but his family, youthful, charming and talented, is very interesting. Mrs. John Wood takes her benefit to-night at Laura Keene's. "Jenny Lind" and "Our American Cousin" constitute the entertainment she proposes for her patrons and admirers, who would fill the Academy of Music as quickly as this *bijou* theater. They will regret to learn that she starts for Europe next week, where her professional engagements are likely to detain her for a long time to come. She is the queen of *soubrettes*, and in caricature and burlesque opera, she is unapproachable.

In consequence of the neglect of some workmen who omitted to seal up a gas pipe in a tenement house on East Twenty-Ninth street, a family of six persons were last Thursday nearly burned to death, and the interior of the building rendered a perfect wreck by the force of the explosion. On the same evening the Boston whortleberry wherry man, having rowed all the way from Boston to New York in two weeks, subsisting all the time on berries and watermelons, arrived in this city, and was afterward fed at Dr. Trall's "water-cure" on vegetables till he thought he would burst, and it is a wonder vegetarians don't, considering the quantity they devour. The next narrowest escape was had by our excellent Police Superintendent, General Kennedy, who has been so full of his success in managing our Metropolitan forces, that had he not got off his quarterly report the moment he did, he too would have exploded. In this report there is of course no ordinary proportion of gas, a sediment of available truth, and a better promise than ever that New York will in time have a police able and willing to protect her citizens and strangers from swindlers and ruffians. The occasional forays our officers have indulged in at the expense of female street walkers, has, however, met with a slight check in the decision of Judge Sutherland, who regards the practice of committing them as vagrants as illegal, and argues that no statute law of this State has declared common prostitution a crime. Some score of female prisoners on Blackwell's Island will be glad to hear of this "Daniel come to judgment."

Our police are still making a great havoc with our juvenile burglars. Six of the latter, after having broken open half a dozen stores in Washington street, were discovered and captured in the garret of Messrs. Miller & Lukins' fruit warehouse. Several others, mere boys, but equally resolute and daring, have since been arrested. Besides many burglaries, we have had to record several cases of old fashioned highway robbery, and a bold attempt by one Walter Smith, as he calls himself, to rob the inmates of a carriage, six in number, in the Second Avenue. Smith had just read and been carried away by the "Life of Dick Turpin," but his imagination proved more powerful than his body, for the venturesome youth was captured by those he intended to despoil. But the most considerable criminal that has of late been shewn up for an edification, is a Portuguese Countess of royal blood, Senora Donna Pedro, who claims an intimate acquaintance with every distinguished person you can name. For her nobility, wealth and high connections, some of our landlords and trades-people have been willing to take her own word, and have been consequently swindled most unmercifully. It is said that she is nothing but a dealer in fast women, whose charms she has been in the habit of vaunting and selling to fast young and old men for as much as she could get. The number of her victims is legion, but, though confined to a vile durance, she sticks to her title and nobility.

The past week has been one of the dullest of the year, except to those absorbed in politics. The Bell and Everett men had an enthusiastic time last evening at their head-quarters in Broadway. Ex-Governor Hunt addressed them in a clear, logical and eloquent strain. In spite of the spite and determination of the euphonious Gen. Scrogge, the Union party is gaining adherents every hour; but I have not verge and room enough for politics, nor even the space to devote to the coming prince, who has refused our proffered mansions and banquet and accepted our ball and our firemen's and military parade. Our firemen intend to invite him to one of our biggest fires, and perhaps one of the Fifth avenue millionaires, so eager to tender him a palace, would be delighted to make a bonfire of it for his royal highness' amusement.

ZAVARR.

A witness in a certain court, not a thousand miles from Rappahannock, on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied:

"Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly; but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the floor, making grabs in the air, saying that he'd be hanged if he did'nt catch the bed the next time it ran past him."

(Written for the New Orleans Crescent.)

OUR GIRL.

BY NARTEN Y. DOWNS.

Our girl is neither the initial chapter of any work that is to be, or the conclusion of any work that has been. She is neither a prologue or epilogue—neither a whole or a part; neither Alpha or Omega. She may have commenced existance in the ark; may have washed Noah's dishes or milked Methuseleh's cow. She may have run through her first edition on the summit of Mount Ararat, and reappeared, "revised and corrected," to assist in gathering up the fragments of that feast which filled seven baskets. She may be a loose leaf from some work originated in the years beyond the flood; she may be the dim outline of some project, intended to create "perfect treasures," which never grew to perfection with its author. She may have been born before poor Mrs. Lot became seasoning for pork and beans; or she may have been ushered into this land of the living by the last Liverpool steamer. There is, at all events, but little difference in her appearance at the different times we take her up—sometimes a little leaner or a little fleshier—a little more genteel or a little more shabby; sometimes bound in "cloth," sometimes in "half calf;" and always, like the popular serials furnished by our fashionable magazines, "to be continued" for an indefinite period.

It is supposed that conservative and legislative powers govern the nation. It may seem so to men—to office-seekers, politicians, and would-be Presidents. Women know better. The real ruler, the Lycurges of the land is "Our Girl." If she chance to be the cook, heaven only knows how many justifiable life-takers she may have condemned to death, or how many hardened criminals she may have pardoned. The organs which digest a dinner have great influence upon the digestion of justice; and the judge who assumes the black cap and reads in tones of solemn awe the soul of his fellow-creature into that everlasting torment which he believes awaits him at the other end of that hempen cord which breaks his mortal neck; the preacher, who, in his afternoon sermon, when the sunbeams slant through the stained-glass windows and stretch over his congregation like the shining arms of angels, tells us of the "land of the leal," and assures us with that benignant air of belief which carries conviction with it, that through faith we shall find salvation; the speaker whose last flight of rhetoric and reasoning "brought down the house," and he whose "base insinuations" led to ten paces and Colt's revolvers, all and each of them are, as it were, but the mouth-piece of "Our Girl." They deny it indignantly! Perfectly natural that they should; but the fact is none the less positive; the round of beef, the untimely pickle, the joint done to a turn, and the making of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," these are the agents through which "Our Girl" goes out into high places and addresses the multitude.

She may occupy a sphere bounded by the doors of the dining room; but far beyond its oaken panels, its polished windows, its private pantries and its extension table, does her influence extend. Had that crash of china which you heard last evening in the very midst of that pleasant reunion, that crash which the cultured hostess did not even seem to hear, anything to do with that dark frown upon the forehead of the mistress, as she takes her seat at breakfast this morning, and speaks to her children as if they belonged to some one else, who had sent them at an inopportune moment to visit her; and to her husband with a sharpness which indicates broken glass between her teeth? Had it anything to do with the husband's feeling "cut," and going forth aggrieved, and casting his vote on "the other side of the question," which now glories in its majority of *one*—that little pebble in the stream whose circles shall go on widening and widening over illimitable space? Does not the ghost of that antique glass goblet which was reduced to vulgar fractions last night, and which no money can replace, multiply our girl just so many times as the many fragments would go to making up one goblet? Does it not keep gliding up infront of that tricky nag known as the household *menage*, causing it to curvet and prance to the right and the [illegible] dren, and running away with the husband?

Does'nt everything go wrong—are not the Mondays tinged with *lapis lazuli* and the Saturday nights moistened with mops and scrub-brushes, and isn't a feeling of being pin-stuck and pinched prevalent in the family, which, in the witching times old Salem wots of, would have seen something plumped into the nearest stream to "sink or swim, survive or perish," unaccountably resembling our girl? And doesn't that individual, socially regarded as quite down stairs in the equality point of view, use her weekly stipend, that infinitesimal fraction of your weekly income, as a pair of sterling stilts, mounted upon which she holds her head higher than the head of the family, moving about with a spirit of independence you have never yet acquired yourself in the house you call your home? And doesn't she finally walk out of it with the utmost *sang froid*, just as you have brought yourself to the spirit of humiliation exacted from you by this high priest of the household, our girl?

Is she not the staple product of every State in our Union, never ruined by rains or destroyed by drought? Does she not stand with her heels on our heads, her hand in our loaf, her tooth in our treasury? Is she not the topic inexhaustible at every social gathering, at street corners and in market places? Does she not rear her hydra head among our roses as well as in the midst of our cabbages? Does she not secretly scent her handkerchief at our toilette table? Do we not feel bound to openly admire the fit of her elegant kids on holydays, without betraying the secret that we have missed our own? Do we not adroitly conceal the chagrin we experience when, after having once seen our wife or our daughter wear her "love of a bonnet," the *chef d'œuvre* of some Parisian modiste, we behold its counterpart, gotten up by some country milliner, next Sunday on the tossing head of our girl?

Behold her influence upon conversation. Beneath the brilliant chandelier she works like a worm in brains, which have been over abstruse sciences and revelled in the rich recreations of belles lettres and the arts. The rosy red lip, which seems formed only as a gateway for sweet smiles and words of affection; the eye of clear and intellectual depth, the cheek of beauty and the charm of refined manners, all are but harpstrings vibrating to the touch of our girl. It is a note high up among the ledger lines of woman life; and once struck, becomes an endless scale running through the gamut of talk till intrusion or interruption closes the instrument with a bang, or demands some other strain. She is a piano which no woman refuses to play. Let the well thumbed keys but show themselves, and no "hoarseness," no "cold," no excuse, whatever, is found for leaving the revolving stool vacant; and there are plenty to gather round at once to turn over the leaves, and render every assistance to the player. "Our Girl," in fact, is rarely a solo, she is oftener a "quartette," or quintette, or sextant, if such, with crotchets, with trills, with shakes, with quavers, semiquavers and demisemiquavers, ad libitum.

Poesy, politics, sentiment and religion hide their diminished heads before the olympian front of our girl. Her entree, her demeanor, her wardrobe, her tippancy, her short-comings and her long-goings, her heavy handedness and her light fingering; her great inheritance of that falling which put dear mother Eve out of paradise—her radicalism, her conservatism; her selfishness which prevents one from holding her after having her, and her obtuseness, which renders force necessary to eject her after she once has gained a foothold in the family—all brought forward against our girl, favors the belief that she is handed down from generation to generation by some mystic agency, which has appointed her the great avenger of some wrong inflicted upon her class in the kitchens of households crumbled to dust centuries before the mastodon laid his bones to bleach in the dooryards of departed races. We are prone to believe that since the days of antidiluvian culinary operations our girl has somehow degenerated. We are prone to believe also that she is possessed "of a devil!" and where and what are the means by which it shall be cast out? She is a murderer, but we cannot hang her; she commits arson, but we cannot punish her; she throws people into rivers, (though they seem to throw themselves) and all we can say is "found drowned."

She is a forger, but we do not manacle her; she is a defaulter, but we do not arrest her; she is a witch, but we do not burn her. What shall we do with her? She has become a necessary evil—a national institution—as much a part of us as our President and our House of Representatives. How are we to make her worthy of the position she occupies? She has gained an eminence from which it is impossible to thrust her. She knows her importance, and, like those reptiles which carry the venom of death between their jaws, she creeps among the long grasses and weedy paths of social life, content with her sphere, because conscious of her power. We are her nominal masters—her real slaves—the proclaimed king, but the actual subject. It is only by constant change of "help" that a Northern American housewife can maintain her own ascendancy in her household. The servant becomes the usurper the moment the mistress, weary of watching, chances to fall asleep upon the battlements. She wakes to find her weapons wrested from her grasp, her ramparts defenseless, and "our girl" in possession of the fortress.

To do away with the whole evil at once, must our educated women become the slaves of the cookstove and the wielders of mops and scrub-brushes? Must their soft white hands do the duties of drawers of water and hewers of wood? When we would find a gentle companion with whom to discuss our day's affairs within the precincts of our homes—cheerful conversationists with whom to chat of books, of music and pictures—with whom we would share the refinements of life and the luxury of leisure, are we to put on a sort of social submarine armor and dive down into the waves of kitchendom to bring her, like the buried portion of a wreck, to the surface? Our lip curves involuntarily, and our nostrils fly upward, as we imagine ourselves waiting there while she washes the grease from her fingers with hard soap, and dries them on a crash towel behind the door. Nay! let our wives be our ladies—let our servants be educated to properly fill their stations. We rear rare temples in which our "upper classes" shall enjoy the benefits of culture and accomplishments; our servants are turned into the precincts of pot and kettledom literal know-nothings.

Why have we no schools with competent principals and preceptresses which will turn out finished chambermaids, who will sweep carpets without forgetting to brush down cobwebs or cleanse the corners; laundresses, who will not be wholly ignorant of their office; waiters, who can comprehend the art of good table attendance; cooks, who understand chemistry and know something of the laws of digestion—who comprehend that a man and turkey are two quite different things to stuff, and who do not require the bit of information to be added to their stock of general knowledge, that the turkey has a gizzard and the man has not.

The present aggravating state of servant-evil might be greatly reduced by the judicious efforts of men wise enough to found means of proper education for this class of people. Direction and overseeing does not suffice. They should themselves *know* the art and science connected with their labors, to enable them to feel that degree of interest in their tasks which brings all work nearer a state of perfection than anything else. To produce educated and accomplished family cooks would undoubtedly interfere with the affairs of family physicians, but would not poor human nature be benefitted by the change?

A Ruined Land and City.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, who is traveling through Sonora, writes to that paper from the city of Arispe, as follows:

Falling in every endeavor to engage an escort in Santa Cruz, I was at last reluctantly compelled to attempt to cross with my servants alone the wide desert that intervenes between the frontier and Arispe. The road was utterly unknown to us; maps could not be obtained, guides were out of the question, and with such verbal directions as were accessible, we launched out into the wilderness.

[illegible] noris, and the fallen walls of buildings, and at midday encountered most extensive ruined buildings, with silver and copper smelting works, on a stream supposed to be a branch of the Sonora, which we rightfully conjectured to be the hacienda Bacanuche, twelve leagues above Arispe, the granary of the far-famed mines of La Cananea. The devastation of this beautiful estate is pitiful to behold. The spacious and beautiful mansion hurled and crumbling to decay—two handsome chapels with their roofs partially demolished, the ornaments and pictures still upon the walls, the sacred paraments scattered strewn before the altar, and in the font, where pious hands had sought the holy water, was placed a grinning skull, in mockery of the desolation.

A huge scorpion trailed his loathsome body over the altar-shrine, reminding me involuntarily of the anathemas fulminated in Scripture against the cities of the heathen. Without, the view was not less gloomy. A large and luxuriant orchard devastated by fire—long lines of acequias—wide grain fields, once cultivated, now bare and sterile—numerous corrals, mouldering furnaces and vast piles of copper-slag remained to attest its former opulence. Bacanuche must have been a pleasant place in Utopian times, when the wide halls of this old manor-house reechoed the voice of music and of minstrelsy; but melancholy and sick at heart, I turned away from the contemplation of this memento of national decadence. From Santa Cruz to Arispe not a human being owns a habitation and a home.

From its isolated and retired position, this place was peculiarly exposed to the attacks of the Apaches, from which the miners were accustomed to escape by entering the mine and setting the savages at defiance. On the 15th of Nov., 1793, the Apaches, eluding the vigilance of the frontier garrison, made a sudden inroad in force, and penetrated as far as Espiritu Santo. The inhabitants took refuge, as usual, in the mine, but the wily enemy, not to be balked of his prey, filled the shafts and adits with dry wood and applied the torch. Mortal eye saw not their agonies, but when the troops arrived, inanimate corpses of three hundred and eighty victims of every sex and age were drawn from the galleries—not a soul remained alive of all that busy people! Such outrages were not passed over so lightly then as now, and the Col. Vasquez appeased with a bloody holocaust the manes of the slaughtered. In the old archives I find it recorded that more than two thousand Apaches were known to have been destroyed in the nine months' campaign which followed.

Arispe, the capital of the State under the Spanish rule, once a populous and flourishing town, peopled by the best families of the province, is now a poor miserable heap of rubbish, occupied by some eight hundred or one thousand souls, who may be considered mere tenants-at-will of the Apaches. In Santa Cruz, the savages entered the precincts and carried off cattle the night I passed there; but that is nothing compared to the state of affairs in Arispe. The river of Sonora, on which it stands, is depopulated as far as the Presidio or Bacuachi, which must soon in turn succumb to the presence of the foe. The northern road to Santa Cruz, passed the great mines of the Cananea, is virtually closed and the country abandoned. On the south road, leading to the capital, the Apaches robbed the Governor of his baggage, and dispersed the escort, a few days ago. The very baggage mules have to be corralled alongside the gubernatorial palace to prevent their being carried off. Only a fortnight has passed since they entered the suburbs boldly, in broad day, wounded one young woman and carried off another captive.

Under the old dynasty numerous public buildings were erected here, such as the Commandancia, treasury, hospital, barracks, penitentiary, etc., most of which are now in ruins. Till a late period many relics of the olden time were still preserved, including some hundreds of suits of armor worn by the soldiery of the Presideo in their campaigns against the Apaches. I saw the curious old money chests, of massive oak, which formerly graced the treasury, but their empty sides gave forth a hollow sound, indicative of the poverty within.

The ladies had once the reputation of being the most amiable, most beautiful and most refined of any on the Pacific coast of Mexico, being mostly descendants of old Spanish families of repute; but almost all the better class have emigrated to more favored climes.

I could obtain but little reliable information concerning the former state of the city. The worthy padre, a man of more than ordinary intelligence, told me, with a face of great gravity, that it had been "en el tiempo del rey" the seat of the viceroyalty of New Spain. In the year 1774, there were eighty-four mines worked in the district of Arispe, some of them of extraordinary richness; now, I believe, not one. Most of the old national edifices are leveled to the ground, and the archives are being destroyed piecemeal.

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200 pounds Mercurial Ointment;
300 pounds Honduras Sarsaparilla;
150 pounds best Turkey Opium;
100 ozs. Sul. and Acetate Morphine;
25 ounces Otto Rose;
20 casks Sal Soda;
100 kegs, Sup. Ch. Soda;
10 kegs Ger. Blue Wash;
20 bbls. Cinoma, light;
5 cases Indigo, Cat. and Manilla;
10 casks Pot and Pearlash;
50 packages Saleratus;
52 bbls. pure Castor Oil;
25 demijohns Spt. Nitre;
25 bbls. Alcohol;
40 bbls. Copperas;
20 bbls. Epsom Salts;
10 bbls. Flour Sulphur;
10 bbls. Roll Sulphur;
2 bales Senna, East India and Alexandria;
2000 pounds Gum Arabic, select, fine and sorts;
25 carboys Sulp. Nitric and Muriatic Acid;
25 jars Carb Ammonia;
25 carboys Aq. Ammonia;
300 pounds Acetic Acid;
1000 pounds Tartaric Acid;
200 ozs. Tannic Acid;
20 kegs Pearl Barly
150 kegs Turkey Opium;
1000 lbs. Arrow Root, Amer.;
500 lbs. Arrow Root, Bermuda;
200 pounds Assafoetida, in cases;
200 pounds Balsam Capaiba;
5 bbls. Black Lead;
10 bbls. Ginger Root;
10 bbls. Refined Camphor;
50 boxes Castile Soap;
600 bbls. Cayenne Pepper;
10 gross Copaiba Capsules;
3 casks Chloride Lime;
200 pounds Chloroform, P. and W.;
10 bbls. Cream Tartar;
2000 pounds Ext. Logwood;
1000 gallons Copal Varnish;
2 bbls. Uva Ursi;
2 bbls. Gum Myrrh;
3 bbls. Valerian Root;
10 bbls. Tapioca;
2 bbls. Sugar Lead, white;
bbls Scotch Snuff, in bladders;
200 doz. Garrett's Scotch Snuff;
100 doz. Lorillard's Macaboy Snuff;
200 doz. Roome's Macaboy and Scotch Snuff;
400 pounds White Wax;
100 pounds Dover Powders;
1000 ℔ assorted Herbs;
50 kegs Refined Saltpetre;
5 cases British Linter, superior article;
20 cases Cooper's Isinglass;
5 bales Hops;
100 pounds Iodine Potash;
300 ounces Nitrate Silver;
2 cases Manna Flake and Sorts;
20 cans Magnesia, Cal., English;
5 cases Magnesia, Carb;
10 cases Ref. Borax;
25 lbs. Oil of Bergamot
50 lbs. Oil Peppermint;
50 pounds Aniseed;
20 pounds Oil Cloves;
35 pounds Oil Cedar;
10 pounds Oil Cubebs;
20 pounds Oil Black Pepper;
50 pounds Oil Almonds;
5 gross Shoemaker's Plasters;
10 gross Seidlitz Powders;
10 gross Soda Powders;
30 gross Sugar of Lemons;
10 gross Tonic Powders;
5 cases Liquorice, Calab. and Sicily;
500 doz. Genl. Southern Mustard;
1 cask Gentian Root;
2 bales Liquorice Root;
10 kegs Tamarinds, fresh;
2 casks Bay Rum, pure;
35 doz. Bay Rum, pure;
5 cases Pearl Sago;
2000 pounds Madder;
5 casks French Lime Juice;
200 lbs. Powdered Cantharides;
20 bbls. Fear Venitian Red;
20 bbls. Spanish Brown;
15 bbls. Mineral Paint;
20 bbls. Whiting;
20 bbls. Paris White;
10 bbls. Chalk;
20 bbls. Lampblack;
5 bbls. Pumice Stone;
1 bbl. Powdered Sandstone;
5 bbls. Putty, in bladders;
White Lead;
Vermillion;
Prussian Blue;
Dutch Pinks;
Red Lead;
Turkey Umber;
Drop Black;
Patent Dryers;
Copal Varnish;
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Japan and White Copal;
White Damar Varnish;
Black Leather;
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