New Orleans Daily Crescent.
MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1860.

Local Intelligence.

CHANGE.—The "River and Marine Departments," steamboat columns, etc., usually found on this page, will be seen by referring to the third page. This change is unavoidable, the large edition printed this morning requiring an early start to get through in time.

CONFUSION.—A very serious blunder was made in Saturday's Crescent, in our report of the Southern Rights mass meeting at Odd Fellows' Hall. The gentleman from Texas who made such a caustic and telling speech, was not Ex-Governor Runnels, as we reported, but Ex-Lieutenant Governor Lubbock. We much regret that we should have given to the wrong man the credit of a speech so brilliant and so acceptable to those who heard it, and thereby make the *amende*, not only to the gentleman who did make the speech but to the gentleman who did not. Accidents happen in the best-regulated families; so do blunders sometimes occur in the best of newspapers, one of which the Crescent claims to be.

JACK FRAST.—This distinguished Northerner flung his silvery mantle over the city yesterday morning in a manner that was perfectly beautiful. During the day the weather became somewhat warm and cloudy.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.—The recent great political event has operated in different ways in this city, but in none more markedly than in the military spirit which now infuses the community, creating new companies of soldiers and enlarging and adding new strength to the old companies. In none of the old companies has this spirit been more effectively shown than in that gallant corps, that model company and pride of the city, the Washington Artillery, commanded by Capt. J. B Walton.

This company during the review and the drenching rain of last Thursday, turned out no less than 100 strong. Whilst their usual perfect march and drill and their strong force commanded the admiration of all who saw them, their new scarlet Zouave caps and tinted blankets strapped to their knapsacks gave them a new and more than usually brilliant appearance.

This company is for different reasons entitled to the name of the model company of New Orleans. We say this with all proper estimate of the strength and fine discipline of the other leading companies of the city.

The Washington Artillery was first organized in 1838. Though perhaps none of the present members belonged to it twenty two years ago, it is, as Time passes in its dealings with all human organizations, the same old company. Its original spirit and admirable strict discipline are not only the same but still better, under the lead of its present honored Captain, than whom there is no more perfect or accomplished gentleman or military commander in the South.

Capt. Walton has several sources of just pride. He and his company, in 1846, did honorable service in Mexico; and the company has been ever since just as ready for hard work as it was then, and is now render for service than it was then. It is not known that there is a "Sunday soldier" in the whole crowd. The punctual attendance of the members at the company drills, once a week, and at the squad drills, four times a week; the faithful observance of the first military principle, to obey orders promptly and silently; and the respectability and high social standing of the members, are so many just causes of gratulation and pride to the Captain and all the friends of the company.

There are many new members now going through the rudiments, preparatory to their first turnout. The present entire force is 152. When the number reaches 200, the company will be organized as a battalion of two companies, the second company to be commanded by the Senior First Lieutenant. All honor to the Washington Artillerists. We hope to hear of a like expansion and improvement in all the other companies.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—A sailing vessel (her name we did not learn) was yesterday morning moored opposite the Vegetable market, with the Palmetto flag flying. This was an event which was responded to by an artillery salute by some of our chivalrous Southern Rights citizens.

In many of the dry goods windows may now be seen conspicuous cards bearing the words, "European Importations," "Direct trade with Europe," etc.

The boys, even, have commenced firing crackers about the streets—so all-prevading and growing is the Southern Rights feeling.

Capt. Charles D. Drake's new military company, the "Orleans Cadets," already numbers fifty of the finest young men in New Orleans. The company was organized on Saturday night, and meets again to-night. See the advertised notice. The company's uniform will be of gray stuff of Southern manufacture.

Citizens in full suits of Southern homespun, of fashionable cut, are to be seen on the streets, and increasing in number daily.

THE CITY RAILROADS.—The laying of the city railroads progresses steadily. Six gangs of men are at work daily in different parts of the city. The work in the heart of the city, on Camp and Magazine streets, has been stopped for accommodation of business on those avenues; but it will be resumed next spring. Meantime the tracks are being rapidly laid in the remote parts of the city. On Camp and Magazine streets, in the Fourth District, a good many squares of rails are down; on Love street, in the Third District, some four or five squares are laid; and on that and Greatmen, and in fact most of the other streets through which the roads are to pass, the gathering piles of railroad iron and cypress cross-ties bespeak the steady progress of the work. The laboring gangs will be kept steadily at work; and it is expected that the whole system will be complete and the cars running by June next. This is much earlier than many people have been led to anticipate. The branch railroad, to be laid out Canal street to the Metairie Ridge, is also finely under way. Success to the omnibus men and their brave undertaking.

THE CITY TELEGRAPH.—The city time is now regulated and given forth by Dr. Bonzano, at the U. S. Mint, on Esplanade street; a wire having been put up between that institution and the central telegraph office at the City Hall. Dr. B. has the finest set of astronomical instruments in the city, and takes the pride of a philosopher in using them had in ascertaining the correct time by his solar and sidereal observations. The tap on the bells at noonday and the first tap at eight in the evening indicate the mathematically correct time, as ascertained by Dr. Bonzano. It is with pleasure we note that time all over the city is now regulated by the telegraphic bell-taps. We may add that for public and police convenience, a wire has been put up from the Central office to the residence of the Chief of Police, so that that officer may be speedily forthcoming in any case of necessity or urgent importance. The City Telegraph, against which there was so much croaking at first, has fairly beaten down all opposition, and now stands universally acknowledged as the most useful and admirable modern improvement that our city has yet taken into its patronage. It is but proper to add, that the regular and successful working of the telegraph in its various branches is owing to the constant and unremitting attention which is bestowed upon it by Mr. Superintendent Hebert and his assistant, Mr. Mingle; gentlemen who from the start have demonstrated a particular genius for their business, and honored the judgment of those who selected them for the onerous and honorable posts they occupy.

YOUNG LOVE.—Scene first: St. Mary's Parish; young son of a rich planter likes a pretty but poor girl, and the blockhead; he wants to move his baggage to her room, (lawfully, of course,) but his moral parent won't consent, forbids the banns, and threatens to disinherit. Great distress in St. Mary's parish.

Scene second: New Orleans; the young lovers arrive by the Opelousas cars on Friday evening, in quest of a preacher; Juliet is left at the City Hotel, and Romeo goes in quest of two friends to help him through. He finds them; they sympathize, and next morning go with him and her to a Justice of the Peace. They can't swear he is 21, he has'nt got his daddy's permit, and the Judge declines trying the knot. Romeo crazy; terrible fear of the cruel parent catching him before the wedding; no time to be lost!

One of his friends tells him maybe he can find a loafer or two somewhere around the coffee-houses to swear five dollars' worth each that he is over twenty-one years old. Ah, ha! happy thought! A brief search for five-dollar perjurers, but none found; an astonishing piece of bad fortune in a town like this. The Judge is asked for advice; he talks like a father to the babies; tell Romeo to go back home, or his daddy will disinherit him. "He may kick me to hell!" exclaims Romeo, frantically, "but I'm bound to marry this girl!" Judge tells him if he can get respectable witnesses to swear that he can earn his living and support a wife, he can in the course of five days get emancipated by one of the District Courts. Romeo, wilder than ever: "Five days! I can't wait! Where shall I go—what must I do?" Great sympathy of friends and outsiders.

Scene third—Pontchartrain railroad cars; the babies and their sympathetic friends *en route* for the Mobile boat. Before this time the lovers have reached Mobile, and are now probably singing, "A-la-ba-ma—there we rest." The energy and desperation of the young man in his matrimonial purposes, and the willingness of his blushing fair one, sensibly affected all beholders, for he was handsome and gallant, and she was sweet and pretty, and—the weather was cold.

THE MAYOR AND THE RECORDER.—The conflict of authority between Mayor Monroe and Recorder Emerson will probably come up before one of the District Courts to-day, the Recorder having sued out a writ of *quo warranto* against the Mayor. The issue is anxiously awaited by the public.

PIETY OF TEXAS.—We yesterday gave Texas, the corporation darkey, a quarter, for polite attention shown to us at Recorder Emerson's Court. Yesterday, as most people know, was Sunday. Texas doffed his cap, made a profound bow, and said, "Thank God, massa!" "Why do you thank God, Texas?" we asked. "You mus'nt think hard 'cause I don't thank you," he replied, "but if God had'nt made you a gentleman, you would'nt a give me de quarter!" Texas might have been mistaken in his witty flattery, but he is certainly a reflective nigger. Texas has further said, that we are a very fine 'porter. Of course, we can never forget Texas.

BLESS THE BABY!—"Sissy," asked a lady, a few days ago, of a bright little girl down town, who had just commenced going to school, "Sissy, how do you like your teacher?" "Oh, she's such a nice lady," was the enthusiastic reply, "and I do love her so much. She lets us all go out to play every day at 12 o'clock, and don't make us come back till the bell rings!" Who would'nt be a little girl?

FIRES.—A fire broke out on Friday night at 10 o'clock, in the kitchen of Mr. C. L. Pitcher, on Annunciation street, between Washington and Sixth streets. When it was put out, the kitchen and a portion of the house had been destroyed. The cause of that fire is yet unknown.

At half-past two o'clock on Saturday morning the stable of Mr. John B. Fitch, on Chippewa street, between Washington and Sixth streets, was also discovered on fire. When the alarm was given the fire had made such progress that the exertions of the firemen were of no avail to save the stable. That fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

ROBBERIES IN THE FIFTH DISTRICT.—From the Jefferson Journal of Saturday we learn that on Wednesday night last some enterprising thief or thieves helped themselves to about a barrel of sugar from one of the several hogsheads lying in front of the grocery store of Brand & Co., opposite the market.

On the same night a shoe store on the same square was broken open, but we learn nothing was taken, the intruder probably being scared off before he succeeded in supplying his wants. That very same night the premises of Mr. Salvador, keeper of the coffeehouse opposite Brand's store, were invaded, and a lot of feathered bipeds were among the missing next morning. We are informed that another grocery, on Bordeaux street, was broken into and goods taken, but we did not learn the particulars.

THE DIRECTION OF EXCHANGE ALLEY.—It is pretty generally known that the Post-office has seceded from Morgan's bookstore, on Exchange Place, and taken up its quarters in the basement of the new Custom-house. The effect of the separation is painfully visible. The Post-office misses Morgan's, and Morgan's misses the Post-office. So long and so inseparably had the two been connected, almost, as it were, in a twin-like community of public accommodation, that the visitor to either instinctively looks around for the other, and has to sigh upon finding it not. 'Tis a shame that they are separated. It is certain that the Post-office will never go back to Morgan's, the friend and boon companion of its former years.

Merchants and others, whose time hangs heavily o' mornings, as they await the irregular and uncertain mails and delivery of their letters and papers, have now no literary nook in which to while away the time, skimming over the literary weeklies and pictorials, and the cheap publications and new books, all smelling so fresh of the printing-press, and decoying the post-office pensioner so unwittingly through the hours. No. The people who wait the mail-openings must stand around in listless idleness; if that does not suit, their only solace is the coffee-house across the street.

As Morgan's was used by many people as a sort of public highway from Exchange Alley to Royal street, and as many hundreds of those who were in the daily habit of standing around the counters and tumbling the books and papers about, reading by the hour, did so without ever buying anything or in any wise paying for their entertainment, it may be questioned by some whether the removal of the Post-office and its crowds is not a happy riddance to Morgan.

It seems, however, that it is not a happy riddance. We dropped in at Morgan's the other day, to see how things got on. The scene was silent and dismal enough. The big tom-cat, so long known to the habitues of the place, came trotting over the books and rubbed our arm with all the affection inspired by a period of unexpected desertion and solitude. The old gentleman who stands behind the newspaper counter was asleep, standing up; his spectacles only watching the papers. The saturnine boy was on a ladder away up among the rafters and sobwebs, silently dusting the books. Ellis was seated on a high-stool, reading the advertisements in one of the evening papers. Seeing us, he leaped from his stool, rushed to the counter, grasped us by the hand, and said in fervent tones, "Thanks, kind friend, thanks! Our chief joy is, that *all* our old friends have not deserted us!"

"Ah! I should hardly have thought that. Does the desertion affect your business any—I mean does it depreciate the former average of your sales?"

"Oh, no, not to speak of. We sell nearly as many books and papers as usual; but then its our particular old friends, who used to read all day and buy nothing, that we miss."

"I should think you'd be glad to be rid of them."

"Not at all. We got so used to them that they seemed like permanent fixtures of the store. As for their using the books and papers they never injured them in the least; on the contrary they often helped our sales considerably."

"How was that?"

"Why, you see, a man with an intelligent and expressive countenance, when he reads for any length of time, betrays the amount of interest or excitement he derives from his reading. The man that stood here at this counter and read Monte Christo through in three standings, and who used to make such faces when he was reading, has aided us in selling a great many books. I always watched his face, and could by that pretty surely estimate the amount of pleasure he was enjoying; and whatever book he enjoyed, I was always able to specially recommend without having read it myself."

"Well, that is an idea for a bookseller."

"Yes, and it's a good one. Why, you yourself have helped us, without seeming to know it. Don't you remember the day you stood here nearly two hours reading that French novel, 'Fanny?'"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"Well, when you laid down the book and left, a gentleman who had noted your countenance immediately bought a copy of the book. I proceeded to recommend it, and next day the pile was gone."

"That'll do, Ellis. 'No more of that an' thou lovest me, Hal.'"

"I tell you it's so. It's just such readers as you and others that I hate to part with. I even regret the disappearance of the man who used to come here once a week, and read the stories in the Ledger without ever buying a copy, and the price only five cents."

"Well, now I understand you. Since you like it, I'll drop in once in a while, and read over the books for you."

"Thank you—do. Have a Harper's Weekly? It's just in."

In the course of further conversation with Mr. Ellis, he informed us that he could never stand the loss of the Post-office and his free readers. He intends to do something about it. What that is will be made known at the proper time.

ANOTHER GREENHORN VICTIMIZED—*A Hoosier Done out of a Fine Watch and Chain.*—A few days since a young man arrived in the city from up the river, and put up at one of our fashionable hotels. He appeared to have some means, sported an immense gold watch and chain, and seemed to be inclined to learn the ways of the metropolis of the South-west. That he was green was apparent in every motion he made or question he asked—greenness was apparent on him as it is on a gourd-leaf in the spring. He found himself placed in a room some four or five stories above the street, in company with a most respectable looking gentleman, whose quiet demeanor and accommodating manners soon won his heart.

The afternoon after his arrival, his new friend and himself were sitting on the balcony of their hotel, when suddenly the polite gentleman asked with great interest, as if he had just remembered an appointment, what was the time of day. Greenhorn at once drew forth his chronometer and gave the required information. At the sight of the watch the gentleman asked if he might look at it, which request was complied with most agreeably. After examining the watch closely a few moments, he remarked to the owner that he thought him careless in carrying around so loosely such a valuable article when there were so many thieves in the city. "Go at once, said he, and get the key of your room, and lock it up in your trunk or you will loose it." So earnestly did he speak that his words carried conviction with them, and the young man at once went to the office and demanded his key, with the intention of following such good advice.

When he got his key from the clerk he suddenly recollected that his friend had his watch, and went back to find him. But, alas, there was neither hide nor hair of him to be seen. Without doubting for a moment that it was all right, he began looking around the building, expecting that some one had called the gentleman off, but to no effect, and it was only when he went back to the office to make inquiries that he was made to understand that he had been victimized. His oaths and lamentations were loud and bitter, but they availed him little. His watch is, no doubt, by this time quietly reposing in some pawnbroker's chest.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn that on Friday a youth about fifteen years of age fell from the maintopsail yard of the British ship Saranac, lying at post 40, First District, and was killed. The body was mangled in a shocking manner. A dent the poor lad made when he fell on the poop is plainly discernable.

RATHER REMARKABLE.—There was not a solitary case of shooting or cutting, that we heard of, in any of the Districts, from Saturday morning till late last night. We cannot remember when the police records of "drunken Saturday night" were ever so clean. Yesterday, also, we found on the Coroner's slate the pleasant word, "Nothing!" This pleases us, and we hope it will please our readers.

POCKET-PICKING.—At the Second District Vegetable market, yesterday morning, a fellow, pretending to be drunk, staggered against a lady, and in so doing picked her pocket of $20. Officer Genet afterwards arrested him, with $18 of the cash still in his possession. He gave his name as James Thompson, and will to-day be introduced to Recorder Blache.

COMMITTED.—John Kline was on Saturday committed for trial to the Criminal Court by Recorder Adams, on a charge of assault and battery preferred against him by Peter Jaquillard. It appears that a collision occurred between vehicles driven by the respective parties. Peter jumped from his dray, took hold of the bridle of John's animal and chucked him. John, properly believing that Peter might as well have chucked himself, waded into Peter and gave him a few on the region of the smelling-box.

TO BE EXAMINED.—The following parties were arraigned on Saturday before Recorder Emerson, and their cases fixed for examination: Chas. Christopher, Clara Fisher, John Cluny, Richard Williams, F. G. Bolio and James Taylor, for larcenies; John Sullivan, Michael Corcoran, for assault and battery with dangerous weapons; O. A. Brown and Ed. Grimes, for tampering with slaves; James Burke and Ab'm Capell Craig, for assault and threats; Sarah Moore, for perjury; Thomas Killbreth, for obtaining money under false pretences; James Marilla, for abusing and cutting his wife, and James Thompson, for assault and battery and wounding with a dangerous weapon, with intent to kill. Also, Henry Abbey, charged with attempting to obtain money under false pretences from Dr. J. S. Knapp; Bartley Grainey, charged with brass-knuckling Pat Coyne, near the foot of Julia street; John Morris, charged with having a bundle of clothing in his possession supposed to be stolen; Charles Johnson, charged with drawing a pistol on Thomas O'Day, on New Levee street; Pat Mack, charged with assaulting Frank Scott with a dirk on St. Joseph street; Mike Stelnwell, found suspiciously concealed on board the steamer Nebraska, and Mike Murphy, charged with stealing a box of buckwheat flour from Thos. Eagan. The amount of turpitude that Recorder Emerson has to wade through, as a regular thing, is greater than that which afflicts all the other three Recorders put together. A particular account of all the above offences would fill columns of the Crescent.

Baptiste Biasing or Biasini, charged by Charles Barnet with obtaining goods under false pretenses, awaits a hearing before Recorder Blache; also John Dervin and W. Gallagher, charged with walloping Fanny Denison and Rose Davis on Custom-house street.

BARRIERS & BROS. IN THE FIELD—*Another Great Reduction.*—Whatever may be the effect of the tight times upon the gentlemen, the ladies certainly have had little cause to complain. As if in anticipation of the difficulties that their fair customers would meet with in exacting their pin money from their worse halves, these favorite dry goods merchants, Messrs. C. A. Barriere & Bros., No. 130 Canal street, have reduced their prices at least one third—are offering silks at what barerges recently sold, and barerges for the late price of bellecous. This is glorious, and there need be no fear that the goods will not be all bought up. The stock thus offered not only comprises the dress goods above mentioned, but fine French embroideries and laces, gloves, silk and velvet cloaks, housekeeping goods, white goods and plantation supplies; and the only fear we entertain is that everybody will not have a chance to participate in the bargains, as the stock, however immense, cannot last forever. Our advice, therefore, is for an early start, with the advertisement in hand, cut from some paper, by way of memorandum.

NEW STATIONERY ESTABLISHMENT.—The public will doubtless soon discover the locale and the merits of the splendid new stationery establishment of Mr. P. Fitzwilliam, stationer, printer and account-book manufacturer, at 76 Camp street. As he has just now opened all his goods are new, and of the most judiciously selected qualities and kinds, for the great experience of the proprietor is at no loss in choosing such articles as are of readiest demand in this market. His stock of papers, blank books, cotton sampling paper, copying presses, copying books, inks, gold and steel pens, etc., was probably never excelled anywhere for excellence and varied assortment, with a view to meeting the peculiar demands of this city. We ask the attention of the mercantile and general community to Mr. F.'s advertisement, and suggest an inspection of his stock.

NICE THINGS AT THE LOUISIANA GROCERY.—The proprietors of this well-known and popular family grocery, located at No. 132 Julia street, notify their friends that they have just received a choice lot of butter, teas, wines, liquors and fruits; which, together with all other articles in their line, they will sell cheap, and deliver free of charge in any part of the city.

The Carolina Flag.

The Boston Traveller says:

The Palmetto Flag, of which we hear so much, and which is seen by so many people of Charleston, is, we presume, the old 1776 flag of South Carolina, and which was to that community what our local flag was to Massachusetts. The rugged Pine was and is to us what the graceful Palmetto was and is to our excited sister. The Carolina flag has glorious memories. Perhaps the most brilliant action of the Revolutionary war was fought under it. We refer to the defence of Fort Moultrie, then called Fort Sullivan, on the 28th of June, 1776, by the Americans, commanded by Colonel William Moultrie, one of the best men of the Revolution, an action that had the most important consequences. A strong British squadron, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, was repulsed, after an action of ten hours, losing 205 men, while one of the ships was destroyed, and the others were terribly cut up.

The flag under which Col. Moultrie fought was a blue field with a silver crescent—in other words, a crescent *argent* on a field of *azure*. This flag had been extemporized by Col. Moultrie himself the preceding year, and was suggested by the uniforms of the first and second regiments of South Carolina's troops, their uniforms being blue, and the men wearing a silver crescent in their caps. The occasion of making it was the seizure of Fort Johnson, September, 1775. There was no Palmetto on the flag, but Fort Moultrie was built principally of Palmetto logs, and as the wood is spongy, though strong, it was admirably adapted to the purpose to which it was applied; never splintering. During the action, the flag was shot away, the staff being cut in two, whereupon the brave Sergeant William Jasper fixed it on a halberd and placed it on the part of the bastion next to the enemy. This he did in the thickest of the fire, and the history of war mentions not a more gallant action.

We are not sure that the flag which thus nobly received the baptism of fire and blood is the same that is now so often mentioned, but we suppose it is, for the South Carolinians must be proud of it, and its associations might be honorably desired by any State that ever existed. Gadsden, the Rutledges, Moultrie, Pinckney, the Laurenses, Marion, Sumpter, Lowndes, the Middletons, Heyward, and others, what glorious men they were, the Carolinians of long ago! What a pity it is that recent events should have turned the mind's eye from their doings to those of men who may have their courage, but who have not their sense!

The Charleston Courier remarks:

The Traveller is in error in the closing inference. The Carolinians of this day are looking at and recalling the great lessons of the deeds of their ancestors.

The men of South Carolina, in 1719, effected the first revolution, and in 1774-76 aided largely in the second and general revolution, which was an act of resistance and disunion, provoked not by grievous oppressions in fact, but by a violation in principle, and the virtual establishment of a government alien in interest and purpose to the colonies.

Shooting Affair in Harvard College.

The rumor of a case of shooting at Harvard College proves to be correct. A couple of Freshmen were walking on the street last evening, when they were met by a band of Sophomores, and the latter began "baiting" one of the former, and proceeding to violent measures, his companion pulled a pistol, which it appeared was only loaded with powder, from his pocket, and fired in the face of one of the Sophomores.

The powder blackened the face of the young man, but beyond this no damage was done.

After this proceeding the parties all went to their rooms, where the Sophomores commenced firing cannon-crackers and making a great noise, threatening to annihilate any Freshman they met afterwards.

Hearing of the disturbance from the police, although to-day the police in Old Cambridge are quite ignorant of the particulars of the affair, a meeting of the Faculty of the College was at once called, and an investigation gone into.

Although we are uninformed of the evidence brought before them, they decided to suspend nine of the Sophomores, for terms varying from one to two years and a half.

This being made known this forenoon, the Sophs to the number of over one hundred, hired a job wagon, and seating the suspended students in it, attached ropes after the fashion of fire companies, to the shafts, and thus drew their associates through the streets of Old Cambridge.

Arriving opposite President Felton's house, they gave three groans, and tauningly called him out to make a speech, and this course was pursued in front of the residences of others of the Faculty.

Not meeting with much sympathy around the College, they proceeded to Cambridgeport, with the intention of dragging the suspended member into Boston, but, when they got as far as the Universalist Church, they concluded to stop, and cutting the rope by which the wagon was drawn by them into small pieces, each took a small piece and placing it in the button-hole of his coat, a procession was formed, and the crowd march back to the College, leaving the suspended members of the class to go home as they saw fit.

This, from the action of the class, will not be the end of the matter, as the Faculty seem determined to put a stop to the extreme measures taken of late years by the Sophomores towards the Freshmen, and we understand that they considered the two Freshmen assaulted last evening as justified in the course they took. [Boston Eve. Trav. 20th.

SOUTHERN SUPPLIES.—A late letter from Richmond, Va., says:

The policy of non-intercourse with the North is vigorously encouraged, and already the manufacture of homespun goods is rapidly going forward in Virginia and North Carolina to meet the brisk trade in that article which this new policy will inaugurate. The Southern papers contain several advertisements of goods of this class.

The foundries here are already reaping rich benefits from this non-intercourse policy. Orders for machinery of every class are pouring in from every Southern State, and the manufacturers, determined to avail themselves of the new-born zeal to promote Southern manufactures, are establishing agencies in the principal Southern cities to facilitate business negotiations in their line. This non-intercourse policy will, I imagine, be far more comprehensive and enduring than was that which followed the John Brown raid. That circumstance was local, and the effects which it produced were circumscribed. True, there was much sympathy manifested with Virginia throughout the South, but the evil was far from being so colossal or acute as that which now fires up the indignation of the South. The effects in a non-intercourse point of view, will of course, be in proportion.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—In the Iberville Sentinel of Saturday last we find the following:

A serious affray occurred in the vicinity of Indian Village, in this parish, a few days since, between Paulin Avile and Theodule Guidry. The circumstances, or what led to it, we could not clearly ascertain or comprehend. But from what we could learn, it appears that Guidry acted on the defensive, and upon Avile making a demonstration of attack, the former drew his revolver and shot the latter twice, one shot through the neck and the other entering the upper lip, and burying the ball a couple of inches or so in that direction. Avile's wounds, though painful, are not dangerous.

FIR FASHIONS.—The once despised "mink," taking rank only one step higher than the muskrat, has got into such high favor from its close resemblance to the Hudson Bay sable, that importations have been displaced to a large extent, and now the American sable takes the precedence in comparison with almost any of the rival furs. Stone-marten, fitch, squirrel, etc., are less inquired for. Success in winning popular favor results in this case much as it often does in the higher walks of animal life, and whole communities in the mink creation have been brought to sorrow from the effects of extensive adulation. In other words, the demand for mink has tended to surfeit the market, so that prices are about twenty per cent. lower than last year. In style there is no essential change, except that the half-cape leads, owing to the use of the modernized Arabian hood in cloak making, which does not permit of coverings. The stock of furs on hand is about as usual in quantity; but it will be speedily reduced after the winter fairly sets in. [N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

FATAL AFFRAY.—The Memphis Avalanche of Thursday last says:

The Columbus Democratic Herald learns that on Saturday night, the 10th inst., a difficulty occurred between Burwell A. Kannon, son of Mr. James Kannon, living near Columbia, and a man named Henry Ham, near Mt. Pleasant, in which the former was so wounded by the latter, that he died on the next evening. Ham was arrested and brought before Henry A. Muller, Esq., for trial, and failing to give bail to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court was committed to trial.

A little girl was burned to death in Cincinnati a few days ago by her clothes taking fire at the grate.

DAVE THE BARBER.—The rumor that Dave the barber has suspended specie payment, just because he left Poydras street, has no foundation in fact. If you doubt it, go and see him at his splendid new shop on Magazine street, adjoining the St. James Hotel. His rooms are among the sharpest, his assistants among the best and most polite, and his accommodations generally among the most luxurious, that ever blessed his sore humanity in this or any other city.

Dave is not only a barber but he is a gentleman; and his patrons stick to him and follow him, no matter where he locates his shop. Dave never charged more than ten cents for shaving and never intends to. Dave has a private apartment for hair and whisker dying—a great convenience for bashful old gentlemen, not to speak of the private entrance to said apartment. Dave keeps all the scents, cosmetics, etc., that a gentlemanly and popular barber should keep. Dave is a trump. Dave is a brick. Dave is the prince of colored barbers. All gentlemen who wear hair should know Dave. Just read what Dave has to say for himself in our advertising columns.

Later from New Mexico.

INDEPENDENCE, Nov. 21.—The New Mexican mail arrived this evening a day behind time, occasioned by a heavy snow-storm, from Santa Fé to the crossing of the Arkansas. From there in the roads are in a very bad condition.

News had reached Santa Fé from the volunteers in pursuit of the Navajo Indians. The campaign was very successful. A large number of Indians had been killed and taken prisoners, and more stock than they are able to take care of, also, sufficient corn to last through the winter. They have applied for more men to take care of the stock.

The soldiers from Hatch's ranche made an attack upon some Camanche Indians that came into Chaparita to trade. They fired on them while they were at the trading house, and then took their horses and left. The horses were sold in Santa Fé a few days ago. Since that time the Indians have retaliated by going, in open daylight, to Hatch's ranche and driving off 400 Government beef cattle.

The Gazette is out in a long article, condemning the soldiers in their attack upon a small band of peaceable Indians who came in to trade with no intention of committing any depredations.

Business in Santa Fé was very dull, and money scarce.

Mississippi Intelligence.

The Grenada Rural Gentleman of Saturday last has the following:

The weather has been exceedingly disagreeable the present week. Every symptom of winter is presented and the planter admonished to prepare for its coming.

The widow of the late Etheldred Williams, a report of whose death, by a slave, was published last week is, we learn, also dead. The fatherless and motherless orphans have our heartfelt sympathy.

The Lexington Advertiser of Friday has the following:

We learn that Mr. Lemual A. West was thrown a few days since from the cars on the Mississippi Central Railroad, while in full speed, crossing over a culvert 20 or 30 feet high, by one of the engineers on the locomotive, and was seriously injured. Mr. West, an employé on the road, it seems attempted to chastise a negro for some misdemeanor, when the engineer, whose name we have not learnt, urged the negro to resist—and while the negro and Mr. West were clinched, he seized the latter from behind and threw him overboard. The engineer has since absconded. It is said it was a miracle that Mr. West escaped with his life, under the circumstances.

The Yazoo Democrat of Saturday says:

The weather to-day is of the most villainous kind. Having turned cloudy during last night, it began raining this (Thursday) morning at an early hour, which has continued incessantly up to late in the evening. It is one of the coldest rains we have ever experienced. Business out of doors is utterly out of the question.

From the Panola Star of Thursday we extract the following:

On last Thursday night, about 1 o'clock the gin-house of Mr. John Gillion, of our county, was discovered to be on fire. When first seen the house was completely enveloped in flames, rendering efforts to save anything perfectly futile. There was about fifteen bales of cotton, two wagons and all the farming implements on the place, destroyed with the gin-house. Mr. Gillion is satisfied that it was the work of vile incendiaries, as there had been no fire about the gin for two weeks.

Such things as burning stables, gin houses, etc., are becoming so common throughout the South that they cease to cause remark, and will continue growing worse just so long as one people suffer runaway negroes and renegade, thieving, house-burning Abolitionists, under the guise of honest men, to prowl about through the country unnoticed and unmolested. It is high time a stop was put to these things. Our peace, prosperity, property, and even our lives demand it.

We learn from the Canton Citizen that Franklin Smith, Esq., an eminent lawyer and highly esteemed citizen of that place, has been convicted of shooting, with intent to kill, Owen Vouvactor, editor of the Commonwealth. He took an appeal from the decision of the Judge, but the judgment was confirmed by the Supreme Court.

Adventure with Burglars.

The Messrs. Herbert kept a very extensive jewelry establishment in New York city, and for the better security of their store against fire and other casualties, they employed one of their clerks to sleep in it at night. The idea of the store being attacked by robbers was not for a moment entertained, but it was for other objects, such as security from fire and the like, that young Loring, the clerk, slept there; for he was not supplied with any weapons to repel an attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary night, he was awakened by a singular noise, which resembled that which a party of burglars might produce in an attempt to enter the building, and looking towards the back windows he soon satisfied himself that one or more persons were endeavoring, as quietly as possible, to effect an entrance in that quarter. They had already removed a part of the sash and shutters with their cunningly devised instruments, and must have been at work some time before he was awakened.

Now young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but not through fear, that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman, but that he might pepper the rogues a little. At first he determined to cry out and arouse the watch, but as they had advanced so far before he was awake he thought he would drive them off by stratagem. He slipped on his clothes quietly, and, approaching the spot where the thieves were busy, he saw the hand of one of them passed inside of the shutter into the store in its owner's endeavors to guide a small handsaw, with which he was cutting an aperture for his body to pass through.

Young Loring felt inclined to chop off the hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by, but he restrained, and bethought himself of a powerful acid that was used in the testing of the purity of silver and other metals. One drop of this would eat instantly into the flesh, and produce a poisonous sore in ten minutes time. He cautiously dropped a little upon the burglars hand and awaited the result.

"Bill!" at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade. "I've got a cursed burning on the back of my hand. It's so sore I can hardly work this saw. Phew! how it smarts! I guess I've cut it with the saw—hold the dark lantern here."

"Fudge!" replied his companion, "change hands then, but don't stop."

"Take the saw yourself, then! I can't stand this pain!"

And while the discomfited burglar withdrew to groan over the supposed cut, the other took his place with the saw, and in a moment after received a few drops of the fiery liquid upon the back part of his hand, and was soon groaning with agony.

"Curse this saw! it has cut me too!" groaned the second thief.

And after sundry oaths, mutually exchanged until the first and worst attack of pain was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance.

The clerk permitted them to go on a while uninterruptedly, knowing that at any moment he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchman passing in front of the store, upon whom he could call to secure the rogues, and he resolved to wait for this until it would do to wait no longer. But soon the burglars had so much enlarged the hole that they would shortly be able to enter it by themselves.

Seeing that he must do something to stop them, the clerk crept in the dark closet at one side of the window, and uttered a low but fierce growl, in imitation of a dog. Both of the rogues stopped back at this unexpected interruption.

"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in there. I did'nt know that the Herberts kept one," said one to the other.

"A dog! that's bad. Curse 'em, if it was a man, why a shot or a dirk stab would fix him—but a dog is quite another thing, for if we shot him he'd be sure to hold fast one of us!"

"Bow! wow! wow!" cried the clerk, with all his power, as he saw them preparing to resume their work.

"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both.

"Never mind, go ahead Bill, and get it open now. I'll fix him when we get in."

The burglar addressed as Bill thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last piece of wood that obstructed their entrance, when the clerk, having already armed himself with a large pair of pincers, seized the robber's hand as though in a vice, and set up such a howling that the whole neighborhood was alarmed.

"For Heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a hand here: the cursed animal is biting my hand half off!" said the burglar to his confederate.

"Pull it away—pull it away, quick!"

"Can't!"

"Give it a jerk!" said the other.

"O-o-o! I can't. Murder! murder!"

This cry, added to the bellowing of the supposed dog, soon brought the watch in earnest, and the thief, who was at liberty to do so, ran for his life.

The watchman's light showed Bill Sikes that he had been bitten by a pair of pincers!

This is a fact; it occurred in New York city during the winter of 1841; and Bill Sikes served out his imprisonment at Blackwell's Island.

When women begin to count their admirers it isn't apt to take them long to do it.

SPLENDID LACE GOODS.—If there is any article used by ladies in adorning their persons which is peculiarly adapted to a handsome lace. There is something so rich and refined about these goods, that we have never witnessed in the person that ladies have for them. Mrs. Turner, the well-known milliner at No. 113 Canal street, advertises a magnificent assortment of laces and embroideries this morning, and we invite the special attention of the ladies thereto. Mrs. Turner's stock comprises some of the richest goods in this line ever brought to this city. She has lace sets ranging in price from $12 to $300, and collars, taches, handkerchiefs, capes and bonnets of the same style. Give her a call while going round shopping this morning.

W. C. RAYMOND.

W. C. RAYMOND.....W. C. RAYMOND.

FAMILY GROCER,

71.....Camp Street.....71

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A CARD.

The following classes of Goods embrace the leading features of the stock of the above old established Family Grocery; whose patronage, it gives the proprietor pleasure to say, is of that extent, steadiness, and character, as to call upon him to furnish none but the best of most carefully selected articles, and to keep his stock list complete by frequent arrivals from the West, South and North, and from abroad.

Thankful for the patronage hitherto so liberally extended to him, the undersigned begs to assure his friends that no efforts will be spared to merit its continuance.

W. C. RAYMOND.

CLASSIFICATION.

Meats.

Westphalia Hams.
Western Hams, various brands.
Sides, smoked and pickled.
Beef, corned, plain, spiced and smoked.
Tongues, smoked and pickled.
Lyons and Bologna Sausages.
Buffalo Tongues. St. Jacques Meats, in soft.
Hamburg Beef, in pots. Tongues, in pots.

Fish.

Mackerel, Mess and Large No. 2, in kits.
Mackerel, No. 1, in quarters and half barrels.
Mess Shad, in kits. Smoked Salmon.
Halibut, Plus. Smoked Halibut.
No. 1 Salmon, in kits.

Flour, etc.

St. Louis, extra, barrels and half barrels.
Buckwheat, in bags and boxes.
Corn Meal. Macaroni.
Oat Meal. Sago.
Hominy, coarse and fine. Farina.
Corn Flour. Rice.
Tapioca. Split Peas.
Arrow Root. Pearl Barley.
Cook's Gelatine. Vermicelli.
Beans.

Butter, etc.

Goshen, selected to order.
Western, in large and small kegs.
Lard, in kegs and jars.

Cheese.

English Cheddar. Sap Sago Cheese.
Dutch Head Cheese. Pineapple.
English Dairy Cheese. Western.
New York Cream Cheese.

Crackers.

Bent's Water, in t