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—At—

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We are offering our Entire Stock of

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Silk, Worsted and Cotton Curtain Materials.
French, Irish and Scotch Table Linens.
French, Irish and Scotch Linen Sheeting.
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Flannels, of all descriptions and colors.

DRESS GOODS OF EVERY VARIETY,

—Such as—

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Cloaks, Mantillas and Shawls, of every style and quality.
Hosiery for Women, Men and Children,
Of all sizes and descriptions.
Undershirts and Drawers, for Women and Men.
French Made Shirts—Linen and Cotton.
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Point d'Alencon, Point d'Application and Valenciennes Collars and Sets.
Embroidered Jaconet and Muslin Collars and Sets.
Embroidered Valenciennes and Applique Handkerchiefs.
Hemstitched and Bordered Linen Handkerchiefs.
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Of every variety, style and quality.

All of which will be sold at as LOW PRICES as any FRESH GOODS in the city.

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d17 2pif Between St. Charles and Carondelet.

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PRESENTS!

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☞ No pains will be spared to give satisfaction to customers. d24 2p3toWeFrSa.

**Selling Off Regardless of Cost,**

ON ACCOUNT OF REMOVAL.

MRS. J. STILLMAN

Would respectfully inform her friends and the public that she has removed to

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Over Messrs. Benson & Bro.'s Confectionery Store, where she will be happy to see her customers, for she is selling off the Entire Stock regardless of cost!

☞ Call soon if you would procure good bargains.

MRS. J. STILLMAN,
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Who are visiting our city for the purpose of replenishing their stock, will find

A GREAT ADVANTAGE,

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CASH PRICES

AT WHICH WE ARE SELLING.

We are now daily supplying retail purchasers with

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Much Lower Prices

Than Goods sold on time for the best paper and it would be well for those who have

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to know what price they are paying for a credit before availing themselves of it.

Our Stock and Prices will be readily exhibited to those who wish to

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BENTHUYSEN, LEWIS & CO.,
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WE ARE NOW OFFERING TO

CASH BUYERS

Our Entire Stock

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NEGRO BLANKETS,
KERSEYS,
LINSEYS,
JEANS,
OSNABURGS,
SHIRTINGS,
PLAIDS,
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ALL OUR FANCY DRY GOODS,

In any quantity to suit the Purchaser,

AT COST FOR CASH!

Those who desire to MAKE A SAVING on their purchases will do well to examine at our house before buying.

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Just received from Paris, an excellent variety of NOUVEAUTES and articles for Ladies' work. Also, a handsome assortment of Babies' and Children's Clothes. d12 2p6f

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Particularly adapted to warm climates. A few drops poured in the water for Bathing is deliciously refreshing and exhilarating, giving the Skin Freshness, Smoothness, Elasticity, Softness Brilliancy and Purity—Cooling and Invigorating—renders the flesh firm and of an alabaster richness of Beauty; removes all Eruptions. Immensely popular among the Ladies.

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JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE AND PARIS CLOCKS.

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THE CRESCENT IS PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY, BY J. O. NIXON, No. 70 CAMP STREET. · · · TERMS: DAILY, $10; WEEKLY, $3 PER YEAR.

VOLUME XIII. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1860. NUMBER 253.


## New Orleans Daily Crescent.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

### MORE PROOF.

In addition to the Address issued by the Southern members of Congress, telling us that we cannot expect any satisfactory concessions from the North, and that we must prepare at once for political independence and a Southern Confederacy, we have the following letter from Col. Wigfall, Senator from Texas, addressed to a friend in that State:

WASHINGTON, December 7th, 1860.

*My Dear Sir*—Though you make no allusion to the present political condition of the country, I take it for granted that you feel some curiosity on the subject.

The propositions to settle the question by further amendments, amount to nothing, and are intended to produce division among us. The North will not yield an inch. They will not give us what we now are entitled to. They will not agree to leave us what we have. How idle then to create a division among ourselves, by discussing what we would be willing to take, when nothing has been or will be offered. It is a weak device of the enemy. Boteler, of Virginia, is a Union saver of the most unmitigated sort, and so is Powell, of Kentucky. They care not when the axe falls, so they are not permitted to see it. Their hope is to get up in Congress a debate as to what should satisfy the South, and continue it till the elections in Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi have taken place, and in the meantime get up a discussion before the people of those States as to what they would be satisfied with, and have thus the active party defeated. The entire isolation of South Carolina is now the game for which they are playing. Each one of them knows that the Constitution as it stands could not be now ratified in a single Northern State, with *our construction of it.*

Very truly,
LOUIS T. WIGFALL.

Here, then, we have the individual and private testimony of Senator Wigfall, besides his public declarations in the Senate, that all propositions to settle the questions between the North and South amount to nothing—that the North will not yield an inch—and that every suggestion, coming from Southern men, looking to an adjustment, only serves to strengthen the hands of the North, and render them still more unyielding and defiant.

Everything tends to confirm the truth of these declarations. The venerable Crittenden—a man of whose purity of intention, and patriotism, not an American citizen has a doubt—has submitted a series of resolutions, which the Black Republicans of the Committee have unanimously voted down. Every other proposition of pacification, looking to the slightest yielding to the demands of the South, has been hooted down and spurned with contempt. In the midst of it all, a Southern Senator, Johnson of Tennessee, at the most inopportune moment, has made a submission speech in Congress, and given fresh encouragement to the enemies of the South and of the Constitution. We rejoice to see that the brand of "traitor" has been affixed upon him by the leading organs of the Democratic party in his own State of Tennessee.

It is evident, then, how idle it is to talk of further compromises. Everything which tends to delay—everything which postpones the speedy action of each Southern State—is a spoke in the wheel of submission, and is precisely what the North most desires and prays for. If there be any longer a doubt of the policy of "cooperation," the rapid evolution of events, at Washington and elsewhere, ought to satisfy every one that nothing now remains but action, prompt and immediate. Let there be no waiting for cooperation, no waiting for Congressional tinkering and patching, no waiting in the vain hope that anything will be ever done that will give us what we want. We must move, if we intend to move at all, at once; and we must move, as South Carolina has already done, and as the other Gulf States are going to do, each one for herself, in the exercise of an individual right, and as an independent sovereignty.

The concluding assertion in Mr. Wigfall's letter, so true that no Southern man can have the hardihood to deny it, that there is not a Northern State which would ratify the Constitution of the United States, as understood and construed by us at the South, is, of itself, a sufficient statement of the case. Nothing more is needed than a knowledge of this simple fact to justify every Southern citizen in his attempt to cut loose from those whose ideas of constitutional law differ so widely and radically from our own. The Constitution has been, and ought now to be, the common bond of union between the several States—but when that Constitution is construed to mean this thing or that, according to the mere prejudices or interests of those who are entrusted with its observance, it is just the same as if there were no Constitution at all, and the Federal form of Government were resolved back into its original elements. Unless we can have a common Constitution, which can be construed and observed by all the people alike, without regard to geographical divisions and State lines, we had better have none at all, and let each State resume the powers which have been granted only to be perverted and abused.

Such will undoubtedly be the course of the States of the South. Mississippi, by an overwhelming and unprecedented majority, has declared for immediate secession by separate State action. Mobile, in which city we expected to be beaten, has declared against cooperation by a majority of eight hundred or a thousand. Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Georgia will, in a few weeks, take their position, by the separate action of each State, alongside of South Carolina. The Governor of Texas, unable any longer to withstand the pressure of popular opinion, has called upon the Legislature to meet in special session. Louisiana will not separate herself from her Southern sisters. Her interests and her destiny are the same as theirs—and she will be found by their side, when the test is made. Cooperation is now in the agonies of dissolution, and feebly gasping for breath.

### From South Carolina.

A letter from a distinguished member of the South Carolina Convention, dated Charleston, December 19, gives us the following items, which, at this time, will be read with more than ordinary interest:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 19, 1860.

* * * We adjourned here, and had a session last night. You will see by the resolutions upon adjournment that Secession has already passed, virtually. The ordinance for it, in due form, is now with the Committee, and may or may not be reported and acted on to-day. *The Secession will be immediate*; but after it is done, *I think* wise and prudent councils will prevail, and a collision with the Government be avoided for the present. The sense of the substantial part of the Convention is to preserve peace, if it can be done honorably, or if war is to come, to fix the responsibility on the General Government; but if it does come, than let it be war to the knife.

I think I see a way by which peace can be preserved without prejudice to our position—at least until after several new States have withdrawn—but I have not space to explain it.

The Convention is the strongest and most judicious set of men I ever saw together.

### The Distress in New York.

The following letter from New York City will give some idea of the financial and social distress now prevailing in that city:

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1860.

Matters are in a most frightful condition in this city, and getting worse every day. God only knows what will become of the twenty thousand poor people now out of employment here during the present winter. Everything here has a tinge of gloom that is overpowering and blighting. Every day you can see squads of men traveling about the streets—no employment, no money—and the number augmenting every hour. But what is still worse, the weather is bitterly cold. Horrid to think of—no fire! no bread! I am still out of employment, and not a dollar to help myself with."

## Local Intelligence.

INTERESTING HOME NEWS!

Escape of the Great Burglar!!

SUICIDE OF A POLICEMAN.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT!!

A FATHER KILLS HIS OWN SON!

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY.

A MYSTERY IN ALGIERS!!

**Cutting Affrays, etc., etc.**

CHRISTMAS.

Yesterday was a sunny-and-cloudy day, cool, but pleasant enough for all Christmas purposes, and the day appeared to be gloriously celebrated everywhere. The juveniles were glorious with fire-crackers and the other gim-crack donations of generous Old Santa Claus; the family folks had happy times with turkey and other things at the home tables; and the bachelors and other cosmopolitans swigged it around town "gallorious," and punished the egg-nogg and hot-apple-toddy nuisances with the most signal ability and success. Many of these gentlemen got too proud to go home, and induced the "perlice" to show them the way to the lock-ups, where the "soft side of a plank" is always at the service of "sich." The Recorders will all have merry assemblages before them this morning.

ESCAPE OF ROBINSON THE BURGLAR.

Charles Robinson, alias Gordon, alias Johnson, the splendid and daring burglar, whose exploits and whose detection and capture have been the town talk since Saturday morning, is *non est inventus.*

Early yesterday morning, probably at about 3 o'clock, he escaped from Charity Hospital, leaving nothing behind, save his now famous name, the property which he had stolen, and the bullet which was extracted from his neck.

When he was taken to Charity Hospital, on Saturday morning, Lieutenant Jaquess detailed officer Wm. Conklin to the duty of staying by him in the Hospital, and watching him day and night. How Conklin permitted his prisoner to escape, will appear upon his examination, he having been arrested by Lieut. Jaquess, soon after Robinson's escape, on the charge of having aided and abetted the said escape.

The news of the escape was the chief food of public talk yesterday. All sorts of stories were in circulation. One story was, that the robber, pretending that he was sicker than he was, caught Conklin napping, chloroformed him, borrowed his hat, and walked out. Another, that the officer's pockets were handsomely "greased," and that the "grease" put him to sleep as completely as opium or any other opiate could have done.

The truth will probably be arrived at. Meantime, nobody believes that anybody in this region will ever again see the modern and model Jack Sheppard, whose absence we all mourn.

SUICIDE OF A POLICEMAN.

At 6 o'clock yesterday morning, Policeman Peter McMullen was found hanging by the neck, dead, in the stable on his premises on Freret street, between Julia and Cypress. No one knew the reason of this desperate and terrible act. The day before he was as lively and cheerful with everybody as he ever had been.

John Mulholland was on Monday sentenced to death for the murder of policeman Oscar Somers. McMullen was the officer who was with Somers at the time, and was the chief witness whose testimony led to Mulholland's conviction. When Mulholland was asked, on Monday, by Judge Hunt, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he proclaimed his innocence, and in strong language, though decorous to the Court, anathematized the police, charging them with perpetrating crimes and throwing the penalties upon others.

This circumstance, and McMullen's suicide the following morning, set afloat all sorts of conjectures. Some yesterday ventured the opinion that McMullen killed Somers, and was impelled by his conscience to kill himself upon seeing Mulholland doomed to death. Another opinion was, that friends of Mulholland kidnapped and gagged McMullen, and hung him on his own premises, in such a way as to give it the appearance of a suicide.

We do not coincide in either of the above ideas, whilst we are forced to confess that there are some points of mystery about the affair.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

A FATHER KILLS HIS LITTLE SON.—Early yesterday morning, Mr. James Crofton, residing at the corner of Greatmen and Montegut street, took an old pistol, which had been some time loaded, and proceeded to unload it, that his little boy, a pretty and chubby youngster, six or seven years old, might salute Christmas by firing it off upon his loading it with blank charges.

As he was extracting the bullet, the pistol went off, and the little fellow, who was gleefully waiting for his chance to fire the pistol off, received the bullet in his breast, and fell dead.

The alarm spread, and the father, in the most frantic distress, was taken to the police office, there to await the result of the Coroner's investigation. The inquest was held, and the wretched man was discharged. We passed the house last evening, and saw the pretty little fellow laid out, in readiness for the funeral to-day.

So shocking was this accident, so appealing the distress of the child's parents and little sisters, that crowds of people, with sad faces, flocked around the house all day. The unlucky bullet killed not only the little boy, but it killed Christmas in all that neighborhood.

DUEL EXTRAORDINARY.

We are informed that a difficulty was settled back of Algiers yesterday morning; settled in a new style, which combined alike the science of the fistic ring, and the death-defying and more gentlemanly hazard of the "field of honor." The combatants were a Dutchman and an Irishman, each puissant of fist; they had a row; one challenged the other to a fist-fight; the challengee accepted, and proposed the amendment of brass knuckles; the challenger accepted the amendment; seconds were selected, as in pistolaric or sword affairs. The affair came off with proper formality. The brass-knuckles cracked skulls with mutual good will, and after fifteen or eighteen rounds, the Irishman fell, and was carried away senseless, hardly expected to live. What an affair for the early morning of merric Christmas!

NO END TO THE EGG-NOG.

To Dave Bidwell, the "ace" of the Phoenix House on St. Charles street, and to the skillful brewing of his "right bower," Billy Reddington, we were last night indebted for another beaker of that foaming and spicy egg-nog which they know so well how to get up. Nogs were trumps yesterday, and this last play of the Phoenix came very near "enchering" us. *Vive* Bidwell! Bully for Billy Reddington! And as to the Phoenix, it is a Southern bird, and long may it wave!

SHOOTING AND CUTTING, ETC.

A man named Carmichael was reported to have shot himself yesterday afternoon, in the rear part of the First District. We had not the opportunity of obtaining the particulars.

John Hendricks was dangerously stabbed yesterday afternoon, at the corner of New Levee and Notre Dame streets, a strong whisky neighborhood. The wounded man was taken to the hospital. It was not reported who stabbed him.

Charles H. Packer was arrested on New Levee street yesterday afternoon by officer Cragin, on the charge of having cut a man. This may or may not have been the man who stabbed Hendricks, above mentioned.

Terry Connelly was yesterday afternoon reported to have been dangerously wounded by Tim Muldowney, cracking him over the head with a bar of iron, somewhere in the First District. Tim sloped, and Terry was sent to the hospital.

James Brown was slightly stabbed in the left shoulder on Basin street, on Saturday night, by some person who was not arrested.

From the above and other items in our local intelligence of this morning, it will be perceived that yesterday was not exactly a merry Christmas to everybody.

A MYSTERY IN ALGIERS.

Our cotemporary of the Bee publishes the following account of the latest excitement over the river:

A startling discovery was made in Algiers on Sunday morning, which, taken in connection with certain facts, only vague rumors of which have reached the public ear, leads to the almost positive conclusion that a fearful and bloody tragedy has been enacted, which is as yet almost completely wrapped in a shroud of mystery. This affair and the concomitant rumors that commenced gaining publicity threw the quiet community of Algiers into a state of intense excitement and alarm, which might have increased to a disagreeable extent, had not the police of the right bank, with no little shrewdness and tact, disarmed the general fears, and turned public attention aside from a track which they wished to follow up more effectively in secret.

The people of Algiers who were going to the Second District markets, just after daylight Sunday morning, made the first discovery of the blood stains on the ferry landing. This gory track was about fifty yards in extent, and both ends were untraceable, one being lost in the coal pile of the ferry yard and the other at the river's brink. The outer edge of the ferry float, against which the ferry boat is moored, was stained with blood as if a body had been dragged up out of a skiff or had slid down into the river. On the float were clouts of blood, big drops and gory stains, more plentiful here than in any other place. On the foot bridge leading from the float to the shore there was a steady, straight track of blood, but after it left the bridge, on the ground, it was a zigzag, unsteady course to the place where it turned off into the coal yard, where it was lost altogether. This blood was not there Saturday night up to rather a late hour, and the men who pull the two ferry skiffs were unable to give any clue to the affair.

The story industriously circulated for the purpose of quieting the popular excitement was to the effect that some rascals had stolen and killed a calf or hog, which they were taking over to the market in the night time. It were well if this could be the truth, but some of the blood which was collected and examined by a medical man has proven to be that of a human being.

Chief of Police Esnard and his special officers, Finn, Taylor and Scott Minot, have been actively but very quietly at work almost day and night since this discovery. Of course it would not do to speak of what they have already accomplished, or are on the track of, but Mr. Esnard is a shrewd and experienced officer, and he is assisted by active and brave men, who keep their own counsel in police investigations. If they are able to reach a successful result in their work, we will immediately lay before our readers a full report of the affair and a complete history of the detection. In the meantime we will simply relate two rumors which have been circulated in connection with this affair, without vouching for the truth of either.

One is in regard to the mysterious disappearance of a young man named Allen, who is believed to have come from New York. He was a joiner, or pretended to be one, and made application on the Opelousas railroad and elsewhere for work, although he dressed remarkably well for a mechanic out of work and in need of a situation. It is said that he was remarked as being a singular character in his conversation and actions, and although he spoke of wanting to get work, he never made serious efforts in that direction, and it is believed by some that he had plenty of money, and spoke of being a joiner merely for purposes of disguise.

The other rumor is that a river pirate was shot on the left bank by the private watchman of some ship he had endeavored to rob, and that he jumped into the river and swam to his confederate's skiff, by whom he was taken across the river and carried into the coal pile until other assistance could be had and the wounded man removed to a secure place of concealment. If any private watchman or other party has shot a thief during Saturday night and the fellow escaped by the river, he should immediately call upon or send a note to C. F. Esnard, Chief of Police, Algiers.

### NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.] IN MY ATTIC, New York, Dec. 15, 1860.

*Mr. Editor*—The old year closes gloriously with us, but we are not so much dispirited as you may imagine from the croakings of those lively journalists who commence their articles with such cheerful remarks as "all is lost," "there is not a ray of hope," "ruin stares us in the face," and so on. The feeling in New York is certainly one of regret, but our consciences are clear, and we do not mourn as those who have no hope. Most of us will come out square at the end of the New and have a balance for holiday jollifications. The American Union is undoubtedly a good thing, and I am one of those who believe that it should be preserved, *all other things being equal*, but we must remember that Christmas and New Years are somewhat older than the Fourth of July, and must therefore be treated with due respect. Society does not abate one jot of its merry making. The butchers expect to sell as much prime beef as ever. The confectioners, fancy goods dealers and toy merchants have hung their banners on the outward walls. Presentable bachelors receive large numbers of square envelopes, and are engaged to dinner three deep.

The theatrical managers have no idea of "bursting up," *tout au contraire*, they all calculate upon splendid business up to the end of February. Just now we are like the illustrious Mr. Micawber, "laying back for a spring." Wallack has gone back to the tie-wig era, and has revived a comedy by Mr. Michbald. It is over fifty years since "To Marry or Not to Marry" was presented in New York. Its moral is conveyed in the sententious advice of Mr. Weller, senior, to Mr. Weller, junior, "Sam, my son, beware of the widders." They say that Wallack revived it in order to "pacify the children," Mary Gannon having kicked up a tremendous row because Miss Henriques made a hit in "The Model Hypocrite." Gannon thinks that she has a legitimate right to all the ingenious young ladies. Certainly Gannon plays them better than any one else hereabouts. She had a "big thing" in "To Marry or Not to Marry," and made the most of it. Wallack has nothing new on hand and is going to stick to the seventeenth century plays for the present. Laura Keene's "Seven Sisters" are still very attractive. She has got into another law suit, and may therefore be supposed to be happy. Laura revels in litigation, and has as many as half a dozen causes always on the calendar of the civil courts. Just now she is sued by a machinist named Randall. She brought him over from Europe, as I told you, and then discharged him on the ground that he had been at work for Wallack. He purposes to show that he has never done anything of the kind, and to compel Laura to pay him his salary for the season.

The opera has smashed all to pieces again, not only in New York but in Philadelphia. The latest victims in this city were the German diet, Formes, Fabbri and Stigelli. Fabbri, who has money, was responsible for the payment of the rent, orchestra, chorus, and general working expenses. Formes and Stigelli agreed to give their services, and take the chance of remuneration from the profits. But the four performances resulted in an actual loss of several hundred dollars, and so the thing smashed. In Philadelphia, Colson (Mari) had a similar arrangement with Brignoli, Ferri, Lusini and Muzio, and the result was the same. The stockholders in the Quaker City reimbursed the artists for a portion of their losses, but here they have to grin and bear it. Colson purposes to join Maretzek in the contemplated Mexican expedition, and Fabbri is engaged at La Scala, Milan. So we shall lose our best *prima donna*, and be obliged to go without Italian opera until the Havana season is over. Ned Seguin, who has just come back from Europe, and is the "image of his father," (what a good artist he was) thinks of getting up some new English operas ("Satanella," "The Rose of Castile," and "Lurline") in the spring, but he must first find a *prima donna* and a decent tenor, two very rare and therefore very costly articles.

I think, on the whole, we shall be obliged to be contented with the theaters. We are to have Forrest with us till the 1st of May. This week he relieved his mind of "Richard III." Neither that performance nor his *Macbeth* made any very strong impression upon the public, although in parts of both characters he is very fine. The critics who personally dislike Forrest, and they are in a majority, have "taken it out of him" in puffs for Edwin Booth, who has made no money, but has reaped a splendid harvest of compliments from the newspapers and *billet doux* from the ladies. He plays *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of a stage-struck young woman named Elliott, and closes his engagement on Saturday. On Monday Jefferson opens at the Winter Garden in *Rip Van Winkle*, the version played by the late Charles Burke and Hackett. It is a very good holiday piece, and I presume that Joseph will make a nice thing of it.

What to do upon the off-nights at Niblo's Garden, is a question which has bothered the managers considerably. In despair they have allowed the illustrious Conway to put up "Azael, the Prodigal," "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Louise de Lignerolles," for himself and his wife; but the public let the Conways alone, very severely, and the treasurer came to grief. Now they have a dramatic company of Zouaves, said to be the same who played in the trenches before Sevastopol. These jokers appear on Saturday night next, and play till the 5th of January, when they are to be succeeded by Rarey, the horse-tamer, who returned home a short time ago, and is now visiting his relatives in Ohio. The Zouaves do a piece illustrative of the incident in the Crimean war, where, in the middle of one of their performances they were called upon to resist a Russian sortie. After walloping the Cossacks, they