Twenty-Fourth Anniversary

—OF THE—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ORDER OF FORMING.

The Fire Department of New Orleans, with those invited to assist in the celebration of their Twenty-Fourth Anniversary, will assemble at 9 o'clock A. M. on MONDAY, March 4, 1861, in the following order:

New Orleans Fire Department.

DAVID BRADBURY.....Chief Engineer.
GEO. LEININGER.....Assistant Engineer 1st Fire District.
CHAS. A. SMITH..... " " 2d "
EDWARD FLOOD..... " " 3d "
JOSEPH MURPHY..... " " 4th "
LEA F. BAKEWELL..... " " 5th "
T. ALLENET..... " " 6th "
J. DILLOT..... " " 7th "
F. BORGE..... " " 8th "
JOSEPH JACOBS..... " " 9th "

Volunteer Steam Engine Company No. 1.
Home Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Jefferson City.
Pelican Engine Company No. 1, of Algiers.
Washington Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Algiers.
Pioneer Engine Company No. 1, of Jefferson City.
Brooklyn Engine Company No. 2, of Algiers.
David Crockett Engine Company No. 1, of Greenville.
Independence Engine Co. No. 2, of Jefferson City.
Carrollton Engine Company No. 1, of Carrollton.
Milneburg Engine Company No. 1 of Milneburg.

The above Companies will constitute the First Division, which will form on the south side of Canal street, head resting on Camp, extending east.

Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.
Mississippi Steam Engine Company No. 2.
Vigilant Engine Company No. 3.
American Hook and Ladder Company No. 2.
Columbia Engine Company No. 5.
Louisiana Hose Steam Engine Company.
Mechanics' Engine Company No. 6.
Eagle Steam Engine Company No. 7.

The above Companies will constitute the Second Division, which will form on the south side of Canal street, the head resting on Camp, extending west.

Phœnix Steam Engine Company No. 8.
Hope Hook and Ladder Company No. 3.
Creole Engine Company No. 9.
Louisiana Engine Company No. 10.
Red Ferry Engine Company No. 12.
Washington Engine Company No. 8, of Mobile.
Perseverance Engine Company No. 13.
Philadelphia Engine Company No. 14.

The above Companies will constitute the Third Division, which will form on the north side of Canal street, head resting on Chartres, extending east.

Jackson Engine Company No. 18.
Washington Engine Company No. 20.
Pelican Hook and Ladder Company No. 4.
Orleans Engine Company No. 21.
Excelsior Society of Jefferson Engine Company No. 22.
Jefferson Steam Engine Company No. 23.
Charlestte Engine Company No. 24.
Crescent Engine Company No. 26.

The above Companies will constitute the Fourth Division, which will form on the north side of Canal street, head resting on Chartres, extending west.

ROUTE.

The Procession will move in line at the points indicated, promptly at 10 o'clock A. M. The head of the Procession will move up Camp to Julia, down Julia to Carondelet, up Carondelet to Apollo, up Apollo to First, up First to Magazine, down Magazine to Felicity, up Felicity to Annunciation, down Annunciation to Calliope, down Calliope to Magazine, down Magazine to St. Joseph, down St. Joseph to St. Charles, down St. Charles to Royal, down Royal to Esplanade, to Cassaulet, down Cassaulet to Bienville, up Bienville to the Levee, up Levee to Esplanade, down Esplanade to Chartres, up Chartres to Canal street, where the Procession will be dismissed.

The Engine Frames (except those unable to walk) are requested to unite with their respective companies.

The Marshals and Foremen of the various companies are entitled to be punctually on the ground, as the Procession will positively move at 10 o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

First Division.

J. N. MARKS.....Grand Marshal.
JOSEPH P. HORNOR.....Vice-President.
JAMES BIGGS.....Treasurer.
JOSIAH FOLGER.....Secretary.

AIDS:

Gen. Schreiber, of.....No. 1 | Joel Palth, of.....No. 17
D. Toledano, of.....No. 2 | John Decker, of.....No. 23
John Weaver, of.....No. 3 | John Brinn, of.....No. 24
E. Fassoten, of.....No. 5 | M. G. Gallagher, of.....No. 26
M. A. Rogers, of.....No. 6 | C. Kendall, H. & L. Co. No. 1
Daniel Murphy, of.....No. 7 | Louis Lay, H. & L. Co. No. 2
J. M. Vandervoort, of.....No. 8 | W. Tracy, H. & L. Co. No. 3
A. Balmanno, of.....No. 9 | T. A. Fencner, H. & L. Co. No. 4
Henry Waller, of.....No. 10 | E. Salomon, of Louisiana Hose.
John O'Connor, of.....No. 11 | John Gramer, of.....Milneburg.
M. J. Kalman, of.....No. 12 | Aug. Kaltenbach, of No. 13, Mobile.
H. L. Bruce, of.....No. 14 | Aid for Washington Engine
Wm. Henry, of.....No. 15 | Company No. 8, of Mobile.
Washington Marks, of.....No. 16

Mayor and Recorders.
Members of the City Council.
The New Orleans Fire Department.

David Bradbury.....Chief Engineer.
George Leininger.....Assistant Engineer 1st Fire District.
Charles A. Smith..... " " 2d "
Edward Flood..... " " 3d "
Joseph Murphy..... " " 4th "
Lea F. Bakewell..... " " 5th "
T. Allenet..... " " 6th "
J. Dillot..... " " 7th "
F. Borge..... " " 8th "
Joseph Jacobs..... " " 9th "

Volunteer Steam Engine Company No. 1.
Home Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Jefferson City.
Pelican Engine Company No. 1, of Algiers.
Washington Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Algiers.
Pioneer Engine Company No. 1, of Jefferson City.
Brooklyn Engine Company No. 2, of Algiers.
Star Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of Carrollton.
David Crockett Engine Co. No. 1, of Greenville.
Independence Engine No. 2, of Jefferson City.
Carrollton Engine Co. No. 1, of Carrollton.
Milneburg Engine Company No. 1, of Milneburg.

Second Division.

Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.
Mississippi Steam Engine Company No. 2.
Vigilant Engine Company No. 3.
American Hook and Ladder Company No. 2.
Columbia Engine Company No. 5.
Louisiana Hose Steam Engine Company.
Mechanics' Engine Company No. 6.
Eagle Steam Engine Company No. 7.

Third Division.

Phœnix Steam Engine Company No. 8.
Hope Hook and Ladder Company No. 3.
Creole Engine Company No. 9.
Louisiana Engine Company No. 10.
Red Ferry Engine Company No. 12.
Washington Engine Company No. 8, of Mobile.
Perseverance Engine Company No. 13.
Philadelphia Engine Company No. 14.

Fourth Division.

Jackson Engine Company No. 18.
Washington Engine Company No. 20.
Pelican Hook and Ladder Company No. 4.
Orleans Engine Company No. 21.
Excelsior Society of Jefferson Engine No. 22.
Jefferson Steam Engine Company No. 23.
Charlestte Engine Company No. 24.
Crescent Engine Company No. 26.

I. N. MARKS,
Grand Marshal.

mf 2d3t

Grand Depot

—OF—

COAL OIL, LAMPS,

ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

JUST RECEIVED, A FULL SUPPLY OF THE

Celebrated

"EUPION COAL OIL."

From the largest and most popular manufactory in the West, of which I am the Sole Agent in this city, and shall be in regular and constant supply of the same—for sale at $4 25 per gallon, and at the lowest prices by the barrel.

RECEIVED THIS DAY, direct from the manufactory, a large and very efficient assortment of—

KEROSINE AND COAL OIL LAMPS,
BRACKETS,
SIDE, HALL AND SUSPENSION LAMPS,
COAL OIL CHANDELIERS, etc.,

Of every description, and for sale at lower prices than any other house in this city.

S. W. NOYES,
No. 28 Commercial Place.

☞All Oil sold by me is WARRANTED GENUINE.

fe27 2m3t

Arms! Arms!

10 MISSISSIPPI RIFLES, with Sabre Bayonets.
40 GARIPS RIFLES, with Sabre Bayonets.
50 ENGLISH ENFIELD RIFLES, with Sabre Bayonets—Bayonets, Ammunition and Caps for fifty men.
[illegible] quality PERCUSSION MUSKETS, with Bayonets.
LAGOON SABRES.
—Also—
[illegible]TONS, belts, EPAULETTES, SASHES, and every [illegible] appertaining to a military outfit, on hand and for sale by

HYDE & GOODRICH,
[illegible] corner Canal and Royal streets, New Orleans.

Army Rifles! Army Rifles!

[illegible] hundred HALLS PATENT BREECH-LOADING ARMY RIFLES, for sale by

R. L. MANN,
28 Gravier street.

fe27 2m

NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

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

VOLUME XIII. MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1861. NUMBER 311.

New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1861.

THE DAY.

The happiest man on the American continent to-day is the Old Public Functionary, otherwise known as James Buchanan. Within the last three months he has suffered more mental anxiety and agony, we doubt not, than could be compensated for by a life-time's peaceful enjoyment of its honors and emoluments of the Presidential office. He has seen, under his administration, the party which elected him go to pieces, the treasury of the nation made bankrupt, and, worse than all, the Union dissolved and two Confederacies existing where he only found one. How far he is responsible for all this, impartial history will determine. Five years ago, when he was nominated for the Presidency, we recorded our estimate of him in the columns of this paper, and it has undergone no change. Our own opinion of him was precisely that of Andrew Jackson, when he advised President Polk not to appoint him to a seat in his Cabinet. It was that of Daniel Webster, who said Buchanan was a politician, but not a Statesman. The men who knew him best, from Mr. Clay down, had no confidence in his political integrity—and he was supported and advanced mainly by those who were ignorant of his character, or had personal ends to reach by his elevation. He attained the great object of his life-long ambition, the Presidency, only to estrange most of his old friends and to make no new ones. He ought to be a sad man to-day, in looking around at the wreck of the Union which he leaves behind him—and he would be if he had the sensibilities which belong to most of the human race. We dislike to be under the necessity of saying such things of the retiring President, mindful as we are of the good old rule which requires us to say no ill of the dead—a rule which applies as well to those who are politically dead as those who are physically so. But we suppose, instead of being sad, he will escort his successor to his Capitoline Hill to-day with a smiling face and a beaming countenance—pleased with the idea that he is at last relieved of the responsibility under which he has been so long shivering and quaking, like a sick man in the wintry blast.

The new President, who succeeds to the remainder of the old Union, will find his Presidential path less flowery, even, than that of his predecessor. The Union which commenced crumbling to pieces when Buchanan was President, will undergo, still more, the process of disintegration. State by State, the South will gradually become consolidated into a homogeneous political community—and long before his term expires Lincoln will be President of the North alone. The Southern States now in the Union will, from the necessities of their position, be compelled to abandon the Northern Confederacy, repudiate the unnatural and degrading alliance, and come where they properly belong, and will be warmly welcomed, into the Confederacy of the South. The old Union, already deeply in debt, and with but little prospect of raising the revenue necessary for the ordinary administration of its government, will be embarrassed at the beginning of Lincoln's term, and will be still more so year after year. It, as Edmund Burke truly said, "the revenue is the State," the future of the Northern Union will be gloomy indeed. And yet its President, *en route* to his Capital, cracks jokes with the populace, indulges in unseemly levity on the gravest subjects, stops facetiously at midnight into Washington, and to-day will ride through the broad Avenue to the eastern portico of the Capitol and speak his speech to the multitude which surrounds him, with as serene an air as if his Presidential path were all strewn with flowers, instead of leading through entangled thickets and over treacherous bogs. The satisfaction of administering to the greedy pack of office-seekers, of dealing out the doles of the Treasury to the hungry and rapacious set who will gather together in Washington, even as the eagles flock together around the decaying carcass, will be poor compensation for the spectacle of a dissevered Union, a bankrupt Treasury, and perhaps civil war between those who should be friends and brethren. Heretofore, on the day of inauguration, the streets of Washington have exhibited a splendid pageant. To-day there will be the usual crowd of people, perhaps, but there cannot be the usual outward demonstrations of joy. The tramp of South's armed legions will echo strangely in the ears of the people. For the first time in the history of the nation, a President is inaugurated amid the bristling bayonets of a hireling soldiery, and for the first time a sectional President ascends to the seat of a Washington. Happily, seven brave States of the South feel no other interest in the matter than one of satisfaction that they are no longer parties to an Administration so insuspiciously commenced.

(LINCOLN'S SPEECHES.)

The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian, alluding to Lincoln's repeated declarations during his late journey to Washington, that he was the representative of his party alone, forcibly remarks as follows:

We believe that Mr. Lincoln is the first President who has declared himself to be the representative, not of the whole people, but only of those who voted for him. If his speeches had not abounded with such disgusting nonsense, this exhibition of his unworthiness would have filled all minds with painful forebodings of his action as Executive.

It ill becomes the man who, in a few days, will be inaugurated as the head of the Government, to hold himself out as the head of a party, and lose sight of the fact that he is the President elect of the United States. He seems unable to realize the fact that he has been elected, and to think that he is still a candidate. He spoke over and over again of what he calls "our cause." It appears to be his highest ambition to administer Black Republicanism, according to the Chicago Platform, rather than the Government of the United States according to the Constitution. He cannot adjust himself to his sudden elevation and expand to the dimensions of a patriot and a President.

He reminds us of the beggar in the play, who, when intoxicated and asleep, was transported to the luxurious chamber of a rich man, and was bewildered on awakening by the sudden and unaccountable change in his condition.

Mr. Lincoln's more recent speeches are somewhat less exceptionable than his former ones. This improvement is no doubt the result of advice and suggestion. The disgust and ridicule excited by his efforts from Springfield to Pittsburg, have been too plainly manifested to be overlooked. While complaining of what is called a revolt in the South, he has produced another revolt in the North—a revolt of good taste against his ragged, senseless and vulgar harangues. His friends, shocked and chagrined at the result, have evidently taken him in hand and endeavored to lick him into a presentable shape. He suffered for the want of a superintending and supervising committee during the first five or six days of his journey. We hope that want is now supplied, and that a watchful committee will henceforth exercise a careful guardianship over him and his speeches.

All of Lincoln's public addresses, since he left home, confirm the statement which we have recently seen made, that his speeches in the Senatorial contest with Douglas were written out for him by others, instead of being the offspring of his own brain. A man by the name of Judd, of Illinois, is accredited with the authorship of these speeches—though it is undeniable that Lincoln received the nomination for the Presidency on the strength of that canvass. Certainly, his speeches by the roadside exhibit a wonderful depreciation, in comparison with those he made in the contest with Douglas. They are not only full of blunders, but are conceived in bad taste, and are scarcely above the intellectual mark of a Sophomore in a college debating society. It is somewhat strange that Seward, who is to be his Premier, and who, with all of his diabolical doctrines, is a smooth and polished speaker, did not prepare a set of speeches for Old Abe, and send them to him before he left home. The President of the Northern Union, a section which claims all the learning and all the decency in the country, ought assuredly to be able to make speeches which do not excite the disgust of every body who reads them.

ABOUT THE INAUGURATION.

"H. O. A." will to-day, "proverbly," (as Simon Sugg says) take his seat at Washington. The only thing that could possibly prevent the inauguration would be a release into railroad speeches, etc. If "Honest Old Abe" should make a few more speeches, measure height with a few more tall laborers, accept another apple or two, and be kissed by another infatuated female, collapse would be inevitable, and fatal as the Asiatic cholera. His smuggle from Harrisburg to Washington may have saved his life; if it did, it has only enabled the American nation to offer to itself and to an admiring world the most exalted specimen of the tribe donkey ever heard of; an animal, before which Dionysus and Balfon, if alive, would hang their heads in sorrow, as not having existed up to the time of their writings.

As for the personal demeanor and oratorical displays of the Illinois railsplitter, has not this great land been enlightened? The South cannot be accused of railing unjustly at this stupendous railsplitter; for is it not the mouth of the North that tells us how he travels, and how he talks?

Many of his own fanatical friends are sincerely disgusted with him, after having worked for him heart and soul. On his way to Washington, what was his company? Mobs made up, for the most part, of rowdies, roughs, pickpockets, and vagrant boys, with ignorant, but honest and adoring foreigners; anything and everything but the true and enlightened American population. What shall we judge of his march, when we find, in a Northern paper, the following, narrated as authentic; having reference to the mob that greeted H. O. A.:

"What a scoffer there will be among them for precedence. Thrice happy will they be when they shall enjoy the proud privilege of shaking that hand which is reported to excel in railsplitting! Let not that touching scene be disturbed, ye anti-compromise politicians, by any such display as that exhibited the other day, when an incorruptible patriot, who, while engaged in the solemn ceremony of presenting two apples to Mr. Lincoln, was startled by the sudden exclamation of a smart but malicious boy: "I say, Mr. Lincoln, that man wants to be postmaster!"

Just to show how the great event of to-day is looked upon in the North and in the South, we append a couple of rhymings, which we believe truthfully express the feelings of the great mass in the two sections, now that it is too late to mend matters:

[From the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.]

"THERE'S NOTHING GOING WRONG."

DEDICATED TO "OLD ABE."

There's a general alarm,
The South's begun to arm,
And every hill and glen
Pours forth its warrior man;
Yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

Six States already out,
Backon others on the route;
And the cry is "still they come!"
From the sunny Southern home;
Yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

There's a wail in the land,
From a want-stricken band;
And "food! food!" is the cry;
"Give us work or we die!"
Yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

The sturdy farmer doth complain,
Of low prices for his grain;
And the miller, with his floor,
Murmurs the dullness of the hour;
Yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

The burly butcher in the mart,
He, too, also plays his part;
And the merchant in his store,
Hears no creaking of his door;
Yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

Stagnation's everywhere,
On the water, in the air,
In the shop, in the farm,
On the mount, in the gorge,
With the mail, with the foam,
In the store and counting-room,
In the city, in the town;
With Mr. Smith, with Mr. Brown;
And yet "there's nothing going wrong,"
Is the burden of my song.

A. M. W.

Our poetry-machine, having been for some time undergoing a good grinding in the hands of a negro, spontaneously gave out this ditty yesterday:

[For the New Orleans Crescent.]

THE SOUTH IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Air—"Happy Land of Canaan."

Oh, we'll sing the chorus of Marsh,
As long as we live we will shout aloud,
All down from the office they will fall,
Foreign ministers and all,
Will tumble into the gulfed,
And de Nigs will go with them for Massa Lincoln!

Bis—de South is always right,
All black and white agree,
Long as we live we will shout aloud,
Long as we live we will shout aloud,
Long as we live we will shout aloud,
Hoorah! hoorah! for Massa Lincoln!

Oh, de Dis-Union will be Scotch plaid cap!
De Nigs will go in eyes, Dan in mourn;
We'll make de Dis-Union hot pot after double trouble,
For we'ss ready for de tricks ob Massa Lincoln!

Massa Lincoln's full of fun,
For he jokes at pit fo' racoon,
Tho' he can't hold his niggers are a drummin'
We'll make Jeff Davis run
Ob de fo'ks and his horses
Ma' be fifteen up so he will see he comin'
And when de jokes be top,
He must better run his eye,
If he will do we least, mebbe I'll be sure to
Tie mas. change his notion when
He sees a hundred thousand and
Will be right, and he will follow by ole Jeff Davis

Oh, de Dis-Union will be hot!
Bay-ho-ne-ts for de South, for a thousand;
We'll make mas. change his notion when
For we couldn't make Lady you, Massa Lincoln!

Bis—for I'll play de fiddy de fiddy,
Wid his Sinator and his Pickens,
And dey will get on dat tune, for de ditty,
Jist wid get on Abraham
What we gave old Buchanan,
Wh—e—e—e