New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
—OF—
THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

J. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE, No. 94 CAMP STREET.

THE DAILY CRESCENT

Is published every morning—Sundays excepted. Yearly subscription, in advance, $16; Half yearly, $8; Quarterly, $4. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rates of Advertising:

Squares.	1 month.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
One	$12 net.	$22 net.	$30 net.	$50 net.	$75 net.
Two	22	36	46	80	125
Three	30	48	60	110	175
Four	38	57	80	140	225
Five	46	69	100	170	275
Six	54	80	120	200	325
Seven	60	90	135	230	375
Eight	65	115	150	260	420
Nine	70	125	165	290	460
Ten	75	135	180	320	500
Eleven	80	145	195	350	540
Twelve	85	155	210	380	580
Twelfth	90	165	230	410	620
Thirteen	95	175	250	430	660
Fifteen	100	185	280	470	700
Sixteen	105	195	300	500	1,100

Monthly advertisements, inserted every other day, to be charged two-thirds the above rates.

First and Fourth page monthly advertisements, each square, $50 per month.

Transient advertisements having the run of the paper, three insertion, $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

First and Fourth page transient advertisements, each insertion, $1 50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new each insertion.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from above named transient rates as may be great upon; provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged 20 cents not per line, each insertion.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

THE WEEKLY CRESCENT

Is published every Saturday morning. Subscription, $5 per annum, in advance, half yearly and quarterly, same rates; single copies, 10 cents.

Rates of Advertising:

Square.	1 month.	2 months.	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
One	$3 net.	$3 net.	$12 net.	$20 net.	$30 net.
Two	5	8	16	32	50
Three	12	22	28	44	70
Four	16	27	35	56	85
Five	18	32	42	68	110
Six	20	35	48	80	120
Seven	22	37	55	90	135
Eighth	25	42	60	100	150

Transient advertisements, first insertion, $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

Regular advertisements to be charged 20 cents not per line, each insertion.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1866.

LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—As we are emphatically a traveling people, and as our modes of conveyance are not entirely devoid of danger to life and limb, the above named species of insurance ought to be immensely popular throughout the country. We cannot see what right any man of family has to refuse to take out a policy for the benefit of his family in case an accident should overtake him, when he is in the constant habit of going off hundreds, nay, thousands of miles on rail cars and steamboats, which are chronically given to colliding, running off the track or bursting up, and sending hundreds annually "all unprepared to meet their Maker." In days long past, when a man went on a journey from York to London, he made his will and settled his affairs, so that in case an adventurous highwayman should take a fancy to put a bullet through him, his wife and little ones would be provided for as far as possible. Now, in those days there were no railroads and steamboats, and traveling was comparatively safe. It is true that an occasional knight of the road would lighten travelers of their purses; but they had no conception of being smashed to a jelly or boiled like an onion. If they had, life and accident insurance would have been of older date than it is, and every one of our grandmothers would have insisted upon a policy of five or two thousand dollars being taken out as regularly each year as they ordered their new clothes. We hope that the ladies will now take this matter in hand and make their husbands protect them by a small investment in this species of insurance. For the moderate sum of fifty dollars a person can insure their lives for a year, which, in case of death, will give their widow or children ten thousand dollars. See the advertisement of the Great Southern and Western Life and Accident Insurance Company, which is to be found in another column.

LOUISIANA COAL OIL AND PETROLEUM COMPANY.—It will be seen upon reference to our advertising columns that a company is being formed for the development of the petroleum wells of Calcasieu parish. The projectors of this enterprise propose leasing the entire tract of land upon which the petroleum springs are situated, and by boring and otherwise develop the product of the oil to its fullest extent. The capital stock of the company is to be $100,000, which is to be divided into one thousand shares, making the price of each share $100. Fifty per cent. of this stock is to be paid in by each subscriber upon taking stock, and the balance will only be called for when it becomes necessary, ten per cent. at a time. As soon as ten thousand dollars of stock is taken the company will organize by the election of officers. That this enterprise will succeed we sincerely hope, as the future of our State can be as much benefited by the development of its other resources as by its agriculture. A subscription list will be found at this office, and all who wish to get stock in the company are invited to come forward and put their names down.

BARGAINS AT LEVOIS'.—We feel assured that the announcement made by Messrs. Levois & Co., corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, this morning, that they will sell their beautiful stock of French goods at such low figures, will create no little excitement among the ladies who read the CRESCENT this morning. Few houses in the city keep such a recherche stock as Messrs. Levois & Co., and as their goods are always desirable, we can well believe that now, when they offer them at bargains such as are mentioned in an advertisement in another column, there will be a rush upon the establishment.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES.—Some French philosopher—we forget his name—has said that a man who is not careful about what he eats, is a fool, because he shows an ignorance or a guilty neglect of the organ from which is derived all his pleasures and every immortal thought. Now, while not going quite so far as the gentleman from France, we must say that we are very particular as to what we eat and where we get it. We would not knowingly trifle with so good a friend as our stomach, and so steady a companion as our appetite, by palming off upon them bad grub. We like to be sure that a thing is good before we attempt to eat it. But in these days of counterfeits, when even greenbacks are not safe, it is not always an easy matter. The only way, however, to do is to buy only at the best stores. That kept by F. Maheu & Gardiel, No. 30 Camp street, is among the best in our town. Give it a call.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.—One of the best and cheapest places in town to get an outfit for housekeeping, is at Rice, Bros. & Co.'s, Nos. 93 and 95 Camp street. This firm keeps a complete stock of stoves, wood and willow ware, kitchen utensils, silver plated table ware, table cutlery, bright tin and Japan ware, etc., etc., all of which they will sell at twenty per cent. less than their winter prices. As Messrs. Rice, Bros. & Co have a large manufactory attached to their establishment, they keep their stock continually full, and can also fill any order with dispatch. They sell the best class of goods, and their Charter Oak cooking stoves are known all over the southwest.

FAMILY GROCERIES.—Mrs. M. M. Waldo, No. 622 Magazine street, between Josephine and Jackson streets, is selling one of the best stocks of fancy and staple groceries in the city at greatly reduced prices. Persons keeping house up in that section of town would do well to patronize her.

THE COMING ELECTION.

In another part of this morning's CRESCENT we endeavor to impress on our readers the importance of supporting Democratic tickets regularly nominated by the duly constituted conventions of the party. The argument is intended to be general in its character; but it has a peculiar significancy at this moment. We are on the eve of a very important election. For the first time in the last five years the people of the parish of Orleans are to exercise the right of choosing their parish officers. The Democratic party is, at the same time, called on to confirm the ascendency which it indisputably possesses, and to strengthen itself for the severer contests which are before it.

It is extremely fortunate that at such a moment the ticket presented by the Democratic convention to the people of this parish is preeminently worthy of support. There is absolutely no excuse for any man that honestly desires the success of the Democratic party, and acknowledges any obligations to the Democratic organization, to vote against a single one of the candidates presented. General Hays, who heads the ticket, is so well known in this community, he has endeared himself so greatly to our people both by the events of his public career and by his personal qualities, and he is so deservedly popular, that a word of commendation from us might seem to be absolutely superfluous. The fact that so far he has no opposition shows the strength of his name in this community. Nobody disputes that he will be elected, and everybody knows that he will make an excellent and efficient officer.

Of Dr. Delery, the candidate for coroner, we may say that his was a nomination eminently fit to be made. Without any disparagement of his competitors in the convention it can truly be said that his superior could not have been found to discharge the very important and responsible duties of the office for which he is selected. He occupies a distinguished position in the medical profession, gained by many years of assiduous and devoted practice, and his name is well and favorably known to the public as that of any other physician in New Orleans. Apart even from his claims as the Democratic nominee, his peculiar fitness for the office of coroner should induce everybody to vote for him.

It is useless to go through the list of names on our ticket and lavish encomiums on each one of the candidates. It is the duty of a convention, a duty which it owes to its party no less than to the public, to nominate worthy and acceptable men. This duty has been discharged by the Democratic convention, in the selection of candidates at the approaching election. The ticket from beginning to end is a good one. There is no man on it who cannot be voted for by every Democrat with a clear conscience and with the conviction that he is thereby strengthening the power, and confirming the supremacy of the national Democratic organization.

We do not mean to say anything derogatory of the candidates named by that organization which has entered the field against the Democratic party. We recognize upon their ticket the names of good men and excellent citizens, who would fill worthily and well the positions for which they have been named; but we do say that while the Democratic nominees possess all the qualifications of personal character, and of fitness for the office, it is the paramount duty of members of the National Democratic party to vote for them.

MOODY SELLING OUT AT COST.—Not to be outdone by his neighbors who cater to the tastes of the fair sex, Col. Moody, the great shirt dealer of Canal street, advertises this morning that he will sell off his stock at cost. Such an opportunity for gentlemen to procure a summer outfit at low rates, will not, we are sure, pass unheeded. Col. Moody is sincere in this matter, and prefers to let his goods be worn by his friends to allowing them to remain upon his shelves all the summer. We think that he deserves the thanks of the whole community. Who would be so base as to wear soiled linen when Moody is selling out at cost?

CLOSING OUT SALE AT DANZIGER'S.—Messrs. T. Danziger & Son offer their splendid stocks of dry goods contained in their stores, No. 163 Canal street and 230 Royal street, at exceedingly low rates this morning. French prints of the latest patterns will be sold for 30 cents, Bareges and Mozambiques from 20 to 30 cents, and Linens of all descriptions equally low. We invite the attention of our lady readers to their advertisement, which will be found in another column.

A COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.—As the commerce of New Orleans increases and its business grows more extended, that there will be an increased demand for the services of young men who have had an education such as will fit them for positions in counting rooms and offices, there can be no doubt. It is also just as true that young men native to the soil will have the best chance for employment, if they are capable. Therefore we think it is the duty of every parent who has sons to send them to Dalbear's Commercial College to be educated and formed into practical men. We hope that our people will not insist, as formerly, upon making their sons lawyers and physicians, when those professions are already overstocked. In our humble opinion, a large number of these graduates, were they given their choice to-day, would gladly trade off their law and physic for a thorough knowledge of bookkeeping and commercial affairs, which is always in demand at fair compensation, while the market for the former is glutted by an over supply.

BOAT AND OAR DEPOT.—At Messrs. F. A. Thayer & Co.'s boat and oar depot, at No. 251 Front street, will be found a large supply of English row boats, yawls, sail boats and skiffs of all sizes, which are well worthy the attention of shipmasters and parties wishing to purchase. These boats, and all other articles which they keep, are manufactured out of the best materials by the best builders of the country, and will be sold at as reasonable prices as the same articles are sold at the North. Messrs. Thayer & Co. will also build to order any kind of boat, and will do it promptly and well. Give them a call.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH ALE AND PORTER.—Those who are desirous of procuring a genuine article of English and Scotch ale and porter, are referred to the advertisement, in to-day's paper, of Mr. J. W. Platt, dealer in all sorts of groceries, wines, teas, etc., at No. 57 Carondelet street. Mr. Platt is constantly importing the genuine ales and porters direct from Europe, is selling them at reduced prices, will dispose of any quantity, from a bottle up, and will deliver all purchases free of charge in any part of the city. Now that warm weather is coming on, those who need healthy and invigorating tonics cannot do better than lay in a supply of the genuine English and Scotch ales and porters kept by Mr. Platt.

CRESCENT CITY SUGAR REFINERY.—This well known and popular establishment, it will be seen upon reference to our advertising columns, is now in full blast and ready to fill orders for loaf and powdered sugars, golden syrup, reboiled molasses, etc. The syrups made by the Crescent Refinery have long been very popular with the public, and we have no doubt but that they will continue to be so as long as buckwheat and pancakes are in demand. They have never been excelled yet, and in our humble opinion Messrs. Thompson & Co. must have borrowed the secret of their manufacture from the bees.

STEAMBOAT FIXTURES AT AUCTION.—Messrs. Von Zinken & Sully, auctioneers, will sell at their auction mart, on Gravier and Union streets, at 11 o'clock to-day, a large lot of steamboat fixtures, engines, machinery, etc. We advise all who wish to purchase such articles to be present.

WILCOX & GIBBS' Machine will sew, hem, fell, braid, tuck, gather, quilt, cord and embroider with perfect satisfaction. Wilcox & Gibbs' are repaired and warranted at No. 5 St. Charles street. Please call and examine.

Gen. Forrest has been held in bonds of ten thousand dollars for his appearance at the next term of court in Memphis, to stand his trial for killing a negro on his plantation.

Boat Excursion Along the River, the Gulf and Lower Coast.

In compliance with a polite invitation from Capt. Boardman of the new steamboat Camella, destined to run on the Lake to and from Ocean Springs, we recently accompanied him in her trip down the river and around to the Pontchartrain Railroad, and have to thank him for one of the pleasantest excursions that it has ever been our fortune to make. An interesting party of ladies and gentlemen, mostly of the ancient population, we found already assembled, and we feel disposed to sympathise with the many who missed a race opportunity of studying the most interesting portion of Louisiana scenery.

At half-past 12 o'clock this elegantly equipped boat had reached the river opposite Canal street, and had commenced to descend the yellow flood. The long line of shipping with which the levee was crowded, the forest of masts and white steamers (coming, alas! from every city but our own) were passed—the busy crowd whose theater of operations is upon the land, were left behind, and the city soon appeared with its smoke and mists like a faint stain upon the horizon—the steeples of St. Patrick's, the Cathedral and the cupola of Odd Fellows' Hall serving to mark the site. Then commenced an endless succession of country houses, surrounded by rich embowering groves of orange, and giving to the country its peculiar charm. The boat sped swiftly on in spite of a strong breeze blowing directly against her—the landscape receded like a panorama, and in an hour the Camella had reached the lower part of English Turn, some twenty-one miles distant. For the lover of the picturesque or rural scenery, no sight could have been more exhilerating. Before and behind stretched the muddy stream, lovingly embracing each angle or turn—crowning with its waters the levees upon its brink, and apparently so near to overflowing that the waves of any passing boat might have caused it to run over. The city is now lost sight of, and the left bank no longer maintains its architectural superiority over the right. To the casual eye the four years of desolation have done nothing to mar the enchanting retreats which leaves you in doubt as to which to select for the most delightful abode; the plantation chateaux, which mean here as in France, large old fashioned, country residences, coyly nestle among the dense foliage, showing a white wall here, a slate roof there, or perhaps a gable window; the tall chimneys of the neighboring building remind you of the sugar grinding of other days, and the scattered outhouses, now desolate and untenanted, that Sambo's occupation is gone. More than one mansion did we see lit up in the distance by the sun, though even everything nearer to the view was shadowed by clouds, among whose shades we could have easily dreamed away our days, and almost tempting us to beg the captain to put us ashore, and to seek for permanent protection and shelter. It only wanted the magic fountain which you see at the Academy or the St. Charles, to have made you believe you were in fairy land.

But looking at the shore more closely, you saw but little of any signs of life. Most of the country appeared uncultivated; no one appeared to be moving about or looking out of the windows, and no handkerchiefs waved gay salutes from the porticoes. The country, in short, was silent, solitary and deserted.

The sight of so much beauty with so little life began to weigh upon your spirits. The Spanish moss hanging from the cypress gave the scenery a funereal gloom; the white walls gleaming through the trees took the appearance of sepulchres, and the strong blast, which now made dismal music through the boat, contributed to these ideas. You felt lonely; the smoke from the chimney stack seemed rushing back to the more congenial air of the city, and made you inclise to believe it would be a good idea to follow its example.

This feeling—or it may have been the excellent supper we ate—followed us after we had retired. We dreamed that a weathercock Indian, who had all day been pointing with his bow and arrow at some unknown object, had taken a spite against us, and had shot our hat off into the water.

But to return to our trip. A little after five we reached Forts St. Philip and Jackson (a remarkably quick run considering the strong head wind,) and this, Captain Boardman was good natured enough to round to and allow us a little time to regard. It was not without a melancholy interest that we looked upon these bulwarks of the soil, and the deep scars which remain in the embankment, though now grown over with grass, still remain to attest the live days bombardment.

No missing of papers is now expected of passing vessels or boats, and the small colored garrison which now occupy the barracks, have only to stand on the defensive against the musquitoes. With the green embankments, the ramparts of brick, the numerous heavy guns with which they are crowned, the forts have by no means a prosaic appearance, and the sentinel, who paced up and down, did not lack dignity. However, we begrudged him not the privilege, and when the boat again headed down stream we felt no disposition to stay behind and keep him company.

The sun now went down tucking himself under a heap of purple clouds—the moon hung out a copy of the CRESCENT for her night's reading, and the Camelia's guests whiled away the hours till bed-time in smoking and talking, among the gentlemen, and perhaps livelier gossip among the fair. We talked over steamboat accidents, collisions, explosions and founderings at sea; told horrible stories generally, and the importance of our entertaining captain was considerably enhanced by learning that he had twice made partial visits to heaven by the tubular boiler route.

Tranquil slumbers are accorded to but few travelers by Somnus, the first night spent on a boat, and, as we have already intimated, ours were not of the most undisturbed nature. If it is a sobering thought that there is but one inch between you and eternity, what must be your reflections when you look upward and reflect that there is only a half-inch between you and a stout gentleman who makes the slats above you crack. You become nervous and flurried; the knots in the pine plank you fancy to be eyes impertinently staring you out of countenance. All through the night you never cease hearing the creaking of the cables, and really believe what you tell everybody the next morning, that you have not slept a wink.

At 6 o'clock, while trying to study out in our dreams what one would have to do on board with so many ladies in case his only suit of clothes should be stolen, we were in good earnest startled from our uneasy couch; but it proved to be no guilter intruder than the waiter to whom we had allowed the satisfaction of blacking our boots, and who now informed us that the boat, which had anchored during the night, was about going through Pass L'Outre.

Reaching the deck, we could discern the flat shores on either side of us, while directly in front stood the light-house, with its intermittant or flash light. The latter, (and the same may be said of several others that we saw,) is built upon a small island of a few acres, with a solitary house, and no sign of shrub or tree whatever. If any of your Sunday contributors get hard up for a character or scene, we recommend to them the solitary Robinson Crusoes who inhabit them.

The sun rose so bright as we entered the gulf, that we almost wondered if some steamboat waiter had not been furnishing him up for the occasion. The immense flood of the Mississippi discolored the waves far out into the gulf, but the sea green, capped with wild foam, at length asserted its superiority over the billious color, and we saw an occasional pelican, leizurely flapping its wings in the distance. The eye found but few objects upon which to rest.

A party of ladies sat upon the deck, and would occasionally give vent to little gasps and starts at the ever-increasing waves. The novel sensation seemed to be delightful fun at first, but a pale of cheek and trembled look soon hinted at what was coming. The number thinned off, and more than one was unwillingly made to feed the fishes.

Not the least interesting event on board of the Camelia were the meals to which the guests were invited by the tintinnabulations of the steward's bell to sit down. You found yourself served at those little round tables, which are gradually expelling their larger predecessors in every good ordinary, and which ensure to the traveler whose jaws are of slow movement some protection against his long-armed, over-reaching neighbors. But the shape of the tables were not the only resemblance to the first-class restaurant style, and Lucullus himself never bent his patrician legs beneath better served mahogany.

In the course of the day we passed by Ship Island, which serves as a prominent land mark and turning point in passing from the gulf into the lake, and which, with its dismal history during the war, will long be remembered. A fortification with brick walls and several buildings, now occupied by colored troops, gave it an appearance of some importance, but until another war break out, it will principally be known from its geographical position, and the fact that at this point the waters of the gulf can be easily discerned from those of the lake.

A lighthouse on a desolate island, known as St. Joseph's, and another opposite the mouth of Pearl river, were among the few objects worthy of passing remark. But, after leaving the mouth of the Mississippi, there is really little to see. Passing through to the Rigolets, the shore is flat, low and marshy on the Louisiana side, and covered with tall grass. The country appears unfit for habitation, and is now only visited by hunters.

Continuing on through the Rigolets, which are about nine miles long and one-third of the width of the Mississippi, we caught a momentary view of Fort Pike—still maintaining a colored garrison and bristling with black guns. The stakes driven in the Rigolets to obstruct the navigation, we remarked, remain there yet.

The gathering twilight and the announcement of supper put an end to our observations. We did justice to the good fare which was spread before us, and, shortly after 8 o'clock, reached the landing place on the Pontchartrain Railroad, thus making the distance from the Pearl river lighthouse in a little over four hours.

To Captain Boardman, the officer in charge, and Capt. Otway, the clerk, we return our thanks for many kindnesses, and predict that the public who this season visit Ocean Springs on his boat will have no cause to complain.

[For the Crescent.]

From Novelletta.—Extract from my Journal.

Tuesday, March 4, 1862.—In reading I have made up my mind to note down in my journal anything that I wish partiecularly to remember; so for a commencement I will state that Barcelona claims the merit of having established the first bank of exchange and deposit in Europe. It was devoted to the accommodation of foreigners as well as of her own citizens.

There is some fear of an attack at Grand Junction speedily. We hear the regiment is there, so father will be in the hottest of the fray. Truly we live in fearful times; may God in his infinite mercy grant us a happy peace ere long!

In case the Federals attempt to get here, I am afraid there are a good many who would willingly have the city surrendered; at least so I hear, but we do hear so many things it is hard to draw a distinction between the true and false.

Brother Bob is so funny, he amuses me very much. To-night at tea he wished some more preserves; the saucer was according handed up to headquarters; mother said "no, they were too sweet;" he replied very quickly with great gravity, "but you know, my health must be *preserved*." So eloquent an appeal could not possibly be resisted.

To-day is Mardi Gras, but no maskers are allowed to promenade the streets. It is thought by the authorities that the times do not warrant such frivolity.

Wednesday, 5th.—Jeremy Taylor says, "Time is given us to repent in, to appease the divine anger, to prepare for and hasten to the society of angels, to stir up our slackened wills and enkindle our cold devotions, to wean for our daily iniquities, and to sigh after and work for the restoration of our lost inheritance."

Those who employ time in this manner are never complaining that it flies so fast; never sighing after the "vain imaginations of this wicked world," but continually keep their minds fixed on the attainment of one great object, the recovery of the lost inheritance. Would there were more who thought of time as did Jeremy Taylor; there would then be no lack of righteousness.

To-day is Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, a season of solemn fasting and prayer. We are to have services every day. As the times are so troubled, we need more especially as a people to pray for the successful termination of this unnatural war. When will it end? is the universal question. Some talk in the most composed manner of the old thirty years war, and, comparing this to it, say it must last as long; others again are foolish enough to think that as the revolutionary heroes fought for eight years, so must we. I do not think anybody knows.

Somehow I cannot feel sad to-day; the sun does shine so bright and beautiful, the sky never looked more blue.

"Spring is coming, spring is coming,
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping,
Streams escaped from winter's keeping,
In delighted freedom rushing;
Dance along in music gushing;
Scenes of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened;
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth.
Shout we then with Nature's voice,
Welcome spring! rejoice! rejoice!"

We can well say to-day "all is glory upon earth." I feel like dancing all the time, notwithstanding Ash Wednesday and the war. I think my heart must be very hard. I ought not to feel particularly happy with dearest father exposed to hourly danger. Still, mother says young people are naturally light hearted and buoyant, and that I am excusable in being joyous on a sunshiny day, so I do not believe I am so dreadfully stony-hearted after all.

Thursday, 6th.—The Crescent regiment left this afternoon for the front in Tennessee, where Gen. Beauregard is in command. The whole town went out to see them off. We bade farewell to many friends, and it seems as if there were no gentlemen left in New Orleans. Poor fellows! But I should not say that, for they went off smiling and gay, as if a grand frolic were on hand. I wondered how many would return as smiling, or how many would return at all. Each one thinks he will certainly escape, and so they go merrily. There are many homes that are sad to-night, many where naught but weeping and lamentation are heard. Perhaps the saddest of all is one I visited to-day. That home is truly desolate, for the widow's only son went forth last November, strong in youthful might, and he will never more return. The mother's hopes and fears all centered in him. No one now from whom to look eagerly for tidings, nothing to fear for him; and, alas! nothing to hope. Nothing to do but fold the hands meekly and mourn.

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS.—For people who call upon Messrs. Garthwaite, Lewis & Smart, Nos. 31 and 33 Camp street, can arrive at any other opinion than they keep a most desirable stock of the above named goods. Their clothing always fits and wears well, and is the latest in style and finish, while their furnishing goods are selected with a thorough knowledge of the requirements of our climate.

It is suggested by a Richmond paper that the "crater farm," where the celebrated "crater mine" was exploded before Petersburg, July 30, 1864, be selected for a Southern cemetery, and that provision be made for this purpose by the different Southern States. The proprietor of the place says that the estate is so encumbered with Confederate dead that it is impossible to cultivate the soil without disturbing their remains.

One would be led to suppose from the assertion of "the proprietor," in the foregoing paragraph, that it was the Confederates who suffered so terribly in the explosion, and it was their bones which cucumber and blunt the ploughshare. Two thousand negro troops were said to have been blown up on this spot, and it would seem strange, indeed, if the Confederate army made this crater, from choice, the receptacle for their dead, commingling their bones with those of their negro enemies.

The Environs of New Orleans.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

The ancient suburb or faubourg Marigny was laid out in town lots by its former proprietor, the still living Honorable Bernard de Marigny, in 1804 or '5, some time after the transfer of Louisiana. Now it is not within our power to state what culture was carried on upon this splendid piece of ground when still in the condition of a plantation, because when we arrived, in 1816, there was then apparently no longer any field labor done or performed on this site, and little traces of former culture could be discovered upon the vast, vacant plains, then miniclosed, and upon which herds of sheep seemed to take their public pastorage. We have, however, no doubt that either the sugar-cane or the indigo plant had been raised upon the former plantation of the ancient and wealthy family of the Marigny, for the ground showed unmistakable signs of having been cleared of the forest trees long ago, and, at certain seasons of the year, a profusion of wild indigo stalks would spread all over these fields, denoting thereby that the seed of former culture still continued active under the soil. The great start which the upper part of the city had taken immediately after the cession of the country, no doubt had induced the owner to parcel out in squares and town lots this valuable estate; but yet, somehow or other, this part of the city of New Orleans seemed to labor under some disadvantage, and had to contend against what was denominated the opposition of the up-town interests, being particularly the more commercial classes. We have seen it stated once, in print, but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the assertion, that Mr. Marigny had been offered a considerable amount of money for part of his landed site, by a company or association of enterprising citizens or American merchants, who intended to transfer their interests and influence to this locality, and who, assuredly, would have contributed in improving the lower district of the city; but that the owner, then an immensely wealthy man, declined these offers and propositions, believing himself alone able to advance the prosperity of his section.

As we stated before, we cannot vouch for this version of the apparent cause of the long remaining stagnation of the lower suburbs; the thing appears rather incredible, and there is, besides, a much better reason to explain why the improvements have mainly been carried on in the upper part of our city's environs, and that cause is to be found in the more favorable soil of the upper locality for all town conveniences and commercial commodities. Now we desire our readers to take a glance at the map of our city, and they will perceive that this old square, which was laid out regularly in lines parallel to the river and its right angle crossed by those running towards the woods, was the only site in the bend formed by the Mississippi that could, without inconvenience, receive this shape, for the upper, as well as the lower suburbs, being upon this side of the curve, would necessarily require a somewhat different formation, that is to say, the lands spreading out toward the woods in form of a fan, the surveyors or topographers had to provide for this exigency by the construction of a circumvalating plot or device. It will be observed that in the laying out of Mr. Gravier's suburb, this requirement had been fully provided for, hence we find no difficulty in the extending of the streets and thoroughfares from the old square in the second municipality, now the First District of the city. But with respect to the plan of the Marigny suburb, or the third municipality, we meet there at the very entrance with difficulty, which has more than once perplexed the inattentive passer by, who turns Esplanade street and goes into the Third District. Here the same desideratum presented itself, to-wit: how to lay the town plot in regular squares, and making the streets, parallel to the river, ran into each other after the turning of the curve, which follows, necessarily, the course of the stream. This difficulty or problem, according to our unscientific estimation, has been very poorly overcome in the perfecting of the suburb Marigny's plan.

Perhaps at the time of laying out this site the situation of Fort St. Charles, at the foot of Esplanade street, may have been considered a permanent obstacle to a more symmetric and more convenient lining or drawing of the streets. It seems, however, evident to any one that, even omitting the running out of the forest streets towards a common line, that of the Esplanade street for instance, all the river streets ought to have been brought into a proper correspondence with those of the old city proper, or the original square. Under existing circumstances it has happened very often that people, unattentive to the direction of the streets, when, after crossing Esplanade street into faubourg Marigny, they continued on their walk, after awhile found themselves coming out in the open plains of Raquette towards the woods, when they thought themselves going on all the time towards the Ursuline nuns' convent, or the United States barracks. We mention this particular because it has been told us over and over again by people long in the city, but who have never been able to account for the singular intricacy of the streets at the crossing of Esplanade street and towards the Pontchartrain railroad, formerly called the Elysian Fields. Perhaps to some of our readers this may be a very indifferent subject—the perplexity of the streets of the district of which we are now treating—but even our city council, for the benefit of strangers or transient visitors, has endeavored to remedy in part this apparent difficulty, which, however, remains irremediable. For the transporting of this nomenclature of the streets of the old city to those of the Third District has in some respects added to the mass of perplexities, and we have actually seen people bewildered, who, when inquiring from every one in the faubourg Marigny for Royal street, were stared and laughed at for these questions, being answered there was no such street in the down-town district. And yet our readers will find that Royal street, in the city proper, runs into the corresponding street, but anciently named Cavacalvo, in honor to the last Spanish Governor, who left New Orleans in 1801 for the island of Cuba.

In order not to digress from our present subject, we shall leave the interesting reminiscences attached to the naming of the various streets of this ancient district, to which at some other moment we may return, and direct now the reader's attention to that formal ground basis, ordained some years ago by our city council, which makes the appellation of streets uniform and general, beginning or starting from Canal street, as the central point, up and down the city; that is to say, all the river streets (so called on account of their parallel lines with the stream,) running into each other, are to be called the upper ones, after the names of the First District streets, the lower ones after those of the Second District or the Old City Square. This rule is to be observed, notwithstanding all former nomenclature, from the above named center point, Canal street, to the two extremes of the city of New Orleans boundaries, that is: up to Toledano street, and below to the Canal des Pêcheurs. In the course of time, after the passing away of the present generation, this system will certainly help to simplify the immense extent of New Orleans street appellation, but for the present, we fear a great many people still ignore that this change of names has thus publicly been decreed, and most of the old residents know their streets only by the names which they have borne to them, ever since they became acquainted with their own baptismal name.

Nay, we have seen some of the old down-town fogies absolutely in a rage about the changing of names upon lamp-posts or otherwise; and one, in particular, would watch, with a big stick, a coco maroon, (as he called his admonitor, the house-number painter,) who, by a new ordinance, had been authorized to re-number the residences of citizens generally, and collect a small fee (twenty-five cents) for each number from the proprietor. This old gentleman said: "It was not enough to have been ruined by the enormous city taxes already, but that in advance of people's being seized and sold out by the sheriff the city council would order all his vacant lots to be numbered, to be next advertised in some patronized paper; and how did they know that he had not some other means, besides his lots, to pay up city taxes?" The fact was, the number-poster had placarded the whole of his inclosure, being a corner one, with a dozen of useless numbers, but, according to ordinance, every twenty feet apart. The city, after awhile, had to indemnify the number-paster, or painter, for his trouble, no one being willing to pay for this additional waste, some dwellings having half a dozen of old and illegible numbers, added to the new one, to compass.

The Boiler Question Again.

NEW ORLEANS, April 16, 1866.

Mr. Editor—I am not a practical engineer, high or low pressure; but, nevertheless, passed an examination in 1847 in "steam," and have commanded engineers who were both practical and theoretical for a number of years, one of whom is now an inspector of steam boilers in this port, to whose efficiency as a practical man I can bear witness. I have endeavored to learn from them all; but, amongst those whom I believed the best "posted" in the theory, I have always found that certain facts with which they were well acquainted, failed to present themselves to their minds in a point of view at all practical when considering the theory of explosion in boilers. Thus, your correspondent "Safety," in his communication of to day speaks of red hot iron generating steam, in a manner to indicate his belief that it did so in a degree greater or more rapidly than hot iron at a lower temperature; and he speaks of "explosive steam" as though all steam were not explosive. Another fallacy about steam is, that superheated steam possesses expansive force or power greater than any other steam.

The public mind, and that of even practical and theoretical engineers, is unnecessarily befogged in all the discussions that have taken place with respect to the subject; and I am surprised that when all the facts necessary to a clear understanding of the subject of explosions, and of the construction of an absolutely safe boiler, and the way to run it with equal power with about one-third or one-fourth the expense, (according to the manipulation) are known to them, they should not so arrange their ideas and apply their knowledge as to render the discussion of the relative safety of tubular or due boilers superfluous, in view of the fact that with an equal amount of surface, tubular or due, the tubular is the safest for reasons that are patent.

I venture to say that if I had command of "Safety," and the inspector referred to, and a few other good engineers I could name, I could suggest such an arrangement of their own ideas as would lead to the production of a boiler that would be safe absolutely; and as economical nearly, as I have said. But engineers, in their zeal to become commanders on board ships (vide late act of Congress,) would scorn the idea in all probability. And I will merely say reverse the application of the condenser, and you will have the key to the means of generating steam safely and cheaply.

LUMBER DRYER,
Box 2023 P. O.

General Orders No. 35.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF LOUISIANA.
New Orleans, La., April 21, 1866.

I. The Eastern District of Louisiana will be discontinued from this date. The records will be sent to these headquarters. The commissioned officers and enlisted men on duty at those headquarters will rejoin their respective regiments.

Officers on detached service, in this city, now reporting to district headquarters, will hereafter report to post headquarters. Post commanders will report direct to these headquarters.

Upon turning over the records, and closing up the business of his headquarters, Brevet Major General T. W. Sherman is hereby relieved from duty in this department, to enable him to comply with general orders No. 23, current series, from the war department.

II. Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General Chas. A. Hartwell, 16th U. S. Colored Artillery (heavy,) will, in addition to his other duties, assume command of the post of New Orleans, La., including the parishes of Orleans and Jefferson.

III. Monthly reports of all prisoners who may have been in confinement during the month, or any part of it, will be forwarded by post commanders to these headquarters, on the last day of each month, setting forth, in each case, the nature of the charge, the date of confinement, and by whose order the prisoners were confined. Existing orders from these or inferior headquarters are modified accordingly.

By order of Major General E. R. S. Canby:
WINGRAM HOPKINS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Official:
NATHANIEL BURBANK,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

AN UNLUCKY TOWN.—The town of Poitiers, France, has of late been singularly unfortunate. Not long since the mayor, a banker, was declared a bankrupt, and last month the cashier of the branch of the Bank of France established there, absconded, leaving a deficit of $80,000. Several persons have been arrested on suspicion of being accomplices.

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AUCTION SALES.

LARGE AND PEREMPTORY SALE OF HORSES, WORK Mules, Buggies, Harness, etc., at auction.

BY MONTGOMERY & BRO.,
R. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer,
Office—87 Camp street.

TUESDAY, April 24, at 11 o'clock A. M., at P. Lince's Stables, Gravier street, will be sold—
Match Horses;
Fine Saddle and Harness Horses;
Fine Work Mules.
—ALSO—
Top and Open Buggies, Harness, etc.
☞ TERMS—Cash, in U. S. Treasury Notes.

PEREMPTORY SALE OF THE A NO. 2 AMERICAN Schooner Alexa, at Auction.

BY MONTGOMERY & BRO.,
R. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer.
Office—87 Camp street.

TUESDAY, April 24, at 5 o'clock, at Post 29, Second District, opposite the Mint, will be sold—
The A No 2 American schooner ALEXA, together with her Sails, Rigging, Cables, Anchors, etc.; coppered and copper fastened, heavy new oak frame, pine beams well formed and in good order.
☞ TERMS—Cash in Treasury notes.

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