New Orleans Daily Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
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S. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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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	20 "	36 "	50 "	90 "	125 "
Three	30 "	55 "	70 "	110 "	175 "
Four	35 "	67 "	90 "	140 "	225 "
Five	40 "	80 "	105 "	170 "	275 "
Six	54 "	98 "	120 "	200 "	325 "
Seven	60 "	105 "	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 "
Thirteen	90 "	165 "	225 "	410 "	620 "
Fourteen	95 "	175 "	240 "	440 "	660 "
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Thirty	170 "	330 "	450 "	750 "	1200 "

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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 agreed upon; provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.

All business notices of advertisements to be charged 20 cents net 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:

Squares.	1 month.	2 months.	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
One	$8,5 net.	$9 net.	$12 net.	$20 net.	$30 net.
Two	9 "	16 "	20 "	32 "	50 "
Three	13 "	24 "	28 "	44 "	70 "
Four	15 "	28 "	35 "	56 "	90 "
Five	18 "	32 "	42 "	68 "	110 "
Six	20 "	36 "	50 "	80 "	130 "
Seven	22 "	40 "	60 "	90 "	140 "
Eight	25 "	45 "	70 "	100 "	150 "
Thirty	70 "	120 "	180 "	300 "	480 "

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 11, 1866.

OUR JOB OFFICE is now the most complete and extensive establishment of the kind in the city. The type, presses, material and entire fixtures are new, having just been received from the foundries and machine shops of Connor & Sons, G. P. Gordon and R. Hoe & Co., of New York, and in variety and beauty cannot be excelled in the South. We have connected with this department one of the best rulling machines ever brought South, and can turn out all descriptions of job work, ruled, lettered and bound, at the shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and upon most reasonable terms.

In addition to a corps of experienced printers, we have secured the services in this department of Mr. W. W. Briblin and Mr. Charles W. Clark, so favorably known as job printers previous to the war, under the firm of Clark & Briblin. Their friends and ours will bear this in mind and send in their orders.

FURTHER POSTPONEMENT OF THE TROTTING RACE.—The weather, having proved so unpropitious of late, the interesting trotting race which was fixed for several days last week did not come off, and has been postponed until the clerk of the weather shall see fit to hold off his sprinkling pot and give old Sol a chance to dry up the mud. Due notice will be given through our columns when the race is to come off. In the meantime, gentlemen, make your bets.

THE STEAMER LOUISE, FOR MOBILE.—The agents of the above mentioned splendid iron sidewheel steamer, give notice through our columns to-day that she will leave this afternoon, after the arrival of the 4 o'clock Pontchartrain railroad train at the lake, for Mobile, and will take freight for all points on the Alabama river up to Montgomery (signing through bills of lading therefor) at reduced prices. Shippers of freight will remember that they must get it to the depot by 2½ o'clock, and that cool oil will only be taken in metal packages.

SOUTHERN CLOTHING MANUFACTORY.—Gentlemen wishing to have clothing made with dispatch, of good material and in the most fashionable and *recherché* manner, should give Messrs. L. W. Lyons & Co.'s Southern Clothing Manufactory their patronage. As it is one of the most extensive establishments in the country, persons giving them a call can rely on getting suited as well as if they were in New York or Paris.

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.—Families living in the neighborhood of the corner of St. Charles and Bruin streets, would do well to patronize the grocery store of Mr. F. W. Bartels, which is situated at that corner. His stock comprises every species of edibles and drinkables, which is ever kept by dealers in his line, all of which is fresh and choice in every respect. It is always economical to buy from a dealer of character like Mr. B., as one is sure of getting good weight as well as articles which have not been tampered with. It is healthy, because upon the purity of the food one eats, in a great measure depends his digestion and health. Give the store a trial.

WHITNEY'S IMPROVED PORTABLE CIRCULAR SAW MILLS.—We direct the attention of such of our readers as are interested in machinery, to the advertisement of the above mentioned justly celebrated mills, which will be found elsewhere in the CRESCENT this morning. Messrs. Monroe & Reddington, No. 63 Carondelet street, are the agents for the manufacturers for this city, and are prepared to furnish them to any extent. The Winter saw mill, with Lane's patent set and feed works, possesses advantages over every other portable saw mill, which should and does make them a favorite wherever used. It is most economical in the amount of labor it will do to the hand in a day; is less liable to be broken or to get out of order, and will cut better lumber. What more could we ask? See advertisement for other particulars.

A CHANCE FOR A RICH WIFE.—That a man should do right at all times, is not only following out the precepts of the law and gospel, but, as a matter of policy, is, beyond dispute, the wisest course which could be adopted. This is exemplified by an advertisement in the CRESCENT this morning. The advertisement says that an accomplished and wealthy young lady wishes to form a matrimonial connection with a gentleman of good social position, education, economical habits, and good judgment, and all the proof she asks is that he should have been accustomed to buy his shirts and underclothing at Moody's. Satisfied that any man who was sharp enough to do this must be capable of managing her fortune and making a useful citizen, she will take any such upon that recommendation alone. Verily virtue has its own reward.

FRESH AND PURE BUTTER.—Messrs. Shropshire, Anderson & Co., 108 and 110 Poydras street, advertise this morning the receipt of an invoice of choice Goshen and Western butter and cheese, which country and city dealers would do well to go and look at. This house having made arrangements with dairymen at the North and West for a regular supply of these articles, will hereafter always be able to supply any demand made upon them. The butter and cheese which they keep are all that could be desired, and can be confidently relied upon as to their keeping sweet and wholesome for any reasonable length of time. The butter is put up in firkins, tubs and kegs, consequently buyers can get any quantity they may desire. See advertisement.

A "BLARSTED BRITISHER" AGAIN.

An Englishman, who has chosen the *nomme de plume*, of a "Blarsted Britisher," took exception to an article which appeared in the CRESCENT some days ago, commending Mr. Stephens as a patriot, and approving his cause. A "Blarsted Britisher" again appears in our columns to-day, in reply to strictures upon his communication.

His attitude is very different from that in which he first presented himself. His advent was signalized by a virulent defamation of Mr. Stephens, who, to believe him, was an "imposter," a "swindler" and a "sponge." He is now engaged in the defense of English magnates and English crimes, and the explanation of English failures.

In his new role—he must pardon our candor—he is as unsuccessful as in his debut. The feebleness of his defense is as marked as the weakness of his assault.

To bombard a city without declaration of war, and to slaughter thousands of unoffending people is justifiable, for such reasons as the most depraved of mankind may give—that the crime was committed in the interest of the criminal! To burn Joan of Arc was excusable, because English officers tried her as a witch, her witchcraft consisting in whipping English armies invading her country. The massacre of Glencoe, the most atrocious butchery in modern history, is not so bad, for the reason that there was a Huguenot massacre in France! The barbarous execution of Sepoys becomes meritorious, and is "businesslike," for rifled and not smooth-bore cannon, blew them to pieces. These are the ethics of a "Blarsted Britisher," and, of course, of the government he defends. Passing from a somewhat distant past to a near present, when he sneered at Smith O'Brien's failure in '48, he was reminded that there were some events in the military history of England subsequent to '48 that were not remarkably glorious, and he maintains his right to sneer at O'Brien, because Napier's cutlasses were wrapped in red tape, and there is a certificate from Todtleben extant that it was dangerous to attack the Redan.

From these reminiscences a "Blarsted Britisher" may learn much. He may learn that when he puts himself forward as the champion of the English government, and ransacks history for infamous comparatives for Mr. Stephens, he could have gone into Westminster Abbey and found many there who have "storied urns" and monumental marbles," exemplare of wickedness and baseness; that he could have gone to the ancient Crimea or the upstart Cronstadt and received a lesson admonishing him to moderate criticism of military failures.

Many more boulders than those we have pointed at might be wrenched from the aggregation of crimes lying at the door of England, but a cyclopean war is not necessary to maintain the position of the CRESCENT. A "Blarsted Britisher" has been given a "mount" as he asked. We cannot say that we admire his equestrian feats. He needs instruction in the *manege*. He may have been in a review or handled the ammunition for a magazine, but he is not yet qualified for the strife. The CRESCENT is a charger, not a genet; and he may be as thankful as John Gilpin was to return to his shop with whole bones. His adventure, philosophically viewed, is not without advantage. He has learned that the world knows his yard stick is not honest, and that some of his most shining wares are spiritaliels.

NEW ORLEANS, June 5, 1866.

Editor Crescent—I beg to return most sincere thanks for the insertion of my letter in reply to the article on the "Irish Chief," etc.

I feel that I am fighting at an immense disadvantage. "We" has his back to the light, whilst the dazzling radiance of the CRESCENT strikes me full in the face. However, at all hazards, I will try another bout, for next to a fair friend I love a bold foe.

Time will show which has formed the correct estimate of James Stephens. Meanwhile, let each enjoy his opinion of that worthy agitator. I point to his own words in proof that he is an "ignoble imposter." You draw your conclusion that Mr. Stephens is a "noble apostle" from the same source.

I submit that I made a careful epitome, and not a broad travestie, of the Jones's Wood speech. The CRESCENT charges me with an ungrateful fling at the memory of John Brown—that approved disciple of English abolitionism. Now, whatever the opinions of the narrow-minded bigots of Exeter Hall may be, for my part—having seen the lamentable effects of negro emancipation during three years residence in the West Indies, and foreseeing what must now occur here—I have perhaps less respect for the memory of John Brown than the people of the South.

On referring to my letter again, you will find that I make no "appeal" to the Southern people, but simply express my conviction that the majority are not so deeply prejudiced as to indorse the intemperate language with which your article of the 28th ult. concluded.

Believe me, I had not the remotest idea that the expression of my humble opinion on James Stephens would have brought on my devoted head the collective sins of so many generations of my British, or, according to your account, Brutish forefathers, otherwise I had most assuredly have paused before incurring so awful a visitation. Mountains of national iniquity have been torn up by the Titanic editorial—mighty boulders of political crimes have been wrenched from the rock of history, and hurled, with crushing and overwhelming force, at my comparatively infinitesimal self.

Although I must frankly confess that I do not see the slightest connection between the burning of Joan of Arc, the massacre of Glencoe, the bombardment of Copenhagen, the business like dispatch of the Sepoy-fiends, and the Fenian agitation, I beg most respectfully to make a few comments on the above mentioned historic events.

Poor Joan of Arc was burnt as a witch during the dark ages. Supposed witches have been put to death in Massachusetts in recent and "so-called" enlightened times. The lighter the age the darker the deed!

The massacre of Glencoe, was an atrocity which has unfortunately had its parallel in many countries. The massacre of the Huguenots, to-wit.

The bombardment of Copenhagen was justifiable; the innocent suffered with the guilty, but at that time, when historic England stood against the world, the destruction of the Danish fleet was a stern though sad necessity. Prevention in that case did more for the cause of humanity than cure would have done.

Blowing Sepoys from good rifled cannon was a far better fate than those demons deserved.

But stop, I cannot wage war on such a cyclopean, or, rather, encyclopedian scale as the CRESCENT. I would as soon undertake to defend the private character of Gen. Ben. Butler as that of John, Duke of Marlborough.

Braggadocia has happily been the exception and not the rule in the conduct of British sailors. You must have discovered this, for you have been raking pretty extensively among the ashes of the past. Napier made some plucky attempts to take Cronstadt, but his wooden vessels were of no avail against the massive granite walls. Still, old Charley would have given his sea-dogs a chance of taking the edge off their cutlasses had he not been crippled with red tape.

I am indeed sorry that a soldier of the South should have twitted the English army on the failure of the attack on the Redan. Todtleben, the engineer and defender of Sebastopol, has himself testified that "the glorious failure of the English reflected more credit on them than the Frenchmen gained by his easy success at the Malakoff." The British infantry, heroes of Inkermann, were swept from the face of that terrible work back into the ditch by grapeshot. Demi-gods could not have stormed that position! But that I scorn to use a similar weapon, I could remind the CRESCENT that troops as brave as the British, in fact from the same noble stock, have been repulsed from impregnable positions by overwhelming numbers since the Crimean war!

Finally, those "other people besides the Irish who have accounts to settle with the British government," have the privilege of "sending their accounts in." Confident the old country is far from bankrupt, either in purse or honor, I again sign myself, without a blush,

A "BLARSTED" BRITISHER.

[Special Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.]

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 4th, 1866.

THE DEAD WEIGHT OF THE MONEY MARKET.

Since the termination of the war Washington has become a great financial center. The enormous amount of specie, the disposition of which is ordered from the Treasury, makes Mr. McCulloch the King of Bulls and Bears, and lately the wits of the town have invested his department with the ambiguous title of the "Bear Garden." However this may be, the great capitalists from the North and West flock to the marble halls of the "building;" and, judging by the number of the besiegers, one might imagine that the five hundred fairies to whom the printing and safekeeping of the government bonds are consigned had attracted this bevy of visitors. The distraught and agitated air of these gentlemen might lend some color to the delusion if we were not aware that more imminent interests than duty to the fair sex attracted them to these mystic chambers. In fact, the great question among these devotees is contained in the cart but anxious query: "Will the secretary sell?" Principals and agents are all on the *qui vive* to obtain a reliable answer to the great financial question of the times. Some amusing scenes are the result of this speculative fever:

Speculator to friend—"I have just heard from a gentleman in the immediate confidence of the secretary that he will sell five millions to-day."

Friend to speculator—"A bosom friend of Mr. McCulloch just told me that no more treasury sales of gold would take place this week."

The consequence is that telegraphing commences, and the bankers in New York, half crazy from the contradictory accounts, "go on the market," and lose or win their thousands of dollars. In the former case they forwear news from Washington; in the latter event, they declare that their informants are wonderful men who have "the inside track." The heavy sales of the last fortnight have attracted the attention of Congress, and today Mr. McCulloch will present his report to the House. The New York Herald has attacked the secretary for the private sales made through his brother-in-law, Mr. Myers, of New York; and other journals of standing have defended him with ability.

The private sales were so unexpected that many brokers lost large amounts, and hence the clamor against the secretary. The report to-day will exhibit very large sales and show but a small quantity of gold left in the vaults of the treasury.

SOUTHERNERS IN WASHINGTON.

Many gentlemen from the Gulf States, now sojourners in this city, represent the sentiment in their portions of the country as very indifferent to the result of the palaver in Congress. They are determined to let the people of the North fight out this question among themselves, and in the meantime to devote themselves to their industrial labors. Judge Brown, of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, reports that the people are working with an astonishing good will, and predicts that if left to themselves, they will soon recuperate a goodly portion of their lost resources. A convention of the officers representing the principal Southern railroads was held here on Saturday. Arrangements were made for communication between New York and New Orleans in ninety two hours.

MEMORIES OF THE WAR.

The old capitol prison is a dark, frowning structure. Its brown brick walls are mouldering away, and the bars on the prisoners' cells are rusting into hopeless dilapidation. But this same building, now falling into miserable decay, was once the chosen scene of historic events and the meeting hall of the American Congress before the capitol raised its lofty walls, like an emblem of the perpetual magnificence of our country. What it lacks in architectural effect, the old capitol supplies in dignified associations. Here the Senate and House of Representatives met in the days of the giants. In those simple chambers of lath and plaster—of what now appears primitive simplicity—the true Americans, the men who held the traditions of constitutional government, assembled and reasoned. These plain wooden floors are now replaced by mosaic pavements; walls of rustic plainness have been succeeded by marble and painted glass. But have we not resigned the homely principles of our republic—the principles of men who reasoned and argued—for the flimsy doctrines of demagogues and politicians by trade? The improvement in externals has not been made without a corresponding loss. In a large room on the ground floor, formerly used as a tavern, the great Calhoun died. Many, many memories of those olden days cluster round these simple, bare walls. Would that these associations could end our search through the ancient legislative hall of the thirteen States. But other scenes, less pleasant and natural, crowd about the mind of the visitor. It seems a desecration that the very halls where the members of the Union met to found a new and pure government should be darkened with the effects of domestic strife. Here the military prisoners were confined; there Union and Confederate officers, under various extraordinary charges, were kept for five months at a time, without the privilege of leaving a small apartment. Wirz in one chamber, Winder in another, Duncan in the third; Belle Boyd and Miss Mureno in adjoining cells; Stewart in a large room, from which he escaped by loosening one of the bars of his window, and in the moment of fortune was killed by a sentinel. In the yard of the prison Henry Wirz was hanged on the finding of a military tribunal.

Looking out on the scene of the executions, are three or four overground dungeons which Mr. Lincoln facetiously termed "sweat boxes." Here a half dozen men were confined at a time, in a close, square compartment, without a ray of light or a chance for air to enter, or even a knowledge of the charges brought against them. These are some of the blighting and terrible memories of the war that will long be impressed on the mind of the visitor to the old capitol prison.

AND SO FORTH.

The Senate is still discussing the reconstruction plan; it will doubtless be adopted and sent to the House for its approval. The latter body is listening to a prosy, redundant speech from Wilson, of Iowa, a violent young radical. The pay bill should come up this week. The army officers are can vassing against it; a fixed remuneration for their services, as the bill proposes, would be unfair and inexpedient. As Raymond and Conkling, both from New York, have been in deep converse, we may expect something startling to follow, but it may be only a lobby cheme. KANGAROO.

GET YOUR SHIRTS AT MOODY'S.—This piece of advice has been given to the public so often that it should be impressed indelibly upon the minds of all, and no doubt has had its effects. But still there may be some so set in their ways and so deaf to good counsel that they have never profited by it, and to these we will now address ourselves. The reason why they should get their shirts at Moody's is, because that enterprising manufacturer sells the best of underclothing at the lowest possible prices. He makes shirts that will fit anybody, wear well, (an important consideration these days, when one has to divide the use of his clothes with his wash-woman's husband,) and give satisfaction generally. Therefore it is economical to get your shirts from Moody, and any person who closes his eyes to economy need never expect to succeed in life.

CHEAP STILL.—Messrs. Garthwaite, Lewis & Stuart, at the Tulane Building, Nos. 31 and 33 Camp street, are still selling their good clothing, furnishing goods and trunks at the same low rates as we mentioned last week. The articles manufactured by this house cannot be excelled on any point by those gotten up by other manufacturers. And their prices are sufficiently low to give the poorest man an opportunity of dressing well. We refer all who desire an outfit to give the house a call.

TO BUILDERS.—Messrs. Von Zinken & Sully, auctioneers, will sell to-day, without reserve, at the old Carrollton railroad depot, corner of Perdido and Baronne streets, a large lot of window and door frames, glazed sash, doors, blinds, etc., which no doubt will be in demand among builders or others intending to put up or repair houses. See advertisement.

A Lark in Mobile; or, The Conscript's Revenge.

Billy J—— and Tom K—— were two young gentlemen who, in the spring of 1862, had been exiled from New Orleans by Gen. Banks, because they had registered themselves as enemies to the United States. They were Confederate, "so-called," in their proclivities; but their patriotism was of that kind which much prefers to exhibit itself upon the streets and around the entrances of bar-rooms; or, in other words, satisfied itself in finding vent in words, without ambition of finding immortality at the cannon's mouth on the "tented field." They had flattered themselves that after proving to the world by their oaths that they had no affection for Uncle Sam, they would be allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way in peace and quiet while grim visaged war was on a *strike* every where else. But Banks's cruel order went forth and they had to "git."

After many adventures by flood and field, they brought up at Mobile, and fancied that, as all their surroundings were of Confederate stamp, and as their hatredness was new, they could quietly pursue the course which fate had in store for them, unmolested and uncurbed. But, alas! for the delusive hopes of man. They soon found that the good people of Mobile had become surfeited with gentlemen of their stamp, and, after giving them the cold shoulder for a time, actually refused either sympathy or hospitality to such apparently lukewarm Confederates. And, to put a climax upon their discomforts, an enrolling officer sent them an invitation by a squad of armed "rebels," to call at his office and be enrolled as defenders of their country. To such an invitation there was no other answer than an immediate compliance, so they went before that dignitary, feeling like lambs led to the slaughter. To make a long story short, they were duly conscripted and sent that night to swell the ranks of Lee's army in Virginia. Whether by force of example or that they had a good deal of the hero latent in them, which only required proper regimen to be developed, we cannot say; but at all events they soon became as good soldiers as any, distinguishing themselves upon more than one well-fought field, and so remained, luckily escaping unharmed, from bullets on the battle-fields and surgeons in the hospitals, until the war was over, and they were paroled and given leave to go home.

En route on their return, they arrived in company at Mobile one night. After engaging lodgings at a hotel, they walked out into the streets to look for familiar scenes and faces, and perhaps to take a cooling drink—for the weather was warm, though the moonlight was beautiful and enticing. But once in the streets the stores, dwellings and shops which met their view on every hand, brought back a remembrance of their wrongs, and the sight of the house in which the enrolling officer held his court awakened afresh that ire which had slept for three years. They looked at each other, ground their teeth, and gazing up to heaven, vowed to be revenged upon Mobile and her inhospitable inhabitants.

Billy spoke first. "Tom," said he, "let's get even with this infernal town before we leave. What say you?" Tom, who is a man of few words, answered that "it would afford him infinite pleasure to do so; but how?" Billy walked on in the bright moonlight and mused for some time. The thought of his wrongs at last gave him inspiration. "Tom, you are a painter, I believe." "I am," said that worthy. "What then?" "Let us go and procure a paint pot and brush and I'll show you," returned Billy. So they anxiously sought a paint shop. One was soon found, and the proprietor was just closing his shutters preparatory to shutting up for the night. They held a council of war, which terminated in Billy's approaching the painter and engaging him in conversation, while that able and accomplished old *pirooter*, Tom, slipped into the shop, possessed himself of the required articles, and made off unobserved in a jiffy. Perceiving that his plan had succeeded, Billy soon bid the painter good night in his blandest tones, and rejoining his comrade around the corner, made preparation to put his plan into execution. They walked up Government street, Billy making known to Tom, on the way, what he desired to have done. Soon halting before a beautiful mansion, surrounded by a high paling as white as the sea beach, Tom set to work with a will. Letter after letter was formed by his practical hand, until the following sentence appeared upon the paling, resplendent in red paint and in letters two feet high: "TRY RED JACKET BITTERS," thus making the inclosure of this aristocratic mansion the advertising medium of a liquid Billy had tried very often of late.

The next fine house they came to had no palings, but was flush on the street. What cared Tom? To be revenged he'd risk everything, and straight way the walls of this edifice bore witness to Billy's faith in the great elixir, after this manner: "Red Jacket Bitters cures indigestion and flatulency." House after house, and fence after fence were thus ornamented until the worthy pair found themselves out on Spring Hill road, far in the suburbs, and the cocks were announcing the approach of day with their accustomed reveille. They were admonished by this that it was time to finish their labors; but the sight of a large mansion surrounded by a most elaborately ornamented paling attracted their attention. They would make this the grand finale of their revenge, and forthwith went to work, Tom with his brush, and Billy with a piece of blue clay he had picked up. "Try Red Jacket Bitters" was inscribed upon the first panel in large German text, shaded by the blue clay. The next contained the list of all the various diseases which are cured by "Red Jacket." The third panel contained a living likeness of the great Indian Chief Red Jacket in his war costume, and on the gate they painted the great American eagle, with a bottle of Red Jacket Bitters in one claw and in the other Death hung strangled. They were busily engaged in shading off the great bird, so dearly loved by every American, when suddenly the gate opened and the rotund form of a middle aged gentleman presented itself to their view. His face most unmistakably pronounced him to be a native of Old England and the first word he spoke settled the question. "What in the 'ell have you been doing 'ere," demanded he, but his eyes soon informed him better than his ears could have done. His rage on beholding the eagle, that most detested of all birds to a "Blarsted Britisher," upon his gate, and the "signs of the times" which were on his fence, well nigh bereft him of reason. He rushed into his house and soon came forth with a fowling piece, but Tom and Bill had dropped their utensils and "fallen back." Johnny Bull's voice soon raised a hue and cry which would have awakened a city of the dead, much less the inhabitants of a lively place like Mobile; and he was soon joined by many neighbors, who needed no other watchword to awaken their ire, and to induce them to join the pursuit than to be shown their own fences. But old soldiers, like our two friends, were too fleet of foot and too well trained under Stonewall Jackson and Lee, to fear pursuit, or even the volley of small shot and pistol bullets which were showered at them, and arriving at their hotel undetected soon so changed their personal appearance as to defy suspicion. They left for New Orleans that day, but not before they had enjoyed the rage and heard the imprecations of their victims who numbered over one hundred. The agent of the Red Jacket Bitters, if he had happened to be in town would have been mobbed, and to this day do the Mobilians denounce the trespass which was committed upon their property as the most aggravated instance on record.

But enjoying their revenge, Billy and Tom sleep the sleep of the righteous.

CLOSING OUT TO REMOVE.—Mr. H. Whittaker, No. 131 Canal street, intending to remove to another store shortly, is offering his large and splendid stock of fancy and staple dry goods at very low rates, indeed, for cash. All who have ever looked at the goods kept by Mr. Whittaker, must acknowledge that they are of the latest styles and most beautiful patterns, and those who go there now will be equally pleased with the moderate prices. See advertisement.

Patent Medicines.

In spite of the abuse and ridicule which has been heaped upon this class of specifics, they continue to advance in public favor both in Europe and in this country. Although the inventors and compounders of them have been called quacks and charlatans for ages, mankind in general still place confidence in and trust to their efficacy with more faith than ever.

To our minds the cause of this is plain, and should serve to caution the inexperienced but zealous graduate of medicine against being too sweeping in his condemnation and too exclusive in his choice of remedies. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, can be applied in this connection with perhaps more truth than in any other, for the voice of the people in favor of remedies which they have tried upon themselves, their wives and their children for years, is certainly as near the godlike attribute of truth as anything human ever gets to be. If after twenty years constant use of a particular receipt, as a remedy for a disease, it is found to be nearly always beneficial, it is natural that the person who has thus used it would be convinced unalterably of its efficacy, and place more faith in it than he would in the prescription which he had never tried.

Again, does any physician however learned he may be, pretend that he understands all about the human body or the diseases to which it is liable? And is not the medical science at best but an edifice unfinished and untenable? Does any physician do aught but experiment upon his patients? And who will pretend to deny that all the different schools—though diametrically opposed to each other—have had their successes; days of popularity, failures and turns of misfortune. Who can forget that there is one class of writers who teach that for fevers blood must be taken from the patient; another, that to bleed a person suffering from a fever is to sap the foundations of his life and in many cases to kill him. One respectable class prescribes steam and vapor baths for almost every ailment; another forbids them. To-day quinine is given for all fevers and intermittent disorders; to-morrow it is condemned as dangerous and injurious to the system. Mercury has had its day of popularity and its day of disgrace. The Alopathist thinks that the infinitesimal doses of the Homeopathist ridiculous; the Homeopathist rolls his eyes with horror at the immense quantities of drugs used by his rival.

The disciple of Thompson believes that nature has provided in every forest suitable remedies for diseases incidental to the climate; another class believe that cold water alone will cure every ill the human family is heir to.

What right have the medical profession, therefore, to condemn anything? And are they not themselves condemned by every philosophic mind? Are not the inventors of patent medicines as much entitled to respect and confidence as they? To better understand this proposition, let us examine into the subject closely:

What are patent medicines? Specific remedies for disease, the ingredients of which are kept secret for the purpose of restricting the profits of their sale to the inventor or proprietor. Who is the inventor or proprietor? Assuredly some person who, having for years experimented upon the sick with the medicine, has proved its efficacy, and learned to value it as it deserves. He knows, from actual experience, that it will accomplish certain results, and does not fear to recommend its use. It is now no longer an experiment, but a certainty. He does not take Dr. Squill's word for it, but his belief is based upon what he knows to be so. Then, why should he not sell it, and realize a profit upon such a discovery, as well as the inventor of the steam engine, the electric telegraph, or the spinning jenny? The physicians tell us that it is not proper to make a profit out of any discovery which may be made in the science or practice of medicine, because it is speculating upon the misfortunes of the human family. How is it, if it is not proper to speculate upon the misfortunes of their fellow-men, that physicians ever get rich? It would be more in keeping with their pretensions to return to their patients annually, all their profits over and above a mere support for themselves and families.

We are therefore forced to the following conclusions:

1st. That as all acknowledge experience to be the most reliable guide, patent medicines being the result of experience, cannot in the nature of things be objectionable.

2d. That as neither the judgment nor skill of physicians are infallible, their condemnation of patent medicines should not deter the public from placing confidence in them.

3d. That as the very class which condemn the proprietors of patent medicines for making them profitable have not clean hands themselves, and are guilty of the same offense which they complain of, their condemnation should have no weight.

Having, we think, placed this matter in its true light before the public, a few words more and we have done. In directing attention to patent medicines, we do not wish to be understood as advocating an indiscriminate use of every nostrum which may be offered to the public. By no means. A due caution against imposition should be observed, and the most practicable means of preventing ourselves from being imposed upon is to buy none but such as are sold by respectable vendors, and which are indorsed by known parties. In this city we have many highly respectable dealers in drugs and medicines, who also deal largely in patent medicines. Among these is Mr. James Gonegal, No. 20 St. Charles street—a gentleman of singular enterprise, enlarged liberality and a high order of capacity. As he has a character to maintain in this community, it is not likely that he would risk its being tarnished for the paltry sum to be made upon the sale of valueless medicines or the compoundings of quacks. In taking the agency of a medicine, a careful and discreet druggist informs himself as to its history and value, and satisfies himself that he will not be the means of the introduction among his friends of a compound which would have the effect of lightening their purses while shortening their lives. Mr. Conegal, as an educated druggist, is competent and fully able to institute an inquiry into such a subject. Several of the medicines for which he is the agent are advertised in our paper this morning. We refer our readers to these advertisements for particulars as to their nature, etc.

LAND AND COLLECTING OFFICE.—It will be seen upon reference to our advertising columns that Messrs. W. H. Garland & Son, of Summit, Miss., have opened an office in that place for the transaction of the above named business. They will adjust and collect debts, sell lands, and do any other business of a like nature entrusted to them. They are gentlemen of experience and ability, and bring to bear a thorough acquaintance with the lands and people of Mississippi, which must prove useful to any person entrusting them with their business. We refer our readers to the list of references which the firm publish in connection with their card.

CHEAP SHIRTS.—We are much gratified at being able to point to the advertisement of Messrs. Gildig & Acker, No. 197 Canal street, which appears in the CRESCENT this morning. When first-class shirts are offered at prices as low as $2 50 and $3 50, persons who do not get a supply should be voted members of the "Dirty Club," and shunned by all good society. Messrs. G. & A. also keep a large supply of under-clothing for gentlemen, and have undershirts as low as $1 each. See advertisement.

MOSQUITO BARS.—The strains of the mosquito are no doubt harmonious enough, and are not without the effect of lulling one to sleep. But like other itinerant musicians, they have a way of sending in their bill occasionally, which course is not agreeable. The only way to enjoy this music without risk of annoyance is to go to Messrs. L. W. Lyons & Co.'s, corner of St. Charles and Common streets, and buy one of their first rate bars, which they sell low, and of all sizes. See advertisement.

The members of the late Crescent Regiment are requested to meet this evening, at the Lyceum Hall, at 7 o'clock.

MACHINERY.

DOWDALL, HARRIS & CO.,
WASHINGTON FOUNDRY,
Engine and Machine Shop,
CORNER OF SECOND AND MORGAN STREETS, ST LOUIS, MO.
Manufacturers of
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
SAW AND GRIST MILL MACHINERY.
Circular Saw Mills, Quartz Mills, Tobacco Screws and Presses, Cane Kettles, Screws and Cylinders, Wood Carding Machines, Staley Saw Mills, etc., etc., constantly on hand.
Agents for the sale of JAMES SMITH & CO.'S superior Machine Cards.

We are prepared to receive orders for any of the above mentioned Machinery, etc., and will furnish any information desired. LAMB, QUINLIN & CO.,
50 Tchoupitoulas street.

GOULD MACHINE COMPANY—
NEWARK, N. J.
Machinists' Tools, Wood Working Machinery
Circular Saw Mills, Stationary and Portable Steam Engines,
Boilers, Steam Pumps,
STEAM FIRE ENGINES, HOSE, Etc.
Send for a Catalogue.

NOTICE—DANIEL EDWARDS,
Nos. 28, 30 and 32 New Levee street,
New Orleans,
Is prepared at all times, with men and material, to execute all orders in his line of Copper and Sheet Iron Worker, Black smithing and Brass Founder and Finisher. The long established character of this house is a sufficient guarantee that any work entrusted to him will be promptly and faithfully executed.

ARMSTRONG FOUNDRY,
Corner of Erato and New Levee streets,
New Orleans, La.
John Armstrong & Co.,
(JOHN ARMSTRONG—JOHN BOOY.)
Iron and Brass Founders, Boiler Makers and Machinists, and Manufacturers of every variety of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Saw Mills, Draining Machine Pumps, Mill and Gin Gearing, Grate Bars, Architectural Iron Work, both plain and ornamental, such as Store Fronts, Columns, Railings, Ventilators, Beams, Girders, Arches, Sash Weights, Gratings, Stairs, etc.
—ALSO—
Steamboat and Railroad Work of all kinds attended to with promptness and dispatch.
Orders addressed to Box 174, Mechanics' Exchange, or Post office Box 981, will be attended to.

DRUMMOND, DOIG & CO.,
STEAM BOILER MANUFACTURERS.
Low Pressure Locomotives, Flued and Cylinder Boilers, Clarifiers, Filter and Juice Boxes, made at the
Shortest Notice.
We respectfully solicit contracts for Boilers and all necessary connections, such as Fire Fronts, Grate Bars, Steam and Scape Pipes, Valves, etc., Chimneys and Breeches, all of which will be furnished at the lowest factory prices.
All work executed at our establishment will be guaranteed equal in point of workmanship and material, to any in the city or elsewhere.
Planters, Merchants and Steamship Agents are respectfully invited to call and examine the work and prices at 125 FEED STREET, between Notre Dame and Julia streets.

D. C. McCAN—
IRON AND BRASS FOUNDER,
FULTON, NEW LEVEE, NOTRE DAME AND JULIA STREETS,
New Orleans.
Office—135 Fulton street.
Has on hand at all times new and second hand machinery for Steamboats, Saw Mills and Sugar Plantations.
Particular and prompt attention paid to Steamship and Steamboat repairs.

WM. GOLDING,
CONSULTING ENGINEER AND DRAFTSMAN.
Plans and Specifications made for all kinds of Machinery, Surveys carefully instituted and Specifications setting forth the condition and requirements of the Hulls and Machinery of Steamships and Steamboats will be promptly furnished. Parties contemplating the purchase of Steamships and Steamboats would do well to have them examined before buying.
Novelty Iron Works,
Corner Delord and New Levee streets,
New Orleans.

SHAKSPEARE IRON FOUNDRY,
206 Gravier street, New Orleans.
JOHN GEDDES—JOS. A. SHAKSPEARE—S. SWOOP
Geddes, Shakspeare & Co.,
Iron and Brass Founders and Machinists, manufacture everv variety of Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Planting Machinery, Mill and Gin Gearing, Grate Bars, Store Fronts, Columns, Sash Weights, etc. Blacksmith Work of all kinds.

THOMAS B. BODLEY & CO.,
NO. 2 PERDIDO STREET, (Adjoining Masonic Building)
OFFICE NO. 138 GRAVIER STREET, NEW ORLEANS
CIRCULAR SAW MILLS, STATIONARY AND PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
Circular Cross-Cut Mill and Mules' gears; Corn Mills; Wheat Mills and Bolting Apparatus; Shafting Pulleys and Belting.
All descriptions of Plantation Machinery and Agricultural Implements.
We keep constantly on hand a full supply of
CANE CARTS, PLANTATION AND ROAD WAGONS
Timber Wheels and Wheelbarrows, from the well known factory of Joshua Bodley, Wheeling, Va.
We have connection with extensive Foundries and Machine Shops in St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburg,