The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1868.

AUCTION SALES MONDAY.

CHAS. T. NASH sells, at 11 o'clock A. M., at salesroom corner St. Charles and Perdido, furniture.

G. DE FERIET sells, at 12 o'clock M., at the Merchants' and Auctioneers' Exchange, lot fine jewelry.

MONTGOMERY BROS. & CO. sell at 11 A. M., at Phil. Liner's stables, Gravier street, horses, mules, etc.

☞ See advertisements on second page.

At Twilight.

We sit by the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness creep over the sky,
Out of the Eastern night;
We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet, within and without,
That comes when the day is done.

What have we been doing all day, all day,
Since the rosy morning smiled?
Playing at work and working at play,
God help us mother and child;
But much I fear those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day;
For God, who is earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindness left undone,
That might have brightened the day;
Of duties dreamed of but never begun,
Scattered along my way;
You lie with peace in your violet eyes—
You have not learned regret—
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit in this twilight hour,
At the close of a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin do not quite have power
To keep a blessing away—
A blessing that falls like the dew from heaven
On the parched and thirsty ground;
And in loving much, because much forgiven,
My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby is just begun,
And mine is growing old;
But we're children both in the eyes of One
Whose years are all untold;
He holds us both in His loving hand,
He pardons all our sin,
And, by-and-by, to the same sweet land
He will gently let us in.

Charles Dickens's Return.

"AMERICAN NOTES" IN 1868—THE NEW YORK DINNER AND BOHEMIANISM.

On the day following Mr. Dickens's return to London the Pall Mall Gazette said:

As Mr. Dickens himself on the one side and the Americans on the other are in a state of natural ecstasy which appears to have risen almost to the boiling pitch, it would be ungracious to interfere between them; but there are one or two points in the scene reported in yesterday's papers (the New York Bohemian dinner) on which it is natural to make an observation or two. In the first place, Mr. Dickens's own sensibilities, which in all probability are abnormally keen, appear to us to have put him on the occasion in question in a rather absurd position. It is about a quarter of a century since his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" threw some part of the thin-skinned population which they ridiculed into paroxysms of indignation. When he spoke the other day at New York he praised the whole nation with an indiscriminate ardor which excited rapturous delight. Everything (even Mr. Dickens himself to a certain extent) had changed. "I had been received," he said, "in small places as well as large, with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy daily enforced upon me by the nature of my avocation here and the state of my health. This testimony, as long as I live, and as long as my descendents have any legal right in my books, I shall cause to be published as an appendix to every copy of those books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do, and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honor." As for the relations between America and England, of which Mr. Dickens felt himself to be the representative, they ought to be, and, according to Mr. Dickens, in some respects were almost lover-like. A war between the two nations would be something too horrible to think of. "It would be better for this globe to be riven by an earthquake, fired by a comet, overrun by icebergs and abandoned to the Arctic bear and fox" than that it should present such a spectacle. This, we are flattered to learn, produced "tumultuous applause, the company rising to their feet and greeting the sentiment with enthusiasm." It strikes us as rather hard upon the world at large. A war between England and the United States would be a terrible calamity for a thousand obvious reasons. But whilst France and Germany, to say nothing of the British islands and the North American continent, were being riven by earthquakes and "overrun by icebergs," the small remnant of mankind left as food for the polar bears and the arctic foxes, and as a subject of contempt for the Alpine Club, might perhaps reflect that even the bombardment of Liverpool and New York, and the collision of English and American fleets for a certain number of years, might have been a smaller calamity even for the great Anglo-Saxon race itself. As for the language in which the catastrophe is described, it reads like nothing but the American bits of "Martin Chuzzlewit." A world "overrun by icebergs" is a splendid conception. Fancy thirty or forty of them rushing about London and Paris, drunk and disorderly, and throwing whole streets at each other's heads. There has been no such image since the well known American's description of the boundaries of his country as being "on the east the rising sun, on the west the setting ditto, on the north the aurora borealis, and on the south the day of judgment." Almost as remarkable, in rather a quieter line, is Mr. Dickens's account of the enthusiasm with which Americans are received in England. We fear there are some castles in which the mere presentation of an American card would not act as an open sesame on days when the public were not usually admitted, and the wonderful history of the charming American lady before whom the gate of the British Museum "flew open as it were magically" could have been believed upon no testimony inferior to that on which Mr. Dickens related it—the testimony, namely, of the lady herself. If he had not told us of her youth and beauty the story might have supplied ill-natured people with an illustration of the extraordinary energy of American ladies when "alone and self introduced." The porter appears to have felt like the coon in the old story. Face to face with the American lady he had to come down and he knew it. Seriously speaking, is there any use in piling Ossa upon Pelion in this extraordinary manner? The truth, both as relates to the two nations and to Mr. Dickens himself, is surely almost too obvious to be stated. England and the United States are natural friends and allies, if such expressions have any meaning, and war between us would be a terrible calamity and a great reproach and scandal. When natives of either country visit the other they ought to be, and we should say are, received with courtesy and with a decided feeling of good will and connection, and it is graceful and proper for distinguished persons who have the opportunity of doing so, to express these sentiments in public, and to dwell upon and illustrate them to a reasonable extent. Surely, however, they ought to bear in mind the possibility of protesting too much, and of stepping across the line which divides expressions of mutual kindness and good will from downright absurdity. As to Mr. Dickens's own position in the matter, it is as plain as possible. A quarter of a century ago he visited America, not certainly as an unknown man, but as a man much less known than he is at present. He went with a very keen eye for all that was grotesque and absurd; he found it in rich abundance, and he worked it up in his literary workshop when he came home. Being a caricaturist and humorist by profession, he went to look for materials for the exercise of his talent, and of course he found them. He is now twenty-five years older than he was then. He goes out with an immense, perhaps with a rather exaggerated, reputation, his thin-skinned hosts are on their good behavior, and are immensely anxious to do him honor, he goes to pay compliments and receive them, and the result is the speech about the icebergs and the polar bears. A man is likely under such circumstances to get two totally different views of all sorts of things and people. It is one thing to walk about the country with a knapsack on your back, a five pound note in your pocket, second-class railway tickets for a luxury, and the parlors of public houses for your lodging, and quite another thing to be driven in state from one great town to another, to be received in each as an honored guest to be splendidly entertained or respectfully let alone, and to find every door open to you and every person honored by your notice. The Prince of Wales would have got rather different views of Ireland from those which he did get if he had driven about it in Bianconi's cars.

This, or something like this, was, we take it, the principal difference between Mr. Dickens's two visits. He might find Hannibal Chollop and Esau Sludge and Elijah Pogram and the rest of them all alive still if he had still a reputation to make for grotesque vigor instead of being in a position to utter Pogram defiances of his own. It seems to us that, except that he has changed the sign from minus to plus, there is very little difference between his present and his past representation of America. Each is a caricature, though the two caricatures are in opposite directions. The first caricature, though singularly amusing and successful in making a stir out of all proportion to its importance, never appeared to us to impute anything very serious. The whole substance of it was that in a new and rough country people had grotesque and rough manners, and were far more excitable and less accustomed to restrain or conceal their feelings than quieter and more settled populations. In a word, that a new country and a great country had odd sides to it. Mr. Dickens himself, we think, attached too much importance to the fact, and painted it too glaringly: but it was his business to do so. He was laboring in his vocation. His present phase is equally exaggerated and considerably less amusing.

A Voyage up the Yangtse-Kiang River.

An American, who has been taking a trip up the great Yangtse-Kiang river—the Mississippi of China it might be called—thus writes to the Providence Journal:

We had passed far beyond the line of dark deep sea, and for many miles had steamed through the yellow turbid water; yet neither ahead nor on the right, nor on the left, save the dim tips of Parker's Islands, just now dipping below the horizon line behind us, was any land to be seen, yet we were in the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang river, journeying landward. Verily, we thought, no wonder this highway of nature, rising in Central Asia, more than three thousand miles away, and bisecting the Chinese Empire, should be called the "Son of the Sea."

Soon, a long line of trees, looking like a procession of junks, seemed to rise from the sea, far away to the left (the south) and after a while the low mainland above which they stood was visible. The land which could be discerned so far away to the right was not the main, but the island of Tsung Ming. The deposits of soil made by these great Chinese rivers, the Yangtse Kiang and Hoang Ho, are something astonishing. This island of Tsung Ming, now supporting a population of more than a million souls, and itself a point of much traffic, three generations ago was washed by the tide.

We have come near the main land, have passed around the huge corner that juts out into the sea, and crossed the bar at the mouth of the Whangpu—sometimes called the Woosung, after the name of the village on its western bank—up which we must pass twenty miles, to reach Shanghai. The land on either side is low and level, scarcely above the surface of the water, and must be overflowed by any rise in the river. The river bank, and far beyond, is covered with a beautiful growth of green. The soil seems to be in a high state of cultivation, every available spot is used, and the beds and furrows and drains have a neatness and precision that would not be amiss on an American model farm. Here and there are small groves of trees, out from which peer the gray-tiled roofs and cornices of Chinese dwellings. Over the whole face of the country are scattered mounds, or earthy excrescences, covered with a growth of thick grass, and of all shapes and sizes—hemispherical, cone like, pyramidal, square, high, low, and as we look over the land this is the peculiar feature. They are the graves or tombs of buried celestials, and although they must exceedingly interfere with the processes of agriculture, yet, I presume, agriculture would cease, and China sink, before these shelters of the dead would be profaned by living hands. On the death of one of the poorer classes, the coffin is deposited above ground, in the open field, and there remains. Occasionally along the bank we can see these coffins, the wrappings of straw rope bleached and rent by the storms which beat upon them.

The turbid river and its low and fertile banks bear a strong resemblance to the Mississippi about New Orleans or Baton Rouge. The comparison has been frequently made, and is very apt. The southwestern bank of the river is marked every few yards by Chinese fisherman and their apparatus. A narrow walk perched a few feet above the river on bamboo stakes, leads from a small hovel on the bank, in which the Chinese fisherman nonchalantly sits, holding a cord attached to a long bamboo—like a well sweep—by which he raises or lowers into the river an outstretched square net. We can see no fish caught by this rude contrivance, yet presume from their frequency that it is not a hopeless vocation, and here we pass a modern and western looking building, above whose corrugated roof extends a tall square chimney—no common sight in this Chinese land. In the dry dock adjoining is a large steamboat undergoing repairs. How much it reminds us of New York or New London. We are told by the pilot it is the Plymouth Rock. I well remember crossing Lake Erie, from Detroit to Buffalo, eleven years ago, in the Plymouth Rock, then propelled by the same engines that now carry this other Plymouth Rock far up into the rudeness and barbarism of this Chinese empire.

We are now just below Shanghai, or that settlement of foreigners which takes its name from the adjoining walled Chinese town. Except the rude boats that lazily pass up and down the river, there is nothing of China in the scene. On both sides the river are storehouses, and buildings of modern exterior, bearing across the front huge signs indicative of ownership or purpose. Now we pass sailing vessels at anchor in the stream, and farther beyond steamers fast to their moorings. The shipping increases, the buildings alongside stand closer together, wharves of familiar type jut out into the stream—shipyards and dry-docks are passed—from the tops of tall chimneys near by the black smoke is whifled away in the atmosphere—and here, where the river makes an elbow, we come to anchor.

The stream turns sharply to the southwest. On the left the land is low and morass-like, yet is quite thickly settled, one of the prominent buildings being the machine establishment of two Americans. This locality is called Pootung.

On the right is the American settlement, known by its name Hung Kau, more familiarly, Hong Que, taking its name from a small stream that runs through it. Between the masts of an English steamer, and over the buildings on the wharf, I can see the gothic tower—reminding me of St. Paul's Pawtucket—of the American Protestant Episcopal church, the only church east of the Cape of Good Hope where is heard the prayer for the president of the United States.

A little farther beyond, and near the middle of the bend in the river, is quite an extensive draw-bridge, crossing the Suchau creek—on Wusung Kiang, as the natives know it—which divides the American portion of the city from the part known as the English and French concessions. Here the right bank of the river looks not unlike the levee at Cincinnati, or Louisville. The street along the river front is finely laid out, makes an elegant drive, and is known as the "Bund." Along the Bund are a portion of the mercantile establishments, and residences of the foreigners, now located in Shanghai. Few cities that I have seen present a finer appearance than the river front of Shanghai. The buildings are large and spacious, are of various styles of architecture, though generally of the continental European, and are surrounded by ample grounds. The Masonic temple is an exceedingly fine building.

In the center of this line of buildings is the Chinese custom house, with its gate of four roofs of tiles, and its angled and curved apartments beyond—a structure more characteristic than any other I have seen in China. Further beyond is the massive balconied edifice, appropriated to the use of the club. A small creek called the Yanking pan, divides the English and French settlements.

The Bund along the French portion of Shanghai is even much finer than the English part, and like the whole foreign settlement, is lighted with gas. The large government buildings here, and the early course pursued by the French, indicate an original intention of making this an extensive French colony. Still further beyond, and some distance from the river bank, is the walled city of Shanghai. Itself a curiosity, a study, and yet a loathing, we will reserve it for inspection until another time.

To this point the river is filled with beautiful specimens of American and European sailing craft, with the hulks in customs use, with coast and ocean steamers, and with the large and majestic American steamboats that have won the river traffic throughout China, and which now bear the unintelligible names of Hu Quang, Kiang Soong, and the like. Beyond here the river is crammed with junks, whose scolloped pennons flutter in the air, and whose oiled sides glisten in the sun, that navigate the coast, and with smaller craft whose province is in the streams which permeate the country.

All of this foreign settlement is of considerable extent, making in itself quite a city, bearing strongly a European impress, and having a number of avenues running though it at right angles, and called after the names of near Chinese provinces. Outside and beyond are the crowded houses of the Chinese, the narrow streets, the jabbering populace, the hieroglyphical signs and the vile odors.

Out still further is the open country, level as the prairies of the American "West," and all covered as far as the eye can reach with the irregular and oddly shaped tombs of the Chinese dead, and cut by dirty, muddy streams, of greater or less depth, according to the stage of the tide, and used for purposes of trade or travel to a marvelous extent.

Here and there are the neat, tidy residences of some of the foreign merchants or professional men. Far away to the left can be seen the upper half of the well preserved pagoda of the "Dragon Flower." To the west is a large edifice and outlying buildings, originally a Jesuit school for the education of Chinese youth, but like much other of what we call evangelical missionary enterprise, it has come to naught.

It is no ordinary sight to see the Chinese traveling otherwise than on foot, yet here and there along these roads and by these fields, where the low cotton stems are still standing and an occasional unpicked boll shows the inferiority of the product, we see Chinamen journeying—on wheelbarrows. This vehicle is supported by a broad strap from the neck of a coolie, who pushes it along, and on each side of the large wheel which protrudes above the center is a seat for one person, who is accommodated by placing one leg out straight and having the other hung in a sling. In this way traveling is accomplished over the whole empire.

Of the people—well, what shall I say of the people, who, in personal appearance, habits and language, seem to have so little claim to fellowship with humanity?

With the men there is all evidence of kinship with their brethren of the South. There is but little difference in mode of dress, while I think I can detect a difference of sound in the enunciation of the words, as compared with the language further south. Everywhere among the Chinese the Cintonese seem to be the fops in social life and the Jews in trade.

Of the women—if these graceless, expressionless things that look like bundles of tawdry cloth moving about upon two sticks, can be called women—nothing can be said in praise, nothing in admiration. I see them in the streets and I always think—and sometimes say—really, are these women? Is it possible they can claim kinship with that morning star of humanity, of whom we delight to think as standing at the beginning of life, crowned with beauty and holiness?—and I am very skeptical. It must have been another Eve who was mother of these things with yellow faces, angular eyes, long finger-nails and knobby feet.

How Spoony Ben Got Cross-Eyed.

Little Benny Butler,
Sat up in his chair,
Looking o'er the table,
If any spoons were there.

On each side of Benny
Careless a spoon was tossed;
He tried to watch them both,
And so his eyes were crossed!

Prince Humbert's Marriage—Toilets of the Bride and Other Royal Ladies.

[Turin (April 22) Correspondence of the London Times.]

The marriage of Prince Humbert, of Italy, to his cousin, the Princess Margaret, of Savoy, was solemnized to-day in the cathedral. The best place in the church for seeing was allotted to the diplomatic corps. It was a tribune or gallery to the right of the front of the altar. The lines of seats rose high the one above the other, so that all the persons there could see well and were well seen. Opposite that tribune, on the left of the bridal party, was the king's gallery. It was thought that usage and etiquette would require it to be left empty, but an exception was made in favor of an infant visitor. In front of the lofty pew, alone, quiet and childishly curious and interested, stood a sweet little child of between three and four years old, the son of the queen of Portugal.

Next to the king's gallery is a smaller one, which the Princess Margaret had particularly requested should be appropriated to the use of five intimate friends and companions of her girlhood. Much interest had been made in the most influential quarters to get seats in it, for it was one of the best places in the cathedral for seeing the ceremony; but the princess was staunch in her friends' behalf, all other applications had been refused, and accordingly the pew was solely occupied by the two lovely daughters of the Marquis Ghislieri and three other young ladies with their mothers and chaperons.

Your lady readers would naturally feel themselves slighted and aggrieved if, in an account of a royal wedding, there were no mention of millinery. While deploring my incompetency, I will do my best. The Princess Margaret, the bride, wore a white silk dress and train, embroidered in silver, and a tulle veil, also embroidered in silver, over a diamond crown. She wore no orange blossom. Round her neck were six rows of the most magnificent diamonds, both for size and water, that I remember to have seen. All the ladies were in ecstasies about them.

The queen of Portugal had a blue velvet train, trimmed with ermine and hanging from the shoulders. Her diamonds were also splendid.

The Princess Clotilde had a bright green dress and train, covered and trimmed with Brussels lace.

The duchess of Aosta, being in deep mourning for her mother, was all in white, without any brilliant jewelry, but she wore some pearls.

The duchess of Genea had a dress and train of white and gold. In the diplomatic gallery the men were numerous, the ladies few.

Mrs. Marsh and M'me. Solvens, the *doyennes*, or sinior members of the corps, were detained in Florence by the state of their health. M'me de Malaret is still in Paris. The minister's wives present were those of England, Prussia, Russia, Switzerland and Baden. M'me. de Kisseleff was in green and silver; Lady Paget in pink, with emeralds; Countess Usedom in white and gold and violet, with diamonds. Considering the small number of ladies the show of beauty was great. Lady Paget, M'me. de Kisseleff, and Mlle. Menabrea, who is one of the prettiest young ladies in Florence, were greatly admired. So was a very magnificent diamond coronet, said to be worth £20,000, worn by M'me. Austin Sacken, the wife of the Russian secretary of legation.

I suppose people imagine that a royal marriage is very different from any other marriage, but, really, except that a good deal more money is spent upon it and fuss made about it, the difference is rather imaginary than real. There was nothing extraordinary to day in the ceremony. The bride looked pretty and gentle and quite at her ease, and the bridegroom looked smart and his valet had evidently taken particular pains with his hair. King Victor Emmanuel looked bluff as usual, but well pleased enough. He did not seem particularly moved by what was going on, and, indeed, emotion is not much in his line, nor was it in any way called for on this occasion. As regards the Princess Margaret, she looked lovingly at her husband and smilingly at everybody, and did not seem fluttered in the least. When she came in she had one of her gloves half on, and she took it quite off and laid it on the cushion before her, and began deliberately pulling on the other. This little operation, and getting the fingers well in and smoothing the creases out of the delicate white kid, took some time, and now and then she addressed a remark to the prince, but she appeared altogether very cool and composed, because she was perfectly natural and unaffected and artless.

She is much attached to Humbert, and it is not surprising if, after having been threatened with being sent to Wallachia, to become a Hospodaress and live among Boyards, she feels relieved and joyous at becoming the wife of her own cousin, with the prospect of remaining always in her own country and becoming some day the queen. When she got home to the palace, in her new character of princess of Piedmont, her happiness found expression in an expression quite delicious in its *naivete*: "I cannot dance in this dress," she said, "*mais je suis si contente que je sauterais volontiers!*" Though she could not dance she could drive.

An hour or two afterwards she and her husband had changed their wedding garments for a plainer costume, and were driving down the Via di Pio in an open carriage without pomp or attendance.

The marriage ceremony lasted upwards of an hour. The music was Beethoven's, and was very fine. There was very little organ. The last piece played was the famous adagio in *ut minour*. The arrangements for spectators in the church were not good.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SOLILOQUY.—We happened in the office of an "evening contemporay" last Saturday noon, just after the news of the test vote was received. An elderly gentleman, in blue coat and brass buttons, evidently a reader of the venerable journal, rushed into the office in a state of considerable excitement:

"What's the vote?"

"Nineteen to thirty-five."

"Money did it!—*money did it!!*—MONEY DID IT!!!"

Adding force to the expression with each repetition, the old gentleman dropped into a chair, wiped his forehead, set down his gold-headed cane with unmistakable emphasis, and continued his monologue as follows:

"Mon-ey—did—it—mon-*ey*—DID—IT! Money does everything now-a-days—h'm—everybody's corrupt—the Senate is corrupt—who isn't corrupt? First thing you know your friend is corrupted—first thing you know your son is corrupted—first thing you know your wife runs off with another man—first thing you know your daughter is corrupted—first thing you know *you're corrupted* YOURSELF!!! Bah! money did it—*money did it*—MONEY DID IT!!!

When we left our venerable friend he had reached small pica full-face capitals, with an excellent chance of exhausting all our advertising fonts, and ending with large poster black letters.

[New York Mail.

Marine Intelligence.

CRESCENT OFFICE, No. 94 CAMP STREET, Sunday, May 31, 1868.

Cleared Yesterday.

Steamship Lizzie, Felsher, for Pensacola, J C Rogers &co
Brig Lady Monck (Brit), Gorpon, for Matanzas, E R Poole

Arrived Yesterday.

Steamship Harlan, Lewis, from Indianola and Galveston, to C A Whitney &co—1st district
Steamship Liberty, Bain, from Baltimore 19th inst, via Havana to Witherspoon & Halsey—2d district
Brig Hope (Brit), Murcal, from Havana, to Puig Bros—2d district 15
Schr Helena, Agnew, from Cardenas, to A H D'Meza—21 district 14
Schr John Mettler, Barlow, from Rustan, to master—2d district 13
Lugger Young Lena, Guidry, from Bayou Terrebonne, to master—2d district 15
Lugger Telegraph, Amuras, from Pointe-a la-Hache, to master—2d district 15
Lugger Belle Virginie Melgerne, from Bayou l'Ours, to master—2d district 15
Lugger Marie Louise, Dupre, from Bayou Terrebonne, to master—2d district 15
Luggers Small and Hard Times, from Jefferson Parish, to masters—2d district 15
Lugger Belle Creole, from Jesuits' Bend, to master—2d district 15
Lugger Stonewall Jackson, Raphael from Lafourche, to master—2d district

TOWBOATS.

Towboat Heroine, Brown, from the Passes, towed down and to sea 22d inst, ship Wi d Hunter—brought up schrs Jno Mettler and Helena
Towboat Harry Wright, Wright, from the Passes—towed down and to sea 16th inst, ships Artisan and Rosalie, and schr Cinque Porelle—brought up schrs Oriental and Fontainbleau

STEAMBOATS.

Dexter, Montgomery, from Louisville
Wild Wagoner, Richardson, from Natchez
Grey Eagle, Baranco, from Bayou Sara
Louise, Hopkins, from Mobile
Sarah, Deering from, Mobile
Hunter, Jeanir sn, from Pointe-a-la-Hache
Thos P May, DeBouchel, from Jesuits' Bend
A G Brown, Bassett, from Lower Coast

Spoken.

By Capt Glover, of the schr Geneva, in lat 29:43, long 88:20, whaling schr Onualfre, of Provincetown, Mass, with 120 bbls oil on board and three large whales alongside.

Exports.

MATANZAS—Brig Lady Monck—1449 pcs timbers 95 306 feet lumber

PENSACOLA—Steamship Lizzie—283 bbls flour 12 bbls molasses 30 bbls potatoes 55 bbls pork 10 tcs lard 13 cases bacon 100 bales hay 80 sks oats 110 sks corn 4 hhds sugar

Imports

INDIANOLA AND GALVESTON—Steamship Harlan—3 bales cotton C E Slayback &co—7 do Francke & Dunnell—47 bags wool 232 hides 6 bale skins 1 pkg do 1 pkg horns and sundries C A Whitney &co—49 bags wool E Pilsbury—3 do 11 bbls tallow 2 cases do 2 bdl skins 5 bdl hides 100 hides to W F Witherell &co—7 bdl skins 1 bx beeswax B L Mann &co—130 head cattle McQueid & Mehle—sundries to order—Total 10 bales cotton

HAVANA—Steamship Juanita—46 bbls molasses J C Denis—16 do R A Perdreauville—45 hhds sugar Brulatour &co—134 bxs sugar Dymond & Lally—902 do to order

MOBILE—Steamer Louise—10 bales mdse Lehman, Newgass &co—sundries to order

MOBILE—Steamer Sarah—27 bales paper stock 23 bbls iron Allen, Wayne &co—49 bbls turp. nitre 12 bbls rosin M J Smith &co—sundries to order

CARDENAS—Schr Helena—190 hhds molasses 28 tcs do 29 bbls do A H D'Meza

HAVANA—Schr Oriental—140 hhds sugar 351 bxs do 200 bbls molasses Goldenbow & Kelly

HAVANA—Brig Hope—157 bbls molasses 26 tcs do 324 bxs sugar Puig Bros

LAVACA—Schr Fontainbleau—1156 hides 20 bales wool 15 bdl skins B L Mann &co

BALTIMORE—Steamship Liberty—Astd mdse

RUATAN—Schr John Mettler—Fruit

Receipts of Produce.

LOUISVILLE—Steamer Dexter—9 kegs butter Emly, Van Norden &co—10 buckets do Woods, Matthews &co—2 kegs do Thos King—4 do M Duffy—22 pkgs do J T Moore &co—15 tubs do Jno Anderson &co—26 do V Fosse—27 do E F Delbondio—15 do J B Vanhorn &co—10 kegs do S W Hoyt—200 pcs bagging C A Whitney &co—316 sks corn P S DuSouchet—133 do West & Nettelton—17 do S H Kennedy &co—910 do Fairchild & Bingham—4 bales cotton R L Adams—25 pkgs machinery W L Cushing—31 pkgs castings Auch & Zable—6 bbls eggs P S DuSouchet—2 do Fairchild & Bingham—4 do A Julius—3 do Miller & Meyer—5 bxs eggs E F Delbondio—2 bbls eggs 110 bales hay M Duffy—674 bales hay Thos King—358 bbls flour Glover & Odendahl—15 do S H Kennedy &co—4 hhds tobacco E E Tansil—1 do B M Horrell &co—5 do Beadles, Winzo &co—6 Turnbull, Kerby &co—9 do R T Terrain—35 do S H Kennedy &co—21 do Howard, Prestons & Barret—12 do S F Stockmeier—3 do Jno E King—1 box do O D Brown—1 box skins Moulor & Dumestre—25 dos brooms S H Kennedy &co—22 coops fowls Miller & Meyer—128 hogs Inbau, Aycock &co—sundries to order—Total 4 bales cotton 95 hhds tobacco

NATCHEZ—Steamer Wild Wagoner—65 bales cotton to S B Newman &co—20 do C Gallasche—1 do M Dowling—1 do A Levin—1 Adams, Cockburn & Howe—1 Pearce, Hunington &co—4 bales rags to order 115 sks potatoes 2 bbls do M Musson &co—6 bbls potatoes 77 sks do Medd & Newton—34 sks potatoes 1 hhd 8 bbls iron H Groeble &co—1 bdl hides R K Walker—2 hides 17 sks potatoes J B Vanhorn &co—18 bbls potatoes A F Hickman—3 do 6 bbls onions R Beltram—2 bags wool Boullony & Esclapon—3 do 1 bale do S Meyer—2 bags wool 4 tcs iron J L Couret—5 bbls potatoes Fatjo, Marks &co—1 hhd 2 bxs cabbage J C Murphy—sundries to order—Total 9 bales cotton

BAYOU SARA—Steamer Grey Eagle—2 bales moss Jas Leake—65 sks cotton seed A A Marquis—26 sks potatoes to J Bethancourt—10 do Geo David—35 do Boudet & Gueydan—6 do 11 bbls do Jos Brocean—sundries to order

LOWER COAST—Steamer A G Brown—19 bbls rice 1 sck do E Dupre—47 bbls rice E J Hart &co—50 sks potatoes Grieff & Byrnes—1 bbls tallow 3 bdl hides Hays & Mehle—4 do L Roech—sundries to order

POINT-A-LA-HACHE—Steamer Hunter—83 sks rice J Forester—6 do Olivier & Wolf—165 sks potatoes 5 bbls do Estopinal & Lapouyanne—sundries to order

JESUITS' BEND—Steamer Thos P May—54 sks rice J Forester—100 sks onions 5 bbls potatoes 112 strings garlic and sundries to order

BAYOU TERREBONNE—Sugger Young Lena—13 bales moss to order

POINTE-A-LA-HAHCE—Lugger Telegraph—27 bbls rice J David

BAYOU L'OURS—Lugger La Belle Virginie—71 bbls potatoes I. Surie

BAYOU TERREBONNE—Lugger Marie Louise—2 tons cotton seed N Barrois—14 bales moss and sundries to order

JEFFERSON PARISH—Luggers Small and Hard Times—33 bbls potatoes 59 sks onions to order

JESUITS' BEND—Lugger Belle Creole—30 bbls potatoes to order

LAFOURCHE—Lugger Stonewall Jackson—55 bbls onions 75 bbls potatoes to order

Receipts by Railroads.

NEW ORLEANS, JACKSON & GREAT NORTHERN—2 bales cotton T H & J M Allen &co—4 do Alcus, Smerck & Autey—4000 feet lumber S H Thompson &co—4046 do P M Middlemiss—9000 do W D Weaver—4455 do H Kleinman—3579 do J R Kent—400 do B F Taylor—sundries to order—Total 6 bales cotton

NEW ORLEANS, OPELOUSAS & GREAT WESTERN—20 hides Rycoski & Deblanc—23 do J L Couret—6400 staves L Dowling—73 head cattle 200 sks potatoes to order

STEAMSHIPS---STEAMSHIPS.

BALTIMORE—HAVANA.

FOR BALTIMORE AND HAVANA.

THE NEW ORLEANS, BALTIMORE AND HAVANA REGULAR SEMI-MONTHLY LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.

LIBERTY.....1200 tons.....Thos. A. Bain, Commander.
CUBA.....1169 tons.....Dukehart, Commander.

CARRYING UNITED STATES MAILS.

FIRST CABIN:
Through Tickets to New York..... $60.

FOR BALTIMORE AND HAVANA, TOUCHING AT KEY WEST—The splendid fast steamship

Cuba,
DUKEHART, Commander,

Will leave as above, on SATURDAY, May 23d, at 7 o'clock P. M.

For freight or passage, having unsurpassed accommodations, apply to WITHERSPOON, HALSEY & CO., Agents, 39 Carondelet street.

N. B.—No bills of lading but those of the Company will be signed. Permits for freight must be procured from this office. No freight for Havana taken after 12 o'clock on day of sailing.

The LIBERTY, Capt. T. A. Bain, will follow.

FLORIDA PORTS.

FOR FLORIDA PORTS.

ALLIANCE LINE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

FOR PENSACOLA, APALACHICOLA, ST. MARKS, CEDAR KEYS, WAY KEY, TAMPA AND KEY WEST.

Through bills of lading to Columbus, Ga., and Bainbridge, Ga., and all regular landings on Chattahoochee River, also to Fernandina and Jacksonville, cheaper than any other route. Freight to New York via Cedar Keys, Florida Railroad and steamships connecting at Fernandina, at lowest rates and with dispatch.

This line is composed of the following steamships, to sail on the 5th and 20th of Every Month:

Alliance, E. E. PARKER, Commander.
Lavaca, L. H. LIVINGSTON, Commander.

Leaves on FRIDAY, June 5th, at 8 A. M.

The steamship Lavaca,
LIVINGSTON, Commander,

Will leave her wharf, Post 40, Fourth District, as above, taking freight and passengers for the above named ports.

For freight or passage, apply to
F. W. PERKINS, Agent,
26 Carondelet street.

N. B.—Shippers will please procure orders from Agent's Office before sending freight to the steamer.

TOWBOATS.

NEW ORLEANS TOWBOAT ASSOCIATION.

THE UNDERSIGNED, WISHING TO ESTABLISH an equitable and uniform rate of Towage, and to offer greater facilities to the shipping entering and leaving this port, have combined the following Towboats:

ECLIPSE LINE.

Switzerland, Leviathan, Gladiator and Perry.

HARRY WRIGHT LINE.

Harry Wright and Sentinel.

F LINE.

Achilles, Thos. A. Morgan, Equator, Wabash, Norman, Republic, Tecumseh Wissee and Reliance.

The number and power of the above associated Line of Towboats is a guarantee that no detention will occur, either at the bar or in this port.

PETER MARCY, Eclipse Line.
SCHNEIDER & ZUBERBIER, Harry Wright Line.
EDWARD A. YORKE & CO., F Line.

Associated Office, 33 Carondelet street, up stairs.
J. C. NORCROSS,
CHAS. FITZENRITER,
Levee Agents.

STEAMSHIPS---STEAMSHIPS.

NEW YORK.

FOR NEW YORK

MERCHANTS' STEAMSHIP LINE.

Comprising the first-class Steamships—
GENERAL GRANT.....Captain H. S. Quick.
CRESCENT CITY.....Captain E. W. Holmes.
SHERMAN.....Captain Wm. P. Henry.
GENERAL MEADE.....Captain A. W. Sampson.
UNITED STATES.....Captain Geo. L. Norton.

Sailing from New York EVERY SATURDAY.

The steamship

Gen. Grant,
H. S. QUICK, Commander,

Will leave her wharf, foot of Jefferson street, on SATURDAY, June 6th, at 5 P. M.

These Steamers have superior accommodations for passengers.

CABIN PASSAGE.....$50.

For freight or passage apply to
WOOD, LOW & LUDWIGSEN,
No. 190 Common street.

The steamship GEN. MEADE will follow, leaving as above on SATURDAY, June 13th.

FOR NEW YORK DIRECT.

THE CROMWELL LINE.

This Line is composed of the following steamships:

Geo. Cromwell, Geo. Washington.
Mariposa, Cortes.

The Steamship

Geo. Washington,
E. V. GAGER, Commander,

will leave her wharf, foot of Toulouse street, on SATURDAY, June 6th, at 5 P. M.

Passage.....$60

Freight for LIVERPOOL, HAVRE and BREMEN taken by this line, and through bills of lading given for same.

For freight or passage apply to
ALFRED HOULTON,
61 Carondelet street.

PHILADELPHIA.

FOR PHILADELPHIA VIA HAVANA.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND SOUTHERN MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S

Regular Semi-Monthly Line of Steamships.

Juniata, 1215 tons.....Capt. P. F. HOXIE.
Star of the Union, 1302 tons....Capt T. N. COOKSEY.

To sail WEDNESDAY, June 3d, at 6 P. M.

FOR PHILADELPHIA VIA HAVANA.

The favorite steamship

Juniata,
Captain B. F. HOXIE,

Will leave her wharf, Jackson Square, as above.

Cabin Passage to Havana.....$50 currency.

Through Tickets to New York, Baltimore and Boston.

For freight or passage, having splendid accommodations, apply to
CREEVY, NICKERSON & CO.,
33 Carondelet street.

GALVESTON--INDIANOLA

MORGAN LINE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

FOR GALVESTON AND INDIANOLA—THE following new iron low-pressure steamships form this Line:

W. G. Hewes.....I. C. Harris....Austin.
St. Mary.....Agnes.....Harlan.
Alabama.....Crescent.....Morgan.
Clinton.....Tartar.....Matagorda.
Josephine.

The Steamship

Harlan,
J. LEWIS, Commander,

Will sail on WEDNESDAY, June 3d, at 8 A. M.

For freight or passage apply to
CHAS. A. WHITNEY & CO., Agents,
50 and 52 Camp street.

No Whisky received without an order from the office.

FOR TEXAS.....FOR TEXAS.

INSIDE BERWICK'S BAY ROUTE,
—VIA
NEW ORLEANS, OPELOUSAS AND GREAT WESTERN RAILROAD.

Passengers take the Ferry Boat opposite Jackson Square, on SUNDAYS and THURSDAYS, at 7¼ o'clock A. M., and the train leaving the Algiers Depot at 8 A. M., arriving at Brashear City at 12 M., taking the Morgan Line Steamships at Brashear for Galveston.

Josephine.....CAPTAIN J. H. LEWIS,
SUNDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

Tickets to be had and state rooms secured until 6 o'clock P. M. EVERY DAY, Sundays excepted, at the office of the Opelousas Railroad Company, No. 69 Canal street, or at the Ferry Landing, on the morning of departure.
G. W. R. BAYLEY, Superintendent.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO.

MORGAN LINE U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

Leaves on TUESDAY, June 2d, at 8 A. M.

FOR BRAZOS SANTIAGO—THE LOW-pressure side-wheel iron steamship

I. C. Harris,
W. H. TALBOT, Commander,

Will leave as above, from her wharf, foot of St. Joseph street, carrying the United States mails. For freight or passage apply to
CHAS. A. WHITNEY & CO., Agents,
50 and 52 Camp street.

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