The New Orleans Crescent.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1868.

A Watch in the Night.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Watchman, what of the night?—
Storm and thunder and rain,
Lights that waver and wane,
Leaving the watch fires unlit.
Only the balefires are bright,
And the flash of the lamps now and then
From a palace where spoilers sit,
Trampling the children of men.

Prophet, what of the night?—
I stand by the verge of the sea,
Banished, uncomforted, free,
Hearing the noise of the waves
And sudden flashes that smite
Some man's tyrannous head,
Thundering, heard among graves
That hide the hosts of his dead.

Mourners, what of the night?—
All night through without sleep
We weep, and we weep, and we weep.
Who shall give us our sons?
Beaks of raven and kite,
Mouths of wolf and of hound,
Give us them back whom the guns
Shot for you dead on the ground.

Dead men, what of the night?
Cannon, and scaffold, and sword,
Horror of gibbet and cord,
Mowed us as sheaves for the grave,
Mowed us down for the night.
We do not grudge or repent,
Freely to freedom we gave
Pledges, till life should be spent.

Statesman, what of the night?
The night will last me my time.
The gold on a crown or a crime
Looks well enough yet by the lamps,
Have we not fingers to write,
Lips to swear at a need?
Then, when danger decamps,
Buy the word with the deed.

Warrior, what of the night?
Whether it be not or be
Night is as one thing to me.
I for one, at the least,
Ask not of dews if they blight,
Ask not of flames if they slay,
Ask not of prince or of priest
How long ere we put them away.

Master, what of the night?—
Child, night is not at all
Anywhere, fallen or to fall,
Save in our star-stricken eyes.
Forms of our eyes it takes flight,
Look we but once nor before
Nor behind us, but straight on the skies;
Night is not then any more.

Exile, what of the night?—
The tides and the hours run out,
The seasons of death and of doubt,
The night-watches bitter and sore.
In the quicksands leftward and right
My feet sink down under me;
But I know the scents of the shore
And the broad-blown breaths of the sea.

Captives, what of the night?—
Rains outside overhead,
Always, a rain that is red,
And our faces are soiled with the rain.
Here, in the seasons' despite,
Day-time and night-time are one,
Till the curse of the kings and the chain
Break, and their toils be undone.

Christian, what of the night?—
I cannot tell; I am blind;
I halt and hearken behind.
If haply the hours will go back
And return to the dear dead light,
To the watch-fires and stars that of old
Shone where the sky now is black,
Crowed where the earth now is cold.

High priest, what of the night?—
The night is horrible here
With haggard faces and fear,
Blood, and the burning of fire.
Mine eyes are emptied of sight,
Mine hands are full of the dust,
If the God of my faith be a liar,
Who is it that I shall trust?

Princes, what of the night?—
Night with pestilent breath
Feeds us, children of death,
Clothes us close with her gloom.
Rapine and famine and fright
Crouch at our feet and are fed;
Earth where we pass is a tomb,
Life where we triumph is dead.

Martyrs, what of the night?—
Nay, is it night with you yet?
We, for our part, we forget
What night was, if it were.
The loud red mouths of the fight
Are silent and shut where we are.
In our eyes the tempestuous air
Shines as the face of a star.

England, what of the night?—
Night is for slumber and sleep,
Warm, no season to weep;
Let me alone till the day.
Sleep would I still if I might,
Who have slept for two hundred years.
Once I had honor, they say;
But slumber is sweeter than tears.

France, what of the night?—
Night is the prostitute's noon,
Reused and drugged till she swoon,
Spat upon, trod upon, whored.
With a blood-red rose-garlands dight,
Round me reels in the dance
Death, my savior, my lord,
Crowned; there is no more France.

Italy, what of the night?
Ah, child, child, it is long!
Moonbeam and starbeam and song
Leave it dumb now and dark.
Yet I perceive on the height
Eastward, not now very far,
A song too loud for the lark,
A light too strong for a star.

Germany, what of the night?
Long has it lulled me with dreams;
Now at midwatch, as it seems,
Light is brought back to mine eyes,
And the mastery of old and the might
Lives in the joints of mine hands,
Steadies my limbs as they rise,
Strengthens my foot as it stands.

Europe, what of the night?—
Ask of heaven, and the sea,
And my babes on the bosom of me,
Nations of mine, but upgrown.
There is one who shall surely requite
All that endure or that err:
She can answer alone;
Ask not of me, but of her.

Liberty, what of the night?—
I feel not the red rains fall,
Hear not the tempest at all,
Nor thunder in heaven any more.
All the distance is white
With the soundless feet of the sun.
Night, with the woes that it wore,
Night is over and done.

A SOLDIER'S TEAR.—A most affecting rendering of the distressing condition of business will be found in another column of this morning's CRESCENT. Our friend, Col. S. N. Moody, with a stock replete with every article appertaining to a gentleman's toilet, with style, cut and fashion, has to be blazoned to the world before the people will find it out. We thought that Moody's name and stock were universal, and all that was necessary for a visitor to supply himself with everything in the furnishing line was to take a look at the morning papers. His stock of shirts and furnishing goods is complete, and his prices are as reasonable as any house in the city. Give him a call at the corner of Canal and Royal streets.

STEAM CANDY MANUFACTURERS.—As the bulk of this class of trade has been seeking the advantages of the Northern markets, we will here, for the information of our readers, say that, for price and unadulterated confection, and facilities in buying, that Messrs C. H. Miller & Co., New Levee street, corner of Natchez Alley, are wholesale dealers and manufacturers in candies, wines, fire-works, liquors, etc., etc., all of which they will deliver in any portion of the city free of charge. Their stock is large and their prices reasonable. Give them a call.

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS.

Special Correspondence of the New Orleans Crescent.]

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 2, 1868.

"The cold, chilly winds of December" are upon us, and those whose duties or pleasures call them out of doors tread the pavement in the firm, elastic step and ruddy countenances. Promenaders of both sexes pass up and down Fourth street on the "double quick," enveloped in furs and heavy winter clothings. As usual, the ladies predominate: bad weather seems to possess no such terrors for them as it does for men. Whether it is that their hearts are so much warmer and diffuse a general feeling of warmth and comfort through their entire system on such days as would almost make statuary of us, forlorn male bipeds, I know not, but that they will go out for pleasure in weather so severe that nothing but dire necessity would compel a man to venture out in the chilly blast. I know from personal observation to be a fact. Yet we cannot chide them, for it is a positive delight to take a stand on a prominent street corner, and in silent and respectful admiration watch the dear creatures as they pass. On meeting "the queen of my soul" to-day, a "girl of the period," I could not refrain from perpetrating a *bon mot*: she looked so cold and ruddy. I remarked to her, "My love is like the red, red rose;" and in view of the fact that "her cheeks glowed with the rose tint of health," I flatter myself the observation was not absolutely *mal à propos*. "Did you ever!"

With the advent of cold weather conflagrations are becoming more frequent. A disastrous fire occurred at the corner of Second and Elm streets, on Monday night, destroying the large warehouse of Bloomfield & Co., together with its contents, comprising hundreds of tons and bushels of grain and a large quantity of miscellaneous goods on storage. The loss above insurance will amount to considerable. During the progress of the fire, some of the burning timbers and *débris* fell upon the dwelling of an aged Frenchman adjoining, and it was with difficulty that the old man and his wife were rescued from their perilous position.

Business of all kinds is "stale, flat and unprofitable." Even our saloon keepers complain of dull times; and when people commence economizing as to their daily allowance of "fire water"—reducing their rations say from twenty and twenty-five to five and ten "snorts" daily—it is safe even for the most careless observer to "gamble" on the conclusion that business is dull; and he might, in fact, with a degree of propriety prefix quite a robust adjective to the word "dull," and still keep within the bounds of truth.

On the landing matters wear a very quiet and serene appearance. The Cornelia commenced loading for New Orleans at greatly reduced rates, and other boats of course had to follow suit or get no freight. The Cornelia will enter the New Orleans and Ouachita trade, which accounts for her engaging freight so low, as she was bound to leave for New Orleans, freight or no freight, and the only way to quickly secure a trip was to "cut under." The Lizzie Gill left to-day, and will be followed on Saturday by the mammoth Bismarck. Probably no boat in the trade has, in so short a time, become such a general favorite with shippers and travelers as the Bismarck, and she will as usual go out with a big trip. Among the boats first due from below are the Commonwealth and Kinney.

The following New Orleans guests were registered at the hotels yesterday:

Planters—M. J. Lewis, R. Ingerman; Clarendon—Rev. J. V. Quinn.

In the amusement line we have superior attractions this week. At DeBar's the youthful and mirthful Lotta is performing her new play "Fire-Fly," to large—and as is always the case when she plays—delighted audiences. Persons afflicted with "the blues" have but to witness Lotta's performance, when their equilibrium and repose of mind are restored as if by magic. She will remain with us three weeks altogether. John E. Owens, well known to frequenters of theaters everywhere as an actor unsurpassed, if indeed equalled in his line of characters, by any gentleman who treads the boards, is at the Olympic. He appears to night as *Joshua Butterby* in the comedy of "The Victims," and in his specialty "Solon Shingle." Following so soon as he does after Mr. Hackett, frequenters of the Olympic will have a fine opportunity to judge of the relative merits of Owens and Hackett in the character of "Rip Van Winkle," in which Mr. Owens will appears during his present engagement. At the Varieties we have a three legged male dancer, whose performances are wonderful; also Mlle Galletti, danseuse, in the "Bee Dance" and "Can-Can." Houses tolerably good.

M. Hartz closed his three weeks engagement at Philharmonic Hall on Saturday night, and left in the minds of those who availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing his slight-of-hand tricks, the impression that he is the very king of magicians. On Friday night the second contest between common-sense and spiritualism took place at the hall, and resulted in the utter squelching of "Prof. C. W. Jackson, test medium, etc." Two gentlemen from among the audience were chosen as a committee, as on a previous trial, but unfortunately for Jackson, one of them happened to be a police commissioner, who from force of habit, forthwith proceeded to search him, and, to be brief, two ropes, exactly alike, were found concealed about his person, together with a sharp jack knife (in his boot) and a sharp blade, with a screw at one end. The dodge was to stoop down and pick up the knife after kicking off his boot, and cut loose the rope tying his hands; and the blade with screw attached was to be screwed into the back part of the cabinet inside, and for which a hole was found already prepared, when by carefully pressing his wrists against the blade, the rope would be cut and the work of the spirits performed. The cut rope was to be then concealed and the whole one would be presented to the audience as "the Simon pure." The committee, however, tied him with a twine, and after remaining in the cabinet about three minutes, he cried, "hold, enough!" and was "d—d" by the audience, some demanding that he be hanged, and a little hanging, I firmly believe, would have been beneficial to him, but he was simply admonished to "go and sin no more." He looked like he had stolen a sheep and swallowed the wool, and like the boy whom the calf ran over, hadn't a word to say. We are frequently visited by "dead beats" but the "professor" capped the climax.

M'me Patepa Rosa, assisted by Brookhouse Bowler, tenor; P. Ferranti, baritone brilliant; Carl Rosa, violinist; Geo. W. Colby, pianist, and J. Levy, cornet a piston player, will give two grand concerts, commencing on the 7th inst., at Mercantile Library Hall, on her return from California, by overland route.

An opening musical soiree was given at the new music store of Messrs. Balmer & Weber, at 206 North Fifth street, on Thursday night last. Messrs. B. and W. are the oldest music dealers in this city, and the soiree was given as an inauguration of their new store into which they have recently moved, and it is really one of the finest and most ably conducted establishments of the kind west of New York. The CRESCENT's correspondent was honored with an invitation to the soiree, but a previous engagement prevented his being present.

Josh Billings will lecture on "milk" to-night at Polytechnic Hall. RAINBOW.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

HODGE PODGE, OR ODDS AND ENDS.

Just imagine yourself asked out to dine, and finding the following dishes served at table: A dinner in the reign of Charles I of England consisted of "A soupe of snayles, a powdered goose, a joll of salmon and a dish of green fish, buttered, with eggs." This was the first course. Then came "A Lombard pye, a cow's udder, roasted, a grand boyled meat, a hedge hog pudding, a rabbit stuffed with oysters, Pollonian sausages, a [illegible] with cabbage and a pair of boyled cocks." To these succeeded "A spinnage tart, a carbonaded hen, a pye of aloes, (ye gods, what a dish!) eggs in moonshine, christial jelly, jumballs, quidany, bragget and walnut suckets, cockale surfeit water, canary." Sack and Gascony wines seemed to moisten these delectable dishes.

A person being seated at table between two tailors, and thinking to be witty upon them, said, "How pretty I look fixed between two tailors." "Yes," replied one of them, "being only two beginners in business we cannot afford to keep more than one goose between us."

Make thyself friends—Italian maxim. Endeavor to gain thyself friends, for they are good in times, places and chances which thou wouldst never have thought of, and though this maxim may be of the vulgar, yet none can thoroughly consider the value of it but he who hath chanced in his need to feel it by experience.

"Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply, "but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah! sir," said the conscious witness, "but just think what I didn't say."

How to always appear young: Never travel in a coach or car, when you can walk; eat of only one dish at your meals; never fret. The walking keeps your blood in circulation, the simple food prevents indigestion, and not drinking strong liquor keeps your system from being inflamed. Add to this a benevolent heart and absence of envy of others' goods, and you will never look old.

CHANTICLEER CLUB.—We call attention of the members of this well known organization to the notice of meeting to morrow evening at half-past seven o'clock. Punctual attendance is requested, as business of importance is to be transacted.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

ESSAYS ON BUGS AND THINGS.

BY PENRYN PENNIFEATHER.

ESSAY FIVE.

FROGS.

To begin at the beginning.

The tadpole is a thing which, like many another beginning (e. g. a small baby,) is nice and sweet as long as he continues to be a tadpole. But when he gets to putting on airs and commences to be a frog, there are few animated beings which I had not rather have round my domestic hearth.

The frog is boisterous, insolent and vain. He is proud of his personal appearance and puffed up as a Bologna sausage. A frog is unrighteousness, and he is introduced into the Old Testament as a plague. So if you don't believe what's in the Bible, all I've got to say is, you are as bad as an infidel who provideth not for his own family.

No! on my soul, I believe I'm wrong.

It is the infidel who does provide for his responsibilities. The man who don't, is the benighted creature who fails to insure his life in the Grand Universal Mutual Self-sustaining Buy-yourself-rich Non-forfeitable Life Insurance Company: policies issued at all hours, and pay you for taking them.

The frog sits on a log and sings at midnight when the wearied world desires repose—hence he is a nuisance.

Not only does he do this, but worse "than this, than there, than all," he induces enterprising "Cajens" to impale him on the point of a frog-spear; and furthermore, to sell him to the restaurants—and furthermore, on one occasion I ate a piece of one for chicken—and furthermore, I was unutterably disgusted when I found out it was frog—and that's why I hate frogs and ever shall.

The frog is a bug whose merits must be seen to be appreciated. For my part, having been unable to see them, I don't appreciate them so highly as perhaps I might if I did, or as if things were quite the reverse of what they are, or in fact entirely different. I hope I make my meaning clear. (Pilkins suggests that it is very clear—clear out of sight; but Pilkins never did get correctly at the humor contained in these papers.)

Indeed it requires a persons of no ordinary cultivation, in the first place, to thoroughly enjoy this kind of fun. It is so quiet, you see, and so unassuming, it insinuates itself into your tickleabilities before you know it; but if you are an insensible dolt, as I fear many of my readers are, why, then, you lose the whole good of it; for you fail to see where the joke is.

Now all this talk about frogs, I have no doubt there are many men, and even, some women, who will read, and think it is an attempt to be funny. You wouldn't be more mistaken if you were to accuse your grandmother of dancing a hornpipe for her private amusement. It's nothing of the kind.

Well, what is it? do you say?

Ah-h-h! I thought I'd have you on that turn.

That's it—there's the rub! What is it?

But let's go on, and may be you'll find out after reading—you may have to reflect a moment or so—but for philosophers (and this essay is addressed to them) that will be merely pleasant recreation.

Speaking of recreation, and before we return to frogs, the most profitable recreation I am acquainted with is *autography*, (this is derived from the Greek, but I merely mean writing your name.) I know of a man who once got fifty thousand dollars for writing his, and he can do it again almost any day he likes—during certain months of the year, that is as things at present stand—and the name ain't a "good name" at that. All he has to do is to write his name and put four letters in front of it. O, T, E, V, the letters are, only they run the other way; as the man would have liked to have done in view of a torch-light procession some time back, but I understood he "saw a man" who told him he oughn't—and accordingly he oughn'ted.

Frogs, like other things, are not all alike—especially in their gait. Some walk, some leap, some jump, some swim, some dive, some run, and some go "Kerchunk" right headforemost and hide under the sticks at the bottom, or come up next to the bank and poke their heads out and look as if they thought you were going to come in without being asked. In short, they vary much as to their gait, hence are said to be variegated; by which it is meant that they are all over in spots and nowhere long. In arguing, when a frog does argue, he generally uses the *per saltum* method, something like a grasshopper who starts with his head E., and lands fronting S. W. by S. ¼ N.

The frog is, by nature, an aristocrat. He delights in classes. I don't mean the classes at the frog singing-school held every evening, about a hundred and fifty yards from my "chamber-window, sweet," and the chorusses of which float on the breezes of the evening, and remind me of Brek-ke-ke-kex-koax and Aristophanes—oh no!

Its classes of society—first, second and third class—*bon ton*—*beau monde*—high jinks—and hooppy cockleorums—that I have reference to.

There is the Bull Frog and the Cow Frog, the Frog Button, the Tree Frog, the Horse's-foot Frog, the Horned Frog, the Frog-sticker, and the Fricasseed Frog—to say nothing of the "Frog he would a wooing ride," and the Toad Frog.

All these differ "even as one star differeth;" and a fine respectable Bull Frog would no more be seen associating with a Horse's-foot Frog than you or I, Mr. Editor, would think of asking to dinner that man who lost all he had by the war and is now driving a "Camp and Prytania" street car to feed his wife and children. This frog misunderstanding, though is an old thing, it is a feud of long ago; and a heavy responsibility would be incurred by the rash Bull Frog who should undertake the burden of its taking off. In old times one of the first of the Bull Frogs made acquaintance with a Horse's-foot Frog, and the consequence was crushing—in short, it squelched him. He perished on the spot (a grease spot—which has never been erased from the memory of a race which, though ugly and venomous, yet precious seldom to a duel bares its head—as my friend, Mr. Pilkins, so energetically remarked to the bed-post the other evening.)

You may say what you please, (as you probably will, dear reader, in the absence of any one to punch your head for so doing,) but being a frog, has its advantages. A frog needs no mosquito-bars, (nor would I with such a lot of sand-bars lying round loose.) A frog has a heart to feel for others' woes—that is, I've never seen it mathematically proved that he hasn't. A frog can never be guilty of the unrefined practice of going to bed with his boots on, and I never heard of a frog's being looked at unpleasantly and having to find his own slippers because he couldn't buy his wife a new bonnet.

The frog may be sneered at and criticised by a prejudiced world, but I do contend and will assert (with my dying breath if necessary), not only that being a frog has its advantages, but furthermore that

"Full many a frog is borne to blush unseen,
And waste his sweetness (when he has any) on the desert air."

At least I never heard of one being caught at it.

Jxnpt 22, 11, '68.

READ AND PONDER.—This is the caption of an advertisement emanating from our friend, Mr. H. Haller, 49 Camp street, wholesale and retail dealer in the Buck Brilliant Stove and other varieties, with all their appurtenances. No family should be without this valuable accessory to household comfort. The price of this stove, owing to the scarcity of money, has been reduced to such a low price as brings it within the reach of every one. Give Mr. Haller a call before purchasing.

CANNED FRUITS, OYSTERS, ETC.—Our readers will find it to their interest to read the advertisement of Messrs. John T. Handy & Co., 99 Gravier street, who announce to their friends and the public, that they are now in receipt of a fresh invoice of choice canned fruits, oysters, pickles, spice, etc., together with a choice assortment of wines, brandies and whiskies, all of which they will sell at the lowest market price. See their card in another column.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S BUTTON BOOTS, GAITERS, ETC.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisements of Messrs. Blakely & Hogan, wholesale and retail dealers in boots, shoes, trunks, valises, carpet-bags, etc., 99 Canal street. Their assortment embraces every class of goods in this line, and their prices are the lowest market rates. Give them a call before making your purchases. Remember the number—99 Canal street.

YOUTHS', BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Mr. B. T. Walshe, 110 Canal street, importer and dealer in furnishing goods for men, youths and boys. His stock is complete in every particular, and his prices are as reasonable as the times will admit. See his card and make your purchases with him.

Chas. T. Nash sells furniture and sundries at his mart, corner of St. Charles and Perdido streets, to-morrow at 11 o'clock. The great catalogue sale of unredeemed pledges commences on the 18th inst., at No. 15 St. Charles street.

An Incomparable Fitting Establishment.

In this morning's CRESCENT appears the advertisement of Mrs. R. Washington's fashionable dress making and trimming establishment, No. 197 Canal street.

In directing the public attention to this widely celebrated emporium of fashions, we avail ourselves of the privilege to add that 'tis seldom an opportunity is afforded us for chronicling the career of an establishment which has existed for the past twenty years and been the recipient of a more liberal patronage than the New Orleans community have bestowed upon this estimable lady. The remarkable prosperity which has attended Mrs. Washington in her special department, can be principally attributed to the artistic skill displayed in the cutting and fitting of all fabrics intrusted to her, and the superior care they receive under the manufacturer's hand.

In visiting the extensive rooms assigned for the latter purpose, you will perceive forty or fifty young ladies, thoroughly accomplished in the use of the needle, actively engaged in preparing the costliest materials which are destined to adorn the lovely person of some fortunate bride, or to be swept in waving folds upon the polished floor of some fashionable ball-room.

In the last month Madame W. has responded to thirty orders for bridal trousseaus, one of which was designed for a young lady of rare beauty and wealth, but so mysteriously complicated that we can only convey to our readers an imperfect idea of its loveliness. Imagine a queenly train of white tulle sprinkled with diamond dust and furnished with bugle satin cord, point lace trimmings headed with brilliant fringe, over dress looped with branches of orange blossoms and richest flowers, sash composed of poncean satin, with point lace and brilliant fringe; veil point lace to correspond, with trimming on dress.

In the selection of the different articles for this important occasion, Mrs. Washington was allowed to exercise her own discretion, and if our limited knowledge of such matters will be accepted as an opinion, 'twas, without doubt, a most flattering exponent of her experienced judgment and faultless taste.

The effect produced by the superb costume of the betwitching bride when in front of the chancel's glaring lights can be far better conceived by our lady friends than our untutored pen can do it justice.

The richness and magnificence of its finish was beyond the possibility of surpassing, while the skillfulness displayed in its execution added a new wreath to the laurels already achieved by this distinguished *modiste*.

In connection with Mrs. W.'s pattern rooms is an up-stairs apartment, furnished with all the modern appliances of luxury and splendor. From the hour of 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. this lady receives her numerous patrons, who not only represent the elite and wealth of our city, but, being aware of the highly cultivated taste and elegantly refined manners of Mrs. W., repair to her sumptuous drawing-room to leave their orders, consult upon the prevailing styles, and while away unceremoniously a few fleeting hours.

There are a great many frequenters of our noted thoroughfare who are still ignorant of the charming little retreat which this emporium possesses, and to such we would observe that, if they desire to become acquainted with a lady of an unusual order of professional talent, we would recommend them to No. 192, where a more than agreeable surprise awaits their patronage.

We anticipate for the next four weeks an unusual degree of excitement among the ladies of the Fourth District owing to the announcement in this morning's paper, which Mr. E. Liberman makes in regard to his extensive stock of elegantly assorted dry goods.

We confess to having had some experience in this particular branch, which enables us to distinguish with facility the various qualities of the different goods, and feel perfectly satisfied that in representing Mr. L.'s assortment as being something superior to the general line, we will be substantiated by all competent judges who have recently visited this well known establishment.

The latest and most recherché styles of poplins, magnificently trimmed cloaks, which articles they have not only made a speciality but are prepared to sell at prices which will successfully compete with any Southern market; grenadines, chenille, poplin, broché shawls, and a host of other fascinating articles so essential to a complete wardrobe are displayed in tempting array, and the lady who examines this beautiful stock and fails to make a purchase, must indeed be difficult to please.

So remember that a splendid stock of dry goods awaits your inspection at 585 Magazine street.

It will be seen by card elsewhere in our columns, that Messrs. Johnson & Shields have succeeded to the business of the late Daniel Monroe, undertaker. Of the personnel of the new firm we can speak with hearty commendation. Mr Francis Johnson, whose name comes first in the firm, has been in the business for many years and is fully acquainted with all its details. Concerning Mr. Thos. H. Shields, our popular townsman, whose career of public usefulness as member of the public school board and in other capacities has given him an enviable fame, we feel it scarcely necessary to add a word. We only advert to his new enterprise, and feel that the mere mention of his name is all that is required. We doubt not his card will be read with interest by his many friends in the Masonic fraternity of which he has long been a worthy member, and also the association of Odd Fellows, of which order he was for many years grand secretary. The new firm retain the services of Mr. John Rea, so well and favorably known with the old establishment.

In directing the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. B. and C. Croner, which appears in this morning's CRESCENT, we must embrace the opportunity to add that it is not an every day occurrence for merchants to sell at prices which these gentlemen are now offering their large and elegant stock. But few of their patrons are probably aware that Mr. B. Croner, an associate partner, has long resided in New York, where he not only attended to the purchasing of all goods that they receive, but his practical experience has been such that he is capable of reaping all the advantages which are to be derived from a market whose fluctuations are as varied and frequent as that of our own city.

In their establishment every article can be obtained which is comprised in their extensive catalogue of dry goods, and their figures are such that from a personal experience we can safely predict for them a patronage beyond their expectations.

Their assortment of dress goods is decidedly the loveliest we have seen. Poplins of the richest shades and colors, alpacas of all qualities, merinoes, both French and English and beautifully assorted, tamise cloths, empress cloths, together with the most charming cloaks and broché shawls, constitute an array of matchless taste and elegance which would be difficult to excel.

In addition to their magnificent supply of staple and fancy goods, we had almost forgotten to mention that they had united a separate and distinct line, such as carpeting, matting, rugs, oil cloths, etc. We were shown a massive Brussels carpet (while in their store recently) which was, without exception, the most elegant pattern we have ever beheld. The ground was a dark pea green, with a succession of full blown tulips, interspersed with wreaths of ivy, although this is but a unit among a large number of the rarest and loveliest designs; therefore, remember our remarks, and when next you visit the different establishments of fashion in the vicinity of the Magazine Market, call at No. 551, and rely on it that your appreciation for handsome goods will find an appropriate occasion for demonstrating itself.

OFFICIAL.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 2, 1868.
[No. 1150—N. S.]

Resolved, That the adjudication by the controller, Nov. 12th, agreeably to ordinance No. 1103, N. S., for grading and shelling Felicity Road from Baronne to Howard streets, to Henry McGuinn as principal, and John McVittie security, at two dollars and seventy-five ($2 75) cents per running foot, be and the same is hereby rejected; and the controller authorized to re-adjudicate to the lowest bidder or bidders, after five days notice in the official journal, said contract; the work to be done in accordance with specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1155—N. S.]

WHEREAS, The adjudications of the contracts for repairing and keeping in repair, and building new bridges in the first, second and fourth districts of the city, as adjudicated by the city controller, are prejudicial to the interest of the city, therefore—

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days' notice in the official journal to re-adjudicate the contracts for repairing and keeping in repair, and building new bridges in the first, second and fourth districts of the city; said contracts to be adjudicated under the former specifications, and subject to the approval of the Common Council.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1149—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days' notice in the official journal, to adjudicate a contract to the lowest bidder or bidders for shelling and grading Liberty street, from Thalia street to Felicity Road, the work to be done in strict accordance with specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1154—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days notice in the official journal, to adjudicate to the lowest bidder or bidders contracts for repairing and keeping in repair the paved streets of the fourth, fifth, seventh, eighth and ninth wards of the city, the work to be done in strict accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the street commissioner.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1156—N. S.]

WHEREAS, The constitutionality of the State printing bill will be contested through the courts, and,

WHEREAS, Gen. A. L. Lee, claiming to be State printer, has applied to the controller for a warrant, it is hereby

Resolved, That the controller be and is hereby instructed to refuse to issue any warrant to said Gen. Lee, as State printer, and he is further instructed not to prejudice or compromise the rights of the city in any way as to the printing bill.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1164—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days notice in the official journal, to adjudicate a contract to the lowest bidder or bidders, for the construction of brick sidewalks on Peters and Clay streets, between Customhouse and Conti streets; the work to be done in strict accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1166—N. S.]

Resolved, That the street commissioner be and he is hereby authorized to repair the ballast road on Thalia street, from Rampart to Franklin street, provided the cost does not exceed five hundred ($500) dollars.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE,
City Hall, New Orleans, Dec. 5, 1868.

Notice is hereby given that the controller will, at his office, on Saturday, Dec. 12, 1868, at 11 o'clock, A. M., adjudicate to the highest bidder or bidders, the contracts for collecting the revenues of the markets separately, for the year 1869, according to existing ordinances.

PAS. LABARRE, Deputy Controller.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Nov. 25, 1868.
[No. 1137—N. S.]

WHEREAS, Nicholas Connell, contractor for shelling and grading Josephine street, between Apollo and Howard streets, having failed to commence said work in accordance with the terms and specifications of his contract; therefore,

Be it, that the controller be and he is hereby authorized to adjudicate, after five days' notice in the official journal, to the lowest bidder or bidders, a contract for shelling and grading Josephine street, between Apollo and Howard streets, under the original plans and specifications on file in the office of the city surveyor; and further, that said Nicholas Connell, contractor, and his securities, be held liable *in solido* for any loss or damages which may be sustained by the city in said adjudication.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Nov. 25, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE,
City Hall, New Orleans, Dec. 5, 1868.

Notice is hereby given that the controller will, at his office, on Thursday, December 10, 1868, at noon, adjudicate to the lowest bidder or bidders, the above contract, as per specifications on file in his office.

PAS. LABARRE,
Deputy Controller.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Dec. 3, 1868.
[No. 1155—N. S.]

WHEREAS, The adjudications of the contracts for repairing and keeping in repair, and building new bridges in the First, Second and Fourth Districts of the city, as adjudicated by the city controller, are prejudicial to the interest of the city; therefore,

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days' notice in the official journal, to re-adjudicate the contracts for repairing and keeping in repair, and building new bridges in the First, Second and Fourth Districts of the city, said contracts to be adjudicated under the former specifications, and subject to the approval of the Common Council.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Dec. 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary.

CONTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY HALL,
New Orleans, Dec. 5, 1868.

Notice is hereby given that the controller will, at his office, on Thursday, Dec. 10, 1868, at noon, adjudicate to the lowest bidder or bidders the contracts as per specifications on file in his office.

PAS. LABARRE,
Deputy Controller.

EDUCATIONAL.

ST. CHARLES INSTITUTE—BOARDING and Day School for Young Ladies—Conducted by Mme C. MAUR LEFRANC, 104 and 106 Bourbon street. The Course of Studies of this Institute are in full operation since the 1st of September. To the able corps of Music Teachers attached to the Institute the Directress has added Mr Eugene Prevost, to whom Solfeggio, Harmony and Singing are confided. This eminent Professor will resume his lessons on the 1st of October. Young ladies, not pupils of the Institute, may be admitted to these lessons. For terms or circulars apply at the Institute, or through post office box of the Renaissance, letter H.

MRS. C. H. CALDWELL,
TEACHER OF ALL BRANCHES
—of—
A Thorough English Education, Modern Languages and Music,
Vocal and Instrumental.
DRAWING,
LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAITURE.
Strangers' Hotel,
No. 129 Chartres Street, New Orleans.

REFERENCES.
Rev. Dr. Leacock, New Orleans, La.; Prof. S. H. Dixon, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. Traxinond Landry, Louisiana; Hon Judge Simon, New Orleans; Prof. T. L. Caldwell, Transylvania University.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY,
NEAR ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA,
Founded and Supported by the State of Louisiana.

The next Session begins September 7th, 1868, and closes June 30th, 1869.
FACULTY—Consists of a full corps of Instructors in all branches of Literature and Science usually taught in the best Colleges and Universities.
COURSE OF STUDY—Embraces a Preparatory and an Academic Department, including a Literary, Scientific and Optional Course, a Special School of Civil Engineering and a Commercial School.
TERMS—For all expenses, except clothing, $510; $200 payable in advance, balance in equal payments January 1st and April 1st.
Cadets received at any time during the session, and charged from date of entrance.
Address D. F. BOYD, Superintendent.

PIANOS—SEWING MACHINES.

A. E. BLACKMAR, MUSIC PUBLISHER,
IMPORTER OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in the
Knabe, Nunns and Guild PIANOS, Prince ORGANS and MELODEONS, etc.,
651 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
164 Canal Street, near Dauphin,
NEW ORLEANS.

FINE PIANOS.....FINE PIANOS.

GUST. VOM HOFE, 807 Magazine street, has a fine stock of PIANOS, manufactured in Louisiana, which he guarantees to be equal, in all respects, to those of foreign makers, offered for sale in this city. Prices will be found MODERATE. Citizens are invited to call.
Mr. VOM HOFE WAS AWARDED the GOLD MEDAL at the Louisiana State Fair held at New Orleans, in January, 1868, for the BEST PIANO made in the Southern States.
GUST. VOM HOFE,
807 Magazine street.

THE ARION PIANO FORTE.

GRAND TRIUMPH OVER ALL OTHER PIANOS IN EURO