THE BEE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED DAILY BY
JEROME LAVON.
STATE AND CITY PRINTER.
"THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1835.

It is not the intention of the city council to contract for the lighting New Orleans with gas? Was the mayor ordered to purchase cotton-seed instead of sperm oil that lighting the streets might be there defective; and the corporation be then forced into a "contract *nolens volens*? Are not three members of the council directors of the gaslight company?—Why hesitate in acting? Dreading to be thought too anxious for the company, or for their constituents?

Mr Russell seems determined to have a crowded house for his benefit tomorrow—as his night will be the last of the season; and as he has selected the Tower of Nesle, one of the most effective dramas recently produced. This drama is one of powerfully exciting interest; & developes awfully the progress and punishment of the darkest villainies. The heroine was nobly represented by Mrs Pritchard, whose second effort may surpass her first; and as for the hero of Farren, perhaps it has never found one so capable of personating its minutiæ of character.

Mr Hodges will perform this evening in Massaniello and the Magpie for his own benefit. He also promises various other operatic entertainments to attract a large auditory of his admirers, or those who wish to enjoy a musical feast.

The Baltimore American has furnished us with some excellent extracts occasionally, of transpiring events, which were not always acknowledged. The manner in which that journal has been edited for some years justifies the warmest praise for the industry and information of its editor. The American avoids politics; and is therefore better adapted for all readers not politically mad: as all current transactions at home and abroad are noticed with integrity and intelligence.

The Hive is a pretty little weekly paper published in Waltham, Mass; and very well conducted. It has been sent in exchange to us; with the *mem.* 'the Hive for the Bee'—reminding us of the story of an Irishman who boasted in a foreign country that the bees of Ireland were as large as a sheep. 'How large are the hives?' Pretty much the same as here. 'How then can the bees get into the hive?' By Jasus 'that's their own look out.

We give today a beautiful specimen of eloquence by Edward Everett, being the conclusion of an article in the North American Review, on Major Heads 'Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.'

Many of the eastern journalists have soundly berated Fanny Kemble Butler for her Journal. It has been said,

Blow blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;

yet the ingratitude of women transcends that of men. Mrs Butler is justly censured for the satirical return she has made for the support given her by Americans; but editors have more reason to complain than others,—although their contest is between 'bugs' and a wasp. But being lightning bugs they go on the thunder and lightning principle.

Strange all this difference should be,
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.

The Rebel, and other tales in prose and verse. By the author of Pelham. New York, Harper.

This is a reprint of the tales and other writings of Edward Lytton Bulwer, said to be 'hitherto uncollected.' We had hoped most of these ephemeral pieces had been consigned to oblivion that one night

No further seek their merits to disclose,
Nor draw their frailties from their dark abode,
Where they alike in both an streams should dose.

Bulwer is a *tolerably good novelist and romancer*; but assuredly a very bad poet: and why his fugitive poems should thus be published, we see no good reason, except as a speculation on the gullibility of our citizens.

O'Neill or the Rebel is in itself but a fragment; and an effort of juvenility—marked throughout by puerile conceits, bombastic epithets, and incongruous ideas, silly calculated to increase the author's fame. Bulwer seems to have taken the Corsair of Byron as a model; but how immeasurably short of that noble poem is this Rebel!

We had scarcely commenced reading the Rebel, till we exclaimed 'Fudge.' Read the first stanza, which one would imagine should be elaborately correct.

The winds were hushed; and not a cloud was driv'n
Along the fair face of the sleeping heav'n.
Idle tautology.
On yonder vale the breathing sweets of June
Bask'd in kisses of the maiden moon.
A mere matter of moonshine! Can sweets bask, or breathing bask in kisses?
And stillest night—the beautiful, the bland—
Walked like a spirit o'er the lovely land.

What beautiful epithets, and how ingeniously alliterative! But night walks; and walks like a spirit: that is what is known is illustrated on the principle *lucis a non lucendo* by what is not known.

Where flower and tree reflected seemed to show
The home which woo'd the water-nymph below.

The poor water-nymph must have been sadly wading or wadling, only exclaiming at this wooing of her semblance a of home—

Man wants but little here below;
Nor wants that little long.

For Bulwer immediately apostrophises for his nymph—

Oh from the outward scene that we could win,
Some spell to soothe the restless world within.
A few lines farther on, a 'gaunt serf' is seen
Gazing on famine with dull eye
He sits, and drinks his children's bitter cry.

Drink a cry! truly a bitter potation of famine!—But the poet becomes now a metaphysician, and gives another draught.

For 'tis but wo which drinks a fierce delight
From those dark deeds which ask the secret night,
Guilt lends excitement to the lost alone;
And hope befriends no guile except her own.

And this is indeed a secret, to be asked of the secret night. Wo drinking fierce delight is very like a blunder or a whale. But 'the lost' borrow excitement from guilt—how lost?—abandoned? and if abandoned in guilt, can it then lend them excitement? Cannot hope of secrecy and vengeance and conquest exist with every grade and depth of guilt? What then is the peculiar guile of hope?

But the poet now becomes a surgeon, and couches a lady's eye—

which wood him like a star to gaze,
And dream that worlds lay couch'd beneath its rays.

Yet while this dreamily gazing at the couched world beneath the rays of the starlike-wooing eye of his lady, he 'can conjure up spirits from the vasty deep' and can fancy the same eye to be a star and a pond. for he immediately adds—

And as you gazed, your softning spirit drew
As from some holy fount a virtue from its hue.

There are hydraulics for you! who but a mad poet could think of drawing a virtue from the hue of a holy fount; and of using a softning spirit as a windlass?

The epithets soft, sweet, bland, beautiful, lovely, etc accost you in every stanza; and Bulwer seems so singularly partial to qualifying terms that there is scarcely a noun without an adjective, or a verb without an adverb—no matter how inappropriate; sense must be sacrificed to sound. He tells us of

Want's breadless board and death's despairing bed.

A bed despairing, with want as a breadless boarder! sue but then a divorce from bed and board.

Innumerable absurdities might be multiplied from this Rebel: for we have but gleaned from the first seven stanzas by a cursory glance. But if you want a poetic emetic (how euphonously metrical!) peruse the said-to-be poems of Edward Lytton Bulwer; and then cast up your accounts as you best can.

The following happy picture of what conversation should be, is from one of Blackwood's Noctes Ambrosianæ,—those bright dialogues, wherein eloquence and wit, searing speculation and practical sense, generous criticism and withering satire, flow out in easy and rapid alternation, clothed in the richest diction.

North—A man of genius is always a man of genius, and unless he has been too much of a recluse, pleasant and instructive in all companies worthy of him, but he rarely desires to play first fiddle—

Shepherd—There should never be a first fiddle in a private concert.

North—Right.

Shepherd—Nae Pagnanini. Yet it's one unusual thing to hear some Cockney o' a orator—an Embro' Cockney—(what or, sir, drains yo out up the Kimbro' Cockney?)—no only play in first fiddle—but solo fiddle—and whether in exhibition of liberality, resign himself to seeking. But the true musician—that is the man o' real genius, or talent or intuition, or wi-dom—for a' the an nature's musicians—interest—[illegible] and without breaks afore them—but by a natural ear for music, wi which heaven has endowed their souls—keep forever a' in perfectione, whatever be the piece they may be performin—and if she he is left in a solo by himself, it's because the rest have ceased to play, in order that they may hear some spontaneous strain in which his peculiar genie is known to excel, and at its close, all the company, till then silent, expresses its gratitude by a gentle murmur, the very sweetest sort of applause.

Statement of the amount of Gold remaining in the Mint uncoined on the 31st of March, with the sum deposited for coinage within the month of April, together with the amount of Gold coinage executed within the same period:

Remaining uncoined, March 31, 1835.		$445,650
Deposited for coinage within the month of April, viz.		
Uncoined bullion,	$216,600	
Coins of the United States of former standard,	1,300	
Foreign Coins,	10,800	228,700
		694,350
Amount coined within the month of April, including in quarter eagles,	33,515	218,595
Remaining at the mint uncoined,		455,756

'THE SUPREME POWER.'
(From an eloquent article in the North American Review.)
BY EDWARD EVERETT.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the 'undevout astronomer is mad.' The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist.—Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than that the grand and far reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer step by step, into the more immediate presence of tremendous Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day, and hour by hour, at work, to feed the fires of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the bewildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war.

The sparkling gem, that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb,—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun of a system like our own. The beautiful planet, which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning,—whose mild and lovely beams seem to shed a spirit of tranquillity, not unmixed with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the very heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud wrapt sphere: a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uppermost parts of creation and then shutting our eyes on the radiant points that twinkle in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees opening before it, in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.

The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays, which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens.—The conclusions which we reach, are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises, from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense.

But in the province of geology, there are some subjects, in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface, when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded, then a liquid sea of marble, which has hardened into the solid, lustrous and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds the record of a convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that notes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountain as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcanic island, which arose a few years since in the neighbourhood of Malta, spouting flames from the depth of the sea;—or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean who finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed through an opening in its sides where the ocean found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcan.

The following (says the New York Transcript) is *not* included in the Philadelphia edition of

FANNY KEMBLE'S JOURNAL.

Monday, June 2.

Waked up at 5 o'clock. Scratched my head, till I made a hole in my nightcap, kicked off the bedclothes, *rolled over like times by "Shrewsbury clock"*, and then got up and dressed myself. Dwadled about for half an hour, put on my stockings wrong side out, changed them again, and then went to breakfast. Pottered about for half an hour more, and then went down to the quay on the Hudson River, where I and my dear father took the steamer North America, for West Point. This boat is rightly called North America, for she is as large as a long doors. And then what a crowd of people, to be sure! Oh, the annoying creatures! How they did stare at me, with all their eyes, and mouths to boot! They fairly blocked up the gangway, so that I had to be hoisted over the railing, my father pushing me in the rear, and the captain pulling me in the van. Lost one of my shoes in the operation, and squalled like a wild cat as I heard it drop into the water. Mr. —— was gallant enough to spose in over head and ears after it, looking like a frog as he went down. He pottered about for some time under water, and at last came up with the shoe in his teeth—when the people all round set up a great shout, and gave him three cheers, as hearty and as loud as they ever gave me or my dear father on the stage. How very provoking these vulgar Americans are! Hung up my shoe to dry in the sun. Shone as hot as * * They have the most infernal sun in this country that ever scorched a mortal's gizzard out. While my shoe was drying, leaned on Colonel ——'s arm, and walked, or rather hopped on *one* leg, up stairs to the third deck, (all the steamers in America are three deckers,) where I continued to hop about like a hen on one leg, until I got tired out,—fairly knocked up—and than sat down and lolloped, with my unshod foot on the bench, and my shod foot on the floor * * * The North America galloped as if the devil was at her tail, switching her along. Enquired of Captai —— how many strokes the engine made in a minute. He said forty-nine. Dwadled about on the second deck awhile, peeped into the engine room, and saw the men in their red shirts poking fuel into the furnaces, and thought what a charming epitome of a little hell that must be. Pottered about a little while longer, got my gown cove ed with tobacco stains, and then went below—threw myself down flat on the carpet, and wished I was in—heaven. The women looked at me with all their eyes, and one of them said, 'Aint you well Miss?' What impertinence! I disdained to answer it. Dear, dear England! would I were back again where I could do as I pleased, and not be looked at and stared at, as if I was a kangaroo, all hind legs. * * * * * *

Got to sleep on the floor, and slept, I don't know how long. Dreamed of musquitos, bugs, and newspaper writers. At the sight of the latter, jumped up to make my escape, and found I had hit my head against the side of the cabin. "Oh, mercy!" I exclaimed, and for about five seconds, *saw stars in the day time as big as a* Dutch cabbage. Thought I should faint. A woman offered me her smelling bottle. Very kind, to be sure. Thanked her, but told her I thought I should get over it before I was three times married. Don't like such familiarity. Turned round with my back to all the company, and took out a volume of Moore's poems, which I commenced reading with great apparent industry, so that I need not be spoken to.

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade."

There is no such thing as being alone in America. They do every thing double or in company. They eat double; they sleep double, and sometimes triple and quadruple—in short, there is no such thing as being alone. * * * *

Pottered over Moore awhile, without knowing which end I had up, when my *poor* dear father came down into the cabin, and said we were in sight of West Point. Jumped up, threw down my book, and went on deck, and there was a sight, to be sure. I had seen it often before, but yet the sublime grandeur of the scene threw me all of a heap. Nature has done her part—but the people, ah! there's the rub. Poor Arnold! he would have loyally surrendered that strong hold, in the days of the rebellion. But those vulgar clowns—they caught poor Andre, and all was dished * *

As soon as the steamer touched the landing, sprang on shore and ran with all my might up the hill. Mr. —— the gallant gentleman who dived down after my shoe, offered me his arm; but he looked so like a water wagtai, when he arose from the briny deep, that I couldn't help grinning in his face at *the very recollection of that* incident. It was wicked of me, to be sure. But why need he presume, upon the strength of that small favor to offer me another? I can't endure officiousness.—And so I galloped up the hill alone like a wild two year old colt. But, oh, mercy! how tired I was, when I reached the top. I threw myself down flat on my back and there I lay spread out in all my glory, for a full half hour, and would have lain much longer, but my dear father persuaded me to get up, and walk with him to Cozen's. * * The dinner was good, and my voyage up the river, and *my run up the hill, had given me an appetite.* I eat like a leather judgment. I stuffed, as they say here, to kill. My poor dear father sat with Colonel——, and Dr.——, and Mr. ——, and some other gentlemen, drinking wine, and so I eat the table without an escort. In the passage that led from the dining room, was a fine crockery ware, plates, dishes, etc. I had just eaten one dinner from. I might have gone round them, to be sure. But I like to be independent. And so, as they contained copious extract from works of Gresal, in order to clear them well, and at the same time have free scope for my legs, I lifted up my dress and fetching one of my best leaps, I went over them in great style. How the people did stare and whisper as though they had never seen a lady's stocking before. Such false modesty—pshaw! humbug! * * * * * *

Dwadled about my room the rest of the day; took tea, walked upon the crags by moonlight, listened to the musick of a screech owl; came home, pottered about for half an hour, mended nightcap, and then came to bed.

*Of the book probably.

From a comparison of tables kept in France and America to ascertain the duration of life, it appears, that from infancy to mature age the proportion of deaths is much greater in this country than in France, but that after that period it is the reverse. A French writer accounts for this phenomenon by the supposition, that many young persons sink under the arduous and energetic efforts customary among our enterprising population, but that those whose constitutions bears them through arrive at more than commonly advanced age.

New Mode of Punishment.—The following letter has been addressed by a lady to the editor of a contemporary journal: "Sir—Having heard there is some difficulty in devising adequate punishment for culprits, and that the treadmill, solitary confinement, &c. have failed in their results, not having proved sufficiently effective, I have just turned my mind to the subject, having once undergone the penance I am going to describe for unmanageable prisoners. The magistrate could not be said to be severe who only said, 'The sentence of the court is, that the prisoner at the bar *be dressed as a lady of fashion.*' Methinks I hear the culprit thank his stars for the mercy, until he has gone through the ordeal: it runs thus—the body to be laced in four inches smaller than the natural size, with steel, whalebone, and cotton: let him eat a hearty dinner, then add a pair of shoes particularly narrow across the foot, and a little too short, to make them look small, then let the ends of the hair be drawn up by a French hair dresser; and if you wish to give additional torture, put in a quantity of combs, hair pins, &c. expose his shoulders to the air, and then make him dance for an hour or two, not forgetting to have a pressure on the chest bone from a broad topped steel busk, and when he is well heated with exercise and indigestion, ask him if he would not rather submit to the treadmill.'—Sheffield (Eng.) Iris.

[From the Derbyshire Courier.]
SONG.

Give me old music—let me hear
The strains of days gone by;
Nor stay thy voice in kindly fear,
If to their tones my falling tear
Should make a mute reply.
The songs that filled me on the breast
To sleep away the noon,
Sing on—sing on!—I love them best;
There's witchery on the notes impressed
Of each familiar tune.

Give me old wine—its choicest store
Drawn from the shady bin;
Our vineyards will produce no more;
Such rare strong juice they gave of yore,
As sparkling has within.
This was my grandsire's chief delight,
When the day's chase was o'er;
Fill high!—Fill high!—its treasures bright
Should sparkle on our board tonight,
Though we should drink no more.

Give me old Friends—the tried, the true,
Who launched their barks with me,
And all my joy and sorrow knew,
As chance'-gales the pilgrims blew
Across a troubled sea.
Their memories are the same as mine;
Their love with life shall last;
Bring one, bring all, their smiles shall shine
Upon our old good song and wine,
Like sunbeams from the past.

COMMERCIAL.

THE MARKET.

New Orleans, May 26.

COTTON.—771 bales Alabama has been effected today at 16 cts. No actual reduction can be quoted since Saturday last.

TOBACCO sold today at 5 1 2 to 7 1 2 & 7 5 8 cts.

STOCK—Sale at the Stock-Exchange this day 295 Shares Mechanic and Traders' Bank, at 54 1 2.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NEW-ORLEANS.

CLEARED.

Ship Exchange, Atkins, Liverpool, — A Fisk
Ship Natchez, White, Havre, — J Ogden
Ship Arkansas, Dennis, New York, — Bogart & Hawthorn
Brig William, Curtis, Boston, — G Beard
Schr Hitty Tom, Chase, New York, — J Thayer & co
Sloop Kingston, Burdick, Attakapas, — L H Gale

ARRIVED.

Towboat Lion, Hubble, from the S W Pass—brought up ships St Louis and Queen Adelaide, and to the Powder Magazine brig Ann & Leah. Brought up the letter bag of ship Louisville, from New York, ashore on S W Bar

Ship Queen Adelaide, Garland, from Liverpool, to B Booth & co—cargo assorted to Martineau, Cringier & co; Holmes & Mills; N & J Dick & co; Grimshaw & Sloane; R & J Carrell; A Peck; Hermann and ses; Grimshaw & Sloane; E Yorke; Bullitt, Shipp and co; B Booth and co; I Barrett and co; Brander and McKenna; Kohn and Daron; Stetson and Avery; E J Forstall and co; and order

Packet ship St Louis, Hall, 24 days from New York, to P Ludlaw—cargo assorted to W Topham; P Hall; S H Caldwell; C Fellin; P S Van Wyck; J P Turnbull; T Nicolet and co; Martin, Pleasants and co; Bier and Steever; Buckner, Stanton and co; capt A Drane; J Gallaher; Campbell and Crawford; Stetson and Avery; Godfrey & Blossman; W T Mayo; Maddish and Wood; H M Hart and co; J Minturn; Dunmock and Lafonta; G Burklin; Robeson, Wood and co; Dubevoise and Garretson; J Celles & co, H N Pollard & co; Phelps & co; White and co; Forsyth, Goodwyn and co; E Sanford; D O and J W Hinks, W and J B Leverich; Wilcox and Fearn; J A Turnell and co; Hotchkiss and co; E Laraside and co; P P Hall; J H Field and co; W Vance; L Lanculn and co; G Brusle; Hefford and Sargenfroy; Bogart and Hawthorn; J W Bergin and co; Watson, Wood and co; J Bellow, Harris & Wright; Garquet, Parish and co; Landai and Irwin; Whitemore and Blair; J Beckwith; and order—Passengers: Mrs Johnson, Mr Edgerson, and 3 in the steerage.

Packet ship Louisville, Potter, 17 days fm New York, to Foster & Hutton—cargo J Thayer & co; J L Judge; I W & Steever; F P Duconge; A H Wallace; G Vance & R Gun blo; Bell and Buchanan; L Lincoln & co; Bogart and Hopson; W Holmes & co; J G Washington; Hefford and Sargenfroy; Phelps and co; R Marsh and co; H M Hart and co; J P Labousser; P O Sorbe; B Levy; Legendre & Samoroy, Peters & Millard, White and co; Thomson and Grant; J A Mayhin; Tierman, Cuddy & co; J Barthet; Harrison, Brown and co; J Richardson; T Barret & co; N and J Dick & co; V David; Wilcox and co; Taylor and co; P Tulane & co; Alling, Hyde & co; Hennank & co; Reynolds, Byrne & co; J Bellow; Kennedy & co; R Evans & co; Hyde and Goodrich; L A Leva; B M Hart & co; Law & Aus in; C H Bancroft; T Shellwell & co; G Brusle; D S Woodruff; A T Dwight & co; E Pee; Edgar and Smith; P P Hart; Hubbard & co—S T Hobson & co; Wattemore & co; Andrews & brothers; W Walter; Livandais & co. Tulane and Coleman; T R Hyde & Brother; and others

Brig Ann & Leah, from Philadelphia, to S Thompson, at the Powder Magazine.

Towboat Porpoise, Martin, from the Passes—brought up brig Choctaw, and schr Wm A Turner. Reports nothing new.

Brig Choctaw, Laurence, from Hartford, (Con.) to the master—cargo hay

Schr W A Turner, Colong, 8 days from Havana, to J W Zacharie & co—cargo 8 pipes 52 hd do wine; 342 sacks coffee, 192 bxs segars, 3 bbls tobacco, 1 box mdze

Steamer Atlantic, Russell, from Tinsecumbin, 1040 bales cotton, 81 hhds tobacco, 213 bags corn, 6 casks 3 boxes bacon

Steamer Romeo, Reed, from Natchitoches—cargo 230 bales cotton, 3 packs peltries, hides, &c—25 passengers

Four of Howard & Patterson's flat boats from Alabama, with 1436 bales cotton, to Morgan, Pleasants and co, Andrews and Brothers

One of Hoskins flat boats from Green River, Ky., with 65 hhds tobacco to A H Wallace

MEMORANDA.

The ship St Louis on the 4th inst, in lat 32 48, long 75, spoke and supplied with provisions, &c. brig Kentucky, from Port au Prince, for Boston.

The ship Queen Adelaide spoke 13 h April in the British channel, ship Austerlitz, Hammond, hence for Havre.

We call the attention of the public to the sale of upward of one hundred lots of ground which will be made this day by Messrs Dutillet & Delery.

DIED.

Yesterday, after a lingering illness which he bore with great fortitude, Mr Alexander H Smith, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city. His friends and those of the family are respectfully requested to attend his funeral this afternoon at 4 o'clock, from his late residence, corner of Common and Phillippe streets.

MADAME JUNOT'S LATE WORK, &c.—Memoirs of Celebrated Women of all countries, by Madam Junot in 2 vols.

Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers, drawn from the earliest and most authentic sources, and brought down to the present time, by C. Whitehead esq in 2 vols.

The Exile of Erin, or the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman, in 2 vols.

Vol 12th Pickering's Reports.

No 87 North American Review, for April, 1835.

Just received and for sale by BENJAMIN LEVY.
may 27

ORLEANS MOUNTED CHASSEURS.

THE squadron will parade on Sunday next, the 31st inst, at 5 o'clock a m precisely, at the usual rendezvous, fully equipped, by order of capt.
JAMES P BRYAN,
May 27 adjutant major.

LOUISIANA STATE BANK, New Orleans, 26th May, 1835.
Checks on New York, at sight, for sale at this Bank.
may 27 RICHARD RELF, Cashier.

(By Authority.)

AN ACT

Giving certain additional powers to the police juries of the parishes of East Baton Rouge, Livingston and Jefferson.

Sect. 1st. Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the State of Louisiana, in general assembly convened; That the police juries of the parishes of East Baton Rouge and Livingston, be and they are hereby authorised and empowered to give to Kerr and Kent, the exclusive privilege of establishing and keeping a ferry for the term of ten years across the river Amite, at Sandy Creek *post office*, upon such terms and conditions as they may deem fit, not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of the State nor the United States. *Provided* that if the police jury of either of said parishes should neglect or refuse to exercise the right herein before granted, then the police jury of the other may exercise said right within the limits of its own jurisdiction.

Sect. 3d. And be it further enacted, etc., That the police jury of the parish of Jefferson are hereby authorised and impowered to borrow for the use of said parish a sum of money not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and for that purpose to negociate with individuals or any incorporated company to obtain said law on such time as the said police jury may deem advisable; and also to give such mortgages or other security for the payment of the money thus borrowed as may be required.

ALCEE LABRANCHE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
C. DERBIGNY,
President of the Senate.

Approved March 31st, 1835.
E. D. WHITE,
Governor of the State of Louisiana.

FOR TAMPICO.

The fine fast sailing coppered and copper fastened schr ECLIPSE, captain Delvaille, having the greater part of her cargo engaged will sail for the above port at the end of the week, for balance of freight or passage, apply on board opposite Conti street or to A. Delpeuch, Chartres street.
may 27—tf

FOR MOBILE,

The packet schr EMBLEM, Hutchings master, having the greater part of her cargo engaged will leave with despatch for balance of freight or passage apply on board at the rail road or to Tourne & Beckwith, 28 and 29 New Levee. m27

FOR MOBILE, via the River.

The regular packet schr ORLEANS, L Chase master, having the greater part of her cargo engaged will meet with immediate despatch, for the remainder of her freight or passage apply on board at the lower end of steamboat landing or to Tourne & Beckwith, 28 and 29 New Levee. m27

FOR HAVANA.

The fast sailing scnr NERMA, having the greater part of her cargo engaged, will sail on Thursday next, for freight or passage apply on board or to J. Prats & Son. m27

FOR MARSEILLES—(Passage only.)

The fine fast sailing Danish brig HIRAM, Wordinger master, will sail for said port on the 5th June and can accomodate 6 passenger.—Apply to A QUERTIER & BOUTIN
may 27

John B Byrne vs. Richard Leech.

BY virtue of an order of seizure and sale to me directed by the hon the first judicial district court of Louisiana I will expose to public sale, on the 16th of June next, at the Parish Court in and for the Parish of Jefferson, at ten o'clock A M, the following described property to wit:

A certain lot of ground situate in faubourg Livandais, above the city of New Orleans, and designated on the plan of said faubourg as lot No. 18; in square No. 95, said lot measuring 41 feet 5 inches front on Washington street, by a depth of 125 feet, together with all the appurtenances thereto, belonging, or in any wise appertaining; to pay and *satisfy the demand of the plaintiff, being the sum of* five hundred and twenty five dollars, with interest on the sum of $100 from the 26th of July, 1833 on the sum of $200 from the 25th January 1834, and on the sum of $216 from the 26th January 1834, all until paid and costs cash.
Parish of Jefferson, May 15th 1835.
may 27 J. CHARBONNET, jr. sheriff

Constantin Moenhaut vs. Daniel Boyld and others.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias, and in obedience to the judgment rendered in the same suit, by the honorable the First Judicial District Court, of the State of Louisiana I will expose to public sale, on the 1st of June next, at 12 o'clock, M. at the Parish Court, in and for the parish of Jefferson, the following described property, to wit:

1st. Lot No. one in islet No four, on a particular plot made of the same square by Joseph Pilié, city surveyor on the month of November 1829, designated in the record of C. R Stringer notary, in and for the city of New Orleans, for the year 1830, said lot having english measure 63 feet eleven inches front, on Rousseau street, by one hundred and fifty eight feet nine and a half inches deep, bounded above by the lot forming the corner of Josephine and Rousseau streets and on the other side by Lot No. 2, and in the rear by lot No 12.

2nd Lot No 2, having english measure sixty three feet eleven inches front on Rousseau street, by one hundred and fifty eight feet nine and a half inches in depth; and also, a slip of ground, adjoining the last described lot, on the side next to Adele Street, making part of the lot designated on the same plot as No. three, said slip having english measure seven feet eleven inches in front on Rousseau street by one hundred and fifty eight feet nine and a half inches deep, bounded on one side by lot No. 2, and on the other side by the remaining part of said lot No. 3; now the property of Jean Gonteau; and also a piece of ground situated in the same islet, having english measure, thirty eight feet nine inches front, on Adele street, commencing at the distance of one hundred and twenty feet, on Rousseau street said piece of ground being formed of the rear parts of the lots, Nos 3 and 4, of the aforesaid plot, the whole seized in the above suit.

Conditions: The whole to be paid in 12 months, with ten per cent interest, and mortgage on the property sold.
J. CHARBONNET, Jr, sheriff.
Parish of Jefferson, May 15th, 1835.
May 27

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Jean Salvant vs Littleton Saunders. By virtue of an order of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the first judicial district court of Louisiana, I will expose to public sale, at the Parish Court in and for the parish of Jefferson, on the 16th of June next at two o'clock, P. M. the following described property, to wit:—

A certain tract of land situated in the aforesaid parish, measuring five arpents front on the Bayou Ouacha, and twenty five arpents deep, bounded on one side by the property of Jonathan Davis and on the other side by that of Stephen Henderson, together with all the improvement thereon, its dependancies and appurtenances, actions and privileges thereto belonging, or in any wise appertaining, to pay and satisfy the sum of four thousand dollars, payable as follows, viz: $1700 with interest a five per cent per annum from 3d April 1835, and costs of suit payable cash; $1000 payable in all the month of March, 1836; $1000 in all the month of March, 1837, and $1000 in all the month of March, 1838; the purchaser giving notes endorsed to the satisfaction of the Sheriff, with mortgage on the property sold until final payment.
J. CHARBONNET, jr. Sheriff.
Parish of Jefferson, May 15, 1835.

SHERIFFS SALE.—Widow L. Valant La Barre and others vs Frederick Lerand. By virtue of an order of seizure and sale to me directed by the honorable the first judicial district court of Louisiana, I will expose to public sale, at the Parish Court in and for the Parish of Jefferson, on the 16th June next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. the following described property to wit:

A plantation situated on the Metairie road, at about six miles from the city of N. Orleans, in the Parish of Jefferson, measuring two arpents front on each side of the bayou *of the Metaire by ten arpents in depth in the south part*, and extending in the north part as far back as Lake Ponchartrain, bounded on one side by the land of George Lesprit f. w. c. to pay and satisfy the demand of the plaintiffs, being the sum of one thousand six hundred and sixty six dollars sixty six and two third cents, with interest on $833 33 1-3 from the 1st of May, 1834, and on 8833 33 1-3 from the 1st of May, 1835, both until paid and costs cash, and the balance of the price, if there is any, to be paid on the 28 h April, 1836, the purchaser giving his promissory note with an approved endorser, and the said plantation remaining mortgaged until final payment.
J. CHARBONNET, Jr. Sheriff.
Parish of Jefferson, May 16, 1835. m27

Olivier Akin vs. Robt. W. Harris.

BY virtue of an order of seizure and sale, to me directed by the hon. the first Judicial District Court of the State of Louisiana, I will expose to public sale, on the 1st of June next, at the Parish Court in and for the parish of Jefferson, at 1 o'clock, P. M. the following describep property, to wit:

1st. *All that piece of ground designated as number 1*, on an original plot, made by O. F. Zimple, surveyor, on the 29th of March last, the same having 393 feet 7 inches, and 3 lines in front, on a projected street and extending in depth four thousand seven hundred and seventy five feet seven inches and five lines on the dividing line of the Nuns faubourg by which it is bounded on the lower side, and four thousand seven hundred and sixty seven feet three inches and two lines, on the line of division by which it is separated by the parcel designated as No. 11, in the same plot; the said latter line contracting at the extent of the *afore recited measure, so as to give a width only of one* thousand and twelve feet and eight inches in the rear, where it is bounded by the Lands of Willam Cecil; together with all the improvements on said lot of ground, and all the rights and privileges, &c.

Conditions: The whole at 12 months credit, with five per cent interest, and mortgage on the property sold.
J. CHARBONNET, jr., sheriff.
Parish of Jefferson, 15th May, 1835.
May 27

THE Consolidated Association of the Planters of Louisiana vs Dufouchar DeGruy and Marie Azile Bachemin his wife. By virtue of an alias order of seizure, sale to be directed by the Hon. the First Judicial District Court of this State, I will offer at public sale on the Plantation of said Dufouchar DeGruy in this parish on Monday the 15 June next at 12 o'clock M. the property *mentioned and described in said order of seizure and sale*, as follows, to wit:

2d a track of land situated in this parish, on the right bank of the river Mississipi, measuring twenty arpents front on said River, ten arpents of which have a depth of forty arpents, and the other ten arpents a depth of eighty arpents, bounded on the upper part by a land belonging to Bonaventure Bayhi, and at the lower part by a track of land belonging to said Dufouchar DeGruy, together with the animals, instruments of husbandry thereon, and sixty-four slaves, named: Frederick 13 years; Marshall 13 years; Willis 52; *Daniel 25, William 18*, Thornton 12, Bill Robin 41, Harry 30, Anthony 29, Alfred 23, Isaac 28, Simon 22, Joe or Joseph 26, Hillery 22, Rippon 23, Davis 22, Blanford, 22, Prisby 23, William Ross 20, Cooper Garrette 24, Jacob Johnson 18, Isaac Glascow 21, John Roy 20, Arrow Boon 18, Spencer Young 31, Sally 20, Letty 19, Rachel 21, Benoit sixmonths, Hetty 29 years, Lewis 21, Lucy 20, Jean Louis 7 months, Mathilda 22 years, Caroline 3, Diana 30, Jean Pycars 9, William 6, Eliza 21, Maria 20, Jean alias Gouden 22, March 1 month, Betsy 90, Aime 3 months, Caroline dite Ameilie 20 years, Sibby dite Clarice 18, Juingman 18, Pierre 19, (Francis Thizpre 15, Marguerite 22, Matthonne 9 months, Charles 25, Louis 19, Bob alias Jeffrey 25, Ishum 22, Prescilla 20, George 10 months, Jeanpierre 7 months, Robin 3, Edmond 6, Louis 5, and Iness 5 months;—seized in the above suit.

Terms cash.

Parish of Plaquemines, May 26, 1835.
may 27—1tw W. VERBOIS, Sheriff.

ANDREWS & BROTHERS, No. 19, Chartres street, are now receiving from ship Louisville, an additional supply of seasonable goods, consisting chiefly of packages containing Leno check'd muslins; satin striped do.; gauze checked do; black and white lace gloves; bonnaid do; a complete assortment of cotton and silk hosiery; blk italian satinstripe; Marseille summer quilts.
May 27

ROBBERY & REWARD.

LAST night the back door of the counting room of the subscriber was forcibly entered by thieves, the iron chest removed or carried into Bank Alley where it was found this morning broken open, and the following promissory notes all bearing mortgage and marked in the face (*ne varietur*), and other papers, stolen therefrom viz:

My Canal Bank book in which was No. 410. Robert Ferrieys note in favor of and endorsed by L. Spangenberg, and the subscriber dated New-Orleans January 31, 1835 at 12 mos $1721,25.

No. 403. L. F. Fouchers note in favor of and endorsed by René Trouest, and the same dated and payable as above.—$1468,75.

No. 425, Saml Kuhn's note in favor of and endorsed by Joachin Kuhn and the same, dated and payable as above.—$1037,50.

No. 417, René Trudeau's note in favor of and endorsed by L F Foucher and the same, dated and payable as above.—1413,85.

No. 462. Wm. A. Chase note in favor of and endorsed by Jasper Strong and the same, dated and payable as above.—$750.

No. 415, Ditto Ditto, ditto $250.

No 503. Spencer Gloyds note in favor of and endorsed Wm. C Nott, and the subscriber, dated New Orleans, February 7th 1835,