NEW-ORLEANS BEE.

BY BULLIT, MAGNE & CO
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"Truth is omnipotent, and Public Justice certain."

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.
Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

NEW-ORLEANS:
FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1839

☞ To a gentleman of industry and talent, and qualified to conduct a political (whig) journal, a very eligible situation as editor of a country paper with a large circulation and respectable advertising patronage is now offered. Application may be made at the office of the Bee.

NEWS BY THE MAILS.

There has been no mail for a week.

THE MAILS—SO WE GO!

Universal discontent justly prevails in relation to the shocking irregularity in the arrival of the Northern mails. For the last month this irregularity in the supply of this—has been perfectly intolerable. The complaints and murmurs of the community are disregarded; the administration turns a deaf ear to the indignant remonstrances of the people of this great commercial emporium. Amos Kendall and his satellites are positively reckless of all the inconveniences, embarrassments and detriment occasioned by their maladministration with which the stage-drivers and contractors perform their duty. We do not wonder at this; the administration considers itself firmly entrenched in power, and is privileged to laugh to scorn the expostulations of those who suffer through its neglect.

No one, we apprehend, is disposed to deny that the mail department in its present deplorable state. Look at the facts: the mail has failed on an average three times a week for the last six weeks. About 6th days since seven mails were due at once. After many days of anxious expectation, one or two sick mails did arrive; then for a day or two we had whole batches of newspapers and letters old and valueless, then the mail began again to fail. On Saturday last the boat expected from Mobile did not come at all. On Sunday, a arrived toward evening bringing Saturday's mail only. Monday, there was no mail beyond Mobile; Tuesday, no mail beyond Charleston; Wednesday, no mail-boat at all; Thursday—whether we are to have a mail or not, is yet an unsolved problem. These are facts, and they speak for themselves.

The causes of this flagrant dereliction of duty are various. A principal one is to be found in the licensed rascality of the stage drivers, who love the impudence to throw aside their mail bags in order to make room for passengers, and earn a few extra dollars. A gentleman who lately travelled on the mail route from New-York to New-Orleans, informs us that at several stopping places on the road where the drivers changed horses pile of fifteen and twenty mail bags were heaped up on the stables, to remain there, we presume, until the dearth of passengers enabled the loquacious postillions to carry them without losing a profitable job. Now whose fault is it that the postmaster-general does not intend every branch of the department over which he presides. The responsibility utterly rests upon Amos Kendall—upon an administration which is thus, as in all else, cheats the people by false promises.

With regard to New-Orleans there is another source of irregularity. Either the contractor has not the requisite number of boats, or the arrangements for their regular arrival and departure are lamentably bad. Whether there be a mail at Mobile at the price per hour, or not, we should at least have an arrival every day. Does this occur? No: one is surprised that it does not. There are three great disadvantages attending the non-arrival of the mail boats—first the community is kept in a state of querulous anxiety and excitement throughout the day; the merchants are continually sending to and from the post office, and hope and expectation are kept alive until the close of the day puts a period to the general solicitude. In the next arrived, though it brought no mail, there would be at once an end of this perpetual source of annoyance—the people would lapse quietly into the usual probabilities of another day; and the contents of the press would not be compelled to keep their columns open to a very late hour in the faint hope of receiving intelligence.

If there is any thing that can render the reports of failures even more insupportable, it is that they occur with fatal regularity at the very period when important and deeply interesting information is anticipated. The President's message—the proceedings of congress, of such vital moment in a political point of view, the deliberations of the Harrisburg convention, the probable arrival of the steam ship *Liverpool* at New York bringing commercial news of a highly momentous character—all these may be reasonably looked for by the main now due. We should scarcely be surprised at receiving this multifarious intelligence by the western mail, which though usually five or six days behind the northern, is now three days in advance of the latter.

So we go! Toss up your hats here boys—hurra for the administration and its worthy post master general, Amos Kendall.

News.—At this present writing (3 o'clock, P. M., yesterday,) we have not the slightest indication of a mail. We have hunted down every artful paragraph in a huge pile of old exchange papers, in hopes of finding something yet unrecorded—but in vain. News there is none, and our readers must be content with such "finane portents of the hour," (as Carlyle calls the incubrations of the daily press,) as we can present until it shall please the sainted Amos to indulge the good citizens with a mail.

We cannot vouch for the exact accuracy of the following estimates, which were copied in the *True American* of yesterday from a report recently published in Mississippi, but they certainly present in its true light the prevalent delusion of estimating the wealth of the state by the amount of its exports. The planting interest has suffered materially from this error. In the struggle to produce excessive crops of cotton the produce of necessary articles of consumption is entirely neglected. This is the besetting sin of most planters, and the consequence is an over supply of the staple, with low prices, and an increased demand for the products of other states at high prices. Half the planting state, put a moiety of their land in corn and other necessaries, and lessened the cotton crop one half, there is little doubt that the crop so reduced would sell for as much as the whole of the ruinous product of the present season will bring; besides the supplies so made would be so much saved. The estimates of the cotton crop are very large, truly, and make an imposing array of figures, but when that is disposed of the planter has nothing else to sell, and the proceeds, large as they are, are forthwith swept away in purchasing the necessaries that could easily be produced upon the farm. We commend to the particular attention of old planting friends the concluding remarks of the subjoined extract.

The following calculations are made by a gentleman who seems to have devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, and whose estimates, I have no doubt, will be found to be within the mark—though sufficient for all reasonable purposes. The calculation is based on an average of five years—The data side stands thus:

1,000,000 cts of bagging, for 300,000 bales (6 yards to the bale) at 25 cents per yards	$150,000
2,400,000 lbs rope, at 12½ cents per lb (8 lbs per bale)	300,000
30,000 lbs. twine for do. (1 lb. for every 10 bales, is	9,000
	$759,000

There were, in 1836, 154,326 slaves in this state, the expense of feeding and clothing each, is estimated at $40 per year, $6,579,920

There were, in 1836, 1,043,560 acres of land in cultivation, at the moderate cost of farming utensils of all kinds—$2 per acre is not looked upon as too high an estimate, 2,097,000

Considered necessary expenses, $8,431,920

The crop in 1836, 41,229 white inhabitants in the state over 21 years of age—charge them with expending 130 cents per day in sugar and liquor, 1,347,142

The white population of the state, male and female, amounted, in 1836, to 144,351—charge them in average, in excess of dress, and other needless expenses, $25 per annum, 3,608,750

Useless and unnecessary expenses, $5,280,254
Necessary expenses, 8,431,920

$13,712,174

To which add interest paid to commission merchants in New Orleans, and like chartered bank account of the state of 6 per cent. per annum, it would make about 3,300,000

$18,253,234

Thus making the indebtedness of the state over 17 millions of dollars. The credit side of the balance sheet is made up of a single item—$10,000 bales of cotton, valued at $50 per bale, amounts to fifteen millions of dollars, leaving the balance against us of over two millions. Thus, instead of making money we have been going to the bad annually, at the rate of some two million of dollars. In the estimate of expenses no account is taken of the annual outlay for horses and mules, and also flour, which have been heretofore considered necessary disbursements. Nor have we taken into the account the onerous per cent. which we pay for every article purchased, in consequence of the depreciated state of our currency. If the whole amount were brought into open view, the sight would be too appalling to look upon with tranquility. The question arises how is this very unfavored state of things to be remedied? A manner emphatically, a retrenchment in our expenditures, and by raising and manufacturing those articles of prime necessity at home, for which we have been hitherto dependent on other countries—when, and not till then, will the exchange be turned in our favor.

THE RACES.

SECOND DAY—THREE MILE HEATS.

Yesterday was a fine day for the sports of the turf and four horses of repute started for the purse. Sarah Bladen was the favorite against the field, and won the race after a hard contest with Pressure, in two heats. Pressure made beautiful running, although it was supposed he was somewhat lame from his four mile race last spring at Bayou Sara. The course was better attended than Wednesday, but notwithstanding the favorableness of the weather, not a lady was present to give grace and animation to the scene. The horses came in as follows.

	1st heat	2d heat.
Sarah Bladen,	1	1
Pressure,	3	2
Eloise,	2	dr.
Cecelia,	4	dr.

ST. CHARLES.

"She stoops to conquer" was performed rather lamely on Wednesday evening. The after piece, "Rafael the Libertine" went off better.

We lay before our readers, in another column the circular of Messrs. Hilliard, Gray & Co., relative to the works of Franklin, compiled by Jared Sparks. The volumes already published are before us, finished in the same beautiful style as the writings of Washington. The last volume will be published during the present summer. We regard it as a work of real merit worthy of a place in every good library.

Raymond, Miss. We learn by the Raymond *Times*, that the locomotives on this road are now in operation, and that passengers are now transported to and from Vicksburg, within a mile and a half of Raymond.

☞ What kind of painting is this? asked a person who had been gazing at one of those pictures which represent different figures, as it is viewed from different points. "That," responded his companion, "why that's a locofoco painting."

☞ We are requested to call the attention of the sportsmen to the sale of two negro bulls, excellent race riders, intelligent, and weighing only 95 pounds, who will be sold on the Metairie Race Course, immediately after the four mile race, by Beard & Kendig.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Having frequently been an eye witness of the intrepidity with which Mr. Paul Bertus, Recorder of the fifth municipality, fulfils the laborious functions with which he has been entrusted for many years, I should not avoid expressing the veracity of a certain article signed "*A Spaniard*," and addressed to the editor of the Bee. I therefore hastened to obtain proper information respecting the reproaches levelled at the Recorder; it is with pain I can declare to the public that every assertion hazarded by this respectable individual, is a tissue of false-hood and mother-goose fibs.

In the first place, no slaves were accused before this man's tribunal for stealing to the individual named (Rubira,) of having thrown dirt on the lawn, in consequence of a peaceful ordinance, and the other belonging to Mr. Antoine Dubuc, also accused of having thrown dirt upon the premises of his master. On the mature scrutiny of the evidence, in the impeachment of the colored people, by the complainants, that it was a political conspiracy, and Mr. Dubuc's slave, finding himself defeated in the lower