

NEW ORLEANS BEE.

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FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW ORLEANS MORNING, NOV. 7, 1842.

Courts—Six hundred and eighty-three bales of cotton have been sold in New Orleans since the 1st July last. The Paxton took away 100 bales on the 2d ult. The new crop is now daily arriving, and the receipts amount to about twenty bales per day.

Notwithstanding the ravages of the worm, the drought and the wet weather, the amount of cotton shipped this year from New Orleans, will, in all probability, be fully equal to the amount shipped last year.

We are indebted to the police attention of Mr. Wren, clerk of the steamship Neptune, for the news papers.

THE COTTON-SEED RIVER.—The New Orleans paper of the 26th ult. says "the river is very low, but our rain yesterday, has not enough to affect the river."

The ship *Friendship*, from New York, on Saturday, brought the sum of \$109,314.55, consigned as follows:

H. A. Rathbone.....\$20,000.00
F. Rodwell.....30,000.00
A. St. George.....30,000.00
H. G. Gildebrandt & Co.....10,000.00
The Order.....10,000.00
G. O. G.13,914.55
M. Helm.....10,000.00
Tools & Barrels.....6,000.00

\$109,314.55

The steamer *R. P.*, from Cincinnati, likewise, \$100,000.

THE DEATH OF GEORGE WILKINS KENDALL, OF THE *PIONEER*.—George Wilkins Kendall, of the *Pioneer*, returned on Saturday last from a somewhat protracted tour in New York, and unless the disease in the former country friends to a volume of the absolute necessity of action, could not be, we may have to trouble another article in this paper.

In the Empire State the dead man's name was George W. Kendall, of Worcester, Mass., and the date of his death Nov. 1, 1842.

He had been extremely ill throughout the people, and although we attach little consequence to either a few hours or a few days, any permanent change in the public mind, yet it is apprehended that they may, in some degree, disturb the harmony of the whig party, and produce schemes of party that may affect the temporary prosperity of our friends there.

There never has been a struggle so unequal as that which the whigs have maintained during the present year.

In the first place, as an executive, elected by the people, exerting the patronage of his high office, they have had to contend against the influence of the documents of place which have ever been found powerful enough to sustain them.

All to these the loss of such a man as George W. Kendall, and the flat-top mystery of Louis Stokes (the conduct of the power "affairs of one's heart") and we have a key to the deepest that was possessed of the minds of many whigs who for a space have abandoned all connection with politics or politicians.

The election of Mr. Wadsworth we regard in the light of a national calamity, his genius, his vast attainments, his eloquence and his fame became part and parcel of the national property. That he should have volunteered to serve the dead and tarnish the cause is a matter deeply deplorable, as affecting the aggregate wealth of the State in her greatest men. It is one of those marvelous coincidences that bring greatness to the level of the weak—a nation—on the one hand, and the cause of the other.

That the cause of freedom, for the sake of which a person could be regarded with indifference, that his cause should only state a title or a statement under warrant, was not to be expected.

It has been felt the force of character upon the public mind in one defeat after another, and have to acknowledge it in another—not that we have specifically convicted a single man from the wife to the leaders cause, but that the conservation of a portion of the whigs was so overwhelming, as to require them for the moment of all desire to mingle in the cause.

The mail failed yesterday from Charleston, for the third time successively. The cause is explained in the following paragraph from the *Charleston Courier*:

"THE WEATHER.—On Saturday the weather was extremely bad, almost constant rain for two days, and part of the time very violent, accompanied with a gale. The mail boat, which had started from New Orleans on Saturday evening, did not reach the port until Monday morning, having been detained by the heavy rain for the last two days. Yesterday we had rain and not much wind, with a reasonable prospect of sunshine in due time."

It may be that Mr. Spence has a larger influence in some portions of New York than we can suppose. His investigations, and his palpable destruction of principle in applying those very ideas of Mr. Tracy in his cabinet, which he delighted in, with so much interest, to his conclusions, will be likely to that that most potent morphine, ought to render him a harmless piece of timber.

Whatever weight Mr. Sprague has in New York, will be easily thrown off, to a less extent, by his desire to make a personal trial of the period for the greatest harm with the smallest means.

When in connection with these things, we consider the circumstances which at this time unite the envoys, it must be confessed that the dark cloud hovering over us is now.

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