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The New Orleans Bee.

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☞ The price of Annual Advertisements is limited strictly within the line of their contract, and in extent to one square every other day.

NEW ORLEANS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 11, 1854.

No. 9000 (O. S.)—NEW SERIES. Vol. X VIII.—Whole No. 7330.

THE DAILY BEE.

Wednesday Morning, Jan. 11, 1854.

☞ The Northern Mail failed again yesterday from beyond Montgomery. We received a few back papers, with dates from Washington to the 2d, and from Charleston to the 5th inst. There are four mails now due from New York.

SAVE US FROM MOB-LAW.

It is a gratifying evidence of a healthful condition of the public mind, and of a profound respect for law and order, that the press of New Orleans has almost unanimously reprobated in proper terms, the vile incendiary placards posted about the streets, inciting ignorant and lawless men to deeds of violence on the person of the Papal Nuncio, Bedini. We expected no less from the loyal and law abiding portion of the community. New Orleans has never been subjected to the disgraceful excesses of a mob, save once, and on that occasion, if any palliating circumstance could possibly extenuate the outrage, the cause which led to the uprising of the populace might be alleged in mitigation of the evil.

We know nothing whatever of this man Bedini. He is vaguely charged, on the strength of the wild assertions of a renegade priest, Gavazzi, with having sanctioned murder and torture during the revolutionary outbreak at Rome, and with having ordered one of the republican leaders, Ugo Bassi, to be scalped and stripped at the skirts of his hands prior to execution. There must be better evidence adduced than that of GAVAZZI—a man of bitter and unrelenting hatred towards the Romish priesthood—ere a big-minded and reflecting persons will believe these atrocious allegations levelled against a dignitary of the Catholic church. Yet it was upon the faith of these baseless accusations, advanced without a shadow of proof, that a band of ultramontane and ignorant men attempted in Cincinnati to mob BEDINI, and were justly and deservedly treated by the police as rioters and disturbers of the public peace. With this striking example of the futility of introducing the European lawlessness of the rabble into our tranquil and law-observing, American cities, we can hardly conceive the audacity that prompted the authors of the placards in question, to stimulate the unruly passions of the populace, and lead them up to the perpetration of outrages, which, if our civil government be of a sorry sort, would be visited by swift, certain and severe punishment.

To mob-law, lynch-law, or by whatever name it may be called, we are radically opposed, and shall at all times and on all suitable occasions denounce them and those who uphold them. In the case in point, though we strongly doubt the truth of the charges preferred against BEDINI by his countryman GAVAZZI, yet were they established as absolute facts, we should not abate one jot of opposition to any design, overt or covert, which contemplates a dastardly assault upon the person of an old man, journeying hither as a peaceful messenger of the Pope, to some simply a religious mission to fulfill. The principle which lies at the root of all such lawless demonstrations is vile, unworthy, impolitic in the extreme. It is a fungus growth on our institutions, which Americans shall—We loathe and execrate it from the bottom of our hearts, and invoke the honest and true hearted citizens of New Orleans to unite in the determination to prevent its development in our city.

The case of HAYNAL and the London brewers has been cited as a parallel case to that of BEDINI. There is no resemblance whatever between the two. The workmen at RUNCIMAN and PERKINS' establishment, seeing HAYNAL' lionized and paraded about the place, and having petitioned seriously to the Hungarian women, in a moment of irrepressible passion seized him, pitched him by the beard, and would doubtless have treated him more severely, had he not promptly rescued. The brewers were wrong. Nobody can doubt that, who is not prepared to justify mob law—that this was a sudden, unpremeditated outburst of a feeling in itself noble and meritorious—a feeling of supreme contempt, and intense rage at witnessing contrition so abased upon a wretch who had discarded the very form of humanity. Though the conduct of the workmen cannot be vindicated, it should be viewed with some degree of indulgence. But here, with no such terrible provocation attached to BEDINI—merely because a furious anti-papist fulminates all sorts of terrible charges against him—it is deliberately sought to inspire and make rife, because as a worm and a reptile the papal nuncio is bound to obey the command of his spiritual and temporal sovereign, in coming to America for purposes connected with his faith alone. We really think that if a hair of the head of this prelate be injured, the city of New Orleans will be eternally and indelibly disgraced. We never heard of any thing more monstrous than the preparation to lynch the Nuncio, and we call upon the authorities—the Mayor and the officers of the Police, to see that when BEDINI arrives here, he is fully protected alike from the machinations of desperate schemers, and the reckless passion of an excited populace.

☞ Some idea of the vagaries of the Telegraph may be formed from the fact that the day pitches in the Charleston *Courier* of the 4th, announcing the arrival of the steamer *Canada* at Halifax, were forwarded to Charleston from New Orleans. This is a round about way of getting Telegraphic information.

☞ The Charleston *Courier* has an excellent and faithful correspondent in this city. We think we recognise in his letters the lineaments of a certain friend of ours, noted for his aptitude in a nature of gossip and news.

FIRE IN CONSUL GENERAL AT NEW YORK.—The Courier des Etats Unis announces the appointment of M. Charles de Montholon to the post of Consul General of France at New York. M. de Montholon is the son of the general of that name, who was a companion of Napoleon in his exile to St. Helena. He was formerly French Consul to Richmond, Va., where he resided for ten years, but has recently held the office of French Consul General at Lima, in Peru, with the rank of *Charge d'Affaires*.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—The Memphis *Appeal* announces the death of Major HIRAM NAVIS, City and Commercial Editor of that paper.

LAST CHAD.—Information was yesterday given at the police office that a small female child could be found at 232 Girod street.

MEETING COURSE.—The regular winter meeting over the Metairie Course begins to day, the contest being for the Jockey Club Purse of $400—two mile heats. Four horses are entered for the race.

MERCHANTS INSURANCE.—The following gentlemen were chosen at the election held on Monday, Directors for the ensuing year:—Messrs. J. Pemberton, A. D. Gaillard, Levi Peirce, F. Postz, P. Maspero, B. O. Vignaud and G. Mittenberger.

NEW BOOKS.—J. C. Morgan, of the Literary Depot, Exchange Place, has for thanks for the following new publications:

London Quarterly Review for October—a very interesting number, embracing articles on the Institute of France, the murder of Thomas a Becket, Louis XIII., The Holy Places, Diary of Cassalon, Electro-Biology, Mesmerism and Table Turning, and The life of Haydon.

Blackwood for December—with many articles, some serious, and some pleasant. We notice another number of the Narcissus we indulge in, Rital and Lead Beauty, Rapping the Question—a tale of modern magic, The Quiet Heart, Genoa and Turkey, &c.

The New Hydropathic Cook-Book, by Dr. Trall. Fowler & Wells, publishers. This work presents in a small compass, a summary of the principles and facts, in chemistry and physiology, which apply to the philosophy of diet, and furnishes a number of simple formulas for healthy hygienic principles. The first part of the book is much the most interesting.

A Home for All, or the Grand Wall Octagon model of building. By O. S. Fowler. Fowler & Wells, publishers. In this little volume the author maintains that the gravel wall is the cheapest, most convenient and most durable material for inclosing residences, and the octagon form, by far the most suitable and comfortable. It appears to be an ingenious book, but of its intrinsic merit, architects and builders only can judge.

Carpenter & Westall. Blanchard & Lea, publishers. This is a very elegant work, in which the effects of Light on the Systems are described, its use recommended and proved mischievous, and its employment, save in certain rare exceptional cases, condemned as unnecessary. It should be in the hands of every one.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

PLACIDY'S VARIETIES.—To-night, the beautiful drama of Victorine, in which Mr. Brown and Mrs. Mary Stuart will personate the principal characters. After which will come the well known dance of Ib Tormentis by Mr. Eustaton and Miss Foulgord, to conclude with the farce of the Lady and the Devil.

ST. CHARLES.—To night, being the tenth appearance of Miss Julia Dean, will be performed ADRIENNE the Actress, the part of Adrienne by Miss Dean. After which a *Pas de Deux*, by M'lle Thalpen and Mons. Sabatier, the whole to conclude with the farce of Mischief Making. Nicholas Boroseff, Mr. W. B. Smith, Monsieur, Mrs. Brougham.

DAN RICE'S AMPHITHEATRE.—The new and splendid Hippodrome establishment, is crowded nightly, attending, and very choice it is indeed. Rice, Dropsie is cept pretty nightly by his complete equestrian skill.

A LETTER TOO PAST.

Our friend of the *Delta* reproduced yesterday, an eloquent tribute to the prize, extracted from the Foreign Quarterly Review, and commencing thus:

When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand skulls, and was seen standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering with sweat, with his bridle-hand on his shoulder, and his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and carnage, the pale banker-on might have thinned that Nature was in her death throes—for hopes and despair had taken possession of the earth, and the sun of mankind seemed setting in seas of blood, &c., &c.

After giving the passage, the *Delta* comments as follows:

Now, who would imagine that the foregoing eloquent tribute to the Press, first appeared in the New Orleans Delta—which is hence means a Foreign Review—and was contained in the report of a sermon delivered by our fellow-citizen, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, on Thanksgiving Day, two years ago! Unnoticed at the time it first appeared, the extract has run its course through the Atlantic, and elicited the admiration of foreign critics, is appropriated by a foreign journal, comes back with a foreign imprimatur, and with our classical and appreciative neighbor discovers that it is the most eloquent tribute he ever met!

This is exceedingly rich. We do not deny that Dr. SCOTT stole the passage two years ago, or that our commentary published it; but it so happens that it was written at least fifteen years ago; that we saw it fully ten years ago; that we have heard ALEXANDER C. BULLITT, of the *Picayune*, quote it more than ten years ago, and that, struck with the beauty of the sentiment, we copied it into a common place book, whence we extracted it for last Monday's paper. If Dr. SCOTT will endorse the passage, and claim it as the fruit of his own reflection, we shall note it as one of the most extraordinary literary coincidences that ever occurred—more extraordinary than Judge WATTS' famous Particles speech. But plenantry apart, the *Delta* does injustice to Dr. SCOTT in assuming that it gentleman is capable of appropriating, without acknowledgment, the offspring of the brilliant imagination of another.

M. TEXIER, in a book on England, speaking of the London *Times*, states, that one of the staff of that journal, who "was devoted to the study of sewerage," enjoyed a yearly income of £3,350 while dwelling through the cities of the continent on a tour of inspection during two years, but during that time he did not write a single word for the paper. One day the question of dust-heaps, and salubrity in general, came before the House of Commons, when he at once laid pen to paper, and in a series of letters, plainly and other subjects, the production of which requires a minuteness of detail not within the province of human hand to execute. The subject to be copied is placed upon lignified metal, and a perfect impression is obtained, which, copied by means of a galvanic plate, and transferred upon a plate, may be multiplied to any number of copies that may be desired.

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Doors and shutters have also been patented that cannot be broken through, either with pick or sledge hammer. The burglar's occupation is done.

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A man who had made a slight improvement in straw cutters, took a model of his machine through the western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with $40,000. Another had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which, in fifteen months he sold for $60,000. And a third obtained a patent for a printer's ink, refused $50,000 for it, and finally sold it for $70,000. These are ordinary cases; while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine, and the india rubber patents are worth millions each.

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Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
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And like a thunder bolt he falls."

Miscellaneous Foreign Items.

Mr. Monckton Milnes has become the purchaser, for the sum of six guineas, of a copy of Congreve's works, presented by the poet himself to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the great Duke. The copy is a fine one, large type, and in old red morocco; with a dated inscription on each volume, in Sarah's own hand writing, recording their presentation to her in 1710, by the great dramatist.

M. Thiers, in addition to the study of history and literature, employs his leisure in the forming a collection of paintings, sculpture, and other objects of vertu. It is said that he has the intention of writing a "brochure" on the progress and movement of art since the year 1830—the number of copies printed not to exceed fifty!

M. de Lamartine has published in his monthly number of the *Civilisateur*, a study on Cromwell, whom, as he states is a curious phenomenon, he regards in a new view—simply that of a fanatic.

To Mr. Alaric Watts has been given a pension of one hundred pounds a year, to Mrs. Hogg, the widow of Ettrick Shefferd, a pension of fifty pounds a year.

The Prussian prayer-book enjoins that the whole of the service, including the sermon, shall not exceed an hour.

Mr. Dickens has returned to London from a tour in Italy.

On the 29th of November an officer was shot at St. Petersburg, for having furnished to Redzi which, the secretary of Prince Gortchakoff, the ultimatum for his correspondence with Omer Pacha. This is the first execution that has taken place at St. Petersburg for five and twenty years. Radzewitch himself was shot on the spot.

In a library for sale by Mr. Pigott of England, are some rare books with manuscript notes by Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, and others; valuable historical documents and MSS. complete collection of the earliest English newspapers; besides a large number of rare books on the occult sciences. Among the curiosities is the "marvellous speculum and magic crystal," used by the astrologer, Dr. Dee.

A characteristic anecdote of Hogg has recently been told. Being at dinner at a ducal table, the duchess said to him, "Were you ever here before, Mr. Hogg?" To which the poet, with his usual candor, replied: "No, my Lady, I have been at the yett (the gate) wi' beasts that I was driving into England; but I never was inside o the house before."

Mr. Jordan once heard Thomas Campbell narrate how that, when travelling in Scotland, he had been stopped at a small country inn, by the weather, and, after dining, incelged himself with the toothpick to while away the idle after hour. Enter chambermaid. "Sir, if you please, are you done with the toothpick?" "Why do ask?" I suppose I may pick away as long as I like!" Oh dear us, sir! for it *belongs to the club*, and the *has* been met amain an hour!"

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Poor Relations.

A poor relation is—the most irrevelant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondence—an odious appearanation—a hunting conscience—a preposterous shadow lengthening in the noontide of you prosperity—an unwelcome remembrance—a perpetual warning—a mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable sun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your escutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friend—the one thing not needful—the half in harvest—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet—the bone *not contiguous*.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. ——" A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, at the same time, access to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling, and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually inquireth the shortest dinner-time—when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He fills the room, and almost