Commercial.

ARRIVED WEDNESDAY NIGHT, November 26, 1841.

[illegible]

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

[illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

NEW-ORLEANS BEE.

THE JOURNAL OF THE STATE.

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Fearless Independent, and Public Justice certain.

FOR GOVERNOR

HENRY JOHNSON.

NEW-ORLEANS:

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 26, 1841.

The mail boat arrived about 8 o'clock yesterday evening, but it seemed time brought nothing beyond Mobile.

We are tired of a [illegible] neglect of the different Councils to light the city at night. Whenever our capricious majesty the Moon, thinks proper to hide her countenance from the gaze of her numerous lovers, the authorities provide no artificial substitute, and the unhappy victims are compelled to grope their uneasy way in a darkness as profound as that which lovers over the lake of Acheron. In plain English, on the evenings when the best approved almanacs tell us that the moon will shine, the Councils, through a spirit of economy by which we could wish they had always been guided, issue their orders to the posse of gas-lighters to suspend temporarily their functions—a step by considering that the brilliancy of a full moon would eclipse all lesser luminaries and render any further expenditure of light useless. But how is it, it seems, clouds and darkness obscure the disk of the chaste planet, and suffer not a ray beam to escape and light the weary wanderer on his way. Surely the authorities, profoundly ignorant of the future, and will not heed the prudent forecast, should bear in mind the possible contingency, and provide accordingly. But do they? Not a whit of it. The streets are left as dark as Erebus, and the unfortunate wight whom business compels or pleasure seduces to issue forth after night-fall, must pause at every step or make up his mind to arrive at his destination, minus the epidermis of his nether extremities, happy even then if he escape without a fractured limb.

Wednesday night for instance, afforded an apt illustration of our remarks. By all the signs and portents in the calendar the moon should have shone with unclouded splendor. Of course the street lamps were left unlighted. Now, it so happened that the night was exceedingly black and gloomy, torrents of rain fell at intervals, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and except the rare and brief instants during which the electric fire served to render darkness visible, it would be difficult to conceive a more dismal, black and cheerless evening. We to him whom stern necessity forced to encounter the pelting of the pitiless storm on such a night! We were of the number, and upon leaving our office, we declare in all sincerity, that at every third step homewards, we were obliged to pause and await a friendly flash, lest we might take a glimpse of our position, and avoid a tumbling in the kennel, or a broken limb over a huge box or bale. We saw by the occasional glare of the lightning, one or two poor devils in a similar predicament, scarcely knowing whether to advance or recede, drenched by the rain, putting forth cautiously first one leg and then the other, and awaiting like ourself, the only possible source of light.

Thus far we have spoken in the serio comic vein, but pleasantry apart, we are bound as public journalists, to protest against that niggard and contracted policy which denies to its inhabitants the indispensable comfort of light on occasions like those alluded to, and exposes them not only to the insult of idle censurers, but to the lurking thief and the night assassin, without the privilege of seeing the assailant, and thus guarding against their attacks. It is perfectly disgraceful to those who manage our municipal affairs, that on such a night as Wednesday—a night of tempest and gloom, when the darkness was dense enough to be, as it were, palpable to touch, not a lamp should be lit within the precincts of either municipality. Such neglect merits public notice and pointed censure. It is constantly occurring. We have called attention to it a dozen times within the past year. We now invoke our brethren of the press to unite with us in their condemnation of the stinted and ill judged parsimony by which the city is plunged in Cimmerian gloom, because the moon is not to shine but does not.

[illegible]

The Mississippi Valley is now quite superior to any other section of the country, and good signatures are in great request. Sterling, 14 a 15 per cent premium for Sterling Bills.

[illegible]

[illegible] Cotton 4 bales cotton to [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Newell—Fruit, to master [illegible]

[illegible] 121 bbls pork, 6 casks [illegible] 15 [illegible] 1 bbl lard, 10 bbls [illegible] 1 bbl [illegible] 1 bbl [illegible] 1 bbl