G. F. WEISSE, Proprietor.
NO. 83 CHARTRES STREET.

Terms of the Bee.

DAILY PAPER (one year in advance) $12 00
COUNTRY PAPER, semi-weekly, (one year in advance) 5 00
In all cases the subscriber must give the week's notice in writing before he can be published to discontinue.

The New Orleans Bee.

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One Dollar for every TEN lines for each language, on the first insertion, and Seventy-five for each subsequent one. No Advertisement inserted for less than one dollar in each language.
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The privilege of Annual Advertisers is limited to advertisements strictly within the line of their business, and in extent to one square every other day.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE STATE ..... NEW-ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1851.

No. 1495 Vol. X.—NEW SERIES.
Vol. XXIX—Whole No. 6544.

The New-Orleans Daily Bee.

Official Journal of the State, General Council, First Municipality and Board of Legislators.

Monday Morning May 26, 1851.

NOTICE.

In order to facilitate the transaction of my business, I have given a general power of attorney to MR. STANNIUS DUVERGER, my Cashier, under date of the 5th February last. Mr. Duverger is consequently fully empowered to pay all debts, collect accounts and receipt all bills or accounts, either for myself or the office of the Bee. G. F. WEISSE.
New Orleans, May 1st, 1851.

The NORTHERN MAIL came through yesterday with the latest dates.

THE WEBB AND WILLIS AFFAIR.

We published on Saturday all the material portions of a most savage and caustic article from the pen of Col. WEBB, of the N. Y. *Courier and Inquirer*, levelled at N. P. WILLIS, of the *Home Journal*. The assault seemed to be the explosion of a wrath that had been brewing for many months. Its immediate cause, however, was the republication in the London *Times* of an article from the N. Y. *Day Book*, full of personal invective against Col. WEBB. This article was cited by the *Times*—most unfairly—as a specimen of the gentility and courtesy of the American press, and of the character of its conductors. Col. WEBB believed that the onslaught in the *Day Book* was from the pen of Mr. WILLIS, and retorted in most fractious and excoriating style.

The only notice Mr. WILLIS has thus far taken of the virulent and vindictive attack in the columns of the *Courier and Enquirer*, is the following card, in correction of one of the statements made by Col. WEBB. We publish it in justice to Mr. WILLIS:

To the Public.

Some five or six years ago, when I was editor of a daily paper in this city, I received a letter from a young school girl, who is now a most respectable married lady, asking me, in substance, if I would never send to me to have either insulted or the consciousness of any improprieties she would go where she liked, call on any gentleman whom she cared to see, and, if I liked herself as a servant girl to go home with me. Being very beautiful, she was much admired, but I have often said of her, and say now, that I never knew so wild, and apparently lawless a creature, so entirely ignorant and unconscious of the world. Col. Webb's calumnious publication, to which this is a reply, I have not read.

Young girls have a passion for literary men. I remember rather, wrote a novel in my teenage. Her letters to me were those of a young girl heart and mind overflowing with innocence, but, however wild and rapaciously, they seemed to me that was at all common, of the slightest promise of genius. What such letters was addressed to myself, I never thought of—for it is such as is addressed to those who are the supposed gatekeepers of popularity and appreciation. An editor's table is full of such proprietary compliments, and indeed silly if he consider them as but the toll to the pathway of fame. A letter from Europe, some time after, said a lady was about to be married, and requested me to return her letters. I thought it a shocking thing thus interesting an acquaintance of what I thought love to be genuine, but promptly returned them, with no idea that there was anything criminal or even unusual in the request. Col. Webb presumed when they were delivered, I would be dissatisfied on with me, or with the writer—but never seemed to me to have either intended or the consciousness of any impropriety. I would go where she liked, call on any gentleman whom she cared to see, and, if I liked herself as a servant girl to go home with me. Being very beautiful, she was much admired, but I have often said of her, and say now, that I never knew so wild, and apparently lawless a creature, and so universal a confidence in her. Col. Webb's calumnious publication, to which this is a reply, I have not read.

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