DAILY CRESCENT.

From the Literary American.

THE WATERS OF ABANO.

Translated from the French. .....(Concluded.)

Several hours were spent by the Count in regulating his affairs, and in writing out his last will and testament. However firm the soul may be, such preparations as these must necessarily somewhat sadden and overshadow it as with a cloud; there is in the existence of every one some laughing corner, some place more sweet than the others, that one recalls at such moments, and towards which the tearful eye is sure to turn. Then what doubts and inquietudes rise up like grisly spectres from the bottom of the heart, and ask you—will any one weep at your death? will any one remark the void that you leave behind? will your name be still preserved in some bosom for a while? Melancholy problems stirred up within the soul, for the solution of which you dare not consult the stern monitor experience. Such questions passed at this time through the burning brain of Alfieri; he thought also of the mountains where he had passed his childhood, of his first emotions, of his first verses, and of the predictions of the old woman, the last of which was doubtless about to be accomplished; finally he examined his papers, separating his finished compositions, and gazed, sadly upon those cherished works which he had only projected, and which had as yet given no evidence of the strength and the weakness of genius. Oh, how many dreams begun, how many bright and momentary inspirations pressed themselves upon his remembrance! How often was his hand carried convulsively to his brow as if to tear out this treasury of thoughts that were about to perish with him! Such is man's thirst for immortality that he cannot endure the idea of carrying away with him a single thought unexpressed; he feels that all the wisdom he possesses is the heritage of humanity, and that to keep any part of it is to commit a theft. But time was passing quickly away, and the Count quickly finished his work of placing all things in order; he wrote to his sister, bade all those that he loved farewell, within his heart, and then descended to the saloon. Celino and Marliano were there by themselves. Celini was eulogizing the works of Machiavel, which he held in his hand.

"I know nothing about them," coldly replied Marliano.

"Do you wish to read them," asked the young man, presenting the book to him.

"I never read."

Celini gazed at him with astonishment. The world was then in all the ardor of that intellect and movement which distinguished the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was above all the reign of pamphlets and social discussions among the nobility, who had made it a matter of fashion, so that for a gentleman to have declared that he did not read would have appeared as extraordinary as for a seigneur of the regency to declare that he did not keep a mistress. The Count, who entered at this moment, noticed the surprise of Celini.

"M. Marliano is right," said he; "what good can books do to people that are nobly born?"

Marliano looked at him, as if to assure himself whether or not the Count was jeering him; but Alfieri's features were so impassible that he knew not what to think.

"You ought not then, my dear Count, to spoil your eyesight by reading almost every night," answered Celini laughing.

"Oh, me, that is another matter," answered the Count, "I am a poet, a fool! I love Plutarch, I take seriously to heart such ridiculous words as Country, Liberty. I would wish every one to have equal rights, that to every one should not be given according to the hazard of his birth, a patent of happiness or of misery, of prosperity or misfortune. I dream of a world sometimes where the rewards will be given to the most worthy, power to the most devoted, and happiness to all. I am destitute of common sense, whilst this gentleman is wise."

All this was said in such a calm tone and with such a uniform accent, that it was difficult to find fault with it. The irony was concealed at the bottom, but it was felt so to speak without being perceived. It was one of those unmerciful attacks so much the more certain in their effects, that one knows not how to repulse them, and which, after having irritated you by a thousand invisible thrusts with a needle, lead you necessarily to make an open reprisal which puts you in the situation of an aggressor. Marliano, however, tried to control himself. He saw at once that a quarrel would drive the Marchioness to some desperate extremity, and he wished to avoid it if possible. It was then in a tone of constrained impatience that he replied.

"I do not take to myself the eulogiums of M. Le Comte, but I leave them in fact to more learned people than myself, to those who call themselves, I believe, philanthropists and philosophers, and who can create a world as people do a new play, during the time that they are taking their meals."

"Why talk about learned people, about philosophy or philanthropy!" exclaimed Alfieri. "Fye then! men who wish to enlighten the human race, miserable wretches that they are, who love their fellows more than themselves, the poor fools and simpletons. The truly learned are those who profit by the abuses instead of combating them; who give to their harshness the name of Reason; who glean some profit or some pleasure from every misfortune that happens to others, select egotists who set fire to the goods of others to warm their hands. These are the men that know how to live, and that we ought to imitate, and it is an easy thing, for is it not the life of all *respectable people?* To ruin one's creditors, to dishonor as many women as possible, to slay one's friends in a duel and then one can die with the reputation of a perfect gentleman."

Whilst Alfieri spoke, Marliano appeared to be a prey to an increasing irritation of mind. At the last words pronounced by the Count he turned around briskly; then as if he wished to avoid a quarrel at any price, he advanced towards the *fauteuil* to take his hat which had been placed there.

"Excuse me," said Alfieri, who affected forthwith to interrupt this movement, "I perhaps hurt your feelings, by my opinions, I should be sorry if I should be the cause of your leaving the room."

Marliano quickly threw down his hat.

"I leave the room for no one," said he in a haughty tone.

Alfieri bowed with a vague smile. For some moments all the three were silent. Celini embarrassed, knew not how far the Count wished to go, and the Genoese was evidently desirous of avoiding all provocation. He drew near to the *console* to respire the perfume of some rare flowers which were there exposed, when his eyes fell upon a box of pistols that Celini had deposited there when he came in from shooting at the target; a sudden light seemed to burst upon his brain. He opened the box, took out a pistol, examined and played with it, then approached the window.

"Are you pleased with these weapons?" asked Celini.

"Very much, indeed; they are made by Casimo, I perceive. Will you permit me to try them?"

"Most certainly."

Marliano looked out of the window.

"I see a flower, I believe it is a 'camelia,'" said he, negligently.

"That one below? It is out of shot," said Celini. Marliano fired.

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed Celini.

"The flower is struck," said the Count, tranquilly, who had remained at the end of the apartment.

"You think you are jesting, but it is true."

The Count smiled; he knew that the Genoese had given him this proof of his skill to frighten him.

"By the Lord, Signor Marliano!" exclaimed Celini, who kept looking at the camelia—"if you and I ever fight it shall not be with pistols!"

"For what reason?" asked Alfieri; "because of the flower?"

"Not at all, but because of myself."

"Indeed! who knows? It is not rare to see an astonishing skill disappear at the moment of danger."

Marliano made a movement.

"I do not allude by that to you, sir," said the Count, "but the most adroit duellist cannot always support the look of a man of courage, and his conscience sometimes makes his hand tremble. There are even some who make a parade of their skill to avoid a more serious struggle, and who give a proof of their address to prevent their having to give a proof of their courage."

"Count!" exclaimed Marliano, springing towards Alfieri.

"Once more, I repeat that I do not allude to you," said the Count, tranquilly.

"This assurance is needless," said Marliano, whose lips trembled with rage. "I know, Monsieur le Comte, that you dare not address such words to me. Poets are prudent—they insult only by allusion—they provoke only under cover of an oratorical precaution, and when one becomes tired of their disguised insolence they feign not to perceive it; in time of need even they invoke their bad health, and say that they are too sick to have any honor."

"You do not mean to allude by these words to me; is it not so?" demanded the Count softly.

"I leave you to form your own judgment, sir."

"Oh, no," replied Alfieri, "for if that were the case the Signor Marliano is well aware that I could not demand satisfaction from him."

"What prevents you?"

"So you grant that I have the right to do so? that your indignities were addressed to me? that I am the party insulted?"....."Be it so."

Alfieri sprung with one bound to the Genoese, and seized him by the hands.

"Now, sir, I have the choice of weapons," cried he.

"Of what importance is that?"

"You shall know."

He ran to the *console*, seized the pistols of Celini, and returning to Marliano,

"Choose," said he to him.

"But one of these pistols is empty."

"The other is charged, sir!"

"What! do you wish to fight?"

"The weapon of each upon the breast of his adversary, and let God decide."

"It is impossible!" exclaimed Marliano.

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed Alfieri, "I am the insulted party, you have said so; I have the right of making the conditions, that you have also granted; you cannot therefore refuse me without being a coward. The point of honor which has served you so often is against you to-day. You were in hopes that I would go like so many other poor devils to serve as a mark for your ball or your sword, so that you might strike me down smilingly as you did that flower, but you have been deceived, Baron de Rocca."

"So you know my name," said the Genoese.

"Yes; and think not that I will give up my advantages. I fight not to make a parade of bravery and generosity; I fight to deliver the Marchioness from your odious persecutions; I fight because I wish to slay you."

"Your hopes may be, perhaps, deceived," exclaimed the Baron, whose surprise was changed into fury.

"I know it; but whatever may be the issue of the combat, Bianca will have nothing more to fear from your persecutions, for my precautions are taken, my testament is written; if I fall, it will let all Italy know the cause of my death; I shall have purchased with my blood the right of telling what you are, and the people will believe me, for they know that the dead never calumniate. They will pity me, for all their envy will be buried with me! my enemies even will exalt my glory; your fatal celebrity will remain nailed to mine as to a pillory, and you will be forever infamous for having slain me. I will thus have broken the yoke that you have hung upon the Marchioness; placed beneath the safeguard of public opinion, she will have no longer any cause to fear you; no one will then need to die to defend her, for you will no longer enjoy that privilege which is accorded to all those that are believed to be men of honor, and any one can then refuse you satisfaction."

"Enough, enough," exclaimed the Baron, no longer able to control himself. "One of us two must die. Come on!"

"I am ready, sir."

Both made a step towards the door; Celini stopped them.

"You shall not fight without witnesses," said he, "in the way you are going to fight especially—it is impossible."

"You shall be my second," said Alfieri; "let the Baron seek one for himself."

"I shall go and do so."

"In an hour we shall be waiting for you at the spring, sir."

"I shall be there before you."

Celini and the Baron departed. When Alfieri found himself left to his own thoughts, a sort of moral depression took possession of him. The game of death was settled; in an hour Fate would decide. He profited by this respite to look once more into his own life, and to think of Bianca. Celini's recital had led him to believe that he was beloved. But was this uncertain belief sufficient at the hour of death? How did he know but his friend had taken the expression of her fear for that of a more tender feeling? Was it, then, from love, or only from pity that the Marchioness had wished to save him from danger? Ah, how could he resolve this doubt? Were he certain of being loved, he would meet this last hour with greater calmness, and the sad solemnity of the hour would be effaced in the joy of such a certainty. He was a prey to these thoughts when the Marchioness entered the *salon* with a book in her hand. On seeing the Count, she stopped short and blushed; but she very soon mastered herself.

"I was with you," said she, showing to him the book which she had been reading. Alfieri recognized the last volume of his poetry, which he had published.

"Your books, M. le Comte," she continued "are not like others, mere talkers, to which one has recourse to distract one's mind; they are friends, whose thoughts and feelings one shares, and whom one can never leave."

"I am jealous of them, madame."

"Jealous of your books!"

"Yes; for it is the books that you love—not me. Before knowing me, people seek me in my works; they divine me through my poesy; they dream that I am like the heroes into whose mouths I put words; and when they see me appear a man like others of my kind, they are astonished and leave me, and the idol falls from the top of the pedestal upon which it has been placed. You see it yourself," added he: "it is the poet that pleases you, and not the man—you love my verses, you say, but you fly from myself."

The Marchioness wished to speak.

"Oh, deny it not, madame," continued Alfieri; "you fly from me, and yet you seem to understand me. For a moment, I thought I had touched your heart: ah, I loved my glory then; I was happy in thinking that I could adorn you with it. Why have you deprived me of this intoxicating hope?"

The Marchioness was moved: there was so much of prayer in the voice of the Count—so many caresses in his looks, that she felt as if she were fascinated; she wished to answer, but could only falter out some incoherent words.

"Ah, speak to me—speak to me!" said the Count, seizing her hands, and pressing them to his lips; "why this embarrassment? why these shiftings of the question? You know well that I love you; if this love is not odious to you, why refuse to tell me so? Why do you envy me this bliss—the last, perhaps, I shall ever enjoy?"

"What say you?"

"Who knows the designs of God? know you not the prediction regarding me?"

"Oh, recall it not to my remembrance!"

"Well if it should now be realized—if I saw you now for the last time? People grant everything to the dying; refuse me not, then, a look to render me happy. Bianca! Ah, you tremble! My God! one word—one single word: Bianca, do you love me?"

"He asks me," murmured she, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands

Alfieri uttered a cry of joy.

"It is then, true, she loves me! Thanks, oh my God! Bianca—dear Bianca!"

"Ah, why then have you made me speak?" said she. "If you knew—"

"Nothing—if you do not love me, I wish you not to weep—I wish you not to tremble. Ah, thou lovest me! Oh, now let my fate be accomplished!"

The clock struck—the Count started.

"Adieu, Bianca!" said he, clasping her to his breast, and giving her a long kiss, "adieu!" And disengaging himself from her arms, he sprang out of the *salon*.

The Marchioness remained motionless; her whole soul steeped for the moment in those emotions which such a confession excites, and in the vague fear that some misfortune would doubtless result from it; but very soon the troubled appearance of the Count seemed to strike her, and she asked herself why was this sudden flight? A horrible suspicion flitted across her mind. She ran to the garden—Alfieri was not there; she asked for Marliano—he was absent; she mounted to the chamber of the Count, without knowing what she was doing. She entered—it was empty. She rushed to the balcony—At this moment a pistol shot was heard—she gave a scream, and fell reeling against the walk. Almost at the same instant Celini appeared at the entrance of the parterre, and exclaimed—"A surgeon! a surgeon!"

Bianca felt the earth turning round beneath her feet; she spread out her arms to support herself, and wished to quit the window; but suddenly a noise of footsteps was heard upon the staircase—a voice was also heard—the door of the chamber flew open—it was Alfieri!

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n15 tf B. F. MULLEN, 86 Customhouse st.

A CARD.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AFFLICTED.—Knowing the extreme hazard which strangers run, in consulting Physicians for the cure of private diseases, owing to the utter disqualifications of those who profess to cure such cases, I deem it to be nothing but an act of kindness towards the unfortunately afflicted, as well as sheer justice to Dr. MULLEN, No. 86 Customhouse street, to state that in the year 1846 I was severely afflicted with syphilis, in its worst and most appalling form, and for several months together was under the best regular medical practice I could obtain in New Orleans, without being at all benefitted—indeed I grew worse. At length I heard of Dr. Mullen's great reputation. I applied to him, and to my great joy, in three weeks he restored me to perfect health.....Submitted New Orleans, Jan. 7, 1847.
n15 tf SAMUEL ROBERTSON.

EXTRA PAY.

THE undersigned is fully prepared to execute all papers necessary to procure THREE MONTHS' EXTRA PAY, and collect BACK PAY and EXTRA PAY due the heirs of deceased officers and soldiers who served in the late war with Mexico. Office in New Commercial Exchange, directly under Major Drabiel's office. WM. MONAGHAN.
n10 1m* Late Capt. Co. F, 5th Regt. La. Volunteers.

RAN AWAY.

THE BOY DANIEL, aged about 20; complexion copper color; 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high; stout built, and supposed to be bald. A suitable reward will be paid for his delivery to
n29 tf HOYT & FORD, 11 St. Charles street.

BOOKS—STATIONERY.

Dr. HALL, 127 Canal Street,

ON the Symptoms and Cure of BRONCHITIS, LOSS OF VOICE, CONSUMPTION, &c., sold at 14 Camp street, New Orleans, by [n21 tf] J. B. STEEL.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE & ARTS

THIS WORK, published by Messrs. B. & B. Silliman, New Haven, Conn., may be found at WELD & CO'S., *No. 72 CAMP Street*, the Agents, who are now prepared to receive subscriptions for it.

—ALSO—

THE WHIG REVIEW.—The present number of this work is richly worth the subscription price, if for nothing but the engravings it will contain—among others, there are to be two large size steel plates of GEN. Z. TAYLOR and MILLARD FILLMORE.

We are also Agents for BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE; EDINBURG, NORTH-BRITISH, WESTMINSTER and LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEWS.
n29 WELD & CO., 72 Camp st.

BOUSSINGAULT'S CHEMISTRY.

JUST received by WELD & CO., *No. 72 Camp street*—CHEMISTRY APPLIED TO AGRICULTURE by J. B. Boussingault. n16

EDUCATION.

HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES
AS BOARDERS OR DAY PUPILS.
CARONDELET STREET, NEAR ST. JOSEPH STREET.

ESTABLISHED in 1842 under the superintendence of Madame ALLISON from London.—In this Institution, conducted on the best plans of European instruction, the course of study is thorough and systematic: no vague theories, or superficial methods of teaching to elicit display are resorted to, in any of the various departments of science or literature.

The French Language is under the superintendence of a French gentleman of high literary attainments; other languages, music and the accomplishments are taught by masters of equal eminence in their professions.

Drawing in every style is taught by the Misses Allison, themselves pupils for many years of one of the most eminent drawing masters in Europe.

☞ Terms may be known on application to the residence of the Misses ALLISON, Carondelet st. n28 1y

INSURANCE OFFICES.

Agency Sun Mutual Insurance Company,
NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 14, 1848.

THE fiscal year of this Institution terminated on the 4th day of last month, with profits amounting to $205,231 32, made during the year, and the Trustees have declared a dividend of 40 per cent. to the dealers with the Company, and have further divided 6 per cent. in cash on the scrip. The available assets on that day amounted to $1,283,116 62, affording ample security for their policies.

☞ This Agency continues to insure against Fire, Marine and River Risks. L. MATTHEWS, Agent.

N. B.—Due notice will be given when the scrip certificates for 1848 are ready for delivery. n18 1m

MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE.

Tennessee Marine and Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, $300,000.
Directors:

JOHN M. HILL,	ALEX. ALLISON,	JAS. B. KNOWLES
GEO. W. MARTIN,	JACOB MCGAVOCK,	G. M. FOGG,
F. B. FOGG,	WM. EAKIN,	SAM'L SEAY.
W. W. WOODFOLK,	JOHN M. BASS,	

JAMES I. GILL, Secretary. JOHN M. HILL, Pres't.

☞ The long-established Company, with the most ample means for the protection of its Policies, continues to take RIVER, SEA and FIRE RISKS on the most liberal terms, at its Agency, in New Orleans, at the office of
o31 PICKETT, PERKINS & CO., 67 Magazine st.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO.
No. 11 WALL STREET, New York.

THIS COMPANY completed its third year on the 1st day of May last, at which time the surplus amounted to $542,010 58, showing an amount of business unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

Dividends of profits are declared annually upon all life policies, which have settled two or more premiums; the profits draw interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and can be made available at once, to the extent of two-thirds of their amount, where the party has paid his premiums in full.

Premiums are payable annually, but may be paid semi annually, or quarterly, and parties taking life policies may, if they prefer, give their individual notes for one-half the annual premium, upon which they will be required to pay 6 per cent. interest.

Statement of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, New York, May 1, 1848.

This Company has issued, since April 15th, 1845, to this date, (three years,).....5827 Policies.
Policies cancelled and expired..... 819

Policies now in force	4708
Amount of premiums on the above	$697,445 61
Received for interest	21,276 43
Total	718,722 04
Losses and expenses paid, amounting to	176,711 46
Net proceeds	$542,010 58

The recipients of the amount paid for losses, are as follows, viz:

Widows	28
Husbands	6
Children	153
Creditors	7

The surplus of the Company, this day, is.....$542,010 58

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.
BENJAMIN C. MILLER, Secretary.

A child has an insurable interest in the life of a parent. So a single woman, dependent on her brother for her support and education, has a sufficient interest in his life to entitle her to insure it. So husbands, sometimes insure the lives of their wives; and, by a recent statute in New York, it is made lawful for any married woman, by herself, and in her name, or in the name of any third person, with his assent, a her trustee, to cause to be insured for her sole use, the life of her husband, for any definite period, or for the term of his natural life; and, in case of her surviving her husband, the net amount of the insurance becoming due shall be payable to, and for her own use, free from the claims of the representatives of the husband, or any of his creditors. And, in case of the death of the wife before her husband, the amount of the insurance may be made payable, after her death, to her children, or their guardians, for their use.

A creditor may insure the life of his debtor, to the extent of his debt, as an indemnity against the loss of the debt.

☞ For Prospectus and all papers necessary to effect Insurance, and all information as to the plan of operations, apply to H. G. HEART,
10 Banks Arcade, New Orleans.

VALENTINE MOTT, M. D., } Medical Board of Con-
JER. VAN RENSSELAER, M. D., } sultation, New York.
B. STILLE, M. D., No. 3 North st., opposite Lafayette Square, Medical Examiner, New Orleans.

November, 1848.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 11 WALL STREET, have issued, since May last, four hundred and seventy-nine new policies, viz:

To Merchants	182	To Cashiers of Banks	3
" Clerks	59	" Secretaries of Ins. Cos.	2
" Manufacturers	54	" Editors	16
" Mechanics	42	" Hotel Keepers	6
" Clergymen	25	" Public Officers	6
" Lawyers	21	" United States Officers	8
" Physicians	17	" Members of Congress	3
" Sea Captains	8	" Farmers	14
" Seamen	5	" Other Occupations	8
Amounting to	411	Amounting to	68
			411

Total New Policies.....479
Surplus of the Company, November 1, 1848.....$620,000
ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.
REND. C. MILLER, Secretary. n28

TO MERCHANTS, PLANTERS, BUILDERS, Carpenters, and all others interested in Building.

W. P. KELSEY & CO., STEAM MANUFACTORY, *ST. PAUL Street, between Julia and Girod sts., near the Protestant Cemetery*, are now fully prepared to execute to order every description of work used in private or other buildings, such as:

Panel and Store Doors,	Mahogany Balusters,
Rolling & Stationary Blinds,	Awning Posts,
Window Sash,	Caps and Bases for Columns,
Window and Door Frames,	Mahogany, Rosewood and
Mahogany Newels,	Black Walnut Veneering.

Every description of Circular and other SAWING, TURNING of all kinds done to order.

BUILDINGS of every description contracted for. Sugar Houses, Furnaces, Chimneys and Machinery, with every thing appertaining to them, completed, on the best and most approved plan. Drafts of Buildings and Machinery made to order. Stores shelved and Bars fitted up.

All orders addressed as above will meet with prompt attention. Those who are desirous of building would do well to give us a call.

Mahogany, Cherry, Black Walnut, Cypress and Eastern White Pine Lumber, and Yellow Pine, for building purposes, constantly on hand and for sale. o21 6m

DISSOLUTION.

THE COPARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the undersigned in the *Auction and Commission* business, is THIS DAY dissolved by mutual consent.

J. O. PIERSON is charged with the settlement of the business of the firm. J. O. PIERSON,
— J. A. BONNEVAL.

☞ The subscriber will continue the AUCTION AND COMMISSION business, and will act as General Broker for the sale and purchase of Real Estate, Negroes and all other property consigned to him.

J. A. BONNEVAL, 67 Gravier st.
New Orleans, Aug. 1848. n30

PUMPS AND BATHING APPARATUS &c.

JOHN MCCARTY *Plumber*, No. 134 Camp street New Orleans, has just received a new and large assortment of Brass Locks, various sizes; Force and Lift Pumps; Beer Pumps, &c. &c; Cooking Ranges; Bathing Tubs and Shower Baths. Also, laying and repairing Lead Pipes, Sheet Lead work of every description. Ship and Steamboat work promptly put up and repaired. All orders