New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1858.

THERMOMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FOR JULY 1858.....BY LEWES B. TAYLOR, ESQ.

Month	8 A. M.	12 M.	3 P.M.	Wind.			Weath'r.
July 1	82°	85°	88°	SW	SE	SW	Clear
2	82°	84°	86°	SW	SE	SW	Rain
3	82°	84°	86°	SW	SE	SW	Clear
4	82°	86°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
5	82°	86°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
6	82°	84°	86°	SW	SW	SE	Rain
7	82°	84°	86°	SW	SW	SW	..
8	82°	84°	86°	SW	SW	SW	..
9	82°	84°	86°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
10	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Rain
11	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
12	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
13	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
14	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
15	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
16	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
17	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
18	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
19	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Rain
20	82°	85°	90°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
21	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
22	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
23	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
24	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Rain
25	82°	85°	88°	SW	SE	SE	..
26	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
27	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Rain
28	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	Clear
29	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
30	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..
31	82°	85°	88°	SW	SW	SW	..

Mean average of each day's temperature, 85° 16' 7 23 31".
Quantity of rain fallen this month, 8 225-1000 inches.

OUR IMPORTS OF IRON.—Most persons are aware that this country imports iron from abroad in large quantities, but few are cognisant of the exact value of it. We have seen the statistics of the exports from England to this country for the year 1856, and it amounts to upwards of three hundred thousand tons. Three hundred thousand tons of iron brought across the wide ocean every year, to a country richer in iron ore than any other on the face of the globe!

This is from England alone. We import, also, a considerable quantity from Norway, Sweden and Russia.

Of these three hundred thousand tuns, about three-fourths was bar iron—principally rails for our roads. The remainder was pig iron and steel. Estimate it at an average of eighty dollars per ton, and we have an annual amount of twenty-five million of dollars per annum that we pay Great Britain for iron!

People will say that all this is wrong—and so it is. But as long as we can buy it cheaper abroad than we can make it at home, it is useless to attempt bringing about a change.

The difference in cost between the irons in the two countries is attributable to the difference in the wages of labor. Labor is so much cheaper in Great Britain than here, that they can afford to under-sell us all the time. We have known English iron to be carried to St. Louis and sold—a distance of 1,500 miles in the interior of our country—although Missouri herself abounds in iron ore.

BUCHANAN AND DOUGLAS.—Under date of the 28th the Washington correspondent of the New York Times writes:

The President's bitterness against Douglas is not abated. Austin Brooks, Postmaster at Quincy, Ill., a post worth $1,100 per annum, was dismissed last Monday because he avowed himself a Douglas Democrat. He had been reappointed for four years only in May last. Tuesday's article in the Union, casting Douglas finally out of the party, was supervised by the President.

The Victoria Advocate thinks that the corn crop of Western Texas will be short, in consequence of the devastations of the grasshoppers.

SOUTHERN ORNAMENTAL IRON-WORKS.—In the work of house building, repairing, decorating, and general architectural improvement that is now in progress, no one should neglect the opportunities of modern and stylish improvement offered by Messrs. Wood, Miltenberger & Co., No. 27 Camp street. Their supply of ornamental iron works, such as balconies, railings, iron furniture for halls and gardens, Corinthian columns, capitals, fire shutters, ornaments, etc., exceeds anything ever yet exhibited in the South. We refer to them and others to the advertisement of Messrs. W., M. & Co., in another column.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT IN WAGONS AND DRAYS.—The improvement in heavy vehicles made by Mr. Benj. S. Harrison is worthy the attention of all employed in the hauling business. It is an improvement which perfects the economy of wear and tear of stock, as well in rough streets as smooth ones. A model of the improvement is on exhibition at Rankin & Slater's, No. 93 Gravier street. We refer to the advertisement in another column, which contains a cut.

WALL PAPERS, ETC.—A fine variety of wall papers, and other articles useful to upholsterers, painters and house-keepers, is always to be found at Messrs. Heath & Miller's, No. 13 Camp street. See advertisement.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO SPELLING.—Mr. J. B. Manny's method of spelling is worthy the attention of all who go in for improvement in our system of language as in other things. Mr. Manny's book is to be had at No. 62 Canal street, corner of Dauphine. See advertisement.

NEW SCOTCH CLOTHING.—A fresh supply of the most beautiful and stylish summer clothing and furnishing goods for gentlemen, has just been received by Messrs. H. Spencer & Co., No. 24 St. Charles street and No. 94 Common street. See advertisement.

HUNGERFORD WORKS.—Messrs. Converse & Co., No. 76 Hewing street, are sought for a variety of the choicest articles manufactured by them—articles which should attract the attention of hotel keepers, restaurateurs, clubs, and all fine tastes, who love to decorate their mahogany as one plies extra orders. We allude to the celebrated Hungarian wines imported by Ferrand & Gaudinier, consisting of six different brands of white and red wine, and the famous brand of Champagne, "Sparkling Fusio". For richness, richness and purity of flavor, for the peculiar smack which is the soul of good wine, these wines are unsurpassed. We call attention to Messrs. Converse & Co.'s advertisement.

LADIES' AUCTION.—We are requested to state that the last sale but two for the season will take place this morning, at 10 o'clock, at 135 Canon street.

BLADON WATER.—The best thing for a man to do who can't make a convenient to go to Bladon Springs, is to go to Messrs. Sayre & Prevost's drug store, No. 124 Canal street, and quaff the health inducing Bladon water, which is always to be had there fresh from the Springs, in sparkling large and small, or by the single drink. See advertisement.

FAHEY'S CORN HUSKER.—The corn crop will soon be ripe, and then the labor of husking—ordinarily a great and tedious one—will come along. This is a labor which may be easily saved by looking into the merits of and procuring that famous labor-saving machine, Emery's Patent Corn Husking Machine. It is to be seen at the agency of Mr. A. Campbell, No. 99 Camp street.

GOING EXPERIMENTS.—The remarkably efficacious and concentrated preparation for raising the hair and curing chills and fever, rheumatic affections, etc., is always to be had of the inventor, N. P. Going, No. 14 Exchange Place. See his advertisement and strings of certificates.

SOUTHERN FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—For furniture that is beautiful, stylish, and cheap—for furniture that is durable and reliable—we would direct the attention of Mr. Wm. H. Stewart, Nos. 111 and 113 Canal street. Mr. S. is constantly supplied from one of the best manufactories in the country, and is always prepared to fill out a house from top to bottom in any style, at the shortest notice, or to pick up furniture for shipment in the rough manner. Followers city and country he drives an extensive business, and so will he always do, with such furniture as he keeps, and at the very cheap prices which have heretofore been the great feature of his establishment. See his advertisement.

REYD LOST.—A reward is offered for the recovery of a bad bunch of keys. See advertisement.

HOOP POLES.—A fine lot of hogshead and barrel poles has been received by Messrs. Mackey & Kerrs, No. 21 Carondelet street. Read the advertisement, gentlemen coopers, etc.

NOW'S YOUR TIME, GENTLEMEN.—Moody, at the corner of Canal and Royal streets, is now selling his furnishing goods, shirts, etc., at the most ridiculously low prices. Read his advertisement full of prices in this morning's Crescent, go and look at the goods, and you'll feel the force of what we say.

Mr. Moody is to leave for the North in a few days, and gives notice to all who wish their shirts made to order to send in their orders forthwith. See to it, gentlemen.

SHOES AT A SACRIFICE.—Mr. S. B. Churchill, at the corner of Apollo and Bank streets, is selling ladies' and children's shoes at a fearful low prices. See his advertisement and be of prices.

DR. CRANE.—It affords us the sincerest pleasure to point to Dr. C. P. Crane, as a man who has proved the soundness of his medical pretensions by rescuing from untimely death numbers of people who were nearly going, and felt it, and who, upon being rescued, have acknowledged the fact with all the fervority of heart-felt gratitude.

Dr. Crane practises the peculiar and exclusive branch of medical science in this city—that of treating pulmonary complaints, consumption inclusive, by chemical inhalation, and claims to be one of those who, such as Brandreth and his kindred exciplators, go in for cure-guarantees. For some years he has practised in this way in our midst, and with a success so uniform, that it would be wonder why he has no competitors. It may be that others are so fearfully skilled as to compete with him; but be this as it may, in the treatment of the ailments named, we have never known any one to approach him in this city.

Dr. Crane's establishment is at No. 144 St. Joseph street. We earnestly advise all sufferers by chronic complaints to give him a trial.

BEAUTIFUL, EXPEDITIOUS, AND CHEAP.—These three adjectives rather excite all the printing done by Messrs. Clark & Hughes, of the Excelsior Job Office, No. 70 Camp street, elsewhere. Their facilities for plain and fancy job printing are unsurpassed, and they work in every respect worthy the first establishment of all other kind, and kind of printing done. We recommend them to our friends and acquaintance in particular.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER IV.

Texas—Importance of Rain—Effects of Drouth—Cause of the Dry Atmosphere and Stunted Growth of Timber—Fall of Rain compared with other localities, etc., etc.

BEXAR COUNTY, July 24, 1858.

Edn. Crescent: To the agriculturist there is probably no feature of the climatology of a country more interesting than that of rain. Next to quality of soil it is the most important consideration with all intelligent and reflecting farmers. A deficiency in this particular is certainly very injurious to a new country. It greatly retards its progress, by preventing the inflowing of intelligent agriculturists. One or two seasons of failure in crops from this cause is sufficient to destroy its reputation as an agricultural country. Those who suffer in consequence of such failure are too often inclined to exaggerate their losses, and to speak disparagingly of the country. Overlooking entirely the many losses which they have seen experienced in other sections in consequence of too little or too much rain, or of frost, rust, weevel, etc., they continue their tirade against the land in which they reside until the ensuing crop, by its magnitude and value, obliterates the losses of the past. In this way an army of croakers arise, whose object seems to be to exaggerate every existing evil, and by the time that their croakings reach the ears of the citizens of adjoining States, they present a falsified picture which is truly appalling. Such has been the unfortunate experience of Texas during the past two years. In 1846 there was a partial failure of the crops for want of rain; in 1847 the failure in this section, from the same cause, was nearly total. The losses thus occasioned gave rise to the state of things above described, and, in consequence, the general impression now abroad is that Western Texas is a dry, sterile region, and totally unfit for agricultural pursuits. To disprove this it is only necessary to look over the agricultural statistics of Western Texas since its occupancy by Americans and Germans. The yields of cotton, corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, etc., up to the year 1856, equal, if not surpass, in quantity and quality those of any other State or States of the confederacy. The drouth of 1856–'57 was an exception, and was no more than other portions of the Union have been repeatedly afflicted with. I do not intend by this to convey the idea that Western Texas is as well supplied with rain as other sections east of it. But I do wish to impress the reader with the fact, that, notwithstanding a comparative deficiency of rain the industrious agriculturist can produce on a given extent of land as large crops as can be produced on the same extent in States which are supplied with nearly double the quantity of rain.

This more imagined than real want of rain is, in my opinion, a bugbear. To it is attributed the dryness of the atmosphere and the stinted growth of the trees. That it may have an influence in producing these effects, I believe; but that it is the prime and great cause, I have reason to disbelieve. According to the "hyetal, or rain chart," made up from the observations of the United States army surgeons during twelve years ending 1854, the average annual fall of rain in this county was thirty-five inches. In Iowa, and at Pittsburgh and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, it was the same. In the States of Wisconsin and Michigan the fall was only thirty inches. Now, it is well known that in those sections the atmosphere is very humid, and that the growth of timber is tall and dense. Can we satisfactorily explain this difference if we hold to the theory that the want of rain is the cause of our dry atmosphere and stunted growth of timber? Certainly not. We must look for other theories. The best which are presented to my mind are:

1st. That the humidity of atmospheres is in proportion to the quantity of surface water afforded by lakes, ponds, swamps, and deep porous and spongy soil. This condition of things may exist in a country where there is but little rain. It is the result of peculiar geological formations.

2d. The tall and dense growth of trees depends on the strength and depth of the soil. By the word strength I do not mean richness, but the capacity for holding tall bodies erect. The soils in the forests of the North are of that description. They are usually clayey in their character, but are so mixed with mold, sand, gravel, etc., that they are seldom compact. Through such soils water percolates to great depths, and no matter whether there be drought or not, they are continually moist, in consequence of the water rising from below to supply the loss occasioned by evaporation at the surface. In such soils forest trees grow luxuriantly. There is nothing to prevent their roots from running down far below the drying influence of the sun, where in dry weather they can suck up a plentiful supply of water.

In this section there are no lakes, ponds or swamps, and the productive surface soil, which is composed of sand, loam and mold, is only from one to three feet in thickness, and does not average over two feet. This soil rests on a clay foundation, which is partly consolidated by carbonate of lime. In some places limestone is the basis, and in others a chalky formation. This basis extends over a large portion of Western Texas. It is impervious to the water which falls from the clouds, and it keeps the water which flows under it from rising to the surface and forming lakes, ponds and swamps. Wherever there are faults in it the water gushes forth, but the faults are few; consequently the only supply of water afforded for evaporation is in the running streams and surface soil of loam and mold. The former are so small and swift running that the evaporation never extends beyond their banks, and the latter is so thin that a few days of hot dry weather is sufficient to evaporate all the moisture which may be received from the most copious fall of rain. This moisture being dissipated, there is nothing left on the surface to afford evaporation, hence the dryness of the atmosphere is occasioned by the peculiar geological formation, and not by the scarcity of rain.

Much what I have said above in relation to the cause of our dry atmosphere applies to the stunted growth of timber. A soil which averages two feet in thickness cannot be expected to sustain forests of tall trees. This, as I have said before, is the average thickness of the productive soil of this section. The basis on which this rests affords no moisture, and is too compact and hard for the roots to penetrate. Under such circumstances it is impossible to produce any other than a stunted growth; no matter how much rain might be afforded, the cause would still exist, and the effect would be the same. Thus it is evident that the stunted growth of timber, as well as the rarified atmosphere, is the result of the geological formation, and not of the want of rain.

That there are often periods when rain is much needed here, and when a supply would be productive of much good, I will admit. Such, too, is the case with other sections; and it is well known that the want of rain during crop-growing seasons, is the general complaint from Maine to Louisiana. Yet, notwithstanding this, the crops which are so often believed to be ruined, turn out well, thereby proving, as a general thing, the falsity of ninety-nine predictions of failure out of the hundred. By reference to the Army Meteorological Register it will be seen that the annual fall of rain throughout a large portion of Western Texas is greater than that of Wisconsin and Michigan, which rank among the best agricultural States in the Union. The distribution during the growing seasons is, however, more important to the farmer than the quantity. Let us see, then, how this part of Texas compares in this respect with these States:

States.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Texas.....	8 inches.	10 inches.	8 inches.
Wisconsin.....	6 inches.	10 inches.	7 inches.
Michigan.....	6 inches.	10 inches.	7 inches.

If the above, taken from the Register, before alluded to, is to be relied on, a large portion of Western Texas is certainly better watered by rain during the seasons of germination, growth and maturity of the crops than two of the most productive States of the Northwest. But it may be said that we require more here to produce the same effects than they do in those States where the atmosphere is humid, and where the soil yields moisture in the driest season. This is certainly true. The atmosphere here is highly rarified, and the thin surface soil needs frequent rains to keep it moist. During the present season I have seen fields parched and dried up in less than one week after a copious fall of rain, and continued so for a month, yet the crops have turned out well. That the yield would have been greater if rain had fallen when required, must be admitted. I will also further admit that the annual fall of rain in Western Texas is not sufficient to fully develop her agricultural capacity. But, while I admit these facts, I do not lose sight of the important facts that the production of those articles which are most dependent on frequent rains are attended with less than half the labor and expense that attends it in other States; that here half crops of corn, wheat, etc., yield larger profits to the producers than full crops do to those of the grain-producing States of the Northwest; and lastly, that the average yield per acre for eighteen years previous to 1856, was as large as was afforded by any section in the Southwest.

ONACLCR.

[For the Crescent.

A BALL OF YARNS.

Being weather-bound, Messrs. Editors of the Crescent, and having nothing more important to do, I have concluded to spin off, in my own rough way, several yarns which I have repeatedly heard, but never yet seen in print. "Though I say it, as should'nt," I think the stories are better than a good many others which are perpetually flying about the world on newspaper wings.

Yours, etc., DAN.

John Green's Scriptural Expounding and Other Poundings.

John Green, who flourished in a certain river town in Indiana, some years ago, forgot not his own soul in attending to the soles of his neighbors. In other words, he was a very devout Methodist, and a capital maker of boots and shoes.

It chanced one time that a character in the town, well known for his boisterous and fighting propensities, got John to measure him for a pair of boots. The boots were finished, and at the appointed time the customer called for them. To make sure of things, he tried one of them on—an operation which cost him considerable labor and some temper. "D—n it," he exclaimed, endeavoring to stamp his heel and toe into the stubborn openings, "d—n it, it's no fit!" The pious bootmaker thought perhaps the boot would stretch, or slip easier with a little powder; and jerking it off, he gave it a plentiful sprinkling inside.

Once more the customer grew red in the face in his endeavors to sheath his pedestal in its refractory encasement; but it was no go, and what little temper he had preserved after his first trial, now deserted him entirely. "It's no fit, I'm d—d if it is," he said, heatedly; "and you know d—d well it's no fit, and d—n me if I'll take the boots, any how." "Well, friend," rejoined the bootmaker, also beginning to betray some animal heat, "you can do as you please about the boots, but you *must'nt* swear so—I *don't* allow any man to swear in my house."

A certain Jacksonian twang in the words "must'nt" and "don't allow," brought things to a climax. The customer swore most horribly, cursing the pious man of wax for a psalm-singing hypocrite and other horrible things, and wound up the whole by marching up to him and giving him an open-handed "wipe" across the face. The recipient of this insult raised his eyes as meekly as the circumstances of the case would permit, and drawled out, solemnly, "The Bible says, when a man smites thee on the one cheek, offer him the other also!" with which, in the most bantering manner imaginable, he stuck out at the bully the mutilated side of his face. The bully was not to be bluffed and gave it a hearty spank; after which he turned to leave.

"Hold on a minute, friend," said the pious man, untying the string of his apron; "the Bible says, when a man smites thee on the one cheek, offer him the other also. Now I've followed the Bible as far as it goes on that print; you've hit me on both cheeks; and as the Bible doesn't say what a man must or must'nt do after that, I'm just going to give you what you're spilin' for!"

With which he "walked into" the bully, "tooth and toe-nail"—got him out into the street—tumbled and punched around with him—and finally made him squall, the worst whaled man that had been seen in that town for five years. It is hardly necessary to add, that John Green's aversion to swearing, and his peculiar method of scriptural interpretation, secured him the respect of all swearers from that time forward.

Fox F—— and the Bells.

Fox F——, known to everybody in this part of the country, is no more—"after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." He was the very soul of humor, and numerous are the funny stories current, told either by him or of him. On this occasion, we will give one of the best of them.

In his younger days, Fox was a steamboat engineer, and at one time had the head berth on one of the fastest crack packets that ever paddled between the Crescent and Mound Cities. The captain of this boat had an active mind and was always studying out hitches and dodges by which to save time and keep up his reputation for quick trips. An idea that he succeeded in hatching out at one time, was an improved method of communication between the pilot and engineer. The time honored plan of having two bells to the engine, one for starting and stopping and the other for backing, was entirely too slow for him, or rather too incomplete. So he had a whole lot of bells, of different tones, with pilot-house connections, hung up over the engine; and he explained them at due length to Fox.

The big bell was for starting and stopping; this bell was for crowding steam; that, for slacking steam; that other, for backing slow; this one here, for backing fast, etc., etc. After much jangling of the bells and explanation of this kind, the captain left Fox alone in his glory. Fox had received the instructions quietly and gravely; and if he had any diffidence as to his capability of following the bells correctly, he never betrayed it to any one.

The evening of departure soon came, and steam was raised. Fox was at his post, with a very serious face; and the captain was in the pilot-house, for the express purpose of giving Fox his first exercise with the bells. The last plank was hauled in, and "ding-a-ling, ling, ling!" went one of the back bells. Fox sprang at the sound—the wheels gave a big backward pull—the adjoining boats, between which the departing one was tightly jammed, cracked, groaned, and spanged, under the tremendous friction.

"Ting-a-ling, ling!" went another bell. Fox quickly obeyed the order, but before getting through, another bell rang. He was now thoroughly engaged, grinding and ungrinding the crank and jerking and hanging the levers; and as he went ahead, the bells of different sounds kept on their jangling, in the most terrible confusion.

The effect of all this was rather startling, to those on the outer parts of the boat. First she backed; then she ran forward bang upon the levee; then backed and pitched forward again, and bumped and twisted about, altogether, in a manner so eccentric, that the captain left the pilot-house in a rage and went tearing and swearing down to the engine room.

"What's the d—n's the matter!" he shouted, as he found the perspiring Fox still screwing and jerking away at the engine—"what the h—l does all this mean, Fox?"

"Go away, captain, don't talk to me," said Fox, in tones of anguish, now jerking frantically at a lever; "go away, captain—I'm eight or ten bells behind now, and if you keep talking to me, I'll never ketch up!" The captain concluded that his engineer had the bells could'nt agree; and so, after helping Fox out of his dilemma, had all the superfluous bells taken down.

Jointed Steamboat Chimneys.

Several years ago, the proprietor of a wood-yard "up the coast" was taken in and done for by two or three Cincinnati steamers, whose Captains had patronized him liberally "on tick," and unfeelingly passed his yard afterward without stopping. In his vexation at this, he made up his mind thenceforth not to deal on any terms with any boat hailing from Porkopolis.

He left the wood-yard at night in charge of a trusty negro; and to this negro he imparted full instructions about the Cincinnati boats; which instructions were, not to sell wood to the said boats on any terms. "Can you tell the Cincinnati boats from the others, Jack?" he asked, at the conclusion of his instructions. "Oh, yes, massa," was the answer, "I knows 'em all mighty well—dey ain't none ob 'em can fool dis nigga!" We may here state, parenthetically, that though the river darkeys can't read signs and names, many of them have a far better average knowledge of boats—the trades they belong to, their names, etc.—than their white masters. A negro finds out a boat's name, takes in the "cut of her jib," and always afterward will recognize that boat at a distance which renders the telescope necessary to white people's scarching.

Jack had not tended the wood-yard many nights, after receiving the extraordinary instructions of his master about Cincinnati boats, before a Cincinnati boat came sidling up for supplies. The night was very dark; but the flaming pitch-pine torch on the boat's forecastle disclosed her character sufficiently for Jack's purpose. Seeing Jack on the bank with his lantern in his hand, the Captain hailed him:

"How do you sell that wood?"

"Does'nt sell it at all, massa," answered Jack—"does'nt sell it to you for no money!"

"What do you mean, you black rascal?" roared the Captain; "if you give me any lip, I'll land and tie you up and give you a hundred! What the h—l do you mean when you say you won't sell wood to me?"

"Better trabble on, massa—old massa tole me not to let nary Cin'nnathy boat hab no wood! Better trabble on, massa—can't git no wood at *dis* pile!"

"Who told you this was a Cincinnati boat, you black scoundrel—how do you know we're from Cincinnati?"

"Can't fool dis digga!" responded Jack, with a chuckle; "better trabble on, massa—I see de *jint* in de ole chimbly! Can't fool dis digga! Yah! yah!"

Jack was correct—and the Captain traveled on, with much loud swearing. All the Cincinnati boats plying Southward have to pass, most of the year, through the Louisville Canal, wherefore they are short, square-built, and stumpy; and in order to pass under the bridge which spans the said canal, there are large hinges or joints in their chimneys, by which the tops of the latter are swung down during the passage under the bridge. Therefore, a joint in the chimneys is an infallible sign of a Cincinnati boat.

[Written for the Crescent.]

CORINNE LETZY, THE NIGHT-SCHOOL GIRL.

A Faithful Narrative.

"*November* 10, 1857.—Admitted Corinne Letzy, aged 16; birth-place unknown; parents or guardian, none. She serves as a 'clothes carrier and scrubber' in a laundry."

It was a tempestuous night of almost Cimmerian darkness, in which the wind forced the branches of the trees against the windows with fearful power, and the rain fell in such quantities that it seemed as if gravity had quite overcome the upward pressure, and all the water in the atmosphere was to be precipitated at once upon the surface of the earth, assisting in a school-room cheerfully lighted, and comfortably warmed, I said to myself, "What folly in me to be sitting here to-night. No pupil can get here."

Just then the door opened and a slender girl of dark complexion and Italian features entered, quite drenched with rain. "Well done, Corinne; so you have come. I thought no one could get here," said I. "Indeed," she replied, "you may always expect me; and others are coming; but I did not wait for them, as I wished to finish my writing."

She alluded to a piece I had requested her to transcribe from a "Reader," for she with others in a class of thirty had in one week learned the printed characters of the alphabet; in another week, those which I wrote for them on the black-board; and now, can write and spell quite intelligibly. Such is the avidity which most of the night pupils evince for knowledge, that in teaching them one experiences the same emotions she does in administering food to the famished. Fossilized must be the heart which does not throb with compassion for the thousands of untaught, uncared-for children and youth in our city, whose poverty prevents their attendance upon the day schools.

Let those who are indifferent to this subject follow these youthful laborers from the rope factory, from the offices and stores, yes, even the outhouses, to their homes, and see them joyfully give to the heart-stricken mother and the wailing wee ones, the results of their toils, and afterwards hasten to the night school, and then say, can a human heart grudge them the recreation of a book and the ability to read it? Can Christians grudge them that spiritual treasure, the Bible, which they are perhaps arrogantly sending to distant shores? Can a teacher in the day schools, familiar with the destitution and ignorance of the elder brothers and sisters of many of their pupils, be indifferent to the inestimable good done by the night schools? Can mistresses of families deny to foreign servants, who toil day after day for them for a small sum, their only means of self-improvement? Can municipal economists put into their own pockets public money for "great financiering" and overlook the potent, moral remedies for city crime, and its consequent expenses, afforded by a judicious, permanent system of free education for all?

But to the narrative. Corinne proceeded: "I am so glad I can read and write, and add, and substract, and multiply now, that I am thinking all the time, and it makes the streets through which I carry the clothes seem so short, and the rubbing so easy. Besides, my mistress says, as I can now number the clothes, and keep the money accounts, she will pay me wages. But, I am perfectly willing to work on as before, I so thank her for allowing me to attend night school."

"Why have you not before learned these arts which you seem to estimate so highly?" I inquired.

"Because I've always lived out."

"What was your age when your parents died?"

"Ah! I do not know it; and for years I was taught to believe I never had any parents."

"What!" I exclaimed, "taught to believe you never had parents!"

"Yes, ma'am. And the brutal woman who wished to make me as brutal as herself, beat me most furiously because I could not believe it. And in my heart-yearnings for love and tenderness, thought to call her ma, to see if it would not make her *love me*. I learned that loving word, mama, at sometimes, for I often said it, even when asleep, and by it awakened myself, to cry because there was none to answer to it."

"Why, who was the woman with whom you lived?"

"I don't know, only I lived with her always after the sweet people in my picture-box went away."

"Your picture-box? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I always wore around my neck a little bag, and in the bag was a little gold box, shaped like a gentleman's shaving soap box; and when I opened it I saw the gentleman and lady who used to caress me and sing to me on the ship, and who, I think, taught me to say papa and mama. When I was just able to walk out on the banquette they were sick, and I think they died, for it seems to me I saw them in one coffin. Well, I showed these pictures to a girl, and she said she would bet they were my parents, for they looked just like me. I told this to the woman I lived with, and that I believed it, and she slapped me furiously, and told me to *hush* such talk, for I was nobody's child; and next morning, when I woke, the picture-box was gone. I cried *dreadfully*, and the woman beat me again, and tore the bag off from my neck, and burned it, with all the papers in it, except this one, which I pulled out of a little satchel inside the bag, and kept it ever since."

Corinne handed me the paper, and with difficulty I made out the words, "Corinne Strolezzi, ne dans le royaume de Sardinie le Lorenz Janvier, 1841." Comparing circumstances and dates, I inferred that was her true name.

"Where have you lived since that woman put you away?"

"In many, many families, but never so long as in my *new* place. This madame is very kind to me, and taught me to wash and scrub, and, above all, permitted me to come here. She says, too, that she will take Jennie, the rag-gatherer, whose father drinks and beats his family, and that I may teach her my work, and then she can earn something to carry to her mother."

Here she broke out into the most earnest and touching expressions of love and gratitude to me, saying that a world of light and hope had been opened to her mind in the books I had given her to read. The following is an exact copy of the letter I received from her the night the school closed:

"To my dear teacher, Mrs. ——:

"I write to ask you not to forget Corinne. I hope you will excuse my crying so to-night. I can't help it. You have been kinder to me than any one else was, since I can remember. When your little girl comes in and says mama, and you show her such love, the picture-faces come to me again. I hope you will keep night school down town next year, for my madam has moved to a washhouse way down and out towards the swamp. You say you are paid for all you have done for us, by the Board of Directors. God bless them for the night school. Catherine and Laraine send you a note to thank you, too. There are many mistakes in this, but it will please you to remember that you taught me to read and write and cipher in one lesson of the night school. I want winter to come again, that I may go to school and learn more. I love the Bible, for it tells me I have a Heavenly Father, and where my picture faces are. Good-bye.

CORINNE STROLEZZI.

"P. S.—All the girls beg me to ask you to have a night school in the summer. Oh, how I wish we could. Do you think we ever can?

"CORINNE STROLEZZI."

FURNISHING AND VARIETY GOODS.—Undershirts, suspenders, collars, dress trimmings, perfumery, and a variety of other desirable goods, have been received by Messrs. Linn & Pinnard, corner of Royal and Bienville streets. See advertisement.

[For the New Orleans Daily and Weekly Crescent.]

Legend of Pascagoula.

BY MILDRED.

Those who are acquainted with the Gulf Coast, are familiar with the melancholy sounds that come wafted from afar, over the bosom of the water. These mystic sounds have been by the superstitious minds of the Indians, attributed to the spirits of the extinct Pascagoula tribe, a remnant of which, after being defeated in battle by their enemies—the Choctaws—drowned themselves rather than submit to the conqueror. The following verses are founded on this tradition:

Pale Pascagoula, lovely spot, thy shores romantic grief
With heavenly notes recall the wand'rer's sighs, and oft attract the (sect.)
But while he doth upon thy sands and placid waters gaze,
He never sight goes what tragic scenes were shine in bygone days.

Yet one minute sight of home is found dans chaque en Pascagoula,
Once wandered there to spend an hour in pleasure, dreams, and song,
Forgetting for awhile the world, and all who dwell abide,
And lingered till the day had waned, for it to crestfalle.

At eve while a mournful strain, a murmur soft and low,
Gently stole upon the ear from the depths of dark blue Mexico—
A sound as it were broken hearts but I wondered to feel long sighs.
Then calmly sank beneath the wave, forever there to lie.

At first, like sad of Zellin notes, these mystic strains did seem,
Then came a thrilling, piercing sound like to a maiden's scream;
And anon I wondered whence they came, those mournful tones I heard,
Whose echoes shrieking in my heart, my very soul had stirred.

And then I thought of all the tales I'd heard of mermaid's song,
And Superstition of Siren's harpings fancy wild did throng,
Whose magic music off land lured beneath the rolling wave
The thoughtless victim to be drowned, to find a watery grave.

Long, long I lie gazed wrapped in dreams, upon that sandy shore,
Gently rocking upon mother's breast the mournfully dirge
Pitiful far off over beach, and said mid heat, "Oh pale moon's silvery light
Had cast a glowing mystic round the sable robe of night.

And far upon the island shores the shrill fires were lit,
Like guides I ween spirits flying, might upon a pleasure or (sin)
And upon high towers in forms, the saucy clouds had joined,
While sweet I, the other Cloe in evening by my (mind).

And still I lingered till the sound came once again to me,
As if some lovely maiden's voice had mingled there on the sleep
Crept low,
To seek to source the impulse strong I could no more refrain,
And soon my back was gliding on the glint'ring heavy main.

How gently then the warm sea breeze was wafted to my cheek,
While I was dreaming wildly dreams than feeble words may speak,
Or some bright eidos beyond the stars, that mightily sights (ever)
In Heaven's bright arch, whose counters most now shone upon (it) in deep.

Of many, many dear loved friends, upon the shores of time,
And some who've gone before, with whom I'll people that (clime)
Of flowers that bloom forever bright, whose fragrance ne'er (ex-pire,
But still blow on in the light of pure eternal day—

Was, dreaming—but the blessed thoughts that thus aged my (soul)
Were not too bright to be portrayed by merely mortal's pen,
It seemed as if in this lone hour, since my time was given
A power to look beyond this life and catch a gleam of (heaven.

How long I lingered thus entranced in trance, I cannot say,
Or whether in that dreaming hour, lay unknown dark and (gray)
Or what I did in that sweet swoon—we'll presume never!

I know not, but an instant change came over me, and the (spell)
Was snapped my thoughts in that sweet dream had vanished, and (there I fell
Cowering with a sense of fear, a trembling sense of dread,
And some unknown, strange, strict unknown region of the dead.

Had with icy fingers touched my trembling, beating heart,
And made the numbness light of his bright memory depart,
A shadow, a form, a spirit, I knew not what it was,
And cower with terrible groan more than to pleasure akin.

Far, far away I heard some fiend trembling moan to me,
In search of wander my bird of night, or spite that startled (me
When suddenly there came a light, it seemed from out the (wave
That in the far, extended scene, a lustrous hue gave.

When first its pale, mournful tones, fell on my wondering (ears,
I dreamed it was some spirit's glare that off flames the (night)
Or were perhaps the Sibyl's flames of ancient Pythian (fane,
Will see beam recalled of old a large hemisphere of (day.

But, behold, glared the steady light, a meteor with its cause,
A phenomenal, strange and wild revelling by its (lustre—
Sorrowing to behoove a sight, that swiftly pierce the (lake—
Was, I said by a skilful hand, the pale, clear moon of (mine.

As it then wandering, stern and bold, with black by rent hair,
And eyes all bloodshot and wild, with flame as ghostly stare,
And half-naked as I myself, so in that light near,
A phantom form I recognized, in that lightning (glare).

Then came the shoal, was returned, in very loud and (hearty)
I signed to shore, was wonted to (dare), so deep in (the) (very heart)
And well the spectre of the boat seemed walking, but for (what,
I could not guess, for that so near, to had perceived (moment.

As if to this be of frightful sight, I's sunken all seen such I,
And but for that, the scene to me had nothing (in) (vent)
And I pondered had more reason near to mistrust I,
Your's gleaming with long black hair, and dark with heavy (heart).

And soon so off in their little boat, all, all were troop of sailing
Before me, and the scene in sudden passed with them to a (sing
So mischievously and so sad, to human ears can be (heard)
Sounds, those which I found that kind of which will (silence) (sing.

There is no mortal's mortality cause a disease inactive old,
That is the hope of former days, a time, but yet (sweet)
Upon the Pascagoula's shade, a mournful tone, I (long,
I am dead, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm (dead).

And the ancestors of that name, I'd have, rather than be slaves,
To long all their wonted ways, and sweet of (nature) fair,
Like sated child and warrior bold, and poet of nature fair,
And joining in their song, I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm (dead).

Then to my mortality