New Orleans Daily Crescent.
WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1859.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

Sit down yonder, Philip; listen
While I tell my sad story.
Close the window, draw the curtain,
I can't see the moon's soft glory
Creeping thus across the sea,
Without utmost agony.

She I loved—she was radiant,
Young and well, an swallowing!
Soft and dark eyes, flowing shoulders—
Lips of blush—yes, if you were going
Far long sailed, yet would return.

Proudest man in all the county
Was the Doctor, Ida's father.
I was but a poor school-teacher,
Yet she loved me—listen, rather.
Sin in spite the father's pride
I must love her or had died.

And she loved me—yes, I say it—
With a woman's pure devotion,
Though the difference between us
She was taught to think an ocean;
Yet her love bridged over the sea—
Nay, forbade such sea to be!

Pure and perfect love, and glorious!
In its sunlight we live basking.
Were we Eden gardens near us
We'd not think her fruits worth asking!
Life's fruit grew before us—why
Should we look beyond the sky?

Came a day of bitter parting
When the old man heard the story—
He he drove out of the doorway,
Owned me—he was old and hoary,
And her father, or I could
Have brooked those accents rude.

I went forth to seek my fortune,
Her devotion with me bearing.
Yes, her love, clung to me always,
And her father's anger daring!
What to her was falsehood's breath?
She would love me unto death!

Returned—but long years after,
Young and loving her as ever—
Back beyond my utmost fancy,
When was dream of love true? Never!
They had told her I was dead!
She believed them and was wed.

Wed to one her soul detested;
Like her father, base and sordid,
Who her worth in ingots counted
With the bonds of stocks he hoarded,
Hoary, heartless, old and cold,
Weighing life against gold.

Well, he had the shining metal,
That was all his baseness wanted;
Want to him those dreams angelic
That had all my youthful fancied?
What these glimpses of radiant youth?
What these lips of woman truth?

Having then the gold, I reasoned,
He had all his nature needed—
Reasoned wild I—it was passion
Many a specious prayer pleaded.
I cared naught for reason;
Must possess my love or die!

She was willing. God of Mercy
Does thou not regard with pity,
One of thy appointed angels,
Creature of thy white glory
Tempted, falling, fainting, lost
From among thy white-winged host?

So we traveled. You're traveled Philip—
Do you recollect at Florence,
Looking out on the Cascine,
La Villa villa, Villa Doranzi?
How its latticed window shines
Brightly through the clustering vines?

There we lived; there life grew golden;
There we dreamed all dreams of glory;
There whispered to her listening,
Half day long the same glad story.
There she loved me—listen, boy!
There God crushed our sinful joy!

How she clasped me! On my shoulder,
White as snow her cheek was lying,
How she held me! How she shuddered!
Philip she was dying—dying!
How she wailed! That wail of woe
Sounds along the path I go.

Then she kissed me. In joy's ocean
That kiss weighed down woe and sank it.
And the pains of life we pressed out
In that cup of bliss and drank it!
Dashed the cup down—empty gold!
Loosed the clasp—her lips were cold!

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY B. F. TAYLOR.

A year, some one says, we had no Indian Summer—that we came in with the second day of its short term and washed it all away. Will it be true this year, as of one long to be remembered, when we sit in the open door in November—"surely." Whether as they call it:—and birds were singing among the yellow leaves, and the peach trees lost every rocking and gave signs of bud and blossom? We say of a little week of meek sunshine—we did then! The year has paused to remember, and beautiful her memories are. She spoke the spring; how soft the air! And the summer, how deep and warm the sky! And the harvest, how piled'd and golden the clouds! And the sunshine and the sunsets; how gorgeous are the days!

Indian summer is Nature's 'sober, second thought.' A veil of golden gauze trails through the woods, in dishabille, are gay with the brier bushes of the fall; and the bright sun, received, comes meekly back again, as if he would say to Capricorn. He has a kindly look; he no longer scorches, but has grown soft, and mellow in his face, and fairly blushes at the track he painted. Bound, red sun! rich ruby in the jewelry of God! sets as big as the woods; and ten miles of forest, in the distance, are relieved upon your disc—a rare device upon a glorious medium. The sweet south wind has come again, and breathes softly through the woods till they stir like a banner of crimson and gold, and shake gaily with the dead leaves that strew the ground, and whirls them quietly away sometimes, in its frolic, over the fields and the fences, and into the brook, in whose little eddies they loiter on the way, and never get down to the sea' at all.

Softly, with the south wind, comes the wind, here are the days of old once more. A bluebird warbles near the house, as I used to do; the sparrows are chirping in the bushes, and the wood-robins flicker like flakes of fire through the trees. Now and then a solitary or yellow leaf winnows its way slowly down, through the smoky light, and the sound of chopping axe is heard in the woods. The brook sings a little while ago stole along in the shadow, wrinkling softly round the boughs that trailed idly in the waters, now twinkles all the way on its journey down to the lake.

It is the Saturday night of Nature and the Year. There is nothing more to be done; everything is packed up; the wardrobe of Spring and Summer is all folded in those little russet and rude cases, and laid away here and there, some in the earth and some in the water, and some flung upon the bosom of the winter, and lost, as are say—but, after all, no more lost than is the little infant, when laid upon a pillow, it is rocked and swung, this way and that, in the arms of a careful mother. So the dying, smiling Year, is all ready to go.

Well, how we love it better than we can ever tell it, is this, which is itself two stanzas of an Indian Summer:

There is time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn in a reverie lost,
The mellow day-time dreams away;
Then Summer comes in musing mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell,
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low,
The dying flowers look up and pray
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live,
She enters neath the woodlands' shade,
Her zephyr's lift the lingering leaf,
And hear it gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last old Autumn rising, takes
Again his scepter and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all his own.
Sweet Summer sighing, flies the plain,
And calling Winter, gaunt and grim,
See miser Autumn hoard his grain
And smiles to think it's all for him.

However it may be about Indian Summer, the glory of it is here; God has painted the woods with the pencils of His frost, and a million of Burning Bushes are glowing at the touch. It is worth a journey countryward to see the woods, even as they were yesterday, heavy with rain; here a tree is a flame; there a bush is covered with coins of yellow gold. There is a grove at the west of us, and we were fortunate in getting under the lee of it, there in the country; not a straggling thicket, but a full rounded grove, with an exquisitely-defined outline; a cabinet, in fact, of numberless beauties. The sun, sick red, great and glorious behind that summer cloud, and it is the most beautiful spot in the whole horizon for anything to tell the world "good bye" in.

The frost has been busy with those leaves of late, and has made the grove as gorgeous as an evening cloud—indeed, has made it look as if the sun were forever setting there, and never quite departed; as if it were remembering all the closes of the day it ever knew, and blended them in one.

The foliage of American woods enjoys the grandest dyings in the world, a transit into glory such as Christian men might pray for.

By and by, that lofty cloud in the west of our country world will shed its rustling shower of red and golden rain; and the groups of the grove will lift its naked arms to winter heaven; and the November winds will refuse to be comforted, as they moan through the woods; and we shall see the sun set beyond, through the brown lattice of the branches.

But there will be a pleasant thought even then. Last summer—say in June—when the shade was deepest, no stars were shining there, and hardly could the moonlight pass the thatch of leaves, and let a silver shaft through upon the green sward. Next winter, to him who stands within that desolate wood, and looks upward, heaven will seem to bear strange fruit of stars—such as ripens not in the garden of Hesperus. Stars will bud upon the branches; he will look through winter up to heaven; but the grove will be desolate no more.

An Asian Telegraph.

The Sacramento (Cal.) Standard, in noticing the announcement that the Russian Government has commenced the construction of the telegraph line which is to run from Moscow right across the north of Asia to the mouth of the Amoor, on the Pacific ocean, remarks:

To will with the Russian Government is to do. If the construction of the telegraphic line along Northern Asia be commenced, before long the electric current will be the medium of intercommunication between St. Petersburg and the mouth of the Amoor river. It is in contemplation to extend that line of submarine cable to the Kurile Islands, and from thence to the Russian American possessions to the north of us.

A company has already been formed in Canada, and has obtained a special charter from the Legislature for that purpose. The project is entirely feasible. There are telegraph lines now in operation in the United States greater in extent, and originally more difficult of accomplishment.

The lines, or rather the series of lines in operation between Halifax and New Orleans, are greater in length than would be the line from Moscow or St. Petersburg along Northern Asia to the mouth of the Amoor river, and yet we make use of the first mentioned line on the occasion of the arrival of every steamer, and it excites no special wonder in any quarter. The European news received via Tehuantepec, is always of that character. It is telegraphed from Halifax to the New Orleans papers, and we copy from them. So much for the overland portion of the prophesied line of Asiatic telegraph. The submarine portion is much more feasible. There are now, in the Mediterranean, sub-marine cables in operation of greater length than would be the one via the Kurile Islands to the west coast of America, and soon as it is laid down, we are prepared to tap it. We have already extended our lines as far north as Yreka, and by the exertion of that energy for which our people are so remarkable, we would before very long be brought into instantaneous communication with the continent of Europe. The effect would be to place San Francisco in the position to which New York aspires through the medium of the Atlantic telegraph, viz: the center of the intelligence of the world.

What a brilliant future do these reflections open to the view? There is nothing visionary in them. The Asiatic telegraph is the most feasible enterprise of that character that has ever been proposed. Most gigantic undertakings have been accomplished. In some quarters the opinion is entertained that it is only by the Asiatic route that telegraphic communication can ever be established between the Old and the New Worlds. There exists at least a doubt about the success of a submarine cable laid along the bed of the Atlantic.

The scientific may explain that there was a defect in the manner in which the ends were joined in mid ocean—may urge that the insulation was imperfect, and originate a thousand theories calculated to excite fresh hopes in the minds of the sanguine, but among the practical, the calm-thinking and observing men of the age, there can be no doubt as to the success of any new enterprise of this character: and even if successful, of its permanency, and consequently of its utility. If this should turn out to be correct, San Francisco, by the instrumentality of the Asiatic line of telegraph, will take the place of New York, and will, in after years, be the point from which the latest news from the Old World will be transmitted to all parts of the United States.

Brown and Forbes.

The New York Herald publishes a series of letters from Col. Forbes, the author of the Instruction books for Guerrilla Warfare, found at Brown's house, to various Republicans, but principally to F. B. Sanborn, Secretary of the Massachusetts Emigrant Society, and Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston. Besides this, there was one letter addressed to the latter, dated May, 1858, and prefaced by the following memorandum; "Please show to Messrs. Sanborn, Lawrence & Co." Copies will be sent to Gov. Chase, who found money, Gov. Fletcher, who contributed arms, and to others interested, as quickly as possible.

The letter gives the plan of Forbes and Brown for an insurrection.

Forbes' plan was, with carefully selected colored and white persons, to organize along the northern slave frontier of Virginia and Maryland, especially, a series of stampedes of slaves, each one of which operations would carry off in one night, and from the same place, some twenty to fifty slaves. This is to be effected once or twice a month, and eventually once or twice a week, along the non-contiguous parts of the line, if possible, without resorting to force if attacked. Slave women, accustomed to laboring in the field, would be almost as useful as men. Everything being in readiness to pass on the fugitives, they could be sent with such speed to Canada that pursuit would be hopeless. In Canada preparations were to be made for their instruction and employment. Any disaster which might happen to a stampede would, at the utmost, compromise those only who might be engaged in that single one, therefore we were not bound in good faith to the Abolitionists, as we did not jeopardize their interests to the extent of more than those engaged in the very project.

Against the chance of loss by occasional accidents should be weighed the advantages of a series of successful runs. Slave property would thus become untenable near the frontier; that frontier would be pushed more and more Southward, and it might reasonably be expected that the excitement and irritation would at last impel the pro-slavery party to commit some stupid blunders. The Missouri frontier being so far from the habitable part of Canada, and the political parties, anti-slavery and pro-slavery, being in that State so nearly balanced, suggested a peculiar action in that quarter which would depend, in a great measure, on affairs in Kansas.

Brown has a different scheme. He proposed, with some 25 or 50 colored and white mixed, well armed, and bringing a quantity of spare arms, to beat up a slave quarter in Virginia. To this it was objected that no preparatory notice should have been given to the slaves no notice could with prudence be given to them. The invitation to rise might, unless they were already in a state of agitation, meet with no response, or a feeble one. To this he replied that he was sure of a response. He calculated that he could get on the first night 200 or 250; one-half or thereabouts of this first lot he proposed to keep with him, mounting one hundred or so of them and make a dash at Harper's Ferry manufactory, destroying what he could not carry off. The other men not of this party were to be subdivided into three, four or five distinct parties, each under two or three of the original band, and would beat up their slave quarters, whence more men would be sent to join them.

The burden of Forbes' letters are grievous complaints for not receiving the aid promised for his services, which was to be sent to Paris to the support of Forbes' family. In one of his letters he says: "On the first day of May, in the year 1858, I had an interview with Senator Wm. H. Seward, of New York; we fully fully into the whole matter in all its bearings. He expressed regret that he had been told, and said that he, in his position, ought not to have been informed of the circumstance. In part I agree with him, and in part I differ. I regret that the misconduct of the New Englanders should have forced me to address myself to him, but being now enlightened on the subject, he cannot well let this business continue in its present crooked condition."

A cotton speculation was devised by Brown, but objected to by Forbes. Brown told him that Amos Lawrence, of Boston, had promised him $7,000 when hostilities had actually commenced. All these letters were written in 1858.

An Impudent House Thief.—Thomas A. Reese, of Rutherford county, N. C., stole a mule from a man by the name of Allen, and made his escape into Tennessee, but was followed, brought back and placed in the jail at Rutherfordton, and wrote on the wall the following: "One day after date, I promise to break this jail, and steal Allen's other mule," and the sequel shows he did.

A Hyena Loose Among Barbarians.—A foreign paper says:

A hyena which was exhibited at Warsaw, Poland, lately managed to escape, and killed about twenty persons. It was not until it had held entire supremacy of the surrounding country for six days that the animal was finally overcome by the poor rustics.

Physicians in India raise blisters with red hot irons, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart," we don't know anything else that would.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL.

COMMON COUNCIL.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, November 1, 1859.

The Board met this day pursuant to adjournment.

Members present: Hon. J. O. Nixon, President; Messrs. Cox, DeLabarre, Forstall, Landry, Vennard and Whitney—7.

On motion, the Board adjourned to Tuesday next, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

CHAS. CLAIBORNE, Secretary.

BOARD OF ASSISTANT ALDERMEN.

TUESDAY, November 1, 1859.

The Board met this day pursuant to adjournment.

Members present: Hon. J. T. Monroe, President; Messrs. Bakewell, Beebe, Huyghe, Leefe, Magioni, Pettingill and Kingsland—8.

Mr. Dupre took his seat.

The reading of the journal was, on motion, dispensed with.

Mr. Dupre moved that this Board adjourn until Tuesday next, at 6 o'clock. Lost.

Yeas: Messrs. Beebe, Dupre, Huyghe and Pettingill—4.

Nays: Messrs. Monroe, Bakewell, Leefe, Magioni, and Kingsland—5.

Mr. Leefe moved that the Board adjourn until Tuesday next, the 8th inst. Carried.

Yeas: Messrs. Monroe, Bakewell, Beebe, Leefe, Magioni, Pettingill and Kingsland—7.

Nays: Messrs. Dupre and Huyghe—2.

JAS. A. HOPKINS, Secretary.

MAYORALTY—OFFICIAL.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, City Hall, 31st day of October, 1859. Common Council of the city of New Orleans.

[No. 4807.]

Resolved, That an extension of sixty days, from this date, be and is hereby granted to Dennis Conant to complete his contract for making brick sidewalks in the Third District.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved Oct. 31, 1859.
o1 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

A true copy:
J. L. FARRE, Secretary.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS, City Hall, October 29, 1859. Common Council of the City of New Orleans.

[No. 4792.]

Resolved, That the Mayor be and he is hereby authorized to enter into an agreement, per notarial act, with the New Orleans Opera House Company, granting said Company permission to widen the carriage way in front of their property, corner of Toulouse and Bourbon street, by which said Company may convert the sidewalks aforesaid, of eight feet, into a carriage way, to remain during the pleasure of the Common Council, and abandoning, in lieu thereof, to the city a bangquette upon their property, ten feet in width, for the use of the public as a thoroughfare, they undergoing all the expenses connected therewith.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved October 29, 1859.
o31 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

[No. 4793.]

Resolved, That the Comptroller be and he is hereby authorized to adjudicate a contract to the lowest bidder after five days notice in the official journal, for cleaning the Metairie canal from Dauphine street to Claiborne street, and to Claiborne street, from its upper limit to the New Canal; the dirt to be used broken from said canals by the said contractor in raising and strengthening the levee on Claiborne street, from the upper limit of the New Canal. The whole of said work to be done agreeably to specifications of the Surveyor, and the adjudication subject to the approval or rejection of the Common Council.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved Oct. 29, 1859.
o31 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

[No. 4795.]

Resolved, That the adjudication by the Comptroller of a contract for raising and grading the sidewalks on Josephine street, as per resolution No. 3919, to Nicholas A. Cassidy, Michael Scovens—at $1 95 per running foot, be and the same is hereby approved, the security accepted, and the Mayor authorized to enter into contract with the parties, per notarial act, for the performance of said work.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved Oct. 29, 1859.
o31 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

[No. 4796.]

Resolved, That the Comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized to advertise to the lowest bidder, after five days notice in the official journal, a contract for furnishing the materials and constructing a tunnel same, pursuant to Water street, from Gallique to Ferdinand street; said work to be done in accordance with specifications on file in the Surveyor's office, and the adjudication to be subject to the approval or rejection of the Common Council.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved Oct. 29, 1859.
o31 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

[No. 4797.]

Resolved, That the Committee on Work-House and Prisons be and they are hereby authorized to purchase two hundred and fifty pairs of blankets and two hundred and fifty each jackets for the use of the prisoners confined therein.

JOHN T. MONROE, President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
[Signed]
J. O. NIXON, President Board of Aldermen.
[Signed]

Approved Oct. 29, 1859.
o31 [Signed] GERARD STITH, Mayor.

No. 4798.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Common Council to revise and amend the fire limit ordinances in order that said limits may be clear of wooden buildings, and to effect the same, in the course of Parish and Howard streets, or transposing 24 feet 8 inches and 4 lines front on Perdido street, by 100 feet in depth and front on Howard street, between parallel lines.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS—The said property to be sold subject to an annual lease thereof, ending on the 31st day of May, 1862, for $400 per annum, payable in gold, or forty dollars each month, and the purchaser to endorse the rent from and after the day of the adjudication to assume the payment of said property, of the rent, viz: two (2) per cent per annum on the price of the property