Inpectine;

—OR—

PERSIAN FEVER CHARM.

Fever and Ague Exterminated

THE HUMAN CONSTITUTION SAVED FROM WRECK!

THE PREVENTIVE AND REMEDY

—For all—

INTERMITTENT AND BILIOUS FEVERS!

Cures Insured in a Day!!

NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE!

INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.
INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.
INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.	INPECTINE.

The terrible malady known as FEVER AND AGUE has smitten hundreds of thousands of persons throughout the world every year, and has never till now been met by successful medical treatment that has not produced severe

Medicinal Diseases,

which affect the lungs, the spleen, the liver, the heart, or other parts of the human organization.

The INPECTINE is the natural antagonist of all fevers, and when it comes in contact with the skin, is absorbed by the interior organs, and which resists coolly alkalina and all tendencies towards those maladies which prostrate the mind and body with fever.

Fever and Ague result from numerous causes. No place is exempt from the causes which promote the existence of the disease. That being once seated in the system induces depression of spirits, lassitude, languor, pain, chills, fever, and a long train of disagreeable sensations, depriving the patient of all energy, and reducing him or her to a condition of

EXTREME HELPLESSNESS.

Why will any one suffer the horrors of a debilitating Intermittent Fever, when, by the use of the invaluable

INPECTINE;

—OR—

PERSIAN FEVER CHARM,

Or emulsion medicinal qualities of which are instantly absorbed,

All Traces of Disease

MAY BE ANNIHILATED IN A FEW HOURS!

SELF CURE IS BETTER THAN PHYSIC,
NATURE IS WISER THAN ART.
EVERY DISEASE HAS A DIVINE REMEDY.
THE WISE APPLY WHILE THE FOOLISH DREAM.
BETTER PREVENT THAN STRIVE TO CURE.
DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

THE INPECTINE;

—OR—

PERSIAN FEVER CHARM,

Has cured thousands of both sexes of the most dreadful fevers. Read and reflect.

Wonderful Effects.

Lemuel Bonsall, of Pittsburg, for two years useless to himself and society—a martyr to Chills and Fever—cured in less than three weeks, and improved in eight hours.

Mary R. Belknap, Sandusky, Ohio, after almost losing her reason as well as strength by Intermittent Fever, with Chills, restored to health in twenty hours.

J. R. Tilton, of Belgrade, Maine, brought from death's door, having suffered for four years, made well in five weeks, and improved in two hours.

Adolphe Monbro, of France, relieved in one hour, while traveling in the cars of the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. He was apparently dying with Chills.

Ellen R. Benson, of Lockport, New York, restored after seven years suffering. A perfect cure.

Thousands of other cases prevented and cured every month and not a single complaint of the efficiency of the

INPECTINE;

—OR—

PERSIAN FEVER CHARM.

Try it, Prove it, Know it,

And make known its wonderful powers and virtues, that those who suffer, or who are threatened with suffering, may be led to use a simple, innocuous preparation, furnished by the hand of Nature for

MAN'S BLESSING.

INPECTINE

IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS IN AMERICA.

Price, One Dollar—Sent by mail to any part of the U. S.

REMEMBER!

It is not taken inwardly, but is applied outwardly, according to directions, which accompany each package.

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JOHN WILCOX & CO.,

No. 118 Main street,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

BRANCH OFFICE,

No. 28, Bank of Commerce Building,

NEW YORK.

☞ J. WRIGHT & CO., 21 and 151 Chartres street, General Agents for the South. o23 1y&W

NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT.

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New Orleans Daily Crescent.

SIGNS OF ALARM.

The New York Herald publishes a semi-official manifesto from John D. Defreese, of Indiana, a confidential friend of Lincoln, designed, as that paper thinks, to allay the alarm at the South at the prospect of the election of the Black Republican candidate. In this letter Defreese undertakes to show that Lincoln is pledged to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, to the admission of new slave States if the people thereof so desire, and, in general, to a forbearing and anti-aggressive policy with respect to the Southern section of the Union.

All this is probably an electioneering device on the part of Mr. Defreese. He is an old chronic politician, of a quarter of a century's experience, well versed in all the wiles, intrigues, and shortcuts of party diplomacy and deceptive political strategy. His object is not to quiet the South, but to strengthen the failing courage of his party at the North. That party, dreading a dissolution of the Union, is undoubtedly alarmed at the signs of the times—and they are abandoning Lincoln as rats desert a sinking ship. But if the South can be reassured by promises, and cease their threats of revolution, then these men will return to Lincoln and elect him President. It is too late now to play this game out, but that such is Mr. Defreese's object, we think, is plainly to be seen.

We have concurrent testimony from the city of New York, of what is now the policy of the Black Republican leaders. The journals there, on both sides, have abandoned all discussion of the issues between the parties, and the whole question is now reduced down to the single point of whether or not the South will submit to Lincoln's administration. On one side they attempt to show that there *will* be unconditional submission—on the other side that the people are ripe for immediate revolution. There are some who will vote for Lincoln if they believe the South will be quiet under his administration, but they will as undoubtedly vote against him and defeat him if they believe the reverse. Thus, then, there is a struggle going on there between the opposing parties on this point alone. It is humiliating to think that politics have got to so low a point as this, and that Presidents are to be elected or defeated by operating on the fears, or stimulating the courage, of the people; but such is unfortunately the present condition of the canvass in the State of New York and in most of the Northern States of the Union.

The Herald, however, deduces from this letter of Defreese, and from other circumstances, the conclusion that there is now a prospect of turning the tide in New York, and of saving the State from Lincoln—although, a few days ago, it gave up the State as lost beyond all hope of redemption. It says that these semi-official outgivings will drive from Lincoln all the radical Abolitionists of the Gerrit Smith and Frederick Douglas school, numbering perhaps fifty thousand in the State of New York alone; and these fifty thousand votes, abstracted from Lincoln and given to Gerrit Smith, the regularly nominated candidate of the radicals, may give the State to the Fusion ticket after all, by a plurality over Lincoln. It cannot be denied to these madmen of the Gerrit Smith school that there is method in their madness, and that they adhere to their cause without compromise and without counting the chances of success. If, therefore, the surmise be correct—if they repudiate Lincoln for his concessions to Southern sentiment—there is indeed reason to hope that this circumstance, coupled with the evident reaction that has taken place all over the North within the last week or two, may save New York at least, and in saving New York defeat the election of the man whose triumph, at one time, seemed to be a matter of almost absolute certainty.

Let us take courage then. "While the Coliseum stands, Rome will stand;" and while there is a hope of escape, let us cling to it. We have for some time had an abiding faith that the great Empire State of the North would interpose to avert the peril of a sectional victory. Let the Union men of the South close up their ranks and stand to their guns, with the hope that, at the opportune moment, New York will gallantly come to their rescue.

TALK ON 'CHANGE.

Though the habitues and frequenters of Carondelet street gathered yesterday as usual, yet the transactions in produce and exchange, with engagements of freight, were light. The early part of the day was devoted, as usual, to business. But the 1st of November in our community is generally devoted to other purposes than mammon, pelf or trade. Though the early part of yesterday presented no changes from other days, yet it was manifest after meridian that other feelings than those of commerce were paramount. Thousands engaged in the turmoils of business withdrew, and paid their respects and veneration to All Saints' Day, which has characterized our community from time immemorial. The day was regarded by thousands of citizens as a holy one, and the usual festivings, ceremonies, demonstrations of affection and remembrance for departed relatives, connections and friends, were observable among all classes of society. Business, therefore, closed early yesterday. There was a general disinclination to move, operate, or even talk. We, therefore, withdrew from the flags at an early hour, with impressions that great feeling and considerable uneasiness prevails regarding the eventful Tuesday of next week. It is not out of place for us to remind cotton factors and all interested in the staple to keep calm and cool. Let the worst, in the political situation of the country, come to the worst, there will be a market for every bale of cotton now picked, or that will be picked this season. It will all be known within one hundred and forty hours after the reading of this morning's Crescent.

If our community can be preserved by salt we are safe enough against all panics and all crises. From the forty cargoes received during the past three weeks, we might reasonably expect to be kept in good state, let who will be elected President next Tuesday, or even if there should not be a President elected till February next.

Cargo sales of Liverpool salt at 57½@60c. ℔ sack of four bushels, or ten sacks to the ton, may be considered as very low.

The arrivals from the West of produce keep up well, and from the large shipments going forward to Mobile and Texas there must be a good demand. There was a full steamboat load of Western produce at the Jefferson Railroad depot, comprising flour, bacon, molasses, coffee, bagging and rope. From the quantities of bagging and rope now going forward, it is reasonable to conclude that there is a good quantity of cotton requiring baling and rope. Then, large supplies of bagging going by every steamboat, seems to question any great damage to the cotton by frost.

We have now had thirty days of clear weather for the gathering of the crop. True, the great storm of the 2d of October was followed by four days of misty and damp weather, which, with the frosts on the 14th and 15th instant would, it is supposed, have placed a veto on any further demand for bagging and rope for this season.

Under our financial head will be found the monthly statement of the stocks of bagging, rope and bags in our market.

The receipts of cotton are free. Up to Wednesday evening they were from Saturday morning last 43,717 bales.

The receipts yesterday were as follows:

From Memphis, per Ketuchka.....bales..	619
From the Reads, per Mary E. Keene.....	4002
From Atchafalaya, per Plampine.....	418
From Red River, per Mississippi.....	243
From Bayou Sara, per Cross Tete.....	425
From Fort Adams, per Golden Age.....	1300
By Jackson Railroad train yesterday morning..	1448
From Mobile, Per steamer Grey Cloud.....	1000
Total since the morning of October 27.....	10,304

The Natchez, Rapides, H. R. W. Hill have been reported with good loads, and all due, with some outside boats, this morning; so this week's receipts of cotton will foot up larger than any week for the season up to this date.

The mails *via* the Jackson Railroad failed to arrive for two days past. The failure yesterday was from no connection at the Grand Junction.

ANOTHER SHOCKING STEAMBOAT DISASTER!

EXPLOSION OF THE H. R. W. HILL!!

Between Thirty and Forty Lives Lost!!!

It is our painful duty to record another of those frightful calamities which seem to be inseparable from the navigation of American waters. On Wednesday night the steamer H. R. W. Hill, Capt. Thos. Newell, exploded when near College Point, forty or fifty miles above this city, killing and scalding a great number of the passengers and crew. Mr. E. C. McMichael, second clerk of the Hill, has kindly furnished us the following account of the disaster, and he informs us that a number of the sufferers had died since his list below was made out, making the loss of life up to last evening thirty-two:

The steamer H. R. W. Hill left Memphis for New Orleans Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3 o'clock P. M. On Sunday morning, 28th, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, when landing at Australia landing, struck a concealed log or stump, breaking several plank in the starboard quarter just forward of the wheel-house, whereby she made water very freely. The pumps were immediately manned and every exertion made to save the boat, but in the position she lay we could do her no good.

The boat was then grounded on the bar opposite Laconia, where she sank in eight feet water. A temporary bulkhead was erected and the leak stopped. She was then immediately pumped out, and once more afloat.

She then proceeded on her voyage, and nothing of note occurred until Wednesday night between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, when about 55 miles above New Orleans. A noise like the report of a cannon was heard, and the whole boat was enveloped in steam. Mr. Kennett, the pilot on watch, headed the boat for the shore where she was made fast. Then all who were able commenced work, assisting the sufferers (the number of which is given below). It was then reported that the boat was again leaking, but by means of the assistance of the doctor-boiler, was soon pumped out, when the steamer Wm. M. Levy came to our assistance, and the kind officers did everything in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded.

Capt. Puckett, of the Wm. M. Levy, then kindly offered to tow the wrecked boat to New Orleans, but as the wind was very high, Capt. Newell thought the Levy incompetent to manage the Hill with her freight on board. Now the wind had lulled, and the Captain concluded to risk the Hill in charge of the Levy.

Among the dead and wounded are:

Gideon Meek, striker, on watch, killed; James Henning, 2d engineer, on watch, badly scalded; Charley Haggins, negro porter, missing; George Curry, 2d steward, (negro) missing; Pat Delaney, John Coulden, John O'Neil, Red. Oberin, Antony Coyne, John Kesler, Adam Lispy, Pat Connelly, Edward Kelly, Pat Honeberg, Robert Dismoods, Owen McCann, Peter Halspen, Pat Coyne, Barney Canlin, Pat Higgins, Chris Toole, Pat O'Brien, firemen, dead. Thomas Sharkey, Owen McGinnis, William Revel, Pat Parel, John Hackett, Pat Dougherty, Henry Hagen, Mike Wright, Pat Keren, James Black, Steven Gray, Dewitt Welsh, John Brown, John Quigley, firemen, scalded. Brady, deck sweep, scalded; Henry Foster, barber, slightly scalded.

Our marine news reporter furnishes the following further particulars:

The New Orleans and Memphis packet H. R. W. Hill, Capt. Newell, from Memphis, bound to this port, when opposite College Point, about fifty-five miles above the city, at half-past 11 o'clock on the night of the 31st ult., exploded the third boiler from the larboard side, blowing out the after part of it, which passed through the engine room, the water and steam following with tremendous force, killing and scalding every one before it.

From Mr. Lehman, a cabin passenger aboard the Hill, we learn that about thirty persons, deck hands and firemen, were killed and some forty or fifty wounded. Amongst the killed was the second engineer and striker, who were on watch at the time. The barber and steward jumped overboard and were drowned. A cabin boy also jumped overboard and swam ashore. None of the cabin passengers were injured, nor any of the officers of the boat, excepting Mr. Lehman, who had his hand slightly scalded.

The steamer Wm. Levy, Capt. Puckett, arrived soon after the explosion, and towed the Hill down and landed her on the opposite side of the river. The steamer Hannibal went over the river to bring the Hill to the landing.

The H. R. W. Hill had on board 1500 bales of cotton, and a large number of steerage and cabin passengers.

The manifest of the Hill will be seen by referring to our marine columns.

AMUSEMENTS LAST EVENING.—The wintry weather did not prevent a general assemblage of the fun and music appreciating public at the Academy of Music last night. The entertainment generally, passed off amid great applause.

In the Museum, the Hippopotamus had, throughout the day and evening, a constant succession of visitors. He is the greatest curiosity ever introduced to the New Orleans public. His oddity, his immensity, his docility, his intelligence and his everything else, constitute a grand whole, a magnificent sum total, which everybody will have to look at.

At the St. Charles a rather meagre crowd assembled. The entertainment was good, and we remarked that the "Anvil Chorus with hot iron variations," was expunged from the bill. The Original Campbell Minstrels offer a good bill to-night.

A Polish acrobat, named Neinzmck, who with his two sons was lately performing astonishing feats of strength at the Hippodrome, in Paris, met with a sad accident. A cord, suspended at a great height, became detached, and the three fell; the father was seriously wounded, the eldest lad had his legs broken, and the youngest was killed.

Two theoretical believers in an easy cure for hydrophobia, father and son, recently tried to get themselves bitten by a mad dog, at Alfort, France, in order to illustrate the beautiful method of healing the dangerous wound. Bystanders refused to permit the dangerous experiment.

George H. Peacock, who was recently killed in New Mexico by the Kiowa chief, Satank, was applied to, last spring, by the Indian, for a recommendation to any whites he may meet, but knowing his treachery and cunning, instead of commending him, he gave him a writing warning all persons to beware of him, as he was treacherous and dangerous, presuming that, as he could not read, he would never know what is contained. Some Mexican translated it for him, and he killed Peacock in revenge.

COAL OIL, CANDLES, LAMPS, ETC.—We direct attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Noyes & Wells, successors to O. J. Noyes, 28 Commercial Place. They have on hand a very large and well selected stock of lamps, etc., from the lowest priced to the most tasteful and fanciful patterns, as well as all sorts of brackets and chandeliers. They keep on hand also a large supply of paraffine coal oil and Kerosene oil, of superior quality, which they are prepared to sell at $1 25 per gallon; also camphene, burning fluid, boiled light lamps, and other illuminating agencies.

TELEGRAPHED TO THE NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

STEAMSHIP BOHEMIAN OFF FARTHER POINT

REPULSE OF THE ROYAL TROOPS.

IMPROVEMENT IN COTTON.

THE CONDITION OF THE MARKETS.

Political and Commercial Intelligence.

[BY THE SOUTHWESTERN LINE.]

FARTHER POINT, Nov. 1.—The Canadian mail Steamship Bohemian, Captain Grange, from Liverpool on Thursday, 18th, and Londonderry the evening of the 19th ult., passed this point to-day on her way up the St. Lawrence river to Quebec.

She was intercepted by the news yacht of the Associated Press, and the following summary of her news procured.

The mail steamship Edinburg, with New York dates to the 6th ultimo, arrived out at Liverpool on the 18th.

Commercial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19.—By telegraph to Londonderry.—The Brokers' Circular reports the sales of five days at 98,000 bales, the market closing buoyant.

The advices received by the last steamer from the United States caused an advance on all qualities of ¼d.

The sales to-day amounted to 10,000 bales, including 3000 taken by speculators and exporters, the market closing firm at the following authorized quotations:

Fair Orleans.....7¾d.	Middling Orleans...6¾d.
Fair Mobile.....7¾d.	Middling Mobile....6¾d.
Fair Uplands.....7¼d.	Middling Upl'ds.....6¾d.

The stock of Cotton in the port of Liverpool amounts to 754,000 bales, of which 580,000 are of American production.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. say Breadstuffs have an advancing tendency and that the prices for all qualities are slightly higher. Flour closed firm at an advance on the week of 6d., quoted at 23s. 6d. to 32s. per barrel. Wheat tends upwards, and prices are 1d. to 2d. higher since last week. Indian Corn shows an advancing tendency, and holders demand an advance. Yellow and Mixed are quoted at 36s. 6d. to 37s. 4d.

Messrs. Wakefield, Nash & Co., Bigland, Athya & Co. and others report Provisions steady and generally unchanged. They say Lard closed quiet at 61s. per hundred.

Various Liverpool circulars say Sugar closed steady at previous quotations.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Barring Bros. circular reports Coffee without change in prices.

The London Money market is slightly easier and unsettled. Consols to-day closed at 92⅞.

The amount of bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £549,000 during the week.

HAVRE, Oct. 19.—The sales in the Havre Cotton market for the business just ended, embraced 17,000 bales, the market closing buoyant at an advance of 1 to 3f.

New Orleans Tres Ordinaire quoted at 96f. New Orleans Bas at 88f.

The quantity of Cotton in the port of Havre sums up 139,000 bales.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 19.—The trade at Manchester continues to improve.

The market for manufactured goods and yarns is steady and prices are gradually assuming a firmer tone.

The latest advices received from Naples say the Royal troops had again been attacked and repulsed by the army of Garibaldi.

TWO DAYS LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMSHIP EUROPA OFF CAPE RACE.

AFFAIRS OF ITALY.

RECALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

ARRIVAL OF PIEDMONTESE TROOPS IN NAPLES.

Latest Commercial Intelligence.

ST. JOHN, N. F., Nov. 1.—The Royal Mail steamship Europa, from Liverpool 20th, via Queenstown the evening of the 21st, passed Cape Race this morning en route to Halifax and Boston.

Her advices are two days later than those by the Bohemian off Farther Point.

The Royal Mail steamship Persia from New York, whence she sailed on the 10th, arrived out at Liverpool on the 20th.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 20.—The sales of Cotton to-day (Saturday) are put down at 10,000 bales, the market closing quiet and steady at yesterday's prices.

The market for Breadstuffs closed steady to-day.

Provisions rule quiet.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—The closing quotations for Consols to-day were 92½ to 93.

PARIS, Oct. 20.—The Paris Bourse is firm and steady.

The three per cent. rentes closed at 69f., 10c.

European Political Intelligence.

The weather in England is unsettled and stormy.

A Gotha newspaper says that the daughter of Saxe-Leirburg, aged seventeen, is the destined bride of the Prince of Wales.

There was great rejoicing at Liverpool in honor of the opening of the splendid free library presented by Wm. Brown.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says the departure of the Pope's Nuncio from Paris was considered the forerunner of the Pope's quitting Rome.

The affairs of Italy are wholly unchanged.

La Patrie says as soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily to Sardinia is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political authority and assume the functions of commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of Southern Italy. He will exclusively occupy himself in preparing for war next spring, and was to make an appeal to all Europe to volunteer.

Advices from Naples confirm the statement that the French merchantman which landed with stores for Gaeta, had been captured by Garibaldi's ships of war.

It is stated by what is called good authority, that 11,000 Piedmontese troops had already reached Naples by sea to march to Caserta for the purpose of joining those who were entering the Roman frontier.

The departure of the Russian embassy from Turin is officially announced. It is reported via Berlin, that the Sardinian ambassador at St. Petersburg had received his passports.

The Turin *Gazette* says that Prussia has simply made some remarks against the entry of Sardinian troops into the Neapolitan territory. The same paper adds that Prussia had made no communication in regard to this matter.

Count de Persigny has gone to Paris, summoned by the Emperor. It was reported that he would take the place of M. Thouvenel in the Foreign office.

It was believed that the Papal Nuncio at Paris would not return.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Arrival of the Cahawba at New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The United States Mail steamship Cahawba, Capt. Smith, from New Orleans on the 25th and Havana the morning of the 28th ult., has arrived at this port.

Her Havana advices have been anticipated at New Orleans by the steamship Philadelphia.

Domestic Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The tone of the Cotton market is unchanged. The sales amount to 3400 bales at 11⅛c. for Middling. Flour has a declining tendency, prices are 5c. lower—sales of 39,000 bbls. at $5 30 for Superfine State. The sales of Whisky add up 225 bbls. at 21½ to 21½c. per gallon. Wheat shows a declining tendency—sales at a decline of 2 to 3c. per bushel. Corn closed firm with sales of 84,000 bushels at prices ranging from 68 to 95c. Pork rules dull—sales of 200 bbls. at $19 to $19 12½ for Mess. The stock on hand sums up 20,500 bbls. Beef, quiet—stock in warehouses 13,000 tierces. Lard dull at previous rates.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1.—The Flour market is unsettled, and rules at $4 70 per bbl. for Superfine. The sales of Whisky embraced 1100 bbls. at 16½c. per gallon. The sales of Pork included 500 bbls. at $18 50 for mess. Lard is worth 10½c. per lb. Bacon dull. Coffee: sales at 16½c. per lb. Sugar firm.

River Intelligence.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 1.—The Ohio river at this point was at a stand this evening, with four feet six inches water in the canal by the mark.

BORROWED PLUMES.—The New York Times says a curious commentary on social life in that metropolis may be gathered from a fact which Rev. Dr. Tyng exhumed from the reminiscent rubbish of the great ball, and gave to an audience in his own church the other evening. According to the reverend gentleman's statement, an eminent jeweler's house of that city cleared, from diamonds "rented" to ladies to glitter in the presence of royalty, a sufficient sum to pay the rent of their store for a year. This is a most interesting and instructive fact. In Paris and on the continent, as is pretty generally known, it has long been the custom for ladies to hire the jewelry which they coveted for special occasions, when their husbands were unable to buy it; but we believe the practice has not heretofore prevailed in this country. That it should now obtain is a good illustration of the ease with which our women can adopt all customs which are French and bad.

THE LIVE WORLD OF ORES.—Agassiz and Gould estimated that there are at least two hundred and fifty thousand different species of living animals! When we think for a moment of the number of individuals belonging to each species, we can begin to have a faint idea of the innumerable throng of animated creatures that people this earth of ours, which is of itself only a minor satellite of one of a vast number of solar systems. We said a "faint idea," for who can grasp the magnitude of the figures required to enumerate the individuals of a single species, say of cattle among quadrupeds, or of pigeons among birds, or of herrings among fishes, or of house flies or mosquitoes among insects, each one of which is a living, breathing, pleasure-seeking animal!

The largest pearls offered for sale at the present moment in the world are four pure and perfect gems now in the hands of Mr. Reed, of Paris, a member of the house of Tiffany & Co. They are valued at 100,000 francs, and are free from flaw or blemish. They came from the Panama fisheries.

A POLITE INVITATION DECLINED.—A contributor to the Spirit of the Times thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, Ark.:

Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, L. came into the bar-room, as usual, to take his part in whatever was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, and but two or three of the townsfolks were there, together with a stranger, who had arrived a half hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage ride his legs extended, and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap, opposite the center of the blazing log fire. Any one who has traveled until 10 o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the comfort of the fruition before *that* fire-place.

The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L., who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously for a while until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he observed the great toe of one of the stranger's feet protruding through a hole in one of his socks.

Here was a relief to L. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them; one by one, the others as they caught the joke began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins, and grins into suppressed giggles—and one incontinent fellow's into a broad laugh. Close and closer the red hot poker neared toward the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper restlessly to move his hands. L. was just about to apply the poker, when a sound of *click! click!* arrested his intention. He looked at the stranger—the latter with one eye open, had been watching his proceedings, and silently brought a pistol to bear upon L. In a voice just audible he muttered, in a tone of great determination:

"Jest burn it! *Burn it!* Jest burn it! and I'll be d—d if I don't stir you up with ten thousand hot pokers in two seconds!"

L. laid down the poker instanter, and remarked:

"Stranger, let's *take a drink!*—In fact, gentlemen, *all* of you."

L. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

Just before the last election in the State of Wisconsin, it happened that one Colonel Wilson—a good Democrat, a farmer, and a candidate for the Legislature—had lost a number of his hogs very mysteriously; and, after patiently investigating the matter, he at length discovered that they had been stolen by another Democrat—one Joe Jones, a fellow of some notoriety and a little political influence in the neighborhood. The Colonel thought the matter over, and then went to see Joe upon the subject.

"Now, Joe," said he, "I could have you indicted and put in prison for this; but, seeing as how you are a good Democrat, and for the success of the ticket and harmony in the party, if you promise you won't steal any more of my hogs I'll let you off—and, what's more, I'll give you a thousand pounds of pork every year."

Joe scratched his head reflectively for a moment, and then said:

"To tell you the truth, Colonel, I don't like to make that agreement, nohow; but, seeing we are both Democrats, and for the sake of the success of the ticket, and harmony in the party, I'll do it; but darn me if I won't lose hog's meat by the operation."

An amusing incident took place in one of the large dry goods stores in New York a short time since.

A good-looking, honest-faced country girl came to town with her "feller," to do a little trifle of shopping. The magnitude of the store, the piles of goods, the dazzling array of articles, the flitting cash-boys, quite overpowered our good friend, who scarcely knew what to do. Her "feller" obstinately refused to go in, but loitered towards the door.

The clerks being all busy just then, the young lady was obliged to remain standing for a few moments. At length a gaily-dressed little fellow came bowing and smiling up to the blushing customer with—

"Anybody waiting on you, madam?"

The color deepened in her cheeks as she pointed to the door and faltered out—

"Yes, sir, he is."

The clerk "wilted."

"The Dummykrat party ought to have the American eagle off its banner this election," said an honest Pattlander the other day.

"Why?" asked a bystander.

"Bekase, you see, the eagle isn't a double-headed bird, and the party s," was the answer.

"What would you put in its place, Pat?"

"Two Kilkenny cats, bedad."

PROFANITY.—The famous Dr. Johnson never suffered an oath to go unrebuked in his presence. When a libertine, but a man of some note, was once talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing. Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." The gentleman swore again, and Johnson indignantly quitted the room.

Local Intelligence.

THE MEETING ON CANAL STREET LAST NIGHT.—The announcement that Col. Adolphus Olivier, of St. Mary's parish, and the Hon. John E. King, of St. Landry parish, were to address the people on Canal street last evening, in favor of the Constitutional Union side of the present political triangle, drew a large crowd of people, notwithstanding the chilliness of the weather.

The meeting was one of the impromptu kind; not announced at all as a prepared and duly arranged mass meeting.

Col. Olivier, being duly introduced as the first speaker, had to apologise for a hoarseness and a weakness, resulting from his late labors in the country, and which were apparent to his hearers, much to their regret. He spoke some ten or fifteen minutes, however; just enough to show his auditors that he would have pleased them much more had he been in better condition.

The Hon. John E. King, of St. Landry, was the next speaker. He made one of the most eloquent and fiery, yet lucid, argumentative and convincing speeches yet heard by the Bell and Everett men in New Orleans. We much regretted that he had not been able earlier to address the masses in this city.

When he concluded the meeting adjourned, and the crowd escorted him to the St. Charles Hotel with their band of music, and serenaded him.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.—Wednesday was a drizzly and muddy day—was worse and quite cold at night—and people found that the time-honored Catholic custom of visiting and decorating the silent homes of the dead would be interfered with by bad weather yesterday.

But yesterday, though quite cold, was a clear and lovely day in other respects. People just put on their warmer clothes, and turned out the same as ever. The old Catholic cemeteries in the Second District, St. Vincent de Paul's in the Third District, St. Patrick's at the Metairie Ridge, all these were lavishly decorated and visited by thousands, including all classes of the population. The scene in all these cemeteries was beautiful, and most impressive.

The Protestant cemeteries were quite as beautifully decorated and largely attended; so touching and appealing is this custom of *not* forgetting the dead and of visiting the cold and silent mansions which hold the mouldering forms late inhabited by warm and loving hearts and ties of keenest earthly affection, and by bright eyes and smiling faces, the reflex of kind and good and sweet souls, now at home in the eternal world of their Maker; that bright and happy world, the existence of which we all *feel*, but glimpses into which are sternly forbidden by the grim door-keeper Death, whose black gate has for thousands of years resisted the sighs and sobs of souls in the flesh for just one little glimpse at the happy ones beyond.

There are few of the permanent population who have not some particular spot in the cemeteries, where the earthly remains of one or more loved ones are forever at rest. So, yesterday, in the principal cemeteries, there were few graves which were not decorated according to the taste and means of the remembering ones who visited and thronged around them.

We never saw the cemeteries more tastefully or splendidly decorated, or more universally thronged by the resident and transient population. The society tombs in the different cemeteries were, as usual, the most beautifully decorated and the most extensively visited. The splendid family tombs of the wealthy were decorated in the usual rich and exquisite style. The humble wall-tombs of the poor, though they had only the cheap decorations of a simple wreath or fresh bunch of flowers, yet feeling marks of the remembrance of the living for the dead.

The tombs of the numerous religious and benevolent societies were never better attended. The orphans and the indigent aged people in the care of the benevolent societies, received handsome contributions at the gates and at the society tombs inside.

We visited the tombs of many who, like us, went around and visited the tombs on the previous All Saints' Day. We need not mention our visits to the graves of the old and young of our acquaintance, who departed by the natural order of things, within the past year; but we may allude to a few, whose death shocked not only their families, but the whole community.

The family tomb in which the remains of the Hon. J. L. Lamothe were at rest, was beautifully decorated by Orleans Fire Company, which he founded, and attended all day by a crowd of the members of that company.

In the same cemetery (the St. Louis) the tomb of Arthur Corne was beautifully decorated, not only by the family of the deceased but by Pelican Hook and Ladder No. 4. In the Protestant Cemetery, the tombs of Alexander H. Strawbridge and Walter S. Clayton were tastefully and touchingly decorated, by their families, and by American Hook and Ladder No. 2. It will be remembered that Corne, Strawbridge and Clayton, were of the party of brave firemen and others who were killed by the fall of the building at the corner of Tchoupitoulas and Lafayette streets, on the evening of the 21st of September last, during the adjoining fire then prevailing.

We had not time to visit the Metairie Ridge Cemeteries; but those who were there tell us that very many of the tombs were beautifully decorated, and that all the cemeteries out there were visited by great crowds of people. The Firemen's Cemetery (or Cypress Grove No. 1) was especially thronged, and the homes of the dead visited by the living relatives of the dead.

And so passed off the festival of All Saints' in 1860. How many of us that visited the tombs of our departed relatives and friends yesterday will be able to take the same round on All Saints' Day in 1861? Is it not quite certain that amidst the bright and healthy multitudes of yesterday who visited the abodes of the dead, there were many who will this day, one year hence, be sleeping within the inevitable cell of cold brick and mortar, with the heart-tokens of living loved ones and friends strewed around outside?

NOT HIS HORSE, BUT SOMEBODY ELSE'S.—A few days since, we mentioned that a horse ran away, broke loose from his carriage, and knocked down and badly hurt a lady on Canal street, and was at last taken to the stable of his owner, Mr. Van Rooten, in the Second District. This we stated upon information from the police, and the entry upon the police books.

But Mr. Van Rooten denies owning the horse. He says a policeman brought the horse to his stable, where it has been and is now enjoying the comforts of his horse-hotel, without his knowing whether the horse himself or his owner intends settling the board bill. He is as anxious as anybody to know who the animal belongs to; firstly, in regard to the stabling, and to have the horse settled for and taken away; secondly, because he has lots of good horses of his own, who have been better-trained and have better manners than to kick loose from a carriage and run over a lady; and thirdly, that he is not under any circumstances disposed to father any such horse, who by his ignorance and bad education might corrupt the well behaved and gentlemanly horses with which he has so long accommodated the wide circle of his friends in the Second District. Mr. Van Rooten speaks for himself in our advertising columns.

The English travelers complain that they are so much hurried in our hotels and so little in our stage coaches. An Irish traveler takes a different view of the case. Honest Pat came in at one o'clock, and was called up in half an hour. "And what will ye charge for the bit of lodging?" "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "And sure it was kind iv ye to call me so early; if I'd slept until the morning, I'd not have the money to pay my bill!"

Extraordinary Love Story.

The last number of the French Psyche has a story of a love affair which has deeply moved the whole population of Marseilles, but will hardly be credited by persons who do not believe in supernatural apparitions. However, here is the story in as few words as possible:

Charles R——, born in a wealthy family of merchants, and an orphan from his childhood, had been brought up at his uncle's with a cousin, whose beauty, sweetness and graces never failed to produce a lasting impression on all persons of her acquaintance. It is consequently not at all surprising that Charles R., who had grown up in her intimate society, should have fallen deeply in love with such a fascinating cousin. Nor was his love unrequited; for, when the proper time came, she decided, with the consent of her family, that their marriage should take place as soon as he was twenty years of age. Just about that time, his uncle, having received from Calcutta the news of the failure of a house with which he was carrying on an extensive business, sent the young Charles to that distant port to effect a liquidation. The marriage was necessarily postponed, and the young lover left Marseilles, promising to write as often as God and the ocean would allow, and to return as soon as his business was settled.

Four months passed on, and no news came from the young traveler. His relations, and more particularly his cousin, began to feel uneasy, and were already accusing him of neglect, when one unhappy day they read in the papers of the total loss of the steamer on board of which they knew that Charles had gone. The young Marseillaise was almost mad with grief, and after a long and dangerous sickness, the poor girl, disheartened, seeing before her nothing but a complete blank, resolved to spend the remainder of her life in a convent, to mourn, far from the world, for the only man whom she had loved. It was in vain her parents tried to dissuade her from that resolution; all their entreaty their misery, their tears, could not induce her to change her mind, and she soon entered a convent of Marseilles as a "postulant."

Six months after that fatal day, just as the time for her to take her vows was approaching, her family were pleasantly startled by a letter from their daughter, informing them that she had altered her mind, and wished to go back to them, to the world, to pleasures, to happiness. For the last three nights, she said, she had seen in her dreams her beloved Charles, entreating her, with tears in his eyes and the sweetest voice, not to fulfill her terrible resolution, not to complete a sacrifice which would be the death of them both. For Charles was yet alive and would soon be back to keep his sacred promise and end all her griefs. The nuns of the convent had good humoredly laughed at her, and tried to persuade her to stay at long them, in that quiet retreat, where she might, undisturbed, lament all her life the dear companion of her youth. For he was dead, said they, and it was foolish to believe in those supernatural apparitions. But she was unshaken in her faith, and to all their entreaties she would answer that her betrothed would soon be back, and