New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1866.

Loved too Late.

Far off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea
Where wrecks are driven by wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken and lost, at last,
Lies the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory and Pride and Art—
Ah, dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start:
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart—
Even that which was broken for me!
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lilies be:
More true than the stars with twilight twinned
Was the spirit against whose loved I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist should wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No other should lure me from my mine apart,
I said; and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly broken for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come,
In the lands beyond the sea—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but her patient lips were dumb;
In silence it broke for me!
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not for me!

I pressed her hand, and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly;
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,
And left her alone with dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer time,
My life was a victory;
Fame wove bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot, in that radiant clime,
The heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be;
Fame's bosom at best is hard and cold—
Oh, I would have given all praise and gold
For the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing, hope and dread,
I hurried across the sea;
She had wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child, poor child!—and was long since dead;
Ah! dead for the love of me—
Poor heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me!

Weighed down by a load too heavy to hold;
She died unmurmuringly!
And I, remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cries out in bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the love that never can come again,
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

The Mormons.

The semi-annual Mormon General Conference convened in Salt Lake City on Saturday, the 6th, and concluded Monday, the 8th ult.

There was a very large gathering to this conference from all parts of the Territory, quite a respectable representation from the extreme south, below the "rim of the basin," where they raise cotton and semi-tropical fruit, and according to the talk of many who assembled they had a "good time" together. The various speakers were Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, D. H. Wells, Orson Hyde, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Erastus Snow, George A. Smith, Joseph Young and Levi W. Hancock. Brigham gave out for a text for the other speakers to expatiate upon, "The work of the Lord commenced in these days." The subjects chiefly spoken on were that the doctrines now taught in the Mormon Church were the same as those taught by Joseph Smith, the founder of the movement; that Brigham Young was his appointed successor in the leadership of the Mormon people; that Mormonism would go along victoriously and triumph over all opposition; the necessity of faithfulness, obedience and humility; the "judgments that would fall on all nations which rejected Mormonism.

The chief event of the conference was Brigham's two hours' speech or sermon on Sunday afternoon. He commenced by contrasting Mormonism with other religious extant—of course vastly to the advantage of the former. He soon passed on to the settlement of the Territory by the Mormon people, the early history of the Territory, the peace and simplicity of those primitive days. He then very rapidly came down to the present time, when some of the "Gentiles" were very anxious to introduce and sustain liquor stores and gambling, and put it to the vote whether or not such institutions should be tolerated in the city, which, of course, was carried in the negative. Brigham enlarged considerably on the evil of drunkenness, gambling and cognate vices, intimating that but few persons in the community were guilty of them, and the decent sort of people of all creeds would join in suppressing the institutions that favored them for the general good. The claim-jumpers, of which a few have appeared in Utah of late, came in for a liberal share of attention, and the sentiments expressed regarding those gentlemen, and favorably received by the congregation, were decidedly uncompliimentary to them. Brigham then went into some details respecting the (Nauvoo) Smith family, to show that they had "gone astray." "Emma," the original prophet's wife, was over of a jealous and scheming and willful disposition, and even during the life of her first husband, did many things which could by no means be ecclesiastically approbated.

During the conference Brigham and Heber C. Kimball and George A. Smith said considerable on the topics of the succession to the leadership of the Mormon Church, made vacant by the death of Smith in 1844, maintaining that he duly conferred that distinction and responsibility upon Brigham Young and the "Twelve Apostles" who stuck to him. It was also maintained that the original "prophet" Smith, introduced the system of polygamy in the Mormon Church, and practiced that system himself, and that his brother Hyrum, who was killed with him, did likewise, though only after a severe mental struggle, he being much opposed to it at first, though he became finally convinced that it was all right, exactly. The conference closed on Monday quite unexpectedly, as it was generally presumed it would last another day, or half a day at least.

OUR VALLEY.—The Alexandria Gazette, speaking of the scenes and incidents of the war, says: "The beautiful valley of Virginia—almost the richest and loveliest land upon earth—and all the neighboring peasant and river country—the frontier of Virginia—was the arena where contending armies fought—where the fiercest encounters ensued, and where "grim visaged war," never, during the strife, "smoothed his horrid front." They will take you now to the hill tops, and point out to you for miles and miles around—as far as the eye can reach—the spots from which arose the smoke and flames of Hunter's burnings. They will carry you through Winchester, and Berryville, and other towns, and show the marks of bullets upon the houses in the streets, the charred and blackened walls of the dwellings and stores, and the remains of the destruction in every direction. They will conduct you to Edwards' Hill, near Leesburg, where Kilpatrick hurled his iron missiles upon a defenceless town, full of women and children. They will let you know that here, on the declivity, Mosby in one of his raids, turned upon his pursuers, and with his own hand captured those who undertook to follow him; and that, on that road, he made a daring dash, and scattered those who thought they had surrounded him. They will go with you to the scene of conflict at Bull's Bluff, Vienna, Kearney's town, Kabletown and a hundred other places. Here was a cavalry charge—there was a skirmish. Here are the "stonewalls," there the woods, from which rifles cracked, and muskets poured their volleys. On that field the serried hosts of the Federal troops lay encamped—on this, the Confederates bivouacked. Beyond, heavery will be harrated, the localities of which are all around you, and over which you walk or ride. What is so calm and peaceful now! was then the theater of carnage and death. Nor will history narrate half the incidents which marked the progress of the war, in the section of country to which we refer."

EXCLUSION OF THE SOUTH.

The Only Ground of Exclusion, that the Southern States are Conquered Provinces.

The Purposes of Exclusion to Make the Negroes the Governing Power in the South.

Letter of Hon. Geo. Ticknor Curtis to the Democratic Mass Meeting at New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.

Douglas Taylor, Esq., Chairman, etc.:

Dear Sir—I have received the invitation of the committee to be present and address the meeting that is to be held in Cooper Institute on the evening of the 30th, to ratify the nomination of Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Pruyn for the principal offices of the State. A professional engagement will make it necessary for me to be absent from the city during the week, and I must, therefore, be excused from speaking on this occasion. Indeed, having already, at considerable length, discussed the national questions involved in this election, I did not purpose to take any further part in the canvass; still, if it had been practicable, I should have been glad to have had an opportunity to manifest my respect for Mr. Hoffman, and I now answer your invitation in this mode, for the purpose of saying that Mr. Hoffman will have my vote, and not only because he is the representative in this State of the policy in regard to the national affairs which I wish to see upheld, not because he is the nominee of the Democratic party, but because I believe him to be an eminently grand proper person to be made governor of New York. Which he was elected mayor of this city, I thought, and said to him, that he was to be congratulated for having gone through the canvass without a single unworthy compliance, without one sacrifice of principle or honor. Such has been his bearing in this larger canvass; and I can have no doubt that, if chosen, he will enter the office of governor as unfettered and independent as any man who ever filled it. If my voice could reach the whole people of this State, I should tell them that, in my opinion, Mr. Hoffman is a man whom it greatly concerns their interests to promote to places of honor and trust. When a man of ability and integrity is willing to serve the public, the public have made a gain which is not always found in candidates for their suffrages; and nothing can be more short-sighted and ill-judged than to suffer vague and absurd political prejudices to operate against him.

And what are some of the prejudices that are so industriously worked to impair the strength of the position in which the Democratic party, and their conservative allies, now stand before the people of this State? Every intelligent man from Lake Erie to the Hudson, from Sandy Hook to the St. Lawrence, now knows that on this election in this Empire State, as on a pivot, turns the question whether the President is to be sustained in his efforts to restore the Union, or whether we are to be thrown forward into an indefinite exclusion of the Southern States from Congress, and the whole vast area of the South is to be left without any settled civil government. And what is the particular prejudice that is played upon, as men play upon a whistling pipe, to prevent the immediate and unconditional admission of the South to representation in Congress? Why, that he and will be that the Democratic party will be restored to power. I do not feel so sure of that result; but take it as a probable occurrence, what then? In the whole of the long period during which that party did govern this country, did the State of New York ever lose anything of its just influence and power in the national counsels? Did ever any interests of hers fail to be protected and provided for by a Democratic administration? Is that her historic boast, has she not always made it a part of her renown, that she so often found her interests, her political sympathies and opinions to be in unison with the great Democratic party of the nation? Although never in public life, I acted for twenty-five years with that other party—now honorably numbered in the things of history—which was so long your opponent, and which sometimes even carried New York out of the Democratic fold, and gave this country a Whig administration. But I can understand how it can well be a matter of just pride to the people of this State that, when they gave their confidence to Democratic administrations, the honor and the interests of the State were intrusted to safe hands.

And now that the Democratic party is the only one that stands upon the Constitution of the United States—the only one that takes that instrument for its guide—the only one that defends the indestructible principles of the Union and the political equality of the States, are the people of New York to be influenced by the idea that the governors of the South will be unsafe if the Democratic party should happen to return to power in the national government? What can the Democratic party do, or permit to be done, to the freedom of the South, that can endanger their condition? Undoubtedly it is a cardinal feature of the Democratic creed that no State shall be interfered with in what concerns its domestic affairs; and the people of this country must either act upon that principle, or they must act the opposite. We must either abide by the principle of the Union, or we must have a consolidated government, through which all the conditions of society everywhere may be regulated by one central authority. Now, the Democratic party has made it perfectly plain in this canvass that the present Congress, in excluding the Southern States from representation, and in using that exclusion as a means of compelling these States to alter their laws of suffrage, are acting without any warrant from the Constitution. It has been shown beyond the possibility of contradiction, that there is no ground on which those States can be kept out of Congress, excepting the theory that they are conquered, foreign countries. This theory we mean to put down by all lawful and constitutional means. By all lawful and constitutional means we intend to uphold the Constitution, and to have the right of unconditional representation acknowledged. We say that it is just as much a violation of the Constitution to refuse that right until the Constitution has been altered, as it would be to refuse it permanently and forever without proposing amendments.

We say, further, that this Congress has given no guarantee, offered to the country no pledge, entered into no stipulation, that the Southern States shall be represented after the proposed amendments are adopted. We say that this Congress is trying an experiment on the South for the purpose of seeing how far those States can be compelled, in their present situation of distress, to submit to schemes for disfranchising all their leading white citizens, and for making the colored population the predominating and governing power. If it were in my power to make another public address during this canvass, I should desire to direct public attention to one of the constitutional amendments which has not been commented on as it deserves. That which relates to the changes in the basis of representation has been much discussed, and is now fully understood. But the disfranchising clause must also be taken into view. It proposes two things: First, to disqualify every man for either national or State office who, having previously at any time in his life taken an oath to support the federal Constitution, has taken any part in the late rebellion: Secondly, to vest in Congress the power to remove this disqualification in individual cases.

Now, if you will cast your eyes around you, in reference to any community in this country, and observe how many men in the course of their lives must have taken an oath to support the federal Constitution, you will see that this is necessarily an enormous disfranchisement; and that no greater oppression could fall upon a people than to deprive them of the services, in every possible position, of the very classes of men who will be affected by this proscription. It comprehends not only those who made the rebellion, but all those who from the highest and purest motives, after the Confederate government was formed, did what every patriot might well do, labor to create a country for himself and his children and his fellow-citizens. But this is not all. This amendment is an invitation to the American people to do what they have always denounced as wrongful and wicked, and which is not practiced by any decent government in the world. In all our constitutions, national and State, the legislative power is prohibited from enacting laws which affix to offenses punishments that did not exist when the offenses were committed. This prohibition is fully an expression of a principle of jurisprudence which the moral sense of civilized mankind everywhere acknowledges. But here is an invitation to the people to do what they formal to their legislatures, and what they solemnly covenant in their constitutions shall not be done, namely: to create a punishment after the offense has been committed. But look at it further. If this amendment is carried out, Congress is to have power to remove the disfranchisement in individual cases. You will recollect that, by the Constitution, the pardoning power is vested in the President, and Congress has nothing to do with it. Suppose this amendment is adopted. It does not expressly diminish or annul the President's power of pardoning. Now I should be glad to have any lawyer or statesman tell me how a government is to be carried on with two pardoning powers, one vested in the executive, the other in the legislature, and both of them plenary as to the offenses for which this *ex post facto* law is to be enacted. Suppose the President pardons a late rebel, and Congress does not see fit to remove the *ex post facto* disfranchisement in his case. I wish to see some of the learned casuists of the radical college cut the knot of that difficulty. I wish to see them when the whole South is filled with men who have thus been disqualified from holding office even in their States, determine the constitutional relation of the pardoning power of this federal government to the whole subject of offenses against the United States. Can anything show more clearly than this does the character of the design that lies at the bottom of this scheme—a design to draw within the control of Congress, and away from the constitutional depository of the pardoning power, the personal condition of every man in the South who has had anything to do with the late rebellion. Why did not this Congress content themselves with asking us to enact the disfranchisement, and leave the harmony and uniformity of the pardoning power undisturbed? The motive appears to me to be only too obvious. Congress is aiming at the absorption of all the powers of government; and, if there were no other reason for resisting them, this one encroachment on the symmetry of the Constitution would be reason enough.

The people of New York are well aware that President Johnson, in the exercise of a power clearly invested in him by the Constitution, and as a wise and human magistrate should have done has already granted a full pardon to many hundreds of persons who were concerned in the late rebellion. This amendment is an invitation to us, in our sovereign capacity, to enact a fundamental law that shall annul the effect of these pardons, create a punishment that did not exist when the offenses were committed, and violate the public faith towards large classes of men who, admitting their error, have had it condoned by the nation acting through the very organ which the Constitution has provided for the express purpose of releasing all consequences of wrong doing against the United States. And what is the excuse for this violent and wholesale prescription, that must comprehend nine-tenths of all the men in the South who have ever held the position of State governor or State judge, or member of a State legislature, or justice of the peace? It is, that these men, or some of them, may possibly again sit in Congress; and in reference to that supposed danger, their fellow-citizens are to be prohibited forever from having the benefit of their services in any office of their own States. If any man supposes that this is the way to cure the evils, or to close the wounds resulting from the great civil war, I can only say that I differ from him. A wise and practical statesmanship, whether the form of government be republican or monarchical, will contemplate, and will, if it be a national statesmanship, will accepting the frank submission of a gallant people who frankly offer it, and will neither strain existing nor manufacture new penalties for purposes of a revengeful oppression.

We hear and read a great deal respecting the probable future terms of the President's plan of reunion to these unconsenting States. There is much speculation concerning the probability of his recommending their adoption. I suppose it to be true that these amendments are opposed by the Democratic party on principle, because they dislocate and subvert the system of the Union, and introduce methods of action towards the States entirely new, and, I think, unjust and oppressive. I suppose, also, that the President has made up his mind as to the course which his duty to the Constitution requires of him, and that he means to fulfill that duty in the whole extent of his executive functions. I take for granted that he has investigated carefully the great questions which have arisen out of the suppression of the rebellion, and that he means, so far as the executive department can fix the status of the Southern States and people, to recognize them as being now fully in the Union, in all respects equal to the other States, and their people, under the Constitution. He cannot force their representatives into Congress; he cannot compel either house of Congress to do its constitutional duty, by acting separately on the qualifications of those who present themselves as claimants of seats. But, so far as the executive relations to the people of those States and to the Constitution and people of the United States extend, I take it for granted that the President never can treat the rebellion as anything but the unlawful act of individuals; that he can never admit that the Southern States were withdrawn by it from the Union, and that he never can find a justification for demanding amendments of the Constitution as conditions precedent to the reunion of the Constitution in and over those States, or to the enjoyment by those States of any privileges under it. I do not, therefore, think it respectful to entertain the supposition that the President can change a course which must be founded in convictions of duty, if it be founded on anything. What may be the consequences of a pertinacity by Congress in a theory that regards the Southern States as out of the Union, and in command of a complete social reversion and revolution in those States before they are to be regarded as States of the Union, no man can foresee.

The personal consequences to the President, arising out of the threats that are made to impeach him, may well be disregarded by all of us, as I doubt not they are disregarded by him. But where are we drifting in this confusion of opinion respecting the principles on which the late war was carried out? The people who sanctioned that war on the part of the federal government on the ground that the Southern States had not left and could not leave the Union, will not adhere to their own theory, now that it has been maintained and the result has been accepted by those who resisted this, the only possible foundation for the supremacy of the Constitution, what hope remains to us for its preservation? There is but one attitude for us, namely: that a mass of people and States called the "North" conquered a mass of people and States called the "South," and are now proceeding to impose their social theories, their customs, and their ideas of social qualities upon those whom they have subjugated. In this "moral and political crusade against the Southern States, with which we are threatened, it is probable that, whatever survives, the Constitution of the United States will be the chief monument of our destructive capacities.

Yet, darkness is the future, I certainly would not counsel despair while there remain to us opportunities of appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of a free people. I trust that the demonstration on Tuesday evening will be worthy of the cause, the candidates and the city; and, regretting my inability to be present, I remain your friend and fellow-citizen,

GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

We find the following in the Paris gossip of a contemporary:

Literary men, it seems, die like everybody else. Roger de Beauvoir, who, about a fortnight ago, passed to the other world, was followed last week by Leon Gozlan, dramatist, novelist and poet. It was not known until a few hours before his burial whether that ceremony was to be in conformity with Catholic or with Jewish rites. Happily, some papers were discovered among his BIBS, which made it very clear—to those who desired to think so—that he was a Catholic. He died suddenly, while writing in his study. This kind of demise with one's harness on reminds me of that of Dongelet, who was probably the most earnest journalist that ever lived.

One day, when the Place de Pantheon was the scene of a riot, Dongelot installed himself in the midst of a shower of stones and other missiles, pen in hand, to note the incidents, as a faithful reporter. Amid the yells and groans of combatants, and the clatter of cavalry over the hard pavement into the ranks of the seditious, a friend, espying the indefatigable reporter, hailed him:

"Man! are you mad!" he shrieked: "run from there or you will be killed!"

Dongelot, without heeding his advice, retained his position, watch in one hand and pen in the other, recording, minute by minute, the aspects of the conflict.

"Do you not hear me?" cried the friend again: "it is certain death to remain there."

"Heaven will guard me. But since you are going, oblige me by handing these notes to my journal. You will tell them that I remain on the spot to record the end of the affair."

One hour after the adventurous journalist was struck by a stray bell. He was conveyed to a house, and a surgeon hastened to his relief.

"You are wounded?"

"Yes," replied Dongelot, "and seriously for I am not able to write."

"You positively must not think of writing," said the doctor, brusquely: "it will excite you too much. You must remain quiet."

"That is not the most important thing at present," rejoined the reporter, gasping for breath. Each one to his task: mine is to chronicle this affair. Give me your assistance for one moment. Write for me at the bottom of the page this *post scriptum*:

"Three o'clock and twenty minutes P. M.—After a discharge of musketry by the soldiers, there were found among the ranks of the people three wounded and one dead."

"How, one dead?" demanded the surgeon; "who, then, is dead?"

"I!" replied Dongelot, and expired.

Raleigh, N. C., though containing but five or six thousand inhabitants has gone largely into publishing and printing business. There are nine different printing offices! Three daily newspapers, one tri-weekly, six semi-weekly, and one semi-monthly journal, two monthly magazines and one annual issued, making sixteen distinct publications.

Artemus Ward in London.

Mr. Punch, My Dear Sir—It is seldim that the commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is marr'd by games.

It is commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertain this great regard for commerce, "whose sails whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subject bo't a barrel of apple sass in America recently, and when he arrov at home he found, under a few delusive layers of sass, nothing but sawdust. I should have instantly gone into the city and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condemn and repudiate, as a American, this gross rawd, if I hadn't learnt at the same time that the draft given by the British subject in payment for this trawsylent sass was drawn on a bankin house in London which doesn't have a existence, bo'tar otherwise, and never did.

There is those who lurf at these things, but to me they territ rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my Uncle Wilyim—who, as I've before stated, is an uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discovering it got into a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim told the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idea of first-class humor! with the exception of this wretched uncle, the scentcheon of my family has never been stained by games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfession I do not call games. They are sacrifices to art.

I come of a very clever family.

The Wards is a very clever family indeed.

I believe we are descended from the Puritans, who nobly fled from a land of despotism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin it.

As I said before, we are a very clever family.

I was strollin up Regent street the other day, thinkin what a clever family I come of, and and lookin at the gay shop windows. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them clears wouldn't do. They carrid the observer bo'tar back into the dim vista of the past, and I gave em to a orphan asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of Mr. Moses, in the Commercial Road. They were expressly made, Mr. Moses informed me, for a nobleman, but as they fitted him too mucky, partikly the trowsers, (which is blue, with large red and white checks,) he had to hang dear feller, make me some more, only mind, he says you sell them for noblemen, not for fellers."

I like to saunter thro' Regent street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't belie their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American French lasses do. It's a treat to see everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent street's full. I'm here; and, as said before, I come of a very clever family.

As I was walkin' along smoosin' myself by stickin' my pankinbs into the calves of the footmen who stood a-walkin' by the side of Lady Ashley, one of whom he will, with anguish! I was struck by a man about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore."

He was a little shabby in his wearin' apparil. His coat was one of those black shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by electricity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was you in Crimea, president?" I asked, it was. It was at the stormin' of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met."

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not being there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and hurrah for 'em!"

The man grasp me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man in life as he did in me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bacchus!" And he dragged me into a public house. I was determinted to pay, so I said, "Mr. Bacchus, give this gen'l man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner, till my dinner arrove, when the agreeable gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, sir, fit for the gods."

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy they was welcome to it.

We had soup and fish, and a hot joint, and growse, and wines of the best money's vintage. We had ices, and we had fruits from Greenland's icy mountains and Indy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous repast was over, the agreeable man said he'd unfortunitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods."

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I inwardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for them, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever family.

The agreeable gentleman then said, "Now I will show you our club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Well," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em I need no other indorsement as to its respectibiliness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper-boy!" And we wended arm-in-arm.

On the way, the agreeable man told me that the club was called the Slashers. He said I would notice that none of them appeared in evenin dress. He said it was again the rules of the club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expelled. "And yet," he added, "there's gangues there and some genteelness and intellerck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intellerck you'll see there."

We reached the Slashers in due time, and I must say they was a shaky lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certainly none of the best.

The Slashers crowded around me and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful breastpin you have got," said one of 'em. "Permitme," and he took it out of my neckerchief. "Isn't it lurvly" he said, pass it to another, who passed it to another. It was given me by my aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful blossom pin passin from one Slasher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "pass away! pass away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no scotter sees me than she utters a loud yell, and cries:

"At lars! at lars! At lars! My Wilyim from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, ma'am. Notion no account. I have heard boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart did not whisper Seuzan! I've behaved the mariuspikes on the upper jibpoop, but Seuzan's eyes wasn't on me much. Young woman, I am not your sailor boy. Far different."

"Oh, yes, you are!" she howled, salzin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meeting!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, for I'm on the pint of leavin this institooshun."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever family. A very clever family, indeed.

"Where?" I cride, as I struggled in vane to release myself from the essentrick female's clave, "where is the capting—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward and cride, "What do I see? Mi sister! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my boosom, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the breast-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it passed away like the breastpin. Then they sorter gently hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 o'clock at night when I reached the Cremlin.

"Ha, ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the landord, larfin loudly, and diggin his fist into my ribs.

I said, "Mr. Bigsby, if you do that again, I shall fit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent family, I shall dislike your benevolent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, friend?" said the landord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I answered, in a bitter voice, "by a sailor who was into the Crimea. What good was it, I cride, "for Sebastopol to fall without envelopin in its ruins that viper!"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever family.

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE PRODUCTION OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.—For the current year, 1868, the aggregate gold and silver product of the United States is estimated from $82,000,000 to $100,000,000. The details of the largest estimates are, that California will produce $27,000,000, Montana $18,000,000, Nevada $16,000,000, Idaho $17,000,000, Oregon $8,000,000, Colorado $17,000,000, and various other sources $5,000,000—total $108,000,000.

God's best mercy is often shown in the rejection of our prayers.

INSURANCE.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 69 Camp street—New Orleans, November 5, 1868—This Company have removed their office to No. 19 Camp street, recently occupied by Messrs. Smith, Newman & Co., and continue to take FIRE, MARINE and RIVER RISKS on the most favorable terms.

DIRECTORS.

E. Rigney, C. A. Fagot, G. W. Mason, H. C. Stanley, Samuel Reid, N. H. Thomas, S. H. Nixon, T. W. Simpson, Ed. Newman, C. M. Soria, James Byrnes, Alexander Marks, C. E. Shiswick, C. H. Walker, W. R. Brown, R. J. West, A. D. Gelpi, J. P. Eggleston, A. B. Hitchcock.

E. RIGNEY, President.

H. P. JANVIER, Secretary.

NATIONAL MARINE AND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Capital.....$500,000 00.
Surplus.....93,551 26.
Assets.....593,555 96.

Insures against FIRE, the Perils of the SEA, and INLAND NAVIGATION.

DIRECTORS:

J. M. Courtenay, A. S. Mitchell, S. C. Emily, Geo. S. Denison, Spencer Field, Louis Schneider, G. W. Griffin, J. F. H. Grace, D. C. McCaa, Chas. W. Lewis, G. W. Cockrane.

J. M. COURTENAY, President.
LOUIS SCHNEIDER, Vice President.
LOUIS C. D'HOMERGUE, Secretary.

This Company continues to allow a discount of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. CASH to its CUSTOMERS.

OFFICE:
Corner Camp and Common Streets.

CITIZENS' MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, No. 8 CARONDELET STREET.

Amount of Premiums for the year 1865.....$220,621 81
Amount of Assets of the Company.....$30,000 0

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of scrip, on and after the second Monday of February, 1866, and have, further, declared a scrip dividend of twenty-five per cent.

TRUSTEES:

J. Lorber, Jno. A. White,
A. H. DeMara, F. Madison,
Ar. Mitchenerger, J. Lemoine,
A. Sibisch, T. Avendano,
J. Lemora, L. Gesmi,
Fdo. Gaschs, Ac Voltde Degrus,
Omer Gaillard.

OMER GAILLARD, President.

HY. CASTANEDE, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

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HENRY ANDERSON, Paper Dealer,
No. 44 Beekman street, New York. (The Old Stand.)

PLANTATION HOES,
SOLID CAST STEEL, OVAL EYE,
ASSORTED SIZES, at lowest cash rates. For sale by
M. D. HALSEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS,
And Hardware Commission Merchants,
55 Beekman street, New York.

DERINGER AND COLT'S PISTOLS—ALSO,
Sharp's, Smith & Wesson's, and other makers. For sale by
M. D. HALSEY & CO., AUCTIONEERS,
And Hardware Commission Merchants,
55 Beekman street, New York.

J. S. HALSEY & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS AND HARDWARE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
55 Beekman street,
NEW YORK.
Sole agents in New York for the
Pittsburg Cutlery Company,
At wholesale to the trade only, at manufacturers' prices.
ALSO:
Agents for the STAR BRAND HORSE NAILS.

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PUNSTON & SCOFIELD,
Agents and Manufacturers of
Lilliendahl's Excelsior Fire Works,
Importers and Manufacturers of
CHINESE GOODS, FIRE CRACKERS, TORPEDO LANTERNS, FLAGS, Etc.,
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DEFIANCE
CIGAR MANUFACTORY.
D. HIRSCH & CO.,
174 Water street, New York.

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Containing nearly 300 pages, and 130 fine Plates and Engravings of the Anatomy of the Human Organs in a state of Health and Disease, with a treatise on Early Errors, its Deplorable Consequences upon the Mind and Body, with the Author's Plan of Treatment—the only rational and successful mode of cure, as shown by the report of cases treated. A certified adviser to the married, and those contemplating marriage, who entertain doubts of their physical condition. Sent free of postage to any address, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or postage currency, by addressing
DR. LA CROIX,
No. 31 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y.
The author may be consulted upon any of the diseases upon which his book treats, either personally or by mail, and medicines sent to any part of the world.

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NO BIG PROFITS—NO DULL TRADE.
Eight Hundred for Sale
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C. WITTY'S CARRIAGE WAREROOMS,
634, 636 and 638 Broadway, 106, 108 and 110 Crosby street,
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REFERENCES.
E. FULTON, New Orleans, La.
B. L. MANN, New Orleans, La.
ABRAHAM & GOLDSMITH, New Orleans.
S. K. JOHNSON, Alexandria, La.
WM. BOGEL, Baton Rouge, La.

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—And—
FANCY GOODS, BEADS, MARBLES, SLATES, SLATE PENCILS, ETC.,
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Strasburger & Nuhn's,
25 Maiden Lane, cor. William street, New York.
Messrs. Strasburger & Nuhn being now the largest importers in their line, and having laid in their full stock for cash at the lowest gold rates, are enabled to offer for the coming season extraordinary inducements.
Buyers will do well to favor them with their confidence, and buy at once.
Mail orders promptly executed.

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MANUFACTURER
Hadfield's Union Fireworks,
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MANUFACTURER
LANTERNS, FLAGS, ETC.
Also, a large assortment of his own importation of
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STEAM, FORCE, SUCTION,
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Lifting Pumps of Every Description,
STEAM and GAS PIPES, PIPE and GAS FITTINGS
—AT—
EVERY DESCRIPTION
—OF—
Plumber's, Gas and Steam Fitters' Goods
For sale at the lowest rates, by
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ROBERT FOULDS,
IMPORTER OF FRENCH, ENGLISH AND GERMAN
Toys, Fancy Goods, China and Fireworks
—ALSO—
MANUFACTURER OF TRANSPARENT SLATES,
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THE BERGIAN HOUSE FURNISHING WAREROOMS,
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The Largest Variety in the United States of
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REFRIGERATORS, COOKING UTENSILS, Etc.
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FOREIGN GOODS REDUCED TO GOLD VALUE.
Catalogues furnished on application to my Address.
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INSURANCE.

INSURANCE.....INSURANCE.
Fire, River and Marine Insurance.
L. C. NORVELL. RICHARD POWER.
L. C. NORVELL & CO.,
AGENTS,
Corner of St. Charles and Perdido streets,
(Under the Masonic Hall)
FOR THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES:

Metropolitan Insurance Company, (New York.) Capital and Surplus.....$1,750,000
Mercantile Mutual Insurance Company, (New York.) Capital and Surplus.....1,500,000
Washington Insurance Company, (New York.) Capital and Surplus.....750,000
Total Capital Represented.....$4,000,000

ALL LOSSES ADJUSTED AND PAID IN NEW ORLEANS.
Will buy COTTON for manufacturers, and make LIBERAL ADVANCES on all Shipments to our Correspondents in New York and Liverpool.
L. C. NORVELL.
RICHARD POWER.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
OF THE
CRESCENT MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEW ORLEANS, MAY 22, 1866.

The Trustees, in conformity with the Charter, submit the following statement of the affairs of the Company on the 30th day of April, 1866:

Fire Premiums	$363,154 71	
Marine "	126,305 16	
River "	56,245 99	
		$545,677 86
Amount of Earned Premiums	465,441 44	
Losses paid and estimated:		
Fire Losses	$ 34,862 06	
Marine Losses	73,646 05	
River Losses	249,203 93	
Paid dividends on 10 per cent of scrip	38,762 97	
Paid Taxes	35,992 59	
Paid reinsurance	60,207 21	
Profit and Loss, Interest, Rent, Stationery, Stamps, Exchange, Discount, etc.	142,156 60	
		678,739 22
Net Profits		$457,701 22
Amount of Premiums to participate in Scrip Dividend		$404,711 0

The Company have the following Assets:

Notes secured by mortgages	$ 90,455 00
Loans on pledge of stocks	20,024 42
Bills Receivable	41,153 21
Real Estate	60,000 00