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G. C. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT. Published every morning, except on Sundays and public holidays.

Table with columns for Square, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months, 18 months, 24 months. Lists advertising rates for various durations.

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THE WEEKLY CRESCENT.

Published every Saturday morning. Subscription, \$2.00 per annum in advance.

Table with columns for Square, 1 month, 3 months, 6 months, 12 months, 18 months, 24 months. Lists advertising rates for the weekly paper.

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1868.

Next Wednesday night takes place at the Deutch Company Hall, corner Bienville street and Exchange alley, a grand concert for the benefit of Mount Olivet Church, in Algiers, whose edifice was burnt about a year ago.

ROBERTSON THEATRE.—In our notice of "Perkin's Theater" yesterday, the name of one of the "Peris"—Miss Jessie Arment—was inadvertently omitted.

NEW MUSIC.—Mr. Louis Grunwald, the extensive music dealer and publisher, 129 Canal street, has favored us with the following pieces of new music: "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," by Offenbach; "Lancier's Quadrille," "The Better Land," a galop, by L. H. Malbranche, and a waltz from the opera of "La Belle Helene."

YOUNG MAN'S EXCELLENCE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—We acknowledge the compliment of a ticket of invitation to attend a soiree to be given by the above named Association, of which Mr. S. Sandak is secretary, at the Conti Verandah Hotel, next Thursday evening, the 6th.

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN.—Dr. Newman of the Ames Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of St. Charles and Calloppe streets, will commence this evening at the church a series of five sermons to young men, founded on the parable of the Prodigal Son, and divided as follows: 1. Prodigal Leaving Home. 2. His Temptation, Sin and Misery. 3. The Inevitability of His Sinful Life. 4. His Recovery and Return. 5. His Happy Reception. A sermon will be delivered each succeeding Sunday evening until the series be completed.

"High Private." New Orleans correspondent of the Houston Telegraph, thinks New Orleans is fast going to the "demolition bow ways," commercially speaking.

A single drop of rum, poured in a tumbler of water, is said to cause all the animalcules to precipitate themselves to the bottom of the glass.

A writer in the Southern Pen and Pulpit, speaking of the death of Bishop Pook, says that in his left breast pocket was found his book of Common Prayer, and in the right four copies of a little manual entitled "Balm for the Weary and Wounded." Upon the fly-leaf of three had been written the names respectively of "Gen. J. E. Johnston," "Lieutenant General Hardee," "Lieutenant General Hood," and the "compliments of Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, June 12th, 1864." Upon the fourth was his own name. All were saturated with blood.

It is said a life insurance company is about to be started in New York which will insure people who adopt the homeopathic system at rates fifteen per cent. lower than those who stand by the old school.

ZIMMERMANN'S JEWELRY STORE.—Those who wish to buy anything in the jewelry line, or to have any work done in the way of watch repairing or diamond setting will be interested in the notice which Zimmermann publishes to-day, that he has largely reduced his prices for everything. In doing this he only yields—as we all must—to the necessities of the times, and in pursuance of the "live and let live" principle; and when we consider that his stock is more complete than ever, and his workmen the best, we can easily appreciate for the house an increase of the very large business it has heretofore enjoyed.

Particular attention is called to the advertisement of "wanted," in which Mrs. Hall offers three elegant rooms with first-class board, at 173 Annunciation street. Knowing the party, we recommend our friends, with confidence, to apply there if they desire a happy home.

EATING SOMETHING.

In relating how Oliver Twist was pursued with the cry of "stop thief!" and how the red thief, having got off by an artful dodge, returned and joined in the cry, the author pauses in a moralizing mood and observes, "There is a passion for hunting something deeply implanted in the human breast."

Mr. Dickens's early vocation as a press reporter must have introduced him to many striking as well as repulsive exhibitions of this passion cropping out among the promiscuous masses of London. Its manifestation will always recall to a reflective mind, with startling force, the theory which holds man to be a microcosm in which is resumed, not alone "the firmaments, the strata, and the lights," but "fish, fowl, and beast, and insect—all their trains of curious life."

It is a development in humanity of the pursuing instinct of such animals as the dog, the wolf, and the jackal? Must the cruel frenzy of mobs whose deeds have stained the history of the most civilized peoples, though language is accustomed to describe it as brutal, and therefore unnatural and inhuman, be pronounced by philosophy to be, after all, as natural as eating and sleeping, as love and pity, as joy and sorrow, and as human as hypocrisy and chicanery, as cupidity and venality, as ingratitude and slander? Fortunately, however, though humanity may include brute nature, brute nature does not include humanity. The passion for hunting something happens to be one of the elements which is common to both natures. But, while it is displayed on the part of brutes in unchangeable forms, it is developed on the part of men in forms of almost infinite variation.

Most of the spiteful gossip which is so apt to season the social reunions of the gentler sex, is due to a lupine propensity to discover and follow the track of some imprudent or hapless character. These amiable creatures, having once opened on the scent of a bleeding reputation, rarely surpass in persevering ferocity the wolves that pursued Maccoppe.

"With their long gallop which can tire The hound's deep and hunter's ire."

And we to the poor fugitive, if they succeed in hunting it down. The appetite of a ghoul is delicate by the side of the voracity with which they rend and crunch the quivering victim.

Among men and women alike, there is always a disposition to unite in pursuit of something or somebody, off-hand and without inquiry, and to destroy the game, when caught, without pity or remorse.

Every one will admit to himself that this is an ignoble tendency. Perhaps every one believes that it is superior to it. Unquestionably all who are not hopelessly base will strive to subject it to the control of reason and of the higher sentiments. But here it is, nevertheless, in human nature at large, implanted for some wise purpose no doubt, but perverted to multifarious evil, as every attribute of humanity is liable to be perverted. One of its most common perversions is that which furnishes easy expedients by which Pharisees of sundry classes may

"Compound for sins they are inclined to," By damning those they have no mind to."

The human scape-goat is a result of its perversion. The world's great criminals, thanks to the scapegoat, go for the most part scot free. But for the safety-valve which is thus afforded for virtuous indignation, the magnificent humbugs and the consummate knaves who adorn the surface and blight the heart of society would be in danger of sharing the fate of the comparatively petty cheats and villains who are condemned to the penitentiary or the gibbet. In fact, if society were compelled to adopt a direct instead of vicarious method of vindicating its virtue, it is to be apprehended that capital punishment would attain such an extent as to resemble a social hari-kari.

Nowhere are the effects of the passion for hunting somebody or some institution more visible than in politics. It serves as one of the most powerful weapons of the demagogue. Excited by him, it produces what Carlyle, Anglicizing an expressive German word, calls "swarmery." The whole movement in the North, of the past quarter of a century, against the South, has been a prolonged swarmery. Slavery was only the occasion, philanthropy was merely the pretext. The true secret of the fanatical combination and aggression was the need which unscrupulous politicians felt for developing in Northern communities the passion for hunting something. The South happened to be the most convenient game, and so the hunt was commenced against the South. All the political Pharisees in the other section joined lustily in the cry against her. Every political knave saw in it the means of diverting attention from his vile personal designs. Mammon-worshipping preachers took to it as naturally as the devil takes to pitch and sulphur, and they roared and bellowed to incite the furious pack, because they saw money in it.

LEARN TO CONTROL YOUR TEMPER IN LETH.

A STORY WITH A MORAL, BY THE CRESCENT'S FASHION CONTRIBUTOR.

While there is a pause in the sacred precincts devoted to the gods, and her most ardent servants are resting on their laurels from the labor of inventing, modifying, changing the fashions, and as regarding with complacency the results of sleepless nights and days of anxiety, let me, too, pause, and in place of my gossip on the fashions, give you a little picture from real life.

This is the season when is displayed on the persons of belles and beaux the labor of untrusting, earnest, inventive geniuses, whose whole minds have been directed to the accomplishment of one object—a change of fashion; and whose short hour of triumph is at its zenith. While they are preparing for the evening campaign—as to me does not you please—and existing talk of inventing pyramids for the head, envelopes for the "human form divine," paints, patches or cosmetics for waving beauty, or any of the thousand and one eccentricities of fashionable life—I find my occupation of recorder of fashions gone. I therefore descend with a run, and beg you to accompany me, friends of the CRESCENT, from the blue Olympian heights to common place work-day life, where from the ethereal glories of bellehood young ladies pass to the more commonplace duties of wives and mothers.

"Boys, cease this warring. Cannot you play together without temper? Strange temper, my sons, in youth; even as the infant Hercules did the serpent sent to destroy him, which," the young lady replied, indignantly, "I intended to represent the evil passions common to mankind, and which in the end destroy those who foster them lovingly in their bosoms. Do not let your temper get control over you, you can never tell to what its indulgence may lead."

"But, father," said the younger of the two boys, "Herbert has just had his hair, which was small; he taken possession of mine, and won't give it back to me," replied and Herbert, angrily.

"I have just done now, boys, to listen and judge of the merits of the cause. Take the disputed hair to your mother, and ask her to keep it till I come home to dinner."

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THE STREAM FLOWED ON, AND HE GREW EVER MORE PALE.

W. W. Advertiser, in his last issue, said: "I am despair. I kissed his cold hands and blood-stained face. At length I heard the wild galloping of a horse. In a few moments my father was beside me. He was soon followed by the servants, my heart-broken mother and the doctor. Gently they raised and carried the sufferer on a board to the house we left so gaily in the morning. Boys, it would be impossible to describe to you the night of agony I spent, or the wild rayer I entered to be spared the horrors of the fratricide."

"Oh, father," said Herbert, "did your brother die?" "Not immediately, he lingered a few months, long enough for me to see the horror of my repentance and receive his forgiveness. He assured me, on his death-bed, that it was not the blow I struck him that caused him to slip, but a sudden giddiness which he had contracted; that the violent exercise he had taken in place of the gentle exercise recommended probably produced hemorrhage ere I struck him. But I never forgot that hour of agony, and have always felt that I was the indirect cause of poor Herbert's death. This was also the impression throughout the country, and I felt that the mark of Cain had been placed by our tragedy on my brow. Unhappily, the horrors of my position, one day I sought my father and asked him to let me leave the country. Reluctantly he consented and I came to America. My parents both died just before I married, and I have always felt that I heard your loud, angry voices, the past came crushing back, and I remembered my life of suffering, my destroyed boyhood and youth, and resolved to end the horrors of my position, one day I sought my father and asked him to let me leave the country. Reluctantly he consented and I came to America. My parents both died just before I married, and I have always felt that I heard your loud, angry voices, the past came crushing back, and I remembered my life of suffering, my destroyed boyhood and youth, and resolved to end the horrors of my position, one day I sought my father and asked him to let me leave the country. Reluctantly he consented and I came to America. 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