The New Orleans Crescent.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1868.

[To the readers of the Crescent with Jocko's Comp's.]

TWICE WED.

BY THE AUTHOR ONCE DEAD, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Did you ever see a desert island?"

"Why certainly I have. I suppose you mean floating island—that is the correct kind, I believe, for dessert."

The last speaker was sweet and twenty with a sweet tooth, as her remarks would seem to indicate.

Clear-cut of feature; imperious of gesture. She was masculine; yet she was feminine. Compactly built as a race horse, and with the same swinging springiness of gait—as the joker says, a sort of a five-barred gate; but don't think she swung on a gate or even kissed thro' the bars. Oh, no! (By the allusion to bars you will observe her very steps were musical, not that her voice quavered or that she was crotchetty—*non minime*—to speak a little Latingly.)

Her companion looked the prize-fighter Frangipanni-flavored and done brown at Christ Church. Pearl-gray trousers and hat to match, dark-blue coat, frock and tightly buttoned over a pale-lilac waistcoat, a white camelia-bud in his button-hole, lavender gloves and a nobby eye glass, bedecked a form as massive as Bacchus, as shapely as a cask of sugar, and as thoroughly killing as a dose of strychnine.

Where were they?

CHAPTER II.

Were you ever in the Atlantic?

Not on a Cunarder with champagne and chamois tongues for lunch; but actually and corally, on a reef with sharks for champagne and you for lunch. Probably not. Most people havn't been.

Add to this a sweet thing in muslin by your side and you may appreciate the position of the the male speaker in the lavender gloves and the nobby eye-glass mentioned above.

CHAPTER III.

Were you ever in the Prater?

(The wretched Chiz overlooking me replies in choicest Irish, "No, but I've often had a prater in me." This is to say the least *farin aceous.*)

To resume, were you ever in the Prater?

("You are worse than a parrot—eternally prating," says Chiz again. "No," I reply, "in the connection in which it comes, it is perfectly natural." "Yes," remarks the incorrigible, as he takes his leave, "*prater*natural."

But to conclude, were you ever in the Prater?

CHAPTER IV.

Were you ever in the Prater?

If you had been there on the 88th day of Juliary, Andrew Dominie 9143, provided you had provided yourself with an opera-glass and had entered the grounds at the N. E. by E. by S. gate, just as the clock struck 13 in the morning, you would possibly have seen a gorgeously dressed couple.

Who were they?

Why were they?

Where is the Prater?

CHAPTER V.

Ah! mystery of life! Oh! mystery of crime! Yea verily, and by my sooth! mystery of novel-writing! Who shall evolve the human heart or who shall get into the tricks of the trade! Who shall unravel the knotted web of motives or tell why things are so!

Can we say of this man, He is a villain for that he followed the dictates of filial affection, and wedded his grandfather? Or shall we mount the *Agora* and cry out Improper! when woman sues (Eugene) for false hair and French beetles? Shall we decry the opinions of the Greeks and not bow down before Olympe-lan behests?

Far be it from me to raise my weak voice even slightly to impugn upon society's well-ordered barriers; but when I view the hierarchs of Cant abroad, I am impelled (irresistibly, if I may be allowed the expression) to say, No, you don't, either!

Ah! mystery of life! Oh! mystery of crime! Yea verily, and by my sooth! mystery of novel-writing!

CHAPTER VI.

They had authority from a loftier edict than a clerk's license: they were joined by a more awful magistrate than an Algiers justice.

Nature was their priest: the stars their witnesses: ocean the organ-harmony, and the overarching sky their temple:—they also felt chilly and he took a pull at his flask to keep him up: she looked at him admiringly. Porpoises disported in their path (or would have done so if they had had a path) and a band of happy little ones from a school of whales came and blew for them and played on the harp-oon and then danced the lance-rs; but they didn't lance well; so when they returned, the teachers gave them a whaling and they blubbered.

And so they were wedded.

(It is true they had been married for ten years already, but what's the use telling it—it would spoil the romance. So the reader will please skip over this parenthesis.)

CHAPTER VII.

Their friends opposed the second match on the ground of bigamy. (The whole affair occurred on the water, but what did they care for that?)

This was their argument: If John marries Jane at London and then they are married again at sea, it shows two things: First, John and Jane were not properly married at first else they would not have married a second time. And second, they could not have been married at last because they had been already married. *Ergo*, they are not married at all. Hence if they were married twice it is clear they must each have committed bigamy.

The dictates of society must be observed, otherwise—for in that event—and indeed—to be sure—for instance—

CONCLUSION.

Were you ever in the Prater?

A HEAD AND TWO THUMBS.

For the New Orleans Sunday Crescent.]

I went to see two thumbs the other night—Mister Tom Thumb and Mrs. Tom. There was also two smaller thumbs, called Commodoor Nutt and Minnie Warren. They was all somewhat small for their size, having been born so at an early period of their existence.

This nut is not cracked, and never has been—not any. He is not a chiss-nut, a wall-nut, nor much of a butter-nut—nut that I am aware of. He is a "brick," on his father's side. Although he acts small with every body he comes in contact with, or does business with, he is not mean. His mean weight is only about 50 pounds. He is 24 years old and has been for some years. He escaped the draft during our late little unpleasantness, on account of being exempt. He is now in training to fight McCoole, the great pugilist of St. Louis, who is out on bail for the purpose.

Tom Thumb, a brevet general, and a brevet man, is 30 years old exactly, and has been, to my certain knowledge, ever since I knew him, 15 years ago. He is a married man, all there is of him, and is happy all over. He and his wife never quarrel 'cause if they should get into a regular family fight, there wouldn't be any thing left of either one of 'em to "make up" again. Tom doesn't have much weight or much standing in the community where he resides, although his ideas on the finance question are sound. He has never been known to drink over 2 quarts of rum a day, and his other habits are good. For this reason, he has never been considered qualified for being a member of Congress. I must say, that if I was a baby over again, and I couldn't grow to be bigger than he and Nutt, I'd—well I'd *quit*, that's all! But they save a good deal by it. It dont take much cloth to make 'em clothes, nor much physic to make 'em sick; but when they are sick, they're sick all over.

Mrs. Tom Thumb and Miss Minnie Warren are *some* women. They stopped growing some years ago, on account of a bill bein' introduced into Congress to levy a tax on females that overgrew themselves. Women are the only luxury in this country that have escaped the internal revenue laws. Although Miss Minnie Warren is stated to be only 20 inches high, I am ready to bet 17,000 dollars that she stands over 2 feet! Money to be in bank at ½ past 12 to-morrow—(and stay there!) It is said that Mrs. Thomas Thumb is the mother of 1 child, but I don't know. I am sure, however, that she is the child of 1 mother! She eats her hash like other women, but does not live high. If she don't behave well, Tom needn't get a divorce, for she is so little that he could drown her in a small tub. But she is mighty good, what there is of her, which goes to prove the ancient adage that "good things are done up in little bunches."

The future of these little folks is uncertain, like that of large people, but their several ages will probably remain about the same as they have, until they die. They will not die of fevers, as there isn't enough of 'em for a good sized fever to work on.

This little article about little people is for little folks. If they had been bigger, there would have been more to write about.

Piecefully theirn, A. HEAD.

A REMINISCENCE.

For the New Orleans Crescent.]

The incident you relate in your paper of the 27th ultimo, about an unmannerly cur and a sable son of "freedom's happy clime," recalled forcibly to my mind the following occurrence in the capital of a neighboring State about the flush times of Mississippi. Jackson was then the capital of the State, as it is presumed to be now of the fourth military district. Congregated in those days within its limits were many names since become historical. The two Generals Adams, Foote, the then Colonel Jeff. Davis, (he was often there,) A. G. Brown, Col. Geo. R. Fall, *id est omnes*. It was in the days just succeeding McNutt's celebrated canvass vs. Foote. Fall and Price were editors of the Mississippian. Tom Whaley kept the drug store headquarters for all shades of politicians, and general rendezvous for professional men. The best teller of an anecdote was Bill Brown, who was then clerk of the United States District Court. Next was General Duffield, the Supreme Court clerk. All these at some time or other of the day used to congregate in front of Tom's drug store. The Union Bank was just next door, Charley Clifton was receiver, assisted by Bill Glaskins, alas! both gone where carpet baggers have no show, to Heaven. Old Dr. Pickett, a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, given to obesity and loose linen clothes during the heated term, used to be a frequenter of the locality. Tom Whaley, (alas! he too has gone forever from the carpet-baggers,) kept a fancy breed of dogs, English bull terriers. Gyp, Nelly and Crib were as well known as Tom or poor Chris Bancks, another well known spirit in those days. Dr. Peckett was talking "along" (as poor Tom used to say) with Geo. Fall on the curb, and Gyp was reclining in the shade, after eating about two pounds of fresh beef; Nelly was cutting up some fantastic shines, after imaginary rats down an imaginary crack in the flooring of the house, and the weather was hot, even under the shade of the awning. The doctor was clad in loose-flowing linen, and he leant against the awning post. Crib was let loose to run around, and presently he espied a rival dog making his way up the street. Crib was a dog of parts; he had fought and conquered in many an encounter, and was the reputed father of every good bull terrier for *miles* around. Gen. *Miles* had some of his progeny. Crib strutted and curved up his back; he was indignant at seeing his rival; his tail stiffened, his eyes flashed, and before making a pounce on the disturber of his equanimity, he strutted to the post, (he was a good mannered cur,) raised his leg daintily in the air and did what your dog did to the gentleman of African "scent;" but (here comes in the tarf,) he mistook the doctor's leg for the post. Every one burst into a loud laugh (not too loud for polite behavior,) except the unfortunate doctor, who was ignorant of the "wherefore." Soon, however, the breeze blew the loose drapery against the doctor's leg (no drawers) and the cold feeling caused him to look down; in an instant the sum of the unmannerly dog's offense was apparent, and with a most chopfallen air, the quiet M. D. moved off at a rapid pace to repair damages at his room. Poor Tom! how he did laugh! Crib escaped with a reprimand in words, but he only wagged his tail in response.

It was during one of these impromptu gatherings that A. made the following pun: A lot of chairs were being moved from the bank building and were placed on the banquette. Some one asked A. whose are these. Oh, replied he, these are the *assets* of the Union Bank; and they were about all of the assets sure enough. Another time I may give you an account of the well and its cool water in the yard of the said bank.

VIATOR.

THE BANKRUPT BILL.—The following is the text of the bill to establish an uniform system of bankruptcy throughout the United States, which passed both houses of Congress:

"*Be it enacted, etc.*, That the provisions of the second clause of the thirty-third section of said act shall not apply to cases of proceedings in bankruptcy commenced prior to the first day of January, 1869, and the time during which the operation of the provision of said clause is postponed shall be extended until the said first day of January, 1869; and said clause is so amended as to read as follows: In all proceedings in bankruptcy commenced after January, 1869, no discharge shall be granted to a debtor whose assets shall not be equal to fifty per centum of the claims proved against his estate, upon which he shall be liable as the principal debtor, unless the assent in writing of a majority in number and value of his creditors, to whom he shall have become liable as principal debtor, and who shall have proved their claims, be filed in the case at or before the time of the hearing of the application for discharge.

"SEC. 2. That said act be further amended as follows: The phrase 'presented or defended,' in the fourteenth section of said act, shall read, 'prosecuted or defended;' the phrase 'non-resident debtors,' in line five, section twenty-two of the act, as printed in the Statutes at Large, shall read 'non resident creditors;' that the word 'or' in the next to the last line of the thirty-ninth section of the act shall read 'and;' and that the phrase 'section thirteen' in the forty-second section of said act shall read 'section eleven;' and the phrase 'or spends any part thereof in gaming' in the forty-second section of said act shall read 'or shall spend any part thereof in gaming;' and that the words 'with the senior register or' and the phrase 'to be delivered to the register,' in the forty-seventh section of said act be stricken out.

"SEC. 3. That the registers in bankruptcy shall have power to administer oaths in all cases and in relation to all matters in which oaths may be administered by commissioners or circuit courts of the United States, and such commissioners may take proof of debts in bankruptcy in all cases subject to revision of such proofs by registers by court, according to the provisions of said act."

Brownlow speaks of the late Mr. Lincoln as "our martyr in heaven." Well, then, between him and Brownlow there will be a great gulf fixed.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

THE LOST CHIGNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HEIR AT LAW.

[Jocko wishes the public to understand distinctly that the annexed wretched effort is not by him. An unfortunate friend wrote it while in a state of somnambulism and now insists on getting it published. It is a strange example of the lengths to which self-delusion will go. The gentleman positively thinks it funny.]

CHAPTER I.

A fair-haired creature, half lily, half rose. A gloomy room in the *Quartier Français;* a man with a head like Hercules and a face like a fiend.

Snip—
Snip—
Snip!
It is done.

The crowning glory falls; falls like a shivering cataract of moonlight; falls like the passing brilliance of departing day; falls like the splendor from a seraph's wing who breasts the immortal heights of Heaven, and leaves a weeping world behind. The girl has sold her hair.

There now, you are wrong; don't deny it, for I know you are. You think she sold it all; but she didn't. She sold only half, and these were the terms: Cheveux de Frise was to take half in consideration for making her a chignon of the rest. Cheveux de Frise was of a distinguished ancestry. They belonged to the Huge-knots in France, and left their native country in consequence of the Edict of Nance, who, as my readers doubtless recollect, lost her hair by using too much oil—extreme unction, the wits called it—and she was very naturally opposed to those more fortunate ones who were enabled to make a greater display in that line (the hair-line). So the De Frises, resolved on their knots, (since called chignons) were compelled to flee for their lives. They came to New Orleans, and true to their ancient faith, set up a barber shop. They increased in influence and wealth, and at the time my story opens, the representative of the family was at the head of a large hair-dressing establishment near the French market.

CHAPTER II.

A court of justice; (for this was before the war) the jury impaneled; the lawyers in full blast, and the judge in a perspiration.

"May it please your honor, that sanguinary brute, that devil incarnate, that hair dresser, has sought to defraud by means of her *unsophistication* and the solitary nature of the transaction, as I shall prove by several witnesses of the most unimpeachable character; he has sought. I say to defraud this young and innocent girl of the one thing she loves, the sole source of her life's enjoyment—her chignon! I think it would be simple justice to hang him, and I hope you will so charge the jury." The judge said he would do so with pleasure as soon as the law was changed, and the counsel for the defense arose. But why weary the reader with details.

Cheveux de Frise was a man of influence; like Samson he was strong in his hair, and—but it is the same old story—might and right, innocence and power. With his wigs and his toupées, his braids and his waterfalls, his rats, his mice, his frisettes and fronts, his curls and cushions, and his curling-tongs, who could doubt the result? The barber triumphed, and youth and beauty, grace and gentleness, lost its chignon.

As Chaucer so pathetically remarks—

"Alas the hayre, alas the perfidie,
Alas departing of your companie!"

CHAATER III.

I hope none of my readers are so little versed in such matters as to need that I shall tell them the rest. Of course the girl drooped and faded, and equally of course, after the regulation time had elapsed, she died. But this was not the end. One day Cheveux de Frise had soup. The chignon had fallen into the pot. It was in the plate he was helped to. He swallowed it at the second spoonful. He perished miserably. Wonderful destiny; just retribution.

Literary and Musical Entertainment by the Irving Literary Club of Pass Christian College.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS., July 26, 1868.

Editor of the Crescent:

We had the pleasure, last Friday night, of listening to a most pleasing entertainment. Urged by a friend to be present at the examinations of Pass Christian College, we were well repaid for doing so. Not accustomed to dishing up news for the public, we will not undertake a report of the examinations, but the debate and club exercises made such an impression on us that we could not refrain from giving you a few items concerning it. The feature of the evening exercises was the debate on the following subject: "*Which has done more for civilization, England or France?*"

The exercises before the debate and those after it were very interesting. The essays and orations did great credit to the abilities of the young gentlemen. Masters Hasam and Seguin, the two essayists, had fine subjects and treated them in a very able manner. Of the three orations, that of Master O'Rorke pleased us most—the others were also very good.

But to come to the chief point of interest, the debate. Mr. J. C. Virden stated the question. He defined civilization as consisting in the improvement of the social, moral and intellectual man. He then proceeded to speak of the superiority of England's language and literature; he asserted that the result of French literature was Atheism; that it unsettled every principle of ethics and religion; that the literature of England never had any bad result. The young gentleman had some very strong arguments. He asserted too much, however; he seemed to forget that the writings of Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Massilon, De Maistre and a host of others lead to the display of the highest virtue. The manner of Mr. Virden was very graceful and becoming; he has a fine appearance and address, and when years ripen his judgment he will make an elegant orator.

Mr. Richard opened on the side of the affirmative. He began in a conciliatory manner, granting all that could be granted to his opponent, yet firmly maintaining his side of the question. He grounded his principal arguments on the social and moral condition of the people. He proved from statistics taken from English reports and English authority that the social and moral condition of the people of France was far in advance of that of the people of England. He said that every political economist holds that it is far better that fifty fathers of a family have £50 a year than that one aristocrat have £50,000 a year. He made many fine points and showed great research. In many of his arguments he was wanting in force; he did not word them with sufficient emphasis. His manner was calm and dignified, his action graceful and his voice clear and distinct. His speech made quite an impression.

Mr. W. Brashear was the next speaker. He founded the principal part of his arguments on the great power of England and her wise policy. He also mentioned the discoveries of Davy—the circulation of the blood; and the discovery of vaccination by Dr. Jenner. He condemned the policy of France, saying that she exceeded Mexico in the number of her revolutions. Mr. Brashear is a very good speaker; his voice is good; his arguments were in the main good, and his matter excellent. We have, however, to take exceptions to some mistakes which he fell into during the course of his arguments; they were no doubt caused by the hurry of the moment. Mr. Brashear was greeted with much applause when he sat down.

Mr. F. Perilloux was next on the stand. He maintained the superiority of France in pulpit oratory. He gave a clear and eloquent epitome of the noble efforts made by the French missionaries to advance the interests of civilization and Christianity; their remarkable success among the Indians of America, and also among the inhabitants of China, Japan and Australia. He argued that England had utterly failed in propagating the principles of Christianity, the elixir of civilization. Mr. Perilloux made a deep impression both by his manner and matter, yet he did not put home many of his strongest points; the way in which he worded them occasionally detracting from the real value of his arguments.

Much interest was now depicted on the countenances of all as the last speaker on the affirmative side stepped forward—Mr. Walter Flower. This gentleman opened in a very fine manner; took as the principal points of argument commerce, manufacture and medicine, contending that the commerce and manufacture of England are the most extended; that to medicine she has given most valuable additions; that she gave to the miner the safety lamp; to navigation the steam engine; that her colonization scheme was the best. He then took a review of some of the arguments of his opponents. He failed, however, to notice many things which he might have mentioned with effect: the discoveries of Faraday, Dr. Halby and others; also the many additions to science by Maclaurin and others. As far as it went, Mr. Flower's effort was logical; his remarks were several times greeted with applause. His manner was very fine, and altogether he was one of the very best debaters of the evening.

Master Flower was loudly applauded when he sat down. Mr. James B. Stubbs, the closing speaker, now came forward, and delivered a masterly speech in defense of the civilization of France. The vast amount of matter, the weighty arguments and the eloquent manner in which they were put would have done credit to a long practiced debater. He was frequently interrupted by the applause of the audience. He argued about as follows: That to France was due the foundation of chemical science; that organic chemistry was owing entirely to French intellect; that in the mathematics she has led the way; that to her we owe the impulse given to logic, physics and metaphysics; that Descartes has revolutionized modern philosophy, and Napoleon modern warfare. He took a review of his opponent's arguments and then closed in a most eloquent manner. Mr. Stubbs was long and loudly applauded at the close of his speech.

The decision was then rendered. A committee of three of the most prominent citizens having been, at the request of the boys, chosen to decide.

The chairman of the committee rose and gave his decision as follows: "I have been appointed by my colleagues to give the decision. We candidly admit that being of English extraction, all our prejudices are English, and that up to the time of the last speaker, we were decidedly in favor of England; but we were unable to withstand the arguments and the eloquence of Mr. Stubbs. We decide in favor of France." The decision was loudly applauded. All in the audience were well pleased with the exercises. Yours, ING.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF ST. ALPHONSUS SCHOOLS.

We take pleasure in laying before the public the valedictory of Miss Maggie Rogers, which terminated the exercises of St. Alphonsus Schools on the 28th ult.

Our readers will, no doubt, appreciate more advisedly when we state that the young authoress is not sixteen years old, and the daughter of a widowed mother, who labored assiduously, under the patronage of the Redemptorists, to give her darling Maggie a thorough education. She said:

When we look around on this assembly, and behold the proud, happy faces of our parents, relatives and friends, beaming with smiles of love and approbation, our hearts swell within us, and

"It seems as if life's brilliant sun
Had stopped in full career,
To make this hour its brightest one,
And rest in radiance here."

For years we have been toiling, patiently and assiduously, for the honors now about to be conferred upon us. Slowly, by gentle degrees, we have climbed the fair hill of science; and if our ascent has at times been retarded by the rough and flinty pathway, the thorn and the bramble, our feet also have pressed the velvet sod, moss-covered dells, and our senses been regaled with the odors of myriad flowers that bloomed along the way.

It is not for the empty honor of possessing scrolls which shall certify that we have finished the prescribed course of studies taught in our schools, that we so much rejoice; it is not because, like imprisoned birds set free, we are henceforth liberated from the confinement and discipline of the schoolroom, which, at times, must prove chafing to the feelings of the young, tha. we are so exultant.

A superior course of instruction has served to dissipate all such erroneous ideas, and imbue us with higher and nobler aspirations than the mere freedom from toil and restraint, or the ownership of a deploma.

We rejoice and are glad because we have succeeded in storing our minds with useful knowledge which shall be a light and guide to us through the dark places of this earth, and fit us to enjoy in a more refined degree its summer scenes, and the flowery ways through which God, in his providence and mercy may direct us; because by the possession of such knowledge, we may ourselves become instructors of the young, and by this means—should necessity require it—gain for ourselves an honorable livelihood, or aid in the support of aged parents, or helpless dependants; and we also rejoice to know that we have brought joy to the hearts of our parents, teachers and friends by filling the measure of their expectations, and in meriting the honors that now await us. But what is it that is casting a shadow over the brightness of this hour, and causing a sadness to press down the hearts, but a moment before so bright and joyous? Ah! it is because the last scene in our school girl drama is before us, and we must now bid farewell to our teachers, schoolmates and those fond familiar places where we have so often assembled, and around which so many fond associations daily cluster. Alas! "We do not know how much we love until we come to leave." Nearestand dearest in the affections of our hearts, of thee, dear teacher, first we take our sad farewell.

The heart swells, the voice is suffocated, and the tongue loses its power to portray the inward feelings aright, when we turn to thee to express the deep sense of love and gratitude which we cherish for thee.

With that firmness which ever commands respect from the young; that gentle kindness that awakens the dearest emotions of love, and that untiring patience which overcomes the most confirmed cases of obstinacy, thou hast endeared thyself to us, and formed a tie of attachment which no earthly power can sever.

And while memory holds her magic powers, and reason's light remains, scenes of the past shall rise before us, and sweet remembrances of thee be awakened.

To our kind and never-to-be-forgotten Father Sheeran, who, until of late, has superintended our education, and to our present superintendent, Father Duffy, our warmest thanks are due. In them we found not the austere masters and unfeeling disciplinarians, but the encouraging guides who showed us through those labyrinths of learning which were too intricate for the young mind to penetrate alone, and who regarded our breaches of order with parental forbearance, and strove by kind words and gentle persuasions to lead our steps aright. And how can we express those feelings of love and veneration that are swelling up in our hearts for that Father who taught us that though "Youth and the opening rose may look like things too glorious for decay," even these, like all other things of earth, must pass away, and directed our thoughts upward to where,

"High in yonder realms of light,
Far above the towering spires,
Fair and exquisitve y bright
Heaven's untading mansions rise."

That the Father of Fathers, the Priest of Priests and the King of Kings, around whose throne we one day hope to meet, may reward you for your pious zeal in our religious instruction, shall be our unceasing and unchanging prayer.

And you, beloved schoolmates, who in coming years shall stand where we now stand, recipients of like honors, we ask you to bear us in kindly-fond remembrance, as we do toward you; as our companionship has been pleasant, so is our parting painful; and we linger while we turn away; we cling while we depart, and memories unmarked before come crowding on the heart. Let what will cheer our onward way, farewell is a bitter word to say.

And now we feel sad regret come stealing over us; the time has come when we must say to you, beloved teachers, fathers, schoolmates, all, farewell, farewell, a long farewell.

RIGHTS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS ABROAD.—The following is the bill concerning the rights of American citizens in foreign States, as amended and passed by the Senate:

WHEREAS, The right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people, and indispensable to the enjoyment of the rights of liberty, life and the pursuit of happiness; and,

WHEREAS, On the recognition of this principle this government has freely received emigrants from all nations, and vested them with the rights of citizenship; and,

WHEREAS, It is claimed that such American citizens, with their descendants, are subjects of foreign States, owing allegiance to the governments thereof; and,

WHEREAS, It is necessary to the maintenance of the public peace that the claim to that foreign allegiance shall be promptly and finally disavowed; therefore—!

Be it enacted, etc., That any declaration, instruction, opinion, order or decision of any officers of the government which denies, restricts, impairs or questions the right of expatriation, is hereby declared to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the government.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That all naturalized citizens of the United States, while in foreign States, shall be entitled to, and shall receive from this government, the same protection of person and property that is accorded to native born citizens in like situations and circumstances.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever it shall be made known to the president that any citizen of the United States has been unjustly deprived of his liberty by or under the authority of a foreign government, it shall be the duty of the president to demand of that government the reason of such imprisonment; and if it appears to be wrongful, and in violation of American citizenship, the president shall demand the release of such citizen; and if the release so demanded is unreasonably delayed or refused, it shall be the duty of the president to use such means, not amounting to acts of war, as he may think necessary and proper to obtain or effect such a release; and all the facts and proceedings relative thereto shall, as soon as practicable, be communicated by the president to Congress.

A youth stopping at a village inn, during a thunder storm, probably surprised that a new country should have reached a perfection in the meteorologic manufactures, said to a bystander, "why, you have a very heavy thunder here!" "Well, yes," replied the man, "we do, considering the number of inhabitants."

[For the New Orleans Sunday Crescent.]

EXCERPTS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL READERS OF THE CRESCENT.

"Satire's the same, high seasoned sharp and rough,
Kind belles and beaux, I hope your pepper proof."

"Read not books alone, but men, and chiefly learn to read thyself."

Neither the good nor the evil that men do is interred with their lives, but lives after them.

Nothing ever touched the heart of a reader that did not come from the heart of the writer.

The men who now decline to take part in politics are very aptly described in the following lines by Dryden, and should take the advice given in the first and second lines:

"Now, since the weight hangs all on one side, brother,
You trimmers should, to poise it, hang on 'tother;
Damned neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring.
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this, nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws."

The opening chapter of life's romance is generally very common-place. How often do the most trivial acts lead to the great events of our life! The whim of a moment, the thought less word, turn the whole current of our life, and "trifles light as air" change into a tragedy what might else have proved but a pleasant drama. You start out for a walk, a social visit, and you meet what? Your destiny.

He is not worthy of the honey-comb that shuns the hive because the bees have stings.

A wise man changes his mind, a fool never.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise nor good without taking pains for it.

The Creator is not only a great chemist, who knows how to extract antidotes from every poison, but also a wonderful alchemist, who, in the earthly crucible of human sorrow, extracts pure ore from the dross of our hearts; and there is not a tear that we shed but what, passed through the alembic of His mercy, flows on before us into the waters of eternal life.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

"The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time."

Hell is paved with good intentions that have come to nought, and roofed with lost opportunities.

"If evils come not, then our fears were vain,
And if they do, fear but augments the pain."

Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honor, but you cannot recede without shame.

"The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought
Start into instant action, and at once,
Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

"If a straw can be made an instrument of happiness he is a wise man who doth not despise it." (Wonder if the writer of that line had ever taken an old Virginia mint julep through a straw?)

A taste for good reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

He who hath not a good memory should never take upon him the trade of lying.

"If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with ease—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

Some hearts, like evening prim-roses, open most beautifully in the evening of life.

The sweet light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus, seen plainly only when all around is dark. ELIZABETH.

FROM A WELL KNOWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, July 23, 1868.

Editor of the Crescent:

Was you ever in New England? It's a great country. Here I am all mixed up with Boston Common, pork and beans, "the great organ," Charles Sumner and *pie!* O, Lord, deliver us from—pie! I go to a hotel and when I get to *dessert* they want to know "what kind of *pie* I'll have?" I travel on the railroads, get famished, and hear with the greatest satisfaction, "ten minutes for refreshments," jump out, rush into the restaurant (so-called,) and what stares me in the face? *Pie!* I left Portland, Me., for this "hub of the universe" this day, and was told I need not get dinner before I left, as I would "get all I wanted on the way;" came to the place, jumped out full of expectation, rushed into the dépot, a fine one, and found—what? *Pie!* Tea and coffee—yes; but when I asked if they had not something besides custard pie to stay a man's stomach, they told me, "Oh, yes; we have mince pie, apple pie, rhubarb pie, currant pie"—"hold on," said I, "that will do! Ten o'clock at night, tired and hungry, and nothing but *pie!* give me some coffee!" But this ain't all. I *have* stopped in New England this trip, where they had "pie" for breakfast, dinner and supper! What ought to be done with a man who will eat "pie" for breakfast? Send him before Commissioner Shannon at once! There *is* a land of pure delight, where "pie" is known no more!

But, without having my "hat chalked," or accepting any favor whatever for saying so, I date this letter from one of the best hotels on the European plan, on this continent. A gentleman can be served here to his heart's content with everything the market affords, besides clean linen, fine rooms, and all at reasonable prices.

The great and new hotel, the St. James, is a success as far as architecture and upholstery are concerned, and is first class in all its appointments. But it is a little too far up town, and away from business, for business men. A band plays in the front every pleasant evening for the amusement of the guests.

I quite unexpectedly met our old friend and comedian, Fiske, yesterday, and spent a social hour with him. He looks as pale and consumptive as ever. He is "doing" New England with a "Grand Duchesse" party. He does not expect to return to the Varieties boards the coming season.

The weather in this section of the country is singular, to say the least. While the people of the different cities, not excepting Montreal, have been suffering fearfully from the oppressive heat, the weather in Portland, Maine, has been pleasant and enjoyable, rather cool than otherwise. Still, it is hot, once in a while. The other evening the fog came in with a little breeze from the sea, and I was glad to put on my heaviest overcoat for the evening, that I have scarcely worn a dozen times during the past winter in New Orleans. The weather in Boston to-day is cool, damp, drizzly and dreary. I leave this P. M. for a more congenial clime, somewhere where Boston east winds and fogs will not trouble me. Yours, E. AND O. E.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

NEW YORK, July 24, 1868.

The political atmosphere is unmistakably rather hazy for the presidential campaign of 1868, but still the convictions of a Democratic success grow stronger every day.

The war record of ex-Gov. Seymour is the trump card, of course, with the Rads, and yet they cannot point to a single action of his during the war which would not meet the approval of every fair unprejudiced mind, unless they pervert facts, which they certainly do.

If the readmitted States poll a heavy vote for the Democratic ticket, Mr. Seymour will undoubtedly succeed Mr. Johnson, but, of course, we cannot look for much better legislation, as vetoes will be of little consequence during the next presidential term. The main point to be hoped for and worked for by all lovers of justice is the election of Seymour and Blair.

The ward clubs here are opening with a zest that promises good results, and New York looks for strong support from her Southern friends.

The Rads have come to the conclusion that it is not going to be such an easy job to put their "Hiram" into the White House as they at first supposed, and they are out with cards urging every lay member to individual exertions, or their "cake will be dough." Both parties are most thoroughly organized here, and the fight will be exciting and very closely contested. As a matter of course, there is considerable drawback to the enthusiasm of the campaign in the city, from the fact that so many are rusticating in the country during the warm weather, and those who remain at home are so "wilted" by the extreme heat we have had that they are not disposed to attend evening meetings, except upon extraordinary occasions.

Business, what little there was, has received a positive check by the extreme weather, and the few buyers who were here have decided to enjoy a little country air until they can attend to their purchases without including a rain of perspiration in the bargain.

The want of a healthy trade for so long a time, has prevented hundreds from enjoying their usual summer vacation. The watering-places are advertising plenty of room, which is something strange for this time in the season, although "summer resorts" have become so plenty this season that it would require almost all of New York to fill them up.

Amusements are rather scarce, and not very attractive either. The "Flash of Lightning," after a seven weeks run at the Broadway theater, gives way on Monday next to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins in "Trodden Down."

"The "Lottery of Life" at Wallack's is now running its seventh week, but will give way soon to Lotta.

AT Niblo's we have no longer short clothes and a hundred variously shaped understandings, but Bateman's French opera troupe in "Barbe Bleue," with a ballet under the managership of Mr. Wheatley.

"Humpty Dumpty" is in its twentieth week at the Olympic, and the Bowery is entertaining its summer patrons with a variety performance.

Bryant's is the only regular troupe of minstrels who are playing here all through the season, the many others having shut up shop till fall. These, with Blind Tom's concerts and a show or two, comprise the amusements of New York at present. Not a very select bill even if people were inclined to go ever so much. EYES AND EARS.

Interesting Note from Major Sha