The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1868.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

Lines On the Death of Mrs. Octavus Chisholm.

COMPOSED BY MRS. W. R. WHEYLAND.

I had a mother once, so dear;
For me she had a tender care.
I loved her smile, her gentle kiss;
To me she was a heavenly bliss.

How oft her mild, her soft blue eye
Would gaze upon me with a sigh;
And then, with words so soft and clear,
She would lament my sad career:

"My own, my sweet, my gentle child,
Be like your Saviour, meek and mild;
Be lowly and contrite in heart,
And always act the Christian's part."

Such tender words I'll ne'er forget,
But oft look back with deep regret
That I, by God's almighty power,
Could not behold her in death's hour.

We met, we parted, while in health;
We spoke of poverty and wealth—
Of God's great mercies and his power.
We knew not 'twas our parting hour.

Alas! but few short days passed by,
When sickness brought us both to lie
On beds of grief, from pain not free—
'Twas thus we lay by His decree.

With grief and pain tossed to and fro,
We knew not each the other's woe;
Our bodies, suffering far apart,
Were both still one in mind and heart.

Oh, Heavenly King! in that sad hour
How little thought I of God's power—
That in the twinkling of an eye
The seraph soul would reign on high.

With restoration of my health,
In which God blessed me beyond wealth,
The joyful thought came—ah, how vain!—
I now shall view that form again.

But what surprise! midst grief and pain,
I soon discovered joy was vain.
'Twas not myself, I was another,
When it was breathed: "Thou hast no mother."

Oh! friends and foes, both far and near,
How, think you, did that hour appear
When in despair I cried in grief:
"Oh, God! in mercy send relief?"

And thus it is, while here on earth,
We never know a mother's worth,
Until, when death, with shivering hand,
Asunder tears that loving strand.

'Midst grief and pain of every kind
You find her one in heart and mind.
Enwrapped within her tender breast,
The grief strick'n child feels, oh, how blest!

Arise, my soul, while in despair,
And ask a balm from Him who's near;
He will relieve thy troubled heart,
And entering, take a mother's part.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

GORED.

BY PENRYN PENNIFEATHER.

I have been gored—almost to death.

I go on the street—I am gored. I go into the gilded saloods of the wealthy—I am gored. I betake myself unto the humble dwellings of the poor—there, too, I am gored. I visit the creature of my affections, the being round whom cluster the blessings of the present and the brightest hopes of the future—I am frightfully gored.

When the thing first came about I was content to hold my peace and wait till time should have done its work; but all that time does is to make it worse.

You have doubtless read, Mr. Editor, for I take it for granted you too were once a child, how the lawyer's bull once gored the farmer's ox, and how cleverly the farmer circumvented the man with a highly legal mind. And, by the way, what an ineffable specimen of cant that time-honored story is? As if there never was an honest lawyer or a farmer who would cheat you out of your eyes, provided, he had the chance, and thought he would not be detected. But, to get back. The incident related has generally been understood to have been one of the most gory on record; but it is nothing—absolutely it can't hold a candle to the present state of things. The passion for goring has obtained such sway and is letting itself out to such lengths (metaphorically, of course, for speaking literally, it's tendency is even "onward and upward, and true to the line," like "the eagle, my child," and is rather towards taking up than letting out.) This mania, I say, has taken such possession of the whole world—of my acquaintance—that already I have been condemned to wear a gored hat, and now, that winter draws near, I should not be astonished to find myself waking from my peaceful slumbers, some bright morning, to discover that I had been reposing on a gored bed, and on looking in the glass to see myself the possessor of a gored head. (you never lived in Arkansas, so you won't be misunderstanding this last as "gourd-head.")

In my opinion, gored is played out; or, if it ain't it ought to be. It is a nuisance, an abomination, and ought to be abolished. It is not content with making the fairest and best part of creation look like a parcel of animated mackerel kits, but it must lump them up and hump them up into Grecian bends and panniers—which last, I understand, are nothing but one huge conglomerated gore. Panniers!—faugh! The very name is suggestive of a donkey!

A donkey, Mr. Editor—an animal of which, in these parts, we know but little by actual experience, but which, I am credibly informed, are used in England by costermongers—one of the lowest orders of created beings—for the transportation of cabbages! Costermongers, cabbages, donkeys and panniers!—does not your gorge rise at the thought? Mine would, but unfortunately, owing to a late protracted attack of illness, it is down. My physician, however, gives me hopes of a better state of things in course of time, as soon as which comes about, I have not the least hesitation in saying that my gorge will rise, and rise violently.

I have felt it my duty, Mr. Editor, to write as I have, and I, therefore, send it to you—not with the expectation that it will effect a change, for that I deem to be beyond the power of sensible men, or even of editors, but simply to place my elf right before the public, and to let that respectable body understand that I am a man of quiet habits, mild and placable in my disposition, and of a temperament averse to gore.

WALSHE'S.—In our rounds yesterday we stepped into Mr. B. T. Walshe's, dealer in shirts and furnishing goods, youths', boys' and children's clothing, No. 110 Canal street, and it remiaded us of the good old times before the war, when everybody was well to do, had money without stint, and business abundant. His store was literally jammed with customers—some buying shirts, others children's clothing. Somewhat astonished at this appearance of business, we inquired of the popular proprietor, who promptly replied that it was all owing to the make and style of his goods and his prices, which are inducements sufficient to invite the custom of the most scanty purse. Mr. Walshe is determined to keep his stock constantly replenished with the latest styles and fashions; and hopes, by close attention to the necessities of his numerous patrons, to merit a continued share of their patronage.

THE GREAT CENTER OF FASHION.—Our lady readers are directed to the card of Madame Olympe, whose emporium of fashion is at No. 154 Canal street. The exquisite taste and good judgment displayed in the selection of goods have for years given to this establishment the reputation of being the only place in the city where the most elegant articles in the millinery line are to be found. Madame Olympe is in receipt, by every steamer from Europe, of the latest Parisian fashions. Her stock is now ready and open for inspection.

TO THE LADIES.—Mr. P. J. Traquair, dealer in fancy and staple dry goods, 167 Canal street, is in daily receipt of large additions to his already varied stock, including dress goods, flannels, shawls, cloak jackets, hosiery, white goods, etc. He has also a complete assortment of millinery goods, sashes, artificial flowers, feathers, hats, ribbons, and other articles too numerous to mention. His prices are as low as any house in the city, and the ladies will study their interest by giving him a call. See advertisement.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

A Virginian has invented a peanut-picker.

Arthur Helps is writing the life of Columbus.

Bryant's sight is growing dim.

Macon, Ga., is the center of 700 miles of railroad.

Three dealers monopolize the oyster trade in Paris.

Paper boats have won eleven out of fourteen races this season.

Pittsburg sends three tons of grapes to Philadelphia daily.

France produces about 275,900,000 gallons of cider annually.

Chestnuts and hickory nuts will be very abundant this fall.

Paris absorbs 2,000,000 pounds of grapes annually.

Large worsted manufactories are being put up at Pawtucket, R. I.

There are 19,000 licensed cab drivers in London.

Hans Christian Anderson will be the prominent literary celebrity in this country next year.

The American Tract Society of Boston has again seceded from the New York society.

Prussia teaches seven languages in her primary schools.

The French army eats more than 100,000 oxen a year.

Naturalists have described more than 100,000 insects belonging to the order of coleoptera.

The Oakland Cotton Factory, at San Francisco runs 32 looms and employs 40 hands.

A fruit growers association was formed at Stone Mountain, Ga., on the 20th October.

A merchant at Cincinnati has just filled an order for 10,000 bushels of walnuts.

There is to be a new woolen factory erected at Sycamore, DeKalb county, Ill.

Much of the butter sent to Constantinople is made from the milk of sheep.

Cider is selling in Berkshire, Mass., at from $2 50 to $5 a barrel.

Nearly nineteen millions of pieces of money were issued from the English mint in 1867.

A money order system is to be established between Germany and the United States.

The bones of another mastodon have been found in Canada.

The National Watch Company at Elgin, Ill., is now turning out 2500 watches a month.

The Massachusetts board of agriculture has a permanent fund of $342,282 41.

Linseed oil-cake is worth $60 per ton in England.

It is estimated that 50,000 persons in Switzerland are employed in making watches.

The salt trade of China—now monopolized by Chinamen—employ 1800 junks and 30,000 sailors.

The aggregate annual value of watches made in Switzerland is estimated at 60,000,000 francs.

A Vermont village makes half a million dollars' worth of wooden ware a year.

Cultivating our soil one inch deeper would add $150,000,000 to the wealth of the country.

The fur trade of Alaska is valued at $1,000,000 annually, in gold.

The value of the annual commerce of the Mississippi is estimated at $2,000,000,000.

England has three thousand steam plows, Egypt two hundred, the United States two.

Mr. J. C. Stroud, of Lockhart, Texas, has been granted a patent for a cultivator.

Naturalists tell us that there are 60 different species of oysters known, but "it would be difficult to describe them, even if it were necessary."

There are fifty-eight glass works in Italy, which produce, annually, articles of the value of 10,276,725 francs.

A farmer at Clockville, N. Y., has received this season, from thirty-six stocks of bees, thirty-four new swarms and 3150 pounds of honey.

A farmer in Vermont had to pay $202 50 for seven sheep and one lamb kiled by his dog. Rather expensive dog.

Large associations of wine growers from Southern France are coming to the United States to grow grapes.

Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, N. Y., from half an acre in the Wilson's, Albany, gathered this season 6400 quarts of strawberries.

The silk manufactory at Manchester, Conn., is turning out a large quantity of very fine black silk goods.

In 1859 Philadelphia consumed 70,826,000 feet of gas; in 1867 the consumption was 121,265,000 feet.

The losses inflicted on French agriculture by beetles have been estimated at 1,100,000,000 francs per annum.

The Pioneer Woolen Mills at San Francisco run 7000 spindles and 72 looms, and employ from 375 to 400 hands.

The Marysville Woolen Mills, owned by a joint stock company with $50,000 capital, are turning out about $10,000 worth of goods per month.

The Marietta (Ga.) Journal says more than 150,000 pounds of dried peaches have been shipped from that place this season.

Sam Kinkle, an industrious freedman of Marshall county, Texas, expects to make a thousand brooms next year.

A crop of corn, raised within two miles of Denver, gave 308 and 316 bushels to the acre. It was not irrigated once.

It is claimed that sweet potatoes dried and ground make the best imitation of coffee that is known.

A farmer in eastern Massachusetts has made a net profit of four thousand dollars on his onion crop this year.

The Manchester mill near Richmond, Va., is confined to the manufacture of straw paper, and is turning out a large quantity daily.

Geneva, with a population of 7000 persons, produces annually 100,000 watches valued at 11,000,000 francs.

The peanut crop in Tennessee this season, has been large. Merchants in Nashville are paying $1 50 per bushel for them.

The English trade returns for the first eight months of 1868 show exports to be £116,777,000, against £121,056,000 for the same time in 1867.

There were 35,000 bushels of ice sold in Lynchburg, Va., during the last season, at the average price of 35 cents per bushel, making in all $10,675.

A company in Buenos Ayres proposes to carry living cattle and sheep to Europe, at the rate of 5,000 of each monthly.

Detroit is a great market for onions, and bids fair to supersede Wethersfield and other old Connecticut onion fields.

Mr. Maddox, of Chattooga county, Ga., has shown the editor of the Rome Commercial several pecan nuts grown on a tree in his yard.

In Alaska, walrus ivory is found to the amount of ten tons annually, bringing 70 cents, gold, per pound.

The Valley Virginian says Augusta made 100,000 barrels of flour surplus in 1867. This year it was one-half more.

The much talked of tomato vine of H. S. Johnson, in Mayslick, bore 1,230 tomatoes, instead of 500, as reported.

A thoroughly revised edition of McCulloch's "Dictionary of Commerce" is promised by January next.

N. C. Meeker is the successor of Solon Robinson in the agricultural department of the New York Tribune.

The Boston and New York publishing houses are prepared to issue a large number of new books this season.

The late Augustine Heard willed the whole of the Treadwell estate, in Ipswich, Mass., for the support of a public library.

Twenty-five periodicals are now issued from American colleges, of which one half are newspapers, weekly or fortnightly.

George Sand is believed to have made and saved more money than Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo and Lamartine taken together.

The parents of Bayard Taylor celebrated their golden wedding on the 15th instant, at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.

The California Chickory Manufacturing Company turn out about 300,000 pounds per annum of "health coffee," of which 100,000 pounds were grown in California last year.

Peter Henderson, of South Bergen, N. J., has seven green houses, each 100 feet long, and is now putting up another 300 feet long and 20 feet wide.

The grand trunk railway of Canada extends from the river Du Loup to Lake Huron, and is 1377 miles in length. The cost of the road was $97,000,000 in gold.

Last year the imports of wheat into Great Britain was something more than 64,000,000 bushels; this year it is thought not more than 48,000,000 or 50,000,000 bushels will be needed.

The American farmers in the province of San Paulo, Brazil, have made 1000 pounds of seed cotton to the acre, and corn yielded fifty-four bushels per acre.

Georgia has 33,500,000 acres of land, a population of 650,000 whites and 450,000 blacks, and with industry properly directed, can produce food and clothing for 2,500,000 of people.

At Springfield, Ohio, a plow for plowing corn, finishing one row at a time, has been invented. It has four shovels, two moving on each side of the row, and is without wheels or tongue.

John Toney, of Manchester, N. J., planted seven acres of land with cranberries in 1864, and has already realized a net profit of two thousand dollars from them.

Reuben Walton, Esq., living near Newport, Page county, Va., has been offered $5000 for his orchard, which was planted only five years ago, and covers 17 acres and contains 1000 trees.

A statistician says "the world smokes annually 400,000 tons of tobacco, 80,000 tons of cigars, chews 100,000 tons of tobacco, and takes 40,000 tons of snuff."

The British Museum has lately acquired a collection of 7000 caricature prints, humorous etchings, etc., from the earliest date to the time of Hogarth, Buseburry and Gilray.

Of the amount of grain received at Chicago 75 per cent. comes by railway, but from that city only 10 per cent. is sent East by railroad, whilst 90 per cent is sent by the lakes.

A carpet manufactory at Amsterdam, N. Y., covers half an acre of ground, employs 250 hands, and makes 1,000 yards of ingrain, two-ply, and tapestry carpets daily.

Mr. W. H. Howe showed the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Conservative, the other day, two cucumbers that grew on the same vine and measured each three feet nine inches in length and fifteen inches in circumference.

A Mr. Butler, Franklin county, Ohio, has grown potatoes extensively, and goes in for the single eye system. By adopting this, eight bushels will go as far as forty planted whole, and prove equally productive.

There are in the whole of Germany not more than forty journalists that make more than a thousand dollars a year by their profession. Some of the popular magazine writers, however, make as much as five thousand dollars annually by their literary labors.

William Oland Bourne now comes forward to claim whatever credit attaches to the authorship of the "loll" lines beginning "Tear down the flaunting lie." The "poem" was long ago remitted to "that bourne," but never before to this one.

It is stated that if every ox, sheep and pig in Great Britain were slaughtered, their flesh would scarcely furnish one year's supply of food for the inhabitants, and if the people were compelled to eat no bread save that made from grain grown on British soil, not more than three-fourths of the population could be fed.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

SERENADE.

After the German. Percybysshelley and what wilt, man?
(Or, rather, what won't man?)

BY JOCKO.

A vague unrest has driven my feet, in a similar manner to a spirit, to thy chamber window, sweet!

I don't know at all what it can be makes me feel so uneasy!

I have a sensation as of not knowing what to do with myself—and as of not caring a snap, even if I did know!

I am entirely unable to surmise what it is which affects me so strangely, and causes me to rise up from sweet dreams of thee and wander about in the night air like an ill-provided ghost!

Such sensations are altogether foreign to my usually placid bosom!

I am like a discontented zephyr, towards whom the roses have behaved in a manner shocking, and at the same time quite heartless!

My voice is like the voice of the pine trees sighing at midnight—for no one is there to understand me, and in fact I don't exactly understand myself!

I am blent, (whatever that may be,) emotional and generally incomprehensible!

I think it must have been those devilled crabs!

Jocko sat down one afternoon and composed the above lines when he was feeling very miserable. He hopes they won't make anybody else feel so—with which amicable aspiration he will respectfully terminate.

THE FASHIONABLE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.—Messrs. Peck Brothers, the popular agents of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, have removed their agency to the large and commodious building, 150 Canal street. In studying the comfort of their patrons they have carpeted the floor of their store with elegant Brussels, decorated the walls with beautiful landscape paintings, fitted up and ornamented to such an extent that it is absolutely a pleasure to visit the establishment. As to their stock of sewing machines, it is complete and varied, embracing the Wheeler & Wilson (admitted the best in use) from the cheapest to the most expensive pattern, with all the modern improvements and attachments. Messrs. Peck Brothers, owing to the hard times, have very materially reduced the price of the Wheeler & Wilson so as to bring the most useful of all inventions within the reach of every one. They have constantly employed competent instructors, whose services can be had as often as necessary, free of charge. Read their advertisement in another column.

THE GREAT FRENCH IMPORTER.—Mr. J. Levois announces to the ladies that he is just in receipt, per steamers Saxonia and Crysolite, of new silk, cloth, and velvet cloaks for ladies and children, cut and made in the latest Parisian style; also a large assortment of Irish poplins, which he sells at fifty cents per yard, plain and chené colors, new style parasols, kid gloves, etc., etc. They are selling these goods at reduced prices, and it is a rare chance for bargains. Call early and secure your choice at the corner of Canal and Bourbon streets.

The old established house of Goodrich & Railey, whose card will be found in another column of this morning's CRESCENT, have now on hand a large and complete stock of staple and fancy groceries, which they offer to the trade at the lowest market rates. This stock of wines and liquors is perhaps one of the largest, as well as the choicest in the city—the examination of which will be to the interest of parties dealing in this class of merchandise. Their large and commodious stores are Nos. 63 Common and 44 Canal street.

MORESQUE BUILDING.—*Dry Goods Department.*—Mrs. John Gauche announces to her friends and the public, in another column of this morning's CRESCENT, that her mommoth establishment is full to repletion from top to bottom with an assortment of dry goods, both foreign and domestic, the like of which has never been surpassed by any in the South. It embraces every article incident to the trade, from the cheapest to that of the most elegant and expensive. The prices of this house are as reasonable as those of any in the city, and to those who are laying in their stocks we would suggest the propriety of examining this stock before purchasing.

"AS IS THE LIGHT OF A DARK EYE IN WOMAN."

For the Sunday Crescent.]

Gentle world, to you I write.

The day is as dark as the "cistern-bottoms" of Pluto's refinery—when he boils down the evil doer in the flesh, and "takes off a strike" to sweeten his brimstone with. Were you ever in Arkansas, high up on White River, "an hit a rain in?" If nay, you can't exactly arrive at the right degree of gloom by which to characterize it. Rest satisfied therefore with my judgment in the premises, and consider it to be the dreariest, dullest, and altogether most desolate day that ever did day, and you will be somewhere in the neighborhood of the desolation thereof. Under the influence of this particular circumstantial conjuncture, I always become sentimental and sigh for lovely woman.

Lovely woman, and peculiarly lovely dark-eyed woman, is a weakness of mine. I have many weaknesses, most worthy world, and what is more am not ashamed of them; but this especial weakness is my especial glory. For it I would not exchange the entire totality, or the total entirety of strength with which otherwise I have been endowed by Nature; for

"Her prentice han'
She tried on man;—
An' then she made the lasses, O!"

And he is a poor judge of shoemaking indeed who wouldn't prefer a bottle of Krug to a Potomac herring—don't you think so, gentle world?

Jocko has had a pretty rough life of it, dear world, and has been knocked and tumbled about a good deal in the course of it; but he has always been able to find comfort at the hands of lovely woman. It may be that I am unduly alive to such sensations, but the mere sight of a woman's face, if it be pretty, or of her figure, if it be fine, will bring the sun from behind the clouds with a degree of agility which would have even surprised old Galileo, for all his insisting on the lively habits of bodies astronomical.

She has a soothing power over me—lovely woman has—which gives a pleasure very nigh akin to pain sometimes; if I may form an opinion from the queer moistitude (I like long-tailed words) which occasionally develops itself in the corner of my left eye when a melancholy fit overtakes me in her presence. Lovely woman is so lovely—she is so unfitted to take care of herself, and so nearly sure to lose her loveliness if thrown upon her own resources; she is—when unmarried—and young (say on an average about 18)—she is so innocent, so delicate, so like a flower, a snow-crystal, a rose-cloud at sunset—she is so utterly fragile and so certainly doomed to change that it is as though gazing into the uncertain certainty of night from the confines of the morning, or seeing death at a bridal, when I look at lovely woman and think of the years that are coming along.

It would be hard for me to say definitely which one of lovely woman's separate charms I think the charmiest. The eye, the nose—no, we won't say the nose—I never saw a nose yet which would bear lingering on, and, in a charm, lingering on it is what tells. Byron may talk as much as he pleases about "sitting on rocks, and musing o'er flood-ing and fell-ing," but for my part give me a velvet sofa to sit on (I hate horse-hair, it always slips so) and for the subject of my musing give me lovely woman! The lips and cheeks are among my chief favorites, especially with dimples, but the hair, if it is thick and soft, with a bewitching uncertainty whether it be really perfectly straight or not, and then too the chin—both these are charms whose claims are by no means to be slighted. Even lovely woman's hand has an expression of its own, and when it rests on glossy satin that tries very hard to seem smoother but gives up in despair, or when it lingers gently on some flossy finery into which it sinks as softly as a flake on the water, or when it nestles half concealed in lace a hundred years old and creamy-tinted enough to be a thousand—when lovely woman's hand goes through with any of these maneuvers, for fifty more that I might mention, when it does this and is bona fide a lovely hand, why then it is just simply, and to speak without circumlocution, one of the killingest things known unto man.

After all, perhaps, it is only the great eternal fact of woman, which is the secret of the whole affair. It is her influence which in "its perfect beauty doth inform stillness with love and day with light," and what would otherwise be mere vegetable growths of a passably interesting character when once invested with this woman-spell, become agencies. Well, we all recollect what the history books say, and some few of us may have known what the lawyers call "corroborating facts."

On looking over this article I find I have completely put its eyes out, and though I began to write especially for the purpose of saying something about those beautiful, and at the same time useful organs, that I have filled up my paper and said nothing. The fact is, most exceedingly worthy world, I am not altogether to blame. One of the last specimens of eyes I had before coming to White river was from Malvina, and she is such a dreadful coquette, and her eyes say so many things at once, and they say them so many different ways, that on coming to think the matter over with a view to a general description of eyes, foundered somewhat on those individual specimens, my ideas became alarmingly confused, and I made up my mind I had better leave eyes alone, or I would run the risk of making as great a muddle of the description as the eyes did of me generally when last I "viewed their magic spheres."

With which most excellent excuse I will beg leave, gentle world, to cease writing to you—for the present. Your servant, JOCKO.

Those who visit Mr. E. A. Tyler's elegant and extensive jewelry store, 115 Canal street, and examine the multitude of precious articles which are there for sale, will be surprised to learn that many of the costliest, most intricate and elaborate of those articles are manufactured in the rooms above the store. A day or two ago, as the writer stood idly gazing, in company with a crowd of admiring spectators, at the magnificence and variety exhibited in Mr. Tyler's show-windows, that kindly gentleman invited him in to inspect some of the cunning workmanship of New Orleams goldsmiths, and judge how favorably it could compare with that of New York and England, France and Switzerland. The writer's eyes were dazzled with diamond rings and bracelets, with necklaces and breastpins, which reminded him of Pope's two lines:

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore."

The show-cases gleamed with watches of the rarest quality, with clocks and mantel ornaments of bronze and alabaster, with silver ware in every variety, eye glasses and specks, statuary in Parian marble, imported from Italy, with cameos of exquisite finish and grace, with onyx sets, with rubies and sapphires, emeralds, topazes, amethysts and hyacinths, all set in the handsomest and most durable style imaginable.

After feasting his eyes with these beauties, which are almost fabulous in their splendor and value, the writer was conducted up stairs by his friend Chas. Pescaq, Esq., one of Mr. Tyler's confidentials, where he found three gentlemen on the second floor hard at work at the infinitesimally delicate labor of making bracelets, diamond sets, etc. On the third floor is the apartment set aside for the watchmaker. Mr. Watchmaker was not in, but the writer saw enough of his screws and his Lilliputian files and lasts, and hammers and crucibles, and of the finish and beauty of the work he had left on his table, to feel convinced that Mr. Tyler can turn out in his emporium as perfect and valuable a watch as Liverpool, London or Geneva has ever exported. Mr. Tyler has an album breast pin of the finest gold, not an inch and a half square, nor half an inch thick, which has apartments for *eighteen* photographs. It is a miracle of skillful, patient ingenuity, and is but one of a hundred equally beautiful and artistic articles of *virtu* manufactured in Tyler's to the minutest particular.

The readers of the CRESCENT who desire to purchase plate or goldsmith's ware of any description, Italian statuary and cameo work, bronzes, marbles, the rarest and most elaborate settings and fashions, watches, either home made or of the best American and foreign makers; and, above all, who wish to have watches repaired and diamonds reset, will find it greatly to their advantage to visit Mr. Tyler or his efficient assistants, at 115 Canal street. No house stands higher in the country for liberality and perfect honesty than that of E. A. Tyler, of New Orleans.

Be sure to go to-morrow at 11 o'clock A. M., at Masonic Hall Auction Mart, corner St. Charles and Perdido streets, to attend sale of furniture and sundries, but more especially that beautifully carved bookcase (oak in oil) and desk to match also the elegant brocatelle rosewood parlor set and rosewood bedroom parlor set, and that immensely beautiful and complete real china dinner and tea set. Look! Look!! Look!!! to advertisements.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

DURIA PRO LIBERTATE.

My country! oh, my mother land! I hearken to thy sad complaint,
I cannot, cannot bear to see thee prostrate, pale, despairing, faint!
Traitor sons! Thou'st bold, brave ones still, and daughters of unflinching truth,
Heart-toilers all, for thy dear sake, each with the gleaning hands of Ruth.
No longer heard the lassitude, despair with leaden finger coins;
Up! up! with pure, earnest purpose, and with the strength of girded loins!
Oh, mother! let thy wan, sad eyes, read in thy child's, this truth at length,
From brave endurance, fortitude, and ever from keen sorrow, strength!

Still! prone! no comfort for the grief that stiffens o'er thy wild, white face!
I lift the by thy gyved hands, and hold thee in my strong embrace;
I raise thy drooping face to mine—thy cheek to mine, dank with warm tears,
Tears of a sweet prophetic joy, for the great light the unborn years
Shall bring, where with to crown thy brow, Amid the nations, thou, a queen
Shall sit; fairer and far nobler than e'er the round world yet hath seen!
From fierce travail comes deliverance. God's word did never yet deceive;
Hope is born of all brave struggle—salvation if thou wilt believe!

Kushla, Ala., Oct. 25, 1868.

GOV. SEYMOUR AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 28.—Governor Seymour, who arrived in this city at noon to-day, by the Panhandle Railroad, was met at the Union depot by a large number of people, and welcomed to the city by the committee of reception. This evening he delivered an eloquent address to an immense concourse of people in Allegheny.

He was escorted to the place of speaking by a torchlight procession, consisting of the various Democratic organizations of the city and vicinity. The procession was everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm. Many of the principal buildings along the route were brilliantly illuminated. The St. Charles Hotel and the Daily Post buildings were handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns, flags, mottoes, etc.

Governor Seymour leaves at 6:40 to-morrow morning, en route East.

SYNOPSIS OF GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S SPEECH.

Governor Seymour addressed an immense audience here this evening, Senator Cowan presiding. He commenced by referring to the manufacturing prosperity of Pittsburg, and to the perplexities of business men on account of the uncertainty of the legislation of the party in power, and the burdens falling on labor from taxation. He had been speaking but a short time, when his voice gave way, and he was unable to proceed for some time, Hon. Francis Kernan occupying the time.

Governor Seymour then proceeded again, and spoke for a considerable time. He argued that the taxation resulting from mal-administration by our rulers made the difference to the laborer between six and ten hours of labor. If there was no such thing as taxation, direct or indirect, six hours of toil would give to a man as good a support as he now obtains from ten hours toil. Remember, that before you give your family their food, and before you give them their clothing, you are heavily taxed on the price which you pay for these articles.

Do not forget this in considering the effects of the heavy taxation now upon you. Now, suppose the mechanics of Pittsburg paid no taxation; suppose they bought all things at first cost, relieved from any kind of taxation on the part of your government, when you had worked six hours you could throw down your sledge, your hammer, your saw, and say, "Now, we will go home; or, if we wish to prolong our toil, we will lay up the accumulation of what we earn for a future day." But, when you are ready to go, a man comes up and lays his hand on your shoulder and says, "Stop! you are bound to support your government." "That is true," you reply. "You ought to go back, then, and work, I think, one hour, to pay your share of taxation." You then prepare to leave the workshop again, but you are again called back and told that you ought to pay your share of the public debt. That is true, you ought to do so, and so you go back and work cheerfully for two hours beyond the time it is necessary to work to support yourselves, for these objects. You then say, having toiled for eight hours: "I will go home to my family; I will improve my mind; I will pass my time as my interest or my pleasure dictates." But the official returns again and says: "No; you must work two hours a day more, because under this government there are sixty thousand officials to be supported; because those who control affairs at Washington had seen fit to give the South, not their ancient government, but a government of armies, which you must support." But I tell you it is this unwise, unjust and unreasonable taxation, which is the result of the policy of our leaders, that lengthen out your hours of toil.

Many buildings were illuminated, and a large procession passed through the city.

DISPATCHES FROM THE WEST.

[Special to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—The public debt statement for October will be promulgated by Secretary McCulloch on November 5.

COST OF RECONSTRUCTION.

The expenses of the war department for this month will exceed $10,000,000, principally chargeable on the reconstruction account.

CUSTOMS.

Receipts from customs have been very heavy, and will reach $15,000,000. The secretary claims there will be a further reduction of the public debt.

CLERICAL VALOR AND VOTING.

The Radical clerks are on the war path, having resolved last night to arm and defend themselves against the Baltimoreans, whom they swear maltreated some of them in their transit through that city to vote at the October election. Schofield today issued an order directing that all clerks in the war department and the various bureaus thereof, who desired, should be allowed leave to go home and vote on Tuesday.

REMOVALS.

As already announced, seventy-five female clerks in the treasury department will be removed on the first of November. The list has been made out, and the ladies, generally, are in a terrible flutter as to whose names are on it. One hundred male clerks will also be discharged from that department.

NEGROES URGED TO VOTE.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 28.—The Radical leaders in this city are pursuing a course that can not fail to incite a riot on next Tuesday. They are urging the negroes to go to the polls to vote, or delay the voting of white citizens, and the Democracy have over and over again warned them that that thing can not be done in Columbus. If there be trouble the responsibility will be on the Radical leaders, and the loss and suffering will be mostly on that side. The Democracy are doing all they possibly can to preserve the peace of the city. The negroes are understood to be armed, and it is alleged that some of the Radical fuglemen are urging them to fight for the ballot. It is hoped that better counsel will yet prevail, and that those among the Republicans most interested in preserving the peace of the city will put a stop to the meditated wickedness of some of their reckless partisans.

GOV. SEYMOUR'S VISIT TO OHIO

Has had a splendid effect on the Democracy, and also on the better class of Republicans. Men of all parties express their admiration for our candidate as a gentlemen and a statesman.

Only a few blackguards in the city engaged in the silly attempt to depreciate the public man whom every right thinking person is proud of.

THE PROSPECT NEXT TUESDAY.

Assurances come thick and fast from all parts of the State that the Democratic vote will be largely increased on next Tuesday.

PROSCRIPTION OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

The Radical leaders are playing a systematic game against our naturalized citizens, to keep as many of them from voting as possible. The arrests they are making on account of naturalization belong to this game. The old Know Nothing is again rampant.

COLFAX SPEAKS TO A SLIM CROWD, AND HON. D. S. GOODING TO A BIG ONE.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Oct. 28, 1868.—About a week ago speaker Colfax was announced to speak in this city at 2 o'clock P. M. to-day, and Judge Gooding for Seymour and Blair to-night. Colfax spoke as advertised, this afternoon, to about one thousand persons, stating at the close of his speech that he was very much exhausted and could speak no longer. In the hope, however, of interrupting the Democratic meeting, Colfax was taken to the public stand, when he made another speech.

Judge Gooding is now speaking to a crowd at least three times as large as Colfax, and amid the most unbounded enthusiasm. Colfax's meeting, on the contrary, is tame and spiritless. The Second District is thoroughly aroused, and will give a much larger majority for Seymour than for Hendricks.

TEXAS ITEMS.

Several loads of apples have been offered for sale in Belton, from fifty to seventy-five cents per dozen.

Sugar growing is extending in Texas. In several counties a large crop will be gathered, but it will be used principally for seed.

Mr. A. M. Tabbs was shot and killed at Waxahachie, by thieves whom he had been watching, in his own premises.

A man calling himself Miller was arrested in this county, near the residence of Col. George W. Record, on Saturday afternoon last, on the charges of murder and horse stealing, by two men from St. Mary's parish, Louisiana. The man Miller, whose correct name is Falkeman, a French creole, is charged with the murder of no less than four persons in the above parish, at different times, and with having run off something over a hundred head of horses and mules. The parties who arrested him state the above particulars, and also that a reward of one thousand dollars had been offered for Miller, by the authorities of Louisiana. Miller had been in this county about two months, employed on the farm of Col. Record. He came there with another man, whose name we have forgotten, who is also implicated in the horse-stealing, but not in the murders. The latter left here only a few days ago for the lower part of the State, and was not captured.—[Dallas Herald, Oct. 24.

The Waxahachie Argus says that the people of Ellis county are investigating the killing of the negro at Liberty church, and are determined to put down lawlessness of that character.

The San Antonio Express states that Mr. McManus, of the firm of McManus & Scheiner, has again returned from the North, whence he has been to superintend the shipment of machinery for their beef packing establishment. The intention is to have the building and machinery in operation by Christmas or New Years. When completed, they will be able to kill and pack one hundred head of beeves per day.

The people of Cherokee county are in a stew. Anderson county offers to raise more cotton than Cherokee and Dallas both, and offers to "bet a few" on it, too.

In the village of Hempstead there are at present in full operation one steam cloth factory, one iron and brass foundry (steam), three steam planing mills, sash and blind manufactories, one steam saw mill, two steam grist mills, one steam cotton gin and press, and one carriage manufactory.

Capt. Tom. Stubblefield is building a new boat for the Trinity. She is to be called the Ida Bees, and will be launched shortly at Pittsburg.

The Sulphur Springs Gazette printing office is for sale, together with a good supply of ink, printing paper, etc.

Mr. Lyle, living near Jacksonville, in Cherokee county, was killed in his own yard last Saturday, shot by some person unknown.

Mr. H. M. May, of Cherokee county, offers a reward of fifty dollars for C. E. Coleman, a member of the constitutional convention, who stole his horse and run away. Coleman leaves one wife living in Angelina county, and another in Illinois. He has probably returned his first love, or gone to New Orleans, where his ability might get him a good situation.

Mustang wine has been produced in Texas on a larger scale this year than ever before, so far as we are informed. Eastern Texas is raising a large amount of wine from the sweet grape. Texas ought to be a great wine country, and we believe it will be.

MISSISSIPPI ITEMS.

The Vicksburg Herald of the 27th says: We understand that Gen. Gillem has leased the penitentiary of Mississippi to responsible parties for the period of *three years!*

A planter in Mississippi who has made thirty-five crops of cotton where he now lives, says the present is the shortest crop ever grown in the neighborhood. He also tells of a man who expected several weeks ago to make at least one hundred bales, who sold his crop recently for ten bales.

The Summit Times of the 28th says: Generally the crops have been fine on Big Black this year. The average crop with experienced farmers has been seven bales of cotton to the hand, with an ample sufficiency of corn and potatoes. Some planters have made as much as nine bales to the hand, or a bale to the acre.

The Brandon Republican says of Simpson county crops: "The corn, pea, and potato crops of that county are good, but were sorry to learn that cotton has been almost entirely destroyed by the unpropitious season and the worms.

"Mr. M. W. Hughes, and Mr. J. M. Searles, of Vicksbug, have entered into a contract to build the levee of Issaquena, Washington, and Bolivar counties, and will begin the work in a few days."

MEXICAN NEWS.

By the steamer I. C. Harris we have papers from Brownsville to the 23d ult., from which we cull the following items:

The postmaster at Guanajuato reports to the post-office department that the mail from Guadalajara was robbed at a point called Peredones.

In the district of Zacatlan, at a place known as Milpillas, a band of thieves robbed a carrier of four dozen silk scarfs. On the same day three of the thieves, J. M. Cortes, Ibarra and J. A. Cortes, were apprehended, and the scarfs were found in their possession. The Cortes were delivered over to the authorities, tried, convicted and shot.

La Linterna, of Zacatecas, has hoisted the names of Messrs. Jesus Gonzales Ortega, Santiago Acevedo and Severo Coslo for governor of Zacatecas.

Mrs. Patoni has formally accused Gen. Canto with the murder of her husband.

It is said that a rich silver vein has been discovered in an arroyo near Guadalacazar.

The secretary of the treasury has recommended to the Mexican Congress the creation of two offices of superintendent of customs—one for the Gulf ports and another for the ports on the Pacific.

Letters from Durango state that Gen. Canto is a prisoner in a private house, surrounded by his officers, and his imprisonment has more the appearance of being attended by a guard of honor than that of a criminal.

It is reported that Braulio Vargas has gone into the Sierre Madre. The Tampico forces have had several skirmishes with Vargas's scouting parties, with varied success.