The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 1, 1868.

Letter from Florence Nightingale.

The following letter from Florence Nightingale contains some interesting reflections upon the question of woman's work:

LONDON, September 13, 1868.

To Lemuel Ross:

My Dear Sir—I could not do what you asked me to do in your kind letter of July 12, viz: give you information about my own life; though if I could it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God—by strange and unaccustomed paths—to do in His service what He did in hers. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard—that is all—and I have never refused God anything; though being naturally a very shy person, most of my life has been distasteful to me. I have no peculiar gifts. And I can honestly assure any young lady, if she will but try to walk, she will soon be able to run the "appointed course." But then she must first learn to walk, and so when she runs she must run with patience. (Most people don't even try to walk.)

1st. But I would also say to all young ladies who are called to any peculiar vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he cannot become only by hard study.

2d. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, ye muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business, as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketching and unfinished work.

3d. It has happened to me more than once to be told by women (your countrywomen), "Yes, but you had personal freedom." Nothing can well be further from the truth. I question whether God has ever brought any one through more difficulties and contradictions than I have had. But I imagine these exist less among you than among us, so I will say no more.

4th. But to all women I would say, look upon your work, whether it be an accustomed or an unaccustomed work, as upon a trust confided to you. This will keep you alike from discouragement and from presumption, from idleness and from overtaxing yourself. Where God leads the way he has bound himself to help you to go the way.

I have been nine years confined a prisoner to my room from illness, and overwhelmed with business. (Had I more faith—more of the faith which I profess—I should not say "overwhelmed" for it is all business sent me by God. And I am really thankful to Him, though my sorrows have been deep and many, that he still makes me to do His business.)

This must be my excuse for not having answered your questions before.

Nothing with the approval of my own judgment has been made public, or I would send it. I have a strong objection to sending my own likeness for the same reason. Some of the most valuable works the world has ever seen, we know not who is the author of; we only know that God is the author of all. I do not urge this example upon others; but it is a deep seated religious scruple in myself. I do not wish my name to remain, nor my likeness. That God alone should be remembered, I wish.

If I could not really give the lessons of my life to my countrywomen and yours (indeed, I fain look upon us as all one nation)—the lessons of my mistakes as well as of the rest—I would; but for this there is no time. I would say work—work in silence at first, in silence for years—it will not be time wasted. Perhaps in all your life it will be the time you will afterwards find to have been best spent; and it is very certain that without it you will be no worker. You will not produce one "perfect work," but only a botch in the service of God.

Pray believe me, my dear sir, with great truth, ever your faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Have you read Baker's "Sources of the Nile," where he says he was more like a donkey than an explorer? That is much my case, and I believe is that of all who have to do any unusual work. And I would especially guard young ladies from fancying themselves like lady superiors, with an obsequious following of disciples, if they undertake any great work.

A Bullet—Its Remarkable History.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

On the evening of the 17th of February, 1863, the then Capt. Russell H. Conwell, of the 46th Massachusetts infantry, was in command of the post at Newport barracks, near Newbern, N. C., with a force consisting of a part of the 46th Massachusetts, of the 3d New York cavalry, of the 11th New York light battery, of a part of the 9th New Jersey infantry, and of a battalion of North Carolina troops. There had been a sharp brush with the rebels that day, and their pickets were still close upon our line. Capt. Conwell, with orderly Parker, went the grand rounds to inspect the pickets, and, in jumping over a fence in the starlight, came suddenly upon a guard of seven or eight rebels, who fired and fell back, as is the rule. The nearest of them discharged a revolver; Capt. Conwell dropped; and orderly Parker, bringing his bayonet to a "charge" with the musket at the rebel's breast compelled a surrender. Our pickets were a few rods off, and the captain was taken into the camp. He soon recovered, and experienced no further inconvenience from the wound. A little spot on the shoulder showed where the revolver ball had entered, but it could not be found. An inspection of the rebel prisoner's revolver showed the ball to have been made of brass, and to be a rifled missile about the size of a pea.

Captain Conwell continued in service in various positions, in one action receiving a ball in his knee, which still remains. His final retirement from the service was caused by a wound received at Kensaw Mountain, he having been for some time a lieutenant colonel on Gen. McPherson's staff. The wound broke his arm below the elbow, dislocated the elbow, broke the arm above the elbow, and shattered the shoulder some, and was received from a fragment of shell. He refused to have it amputated, and fortunately it got well. In the meantime he was an invalid, and subsequently was attacked with consumption. By the advice of physicians he traveled in Europe for some months, and returned but little better.

Coming to Boston, one of our surgeons again examined him, told him he had no consumption, and that his symptoms were caused by the lost ball sinking down through his lungs. Its course could be traced by sounding, and four weeks ago it was found to have passed the lungs and the pluera, and was then just behind the fifth rib, and the right side, in front—that is, near the waist. If it should drop down among the intestines it would be fatal.

Col. Conwell has recently enjoyed excellent health, and last week attended the military convention in Philadelphia. On his return on Saturday noon last, at the residence of Dr. L. L. Jacobs, on the Fifth Avenue, New York, ether was administered to him—an instrument a few feet long, a hollow tube, a little larger than a pencil, with a sort of clasp at the end, was thrust into his body, below the rib, turned up behind the bone, the ball touched, clasped, and drawn out, and the orifice closed, the whole operations occupying five or six minutes.

The patient lay for two hours insensible, the weak condition of his right lung not enabling it to rally, and his condition was thought for a time to be critical. He finally recovered, took a carriage, was lifted thence into his berth in the steamboat, and reached Boston early next morning whence he was conveyed in a carriage to his residence on Winter Hill, near the Somerville Center station of the Lowell Railroad. Up to today he spoke in whispers, but to day the improved condition of his right lung, which is gradually recovering from the effects of the operation, enabled him to speak aloud. He is able to walk around the house, looks the picture of health, and expects to be abroad in a few days.

It is said that the proprietors of the celebrated Plantation Bitters rent no less than nine pews from the different denominations in New York city for, all those of their employés who will occupy them regularly, free of charge. This is certainly praiseworthy, and it is to be hoped that others who employ a large number of people will follow the example. The above fact, accompanied with the belief that a firm who would look so closely after the morals and welfare of their employés, would not undertake to impose upon the public, has induced us to give the Plantation Bitters a trial, and having found them to be all that is represented, we cordially recommend them as a tonic of rare merit.—[Observer, July 1st.

A confidence man by name of Comstock was arrested on the 22d at Jeffersonville, on a requisition from the governor of Illinois. The detectives have been on his track for some time, following him all over Kentucky. He had on him poison, which he intended to take in case of arrest, but was foiled by the officers. There are twenty-three indictments against him and he has victimized to the extent of $50,000.

HUNTED BY WOLVES.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

One of the most muscular, powerful, full-limbed settlers on the New York frontiers, a century since, was Heinrich Kaupmann. His arms were like piston rods, and he could drive his huge mallet fists with such tremendous momentum as to fell an ox as if stricken by a thunderbolt.

It is said that he was once caught by two iron-muscled Mohawks, each armed with knives, while Heinrich had neither; yet at the first onset he fractured the skull of the foremost Indian, and bore the second to the earth as if he were nothing but an infant. That Indian never resumed the perpendicular again.

All this by way of introduction to an adventure that Kaupmann once had with a pack of wolves, and which came fearfully nigh having a fatal result for him.

The winter of 17— was an unusually severe one throughout the Northern States, and many deaths from exposure and starvation occurred before the opening of spring. The wolves, bears and wild animals became nearly famished from hunger, and, as a consequence, were unusually fierce and courageous. They came down from the mountains, and woe to the sheep fold that was unprotected during the night. They were sure to be invaded by the starving animals, and not a sheep would live to tell the tale. There were tracks around the barns, where the wolves had trotted all night in their search for means of entrance. Their howls could be heard through the still, cold hours, and more than one housewife had been chased to her very door by imprudently venturing forth at night.

Many of the settlers sat in the upper story of their houses, and amused themselves by shooting the wolves, for whose scalps the government had a standing bounty of several shillings.

Heinrich Kaupmann remained at home, only venturing forth to attend to his dumb animals, and to see that they were properly protected during the night. But after a while his stock of groceries became low, and finally gave out altogether. True, he and his family could live on the poultry, sheep and animals they owned; but it was rather unpleasant to be without tea, coffee, sugar, salt, and many other articles that were more necessities than they were luxuries.

With a want of foresight which he never could explain, he started upon his journey without any weapon except a keen-edged hatchet, which he carried in case the sled should give out. In the house hung his trusty rifle, but neither he nor his trusty wife seemed to imagine that there would be any call for it, and he drove cheerily away bidding his wife a merry good-bye, as his mare went at a spanking gate down the road toward the village.

The latter place, which might more properly be termed a settlement, was reached in due time, the groceries all bought, and everything was in readiness to start homeward.

Heinrich had been storm-bound so long in his house that he found the companionship of his friends at the village tavern very agreeable. There was so much to talk about, so much news to listen to, such a quantity of gossip regarding the affairs of the neighborhood, that the time slipped unconsciously by, until, when he rose to go, he found it almost dark.

Still, he had no fears, as his wife would understand that he had remained at the village, and there was no necessity for his immediate return.

As he turned homeward and left the village behind him, and noticed that the dim light by which he was traveling belonged to the moon, it flashed upon him that perhaps he would encounter danger before reaching home, and he regretted, for the twentieth time, that he left his rifle behind.

The road, deep between the drifts of snow, was of just sufficient width for the little mare and sled, and the spirited little animal went forward at a swift gait, while Heinrich, somewhat stupefied and weary, was beguiled into drowsiness by the easy gliding motion of the sled.

He was half asleep and half concious, when he became sensible of the increase of motion of the sled. He felt it jerk several times beneath him, and all at once a fiercer jerk than usual, accompanied by a neigh of terror, effectually aroused him, and he sat bolt upright and looked around. He looked in front; all were its wonted appearance, a wild straggling piece of wood, standing two feet deep in snow, the narrow track twisting through it; the heavens cold and clear, the earth white; but close behind the sled were three gaunt animals, cantering heavily, while a fourth was fast gaining behind.

The jaws of the leading wolf, owing to the lowness of the sled, were within reach of Heinrich's shoulders. But the latter cared little for this. The brutes were after the mare, and upon courage and fortitude depended the escape of horse and master.

If the alarmed creature could have the nerve to keep onward in the track she had a good chance of eluding her pursuers; for the moment the wolves sprang outside to pass the sleigh, the snow so diminished their speed that they fell behind.

But should the mare, in her terror, spring aside and plunge into the snow, Kaupmann knew all was up with them. Such a proceeding would disentangle her from the sled, and before she could flounder a dozen yards through the snow the wolves would be tearing her to shreds.

Heinrich leaned forward and spoke kindly to his animal, which raised her ears that were flat with terror and fell into a more even pace. He then turned and brandished his keen-edged hatchet and shouted to the brutes, but it did not discomfit them in the least.

Reaching forward he patted his mare with the hand that held the reins, while he held the hatchet in the other and kept his eye upon the ferocious brutes. However, he did not use the weapon, for the closer the wolves kept to the sled the less they were seen by the horse, and as a consequence there was less probability of the terror becoming uncontrollable, and her breaking aside from the path.

So long as matters retained their relative position, Heinrich felt that all was going well.

It was not long before the wolves discovered that there was little prospect of success so long as they remained in the track, and they now began springing aside and attempting to get abreast of the horse. In every instance they fell behind; each effort revealed them to the terrified mare, that had no blinders, and the furious plunges she made filled Heinrich with the greatest anxiety.

One of the wolves was very large, straight-limbed, and showed a speed superior to the rest. More than once when he sprung out into the snow, he advanced nearer abreast of the horse than did the others. Upon this gaunt creature Heinrich fixed his eye, and caught the green light that played from his eyelids.

By and by the snow became flatter, and the huge wolf sprang aside. The speed of these animals is extraordinary, and he gained rapidly. Heinrich waited until he got just abreast, when, rising to his seat, he circled the hatchet over his head, and brought it down with the quickness of lightning. The head was cleft in twain, and with a dying yelp, he doubled over in the snow and was quickly left behind.

One of the dreaded animals was dispatched; there were three left as furious for blood as him, and these never abated their speed in the least. Had they got a taste for their companion, they would have gorged themselves on him before seeking the horse, but he whisked off the stage of life so suddenly that they scarcely noticed his absence.

The distance from home was rapidly diminishing beneath the quick steps of his mare, which continued to carry the sled at full speed until the fear of overturning became again a source of anxiety. Heinrich, to, had learned by this time, that these were no ordinary animals with which he had to deal, but sharp set, courageous and determined brutes, to which man or beast would be alike welcome, their preference, however, as manifested by their actions, being for horseflesh.

These were not the animals to be frightened by the sight of a man's house, and there was a large open space between the outskirts of the forest and Heinrich's home, to which he looked with no little apprehension.

They had now approached the very edge of the wood, and the woolves began gaining on each side. The terror-stricken horse became uncontrollable, and bounding terrifically forward, caught the sled against the stump of a tree, overturned it, and galloped away at a full run, leaving Heinrich alone in the snow.

Before he could rise, he felt the brutes clawing at his throat, but his garments were so thick that he was saved from injury: and rising to his feet threw them off. His hatchet had been jerked from his hand as he fell, and he looked desperately around for it, but it was not to be found.

By this time the mare was almost out of sight, and two of the wolves were upon the defenseless man, and the other, deserting the animal, bounded back. Heinrich faced the foremost, and the next moment was surrounded.

The powerful man now called into play all the strength for which he was so renowned. He struck furiously at the leaping, snarling brutes, and flung them off when they attempted to cling to him. Had he a weapon, even a club, it is not impossible that he might have saved himself. A blow with a club in his hand, would have cracked the skull of the largest brute, and with a knife he would have ripped them open.

But there was no hope fighting with his naked hand. His blood had already dyed the snow, and the smell and taste of it had made the brutes ferocious. Their lithe, heavy bodies were hurled against him, as if impelled by some power not their own, and finally pulled him down.

The sweets of the earth, the mysteries of Heaven, swept through poor Heinrich's mind in those brief, terrible moments, the particulars found time to intrude. It is often, very often thus in the moments of death.

He thought how his devoted Mary would watch through the vigil—how mangled remains would tell his fate in the morning—a life's despair for the mother of the helpless little ones.

All these things rushed through his brain, and he knew that he himself was in the jaws of the wolves.

Then those foul, lurid eyes glared over him; the tightening of the throat followed and thinking was finished. Still he struggled to release his arms—the grasp on his throat was choking him; his senses reeled; when like the whizzing of a meteor, another hard breathing animal shot in among the assailants and fastened itself on the chief.

The wolves for an instant relaxed their fury; Heinrich reeled giddy to his feet, and recognized his brave dog. For a moment he stood bewildered, when he saw one wolf retreating, and the other two attacking his dauntless dog. He turned to help him, and a bright object caught his eye; it was his hatchet lying in the snow, within an arm's length of the last terrible struggle. Heinrich snatched it up, and he was himself again.

His arms were bleeding, but the giant strength remained. The next instant he had split the skull of one of the wolves, and he now turned, like a mad man that he was, upon the fierce animal that had borne his faithful dog to the ground.

The first blow laid bare the gaunt back-bone; the next his throat, a terrible gash, and the third loosened his fearful grip upon the dog. Still he struggled fiercely, when Heinrich sprang upon the animal, and cut and hacked and slashed until the wolf was mince meat.

As he arose, a hand was on his shoulder, and turning, a head was on his bosom.

"Heinrich!"

"Mary!"

Long did the young people stand in speechless embrace, but the weaker supported the stronger, for Heinrich's nerves were gone, and he leaned upon Mary like a helpless child.

The arrival of the affrighted horse aroused the wife, and the dog, the moment she opened the door, rushed forth, led by his kindly instinct. Mary fled wildly after him, not pausing to bring the rifle. But this, it has been shown, was not needed.

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Amount of premiums received during the year ending December 31st, 1867.....$384 639 71
Assets on 31st December, 1867, valued at..... 767,768 31

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SIXTEENTH YEAR.

Premiums received during the year ending December 31, 1867.....$321,500 00
Losses, taxes, expenses, re-insurance, etc., paid during same period..... 217,740 78
Assets on the 31st December, 1867..... 575 734 02

This Company continues to insure against the perils of the Seas, Rivers, and loss or damage by Fire, at the current rates of premium.

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39.....Carondelet Street.....39

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT, YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1868.

Premiums for the year.....$326 255 70
Losses Paid..... 192 710 56
Assets, 30th April, 1868..... 605,984 18

CASH DIVIDENDS DECLARED TO STOCKHOLDERS.

In Capital Stock Department.....TEN PER CENT.
In Premium Department....FIFTEEN PER CENT.

This Company continues to issue Policies on FIRE, RIVER and MARINE RISKS at the current rates of Premium.

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