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SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24. 1869.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

FAREWELL TO NEW ORLEANS.

Maid of Orleans, fare thee well!
I seek another clime,
But ere I go, oh, let me tell,
My love for thee in rhyme.

The greatest treasure 's in thy grasp,
With golden ingots lin'd,
If thou wilt to thy bosom clasp,
A lover true and kind.

Oh, give thy hand and peerless heart,
To him who loves thee well,
And fortune will to both impart,
Of joy the magic spell.

A tax of ten per cent. would be,
On all that you possess,
The best investment I can see,
To trim thy bridal dress.

Chauteau and Price could then command,
Thousands of hands or more,
To dig the hills and grade the land,
And lay the iron ore.

See St. Louis and Chicago!
Their thousand miles of rail,
Behold their wealth and people grow,
And never once, say—fail!

The maid of Kansas brightly smiles,
And waves her pretty hand,
Has laid her rails for many miles,
Towards our favor'd land.

Oh, maid of Orleans, rise! awake!
Thy golden moments fly!
Or Time and Love will soon forsake,
And give thee o'er to die.

Kindly open thine arms in T.
From Orange to Brashear,
And untold wealth thy pay shall be,
And Texas thine own dear. J. M. M.

ODDS AND ENDS.

[Selected for the Sunday Crescent.]

Poetry—Thought in blossom; the champagne of the literary vineyard.

Home—The place where the world seeks your character; the magnet of positive or negative happiness.

Theater—Nature in the "House of Correction;" the chamber wherein bachelors receive curtain lectures.

Coat—Check drawn on society by your tailors; the mask of men.

Candle—A quiet friend in the evening.

Death—The birth of the soul.

Ink—The colored slave that waits upon thought; the black sea on which thought rides at anchor.

Family—Matrimony doing penance.

Marriage—The only "lottery" not put down.

Taxes—Feathers plucked from all birds to line the nests of few.

Bachelor—The slave of liberty; an oak free from ivy; a wild goose in the air, much chased by tame geese in the farm yard.

Wine—Bottled fever; a friend who seldom dies without torturing us with his ghost.

Coquette—A child playing with fire.

Experience—Something for which we often pay without wishing to become a purchaser; life's day-book.

Justice—The length of your purse; a light in the distance; blind man's buff.

Law—A foot-trap baited with promises of profit and revenge.

Time—To the aged, an atom; to the youthful, world.

Poverty—Death in life.

War—Evidence of man's origin from beasts; death doing a rousing trade; murder to music.

Miser—A man who makes bricks that his heir may build houses.

Debt—A slice out of another man's loaf.

Paper—A flat much put upon.

Question in necromancy—How to raise the devil, contradict your wife.

Adversity exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and ingenious, makes the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent and makes the idle industrious. Much may be said in favor of adversity, but the worst of it is it has no friends.

Why is milk like the tread-mill? Because it lengthens the calves.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been a short time in hot water.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity sooner than those of a loftier character.

Marriage is love brought to trial—going home by daylight after courtship's masquerades.

Kindness begets kindness; ill nature produces anger; anger, hatred; misunderstanding and inattention create more uneasiness in the world than deception and artifice; or, at least, their consequences are more universal.

Half our griefs are imaginary; before you have recourse to a dose of arsenic therefor, try what virtue there is in an emetic—instead of your business being deranged, it may turn out to have been nothing but your stomach.

There is nothing that so much tends to keep the fire of love burning as those little attentions that show the loved one is ever present in your thoughts—little in themselves but important in effect.

Realities of life—real estate, real money and a good dinner, none of which can be realized without real hard work.

Why is a man up stairs beating his wife like an honorable man? Because he is above doing a mean action.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

A FASHIONABLE BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.—We refer the readers of this morning's CRESCENT to the card of F. Weber, the old and reliable boot and shoe manufacturer, announcing that he has removed from his former locality, No. 32 St. Charles street, to his new establishment, corner of Customhouse and Royal, where he is prepared, as usual, to respond to all demands in his line. There are but few of our fashionable young men that have not tested the undeniable skill of this noted workman, who for the past eighteen years, has resided among us, gaining for himself a first class reputation by the unvarying satisfaction he has afforded his numerous patrons.

Mr. Weber's long experience has made him so perfect in the art of measuring and fitting that we doubt if our continent can produce his superior in this respect. Strangers will find that he is both accommodating and punctual, and any orders intrusted to him will be faithfully and promptly executed.

BOYS' WINTER CLOTHING REDUCED.—Our friend, Mr. B. T. Walshe, informs his friends and customers that he has reduced the price of his boys' winter stock fully 20 per cent. This is done to make room for his beautiful spring invoices already ordered. Now is the time for the many patrons of this popular house to buy to very great advantage. It is useless to mention that the number of Mr. Walshe's store is 110 Canal street.

Don't buy a miserable single thread machine, when you can get a first premium Grover & Baker for the New York price, fifty-five dollars, and warranted five years, at 182 Camp street.

THE STATE SEMINARY.—The citizens of New Orleans do not seem to know that we have in this state an institution that is as capable of giving our youth an academic education as any other similar one in the world. At Alexandria is located a school, supported by the State, taught by Louisiana men, filled by Louisiana boys, and yet to this institution the city of New Orleans sends but seven students. Now, this is not as it should be. While we have every facility in our own State, our boys should not be sent away to other States to obtain their education. When they want a collegiate training, send them to the great scholastic institutions of the land, but when they only need that which we ourselves can give them, let us send them to a school that is emphatically our own.

The magical tones of the St. Louis Rotunda sensation is the theme of many tongues.

Read advertisements of sales for the coming week, in auction column, by Chas. T. Nash.

For the Sunday Crescent.]

THE HALCYON'S RETURN.

BY GEO. L. CATLIN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

At break of day on an April morning the night express might have been seen dashing along fully on time toward the town of G—, ten miles distant. On that day opened the spring meeting on the Goodstone Course, which annually summoned together the inhabitants of a circuit of a hundred miles or more. It was a clear bright morn, and as one by one the awakening passengers, throwing aside mufflers and robes and great coats and shawls, sat up, rubbed their eyes, and brushing away the mist from the window panes, took in gradually the varied landscape, of dewy meadows, orchards, forests, farm houses and an occasional hamlet, and finally let their glance rest upon the bright grey dawn in the east, they thought, "'Twill soon be day, and a fair day at that; we must be near to G—."

All phases of human character were represented in the half-waking, half-sleeping assemblage.

There was the old miller who had his hundred or two barrels of wheat flour on the freight car forward, and who, at an early hour that morning had given up his seat to a poor woman who had got on at a station where the train had stopped. He—good natured soul—had snoozed away the balance of the night on the top of some mail bags, and now that morning broke had returned to look up his overcoat and umbrella. But the poor woman was asleep and he would'nt disturb her, he thought, until the train stopped. Then on another seat away up forward were two young fellows all the way from H——, collegians home for the spring holidays, and ready for any amount of roguery. Early in the evening they had been casting sheep's eyes toward two or three pretty young ladies of G——, returning home from school under the charge of a very stupid old professor, who did nothing but nod and snore all the night long, leaving his fair protegées to return or repel the glances of the collegians as best they chose. But now, where these young ladies sat, it were difficult to determine, save by the presence of an auburn ringlet falling over the back of the seat, or by just the least little tip of a dainty foot visible on the floor below. They were sleeping sound, these girlish, innocent creatures little caring for the rollicking students, dreaming only of parents and brothers, and sisters, who in an hour more would welcome them home again.

A louder snore than usual from the professor was followed by a rough, coarse remark from somewhere about the center of the car, where, until after midnight, a party of four men, all wearing jewelry and moustaches, and quite elegantly dressed, had been playing cards, talking and laughing quite loud the while. But they, too, had finally sunk to sleep, and one of them, to tell the truth, had snored quite as loudly as the poor professor for awhile. But now they, too, were awake, and pulling out their watches expressed the opinion that the day would be a good one.

A baby here began to cry vociferously toward the rear end of the car, much, evidently, to the embarrassment of the young father, who with high hat, awfully battered during the hours of sleep, took it from the mother's arms, vainly endeavoring by a series of gyrations and jumpings to soothe the infantile grief. The yelling was contagious. Four or five other babies, summoned by the cries of the first one back to this world of milk and merriment, incontinently set up a screaming which effectually awoke every one, including the poor woman, who humbly thanked the kind miller for his overcoat, and handed him it with the green cotton umbrella he had left there.

The school girls awoke, too, looking pretty, though terribly in disorder, and laughed as they pinched the professor, telling him it would soon be time to alight. The collegians ceased their ogling after the green classes of the awaking protector had gleamed once upon them. The young father once more resigned the screaming infant to its mother's care. The men with moustaches commenced to talk loud again, and lo—in that car, but an half hour before full of insensible humanity, everybody was now awake save one. Rack-a-tack, rack-a-tack, clang-a-rang, clang-a-rang, incessantly went the wheels as the train dashed on to its destination; but it was not until the train gradually slackened its speed, as it neared the platform, and the portly conductor, with his extinguished lantern, came passing upon feet accustomed to steadiness, through the car, and cried out in stentorian tones, "Fifteen minutes for breakfast at G——," that a gray-haired soldierly-looking man, who had been long awake, supporting upon his shoulder some one sleeping enveloped in his great cloak, lifted that cloak, and bending his head, whispered gently:

"Kate, my daughter, here we are."

The busy manufacturing town of G——, looking out upon an estuary of the sea, and overshadowed from behind by high, forest-clad hills, was remarkable for its beauty, its healthfulness, its prosperity. From daylight to dark, on six days of the week, might be heard along its narrow, old-fashioned streets, the incessant clatter of machinery, the rattling of innumerable spindles, the screeching of whistles, the ringing of bells and all those busy sounds betokening a city of toil. Down at the wharves, great ships from the Indies, (for once upon a time its trade with the Bahamas and Antilles was not inconsiderable,) or from other foreign lands, lay moored, and all day long one might hear the "heave yo" of the stevedore laboring away in the hold, or of the sailors toiling away at the capstan chains or spreading snowy sails as their vessel, outward bound, turned prow down toward the sea. But on the seventh day quiet and still were the streets, save when, from a dozen spires and belfries, rang out the church bells, and when simultaneously from hundreds of neat, cosy homes issued the inmates on their way to the places of worship.

This, then, was G——, a prosperous, well regulated community, undisturbed the year round by hurtful excitements, connected daily with the rest of the world by three railroad trains, boasting three good hotels, a telegraph office and a morning newspaper; and this was the town where, on the morning our story opens, the express train, slackening its speed, came to a stop and discharged its now fully awakened passengers.

It was early, yet the platform was full of people. How enviably at home these people always appear to be whom the traveler finds awaiting the train in any strange town where he may arrive. Hackmen and express agents predominated, as usual, but beside these there were any number of people looking for expected friends. The pretty school-girls found fathers and brothers to overwhelm them with kisses, while the professor stood stupidly by. A rough-looking mechanic, a little tipsy, gruffly thanked the portly miller for his kindness to the poor woman, his wife, and the father, with the dilapidated hat, harried the baby and its mother off into an old fashioned country carriage that stood waiting for them behind the station. The students made a straight line for the nearest hotel, the moustached men for a neighboring ale house. And among the last of the passengers came the military-looking gentleman, his cloak buttoned up close to his throat, himself looking very stately and dignified as, supporting upon his arm a young girl, deeply veiled and in mourning, he handed her to a carriage, got in himself and said "To the Wilton House, driver."

On this eventful morning, the whole town had arisen early, and already the streets were alive with people. Tradesmen stood in their doorways rubbing their hands complacently, and promising themselves a brisk day. Horses and vehicles were never so numerous on the streets. Flags were flying in the public square and at different points along the principal thoroughfares. Here and there one met a jolly inebriate whose festivities had commenced early on the previous night. In short, for the nonce all G—— seemed upside down with merry anticipation; for had not four of the finest stables in the State arrived, and was not the coming sport spoken of by old Grannis, the turf oracle of the town, as the greatest ever known in that section? But it was at the hotels, in the offices where trunks and valises were piled up half-way to the ceiling, and where the porters and waiters ran hither and thither in frantic haste, that the excitement which had possessed the town became most apparent. The register at the Wilton House, a four-story brick building, facing directly upon the shaded square, showed already an arrival of three-score guests and over; when, amid the din, might have been heard the voice of the clerk, calling out in stentorian tones to the headwaiter:

"Smith, are those rooms on the first floor ready for Major Loring?"

"All ready, sir," was the reply bawled out over the shoulders of half a dozen.

"Show him and his daughter up at once when they come," said the clerk.

Just then came the rattling of wheels, a carriage drove up, and the military-looking gentleman alighting took his daughter's arm again in his, paid the coachman, and the two, preceded by the waiter, were ushered up stairs to the apartments engaged for them. There was a neat little parlor looking out upon the street, the window shaded with white lace curtains, the walls white and clean, the furniture complete, and the whole air of the room cosy and comfortable in the extreme. And off from the far end of it opened a door connecting with a darkened bed room, which in turn opened upon another, each of them newly made up from the chambermaid's hand, each telling of a tranquil repose.

All this, father and daughter surveyed before a word was uttered.

"Oh! how nice everything is, isn't it, father?" exclaimed she, "I am sure we are doing much better than I had anticipated."

The kind paternal face relaxed into a smile, as it looked down into hers.

"There, my darling," said the major, "that is the first good smile of happiness I have seen on your face for many a day. And go look in the mirror; upon my word, the morning air has made your cheeks as rosy as I remember they used to be when you were a child, and I took you walking over the hills with me every morning before I went off for so long."

"Ah, father, I remember them so well, and how good you were, lifting me over the muddy places, and risking your dear old eyes among the briars to pick me the prettiest hedge roses. Papa, you were not old then. No indeed you were'nt; I can't realize that you are now. Do you know you have always looked the same to me, and always will—always, my father, nothing less?"

"Yes, yes; I know it, Kate," said he, "but these white hairs make me have strange thoughts sometimes," and with another fond look, and a good-natured laugh, as if to offset the tear which her dear words had called forth, the major threw aside his heavy cloak, took off his hat and stood before the fireplace, a man tall, erect, florid of countenance though gray of locks, and scrupulously neat in dress withal, notwithstanding his journey.

"I have been thinking, Kate," said he, after a few moments, to his daughter, who was looking out upon the busy street abstractedly, "I have been thinking that you require rest. Now, lay aside your things, and let me leave you for a little while. You are not tired, I know. I will ramble through the town for an hour or so, and be back in time to breakfast with you by 9 o'clock.

She turned and came toward him. "Don't stay long, dear father," she answered, standing before him and looking up. "I don't feel as if I could sleep a bit. But order the trunks sent up, and I will have everything to rights when you return."

"Oh! you little puss, I know you too well to suppose you will be idle. Don't you recollect that one of the first promises your childish lips ever lisped was that when you grew older you would sew the buttons on my coats and keep my book-case in order for me? So now bring me my cloak. I'll not be gone long, Kate."

She brought what he asked, and kissed her father good-bye, as resuming once more his stateliness of bearing, he passed out along the hall and descended the stairs to the street.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"Why, Loring, is it possible," exclaimed a cheery voice, as the major, having called at the office to order the trunks sent up, sauntered leisurely up the street. He had been stationed in G—— many years before as recruiting-officer when he was a young lieutenant; and the busy town, allowing for its growth and progress, meanwhile, was not this morning altogether unfamiliar to him. He was recalling with some interest the events of his younger days passed here, when suddenly the friendly voice addressed him; and turning, he saw a middle-aged individual, stout and short of stature, with rubicund, smooth, shaven face, a merry, twinkling eye, hair just turning the least bit grey, and hand extended to greet him. The major surveyed him from head to foot. He saw a dapper little man dressed in a black suit, scrupulously brushed, with silk hat, smooth and shiny, with boots brilliantly polished, with shirt-bosom immaculate, and a standing collar so remorselessly starched that it had, even at that early hour, irritated the fat folds of the wearer's neck to a fiery redness. This good-natured, comfortable little man wore kids, one of which was upon his left hand, holding the other, as he extended his ungloved right in salute. "Why, old friend, don't you know me?" said he.

The major looked hard at him the while, and the play of his handsome features as recognition gradually came with the glance was worthy of a painter. "Why," said he, grasping the hand offered him, "as I live, this must be my old friend Tom Sparrow," and as the little corpulent man in black, overjoyed by the recognition, only shook the major's hand with redoubled vigor, the greeting became a most emphatic one and the two, looking into each other's faces, forgot in the pleasure of their reunion all the changes time had wrought thereon.

"I knew 'twas you," said the little man, "was walking with my wife on the other side, two squares below when I spied you; wife was going to see about a birthday present for Jack, our oldest boy; Jack is eighteen to-morrow; just got home from college this morning. Well, I saw you; said I to wife, 'There's Bob Loring, by Jove,' and off I darted. She begged me to stop. 'Tom,' said Mrs. S., 'you're forever running off on wild goose chases after people, and making such ridiculous mistakes.' 'Nonsense, wife,' said I, 'its Bob Loring, or I'll lose my next case,' so off I hurried, after you, leaving estimable Mrs. Sparrow to wait my return. Come now, come with me, Loring, I'll introduce you."

The dignified major felt the little short fat arm locked with his, and himself hurried off at a rapid gait, laughing at his companion's good natured loquacity.

"And now tell me, dear old friend, how has time dealt with you since we parted?" asked the latter, as he hastened with the captive major to rejoin his spouse.

"The old story, Tom," replied Loring, "losses and gains, pleasures and pains. I've traveled some, seen a great deal of active service, and am now on the retired list. I've got a confounded Mexican bullet, fired at Vera Cruz, in my left shoulder to this day, and can assure you I feel it on crisp mornings such as this."

"And your family? you married, didn't you? Seems to me I heard of your wedding, through that captain of yours who relieved you here."

A shadow of gloom came over the major's countenance. "Yes," he answered, "my boy Will is off on the plains, a lieutenant in the —th. Kate, my daughter, is here with me. My wife was—"

"Now, Mr. S.," interrupted a voice, as good natured as that possessed by the one addressed, "I do protest against desertion."

"Not when I bring in such a prisoner, wife," replied the husband, letting go of the major's arm—"Mrs. Sparrow, let me, as the result of my wild goose chase, present my valued acquaintance, Lieutenant, (no, Colonel, by this time, I suppose,) Robert Loring," and all three bowed, the major gallantly lifting his hat, laughing, and interposing "MAJOR Loring, Tom." He extended his hand to a matronly, rosy faced lady, a feminine counterpart of her lord, who stood benignly stroking his chin with his left hand, and daintily holding the lapel of his coat with his right.

"I am most happy, madame," said the major, "to meet the wife of my friend of long ago."

"And I feel that we are acquainted already, sir," she answered, "so familiar has your name become by my husband's frequent mention of the days when you were intimate. You are but a temporary visitor in G——, I presume. May we not claim you as our guest?"

"I am accompanied by my daughter, and have taken rooms at the Wilton House," said the major, "I must therefore decline an invitation, which, were I alone would be only too gladly accepted as an opportunity for recalling the memories of a happy past."

"Bring her, too," interrupted the little man, "It will only make us the happier—I won't listen to a refusal."

"I must positively decline," said the major, in a manner which, while kind and courteous, left no doubt as to its finality.

"At all events, major, you will accompany us with your daughter, to the races, this evening, and take tea with us afterward, wont you?" asked she, good naturedly.

"With all my heart, madame," was the reply.

"We shall call for you at two, then," said Sparrow, pulling out from mere force of habit when any hour was mentioned, a huge gold repeater, which he was wont to say had belonged to his grandfather, who "fought the Hessians, sir, by Jupiter, and when thrown into their hands as a prisoner of war, had secreted it in his boot, sir, where it had remained, would you believe it, sir, until his recapture." All this he would have gone on to tell the major then and there, but that a touch on the elbow made him pause. "At two, sharp, remember," he said—"splendid sport in prospect. I've entered a colt myself for the two mile dash. Good bye till then, major," and as the matron bowed in departing, the happy little man bowed too and went sailing off complacently by her side, while the major, erect and dignified as ever, looked after them pleasantly as they went, and then noting the hour, turned his steps toward the hotel, where Kate, having fulfilled all her promises, and unpacking and setting matters to rights, was seated by the window awaiting her father's return. And when his measured step was heard along the coridor, a door flew open, a fair young face, shaded with golden ringlets, looked out, a pair of soft blue eyes looked affectionately into his, and two rosy lips, upturned for welcome exclaimed: "Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come. Now, off with your hat and cloak. There," and suiting the action to the word, she unhooked the high collar, and threw off the cloak, reached up and lifted the hat from his head, hung them up in the bed-room, and pointing to a newspaper lying upon the chair where she had been sitting, said: "See here, papa."

"What is it, daughter, that you have as a surprise for me? Nothing bad about your brother, I hope—no more Indian fights, eh?" said the major hurriedly.

"No. But see; read for yourself, father;" and she brought him the paper, putting her finger upon a paragraph. "What to think of it I hardly know."

Young as she was, he had, since her childhood, accorded to her every wish and opinion that respect which he felt alone could win her implicit confidence in return; nor had his judgment been at fault. She made it her religion to believe as he believed, to think as her father thought, do as he did, and he in return had found growing with her years a discernment and common sense which had now come to be indispensable to him in his conclusions on any important subject. Father and daughter, mutual confidants, mutual advisers, neither of them felt that the counsels of the other could be spared, and so it was that when she eagerly brought him the newspaper and pointed out a paragraph in the ship-news column, telling him that she was at a loss what to make of it, he well knew there was moment in the subject.

There came just then a rap on the door: "Will Major and Miss Loring take breakfast in their own, or in the breakfast room?"

"Here," said Kate; "for, papa, I want to have a good talk with you on this subject and know what you think of it. Please serve breakfast here," she continued, addressing the waiter.

The door was gently closed, and the major read:

"By advices from New York received by merchants in this place, we learn that the Europa arrived there yesterday from Liverpool after a stormy passage of fourteen days and ten hours. Her officers report that on the 18th inst., while nearing the Banks, they spoke the brig Halcyon, bound hither from Calcutta, but driven far out of her course by the heavy southerly gales which had prevailed for ten days previous. All hands on board were well, and expressed themselves confident of being able to reach this port in safety. Among her passengers, also, her consignees here are informed, are three survivors of a vessel (name not known) lost eighteen months since in the Indian Ocean. The Halcyon's arrival may be daily looked for."

All the while he had been reading, Kate, with anxious eyes, had been looking up into his face. When he came to the end, each for a moment looked doubtingly, inquiringly, at the other.

"Shall we—can we dare hope, father?" she said.

He thoughtfully hesitatingly answered, smoothing the silken hair back from her forehead, "Why hope to be disappointed, my child? I fear 'twould be hoping against hope. Could I but credit for one moment that your dear mother, surviving the horrors of that fearful night, were still alive—but no—sh! why think of it? And yet, Kate, 'tis possible—"

"Can we suffer more keenly than we have suffered, papa?" she said. "Are not these lingering doubts more tormenting than the undisguised certainty? Let us in our hearts pray for courage to meet this new agony of expectancy, and to bear the new disappointment that may await us."

"But did not the mate see the boat in which we had placed her go down not a hundred yards from the ship?"

"And the mate cannot be relied upon, father. You remember how intoxicated he and many others of the crew were?"

Rap, rap, rap was heard on the door, and the waiter entered with the preliminaries for breakfast.

"I will find the Halcyon's agents after breakfast," said the major. "Meanwhile, my darling, be patient, be hopeful, and let not your returning life and animation be clouded over by these gloomy remembrances. I have met this morning an old acquaintance, Tom Sparrow, a lawyer here. He and his wife invited us to become their guests. This I declined, for I know your wishes in such cases. But they will call at 2 o'clock and take us with them to the Goodstone races.

"Do you really wish me to go, papa?" said Kate, sitting down to table.

"Yes, I should like it," he said; "I believe it will do you good."

"At two, you say, papa?"

"At two, my daughter," and then the major too sat down to his coffee, and talked off-handedly, while in reality only thinking of the Halcyon.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Marables & Weir," said a musty sign, displayed over the doorway of a shipping office on the street which ran along the water side of G—. Water street it would have been called of course anywhere else, but in this particular town it went by the name of Lighthouse street, for the reason that from old times, when G— was an aspiring village, this road, now a busy street, had been flanked at either end by a light, which many a mariner, far out from shore, had blessed on stormy winter nights.

Everybody knew where Marables & Weir's place was on Lighthouse street. Everybody knew that they had ships sailing to or coming from a dozen ports, in as many different countries. "Old man Marables," as every one called him, had once been a merchant captain himself, but, years before, tired of the sea, had turned over the command of his ship, the Good Hope, to his son, and taken himself to a little office upon the site of the present one, where with advancing time came new gains and new ships, until he had taken in his son-in-law, Harry Weir, as a partner, who in reality managed the business, and put up that now musty sign, "Marables & Weir." Their office was a dingy old fashioned place, partitioned off with glass from the rest of the establishment, where oakum, cables, chains, pulleys and anchors were strewn about, and where a strong odor of tar was invariably prevalent. Of all these outer domains, a one-legged porter, who had sailed half a dozen voyages with the captain, before losing his leg in slipping the anchor one day, had charge. Within the ancient and sacred precincts of the office itself, with its old fashioned furniture and clock were the partners and the book keeper, guarded from needless intrusion by a placard upon the door, informing outsiders that only business would be tolerated as a reason for admittance.

On this particular morning the office appeared to be the scene of no unusual activity. The captain had his glasses on and was seated by the door, carefully reading the newspaper. The bookkeeper, an old, sallow-looking fellow, with long hair, and a countenance which seemed to say "Oh, how I'd enjoy a fortnight in the country," sat by the window, biting the end of his pen-handle and vacantly gazing out upon the water. Harry Weir had just gone out on business; he was active and talkative enough, and, it may in fact be said, was the life and soul of the establishment, for the captain had come to be crusty and fearfully profane withal in his old age, and the poor bookkeeper, with a large family to eat his salary up in bread and butter, had no time to laugh and be merry.

"There's the Widgeon," said he, suddenly breaking the silence, "just coming to anchor in the stream."

"What?" said Marables gruffly. He had a kind heart, but, like a good many with kind hearts, a strange way of showing the fact.

"You were asking about the Widgeon, a while ago," replied the bookkeeper mildly. "She is here, and I see Nalley coming ashore in the boat."

The old man, without replying, folded his paper and went to the window. "Ah!" said he, having satisfied himself; "now perhaps we shall hear something. Go on the wharf, Simmons, and ask him to step over here when he lands."

The dyspeptic bookkeeper seized his hat, and, darting for the door to obey the direction, almost ran into somebody just entering. It was the major.

"Is Mr. Marables in the office?" he inquired.

"That is Capt. Marables, sir," said the bookkeeper resuming his errand.

Major Loring bowed. "I have come for information in regard to the brig Halcyon, which I learn is consigned to you," he said.

The captain pointed to a sailor-looking man, with rough beard and short legs, who was just crossing the street toward the office. "Here comes a pilot, just up from below, who can tell us all about it," said he.

The major turned his eyes in the direction named, and saw the two as they entered the office. "Well, Cap'n," said the newly arrived, seating himself.

"Nalley, what about the Halcyon. Any signs of her yet?" asked Marables.

"There was a brig in the offing last night at sundown, but she can't get in until the wind changes. I think it's your brig."

"Umph!" said Marables looking at the major, who, with hands folded behind him, was listening to the conversation. "And what do you think about the wind changing, Nalley?"

"Well, it's my opinion we shall have it from the south before the tide turns to-night. In that case the brig will be in by to-morrow noon. I'm going down again early in the morning to meet—Why, bless my stars, Capt. Loring, is that you, sir?" and the sturdy salt doffed his hat which up to that time had shaded his eyebrows and face, and, rising, saluted the major most respectfully. "Why, Capt. Marables," he continued, turning to the old merchant, who was rubbing his glasses preparatory to a more extended survey of his visitor, "Why, when I was in the marines, Capt. Loring was my commander, and a more gallant officer, though I say it to his face, never wore uniform."

"I am glad to meet you again, Nalley," said the major, extending his hand, "and how long have you been out of the service?"

"Four years or so, captain. You see 'twas too lazy a life for me; half-sailor, half-soldier, yet not a bit of either, as 'twere. Nothing to do but eat and sleep; laughed at by the jacks when at sea, and envied by the infantry when ashore, I got heartily tired of the marine corps, and after serving two enlistments, left with five hundred dollars saved up in my pocket. I am now the master of that pilot boat yonder. The Widgeon, I call her. But, captain, you've grown old-like since I saw you last. I remember well when you left us at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; when you were ordered off on foreign service, I mean; how the boys cheered you, and that little speech you made us all. There wasn't a dry eye in the company that time. It does my heart good to see you again."

"Those were happy days that you recall, Nalley," said the major, "but I fear that I am trespassing upon the time and good nature of these gentlemen. I will therefore briefly state the object of my visit. I arrived here this morning, Capt. Marables, with my daughter, for the purpose of attending the races. She has been in poor spirits of late, and I thought that the change would do her good. By to-day's paper, however, I learn that your brig, the Halcyon, brings as passengers three survivors of a vessel lost in the Indian ocean about a year and a half ago. Is it not so?"

"So we have been informed by a dispatch from our agents in Calcutta," said Capt. Marables.

"Sir," continued the major, "my daughter and I are survivors of such a ship wreck. The steam packet Bombay, which ran on a rock and was lost in the same waters on the 23d of November, 186—, had on board as passengers my wife, my daughter and myself, returning by the Company Route to the Mediterranean, where I was to join the Albemarle at Genoa. But two of us reached there," and the major's voice trembled, "my wife I last saw lowered over the sinking vessel's side into a boat, which, in another moment, was swept away into the darkness and, it is said, was capsized."

Respect for his grief kept the listeners silent, as the gray-haired major, still with tremulous voice though standing erect and proud before them, continued:

"We had long since given up hope, for although the sloop of war St. James shortly after cruised among the islands and over a circuit of a hundred miles thereabouts in search of survivors, it was all in vain. Hope was dead, gentlemen, until I read what I have this morning, and now you know it all. Now you must perceive the distressing uncertainty which tortures me."

"The cable dispatch," said Marables, "which brought us the intelligence concerning the Halcyon came by way of Liverpool, and was singularly inexplicit, giving no names or dates, barely the mention of the fact. When do you go down again, Nalley?"

The honest pilot jumped to his feet. "This hour if Captain Loring wishes," said he.

"But it all depends upon the wind, remember, my man," said Marables, "where's the use of your beating about outside or laying at anchor on the bar all night, so long as the Halcyon is away off on the horizon. She can't get up by to-night, can she?"

"Impossible," said Nalley, "but my boat is at Captain Loring's command."

The major thought a moment. "I thank you," said he, "and accept your kind offer. At six in the morning be ready to hoist your anchor. Meanwhile should any necessity for an earlier departure transpire, send a message for me to the Wilton House." And with a courteous good morning, and a cordial grasp of the pilot's hand, the stately old major withdrew, and wended his way back to one of whose companionship he could not, since her mother's death, long remain deprived.

There were visitors in the parlor, he observed as he trod the carpeted hallway. He heard the gentle voice of Kate, interrupted at intervals by the cheery chirrupings of Tom Sparrow. "No race to-day, Loring," said he, a gloom momentarily passing over his countenance, "no race to day my friend, postponed until day after to-morrow—muddy track—too much for the horses, you know; severe disappointment. Every body talking about it; can't be helped, you know. Go to theater to-night, though. Couldock and daughter play in "Dora"—splendid thing, I'm told."

Thus the dapper little lawyer rattled on, while Kate anxiously looked at her father, to glean, if possible, an inkling of what he might have learned during his absence. But not a word did those features divulge, as the major replying said—"The postponement which you so much regret, I do not, Tom, for to have fulfilled our engagement with you to-day would have been impossible. By day after to-morrow, Kate (whose acquaintance I am glad to see you have made) and I, may be in better mood to enjoy the sport."

Her blue eyes brightened when he said this. "Ah, father," she involuntarily exclaimed, "good news, I know it—good news."

"Be patient, my darling; to-morrow we shall know all."

"To-morrow? must we then wait until to-morrow, papa?" and to their visitor who was bowing to depart, "you will dine with us, Mr. Sparrow, will you not?"

"Just as well as not," said he, "Mrs. S. has things upside down at home for John's birthday party. She's booked you, major, for the first quadrille with her, so look up your dancing pumps, old fellow."

The major smiled. "Come," he said, "let us talk of old times, and all that has befallen us during the long years."

"With all my heart, Loring," and these two old friends, reunited after their long separation, sat down, face to face, recounting the joys, the sorrows, which departed years had brought, while Kate, sitting at her father's feet, forgot in the varied recital the cares and anxieties of the moment. But while they talked, there came a timid, quiet rap on the door. It opened, and the sallow face of Simmons, the bookkeeper, peered in, looking around. "Is Major Loring in? Ah, yes; Major, Nalley says the wind is getting around, and it will be time to start in half an hour."

"Tell him I shall be punctual," said the major, looking at his watch.

[To be concluded next Sunday.]

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay"—say it darling:
"Lay me" lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—'to sleep' she murmured
And the curly head drooped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep."
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But with dewy eyes half-opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of that child heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

CAROLINA SEED RICE.—The advertisement in this morning's CRESCENT of Mr. Emile Dupré, rice depot, No. 24 St. Peters street, corner Customhouse, will assuredly engage the attention of such planters as have long desired to test the virture of this important grain. The article offered for sale by Mr. Dupré is the celebrated Beneventum Golden seed, which he is receiving direct from Charleston, where it has been prepared expressly for planting purposes. The experiments that have already been made with the Carolina rice upon our soil and the gratifying results that have attended its culture should be regarded as conclusive evidence of its peculiar adaptability to our Louisiana lands. Mr. Dupré intends making this particular seed his speciality, and having bestowed a great deal of attention upon the selection of the present lot recommends it more particularly on that account. Agriculturists will find here at all times during the season a fresh supply direct from original channels, an arrangement having been effected to secure constant and regular consignments.

H. P. BUCKLEY, No. 8 CAMP STREET.—There are but few of the residents of our city that are unfamiliar with the high reputation which has long been enjoyed by this old and reliable jeweler. For the past twenty years he has been residing among us, always affording marked satisfaction by his excellent workmanship, and making scores of friends by his gentlemanly demeanor and accommodating qualities. Mr. Buckley keeps on hand a select and elegant assortment of watches, from the best manufactories, and also devotes strict attention to the repairing of all articles appertaining to his line.

CAFE CONCERT.—The famous St. Louis Rotunda is nightly presenting unusual attractions, in a musical point of view. A select company of professionals has been engaged, whose entertaining performances are a subject for admiration. Should you desire to pass a few hours pleasantly, and enjoy at the same time a glass of lager, step in any evening at this excellent establishment and you will be fully compensated.

A TEMPLE OF FASHION.—One of the most fashionable and attractive millinery stores to be found in our city is that of Mrs. E. Dodge, No. 209 Canal street, where all the latest Parisian styles are offered for inspection. This popular modiste is acknowledged to be possessed of remarkable taste, and strangers visiting this establishment will arrive at the same conclusion, after examining her excellent and diversified stock. In the last few days Mrs. Dodge has been receiving a rich and beautiful assortment of bridal wreaths, combining the rarest designs with the most charming novelties.

A drunken man, having vomited into a basket containing goslins warming by the fire-place, exclaimed in consternation, "My God, when'd I swaller them things."

Rev. Dr. Leighton Wilson,

In Reply to Rev. S. C. Logan, Secretary of the Freedman's Committee of the Presbyterian Church, North, O. S., Concerning Colored Schools.

We have received the following note from a well known Presbyterian divine of this city, inclosing a condensation of the views of Rev. Dr. Wilson upon the propriety and feasibility of proselytizing colored people in the South. The communication explains itself:

To the Editor of the Crescent:

Dear Sir—I have seen an intimation in your columns of a desire to publish matters of more or less interest to the religious world. I send you matter touching the propriety of the proselyting of our colored people to some Northern ecclesiastical connection.

The writer of the article sent you is an eminent minister of the Presbyterian Church, South; himself many years, in earlier life, a missionary to Africa; subsequently one of the secretaries of the foreign missionary board of the undivided Presbyterian church, and since the withdrawal of Southern Presbyterians from all Erastian connections their secretary of foreign missions and *sustentation* scheme. The article is probably the calmest and strongest statement of well-founded opinion which has ever met the public eye.

I have arranged the essential parts of a longer article, from the Southern Presbyterian and Index, published at Columbia, S. C.

Mr. Logan writes (inter alias) to Dr. Wilson, who is the secretary of the missionary schemes of the Presbyterian Church, South:

Will you be kind enough to give me your views on this whole matter, and suggest any plan which may occur to your mind by which our church can co-operate with yours in this great field? I can assure you that whatever may be the difference of judgment between us, your suggestions and propositions will always be treated with brotherly candor and respect.

Here is Dr. Wilson's reply:

In relation to the organization of churches and gathering converts into them, I apprehend that you will find, upon close examination, that much of the good claimed to have been effected is more in appearance than in reality. You will find, for example, that the five thousand who have been added to your newly formed churches are only so many abstracted from ours. The number of new converts will at least form but a small and unimportant element in the body of any of your churches. Whether any real advantage will accrue to the church at large, or to this particular people, from this change in their ecclesi