

The Baton Rouge Gazette.

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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1851.

J. C. CHARLOTTE & J. C. GAYLE, EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

THE BATON ROUGE GAZETTE,

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Terms.
The BATON ROUGE GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, at \$3.00 per annum, payable in advance, or \$5.00 at the expiration of six months.

ADVERTISING.—One dollar per square for the first insertion, and half that price for every subsequent insertion—ten lines, or less, constituting a square.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—Merchants, Traders, and others, will be contracted with on the most liberal terms.

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DANL. D. AVERY, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, and AGENT & ATTORNEY OF THE BANK OF LOUISIANA, BATON ROUGE.

JAMES M. ELAM, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, OFFICE NEAR THE COURT HOUSE, Baton Rouge, La.

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Branch Louisiana State Bank, BATON ROUGE. In the building recently occupied by the City Bank.

JAMES S. HALL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE, NO. 45, CAMP ST., NEW ORLEANS.

THEO. A. JAMES, J. CHAS. V. ESTLIN, **THEO. A. JAMES & CO.,** FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

Gent's Furnishing Establishment, No. 82 Common Street, (One door from Camp-street), NEW ORLEANS.

EDWARD McMETRICK, IS PREPARED to take all contracts in his line, and executed with neatness and dispatch, all kinds of Jobbing attended to.

H. C. CARSTENS, Builder and Architect. I am prepared to take all contracts in his line of business, on the most reasonable terms.

I. O. O. F., DESOTO LODGE, NO. 7, Regular Meetings every Thursday Evening, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE, THE regular meetings of CAPTOL DIVISION NO. 20, S. T. are held on every Monday Evening, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

CHARLES G. SLOCUM, HAS RECEIVED A SPLENDID LOT OF Paper Hangings OF THE LATEST PATTERNS FRENCH & American.

Painting & Glazing, THE subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he is now prepared to undertake all kinds of painting and glazing.

GLAZING, PAINTING, &c., He can be found at all times at his shop in the rear of Messrs. Dalabier & Taylor's store on Lafayette street. Best of references given.

City Drug Store, S. C. DAVIS, Druggist.

At regular sessions of the Police Jury of the Parish of West Baton Rouge, held at the Court house on Monday the 5th day of January, 1851, the following members were present, viz: John B. LaBarre, W. J. Lyle, Chas. L. Petit, Jos. T. Landry, Paul Laban, Charles Smith, Messrs. Landon, Hebert and LeBlanc.

The Clerk being absent N. W. Pope was appointed to serve in that capacity pro tem. On motion the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was dispensed with.

Messrs. Lyle, Hebert and Landry being appointed to a committee to examine the bond offered by the Sheriff as Tax collector reported that the same was correct and was upon motion adopted and said bond received.

A communication was received from the State Landmaster and another from the Police Jury of the Parish of Iberville, which having been read to the Jury, it was upon motion of W. J. Lyle, Resolved, That in view of the heavy amount of Taxes already imposed for the construction of Levees in this Parish, it is inexpedient at present to raise a further amount for the construction of the Grand Levee in the Parish of Iberville.

It was Resolved, That the Inspector of Roads and Levees in the Parish of Iberville, be authorized to have the same road made on the lands fronting on the River and lying in the Parish, so as to connect the levee made on lands fronting on the Mississippi River with the new Grand Levee.

A communication from E. Bergeron having been read, it was Resolved, That the Inspector of Roads and Levees in Ward No. 2, be authorized to contract for the making of the road and levee fronting on the Parish of Iberville, at the rate of 10 cents per cubic yard; and when said work is completed the President of the Police Jury is hereby authorized to draw on the Treasury for the cost thereof. On motion it was

Resolved, That the Parish Attorney be ordered to take an appeal to the Supreme Court in the case of the Parish of Iberville, the Police Jury being the appellant, and the Sheriff of the District Court the appellee.

It was Resolved, That a list of ten dollars be imposed on the Clerk of the Police Jury for the expenses of the same, and that he be ordered to record the proceedings of the Police Jury—yes 5, no 1.

The following accounts were then presented and allowed: To J. V. Durand Sheriff in criminal matters, \$100.00; To J. T. Landry, Justice for criminal matters, \$25.00; To J. T. Landry, Justice for criminal matters, \$25.00; To J. T. Landry, Justice for criminal matters, \$25.00; To N. W. Pope for services as pro tem, \$10.00; To J. B. LaBarre, Justice for criminal matters, \$10.00.

Juri de Police d'Ouest Baton Rouge. Une assemblée reguliere de Juri de Police de la Paroisse d'Ouest Baton Rouge, tenue a la maison de Cour de la dite Paroisse, Lundi, le 5eme jour de Janvier, A. D. 1851, l'ayant eue 666 (six cent soixante six) membres, a savoir: Messrs. J. B. LaBarre, President, W. J. Lyle, Chas. L. Petit, Vice President, Jos. T. Landry, Paul Laban, Charles Smith, et autres Messieurs Louis Landry, Magloire LeBlanc et John L. Poppe, Secrétaire.

Le greffier du Juri étant absent, N. W. Pope, notaire, a été nommé pour le remplacer.

Sur motion, il fut dispense de la lecture des deliberations de la dernière reunion.

Messieurs Hebert, Lyle et Landry ayant été nommes d'un comité pour examiner les cautionsnements fait par le Sheriff, comme Colporteur de Taxes, ont fait un rapport favorable, et le Juri, sur motion, a approuve le dit rapport.

Le greffier a été fait au Juri de deux communications de l'ingénieur de l'Etat et de l'inspecteur de la Paroisse d'Iberville, relatives a la construction de la Grande Levee de la Paroisse de Iberville pour la construction de la Grande Levee de la Paroisse de Iberville.

Il fut résolu, Que l'inspecteur des chemins et levées pour le district supérieur de la Paroisse, soit autorisé a faire construire une levee et un chemin a l'ouest de la Paroisse d'Iberville, sur les terres de cette Paroisse, afin de les joindre aux levées et chemins faits sur le bord du Mississippi, et l'endroit de la nouvelle digue construite sur la Paroisse d'Iberville.

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RESOLU, Que les comptes suivants soient allows: A J. V. Durand, Sheriff, pour services dans les causes criminelles \$100.00; A J. T. Landry, Justice, pour services dans les causes criminelles \$25.00; A J. T. Landry, Justice, pour services dans les causes criminelles \$25.00; A J. T. Landry, Justice, pour services dans les causes criminelles \$25.00; A N. W. Pope, comme greffier, \$10.00; A J. B. LaBarre, Justice, pour services dans les causes criminelles \$10.00.

Invitation to Dinner. It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll bet a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the gentleman's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand pounds."

"What is that, sir? you can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes, sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner, I will go myself and dine, and call again."

"I shall be troublesome," "No, not at all." The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired, the conversation was resumed—

"Well, sir," said the man of the house, "now to your business. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand pounds?"

"Why, sir," said the other, "I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir," "And that you intend to portion her with an thousand pounds?" "I do, sir." "Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine hundred."

Homes and Husbands.

The sultry summer day was past and the cool air of evening was inspiring among the green leaves, and bending the slender stalks of the flowers, as it swept upward to fan the heated brow of the husbandman, who had toiled throughout the long day beneath the glowing sky.

But to none among the band of home-bound laborers did the evening breeze seem more refreshing than to three, whose basket of tools borne over their shoulders denoted them carpenters. They had, in truth, passed the whole of the day on the top of a lofty house, preparing for slates, and had suffered not a little from the intense heat; and now, with wearied frames they were pursuing their way home.

They traveled, however, in good spirits, and as they approached the village where they lived, a draper, Galo, and Bart separated, each to seek his own dwelling.

There was not a matter of cleaner aspect in the village than that awaiting the reception of Draper. Not a speck of dust dimmed the brilliancy of the windows, and every article of furniture was polished till it shone like a mirror; fresh flowers breathed forth their fragrance from the chimney-piece, a spotless cloth covered the table, and Mrs. Draper and her children were as neat as it was possible to be.

Far different the scene which awaited Galo; his house was in disorder, his children untidy and his wife absent. This bad omen, however, was soon remedied, for one of the children despatched in quest of the mother, soon returned with her.

"You here already," Tom," she exclaimed, rushing in breathlessly, in a gown that had certainly seen quite a week's hard wear, "I had no thought it was so late."

"But supper will soon be ready. Light the fire, there's your good fellow, while out aasher and wash the lettuce; and we'll soon have supper."

"I am so tired; Mary, that I would rather do without supper than light the fire," said Galo, throwing himself on a seat.

"Are you? well then don't; I'll soon get it ready myself," said the wife, beginning to bustle about; in the course of which she broke more than one article of crockery, but for the time in no unreasonable place.

"Where were you, Mary?" inquired Galo after a pause.

"I had just stepped out to see how Mrs. Blain's baby was; poor little dear."

"Mother has been gone ever since ten," said the eldest child, a boy of some six years old.

"You shonible little story teller, how can you say so?—I was gone no time at all," exclaimed the mother irritated into boxing the speaker's ears for his interference.

The child ran away crying, and Mrs. Galo went on preparing her husband's supper, more industriously than rapidly, since she had to clean most of the articles she required, ere she could get them—

Then, by that time, the children became noisy and peevish, because they were hungry—and when the supper was at length ready, she had to go up stairs to put them to bed; then returning she swallowed her own meal hastily and putting aside the dirty plates, declared she must now go and wash.

"Wash," exclaimed her husband in astonishment, "I thought you were to have washed the dirt before yesterday."

"Well, so I meant; but I was interrupted," she replied. Mrs. Blain came in that day, and Mrs. Strong yesterday; and today I had not time. And now I must wash, for neither the children nor you have a clean thing to put on; and, for that matter, neither have I."

"So it would appear," said Galo, glancing at the dark tint of her naturally light gown.

"So it would appear, indeed," she cried, angrily. "I suppose you expect to see me clean and neat and everything as well done as I were a lady, and kept a couple of servants?"

"No, Mary," said her husband gravely. "I am no such extravagant expectations; all I ask is, that the hours I am working to earn our daily bread might be spent by you in some occupation more profitable than gossiping, and so let me find a quiet and orderly house on my return, and a companion such as you used to be in the earlier days of our wedded life."

But the affectionate tone of the last words exercised no softening influence on the aroused spirit of the indignant wife and quarrel ensued, which ended, as it had often done before, in Galo taking his hat, and finding at the public house the comfort he could not find in his own.

Meanwhile, Draper passed through his trim little front garden, entered his pretty cottage home, and setting down his basket, seated himself wearily by the window.

"Oh, Draper, I am sure you never wiped your shoes when you came in," was his wife's salutation as she entered the room.

"Well my dear, and if I did not, there could be no mud on them, this weather," he replied.

"No, but I'll be bound there was plenty of dust on them," she retorted, crossly; "and you know how I hate dust. And here—I declare if here is not your dirty basket set down on the clean wax cloth."

"I was very tired Susan, or I would not have done it," said her husband, apologetically.

"And do you think I am never tired," she demanded: "working about all day as I do, and then sitting down to make and mend for the children?—for I take pride in seeing my children neat and clean."

A Tale for Young Wives.

The young couple were very comfortably situated in a snug house—nice furniture, and some income. (Mr. B. is a senior mercantile clerk, with a good salary.) Two weeks of rapture passed—behind Mr. and Mrs. Baker sat side by side on a sofa in their parlor, arranging their plans for the future. The expected responsibilities impending to be the leading topic.

Mrs. Baker hoped the first baby to be a boy. "Dear little fellow! I seem to see him now tumbling about the carpet and kicking up his innocent heels like a blessed lambkin! He shall have your name, my dear Felix!—it sounds so beautiful and romantic."

"Thank you, my love, I wished to have him named Felix," responded her husband—very glad to hear that they agreed in everything. "I'll teach him some amusing tricks; see if I don't. I'll make a man of him before he's six years old. Won't I, my dear?"

"To be sure you will, darling. He shall learn to read and write before he leaves off his pectacles. I know he'll be precocious."

"That he will and he shall learn to smoke a cigar as soon as he is weaned. It looks so manly to see a little tottling fellow puffing away a real Havana. All promising boys learn to smoke early. I smoked in my second year."

"I'd rather he would not smoke, my dear—it's a nasty practice."

"A nasty practice, my love! How can that be? I smoke, you know."

"Yes, I know you do, Mr. Baker, and it's the only imperfection in your character."

"I consider it one of the most graceful accomplishments, ma'am, and I've resolved that every son of mine shall learn to smoke, the very first thing."

"And I've resolved that no son of mine shall learn to smoke at all."

"Mr. B. (with excitement) 'I'm very glad that you mentioned it, then, for it is right that we should come to an understanding on the subject. I'll let you know that I am master in my own house.'"

"I'll let you know that you are not my master, you ugly old tyrant."

"Say such another word, you nasty jade, and I'll tann you out of doors!"

"Touch me if you dare, you cowardly old villain. Help! murder!"

Mrs. B. falls into a violent hysterical fit. Servants rush in; house maid, supposing that Mrs. B. is assassinated by her husband flies to the front door, and repeats the cry of murder. Great crowd collected. Mr. Baker is taken in charge by a deputy marshal of the police. Examination of the Mayor's office. Mr. B. is bound over to the good behavior towards Mrs. B. which will insure a quiet house for the honeymoon. And here was rather a bad matrimonial fracas, all about smoke.—*Burlington (Vt.) Sentinel.*

A Honey Moon Incident.

Mr. Baker, a tall-headed gentleman of five and forty, was married two weeks ago to Miss Sarah Garvin, of thirty, and upwards. The young couple were very comfortably situated in a snug house—nice furniture, and some income. (Mr. B. is a senior mercantile clerk, with a good salary.) Two weeks of rapture passed—behind Mr. and Mrs. Baker sat side by side on a sofa in their parlor, arranging their plans for the future. The expected responsibilities impending to be the leading topic.

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The Forest Funeral.

She was a fair child with tresses of long-black hair lying over her pillow.— Her eyes were dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but looking up, smiled—I spoke to her father and turned to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweet strains of the Eolian. A half hour passed in silence; then she spoke in that same deep, rich, melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me, and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her thin arms around his neck and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, my soul is strong."

"See thou the thither shore?"

"An angel's smile! But I am cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely—lonely!"

"Is that death, father?"

"It is death, Mary."

"Thank God," replied the child. Her eyes closed. She slept in the arms of Jesus.

Sabbath evening came, and a slow, and procession wound through the forest to the school house. There, with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were lady men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their countenances, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave.

The river murmured, and the birds sang, and we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left for I always had an idea that the graveyard was the utmost place to heaven on earth, and with old Sir Thomas Brown I loved to see a church in a graveyard, for as we pass through the places of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must, even pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

The Cotton Party is the main given in reproach by Northern agitators to the friends of the compromise and the constitution, they being now subject to the especial abuse of the Northern "registers," The Journal of Commerce writes:

To all this cotton is the great contracting element. For the sake of cotton, fleets will cross mighty oceans. For cotton, powerful nations will submit to affronts, will avoid war, or make peace. How many times has it saved us from a war with England, and also with France? And now behold how it quickens the sympathies of the North toward the South, and of the South toward the North. Blessed be cotton! It defests the schemes of agitators, nullifiers, and disorganizers. It strengthens the arms of the Union men in every part of the land. It has suggested a name for the most patriotic party of modern days; which, though given in denision, is yet, extremely appropriate. The Cotton Party, eh? Yes, the party of Union, Peace and Concord. If man loved his fellow man; if he were willing to make the least personal sacrifice for the good of those at a distance; nay, if he did not delight in the miseries of others, and seek to make himself happy at their expense, the world might exist without cotton. But as it is, the extinction of cotton would spread a pall of darkness over the earth. It would unloose the sword, and burnish the dagger. Most fortunate it is that cotton does not grow every where. If it did, it would no longer be a bond of Union. But now, the South is the magazines of the world's industry and prosperity. What would not England give for a monopoly of cotton? If the North were to part company with the South, how soon would England step in and supply our place. As it is, cotton keeps both her and ourselves in order. Harrah, then, for cotton, and the Cotton party! Harrah for the Union, as it is, the Constitution, as it is, and the Compromise, as it is.

Coming to the Point.

Miss Helene Marie Weeber, a Belgian lady, young and blooming, of course, is at present the chief advocate of woman's rights in Europe. She is represented as possessing the highest order of intellect, and a thorough knowledge of social and political economy. One of the latest crochets which has entered the brain of this accomplished young lady is that of robbing us poor men of that most essential garment, vulgarly called breeches, under the plea of a prior right. Is there no one among us who will stand forth in this crisis as champion in behalf of our rights and privileges? We give Miss Weeber's views on the interesting subject in question:

"The nether garment was first worn in the bifurcated form by the women of ancient Judah. How far it resembled the modern trowsers we have no definite information, but the fact is worth keeping in mind, that women were the original wearers of trowsers. The exclusive claim which man so pertinaciously maintains to the use of this garment, is founded upon no principle of moral or social policy. It is an arbitrary claim without a solitary argument to support it, not even that of prior usage. Nature never intended that the sexes should be distinguished by apparel. The beard which she assigned solely to man is the natural token of his sex. But man estimates himself contrary to the evident purpose of nature, by shaving off his beard; and then lest his sex should be mistaken, he arrogates to himself a particular form of dress.—*Ex.*

Important Invention.

A very important discovery in the manufacture of linen, is said to have been made by a Dr. Leavitt, of Mayville, Ky; by which it is expected that linen can be produced as low as cotton goods, "at the lowest price," says the account, "the latter can be produced." The material is obtained from unrotted hemp, which from its silky texture, seems capable of being manufactured into the finest linen yarns.

This article, the inventor says, can be produced for less than 10 cents per lb, and can be spun for about the same amount required for cotton. The account states that the raw hemp, in its unrotted state, costs about 4c. per lb; but flux, unrotted, can be had for about 1 1/2c. per lb. in those districts of the West, where flux is grown for the seed only, and where the lint is thrown away, as not being worth the trouble and expense of rotting and breaking. By using flux then, a finer and better material can be produced at from 5 to 6c. per lb, and allowing say 3c. per lb for spinning by the new invention—about the same as for spinning cotton—the yarn can be produced at about 8c. per lb.

It is said there can be no mistake about this invention. Besides their is such probability in it, apart from the fact that at Mayville, a charter company has been organized, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, to carry it into practical operation.

If this prove successful will it not affect very materially the cotton growing interest of the country? will it not in fact, diminish the whole system of manufacturing of the present day?—*Ex. Paper.*

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