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**THE BATON ROUGE GAZETTE,**
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
**CHARROTTE. & BRYAN.**

Office on Florida Street.

**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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THOMAS GIBBES MORGAN, | PHILIP HICKY MORGAN

**T. G. & P. H. MORGAN,**
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
*BATON ROUGE, LA.*

WILL practice in the Courts of the Parishes of East and West Feliciana, East and West Baton Rouge, and Iberville—and in the Supreme Court of the State, and Circuit Court of the United States, New Orleans. dec 21-tf.

**J. W. SEYMOUR,**
*Attorney and Counsellor at Law.*
Office on Laurel Street,
dec14 Baton Rouge, La.

**H. W. SHERBURNE.**
*Attorney at Law.*
OFFICE WITH J. W. SEYMOUR, ESQ.,
*Laurel Street, between Third and Main Streets.*
jan 25-y.] BATON ROUGE LA.

**JAMES M. PELAM.**
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**
OFFICE NEAR THE COURT HOUSE,
jane 5, 1y. *Baton Rouge, La.*

**H. M. FAVROT.**
**Atty. and Counsellor at Law,**
OFFICE AT THE COURT HOUSE,
june 5. 1y. *West Baton Rouge, La.*

W. J. A. ROBERTS, RUFUS K. HOWELL.

**ROBERTS & HOWELL,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAVE formed a Partership in the practice of their profession, and tender their services to all those who may be pleased to intrust business to their management and care.

Having devoted much time and attention to the study and practice of Criminal Law for the past seven years, they particularly commend themselves to those who may need their services in that department of their profession.

OFFICE FRONT ROOM, FIRST FLOOR ABOVE THE BASEMENT.
No. 27, Camp street, New Orleans.

THEY REFER TO:

| | |
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| Gov. Joseph Walker, | Messrs. Nalle, Cox & Co. |
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| aug 30 tf | New Orleans. |

**Drs. ENDERS & ALLEN.**
*Office on Lafayette St.*
☞Two doors North of the City Hotel.☜
Nov 8, tf. BATON ROUGE, LA.

**Dr. D. Devall.**

INTENDING to reside permanently in this place respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Baton Rouge and the vicinity.

Office (after the first of September,) in the house now occupied by Judge Morgan on Laurel street. aug 23-y.

**Doctor R. M. GANO.**

HAVING lately removed to Baton Rouge, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of this place and the vicinity. He is a graduate of the Louisville Medical School, and has had some practical experience in the treatment of disease. He hopes by strict attention to all cases confided to his care, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞*Office on Laurel between 3rd and Main Sts.,* Where he may be found, when not professionally engaged. may 24-3mo.

**Dr. A. WOOD.**

HAVING located permanently in Baton Rouge, tenders his services to the citizens and vicinity in the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics. After having much experience in the principal Surgical and Fever Hospitals North, and also, the advantage of several years country practice he feels confident, he can give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

☞His office, is at the residence of Mrs. Hubbs' *on Church Street, and opposite H. T. Waddill's Drug Store,* where he may be found at all hours during the day and night. feb 15, 3m.

**CHAS. EMANUEL & CO.**
**Gentlemens' Clothing & Furnishing.**
STORE, 42 CAMP STREET,
may 10 1y. New Orleans.

CHARLES SIMON. JOSEPH SIMON.
PARIS & NEW YORK CLOTHING STORE
**C. SIMON & BROTHER,**
*(Successors to JOHN HAHN)*
KEEP A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF *Clothing, Hosiery, Hats and Caps,*
**No. 118 Old Levee,**
May 10 1y. NEW ORLEANS.

**CONTI STREET VERANDAH,**
FORMERLY "CONTI HOTEL,"
Conti street, between Chartres and Old Levee sts.
**New Orleans.**
**J. J. COMAUX & CO. Proprietors.**
may 10 1y.

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**EDWARD McKITRICK.**

IS PREPARED to take all contracts in hialine, and executed with neatness and dispatch, all kinds of Jobbing attended to.

*N. B.*—Plans and specifications given when required, gratis. jan 4, y.

THEO. A. JAMES. | CHAS. T. ESTEN
**THEO. A. JAMES & CO.**
**FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.**
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**Gent's. Furnishing Establishment.**
**No. 82 Common Street,**
*(One door from Camp-street.)*
*NEW ORLEANS.*

DRESS COATS, Frock Coats, Cloaks and Sacks, Pants and Vests, of all qualities styles colors and sizes; Shirts, superior quality; Morning Wrappers, Under-shirts, Drawers, and all articles pertaining to a Gentleman's Dress.
may 10 1y.


## EDUCATION, &c.


**Baton Rouge Female Seminary.**

MRS. D. DEVALL will re-open her School in this place on the 15th September, in the house now occupied by Judge Morgan on Laurel street.

The course of Instruction will embrace all the branches of a complete Education, *ornamental* as well as intellectual.

The services of a Parisian Lady, Madame Deloffre, (for many years the Conductress of a Boarding School for young Ladies, in Paris, of the very first order,) have been secured, for the *French* department including, if desired, Italian, Ornamental needle work, Mezzo Tints Painting, etc.

Music (Piano) by Mrs. C. Devall, for some years a teacher in the Natchez and Elizabeth Academy, more recently in Mrs. D. Devalls School, W. Baton Rouge, Guitar and Vocal music, by Monsr. Vay.

Every attention will be paid to the manners and deportment of the young Ladies, and strict discipline enforced.

**Terms.**

| | |
|---|---|
| For Boarding and Tuition in English per quarter of *Eleven weeks,* | $37 50 |
| Bed and Bedding, Towels and Napkins, | 2 50 |
| Washing, per dozen, | 50 |
| Day Scholars, (in English) | 10 |
| do do (in French) | 9 |
| Drawing, | 10 |
| Music (Piano) | 15 |
| Use of Piano *for practice,* | 3 |
| Guitar, | 18 |
| Vocal Music, | 6 |

Payment, *Quarterly in advance*—no deduction for loss of time, *less than one month.* Should the pupils remain during *vacation, board will be charged* the ususal rates. aug23-y.

BATON ROUGE
**FEMALE SEMINARY.**
MRS. M. W. READ—PRINCIPAL.

A NEW Academic Year will commence at this Institution, *on MONDAY, the 22 of September,* 1851.

The Principal takes this method of returning her sincere thanks to the Friends and Patrons of the Institution, and indulges the hope that she will continue to merit the same generous confidence heretofore reposed in her.

The services of skillful and competent Assistants have been secured, and the Principal pledges herself to spare no exertions in establishing the School upon a sound moral and educational basis.

September 13, 1851, tf.

**Female Seminary.**

MR. & MRS. FORD, assisted by their daughters, will resume the duties of their School Establishment on Monday, the 29th inst.

Instructions are given in the higher branches of an English Education, and strict attention paid to those of daily use. They teach French and other languages, Music, Instrumental and Vocal, with the Piano and Harp.

They have extensive and convenient accommodations for Boarders, and hope for a continuance of the public patronage.

College Buildings, Baton Rouge, sept 13, 4ts.

**Baton Rouge High School.**
*Rooms north west corner of Church and Hypolite Streets.*
**Commencement, First term, Monday, Nov. 17th, 1851.**

MR. LERRISON has associated himself with Mr. Jos. T. Axtell, (late Principal of the Wisconsin Institute for the blind) for the purpose of establishing a permanent School that will afford parents and others having the care of children, an opportunity of giving them a *thorough* education. The proprietors of this institution are in hopes that they will be able to found an establishment, which will afford to the youth of this portion of Louisiana, the same advantages as the best academies of the north. The instructors will spare no pains, and will endeavor to develope in their pupils the moral nature as well as to cultivate the intellect. They consider it is as important to rear children well as to instruct them properly, and are well convinced that all education to be of lasting benefit, must rest on a moral basis too exalted to be sectarian. The course of study in this school will comprise instruction in ancient and modern languages, History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, the Mathematical and Natural Sciences, Political Economy, Book-keeping, Chemistry &c., &c. As a guarantee to the public of the capacity of the instructors, we would say that Mr. H. received his education at the seminary of Versailles in France, from which institution he has a certificate; and that Mr. A. is a graduate of the Ohio Institute for the blind, and has in his possession testimonials of regard from several distinguished characters of the United States.

No pupil will received for a shorter term than one quarter, (consisting of eleven weeks) and no deduction will be made for lost time except in case of sickness. Parents are expected to furnish books, stationary &c.

TERMS.

| | |
|---|---|
| English per quarter, | $10 00 |
| French " " | 8 9 00 |
| Ancient Languages, | $15 00 |

*REFERENCES.*

His Excellency, N. Dewy, Gov. of Wisconsin.—Hon. Eliazor Root, Sup't Public Instruction,—Wisconsin; Hon. J. P. Walker, U. S. senate;—George Moore, St. James parish La; T. P. Vaughn M. D. D. Devall, M. D. Trasimond Landry, Esq. Rev. A. H. Lemon, Rev. R. J. Harp; Raphiel Hebert, Esq.

N. B. Pupils in the elementary branches, will be received at corresponding low rates. Nov15 3m

ENGLISH AND FRENCH NIGHT SCHOOL.

MESSRS. Axtell and Herrison will open an English and French School, on Monday evening, the 17th inst, at the corner of Church and Hypolite sts.

Terms, . . . . . $4 per month.

An opportunity will be afforded young men engaged in business to acquire the French language and also a thorough knowledge of English Grammer, Arithmetic and Geography.

Application must be made to Mr. Herrison at his room on Church st, or to Mr. Axtell, at Mrs. Lilley's, corner Church and Third sts.

[Nov. 15 3 months.

**Female Institute.**

MRS. A. E. CARRIGAN, *(late Miss Marshall)* will re-open her institution on the *first Monday in October,* for the reception of Pupils.

All the branches of a complete English Education will be taught. In addition to which, those desiring it will be instructed in the Latin, French and Spanish Languages; together with the higher branches of Mathematics, Algebra, Geometery, Tigonometery, and Astronomy; also Chemistry, Botany and Natural Philosophy.

Arrangements have been made with a competent Professor of music, to give instructions on the Piano and other instruments.

The Institute is situated on St. Charles Street near the North Boulevard.

☞ Terms moderate. A few boarding Scholars can be accommodated.

She hopes by paying attention, to receive the kind patronage of those who have known her as a Teacher for the last eighteen months in the Public School, Ward, No. 1. For further particulars consult the following

*References.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Prof. Alex. Dimitry, | J. C. Gayle, Esq. |
| Richard Loucks, Esq | B. V. Banks, Esq. |
| Gov. Jos. Walker, | Amos. Adams Esq. |
| James M. Eagan, Esq | Col. S. Henderson, |
| P. M. Hatch, Esq. | Dr. W. M. Allen, |
| | John R. Duncan, Esq. |

**STEPHEN RASELISCO'S**
**Oyster Saloon and Eating House,**
LAFAYETTE STREET,
*Next door to the Florence Coffee House.*

THIS new and excellent *SALOON* which is on a scale greatly superior to any other establishment in Baton Rouge, is now open for the accommodation of his friends and the public in general.

With such an experience, and such determination to serve, the proprietor flatters himself that he can satisfy his patrons, and merit a share of their patronage. aug23-tf.


### Thorvaldsen's First Love.

Some fifty-five years ago, a young woman of prepossessing appearance was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had recieved from time to time. She took up one after another, and turned them over and over; but she could scarcely distinguished them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hand, and rocked to and fro in agony.

"Oh!" moaned she "and is it come to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, *Himlen!* that I have lived to see this bitter day! *Lovet vare God!*"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly built, his features massive regular and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorvaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as that of the most illustrious sculptors of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eye bright, and his features glowing as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured: "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie," said he, after a pause broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee fare well. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and released her hands, pushing back her dishevelled hair. Then she wiped her eyes and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach—"Bertel, why did you win my young heart?—why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it: I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and taking up the trinkets, continued; "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you: I love you still—but"—

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better!" added she bitterly.

Thorvoldsen started, and his features flushed: for he felt acutely the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave *gamle Denmark*—you will leave your poor, fond, old father and mother whose only hope and only earthly joy is in you—you will leave me and all who love the sound of your footstep, and go to the distant land, and forget us all!"

"*Min Pige!* you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again."

"Never Bertel!—never! When once you have gone their is no more happiness for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth, never! O no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or your poor broken hearted Amalie!"—and again her sobs burst forth.

Thorvaldsen abruptly rose from his chair, and paced the room in agitation.—He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with great hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared scenes and friends of his childhood, the affections of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome rose also, and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and earthly immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast for ever.

He resented himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up and in one glance read his inmost thoughts. "Go," said she "go and fulfil your destiny. God's will be done!—You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and of kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the uttermost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this; when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, some times turn aside from the high born, lovely dames who are througing around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel *farvel!*"

The next day Thorvaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life and more than realised his own wildest aspirations of fame. But his prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, nor her, his first true love!

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and again the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly expectant faces. At length the cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of one common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken up, she raised her wrinkled countenance, and passed her hands over her eyes, as though to clear away the mist of more than seventy winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded a corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, the renowned, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, and trumpets wailed, and ten thousand sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors as well as lovely women showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorvaldsen, with the Danish nation as mourners! And she, the old woman, who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorvaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, *Himlen!*" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvellous is the will of God! To think that I should live to behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you stayed with your old father and mother, and married me. Ah, *Himlen,* there's only One can tell! Poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged and decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs thro' the crowded lower rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorvaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of the sculptor, but crept onward until she reached an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the centre of which a low tomb of gray marble encloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tightly over her skinny brow. "*Ja, ja!*" murmured she; "they told me he lay here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and He has heard me. Ah, *Himlen,* I can die happy now!"

She withdrew her hands, and peered at the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorvaldsen," deep cut on the side of the tomb. Then she raised her fore-finger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently sighed, while an evanescent gleam of subtile emotion lighted up her lineaments. "'Tis true; he moulders here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed and her head slowly sank on her breast, in which attitude she remained until one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up. "Gammel kone" (old wife), said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not; and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death!

A TALE OF "TWO DOGS."—The following, from a late English paper, is one of the best dog stories we have seen for some time:

A gentleman resident in Lincolnshire was lately on a journey about eighty or ninety miles from home, and left a favorite little dog at a hotel while he visited another town in the neighborhood. On his return, the landlady, in dismay, told him his dog had been attacked by a large dog of her own, and had run away from the house. He left but returned again to the same hotel after the lapse of a few weeks, when the landlady informed him that his little dog had returned in the interim, accompanied by a large dog, who had attacked her own dog so fiercely that he nearly killed him. From the description given of the animal, the gentleman entertained no doubt but that it was his own house dog from Lincolnshire: and on his return home he learned from the servants that shortly after his departure his little favorite dog returned, bearing marks of much ill-usage, and after apparently consulting with the large animal, the two dogs set off together and were absent several days, representing evidences, on their return, of having traveled a considerable distance.

LADIES FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.—The bouquet of flowers destined for the new winter bonnets are mounted in two different styles. In some, the flowers disposed in drooping sprays. Others are so arranged as to admit of bows of ribbon employed to trim the bonnet, being intermingled with the flowers and foliage. A single flower may also be employed for trimming a bonnet, and for this purpose large flowers, such as the poppy, the anemone, and the dahlia have been prepared. They are chiefly composed of velvet, and have long foliage of the same material.

Among the new wreaths for ball, and evening costume, or for full dress caps, there are some composed of corn flowers intermingled with leaves frosted with gold. We may also mention wreath consisting of foliage intermingled with gold beads, the foliage being composed of white velvet, and the veins of the leaves marked with gold. This wreath is accompanied by three bouquets in corresponding style; one for the corsage, and two serving as attaches for the jupe of the dress. In another wreath of foliage the leaves are tinged with the red and brown lines of autumn, and are intermingled with gold and silver white ears. One or two wreaths of white heath and gold foliage have the addition of barbes of blonde.

The winter mantels and mantelets which have as yet been prepared, are very full round the lower part, and sit rather more closely on the shoulders than the generality of those worn in the summer. Velvet will be the most fashionable material for cloaks in dress promenade costume.

The Parisian ladies are wearing black velvet corsages, or pardessus with cloth jupes, in riding costume. The corsage of black velvet has a basque at the waist, and is usually buttoned up to the throat. Some, however, have the fronts of the corsage turned back in the form of revers, when a gilet or vest is worn under it. A broad-brimmed beaver hat, with a veil, is generally adopted. The color of the hat, may be black, dark gray, fawn, or chestnut, brown, and it may be trimmed either with bows of velvet ribbon, or with a feather, of the same oint as the hat.

DINNER COSTUME.—Robe of pink Irish poplin, the skirt with three deep flounces, each edged with a trimming of narrow black velvet ribbon, run on in an Egyptian pattern. The corsage is open in front, and half high at the back; the top being edged with the same trimming as that on the flounces. The open fronts of the corsage are confined by three bands of black velvet. Under the corsage a chimisette of very beautiful lace, open and square in front. The sleeves are demi-long, and finished at the ends with frills, edged with velvet trimming the same as that on the flounces. Loose undersleeves of white lace. Bracelets of black velvet, with gold clasps. Head dress composed of loops of of pink ribbon, edged with narrow black velvet, with long ends flowing towards the back of the neck. Short white kid gloves.—*Lady's Newspapers.*

THE FOLLY OF THE DAY.—A leading New York Radical paper, commenting on M. KOSSUTH's last speech, heads its article "*The WASHINGTON of the eighteenth century, interpreted by the WASHINGTON OF THE NINETEENTH,*" and expresses the opinion that, in putting GEORGE WASHINGTON's policy (now for the first time, we suppose) "correctly before the country," M. KOSSUTH "has more than remunerated us for all we have done for him, and established a claim upon our gratitude which has yet to be balanced."

So! The American People have been in total darkness regarding the true interpretation of the American Washington's policy and principles until the *Hungarian* Washington came to lift the veil, and teach us the true duties and destinies of our Republican Government. The plain precepts of the Father of his Country have remained a sealed book for fifty years—HAMILTON, and JEFFERSON, and MADISON, MARSHALL, ADAMS, CLAY and WEBSTER have studied them in vain; it remained for the *Governor of the Huns* to come and "put them correctly before the country!"

The doctrine of non-intervention, of neutrality—the doctrine alike of civilization, of christianity, of peace and of WASHINGTON—remained an Egyptian writing for his benighted countrymen, when the gifted descendant of ATTILA, that illustrious Republican, happily gave us the key and the revelation!

Would it be any wonder that the worthy Governor's head were turned by such very gross adulation?

### Parisian Life.

A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates the following instance of feminine cunning:

I gave you, some time ago, a romance of the debtors' prison in the Rue de Clichy; here is another of the same sort. Mr. and Mrs. Limbac kept a curiosity shop behind the Bourse. He was on the wrong side of fifty, and was unreasonably jealous; she was on the right side of twenty-four, and was, withal, a very handsome woman. His constant jealousy rendering her life uncomfortable, and her imagined infidelity causing his existence to be unendurable, they agreed to a separation. Separate they did, each one keeping a private and independent curiosity shop. In the course of a short time both of them failed; reunited by misfortune, they beat a retreat to Boulogne, four miles from the city. But things went from bad to worse; poverty only rendered them more miserable than ever in each other's company. Their quarrels soon became so violent as to attract attention, and their asylum was very soon discovered. They were tracked, arrested, and taken in a carriage to the door of the prison for debt. The husband was the first to cross its formidable threshold; the wife followed. He signed the fatal register, and from that moment was an inmate of the house. He waited for his cara sposa to fulfill the same formality, but she preferred to fulfill the same formality, but she preferred a different mode of procedure.—"How much do I owe?" she asked the bailiff, the instrument of her seizure and conveyance to the prison. "Give me the bill, principal, interest and costs." An assistant footed up the items, while the husband looked on with hair that "stood an end." The sum total being made known to her, she drew a pocket book from her bosom, took out the necessary pounds, and liquidated on the spot her own personal indebtedness. Turning to her husband, who had assumed all the lividity of one of his own fossils, and looking like a petrifaction exposed for sale, she exclaimed: "That's the way to get rid of a jealous husband!" Having delivered herself of this emphatic observation, she stalked triumphantly away. The whole course of events during the preceeding six months had been one continued scheme to lead to this denouncement.—Having thus confided her husband to the paternal, benevolent protection of the State, but preferring herself to be fier own individual mistress, and assuming over her person entire and undivided responsibility, she left the melancholly scene.

LION CATCHING.—Mr. Lemue, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kalihhri country, assured me, says a South African voyager, that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa "catching lions by the tail," and of which, I confess, I was very incredulous, were perfectly true. He well knows that the method prevailed, and was certainly not uncommon among the people Lion would sometimes become extremely dangerous. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat anything else. When a neighbourhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would make his spring on some one of the party—every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering his efforts powerless for the moment; while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.

WHO RUNS MAY READ.—Within the last few days the conductors of the Islington omnibuses have introduced the use of the daily papers. A good-sized bracket is placed against the top or end of the cabriole, in which these papers are placed, and a request is printed underneath that all the passengers being the journals will, when done with them, replace them in the brackets, and also deposit 1d. for reading in a slot box affixed above.—*London Paper.*

### Young Nero's Last.

The Emperor of Austria was known to be an enemy of progress, but until he sent the police, the other day, to regulate the Money Market, few could have imagined the lengths he was prepared to go in opposition to 'Change. By this manœuvre he has driven the Bears out of his Kingdom bodily, as if they were actually quadrupeds; a proceeding which, however, he might have improved upon by setting a price upon their heads.—Some may be surprised to find this Monarch displaying such hostility to the Bears, considering the obligations he is under to one of the family. But the Bear that lowers the Money Market, and the Bear that tramples down Liberty, are two different animals; and his Majesty know the difference between Bear and Bears, if not between man and brute.

In attacking the Bears by political force, the Emperor has shown a measure of wisdom for which, he is not likely to get much credit, as it is little calculated to inspire confidence in the stability of his throne, or indeed of his senses. With a view to show that he can control the exchanges by violence, he will next, perhaps, be sending policemen to regulate the weathercock; or to repeat Canute's experiment upon the tide. Canute, though, or anybody connected with England, may be out of his good books just now; as, after the reception this country has given to Kossuth, He doubtless hates a Bull as much as he does a Bear.—*Punch.*

INCREDIBLE PUNISHMENT.—"A great Book is a great evil," says an ancient writer—an axiom which an unfortunate Russian author felt to his cost.

"Whilst I was at Moscow," says a traveler, a quarto volume was published in favor of the liberties of the people—rather a singular subject, when we consider the place where the book was printed. In this work, the iniquitous venality of the public functionaries, and even the conduct of the sovereign, was scrutinized and censured with great freedom. Such a book, and in such a country, naturally attracted general notice, and the offender was taken into custody. After being tried in a summary way, his production was termed to be a libel, and he was condemned to eat his own words. The singularity of such a sentence induced me to see it put into execution. A scaffold was erected in one of the most public streets in the city; the imperial provost, the magistrates, physicians, and the Czar attended; the book was seperated from the margin cut off, and every leaf rolled up like a lottery ticket when taken out of the wheel. The author was then served with them leaf by leaf by the provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators, and he was obliged to swallow this unpalatable food on pain of the knout—in Russia more feared than death. As soon as the medical gentlemen were of opinion that he had received into his stomach as much at a time as was consistent with his safety, the transgressor was sent back to prison, and the business was resumed the two following days. After three very hearty but unpleasant meals, I am convinced, by occular proof, that every leaf of the book was actually swallowed."

POISON INOCUOUS IN CERTAIN CASES.—Every body remembers the ballad of Goldsmith, of the mad dog who bit the man, and died himself in consequence; the man escaping utterly unhurt. The people swore at first that the man would die.

"But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rouges they lied,
The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

A similar case is reported by the Newark Advertiser, of a veteran drunkard, occurring recently in South Camden. He was bitten by a rattlesnake, and not in the slightest degree injured; but the snake instantly began to show himself monsterous uncomfortable, writhed, wriggled, squirmed, and shivered, then coiled himself up with an air of resignation, and died from the effects of the liquor which it had unadvisedly imbibed. This is a good case for temperance lecturers. The fact, by the way, is now perfectly notorious that a pint of whiskey, swallowed manfully, is a certain cure for the bite of a snake. While the venom remains in the system, the liquor fails to produce drunkenness.—*Charleston News.*

The editor of the American Mechanic has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Hearken unto his wailings:

"Owing to the fact that our paper maker disappointed us, the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch peddler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending babies, our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

☞That women were "born to love" is as certain as that General Jackson was "born to command," or that every body was "born to die." Their very dialect shows the strength of this proclivity.—They use the word to indicate any sort of affection, passion, *penchant,* appetite or fancy. They "love" their lovers, and their husbands, fine dresses and fine dinners, sweetmeats and "sweet ribbons," with apparently the same sort and the same measure of affection. To "like" is too tame an expression for a lady's choice. She "loves" everything (that she does not happen to hate) and can find no other word in the dictionary that is equal to her need.

☞Tim recommends that if you are walking upon a rainy day, and see a tall man without an umbrella, to offer him a part of yours—and having "taken him in," to hook it over his hat, and clinging to the staff, swing yourself clear of the mud. Of course he will be too polite to say anything about it.

The bottle of water obtained by Garesche from the cave of Kossuth's banner, was hung out up in Freeman's Museum.

SIGN OF A VERY SEVERE WINTER.—Some weather-wise Morphey has been seizing hold of the Boa Constrictor at the Zoological Gardens as a sure token that we are to have a very severe winter. He declares that "the Boa Constrictor swallowed the blanket entirely, as a matter of instinct. The sagacious creature felt we were going to have an unusually severe winter, so it swallowed its blanket to keep its inside warm."

A LEGAL CONTRADICTION.—The only day of the week in which the Sheriff's Officer has now power over the poor Debtor is the Sunday—and this is most curious—(though I am far from complaining of it)—for the Sunday is essentially, in the eye of the English Law, the day of *arrest.—Punch.*

☞A rum customer having lately been arrested for disturbing the peace, was examined by the sitting magistrate, when the following dialogue took place:

*Magistrate.*—What has brought you here, sir?

*Prisoner.*—Two policemen, please your honor.

*Magistrate.*—Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?

*Prisoner.*—Yes sir, they were both drunk.

VERY FORGETFUL.—A boy at the age of seven years was sent to school for the first time. The teacher to test his information, asked him—

"Who made you?"

The boy could not answer. The teacher told the proper answer, and desired the boy to remember it. Some hours after he repeated the question. The boy rubbed his head in great agony, and at length answered—

"I swow, I forget the gentleman's name."

THE WORST BRITISH BLOOMERISM.—We do not think it very probable that Britannia will leave off her petticoats;—but the news from Cafire land makes us seriously apprehensive that she may give up her cape.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. BLOOMER.—Mrs. Bloomer declares that she will never be able to summon courage to visit England, for it would be most painful to her feelings to cross the Atlantic and see so many vessels—even though they should not be of the weaker sort—going about in *stays?*

THE POISONING AFFAIR AT THE UTICA FEMALE SEMINARY.—It was briefly reported, some time ago, that the pupils in the Utica Female Seminary had been poisoned. The Oneida Chief confirms the report. It says that the cook at the Institution, a widow named Young, took offence at some change in the hour of eating, and mixed a quantity of tartar emetic with the food. About forty of those who partook of the supper were made violently sick, though none ate a sufficient quantity to cause death. It is not certain, however, that the cook did not intend their death. She has left the Seminary, and has not been arrested.

Curran was a rare wit, but even he sometimes met with his match. He was once examining a cross-grained, ugly-faced witness, from whom in vain he sought a direct answer. At length he exclaimed—

'It is no use trying to get the truth out of you—for I see the villain in your face."

'Do you, sir?' retorted the man, with a grin, "why, thin, it must be so—faix I never knew my face was a looking glass before."

ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF THE PERPETUAL MOTION.—The *Courier de la Gironde,* states that a civil engineer of Bordeaux, named De Vignernon has discovered the perpetual motion. His theory is said to be to find in a mass of water at rest, and contained within a certain space, a continual force, able to replace all other moving powers. The above journal declares that this has been effected, and that the machine invented by M. de Vignernon works admirably. A model of the machine was to be exposed at Bordeaux for three days, previous to the inventor's departure with it for London.

Mrs. Swisshelm says that the reason one nation conquers another is not owing to the kind of arms they use, but the kind of food. In her opinion, meat will triumph over cabbage. So long as cattle and Hindoos feed on cauliflowers, so long will bull-dogs triumph over the one and the Tartars over the other. When Ireland frees herself from England, it will be when Ireland swaps off her potatoes and takes to pork. To expect freedom to come from butter-milk, is as absurd as to look for ballot boxes in Russia.

☞During Father Mathew's stay in America he visited twenty-five States, advocated temperance in three hundred towns and cities, travelled thirty-seven thousand miles, and administered the pledge to six hundred thousand persons.

MARSHALL SOULT.—This gallant and distinguished officer, the last survivor of Napoleon's Marshals, died at Paris, on the 27th of November, in the 82 year of his age.

A POSTHUMOUS WORK.—Some one (whom we will not disgrace by printing his name) says that "the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after it is dead."

☞The mercury in an eastern thermometer sill down a few mornings since, and although apparently uninjured, it was unable to rise for several days.

☞A captain of a military company down East has invented a machine for *drilling* his company.

☞The Washington Republic says: that the manuscripts of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and others, were destroyed by the fire in the capitol, is untrue.

☞During the recent cold weather, the ponds at Concordia, in this State, were frozen over, so as to permit skating. They remained so all day.