☞ General Relief Committee, I. O. O. F.—Members for the present term: W. H. [illegible], President, No. 14 Exchange Place; [illegible], Treasurer, No. 60 Baronne street; JAS. FURNEAUX, Secretary, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Camp and Lafayette streets; Geo. Ellis, Exchange Place; [illegible]

☞ Regular meetings held the THIRD MONDAYS in each month in Secretary's office, in Odd Fellows' Hall, at 3½ o'clock P. M.

6ell   JAMES FURNEAUX, Secretary.

FRENCH—PROFESSOR ROUX WILL OPEN EVENING FRENCH CLASSES in his Room No. 3, [illegible] Buildings, corner of Common and Baronne streets, from 7 to 9 o'clock, commencing on TUESDAY, the 4th of November.

PRICES MODERATE—as the number of Pupils will be limited. Those desirous to join are respectfully requested to leave their names in advance. For particulars apply at the above Room from 7 to 9 o'clock P. M., or at his residence on [illegible] from 7 to 9 o'clock A. M., and from 3 to 4½ o'clock P. M.   627

COPARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE—MR. JOHN DOLHONDE BECOMES A PARTner in our house from this date.

MARTIN, OWEN & COBB.

New Orleans, Nov. 1, 1856.—n3 1m

NOTICE—MR. ALEXANDER SMITH, JR., BECOMES a partner in our house from this date.

H. M. [illegible] & CO.

New Orleans, November 1, 1856.   n3 1m

MR. EDWARD TOBY HAS THIS DAY BECOME associated with me in the Express and Commission Business. The business will be conducted under the style and firm of S. TOBY, Jr., & BROTHER.

n3 1m   SIMEON TOBY, Jr.

CO-PARTNERSHIP—WE HAVE THIS DAY ASsociated ourselves under the style and firm of S. TOBY, Jr. & BRO., for the purpose of conducting a City Express and Commission Business.

SIMEON TOBY, Jr.,
EDWARD TOBY.

New Orleans, November 1, 1856.—n3 1m

CO-PARTNERSHIP—THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE this day formed a co-partnership under the style of H. W. CONNER & SON, for the transaction of a General Exchange and Banking Business in this city. Office, No. 20 Camp street.

H. W. CONNER,
H. W. CONNER, Jr.

New Orleans, November 1, 1856.—n3

NOTICE—FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE Mr. FREDERIC THOMAS becomes my partner. The style of the firm will be TOURNE & THOMAS.

J. EUGENE TOURNE.

New Orleans, November 1, 1856.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING FORMED A CO-PARTnership, will continue as heretofore to transact a General Auction and Commission Business, at the Old Stand. Will attend to the sale, either public or private, of Real Estate, Negroes, Cargoes, Merchandise, Successions, and all other sales.

Goods of every description will be received and sold at their Auction Store.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Real Estate, Negroes, Merchandise, etc.   TOURNE & THOMAS, Auct'rs,
n1   79 Exchange Alley.

CO-PARTNERSHIP—HENRY W. PALFREY having this day taken Mr. GEORGE PALFREY into copartnership, will, from this date, continue the Brokerage and Auction Business, at the old stand, No. 27 Camp street, under the style of   PALFREY & CO.

New Orleans, November 1, 1856.—n1

CO-PARTNERSHIP—THE UNDERSIGNED have entered into a co-partnership for the purpose of transacting a General Commission business, under the style of CHARLES A. LABUZAN & CO., at No. 52 Camp street, New Orleans.

CHARLES A. LABUZAN,
J. P. RUSSELL.

New Orleans, October 30, 1856.—n20

DISSOLUTION—THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between Alex. Bonneval and Felix Ducros, [illegible], is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the house will be continued by the undersigned, under the firm of BONNEVAL & DUCROS.

ALEX. BONNEVAL,
FELIX DUCROS.

New Orleans, November 22, 1856.—n22

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.—The firm heretofore existing under the name and style of THOMPSON, ALLEN & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. [illegible] W. L. Allen [illegible] of the liabilities and [illegible] with the liquidation of the same.

EDWARD THOMPSON,
WM. L. ALLEN.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING ASSOCIATED with him Mr. WM. BARNES, of this city, will continue the Wholesale Grocery [illegible] Business, under the name and style of THOMPSON & BARNES.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

New Orleans, July 1, 1856.   jy2

DISSOLUTION—THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between the undersigned, under the style of [illegible], is this day dissolved by mutual consent. LOUIS GUILLEBAU will continue the business for [illegible]

LOUIS GUILLEBAU,
JEAN BONNET.

New Orleans, August 1st, 1856.   au8

DISSOLUTION—LA SOCIETE CI-DEVANT EXISTANT [illegible] LOUIS GUILLEBAU [illegible]

LOUIS GUILLEBAU,
JEAN BONNET.

Nouvelle Orleans [illegible] 1856.   au8

NOTICE.—MOSES HARRIS HOLDS OUR FULL Power of Attorney and will represent us during our absence from the State, as per act before George [illegible], Notary Public.

New Orleans, August 29, 1856.   S. H. KENNEDY & CO.
au29

DISSOLUTION—THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between the undersigned, under the firm of BURROWS & OSTROM, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, [illegible] will sign the name of the firm in liquidation.

JNO. M. BURROWS,
JAS. A. OSTROM.

New Orleans, July 1, 1856.

THE UNDERSIGNED, WHO IS CHARGED with the settlement of the affairs of the late firm of Burrows & Ostrom, will continue the business under his own name and for his own account.

JNO. M. BURROWS, 27 Gravier street.

New Orleans, July 1, 1856.   jy4

DISSOLUTION—THE FIRM OF RAWLINS, DUNCAN & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and will only exist for the purpose of liquidation.

SAM. W. RAWLINS,
L. H. DUNCAN.

July 1, 1856.

COPARTNERSHIP—THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE formed a copartnership under the style of DUNCAN & LOGAN, successors of the late firm of Rawlins, Duncan & Co., for the purpose of carrying on a COTTON FACTORAGE AND GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS, and are fully authorized to liquidate the business of their predecessors.

L. H. DUNCAN,
GEO. WM. LOGAN, Jr.

July 1, 1856.

☞ On retiring from the Commission Business, I take great pleasure in tendering my sincere thanks to the patrons of the late firm of Rawlins, Duncan & Co., and at the same time beg to solicit a continuance of their favors to their successors, Messrs. Duncan & Logan, and I can confidently recommend them [illegible].

jy10   SAM. W. RAWLINS.

COPARTNERSHIP.—THE UNDERSIGNED have this day entered into a Copartnership, under the style of DUPERIER, HAYES & CO., for the purpose of transacting a General Commission, Sugar and Cotton Factorage business.

ALFRED DUPERIER,
ALLEN L. HAYES,
ROBERT W. SANDERS.

☞ Office, No. 78 St. Louis street.

New Orleans, 1st December, 1855.   d5tf

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA.—LAW DEPARTMENT.—The Lectures in this Department will commence on the SECOND MONDAY of November, 1856, and continue until the FIRST MONDAY of April, 1857. They will embrace the most important branches of Civil, Common, Constitutional, and International Law, as well as Equity, Jurisprudence and Practice. Lectures will be delivered by four Professors.

Those by Prof. McCaleb will treat of:

I. Admiralty and Maritime Law, embracing the rights and obligations of Masters and Owners, Bills of Lading, Charter Parties, Contracts of Affreightment, Salvage, General and Particular Average, Collisions, Marine Insurance and Hypothecations, and Contracts for Maritime Services in Building, Repairing and Supplying Ships.

II. International Law, embracing the Law of Prize and the Practice of Prize Courts, the Absolute Rights of Nations in their pacific and hostile relations, Treaties of Peace and Private International Law.

III. The Jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States, embracing the Criminal and Appellate Jurisdiction of the Supreme and Circuit Courts, and the Original Jurisdiction of the District Courts as Courts of Revenue, and as Prize and Instance Courts of Admiralty.

Those by Prof. [illegible] Hunt will embrace—

I. The [illegible] as it relates to Mercantile Persons, Mercantile Property and Contracts. They will treat of Sole Traders, Partnerships and Corporations, Principal and Agent, Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, [illegible] Contracts with Carriers, Contracts of Affreightment by Charter Party, and for Conveyance [illegible] of Freight, [illegible], Salvage and Insurance, of Sale, [illegible], Liens and Stoppage in Transitu.

II. The Criminal Law and Practice in Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction.

III. The Law of Evidence.

Those by Prof. Roselius will embrace—

I. The Civil Code of Louisiana, in connection with the Roman, Spanish and French Laws, and a Critical Analysis of the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the State.

II. Land Titles, whether derived from England, Spain, France or the United States.

III. The Practice of the Courts of Civil Jurisdiction in Louisiana.

Those by Prof. Alfred Hennen will embrace—

I. The Common Law and Equity Jurisprudence and Pleading, [illegible] Common Law.

II. Constitutional Law.

The Degree of Bachelor of Laws will be conferred on those students only who shall have attended two full courses of lectures, or one full course after having read twelve months under the direction of a respectable Counsellor at Law, and who shall [illegible] examination by the various Professors, [illegible]

The fee of each Professor is $25; Matriculation fee, $5; [illegible]

All communications must be addressed to the Dean of the Faculty in New Orleans.

CHRISTIAN ROSELIUS,
Dean of the Faculty.

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA.—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.—The Annual Course of Lectures in this department will commence on Monday, November 17th, 1856, and will terminate on the first of March.

James Jones, M. D., Professor of Practice of Medicine.
J. L. Riddell, M. D., Professor of Chemistry.
Warren Stone, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
A. H. Cenas, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics.
Gustavus A. Nott, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica.
J. C. P. Wederstrandt, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Thomas Hunt, M. D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology.
[illegible], M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The rooms for Dissecting will be open on the first Monday in October.

The Faculty are Visiting Physicians and Surgeons of the Charity Hospital, and attend the institution from November to April.

The Students accompany the Professors in their visits and free of expense, enjoy extraordinary practical advantages.

[illegible] operations are performed daily.

Preliminary to the Course, lectures will be delivered daily in the Amphitheatre of the Hospital from the first Monday in November, on Clinical Medicine and Surgery, Auscultation and Percussion, and other subjects, without any charge to Students.

THOMAS HUNT, M. D., Dean.

The Administrators of the Charity Hospital elect annually in April, fourteen Resident Students, who are maintained by the institution.   au1 4&Wtf

I. O. O. F.

Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

THE R. W. GRAND LODGE OF LOUISIANA, I. O. O. F., meets semi-annually on the fourth Tuesdays in January and July, in Grand Lodge Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets, New Orleans.

Officers for the Present Year—G. W. Shaw, of Union Lodge No. 6, M. W. Grand Master; Edward Pilsbury, of Templar Lodge No. 16, R. W. Deputy Grand Master; Chas. H. Churchill, of Merchants' Lodge No. 43, R. W. Grand Warden; Thomas H. Shields, of Union Lodge No. 6, R. W. Grand Secretary; Henry Williams, of Commercial Lodge No. 12, R. W. Grand Treasurer; G. W. Race, of Commercial No. 12, and H. G. Stetson, of Southwestern Lodge No. 40, Representatives to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States; Charles W. Whitall, of Crescent Lodge No. 8, W. Grand Chaplain; W. H. Starks, of Hope Lodge No. 14, W. Grand Marshal; G. N. Morison, of Commercial Lodge No. 12, W. Grand Conductor; W. C. Wilson, of Union Lodge No. 6, W. Grand Guardian; J. Frankford, of Crescent Lodge No. 8, W. Grand Herald.

District Deputy Grand Masters—H. Millspaugh, of Covenant Lodge No. 17, District No. 2; J. S. Burke, of Jefferson Lodge No. 9, District No. 3; J. C. White, of Excelsior Lodge No. 34, District No. 4; S. L. Barlett, of St. Mary's Lodge No. 20, District No. 5; G. N. Ealer, of St. Landry Lodge No. 25, District No. 6; A. J. Heron, of De Soto Lodge No. 7, District No. 7; H. Hillman, of Carroll Lodge No. 30, District No. 8; J. M. Phillips, of Trinity Lodge No. 32, District No. 9; John Moore, of New Iberia Lodge No. 36, District No. 11; M. Hunsicker, of Neith Lodge No. 21, District No. 12; A. Millspaugh, of Prairie Lodge No. 37, District No. 13; O. P. Langworthy, of Clinton Lodge No. 27, District No. 14; George Dermeyer, of Magnolia Lodge No. 22, District No. 15; S. Slaughter, of Cheneyville Lodge No. 41, District No. 16; J. H. Munson, of Assumption Lodge No. 43, District No. 17.

All communications to the Grand Master or Grand Secretary should be forwarded to the office of the Grand Secretary, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Subordinate Lodges.

LOUISIANA LODGE No. 1 meets every Friday evening in room No. 5, Odd Fellows' Hall. J. H. [illegible], N. G.; Theo. Marks, V. G.; J. S. Boisblanc, Secretary; George Ellis, Per. Secretary; H. [illegible], Treasurer.

WASHINGTON LODGE No. 3 meets every Thursday evening in Marigny Buildings, Third District. J. B. [illegible], N. G.; T. Jones, V. G.; B. Popper, Secretary; F. Louis, Per. Secretary; G. Hooper, Treasurer.

UNION LODGE No. 6 meets every Monday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. W. P. Wilson, N. G.; H. H. Dentzel, V. G.; J. Folger, Secretary; Thos. H. Shields, Per. Secretary; G. W. Heller, Treasurer.

CRESCENT LODGE No. 8 meets every Thursday evening in room No. 1, Odd Fellows' Hall. L. S. Burke, N. G.; E. F. Lonnie, V. G.; Geo. Seymour, Secretary; L. N. Jahan, Per. Secretary; F. X. Hachet, Treasurer.

JEFFERSON LODGE No. 9 meets every Thursday evening in Jefferson Hall, Fourth District. M. M. Worden, N. G.; J. F. Ealer, V. G.; H. Leede, Secretary; W. C. Dalles, Per. Secretary; A. Ewing, Treasurer.

TEUTONIA LODGE No. 10 meets every Tuesday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. H. C. Finke, N. G.; C. Gundlecker, V. G.; C. Bornmann, Secretary; John E. Reuter, Per. Secretary; P. Schneider, Treasurer.

ORLEANS LODGE No. 11 meets every Tuesday evening in room No. 1, Odd Fellows' Hall. J. H. Webb, N. G.; E. Allen, V. G.; J. H. Temy, Secretary; N. J. Hany, Treasurer.

COMMERCIAL LODGE No. 12 meets every Wednesday evening in room No. 5, Odd Fellows' Hall. T. O. Lamplin, N. G.; Jas. Pringle, V. G.; W. E. Finch, Secretary; James T. Stockton, Per. Secretary; W. B. Cooke, Treasurer.

HOWARD LODGE No. 13 meets every Thursday evening in room No. 5, Odd Fellows' Hall. Thaddeus B. Vaniforn, N. G.; David Moore, V. G.; R. S. Henghy, Recording Secretary; Geo. H. Shotwell, Per. Secretary; A. Bedela, Treasurer.

HOPE LODGE No. 14 meets every Wednesday evening in room No. 1, Odd Fellows' Hall. S. M. Todd, N. G.; Thomas F. Walker, V. G.; J. F. Caldwell, Secretary; Charles Rossiter, Per. Secretary; Geo. Bareshide, Treasurer.

DELTA LODGE No. 15 meets every Monday evening in room No. 4, Odd Fellows' Hall. P. G. Collins, N. G.; A. McDougall, V. G.; T. W. Bolles, Secretary; Luther Homes, Treasurer.

TEMPLAR LODGE No. 16 meets every Friday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. A. W. Hunter, N. G.; Ross Smith, V. G.; F. Y. Fields, Secretary; Thomas E. Bragg, Per. Secretary; E. A. Patterson, Treasurer.

COVENANT LODGE No. 17 meets every Tuesday evening in Marigny Buildings, Third District. J. P. Warner, N. G.; P. E. Brady, V. G.; M. D. Lajoue, Secretary; L. Millspaugh, Treasurer.

POLAR STAR LODGE No. 19 meets every Wednesday evening in Polar Star room, St. Louis street, Second District. J. M. Warner, N. G.; H. Peed, V. G.; H. Bossomnau, Secretary; L. A. Gentry, Per. Secretary; H. Headwood, Treasurer.

MAGNOLIA LODGE No. 22 meets every Tuesday evening in room No. 5, Odd Fellows' Hall. W. Lynd, N. G.; J. [illegible], V. G.; V. Whitten, Secretary; W. H. Rice, Per. Secretary; W. F. J. Goodman, Treasurer.

INDEPENDENCE LODGE No. 23 meets every Wednesday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. A. Vallee, N. G.; H. Pressler, V. G.; H. Schluter, Secretary; F. Gately, Per. Secretary; G. Schen, Treasurer.

COLUMBUS LODGE No. 24 meets every Wednesday evening in Algiers. D. F. Vallette, N. G.; Edw. Wilson, V. G.; C. F. Martin, Secretary; Jno. McGehan, Per. Secretary; J. Rowley, Treasurer.

GERMANIA LODGE No. 29 meets every Tuesday evening in Jefferson Hall, Fourth District. J. H. Feinstein, N. G.; W. Nolting, V. G.; H. Olsen, Secretary; H. Bataren, Per. Secretary; D. Gerhard, Treasurer.

PACIFIC LODGE No. 30 meets every Wednesday evening in Jefferson Hall. Samuel Gardner, N. G.; John T. Mitchell, V. G.; James G. Henry, Secretary; W. M. Holloway, Per. Secretary.

HARMONY LODGE No. 38 meets every Friday evening in Polar Star room, Second District. E. F. Poupart, N. G.; V. Vicotier, V. G.; A. Leoncot, Jr., Secretary; E. Callot, Per. Secretary; J. Casserau, Treasurer.

HERMANN LODGE No. 39 meets every Wednesday evening in Marigny Buildings, Third District. C. Mohr, N. G.; Felix Zimmerman, V. G.; J. B. Kasper, Secretary; J. Faust, Per. Secretary; P. Bell, Treasurer.

SOUTH WESTERN LODGE No. 40 meets every Friday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. James Beers, N. G.; Joseph Smith, V. G.; Thos. H. Robinson, Secretary; James Fairbanks, Per. Secretary; C. Schmidt, Treasurer.

MERCHANTS' LODGE No. 42 meets every Monday evening in room No. 2, Odd Fellows' Hall. W. H. Ellis, N. G.; G. A. Fort, V. G.; L. B. Pollen, Secretary; R. G. Abbott, Per. Secretary; C. Fonda, Treasurer.

Interior Lodges.

DE SOTO LODGE No. 7 meets at Baton Rouge on Thursday evening.

ST. MARY'S LODGE No. 20 meets at Franklin on Saturday evening.

NEITH LODGE No. 21 meets at Shreveport on Wednesday evening.

ST. LANDRY LODGE No. 25 meets at Opelousas on Saturday evening.

CLINTON LODGE No. 27 meets at Clinton on Wednesday evening.

CARROLL LODGE No. 30 meets at Lake Providence on Monday evening.

TRINITY LODGE No. 32 meets at Trinity on Saturday evening.

EXCELSIOR LODGE No. 34 meets at Thibodaux on Saturday evening.

NEW IBERIA LODGE No. 36 meets at Newtown on Thursday evening.

PRAIRIE LODGE No. 37 meets at Washington on Friday evening.

CHENEYVILLE LODGE No. 41 meets at Cheneyville on Monday evening.

ASSUMPTION LODGE No. 43 meets at Napoleonville on Saturday evening.

THOMAS H. SHIELDS, Grand Secretary.

Odd Fellows' Hall Association.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF ODD FELLOWS' HALL ASSOCIATION meets at their office in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the first Monday of every month.

George W. Shaw, President; Thomas H. Shields, Secretary; John G. Bein, Treasurer; [illegible], Geo. Dermeyer, Edward Pilsbury and W. B. Cook.

Grand Encampment.

THE R. W. GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF LOUISIANA, I. O. O. F., holds its regular sessions on the first Mondays in February and August of each year in the Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets.

Officers for the year 1856: A. H. Moulton, M. W. Grand Patriarch; Thomas F. Brown, M. E. H. P.; [illegible], R. W. G. S. Warden; [illegible], R. W. G. Scribe; H. Williams, R. W. G. Treasurer; W. K. McIntosh, R. W. G. J. W.; J. H. Durhey, R. W. G. Rep.; S. M. Todd, W. G. Marshal; Thomas Keeffe, W. G. Sentinel; John Frankford, W. Dep. G. Sentinel.

Alf. Gates, D. W. D. D. G. Patriarch of District No. 2, Franklin; Oscar Barbee, R. W. D. D. G. Patriarch of District No. 3, Baton Rouge; A. V. D. Covert, R. W. D. D. G. Patriarch, of District No. 4, Clinton.

Subordinate Encampments.

WILDEY No. 1 meets the first and third Saturday in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets. Officers for the present term—W. R. Cook, C. P.; [illegible], Treasurer, [illegible], Assistant Scribe.

LORAH No. 3 meets the second and fourth Saturday in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets. Officers for the present term—A. Lathrop, C. P.; [illegible]

LASALLE No. 5 meets the first and third Monday in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets. Officers for the present term—E. A. Patterson, C. P.; [illegible]; A. J. Moss, Scribe; [illegible], Treasurer.

WASHINGTON No. 5 meets the second and fourth Monday in each month, in Marigny Buildings, Third District. Officers for the present term—[illegible], C. P.; H. Goldman, H. P.; [illegible], Treasurer.

LAFAYETTE No. 7 meets the first and third Monday in each month, on Tchoupitoulas street, half square above Railroad crossing, Fourth District. Officers for the present term—[illegible], Treasurer.

PELICAN No. 8 meets the first and third Saturday in each month, in Polar Star Lodge room, St. Louis street. Officers for the present term—[illegible], Treasurer.

Interior Encampments.

MAGNOLIA No. 1 meets in Baton Rouge the second and fourth Saturday in each month.

MOUNT SINAI No. 9 meets in Franklin, parish of St. Mary, the first and third Wednesday in each month.

G. W. SHAW No. 10 meets the first and third Saturday in each month in Clinton, parish of East Feliciana.

All communications intended for the Grand Encampment must be addressed to the Grand Scribe, Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans.

JAMES FURNEAUX, G. Scribe.

"Odd Fellows' Rest."

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1856—Officers—Henry Bier, President; [illegible], Treasurer; James Furneaux, Secretary. [illegible]

VAULTS IN "ODD FELLOWS' REST" may be procured by applying to [illegible], or at the Secretary's office, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Camp and Lafayette streets.

The price to members of Subscribing Lodges will be $10 per vault, to all others $40 per vault.

Information in regard to the purchase of Lots, can be had on application to the Secretary.

JAMES FURNEAUX, Secretary O. F. Rest.

General Relief Committee.

The following are the members for the present term: W. H. [illegible], President, 14 Exchange Place; [illegible], Treasurer; [illegible], Secretary, Odd Fellows' Hall; [illegible]

☞ Regular meetings held on the third Monday in each month in the Secretary's office, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Camp and Lafayette streets, at 3½ o'clock P. M.

JAMES FURNEAUX, Secretary.

New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

The Pauper's Death Bed.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Tread softly—bow the head
In reverent silence low:—
No passing bell doth toll—
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed,
One in that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state;
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands
Lifting, with meagre hands,
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound;
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed—again
That short deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

O! change—O! unknown change,
Burst on the prison bars—
This moment there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O! change—stupendous change,
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks—
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Little Graves.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light is fled.
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

A TWISTER.

A twister of twists,
Once untwisted a twist,
And the twist that he twisted
Was a three twisted twist.
Now in twisting this twist,
If a twist should untwist,
The twist that was twisted
Would untwist the twist.
And the twist that was twisted
Would all be untwist.

The following curious inscription has been copied from a gravestone in Essex county, N. J.:

"Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary, his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They lived without strife.
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches."

A lawyer, driving through the town of Worcester, stopped at a cottage to inquire his way. The lady of the house told him he must keep on straight for some time, then turn to the right; but said that she herself was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments, 'till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. "Well," said he, "bad company is better than none—make haste." After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if he had not come to the road he must take. "Oh, yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought bad company was better than none, so I kept you along with me."

If you have a lawyer for a next door neighbor, you had better not throw your weeds over into his garden.

What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar? One is a mendicant, and the other a mend-i-won't.

It is with a faded beauty as with a clock: the more the face is enameled, the more clearly we see the progress of time.

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl wants to kiss you, why let her—like a man.

Swift used to say that universal as was the practice of lying, he did not remember to have heard three good lies in all his life. A good reason why—all lies are bad.

No man for any considerable period can wear one face to the world and another to himself, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the most true.

A wife cannot make home comfortable who "dears" and "my loves" and "pets" her husband, but don't sew the buttons on his shirt, or tape on his drawers.

A fashionable lady's dress is like the Lord Mayor's dinner; it may be defined—an immense spread.

A sailor had wandered into a churchyard, and was amusing himself by reading the inscription on the gravestones. Presently he came to one on which was inscribed the following:

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, though I lie here."

This was too much for Jack. Shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I was dead I'd own it."

In the pine barrens of Michigan, not a thousand miles from Grand Rapids, but four miles away from any other dwelling, is a miserable shanty of log shingles, bearing the following sign:

"This is [illegible],
Who always keeps his promises;
His victuals and beer
And other good cheer
Can't be beat about here."

A clergyman who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence to be: "And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife." Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read in an audible voice, "and she was pitched without and within." He had unhappily got into the middle of a description of Noah's ark.

Shirts must be scarce in Nicaragua. A correspondent of the Granada newspaper, signing himself "Titus Bricks," says: "Being very anxious to learn Spanish, I have begun to board at a native's house. Before I was there many days I became acquainted with a very pleasant native woman, who gave me to understand that she washed clothes, and insisted upon washing my shirt. I told her as well as I could that I usually did it myself at the lake, where I could lie in the water until it dried, under the pretence of bathing. Women have always been my weakness. I gave her the shirt four days ago, she has not returned with it. I will not tell you how I feel; but laying abed four days is no joke."

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctor craft some little time ago. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father, not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the cat's throat.—When the doctor called again, and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No, we did not give it to him." "Good heavens!" said the doctor, "is the child living?" "Yes, but the cat isn't—we gave it to her." The doctor sloped.

Fanny Jones says that when she was in love she felt as if she was in a tunnel with a train of cars coming both ways. Jimicks says that when he was in love he felt as if he were hung—and had a cat in his hat and a peck of bumble bees under his waistcoat.—Jimicks knows the symptoms. Juliana says that she felt—oh my—as if she were in a bower of moonbeams sinking into a bath of effulgent honey beneath a blaze of balmy stars to the tones of slow music.

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of a person the wife of Mr. ——— was, replied, "I will give you her grammatical character. She is a noun substantive—seen, felt and heard."

Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his ferocity on the bench. When going on a circuit, a facetious lawyer, named Crowle, was asked if the judge was not just behind. "I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he is, I am quite sure he never was just before."

A Glasgow antiquarian recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew anything of an old story about the building?" "Ay," said the rustic, "there was anither auld story, but it fell down lang since!"

Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be just my luck to live forever if I should." "Well, I wouldn't, my dear," meekly observed Mrs. Snooks.

WESTBROOK'S WHARFBOAT.—We publish to-day the wharfboat notice of Mr. U. Westbrook, who has for years been an accredited and much esteemed agent of some of the largest plantations in the vicinity of the mouth of Red River.

This spot is becoming one of the greatest commercial depots in the interior. Red River, to her highest point of navigation, depends upon the mouth, oftentimes for reshipment as well as for freight destined to various places along her shores; so does the Ouachita and the Atchafalaya, and all the waters that wash and the bayous that intersect our own parish of Concordia.

Mr. Westbrook, on his wharfboat, Lowndes, Jr., which has all the comforts of a first rate hotel, will truly and promptly attend to all and everything in the line of his business.—[Concordia Intel., 28th.

There is a life in the grave, too. The effects of good actions, of virtues, are proofs of life; the effects of idleness and sin are of death.

Knowledge, economy and labor are the virtues of a civilized man; they form the most durable basis of society, and the sure spring of individual welfare. Riches consequently are the fruit of knowledge, economy and labor.

Opening of the Dykes of Holland.

GERARD VAN KAMPEN.

Drop, drop, drop—drip, drip, drip—a hopelessly, helplessly, wet afternoon. All that July day one unbroken, unmottled sweep of cloud had stretched across the sky. You might have painted the landscape with chalk and ashes. Over rich pasture and sluggish canal, over the Zuyder Zee and the German Ocean, the same dull, wearisome, unvaried shadow; for our scene lies in Holland, and it opens in the little village of Muiden, a league from Amsterdam, and on the borders of the great inland sea.

When the sun comes out again, its long street of low white houses, with their formal garden plots, and their still more formal trees, will look pretty enough. Now the same dull rain confuses all; the place seems deserted; a boy may occasionally cross the road on some errand, a drenched fowl may occasionally be seen in the lane that runs down to yonder white farm; and then they retire, and again leave the place to its desolation. That high bank to the north, which shuts out all view of the Zuyder Zee, is the great dyke, on the strength of which depends the very existence of the surrounding country. It is towards that I am going to take you; for our business lies at the cottage yonder which nestles at its foot, close to the enormous sluice gates that commands the tides.

A neat little place it is, to be sure; like the rest, low and whitewashed, save that there is a broad yellow band of paint round the windows. The walk through the garden is paved with brick, now slippery and shining with the wet; the garden itself is laid out in square, or star-shaped, or octagonal beds, neatly trimmed with box; there is a yew tree on each side of the outer gate, the one bearing the form of a lion rampant, the other intended to represent a peacock with spread tail; and, in the green moat that surrounds the whole, good Gerard van Kampen—for that is the name of the owner—has erected one of those buildings, half ship half summer-house, where Dutchmen are wont to enjoy their pipes till sunset, and then leave the apartment to the possession of frogs and typhus. A well-to-do man is master Gerard, keeper of the sluice gates, near which he lives, and owner of five or six acres of the best land in the Sticht. How the whole country, as we go in, seems choked with water! ditches over-brimming, furrows turned into currentless rivulets, every horse-hoof or patten-mark in the road proving the saturation of the earth. It is enough to remind one of Butler's verses:

"They always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe but at the rate they sink;
They live as if they had been run aground,
And when they die are cast away and drown'd;
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
In which men do not *live*, but go *aboard*."

Let us go in and see what the interior of the cottage can show us.

A comfortable little kitchen indeed; the fire just sufficient to make the great pot that hangs over it simmer; the fire-place lined with blue and white tiles, intended to represent Scripture history, as indeed after a sort they do. There is Isaac bound and lying upon the altar, while Abraham levels at him a monstrous blunderbuss, into the pan of which the angel is about to empty a jug of water. There is the judgment of Solomon—the king is attired in a full bottomed wig, while the officer wears the habit of the Amsterdam burgher guard. There is the marriage of Tobit, celebrated by a gentleman in ruff and bands. As to the dresser, its pewter dishes glisten like silver; the red tiles of the door look as if it were an impossibility that a speck of dirt should ever have fallen on them, while the great black oak table, with its curiously carved legs, shines with a brightness that suggests hours and years of patient rubbing, and generations of deceased housemaids. There are one or two engravings, such as they are: the burgomaster of Leyden offering his body for the food of the enraged and famishing multitude, but declaring that he had sworn not to surrender the town to the Spaniards, and that by God's grace he would keep his oath; the murder of William of Orange, by Balthazar Gerards; and a portrait of the then Stadtholder, afterwards William III. of England.

But it is too bad to have been so long in describing the room, and as yet to have said nothing of its young mistress, who is working by the fireside. Elsie van Kampen is the old Waterwarden's only child; her mother died at her birth; and she has indeed been a sunbeam in that little house. Rather tall, with her fair brow and fair complexion, and blue eyes of her country, there is a brightness in her eye, and an archness in her smile, which saves her from the besetting fault of the beauties of Holland, tameness and insipidity. But now her face is rather sad, and well it may be. Her lot is thrown in very troublesome times; distress and danger are gathering round her; three-fourths of Holland are in the hands of the enemy, and two or three days at the farthest may send the tide of war into Muiden itself. There is a step on the garden walk; she starts up, and the door opens—a tall, strong built man enters, throws off his dripping cloak, and folds her in his arms.

"Well, father?"

"It is too true," is the reply. "The French are in full advance on Naarden. They say the place cannot hold out a day, and then—it is our turn."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"I stay here, French or no French. It shall never be said that old Gerard van Kampen left his post without orders. But you must to Amsterdam, and that by to-morrow at latest."

"But, father, I cannot leave you here; I will not, indeed. If it is your duty to stay by the sluices, it is mine to stay with you."

"You must not think of it, Elsje. The French soldiers are devils in human form. I have heard of doings of theirs at Woerden, which makes one's blood run cold. Go you must, and that by daylight to-morrow; and I shall step out and hold counsel with the rest how we may best send the women there, by land or by sea. By noon to-morrow there must be nothing but men in the place."

I must stop a moment to explain as briefly as may be how affairs then stood in Holland. Louis XIV, claiming the United Provinces in right of his wife, as a portion of the Spanish monarchy, poured an army of 170,000 men, under Condé, Turenne and Luxembourg, from the south-east. Gueldreland, Overyssel, and the province of Utrecht were overrun. The city of Utrecht opened its gates. Town after town, fortress after fortress was captured; scarcely an hour but brought intelligence to Louis, then keeping his court in a villa in the pleasant village of Zuchergen, of some new conquest. His ally, our Charles II., was straining an exhausted exchequer to equip a fleet capable of matching that of De Ruyter; and the terms—if terms they can be called—which were proposed to the Dutch, almost involved their annihilation as a separate people.

William of Orange had an army, such as it was, of 70,000 men, but the greater part had never been under fire, and the whole were demoralized by surrender upon surrender, and retreat after retreat. The allies tried to bribe him to desert the cause of his country by offering him the independent crown of the province of Holland. "You cannot hope," said they, "otherwise to escape seeing the ruin of the United Provinces." "That," he replied, "lies in my own hands; I shall die in the last ditch before that ruin comes."

Grieved, terrified, perplexed, Gerard was a true Hollander in one respect; he never lost his appetite. Little taste had poor Elsje for her supper that evening; but her father, seating himself with great deliberation at the table, and fortifying himself by his accustomed dram, commenced a fearful attack on the good brown bread and well-cured bacon which adorned it, cutting slice after slice of both one and the other, replenishing his tankard more than once, and concluding his repast with a still vigorous assault on the Parmesan cheese.

"Come, Elsje," said he, "you must keep up your spirits, and be glad that we have a refuge so near at hand. How long Amsterdam itself will be safe, God only knows; but it is safe at least as yet; your good aunt will be glad to give you a home, I know, till I find lodgings for us both there."

"It is you I am thinking of, father. If those terrible French come here—what will become of you?"

"I shall be safe enough, child; I'll warrant you that I have taken care of myself before. When they are fairly on the road from Naarden, I shall be off on that to Amsterdam; but there are reasons why, till then, my post is here. Get what things you want together, and remember that you will most likely never see again what you left behind. I dare say I shall be out for a couple of hours."   *   *   *   *

Now at that same time, and not so very far from that same place, there was one who was thinking—oh, how fondly and anxiously!—of Elsje. And good right had Egbert Vandenvelde to let his thoughts wander to the cottage that lay at the dyke side, and the tiled kitchen with its scriptural tiles, and the dear mistress of both. For was she not his own affianced bride? And, when peace should be made, was he not to bring her back to his snug little farm near Weesp, to be the sunshine there that she had been in the cottage of her birth? But not now was he in that farm. There had been heavy firing all day from the North-east; night had closed in; but still the roar and the flash of the French cannon startled the darkness. It was understood that Naarden was at the last extremity: all day long the road to Amsterdam had been thronged with flyers; and now, close under the huge church of St. Laurence, some of the bravest hearts in the little town were assembled, and held anxious debate as to the possibility of any defence. Egbert Vandenvelde was among them. The night had cleared. It was chilly after the rain, and a fire hastily kindled in the market place threw fantastic shadows on the tall brick tower of the church, and the stepped gables, and the quaint barge-boards of the surrounding houses.

Suddenly, the sound of a horse hoof on the Naarden road. Five minutes suffice to bring in the rider, and to tell the news. Naarden had fallen. At that very moment the atrocities of Woerden were being acted all over again. Defence! Who could dream of defence? By this time to-morrow Muiden will be in the hands of the French; by this time the day after to-morrow, Amsterdam itself.

Muiden—and Egbert idle at Weesp. He had a treasure there more precious in his eyes than all the ingots in the Stadhuis at Amsterdam. He would ride at once. His horse was in the little inn of the town; it bore the sign of the Roode Leeuw, and a huge red monster dragged and crossed backwards and forwards over the entrance arch. Let others take what care they would of horses, or money, or goods, he would see Elsje and Gerard at Amsterdam, as fast as human energy could carry them thither.

It is nearly midnight. He rides out of the little town. Now there is not sight or sound save a ruddy glow in the north-east. No, that is not the break of day, though day will break in that quarter. It is the glare of the flames even then rioting through miserable Naarden, and lighting up scenes which a man could hardly believe to exist on this side of hell.

Across rich pasture and promising barley fields, over polder and fen, still he presses onward, traversing that low flat strip of land protected only by the dyke from the waters of the Zuyder Zee.   *   *

"Master Kampen! Master Kampen!"

The old man was in his first sleep. There had been a long and anxious consultation. Everything was prepared for flight. Men, women and children were to start for Amsterdam at the dawn of day.

"Master Kampen! Master Kampen!" and a heavy hand shook the cottage door.

The lattice opened above. "Who is there? and what do you want?"

"An order from the States. Come down at once."

The old man is standing on the doorway, and has broken the seal of the envelope. "What! open the dyke gates?"

"It was so carried at 10 o'clock in the Stadhuis. 'Let the sea have the country rather than the French!' was in every one's mouth."

"Then I must go and get assistance; we shall want twenty men at least. God help this miserable country!"

"So He will, master Gerard, if we help ourselves. Have with you to the village."   *   *   *   *   *   *

All is expectation on the edge of the dyke. Before you the calm waters of the Zuyder Zee, rippling in the moonshine. Behind you, the rich, fertile pastures of South Holland and the Sticht of Utrecht. At your feet the wonderful erection of timber, beams of thirty inch oak, braced with cross riviters and studded with massy nails; flood-gates hanging on a mountainous mass of Norwegian granite—bolts and bars, and under-girders—the very triumph of the carpenter's art. Men, and women, and children on the great dyke; closer to the gates, Gerard van Kampen, a ponderous mallet in his hand—the village blacksmith and his men with crowbars, and the sturdiest youngsters of the village with pickaxes and spades and mattocks.

"At it again, lads!" shouted the Warden of the dyke; "God have mercy on the man who is on Diemermeer polder now!"

"Amen," said a venerable man who stood by. "In half an hour it will be twelve feet under water."

"Twelve, Master Van Helst? Work away lads, a good fifteen. So I say again, God have mercy on the man who is there."

You ought to say amen to that prayer, dear Elsje; you have the deepest interest in that polder. For even now its thick mist is rising above Egbert Vandenvelde, and forming in the moonlight such a halo round his head as that with which we encircle the glorified.

The brave dyke resists stubbornly. There is heaving and pushing, and hammering: mighty strokes are rained down on staple and bar; axes and hatchets bite fiercely on upright and cross beam; saws cut into the heart of the English oak; but the great mass quivers not yet.

"It will be daylight before we are through," said Gerard Van Kampen. "Try again, lads, with a will!"

A wild confusion of clamor and strokes—yes, it trembles now. More than one huge timber has given its terrible death groan. More than one staple has been snapped in two. It shakes in good earnest. Here and there a little cataract of water gushes out through the wounds of the erection. "Now, stand back, all! Back! Philip Van Erckel! It is going!"

One terrible struggle of the yet palpitating timbers, and then, with a roar like ten thousand wild beasts, Zuyder Zee leaps through the breach. A stream forty feet broad and twenty deep, rushes into the country. Down go cottages and hay rick; carts and cattle and the wrecks of farms are dashed along by the flood; the land is as the Garden of Eden before it, and behind it a foaming waste of waters. The dyke sides crumble away; it is as though the Zuyder Zee were pouring itself at once over the land; women and children shriek with terror; even the boldest of the men look ghastly white in the moonshine.

And the roar of that water proclaims to the Great Monarch, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further!"

*   *   *   *   *   *   *   *

Egbert Vandenvelde is half way across Diemermeer polder. The spirited little pony has borne him stoutly on. Suddenly, he grows restive, turns from the road to the right, will obey neither rein nor spur, takes the bit in his teeth, and starts off at full gallop.

"Why, what ails the beast now?" said the rider. And vigorously he plied both whip and spur, and right heartily he pulled the rein; it was like trying to stop the wind. On, on, on still.

They are out of the polder. To the right is the ruin of a castle, capping a rise of the softest turf. Thither the brave little horse gallops, and there at the summit, he stops.

"Why, the beast is bewitched!" again exclaims the rider.

What is that dull, distant roar—like the wind on a stormy day upon a wooded hill? The air is perfectly calm; and there is neither hill nor wood to the North.

A singular, fearful noise. A rushing now, rather than a roar.

"And what is that glare through the moon's haze on the polder?"

It is water.

Now he sees the truth. The Zuyder Zee is let loose. Marsh and lowland will be blotted out from the continent; will the rise of the Castle of Zelst still peer above the inland sea?

Yes; doubtless the Angel that stood in the way of Balaam as an adversary, stood in the path of the rider now as a friend. And often, and often, in the long summer evenings, would Egbert and Elsje Vandenvelde be asked by their children for the story of how they cut the great dyke of Naarden, and how the good little pony *would* go to the Castle of Zelst.

And this story of that never-failing providence of our Father, which ordereth all things in Heaven and in earth, is strictly true.

Stick to Your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other, and what seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion. Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic, but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor; and, after a hasty and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks: one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk until he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other cannot wait, but starts without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up, after a few years, in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune. That young lawyer who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics, finally settled down into the character of a meddling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as anything, though he is not aware of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability, and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man, stick to your business. It may be you have mistaken your calling. If so, find it out as quick as possible and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling lead you to abandon it. Have some honest calling, and then stick to it; if you are sticking type, stick away at them; if you are selling oysters, keep on selling them; if you are at law, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen persistently, industriously and hopefully, and if there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than in any other calling; only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as quickly as possible, for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you.—[Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

A WORM IN A TOOTH.—A medical gentleman of Ballymena, Ireland, was employed recently to extract a patient's tooth. It was a grinder, of large size, apparently sound, and so firmly seated that it broke in the effort of its removal. On examining that portion of the tooth which came off with the instrument, a very extraordinary worm-shaped living animal was found adhering to the center of it. On being carefully removed without injury, it proved to be five-eighths of an inch long, lively as an eel, and of a blood-red color, and about the thickness of a woolen thread. On viewing it through a microscope of limited power, it proved to be ringed or jointed in its formation. No legs were visible, and it moved by erecting its body, arch-like, in the center, and projecting either end at pleasure—for it appeared to have a head at each extremity. One of the heads was large, flat, and broad in proportion to the creature's size, with a capacious mouth, and two black eyes, set very widely apart, and projecting from the upper part of the head. The other head was smaller, with a lengthened snout, and a mouth opening from underneath.

AN EXPENSIVE JOLLIFICATION.—A company of Milesian gentry in Saratoga county, N. Y., became so elated, Wednesday, at the result in Pennsylvania, that they resolved to build a bonfire. True to the Irish instinct for "blundering bedevilment," they built it on a bridge! The bridge took fire and they tried to put it out by throwing water on it from the creek below! This Corkonian caper will cost the town about $1,800.

An editor, in speaking of a drink he had once had occasion to indulge in, said he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession going down his throat.

A COMPOSER'S SCORE.—A musical composer being asked if he had done anything lately, replied that his last work was a composition—*with his creditors*.

Claude Dolbeau on Dauphine Street, on Sunday. Ball given-