New Orleans Daily Crescent.

A Song of Doubt.

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone, and the stars are dead!
God has forgotten the world!

Evil has won in the hurrid feud
Of good with the Throne;
Evil stables on the neck of Good,
And rules the world alone.

There is no good; there is no God;
And Faith is a heartless cheat
Whose tears the back for the Devil's rod,
And shatters thorns for the feet.

What are prayers in the lips of death,
Pitting and chilling with hail?
What are prayers but wasted breath
Beaten back by the gale?

The day is quenched, and the sun is fled;
God has forgotten the world!
The moon is gone and the stars are dead;
God has forgotten the world!

MUSIC.—BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

The wind-harp has music, it moans to the tree,
And so has the shell that complains to the sea,
The lark that sings merrily over the lea,
The reed of the rude shepherd boy;
We revel in music when day has begun,
When rock fountains gush into glee as they run,
And stars of the morn sing their hymns to the sun,
Who brightens the hill tops with joy!

The spirit of melody floats in the air,
Her instruments tuning to harmony there,
Our senses kindling from sorrow and care,
In blessings sent down from above!
But Nature has music far more to my choice—
And all in her exquisite changes rejoice—
Notones thrill my heart like the dear human voice,
When breathed by the being I love!

Picture and Capital Anecdote of a Popular Lady Author.

Dr. Shelton McKenzie, in the Philadelphia Press, gives the following account of Miss Mulock, the author of "John Halifax Gentleman," and other modern works of fiction of unique and rare merit:

One of Miss Mulock's oddities is, rarely to answer an invitation to a dinner party or a *soiree*. She receives the invitation, and if she goes she goes. If not, her inviter must take it for granted that she has gone elsewhere; that she did not feel disposed to go out; that, whether disposed or not, she was too much occupied with thought or writing to leave her nest; or that she had one of her painful headaches. To a few very particular friends she sometimes pays very unexpected volunteer visits.

In her conversation she is lively and original—"full of fun," as the saying is—and usually in good spirits. Her face she keeps at home. Her figure is slight but graceful. Her features are commonplace enough, with large gray eyes, very prominently set. She wears rich apparel, badly made and worse put on. She delights in dancing, and cannot be said to be quite adverse to a little admiration, delicately expressed. Praise of her writings she seems to shrink from; flattered eulogy of her looks or dress is far more displeasing.

Amid many excellent traits of character, Miss Mulock has one amusing failing. She fancies herself rather misplaced in life—that nature intended her to be a great public dramatic vocalist. She plays on the pianoforte with ordinary skill (which she considers perfection) and sings to her own accompaniment in a passable manner. Once upon a time, an evening party (at the Rossary, Brompton, in the suburbs of London) was given by Mrs. S. C. Hall to Jenny Lind, her next-door neighbor, just before the Swedish Nightingale had made arrangements to return to the opposite shore of England. There, in the presence of the late Madame Dulcken, the great piano-forte player, Miss Mulock placed herself at the piano, and sang a number of Moore's Irish melodies, not to the music arrangements which he had published, but to the nondescript variations, which, (she insisted) were the original Irish airs, transcribed by a friend, and set to John Stevenson, in adaptation, and faithfully restored by herself. Unhappily, as Moore's poetry did not at all agree with her peculiar melodies, singer and auditors were somewhat in a difficulty.

However, she ratled through eight or ten songs, while plump little Dulcken, whose teeth must have been at edge all the time, sat quietly on her stool, as if in actual pain of body, and, Jenny Lind, whose astonishment had gradually settled down into amusement, wore a most impassible look—only now and then showing her utter inability wholly to restrain her sibilus. Miss Mulock's voluntary exhibition lasted over an hour, and, at its close, her audience had increased to twice or thrice twenty persons, who knew not what to make of it. Jenny Lind, as we subsequently learned, believed for some time that Miss Mulock's was given as a fair specimen of English playing and singing, especially presented for her own particular delight. Her impression was more mirthful than flattering. Miss Mulock quitted the piano with the self-satisfied air of one who has contributed to the social company's amusement, as indeed she had—but not exactly as she had intended. This was eleven years ago—early in 1847—and perhaps the now celebrated authoress knows more of the world than to make any blunder of the same character again. She simply believed that she played and sang admirably, and kindly gave the exhibition for the special delectation of Jenny Lind, and dear, rotund, smiling, and wondrously gifted little Madame Dulcken.

DANNEKER'S STATUE OF CHRIST.—The following description of this famous piece of sculpture, at St. Petersburg, is from the pen of Bayard Taylor:

This is no traditionary Christ, with low forehead and straight, insipid features, the head is rather that of a scholar and a thinker. You are at once struck with the individuality of the figure. He is represented as speaking, turning towards the left, and slightly leaning forward. A single flowing garment, hanging from his neck to his feet, partly conceals the symmetrical, yet somewhat delicate form. The head is large, nobly rounded and balanced, with a preponderance of development in the intellectual and moral regions of the brain; his hair long, but very fine and thin, as if prematurely thinned by thought—the beard scanty, and the expression of the countenance at once grave, gentle and spiritual. The longer I looked upon it the more I was penetrated with the wonderful representation of the attributes of Christ—wisdom and love. The face calmly surveys and comprehends all forms of human passion, with pity for the erring, joy in the good, and tenderness for all. It is that transcendent purity in whose presence the sinner feels no reproach and yet no consolation.

I have seen few statues like this, where the form is lost sight of in the presence of the idea. In this respect, it is Danneker's greatest, as it was his favorite work. He devoted many a day of labor, thought and aspiration to the modeling of the head. When, at length, it was completed in clay, a sudden distrust in his success overwhelmed him. Having no larger confidence in his own judgment, or that of his artistic friends, he one day took a little uncovered child into his studio, placed the head before it, and said: "Who is it?" The child looked steadfastly upon the features, so unlike the conventional Christ of artists, and without hesitation answered, "It is the Saviour." The old man, himself a child in his simplicity and sincerity, accepted this answer as a final judgment, and completed his work in marble.

RAINEY'S HATS.—Our friend Rainey, of 159 Poydras street, is a philosopher and don't care for anything in particular, so that he makes enough to live on, and feeding, by a very nice mathematical calculation, that he can do this by charging a contemptibly insignificant profit upon his goods, he has in a handsome store on the branch of Canal and Carondelet streets, a charitable institution for the distribution of his favors at a small fraction over cost. What he pretends to do and what his customers agree that he does, is to almost give away hats which are as good as anybody else's, and this he does with as much disinterestedness if he was benefiting himself and not the purchaser by the transaction.

BENCHOUVER, LEWIS & CO'S.—This famous dry goods firm are keeping up their excitement. They are not only selling all kinds of beautiful goods at retail, to the ladies, at their usual great reduction in prices, but are selling all kinds of goods by the piece or package to country merchants and planters, at prices which make it a profit to buy for either cash or good city acceptance. We direct the attention of ladies, country dealers, planters and all, to the advertisement of Messrs. H. L. & Co., in another column.

MEDICAL SPECIMENS, COSMETICS AND VERMIN ANNIHILATORS.—The most approved cosmetic applications, well known and to other the excellence of which has been guaranteed by their successful use, and long tried, destroyers of vermin of all kinds, may be found and purchased wholesale or retail at J. Wright & Co.'s great medical depots, which, as their extensive advertising and wide trade connections have informed all the world, are at Nos. 21 and 163 Chartres street. See sundry advertisements.

NOW THAT COLD WEATHER is upon us and the "domestic fire-place" is no longer a figure of poetry merely, but a prominent practicability, it behooves everybody to look out for a supply of fuel, and at O. A. Mittenberger's, 57 Camp street, all qualities of coal can be had on reasonable terms. See advertisement.

THE ENTIRE PORTABLE CIRCULAR STEAM SAW MILL.—This is Page's patent invention, the celebrity of mills of this manufacture, long alone supplied, being sufficiently of extensive sales. It is a tremendous little saw mill, this circular saw mill. It gnaws a log in two, four, six, eight, ten inches and with less ease and expenditure of power than it takes to gnaw a mere stick, leaving nothing of the trunk of a giant of the forest but a bundle of sawed boards and a pile of saw dust, simple and strong in its construction, it is easily managed and not liable to disarrangement. It is manufactured by the New York Circular Saw Mill and Machine Company, and for sale in this city by Mr. W. L. Cushing, agent for New Orleans, 57 St. Charles street. For particulars see referred to advertisement.

GAS!—The gas chandeliers, pendants and brackets of Messrs. Hoodamen & Grimes should certainly be imported by those who are about having gas introduced to their residences, for to dancers in this sort of work nothing more rare a diagram have ever been offered to the public. Some of the designs are graceful, calculated to be quite as ornamental as useful, and, when it is desired, they will adapt up without extra charge, Messrs. H. & G. advertise their business.

Our Back Garden.

We married just six years ago, upon less than the minimum income allowed by the Times' correspondents to be sufficient for a frugal young couple, and we are still in the flesh—and in a good deal of it. The bitterest cup which we have yet had to drain is that of Messrs. Bees & Company; and I, for my part—and I think I may say the same, to more mitigated sense, of Mrs. P.—have ever drained it cheerfully. Work-house relief has not yet been applied for to meet any peculiar emergency in our domestic economy. The ruled aristocracy of our native soil do not, indeed, cultivate our personal friendship so much, perhaps, as we (especially Mrs. P.) at the time we were united, anticipated; but we are now content to believe that this was their loss rather than ours.

Still, it must be confessed, there are little unpleasantnesses inseparable from a little house and a little income which do not happen to my neighbor (in a very profane sense) the Duke of Bredlington. I allude more particularly to our back garden. It is probable that his grace is unacquainted with any such spot, except through the medium of romance and poetry; or he may have heard Mr. Robson, of Wynch street, London, inform the audience, with his accustomed precision, that the garden where Hillyars met his Dinah was the back garden, and yet not have accurately realized what a back garden is. He may have imagined, (I am speaking of his grace) as we did, a dainty piece of verdant lawn, set with parterres of flowers, with an arbor, perhaps, hung with honey suckle, or other sweet-smelling blossom of that nature; with may be a fish-pond, or even an expensive fountain in the middle of it.

"Wherever we are," we thought, "no matter how humble the abode, let us have a dear little bit of garden at the back of the house."

Well, we have got our little bit of garden in that position, and decidedly a dear one. It is just the spot we had pictured to ourselves in the way of seclusion, because all the back windows in our street and all the front lanes in the next street command it. It does not possess any erection that can well be called an arbour. It has no fish pond; nor fountain; nor stalactite cave (which might just as well be expected as to be other two) at the end or in any part of it. We did a great deal with it, at first, in floriculture; but nothing ever came of that to speak of. Besides several daisies, quite a den of dandelions, and a handful of mustard and cress with J. and A. P. in a cipher, under the north wall, there are but three marigolds, a crown imperial, and a very limited extent of mignonette. Vegetables will not grow in our back garden. Fruits would be sure to be feloniously abstracted before they could attain maturity. Grass only flourishes here and there (from motives which I do not understand) in minute green patches, and is scant and mangy everywhere else. In some places it is so short that it looks as if it had been mowed (with a saw) only yesterday; in others it is quite long enough to make it very tolerable hay.

The proprietors of other back gardens in our vicinity seem aware, either from experience or instinct that nothing can be made of these retreats, and leave them just as they find them. They call them with an honesty which we cannot yet quite bring ourselves to emulate, black-greens; as gardens they are, almost exclusively, clothes props and empty bottles.

Upon our first coming into possession of our territory, we prided ourselves upon its having in it an elder bush—the only tree visible in the horizon—but we now regret that circumstance. This shrub forms the natural staircase by which a thousand cats make, into our back garden, their exits and their entrances. It is the trysting-place of the young, the hot-bed of the old, the spot peculiarly devoted to their general refreshment, and hither, as to a pic-nic, they each carry their peculiar delicacy, and never trouble themselves to clear away a single bone. Whether it is they who bring the spirit bottles which we find there in the morning, broken, or whether those are shocked over the wall by our neighbors, I do not rightly know, but the drunken choruses which are unquestionably indulged in by our feline visitors incline me to the former opinion. At all events, that back garden in which we had placed such tender hopes, is rendered, by these various influences, the home of desolation and rain.

Our income being, as I have described, but limited, it behooves us much to practise economy, and my beloved wife is always striking out some new line of domestic conduct by which vast sums are to be saved. Many of these have appeared to me to be so unpromising that I have declined ever to give them a fair chance. It was by her own suggestion—she said it was—to supply ourselves with pork without the intervention of a butcher (the hams we had bought, indeed, had all been failures, and not Westphalia either) but still I could not bring myself to keep a pig in our back garden; and whatever quantity the child—a very thriving one—might require of new milk, I was not able to undertake, in that extremely limited space, the sole management of a cow. Even fowls, although the price of a trussed chicken sometimes staggered me, I was determined not to maintain alive at the back of the house, to keep me up all night—as they did some poultry proprietors—watching over their personal safety with a blunderbuss.

However, everything never is to change, my better half, assisted by her nosecumfortus ally, the cook, persuaded me once to deal no longer at the market, but with a peculiarly honest farmer, in a most picturesque part of the country, and where the air is especially adapted for the fattening of fowls. The birds were to come feed, but in their feathers, by a wonderful contrivance, so that we should not be obliged to pluck at our own door for almost nothing.

This scene would doubtless have turned out admirably, but that the picturesque farm was such a long way off, and the wonderfully cheap carrier so slow in his movements, that the couple of economical chickens would not stand the treatment, but made themselves unpleasant to the whole house. The cook persisted that they would still be very tender and tender in the eating, but it was with a faltering voice; and she made no response to my challenge when I dared her to hang them up by their legs. They were very cheap at six and sixpence to cat (which was, indeed, at least eighteenpence lower than the trade price) but they were not cheap at any price (as I tried to explain to Mrs. P.) to bury in our back garden, which had to be done at once. I had nowhere else to put them, and therefore interred them in that spot by help of the dust shovel, trusting to never see them more. Alas! as in the case of Mr. Eugene Aram, my secret was one that earth refused to keep. Foiled by the body-snatchers disinterred those four corpses during the night, and in the morning the ghastly fragments of bone, and feathers, and skin, and sinew, were scattered over the whole of our back garden! Nothing can be likened unto it, except the ravage which the vultures make in the desert upon the victims of that wind which never blows anybody good, the simoom.

Notwithstanding this utter failure of our cheap chickens, I discovered one Saturday, from some snatches of conversation between my wife and the cook, as well as from a certain air of oppressive secrecy pervading the household, such as is apt to precede great events, that some culinary change was in contemplation.

"My dear," observed I, at once, with unwonted firmness, "I do trust there is nothing more coming by that carrier."

"Nothing," she replied, with an air of triumph; "nothing that is of the nature which you imagine. Nothing that will spoil my love; but something that will help on the contrary, a delightful treat!"

"It is note a fatted calf!" I inquired, satirically, "nor, still more, a calf, alive and kicking, which I am expected to fatten, is it?"

"No," she said, changing color a little, "it is not that. It is only a beautiful Michaelmas goose, fourteen pence cheaper than we can get it in the market, and an enormous bargain."

"It will make the house unbearable, as the others did," I cried, in a passion, "we shall get indicted for a nuisance."

"It's a live goose," quoth Mrs. P., severely, "and just ready for killing."

"And where," inquired I, "in the name of common sense, are we to keep a live goose?"

"Why, of course, my dear," replied she, "it must be kept in the back garden."

This animal—this beast with a bill—in due course arrived; was uncaged in the passage, which is otherwise denominated the front hall; and at once disengaging itself from the terrified domestic, took its way with the most awful sinecrine imprecations, up stairs into the drawing-room. Never shall I forget the scene which ensued for the next ten minutes. That royal game of goose played out between as fair, and that dreadful bird—its malicious hisses; the long, shrill gurgle in its throat, half gobble and half quack, so convincing of its relationship to duck and turkey; the agonized flapping of its short, ungainly wings; even the thud of its naked, webbed feet, as they ran over the keys of the piano, extorting endreamed of harmonies—will never be erased from my mind.

The carrier, invited by the reward of sixpence, set upon the head of the fugitive, at last secured it, but not before it had done considerable damage, and bore it under his arm, playing upon it as if it were an unsound bagpipe, into the place which had been assigned for its reception.

I watched it that night for hours, roaming up and down the walled backed garden, and complaining to the stars; gazing up into the elder bush with an eye to its practicability as a means of egress, and shaking its goose's head with the melancholy of blank despair. When I saw it lie down to sleep under that tree, I retired to my couch with a contended mind; for I knew well the rats would come at their accustomed hour. They did come. Never shall I lose the recollection of that shriek which rung out on the startled ear of night about 1 o'clock, and awakened every sleeper in the terrace. Our goose had been dreaming, probably of home, and peace, and barley-meal, when she was roused to the awful sense of her real position: four-and-twenty cats at the very least, Tom and Thomasnas, tabbies and tortoise shells, were standing around her in solemn conclave, doubtful whether she was alive or not, but certain that she was excellent eating; in another instant they were up the elder bush and scattered over all the back gardens under the sky. The outcry which the geese made who saved the Capitol was nothing to the outcry which our goose made to save herself. The memory of it abode with enemies long after her spirit had fled; for the cats did not return to their usual rendezvous for nearly a week.

The next day being Sunday, the captive was spared from destruction, and well fed with her favorite food at the cost of sixpence; twopence, therefore setting aside the damage in the drawing room, was, upon Monday morning, our total pecuniary saving by having purchased her alive.

"Cook," said I, authoritatively, "you must kill that bird at once, or it will be a positive loss to us.

"Lie, sir, me kill it!" answered she; "I should be terrified out of my life."

"Who is to kill it, then?" I inquired, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Well, sir, missus thought (you see the poulterer charges eightpence for coming in and doing on it) as how you might be kind enough to kill it yourself."

The poulterer came and performed his savage office. The cook took half the day to pluck the corpse, and even then left so many feathers upon it that the dish looked more like a singed sheep's head than a roast goose. The tenant of our back garden cost us exactly sixpence more than if we purchased it at the poulterer's in the first instance, and finally turned out to be as tough as a goose could be.

Since the decease of this leathery bird, our back garden has been left to its grass, its dandelions, its elder bush, and its cats.

The Sculptor's First Model.

We would bid the reader come to a beautiful scene in a land abounding with beauties—in Italy. It is a deep valley, surrounded on every side covered with luxuriant vines. Higher up, amongst distant mountains that form the background of the picture, the dark pine rises gracefully amongst the ragged peaks and jutting points of rocks scattered about in the most fantastic manner. Toward the upper end this valley the precipice is narrow, until it becomes a deep ravine. Across this chasm, in the rudest manner, from rock to rock, is thrown a light wooden bridge, beneath which raves incessantly a brawling stream that leaps madly from stone to stone into a boiling abyss below—the depth of which is hidden by its perpetual vapor hand spray.

Near the spot where the wooden bridge crosses the ravine, stood a pretty little chalet of Tyrol—for the scene is in the north of Italy, and possesses as much the wild features of the north as the luxuriance of the south. The cottage had an overhanging roof and balcony, and the doorway was ornamented with quaint old carvings. The casement had diamond panes, and a number of flowers crept around it lovingly, as if in gentle contest with the sunlight, as to which of them should oftenest peep at the fairest of its inmates, the peerless Guilia; but Guilia is from home. At the head of the valley the stream is kept back by a circular bed of rock, forming a kind of basin, and hither went Guilia frequently for water, which was here as bright as crystal. But Guilia has been longer than usual at the stream to-day. Her mother wonders at it and fears some accident has befallen her. Her fears are at length relieved, for Guilia comes.

"Well, well, child," said the dame, "you have been long enough today. Was Matta, the coarser, there?—or probably the young goldsmith detained thee."

"No goldsmith detained me," said Guilia, uneasily.

"Did you speak with no one, child?"

Guilia hung down her head and blushed deeply.

"Guilia," said her mother, "I must see for myself who it is that continually makes you so much a sheep-gazing youth, who will only bring you into trouble. You should not treat the goldsmith with disdain, girl; he is rich and handsome, and truly I cannot think it possible for a maiden to be loved more than he loves you; yet how distant and cold you have lately appeared towards him."

"I do not love him, dear mother, mother; on the contrary, I have the utmost esteem for him."

Still, the worthy dame was not quite satisfied. Guilia had lately been silent and reserved—had often blushed without apparent cause on being suddenly interrupted in her reverie—had more than once been seen to shed tears on returning from the fountain. All this her perplexed the mother, who, as is usual with mothers, could see farther than her daughter was quite aware of, and she said to herself, "I will find out this myself when Guilia least expects it."

Not long after an opportunity occurred. Guilia went to the stream, and her mother quietly followed, coming upon her unperceived at the head of the valley. A narrow pathway led down to the stream, between rocks that rose up on either side as steep as a wall. Guilia was leaning in a vacant manner against one of these ridges, while beside her stood a young man intently gazing upon the lovely girl, and alternately gazing down at a boat he had placed on a jutting point of rock.

There was no mistaking the original of this bust. The beautiful forehead, the exquisite shaped nose, mouth and chin, the perfect contour of the features generally, and the easy manner in which the head rose as it were, from the shoulders of the figure, told too plainly enough that Guilia was here represented. The young girl was blushing at her second self almost to wonder, while the sculptor seemed not entirely keep down a little self complacency. The youthful pair seemed so lost to everything around them that Guilia's mother crept near enough to hear every word they uttered.

"You see the admiration with which I gaze upon this figure," said the sculptor.

"Certainly," replied Guilia, "nor can I wonder at the pleasure the labor gives you, when the chisel follows so readily the impulse of its master."

"The mere labor in which I have been engaged is not unpleasing," said the sculptor, "when the subject resembles the dream of the imagination; but there is a gratification here that art alone could never have given me."

Guilia was evidently moved, but did not reply.

"May I not tell you in plainer terms?" the sculptor continued.

"No! no, indeed," said Guilia.

"Why not, maiden? What wrong can it be to express innocent feeling, or," said he, passionately, "to whisper a fond secret?"

"Say no more, Signor, I beseech thee," said Guilia. "My hand is already promised. My parents are poor, and look forward to my advancement in life by marriage. My future husband is both wealthy and amiable, and bestows on me far greater than I deserve."

"Oh, why this sacrifice? The day may come—nay, it must come—when my name will resound beyond this quiet valley, when nobles and princes will shake me by the hand, and wealth flow upon me in abundance. A few short years, sweet Guilia—and your parents might be blessed with a wealthier son-in-law than they dream of now."

"It cannot be," said Guilia. "Indeed, I wonder what spell your words have had to hinder me thus much in the paths of duty."

"Of duty, Guilia! Then you do not love this man?"

"I respect, esteem him, and shall in time, no doubt, love him, as he is worthy of being loved. Had I been free to choose, as I had I known you earlier, I will not say my heart had not been yours. Farewell, we must not meet again; may your dreams of fame be realized."

It was to visit the sculptor would have ruined with her. The maiden was gone.

He stopped, lifted the boat on which so much labor had been spent, and covered it with kisses mingled with tears, then sadly wended his way through the valley to the cottage of the shepherd.

The shepherd was ignorant of even his tenant's name. The sculptor, when taking up his residence there, had given as a reason for living in such a remote spot the vicinity of a marble quarry, and consequent cheapness of the material of his art. It was the shepherd who had told him of the extraordinary beauty of Guilia. Thus the sculptor, attracted at first by art, had fallen a victim to the greater seductions of nature.

Returning to the cottage, his first care was to deposit the bust in a place of safety, in the little room where he slept. As he retired to rest the light fell upon the lovely features, and it seemed to him as a guardian angel who would watch over his sometimes.

"Yes, sweet saint!" he murmured, "all my hopes of fame, all my artistic aspirations, are for evermore mingled with thy image."

Guilia's mother had gone away as quietly as she came. Satisfied with her daughter's firmness, she had forebore to interrupt the scene we have described, but she said to herself, "Guilia must no longer meet this young dreamer; though twas beautiful, indeed, and the young man seems to have extraordinary talent. But I know the world," thought the old lady; "let him struggle, let him hope, let him labor—he will not be the first man of genius who has lived in poverty and died in obscurity."

So time passed on, and the sculptor left the valley. The time also drew near for the goldsmith to claim his bride. Guilia thought of the sculptor, and was not quite so cheerful or gay as he could have wished; but he loved her truly, and doubted not that in time his affection would be returned with equal warmth.

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It is a few years later.

Signor Barnini, a wealthy Italian, has brought his beautiful wife on a pleasure tour. They have come to reside some time in Paris. There was at this time an exhibition of works of art in Paris, and Barnini, who inherited the natural feeling of his countrymen for art, went to view it. They had paraded about the exhibition rooms for some time, when they were met by a friend who strongly advised them to see a piece of sculpture which was pronounced by all to be a master-piece.

"One figure, indeed," said their friend, "is not to be surpassed for lovelness; and, strangely enough," he added, "it strongly resembles Madame Barnini."

"They went to see this extraordinary work of art, and Madame Barnini turned towards the object of their friend's admiration. A fleet of recollections floated over her mind in a moment. The picturesque valley, the wooden bridge, the little cottage, the fountain, the enthusiastic young sculptor—it was the same form and features that had been carved by the unknown sculptor—she herself had been his model!

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BARGAINS FOR DRESSMAKERS AND MILLINERS.—Mr. Ed. Fredericks gives notice to the dressmakers and milliners of New Orleans, that some about to leave for Europe he will close out his present stock of goods at very low prices, all being of very late importation, and of the fine quality. This is a chance which will not be neglected by those whom it most concerns. See Mr. Fredericks's advertisement elsewhere.

MESSRS. GRATIAN, CORMIER & CO., of the heavy trimming house No. 26 Commercial street, are in receipt of a heavy assortment of negro blankets, white and gray, and of a fine article for their masters' use. By vessels to arrive from various French ports they will receive great quantities of wines, oils, vinegar, preserved fruits, etc., of various qualities. See advertisements elsewhere.

OSNABURGS.—Messrs. J. B. Valentine & Co., 51 Common street, offer to the trade a stock of staple cottons from the most celebrated manufactories, which have to purchased on terms this will prove an inducement to the customer to invest at their establishment.

SLAVE COMMISSION BUSINESS.—Messrs. C. M. Roth and O. B. Chapin have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of buying and selling slaves, and attending to all business in that line. Their office and yard is at No. 48 Baronne st. See card in another column.

The Outlaw Dog.

Charles Nodier, the eccentric writer, went so far in his admiration of the canine race as to say, what consoled him for the short life of a dog was the certainty of meeting with him in the next world. This is a paradox; but certainly the intelligence of this animal is at times superhuman, and those who read the following fact, recorded exactly as it happened, will find it out adds, we are sure, to the just admiration of this noble animal:

It was in the pleasant town of Nice, which lies so lazily at the foot of the Appennines, while bathing its feet in the warm water of the Gulf of Provence, that, in the year 1846, there lived a dog and his master. The dog's name was Leloup, and he was four years old. He belonged to that powerful race with which the Greenlanders hunt seals and white bears in the Polar regions. The master's name was Fayolle. He was young, handsome, and of excellent character, and lived quietly with Leloup, upon the income of a small property and the profits of a place in the *intendance* of the province. There was a warm friendship existing between the two, and this is how it came about.

The first owner of the dog, the master of a vessel, died in the port of Nice. The mate, who took his place, detesting the animal, ordered it to be drowned. Luckily for Leloup, the sailor who had received the instruction, let finding it in his heart to kill the animal, set it on shore. The vessel sailed, and the dog became a wanderer about the streets of Nice. By accident he met with Fayolle, who had just left his father. Some strange instinct induced the dog to follow him home. The man at once took to the animal. Thanks to the master's care and affection, the dog soon became a superb specimen of his race. His strength and beauty delighted all who saw him, while his intelligence was almost superhuman. The dog became the delight of Fayolle's home, his companion, his friend. Their affection was mutual. Fayolle had no friend, he preferred to Leloup. The dog's love was not doubtful.

Three years passed—three years, during which Fayolle would have sworn that Leloup had not a fault. Unfortunately, he in reality possessed two terrible vices: he was madly fond of raw fish, and he hated the cassock of the priest—why or wherefore, nobody could ever tell.

It so happened that Leloup, who spent a large portion of his time wandering about the streets of Nice, became so inveterate in his love of fish, that not a dealer in the article escaped, while a day scarce passed without his biting a piece out of the cassock of some unfortunate priest. Now Nice is celebrated for its fish market, of which Leloup soon became the scourge.

The dog was in the habit of following his master every day to his office, at the door of which they parted, the master telling the dog to go home quietly. Away flew the dog, as if to obey, but when round the first corner, off he was to the fish market. Once upon the scene of action, the cunning animal examined the stalls, selected his prey, and now style making his capture, at another time coolly seizing it, and disappearing like magic, he regularly made off with the finest fish in the market. He then retired into a corner and consumed his prey. This done, he went home; and if on the road he could only tear a priest's gown, he was supremely happy.

The victims of the pitiful Leloup took some time to find out his profound calculations. He never attacked the same stall twice running. In the hurry of business his thefts often wholly escaped notice. But at last one or two very audacious acts attracted attention, and the whole fish market was at once banded against him.

But Leloup at once saw through their designs. Public opinion was manifested too loudly for him not to understand its meaning. He was a dog of sense; he changed his hours, stopped away a day or two, and then crawled in behind a group of lawyers, ran between them, and, despite sticks and stones, still contrived to get the finest fish in the market.

"Wait! wait!" would say the fish woman, and before any one could prevent it, a great shaggy head would be seen upon the stall, and a turbot, or sturgeon, or salmon, would vanish.

"Thief! thief!" repeated her fellow sufferers.

But are the words had passed their lips, dog and fish had vanished.

They tried to poison him. The dog was not to be caught, and the age of the honorable corporation knew no bounds.

The numerous and powerful clergy of Nice began also to complain. The sum total of gowns torn, of cloaks torn of backs, of calves bitten, became at last formidable. Scarcely a priest escaped.

It was impossible to be borne, and a league was formed against the animal and his very innocent master, who certainly had heard certain rumors as to the malpractices of his favorite, but who resolutely believed them to be the offspring of malevolence. Suddenly, however, he was summoned before the commissary of police.

"Now, Fayolle had never had any difference with anybody. In politics he was, of course, of the opposite opinion as his superiors—an essential requisite in France. He knew of no enemies. He was, therefore, exceedingly surprised at the summons, which, however, he hastened to obey. The agent of justice received him in a very cool manner.

"Sir," he said, "you are the owner of a very dangerous animal, about which I receive complaints daily. I am, at all events, surprised that you should leave him to follow his ferocious instincts freely. This state of things has lasted too long. I wished to save you all personal disagreeables, but I give you until this evening to kill the animal. After that I shall know what to do."

"A dangerous animal! I kill my dog!" cried Fayolle, reddening with emotion; what does all this mean?"

The head of the police saw that the young man was really in happy ignorance of the dog's misdeeds. In a gentler tone, therefore, he began a narrative of facts, which Fayolle listened to with amazement. He heard half of them with stubborn incredulity. Suddenly a loud clamor was heard without. A group of exasperated people cried for instant vengeance. Here a fishwoman complained of a fine turbot having just been stolen—a turbot designed for the governor's table; then the archbishop of St. Marie Nouvelle told how his frock had been torn to pieces, and his leg bit; there stood a police-constable who had interfered, and who bore the severe marks of a fray. All accused Leloup, and asked for the head of the guilty animal.

All this was unanswerable. Fayolle saw that defence was useless. He solemnly assured them that it should not happen again, and left the office. What was he going to do? Kill the dog? He never even thought it possible; while to chain the poor animal up was equally inadmissible; he would serially mope to death. In his despair, he thought of leaving Nice—of retiring to some distant spot where there were no fish women and no priests. But his heart failed him. He had never been farther than Villefranche; his life was linked with the small spot of earth he called his own; those dear to him were buried there, while every association and habit made Nice indispensable.

When he reached his little country house he had not made up his mind. There lay Leloup in the warm sun before the door. He was dozing, but twitched. He bounded joyously to meet his master; but noticing at once the agitation of his master, his joy ceased, and he followed him to his room, his tail hanging between his legs, with an uneasy and watchful glance.

"Well, Leloup," cried Fayolle, "it is no use scolding, but we must part. How we shall live separated, I don't know; and what I am to do with you, I cannot say."

With a sad and tearful expression, he looked at the affectionate animal, which said its great head upon his knee, and looked keenly up in his face.

When his master was silent he raised his paws, stood on his hind legs, and embraced him; he then began to bark furiously, checking himself to lick away the tears which Fayolle could not restrain. The deep sorrow, contrition, and grief of the dog could not be doubted. It is certain the animal must have known what was passing in his master's mind.

While this scene was taking place between the master and the dog, the captain of a vessel, an old friend, called to bid him adieu. He was returning to Nantes. He was astonished at the evident grief of the two friends, and inquired the cause. Fayolle told him in a few brief words.

"Well," said the captain, "there is but one way of getting out of it. You know that I am very fond of dogs, and especially of yours, which is a magnificent animal. Give him to me. I have a country house at Paimbeuf—a country house where he will be totally unable to follow his peculiar instincts, and where, during my absence, he can guard the wife and watch the little ones. I start this evening. It will be impossible for Leloup, after a sea voyage of seven hundred leagues, to find his way. He shall have every care and attention; and every passage I will tell you all about him. Come, can you think of anything better?"

"I accept your offer with all my heart," said Fayolle. "I feel like a reprieved malefactor; for but they come here to kill him, I am not at all sure of what might not have happened."

"Come along, then, at once," continued the captain, "and dine on board."

Away they started, and Leloup after them, expecting it was a fishing excursion.

After dinner, the captain went on deck to weigh anchor. Fayolle remained behind, and after several hearty kisses, said to the dog:

"Lie down. I will be back directly."

He then closed the door, shook hands with his friend, leaped into his boat, and watched with aching heart the vessel as it got under weigh.

Fayolle had never deceived Leloup. When told to lie down, the dog had quietly obeyed. Suddenly he felt the motion of the ship. He rose instantly, and barked loudly to summon his master. No one came. He turned angrily round the cabin, small every apertures, and at last, as it convinced that Fayolle was gone, flew at the door and began to tear it with his teeth. But the wood was both thick and hard, and when he had torn a hole open, through which he could pass, and rushed with bleeding mouth on deck, sight had come—the land was no longer in sight. The dog gave one long look, and then, as if convinced of the folly of resistance, became quite calm, and even obeyed an order to go below and sleep.

Next day Leloup appeared in excellent humor. He encouraged the advance of the captain, played with the cuphase, and ate with avidity the fish which was purposely selected for him. He did the same every day, took his siesta, and became evidently fatter. The captain was actually disgusted at the dog's indifference, comparing it, as he did, with the sufferings of Fayolle. Little did the poor dog suffer for his disgust. He had his plans.

After a pleasant journey the vessel arrived in sight of Paimbeuf. A fog took it in charge and they entered the Loire. Leloup watched the maneuver. He smelt the land and grew very excited. A little above St. Nizaire, he saw that everybody was busy, and seized the opportunity. He leaped overboard and quickly gained the shore.

At Nantes the dog was inquired for, but no dog was found. After some inquiries, a general opinion prevailed that the dog had fallen overboard and had been drowned. The captain, grieved and disappointed, knew not what to do. He dared not write to Fayolle, who thus remained in total ignorance of the accident.

Meanwhile he counted the days, impatient as he was for news, but no news came. The Nantes captain was ashamed to write.

One morning, a little after 6, Fayolle lay in bed, thinking over this singular absence of mind on the part of his friend, when his attention was attracted by groans outside the door. He turned round and endeavored to sleep, but the noise continued. The groans grew fainter and fainter, and were succeeded by a slight scratching noise, which made the young man's blood run cold.

"Pecaire!" he cried: "it is a dog scratching just like Leloup."

With a beating heart he rushed to the door. It was Leloup! but Leloup gaunt, worn, dying—nothing living about him but two great speaking eyes, sunk in the hollow orbits. The man shrieked, the dog whined, and lay senseless at his feet. The master raised him up, and laid him on the bed. On his feet were four wounds—his claws were worn away!

The dog had crossed the whole interior of France, the whole south, had traveled from Nantes to Nice to find his master. He must have made many mistakes, for his wanderings had taken him a month. How he had done it, how he had lived; how he had found his way, Heaven only knows.

With every care and attention, with the utmost devotion on the part of the master, it took three months to restore the dog's health. Fayolle then resigned his post, and selecting a little seaport where there was no fish market, and, above all, no frocked priests, has now a very prosperous business, and where Leloup may now be seen as happy and as well as ever.

CARPETINGS.—Housekeepers wishing to make their rooms elegant as well as comfortable during the winter, would do well to drop in and take a look at the magnificent carpets now offering by Messrs. Todd & Co., No. 120 Canal street. The goods are going at remarkably low prices, and those who decide bargains that they should go and make their selections at once. See the advertisement.

MULES CHEAP.—Two mules may be purchased at a very low price at 177 Magazine street, in the vicinity of an advertisement to this morning's paper.

BUSINESS.—The secret of success is knowledge. Young gentlemen who find themselves deficient in book-keeping, penmanship, mathematics, or the modern languages, are referred to Bloomer's Commercial College, 105 Canal street. A week to the wise is sufficient.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, 1858, to 1st June, 1859

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 8 A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 8 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, and at 3 P. M. for prepaid foreign letters; except on Sunday when the mails will be closed at 11 A. M. Supplying Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian on Wednesdays and Fridays.

LAKE COAST MAIL—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, at 3 P. M., and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pass Christian on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

BOUTE 8.161—New Orleans to Memphis—Supplying Baton Rouge, Red River Landing, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Asta, Greenville, Miss.; Columbia, Ark.; Gaster's Landing, Napoleon, Helena and Memphis. Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3