New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

DOUGLAS COMING SOUTH.—The Indianapolis Sentinel announces that, at the urgent request of the friends of Judge Douglas in the South, an arrangement has been made by which Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, fills the appointments of the former in the North, and Judge Douglas goes South, making the following appointments:

Springfield, Ill., Tuesday, Oct. 18.
St. Louis, Mo., Saturday, Oct. 20.
Centralia, Ill., Monday, Oct. 22.
Memphis, Tenn., Wednesday, Oct. 24.
Huntsville, Ala., Thursday, Oct. 25.
Nashville, Tenn., Friday, Oct. 26.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Saturday, Oct. 27.
Kingston, Ga., Monday, Oct. 29.
Atlanta, Ga., Tuesday, Oct. 30.
Macon, Ga., Wednesday, Oct. 31.
Columbus, Ga., Thursday, Nov. 1.
Montgomery, Ala., Friday, Nov. 2.
Selma, Ala., Saturday, Nov. 3.
Mobile, Ala., Monday, Nov. 5.

THE POISONED CHALICE.—A letter from a banker of Montgomery, Ala., to a banker in this city, dated the 8th inst., says:

"The disunion physic is beginning to work even here. Within the last few days several of our resolutest planters and other prominent men, lifelong Democrats, have declared for Bell and Everett." [Wash. Patriot.

It is a fact that John C. Breckinridge voted for Stephen A. Douglas in the Cincinnati Convention, in opposition to James Buchanan. Breckinridge was a delegate to that convention from the State of Kentucky, and on the seventeenth ballot the entire Kentucky delegation voted for Stephen A. Douglas, he receiving upon that ballot 122 votes.

We learn from a very reliable source that upwards of one hundred voters in good old Bibb, have deserted the Breckinridge party, and declared for Bell and Everett. The people in that county are enthusiastic in their support of the Union candidates, and the good work goes bravely on. [Selma (Ala.) Reporter.

DOUGLAS IN ALABAMA.—Hon. George S. Houston, member of Congress from North Alabama, is out in a letter declaring himself for Douglas. He gives as a reason for not doing so at an earlier day that he had some faint hopes of reuniting the Democratic party. There being no hope now he comes out for the National Democracy.

FLORIDA.—Our latest exchanges from various points furnish us with additional returns from Florida. We think the State has gone Democratic, but not by a majority as large as the Douglas vote will be in November. [Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer.

WHAT CALEB CUSHING THINKS OF BELL'S POSITION.—The ablest leader of the Breckinridge Democracy in the Eastern States is Caleb Cushing, the President of the Charleston Convention and the Maryland Institute meeting which nominated Breckinridge and Lane. This gentleman is making speeches, and very able ones too, in his section of country, in favor of his ticket. A few days ago he made one at Bangor, in Maine. Towards the close, he made the following succinct statement of the position of the several candidates for the Presidency, on the slavery question:

Mr. Lincoln asserts the constitutional right and the duty of the Federal Government to intervene to prevent the citizens of the Southern States from settling with their slave property in the territories. Mr. Breckinridge denies this. Mr. Douglas also denies it. And Mr. Bell denies it.

Mr. Breckinridge asserts the right of the Southern States to settle in the territories. Mr. Bell asserts it. Mr. Douglas admits it. Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Bell maintain further, that as the Federal Government is not to interfere against citizens of the Southern States directly, so also it shall not intervene indirectly through its creature, the territorial legislature; and that, if this its creature undertakes thus by usurpation to intervene, the Federal Government shall stay the hand of its own creature—in other words, that the non-interposition of the Federal Government shall be complete in substance and fact as well as in pretense and name. Here Mr. Douglas separates from them, and attributes to the legislature adverse powers not found in and derived from the Constitution, and powers denied to it by the Supreme Court.

Mr. Cushing thus rejects the policy of his Southern confederates who seek to impress upon the popular mind the belief that Mr. Bell leans towards Republicanism in his views upon the question of slavery. He deems it more honorable, and more just, to deal candidly and fairly; and, therefore, places Mr. Bell and Mr. Breckinridge substantially upon the same platform. In this, Mr. Cushing sets his Southern confederates an example which they would do well to follow. They know that the charge of leaning towards Republicanism, which they make up on Mr. Bell, is unjust; and that it is only by the grossest perversion of his record they can give the least plausibility to the charge; and they will find, when the people have spoken, that they have only injured themselves by their unfairness.

AN INQUIRY.—Some two weeks ago, Gen. Joseph Lane, the Breckinridge candidate for the Vice-Presidency, made a political stump speech at Indianapolis, and it was fully reported by his friends up there. It is a short speech—would not fill more than two columns of our paper. Why is it that none of the Breckinridge and Lane papers here choose to copy that speech? Is it because in it Gen. Lane *repudiates Congressional protection*, and declares that the party to which he belongs *will submit to the Administration of Lincoln*, if elected? We give them fair notice that if they do not soon publish that speech of their own candidate, we will. [Richmond Whig.

The Rhode Island Democrats held a State Convention last week to form an electoral ticket, and singularly enough every person designated was an Old Line Whig. Alexander Duncan, of the banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co., Amasa Sprague, a scion of the conservative Governor, who beat the Republican candidate at the last election, Theodore P. Bogert, and Samuel Rodman were selected. This shows that the Democrats despair of carrying the State, except by the aid of the friends of Henry Clay and the supporters of his principles.

MR. TOOMBS' RECKLESSNESS.—In his speech here, Mr. Toombs said John Bell had always voted against the South? Has Mr. Toombs forgotten that he himself always voted with Mr. Bell prior to his going over to Democracy?

It is true, they did not always agree—Mr. Peoples pointed out on Saturday where there was a difference. Mr. Bell said in 1850, "the Constitution, *proprio vigore*, carried slavery wherever it went." This was the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun and Southern statesmen generally. Mr. Toombs, however, was of a different opinion, and in his usual elegant language remarked, that "*the Constitution was not like a jackass driver's cart, carrying slavery wherever it goes!*"

So much for Mr. Toombs' reliability and soundness. [Southern Watchman.

THE MIGHTY EAST.—In Smith county, where the Democracy have been heretofore invincible, the Opposition candidate for Probate Judge, in a "straight out" race with a Democratic opponent, is elected by a majority of thirty-four. The Democratic majority in Smith heretofore has been three or four hundred. This looks like secessionism was "running down at the heels." [Vicksburg Whig.

GOV. PETTUS ON EVERETT.—Hon. John J. Pettus, the present Governor of Mississippi, in his inaugural address, thus bore testimony to Mr. Everett's devotion to the Constitution. He said, speaking of the dire calamities likely to result from the success of the Black Republicans:

"Can we rely on the counsels of the *wise* and *patriotic* men of the North to avert this greatest of all calamities? Their Websters, EVERETTS and Fillmores, have in vain in past years *persuaded them to respect our rights and obey the requirements of the Constitution.*"

The tidings from all parts of the country, received by us, continue to be more and more cheering for our ticket. From North Alabama, we hear that Breckinridge will cross the mountains with at least 10,000 votes less than Buchanan did; Bell will gain more than Fillmore, and Douglas with a strong vote. From other parts of our state, we hear of continued and frequent accessions of influential men. From other states the news is equally or more encouraging. The Bell men grow in confidence and courage, while the Breckinridgers appear to be attacked by the fatal sympathy of the late Kentucky chill. The Douglas men are determined in the fight and express themselves as Union men and as preferring Bell, by long odds, to the secession ticket. [Alabama Whig.

The Bell and Everett Club of Northport, Tuscaloosa county, numbers twenty Democratic members—men who have never voted any other ticket than the Democratic—but who have determined this time to vote for Bell, the Constitution and the Union.—[ib.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The Washington Constitution (Breckinridge organ) comes out at last, cordially, earnestly and hopefully, in support of the New York Union electoral ticket against Lincoln.

NOTE LOST.—See advertisement of a note lost by William Evans.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

(Special to the New Orleans Crescent.)

IN MY ATTIC, New York, Oct. 10, 1860.

Mr. Editor—This is the Prince's week, *par excellence*.

The Prince is the grand topic of conversation. The Prince permeates all sections of New York society. Miss F. McFlimsey is in a state of mind impossible to describe about her "things" for the ball. Colonel Pipeclay, of the 17th regiment, has been closeted with his Adjutant ever since General Sandford issued orders for the division parade. Mr. William Keyser, who runs with ninety-nine hose, is of the opinion that that illustrious corps will not come off second best in the torchlight procession. Old Mr. Coupon, of Exchange Place, has been so bothered with applications for tickets to the ball, that he has snubbed all the young men in the office more severely than ever before, and has likewise been heard to express his wish that the Prince was in a place where some of his ancestors are undoubtedly warm and comfortable.

Colonel Cacoethes Scribendi, who has killed a great many newspapers in his time, and now lives exclusively on the dead-head principle, is in a high state of indignation because the committee have not asked him to the ball. It is the deliberate opinion of the Colonel that the affair will be a wretched failure, and from his intimate acquaintance with the British aristocracy, he is quite satisfied that Newcastle and Saint Germain will vote the whole thing slow because he will not be there to give it a proper tone. Madame Jupe-Charmante, just from Paris, is in a beatific condition of mind. She has more orders than she can fill, and she drives the young ladies in her establishment a great deal harder than you work your chattels "down in New Orleans." The "women's things" are to be perfectly lovely, that's a settled matter. Mr. Bob. Patent-Leather, who leads the German at Saratoga and New York, is also about on this occasion, and is an important personage.

The celebrated Beau Hickman has come even from Washington on purpose to see that the Prince is properly cared for. Beau puts up in front of the Metropolitan, and is doing a fair business. Then we have the howling and wailing and terribly disappointed outsiders, who have not managed to get tickets for the ball. Good gracious! how they do "cuss." Romeo, when he was sent away from his Juliet, was'nt a circumstance. But there are tickets enough to be had if people see fit to pay the price. In spite of all the regulations and restrictions and other stuff and nonsense of the immense committee, "invitations" are freely offered for sale. Very rich people—people in the first circles—do not hesitate to speculate in this way. I saw, last evening, a letter from a lady who is high up in Japonicadom, offering to sell her ticket for $100. That is about the market rate for gentlemen's tickets; ladies' rule from $50 to $75. They can be had through any broker. So the exclusiveness of the affair is all bosh, and, like everything else here, it comes down to a matter of money after all. It is going to cost something, too. The committee can't get off with less than $50,000.

To-morrow is the eventful day when the Prince will beam on this delighted community. He will embark at Amboy on the cutter Harriet Lane, (built for the purpose of relieving vessels in distress, but used as a sort of royal yacht for J. B. and his friends,) and so be conveyed to the Battery. The cutter will go outside, so that the Prince may have some fort-*lier in re* before he gets the Mayor's *suavitier in modo*. (Oh shame, etc., where, etc.) Then the "millingtary," in large numbers, will parade him to the City Hall, where F. Wood will do the honors. F. W. sent to the Aldermen an invitation to join him in receiving the young man, but they have been so desperately snubbed about the whole affair, that they concluded to stand on their dignity, (mighty slim footing that,) and so they treated the matter very coldly. They say they will not vote the money for the expenses, and so F. W. will have to pay the bills out of his own pocket. Not he! The Court knows herself too well for that. If the Aldermen refuse to pay the bills for the Prince, then the Mayor will see them blessed before he signs their little Japanese account, a matter of $105,000, which has been laid over till after election.

The Aldermen are not the only disgusted parties apropos to the Prince. The Irishery, as Macaulay terms the sons of the Emerald Isle, have got their backs up and there has been an indignation meeting of the Hibernian members of the militia. They protest, in terms more forcible than grammatical, against the reception of the Prince; say that it is countenancing monarchy and all that sort of thing, and declare that they will not shoulder a musket on that day. But I apprehend the rebels are few and far between. Pat is too fond of a show to lose such a fine chance as this, and I would be willing to bet that the Prince will be cheered more lustily by Irish than by Yankee throats; however, we shall see.

There has been the devil's own row over at Philadelphia about the operatic performance which is to be given to-night in honor of the Prince. The whole thing was a shrewd dodge of Strakosch's, aided by that dear, simple, innocent, unsophisticated Grau, whom you may have met. They induced a large number of the "leading citizens" of Philadelphia to append their names to a letter to Lord Lyons, said letter inviting the Prince to attend the opera in Philadelphia. The palpable absurdity of a hundred gentlemen inviting another gentleman to go to a theater over which the committee had no sort of control, does not seem to have struck anybody. The Prince, through Lord Lyons, accepted the invitation, and then Grau commenced to work the thing up. The "committee" held private meetings and excluded the local reporters. That was for the mystery of the thing; an immense attraction in a place like Philadelphia, where sensations are rare. In order, however, to keep the thing before the public, full details of all the arrangements were transmitted to the New York Herald, and thence copied into the Philadelphia papers, the editors of which were naturally indignant at being forestalled about their own affairs by an outside journal. They began to let out on the committee, who immediately placed the blame on the management—the real committee—and then the batteries were opened upon Ullman and Bennett, who had, horrible to tell, obtained a private box. It was, however, a tea-pot tempest after all. The managers made their whack out of it. The tickets sold at premiums on these exorbitant prices: seats in parquette, parquette circle, balcony and second (really third) tier, three dollars! private boxes, fifty dollars!! amphitheater, (gallery) two dollars!!? With what they made out of this performance and ball in New York—the committee has to pay $4000 for the Academy here—the opera managers will be able to pay some of their debts, (they owe everybody) and commence fresh in November. The bill in Philadelphia was "Martha," with Patti, Natale, Brignoli and Carl Formes; the first act of the "Traviata," with Colson and Errani, (an erroneous tenor, oh!) and "God Save the Queen," solos by Patti and C. Formes—not a bad show, but awfully dear.

In the theaters, the interesting events of the week have been the splendid reception of John Brougham's comedy, (altered from Pouillet's "La Crise"!), Mr. Forrest's appearance in *Lear*, after running *Hamlet* for nine nights, and Charlotte Cushman's *Meg Merrilies*. The Brougham comedy has had an immense success, and will run till December at least. The "bit" among the actors is A. H. Davenport's *Pinchbeck*, a difficult part, but most carefully and capitally acted. Wallack has commenced operations upon his new theater to be located on Thirteenth street and Fourth Avenue, with an entrance on Broadway. It will be exactly like the present house, which comes down next May. Forrest's *Lear* is pronounced as good, if not better, than ever. They play the Tate version, an outrageous murder of Shakspeare. Forrest, however, sticks to the original text and restores the last scene as Shakspeare wrote it. Cushman is the same as ever in the amiable Margaret; it suits her to a dot. The play is utterly absurd, but it "draws," and that's enough. The cockies of the venerable Fredericks' heart are warmed, while the open-hearted Jackson absolutely contemplates to have a new scene or two painted for "Oliver Twist"—what awful extravagance! Laura Keene is doing pretty well with "Aileen Aroon." It is too palpable an imitation of Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn" to have any very great success. The opera season closed on Monday with "Linda di Chamouni," not very well done. Ullman purposes to open about November 10th, with the illustrious Formes in the "Huguenots."

The sale of the Burton library commenced on Monday. Either the best books have been disposed of at private sale, or else the comedian's collection has been overrated. Here and there you may find a really valuable book, or a rare edition, but as a general thing the library contains more trash than anything else. All the books worth having bring very high prices. An edition of Mrs. Behon's comedies, marked "very rare," sold for $4 50 per volume, just double its value. Very few actors have attended the sale; the purchasers are book collectors and dealers. In addition to the books there are some "curiosities" which are not all curious, and some pictures which are curiously bad. The catalogue itself is a curiosity of literature. Dick Stoddard, (who does those clever bibliographical burlesques for Vanity Fair, has tried to make fun of it, but it can't be done. It out-burlesques burlesque.

Barney Williams and wife have started on their Southern tour. Eddy is also going your way, and a Mrs. D. Vingut, who made her debut at Boston the other day under the *nomme de theater* of Gertrude Argyle, (she must have got that out of a play book). The Cortesi troupe got into a financial crisis at Boston, and are off to Matanzas for a load of doubloons. John Owens has returned to town from his Pennsylvania farm, and is busy completing his company for the Varieties.

I am going to wind up this letter, Colonel, with a bit of romance. You will see that it is quite impossible that there should be any truth in the following:

Very few American journalists are better known than Mr. William H. Fry, formerly of the New York Tribune. He has been the musical critic of that journal since its establishment, and has contributed extensively to its general editorial columns. A brilliant, nervous, sometimes incomprehensible because too technical, but always entertaining writer, a clever talker and a popular orator, Mr. Fry made many personal friends out of political enemies. He was one of the best "dinner men" I ever met. At one time he held some shares in the Tribune, but sold out several years ago, and lost his money in other speculations. Since then he has saved nothing, and now finds himself far gone in consumption and without a dollar in the world. He has rich relations, who are really very sorry, but they don't see that they can do anything for him; they all have families to take care of. His old co-laborers of the Tribune have notified him that his pay ($20 a week only) will be stopped after the 1st of November. There is some talk now of a subscription for him, but how far it has progressed I am not informed.

I know you won't believe this—this can be true of those pure, virtuous and high-principled philanthropists who conduct the Tribune. Then there is a pendant to the picture which is still more improbably drawn. The Tribune is very fond of abusing our merchants, accusing them of being deadened to all the gentler and more humane emotions, because they prefer white men to negroes, yet there is not a commercial house of any standing in New York which would treat an employée of any grade as meanly as the Tribune people have used the man who has worn himself out in their service. Then they (the Tribunitarians) indulge in very excellent homilies against those literary gipsies call Bohemians—people who work hard while they are at it and spend their earnings before they get them, if credit is to be had. And yet these wicked people manage somehow to take care of their own.

But a little while ago, a literary woman (there's no occasion to mention names) died in this city at the house of a friend, likewise a writer, likewise a Bohemienne, that is, in spirit if not in absolute fact. (I believe that the person last named has a little, and very little, property in her own right.) The "party of the first part" was very poor, and the "party of the second part" invited her to make a long visit. She came—was in delicate health—continued so more than a year, and finally died in the arms of her friend, who had attended her throughout a long illness, and bore the expenses thereof (a heavy drain upon a slender purse) without a murmur. And this is a woman without any principles worth mentioning! The Tribune has a great many.

That is the end of my romance, and I remain, Colonel, in the faith of the Tribune, very devotedly Yours, L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

LETTER FROM JACKSON PARISH.

(Special to the New Orleans Crescent.)

VIENNA (JACKSON PARISH, LA.), October 8, 1860.

Mr. Editor—A grand political rally was held in this place yesterday, the Union, Douglas and Breckinridge parties joining in discussion, and we were favored by hearing some of the best speakers in North Louisiana.

The discussion was opened by Hon. B. A. Pearce, of Bienville, who, after sketching very graphically the proceedings of the Charleston and Baltimore Conventions, and explaining the position of the "Fancy Wing" of the Democratic party, made a very pretty appeal to the ladies, and was followed by Col. S. L. Slack, of Monroe, a regular wheelhorse in the Union ranks.

He made a powerful speech, sound, logical and conclusive. Not a few, under his arguments, have seen the error of their ways, and have come over and are now doing battle under the broad standard of the Union.

Col. Coleman, of Franklin, an Old Line Democrat and a gentleman for whom we entertain the highest regard, followed, presenting the claims of the Little Giant for the suffrages of the Democrats in a different light than they are usually presented to Democrats in this parish, and many of them went away with doubts as to whether Breckinridge was the regular nominee, after all.

The discussion was concluded by Col. J. L. Lewis, of Claiborne. He first endeavored to prove that his party (the Breckinridge party) were not disunionists, and secondly, that Mr. Yancey had never been very warmly in the embraces of the Democrats; that they, like the fishermen of old, had cast their nets and caught all kinds of fish, Mr. Yancey among the rest. All very well so far, but had they followed the example of the good fishermen a little farther, Mr. Yancey won'd have had no party.

Immediately after the conclusion of the discussion, the Bell and Everett Club convened at their usual place of meeting, and a beautiful banner was presented to them by Miss Mollie Greene, (daughter of Col. Allen Greene, of this parish,) with a short and beautiful address, which was responded to by Col. Slack, in his usual happy style.

The Bell and Everet Club now numbers 125 members, and is increasing every day. Although we may not carry this parish, we will reduce the majority to less than one-fourth its usual size. You must remember, too, that this is the banner parish of Democracy in Northern Louisiana.

There will be another joint discussion on the 20th inst., at this place.

Respectfully, VERITAS.

GREAT FANCY GOODS EMPORIUM.—A marvellous collection of fancy goods, fancy articles, varieties, toys and everything of the kind have Messrs. F. A. L. Piffet brought together in their elegant store, 133 Canal street, as every one all knows who has ever been to or peeped in. To visit the store and take a respectful look at its varied merchandise is a more satisfactory recreation than to visit some museums which are open to "take in" the public in different parts of the United States. Many of the articles are objects of real art and virtu, and are positively exquisite. Of dress trimmings of all kinds the assortment is complete, and in the way of fine cutlery the Messrs. Piffet's stock is not to be excelled anywhere. These things are indubitably so, and the facts set forth in advertisements, but to be appreciated fully, people must call at the store and take a look at its furnishings.

PAPER HANGINGS.—At this season when everybody is making repairs in their houses and fitting up new generally, we cannot do better than to call the attention of our readers to the fact that in this city inside one of the most durable coverings for the walls of rooms is good papering, while certainly nothing is more beautiful. Mr. J. J. Keyes, No. 62 Chartres street, has a most excellent stock of these goods, comprising every variety of pattern and quality, and we recommend that it should be examined by all previous to making purchases, as Mr. Keyes has been many years in the business in this city and thoroughly understands its requirements.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

I have heard it said that "all the world and his wife" were in London in 1851 to see the Crystal Palace. Of course I was there, and, after spending most of my mornings in the wonderful structure, systematically examining, catalogue in hand, one thing at a time, I used to drive out every afternoon to the neighborhood of the beautiful and far-famed Richmond Hill, to Bellevue, the residence of a very estimable family, whose guest I was.

It was exceedingly pleasant to see how affectionately disposed the members of the family were to each other. It was, therefore, with some surprise and, I must own, a little distrust, that I one day saw Mr. Morton, our host, chastise his son, a mere lad, with what struck me as being uncalled for severity, as his only fault had been playing a trick upon one of the servants. As the cane descended, poor Bob's voice ascended, but above all could be heard the father, as, stern for once in his life, he said: "I have punished you before for practising jokes, and I am determined that they shall cease." After some more admonition of such kind he rested from his labor of love.

The family physician, who was spending the afternoon with the Mortons, also witnessed the caning, and, no doubt, seeing astonishment depicted upon my face, referred to the subject a day or two afterward as we were driving to town together, assuring me that I would not wonder at Mr. Morton's horror of practical jokes if I knew the great family affliction which was brought about by one in the very house in which they were then living.

"Although it is a sad story," said he, "I will relate the circumstances if you would like to hear them." As I confessed my interest, and hoped that the narration would not be too painful, he began:

"You may have noticed that, although you have been shown through the rest of the house, there is one room which is kept carefully locked, and no direct reference is made to it. It is said that at least once every year a goblin, or ghost, or whatever you might choose to call it, made its appearance there in shape even more ghastly than the conventional sheet, in short, it assumed the form of a human skeleton.

Whatever foundation there may be for the story, the room certainly went by the name of the 'haunted chamber,' and was not used, although the latter fact was probably owing to the reason that there was plenty of space beside in the house. Well, not many years ago, (in fact, the occurrence is within the remembrance of many persons,) the family residing in Bellevue consisted of an elderly couple and their three grown children, two boys and a girl, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty. Nothing could exceed the attachment which existed between these two brothers and their sister. Although in a less degree, the same cordiality was extended to a somewhat older friend named Lennox, between whom and the brothers a strong feeling of intimacy had sprung up while at college, a feeling which was cemented by vacation visits and otherwise to such an extent, that in a couple of years the union of the families by the marriage of George Lennox and Lucy Morton was looked upon not only as a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but as an *esse in futuro*.

"Soon after leaving college Lennox obtained an ensignacy in the Indian army, and, after an affectionate parting, left England to join his regiment and accompany it in its short and disastrous campaign in Afghanistan. After the war, during which he was twice wounded, he wrote home to say that he had applied for leave of absence, and that on his return, which would be in a few weeks, he would claim Lucy for his bride, she having by this time attained the age which the parents thought suitable. The whole household was delighted, both at George's safety and at his soon expected return, and perhaps, though less demonstrative, none felt more intense though calmer joy than Lucy, whose heart as well as prayers had followed George through all his perils.

"It is unnecessary to describe the meeting when George, somewhat tanned and formidably moustachioed, returned from his campaign. Lucy, the dear girl, began her preparations for the wedding, and George meanwhile took up his abode at Bellevue, as did also some other young friends of the family.

"With books, chess, fencing, and more athletic sports, several days were spent most happily, till unfortunately one morning the conversation happened to turn on courage, and, in the course of the argument, one of the visitors named Forbes, addressing George, said, with some appearance of warmth, that there were situations, as for instance, where supernatural sights and sounds were supposed, in which no man on earth could retain courage and coolness. Now, both these qualities George was known to possess to an eminent degree; indeed, on one occasion he had, single-handed, saved the regimental colors when in imminent danger of being captured; he smiled, therefore, as he said that, never having had the pleasure of meeting a ghost, he could not declare what he *had* done on the occasion; but, as he did not believe that disembodied spirits walked the earth, he had no doubt he would act upon the belief that some imposture was being practiced upon him, and would treat the ghost as he believed the appearance really was, in most if not in all cases, a person in disguise. Forbes then, with some eagerness, asked him if he would pass a night in the haunted chamber; George replied that undoubtedly he would, and that moreover he would take a pistol on watch with him, and try the effect of a bullet on the phantom.

"Forbes told Stephen Morton of George's resolution and asked his assistance in a project which he had in view. Morton replied, that as far as tradition went any one night sleep in the haunted chamber with impunity, except on a certain night in November; but Forbes said his scheme was to disguise some person as the skeleton, and for this purpose he thought Stephen was well qualified, as he was tall and thin. Stephen had no objection in the world to play ghost, but said he had several reasons for not wishing to be a target for George, who was a good shot—one of his objections being based on the decided unwholesomeness of lead when violently introduced into the system. But Forbes quieted his fears by declaring that of course the experiment should not be tried unless he could, unknown to George, extract the bullet from his pistol. It was, therefore, decided that Morton should be dressed in this black lights, which their amateur-theatrical wardrobe would provide, and should have the ribs and all the bones chalked or painted on this black surface, trusting to the dim light afforded by one candle and also to the trepidation which it was promised George would experience to hide the imposture.

"Poor Morton was delighted, and was very much in favor of making a terrific speech, beginning with 'unhappy mortal,' or something to the same effect, and making his appearance in a flash of lightning, or at least of lycopodium. However, Forbes reclaimed strongly against the likelihood of a skeleton speaking, for, as he forcibly put it, 'where would he keep his wind?' and thought it would be much more dignified for the phantom after he was discovered merely to move forward slowly, receive the supposed shot from George, and if the latter had neither yelled, run away nor fainted—and one of those contingencies Forbes thought likely—then the imposition was to be acknowledged, those on the look out at the door would enter, and they would all enjoy a hearty laugh at their want of success.

"Of course, as it was likely that a pistol would be fired in the house at or about midnight, it was necessary that all the family should know as much about the affair as George did, namely, that he had received and accepted a challenge to pass a night in the haunted chamber, the young men having been let into the whole secret. The manner in which George's resolution was commented upon was characteristic: the father, who was a disbeliever in ghosts, said, 'Nonsense,' in the most decided manner; the mother, more doubtful, said, 'I hope no harm will come of it;' while Lucy, who was startled at the proposal, seemed anxious; her English common sense, which told her that ghosts could not or rather do not appear, struggling in her mind with tradition, which vouchsafed for so many appearances of them; and, as in retiring she bade George 'Good-night,' perhaps she had a presentiment of evil, for her voice faltered, while she added with a forced smile: 'I, also, will keep watch in my room, to hear the first news; take good care of yourself.'

"And now, George having selected one of a pair of pistols which Forbes had hunted up for the occasion, loaded it, at the same time dropping a hint or two about his skill with the weapon, and having again declared his intention to fire at any unusual object, he wished them 'pleasant dreams' laughingly, and closing the only door of the haunted room after him, he reconnoitered by looking under the bed and out of the window, which is at some distance from the ground, and then, to the dismay of the outsiders, who in their stocking-feet listened to the whispered report of one of their number who was stationed at the key-hole, he placed his chair against the door and sat down there, effectually barring all entrance, without his knowledge, to anything bodily.

"The stocking-footed council was in consternation. Some of the members had already suggested giving it up as a bad job, and the only medical student in the party paused in handling the brush, although the skeleton had by no means his full complement of bones; but after some consideration, a ladder was proposed in connection with the window; the idea was approved of, and two of the party booted and started for the gardener's ladder, which was silently raised against the window. By this time Morton had his bones anatomically depicted on his exterior, and all that remained was to wait until George dozed.

"As George had resolved to keep awake at least till midnight, he had taken a book; but as the hour of twelve approached, he laid the book aside, and handled the pistol. Presently he put that down, and began to consider the evidence corroborating the appearance of spirits. He could not deny that there was strong testimony in favor of the fact; but he thought that if a phantom had power to injure him, such a course would be contrary to justice, reassured him. Yet the stillness and a vague feeling of expectation were depressing, and it was with a feeling of relief that he heard the drawing-room clock strike twelve. "Now then," thought he, "for something;" but as the "twelfth hour" passed by and nothing appeared, his only feeling was one of vexation that he should have volunteered to lose his rest, although it was some consolation to know that Lucy had promised to keep awake; this led to another series of thoughts and to castle-building, until the welcome sight of George nodding, was presented to the strained eyes, or rather eye of the watcher, who immediately communicated the intelligence to the plotters, most of whom were by this time asleep in the most comfortable positions which the chair, the staircase, and the floor admitted of. After several starts and ineffectual attempts to keep awake, George let his head drop on the table.

"The time for action having come, the skeleton climbed the ladder rather anxiously, crept in at the window, and cautiously approaching the table, substituted for the pistol lying upon it the other one of the pair, and which, of course, was minus a bullet. Having concealed the loaded pistol and taken his position, all that remained was for George to be awakened. As Morton was considering about some ghostly means of doing this, he was saved the trouble by the dog which had followed him to the foot of the ladder, and which becoming impatient at his absence, began to bark. At the first sound George started, saw the figure, passed his hands over his eyes, and making the object out more distinctly, he seized the pistol and started up with the challenge: 'Who's there?' Although Morton was itching to make a speech, he remained silent, while George, speaking somewhat hurriedly, said: 'If you are human, I advise you to throw aside your disguise, for I will certainly fire at you; if not this world—why, I'll have a shot at you at any rate!'

"Receiving no answer, he steadily took aim, saying, 'I will fire at the word "three," and I never miss my aim. One—two—three!' The pistol went off harmlessly, of course, but with a result upon George entirely unlooked for; being sure of his aim, he could not account for the figure not only being unhurt, but now even approaching him steadily; his feelings seemed wrought up to a frenzy, and almost as quick as thought he thrust his hand into the breast of his coat, drew a small pocket-pistol, the existence of which no one had dreamed of, and, before a word of warning could be spoken, he had fired it full at Morton, who dropped dead at his feet!

"Meanwhile, the outsiders impatiently awaited the *denouement*; they had heard George speak and then fire, and while they were hesitating about entering they heard the second report, and their hearts sank at the sound; they rushed in, and found their worst fears realized. As they raised the body, one of them said: 'Poor Stephen!' 'Merciful God!' exclaimed George, 'my friend—*her* brother!' But I cannot describe the heart-rending scene—perhaps you can picture it to yourself."

As my informant ceased at this point, I asked: "But what became of the other actors?"

"Forbes and Lennox," said he, "gave themselves up at once to the proper authorities; of course, nothing could be done to them, although the former frantically declared, that having been the instigator of the plot, he must suffer or he would go mad, and sure enough, he died in an insane asylum, after being tormented for several months by imaginary skeletons. The medical student is now the family physician. Lennox, of course, returned no more to the house; his leave of absence soon expiring, he rejoined his regiment almost reckless of his life, which he lost in a tiger-hunt. Poor Lucy pined away and died of a broken heart—if ever there was an instance of the malady."

"Our host thus lost two friends, a brother and a sister. Do you wonder at his antipathy for practical jokes?"

An Inundation in Switzerland.

The following details, published in a Swiss paper of a recent inundation of the valley of the Rhone in the Valais are interesting:

At 7 o'clock on the 1st of September, the telegraph of Brigue informed the authorities at Sion that the Saltine had overflowed its banks during the night, and that an avelanch of stones and pebbles had swept away the bridge of Brigue. Half an hour later announced the carrying away of the bridge of Naters by the Rhone, and already the water reached as black and thick—a sinister herald of an inundation. The waves rose higher and higher during the entire morning. At 10 o'clock all the barriers were under water, and towards noon the ever-increasing mass of water rushed past with a roar like thunder. The inundation had already reached the left bank on the Champ-See and Chandolene, near Sion, and a breach was being made above the bridge of the Rhone. In a few minutes all that bank of the river was a vast lake, under which the crops disappeared.

The Rhone continued its terrific ascension during the afternoon, and towards evening the waters reached the parapet part of the bridge, against which beat *pelemele* timber which had been floated along the river—sleepers of the railway, beams belonging to the bridge, the wood-work of dwelling-houses, and an enormous mass of other materials, with entire trees, which threatened to break down the bridge. The bed of the river was covered with field crops and spoils of every kind. It was a lamentable sight, particularly for an exclusively agricultural country, and of which the most necessary resources were thus lost in the waters. The entire valid population, assembled by the beating of drums, struggled with unheard-of efforts at the places of the disaster, but uselessly. Towards 8 at night two enormous breaches were opened along the gardens on the right bank, and shortly afterwards vast masses of water had covered the cultivated grounds of the plain; the waves descended nearly to the foot of the railway terminus, and the earth-works of the railway in the Champs Neufs having been swept away like sand, the inundation extended even to the high road opposite Corbussages.

From that moment the plain disappeared entirely under the waters of the invading river, and night enveloped the valley of the Rhone amid the roaring of the flood. The railway train was able to arrive with great difficulty as far as Ardon, and the entire line is since interrupted—we are isolated. Since daylight this morning, people are occupied in saving the unfortunate persons who took refuge on trees during the night. Their cries of distress could be heard at Sion from all parts of the city. They had passed hours there in deadly terror, and darkness revealed to them the river flowing over the spot where lately had stood their humble dwellings and their ravaged fields. A poor woman has just been saved who succeeded in reaching the lowest branches of a tree, with her baby at her breast, and who passed the entire night in that desperate position.

At fifty paces from the bridge of the Rhone two coachmen found safety on a willow tree, while their two teams of horses were drowned at its feet. The disaster, in fact, is incalculable; all the Indian corn and all the potatoes, which are the principal support of our population, are lost, and the earth is carried away over a considerable extent of country down to the very gravel. Nothing has been seen so terrific during the present generation, and even the great inundation of 1834 was less disastrous. The weather continues to be threatening, and although the waters have somewhat subsided to-day, we feel great anxiety for to-night. The torrents to the north have not sensibly swollen, but those of the left bank, such as the Borgne, the Ilgrab, the Saltine, are enormous. The inundation is attributed to the last rains and to the hot wind, which continues to blow over the glaciers, and to melt the masses of snow on the high Alps.

MALLARD & TOOKER, CLOTHING DEALERS.—Messrs. Mallard & Tooker, clothing dealers, at the bold stand corner of Canal and Old Levee streets, are opening the business season with much energy and enterprise, having in store a stock of goods a most unprecedented in the history of their establishment for extent and variety. It comprehends every article of clothing which may be in demand among persons of any and every occupation, and for every purpose of business or pleasure, whether the purchaser be a backwoods' or mountainy tenant, or business man in want of a business suit, or a fashion desirous of labouring clothes. No matter who the purchaser may be he will find the most prompt and courteous treatment at the hands of the gentlemanly proprietors and their employés. Of Messrs Mallard & Tooker the planter may purchase all his supplies of plantation clothing for both male and female servants on advantageous terms. We solicit attention to their advertisement.

ELEGANT FURNITURE.—P. Mallard, No. 55 Royal street, has now on sale a most complete and varied stock of furniture and upholstery goods, rich and elegant alike in design and finish, comprising all that is novel and recherche in both departments of workmanship, whether of foreign or domestic manufacture. Those who design to furnish their houses complete or their rooms in expensive style, should certainly examine the stock of Mr. Mallard, and our word for it, they will find themselves bewildered by the attractive display of beautiful articles which his establishment offers for the inspection of purchasers—to whose attention we commend the advertisement which this morning appears in our columns.

ATTENTION, LADIES!—Our million lady readers are requested to turn forward early to the advertisement of their old dry goods friend, Mr. John Todd, of 12 and 14 Chartres street. He is up with the season as usual, and as reliable, for he is now opening a most elegant and inspiring assortment of all the beautiful fancies in dry goods, in which the tastes of the ladies delight. They should at once inspect these unrivalled Parisian novelties. Of silk dress goods, his stock is full and unsurpassed as usual, and they are being sold at attractively reduced prices.

VARIOUS CUTLERY, TOOLS AND SCALES.—Butchers, coopers, and others are referred to advertisements this morning published by Bliss, Brock & Co., 242 Tchoupitoulas, and Magnus Street, above the market. They offer an admirably contrived machine for cutting up meat, butchers' market scales, and the finest make of coopers' tools, as well as a full assortment of knives, axes, adzes, and other tools.

ELEGANT CARPET GOODS.—We ask the attention of our housekeeping readers to the advertisement of Mr. George L. Nalme, 126 Canal street, Touro Buildings. Mr. N. has got in his full stock of stylish and elegant carpet and curtain goods, and all the other varieties of new and beautiful goods for the use of the land. Purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect this stock.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
BELL AND EVERETT CLUBS
—OF—
NEW ORLEANS.

Union Guard,