

New Cotton.—Thirteen bales of this year's cotton, belonging to Mr. F. C. Devilliers, of Prairie Basse, in this parish, are now at Barry's Landing, ready to be shipped for New Orleans. Unhappily we have no boat running now in our trade.

The Alice W. Glaze.—We understand that Capt. Johnston, of the Alice W. Glaze, is to leave by next Tuesday's mail to take command of his boat. We also understand that the Glaze will be here about the 1st of October next.

Our village and parish are as healthy as can be. Our crops lie and promising. Provisions scarce on account of no boat running in our trade for some weeks.

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday last, whilst Mr. D. W. Martin, of Waxia, was at his cotton gin, accompanied by Mr. Felix King's daughter, a girl of about 4 or 5 years old, the unhappy child went so close to the machine that she was caught by it, and her arm, in all its length, was awfully torn. It is believed that the amputation will not be required. We hope so.

CONCERT.—We are requested to inform the ladies and gentlemen of St. Landry, that Miss Reynolds has recovered from her late indisposition, and will give her first concert, at the Opelousas Varieties, on Tuesday next, 19th inst.

HORSES AND MULES.—Two droves of mules passed our town, one or two weeks ago, on their way to Attakapas. There were some few horses among them. We have taken notice that the horses are fine, the mules very fit, and in consequence of it, the prices higher than ever. The prices for mules are from \$80 to \$175. Those of horses are pretty much the same. These are the first two droves arrived here this year.

HOODLUMS' GERMAN BITTES, prepared and sold by Dr. Jackson, at the German Medical Store, 129 Arch street, Philadelphia, daily increase in their well deserved celebrity, for the cure of all diseases arising from derangement of the liver. These Bitters have, indeed, proved a blessing to the afflicted, who show their gratitude by the most flattering testimonials. This medicine has established for itself a name that competitors, however witty their schemes, or seductive their promises, cannot reach. It gained the public confidence by the immense benefits that have been derived from it, and will ever maintain its position.

Communication from the "Spirits".—One of the "mediums" was recently put in communication with the spirit of the celebrated and eccentric Doct. Abernethy, to enquire what was the best of all medicines for diseases on the Lungs. Loud and distinct raps upon the table slowly but promptly spell out *Syringia Cylindrica Pectoralis*.

CHOLERA.—A French Physician of repute, recommends sulphate of strychnine as a specific for the cholera. He cures 23 cases in the last stage, in which he administered it, saving the lives of the patients; in the preceding stages, his cures were nine for every ten. He deems it as efficacious in the treatment of cholera as the sulphate of quinine is in March fever.

The Lancaster (Pa) Whig nominates Thomas H. Benton for President and Robert T. Conrad for Vice President, and opposes all National Conventions.

A woman has been elected constable in Perry county, Illinois.

FORTIFICATIONS IN LOUISIANA.—We remark in the fortification bill, lately passed by Congress, that the following appropriations were made for this State: Fort Pike, repairs, \$ 2,000; Fort St. Philip, repairs and extension, 25,000.

PUBLIC LANDS.—The United States Treasurer's statement shows that the sum of \$4,326,574 45, belonging to the United States, was deposited with the Assistant Treasurer, at St. Louis, Missouri, on the 28th ult. We presume that the whole, or nearly the whole of this large amount was produced by the sale of public lands.

To illustrate the intensity of the terrible drought, the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier states, that in Washington county, Md., a planter offered a considerable reward to his men for a single ear of corn from a field of one hundred acres, and no one was able to claim the reward.

The arrival of emigrants at New York for the month of August was 50,000. Of this number, 21,000 were from Germany and 1,900 from Ireland.

Seventeen years ago, a man named Tomblinson was murdered in front of an oyster cellar in Philadelphia. The murderer, a negro named Edward Crawford, alias Patrick Crawford, escaped, until the 28th ult., when he was arrested, examined and committed for trial. He acknowledged he gave the fatal blow, but returned to the city thinking the crime had been forgotten.

Condition of the State Treasury.—We are under obligations Geo. P. BAZAAR, Esq., Clerk for the State Treasury, says the *Baton Rouge Advocate* 2d inst., for furnishing us with the following details showing the condition of the Treasury, up to the 21st August, 1854:

Table with columns: Item, Amount. Includes General Fund, Mill Tax, Poll Tax, Int'l Loans, Lev & Div., R'd & Lg., Total.

There was no return from the Protestant Cemetery on Girod street. During the latter part of the week, there was a great decrease in the number of interments. Indeed, at least two-thirds of the whole number of deaths occurred in the first half of the week.

BARREN IN HIS GLORY.—The famous manager of P. T. Barnum is advertised to arrive at Washington on the 18th inst. It comprises, as usual, the stately, living animals, and General Tom Thumb. The grand entrance into Washington will be preceded by the monster Hindoo car, drawn by eight elephants. The exhibition will be continued at Washington for six or seven days.

(By Telegraph transmitted to the New Orleans Bee.)

INTERESTING GENERAL NEWS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4th.—The Collins steamer Pacific has arrived here, bringing dates from Liverpool of the 23d August, four days later than the accounts brought by the Europa.

Capture of Bonerand.—The report of the capture of Bonerand was fully confirmed. The particulars show that the French are entitled to the honor of the affair.

Ripe to be Attached.—It had been decided in the Baltic, that after the capture of Bonerand, the next place to be attacked was the important position of Riga.

The Black Sea.—The expedition to the Crimea was still delayed by the prevalence of the Cholera, which had swept off between ten and fifteen thousand of the allies. At the last accounts, however, the disease was abating.

The Principality.—At the latest dates from the Danube, the Austrian army was entering the Principality. Wallachia was quiet. Eighty thousand Russians were concentrating on the right bank of the Pruth.

Prussia.—Advices from Berlin and Vienna, state that Prussia is striving and making extensive preparations to take an active part in affairs.

Spain.—There is little news of moment from Spain. The country was still quiet at the last accounts from Madrid.

WHERE THE CAZAR INTENDS TO CARRY ON THE WAR.—Symptoms of the Russian policy and foresight may be found in the following *ukase* which has been published: The Emperor of Russia has suppressed the teaching of the French and German languages in the military schools of Orenburg, and ordered the substitution of Persia, Arabic and the Tartar language.

TERRIFIC TORNADO AT LOUISVILLE.—CHURCHES BLOWN DOWN.—TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE KILLED, AND A LARGE NUMBER WOUNDED. Cincinnati, August 28.

A terrific tornado passed over the city of Louisville yesterday about 12 o'clock.

The Fourth Presbyterian church was blown down during the service, twenty-five of the congregation were killed instantly, and a large number wounded. Numerous other buildings were unroofed and blown down.

The following is a list of the killed: Miss Villabae and three children, Mr. Taylor and child, Mr. Godfrey, Mrs. Salisbury, Miss Heady, John McGoown, Mr. Sweeney, Mrs. Martin, (wife of John N. Martin, saddle), Mr. Barbour, Mr. McClelland, Mr. H. Hart, (resident of New Albany), and Mr. McBride and child. It is thought one or two others were killed whose names have not been learned.

Fully one hundred buildings in Louisville were unroofed and otherwise injured. The storm passed down the city lying between Fifth and Twenty-first streets. A splendid stock of four-story houses recently erected on the north side of Main, between Eighth and Ninth streets, was completely destroyed and two or three men, it is supposed, are buried in the ruins. These buildings were built at an expense of \$18,000.

The upper story of the rope and bagging factory of W. A. Richardson & Co., Magazine street, was blown down, and the new city school house on the corner of Ninth and Magazine streets, was unroofed. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000.

The storm was very severe in Jeffersonville, where four houses were blown down.

Breeding.—The Louisville papers of this morning contain full particulars of yesterday's tornado. The Democratic churches in this city were the most violent storms that ever swept over that section of country. The Third Presbyterian church, situated on the corner of Eleventh and Walnut streets was completely wrecked; the entire building, including the roof, rafters and walls, fell in, causing the death of twenty of the congregation, and seriously injuring ten or twenty others.

The scene was heart-rending. Soon a large crowd assembled, and began their search for the victims. A mother and her two children were first discovered grouped in death; another scene presented a father, mother and babe, the father dead, and the mother mortally wounded, while their little child placed beneath them, escaped unhurt, being protected by the forms of its parents. In other instances some of the victims were found terribly bruised and mangled. The catastrophe has stricken consternation into the very heart of the city, and its people are appalled beyond belief.

RESERVE FORCE IN THE CRIMEA.—A military correspondent of one of the London papers says, "with regard to the Crimea, there are 15,000 Russians at Kaffa, 35,000 at Sebastopol, and 40,000 under tents spread over the peninsula."

Another reporter says, the garrison of the fortifications and covering the approaches with works of the most formidable kind. Altogether the prospect of successfully attacking such a place, defended by 200,000 men, at this late season of the year, seems doubtful.

NEW ORLEANS AND OPELOUSAS RAIL ROAD.—It has been rumored, since some time, that Messrs. J. Baker, of the Parish of St. Mary, and R. Cade, of this Parish, would be the contractors for the route from Berwick's Bay to Washington. This supposition, which every one who felt the slightest interest in the Rail Road, was so pleased to hear, offers very little doubt now. The Hon. J. H. Overton, President of the company, was in this Parish this week, and it is more than probable that Messrs. Cade and Baker are the undertakers for the portion of the road above mentioned.

Two persons better calculated for that purpose cannot be found. They know the country, its resources and energy, besides their personal acquaintance with a guarantee which all are ready to admit. If they intend employing negroes to work, they will be well supplied, as no doubt a proper discipline will be observed among the slaves. And finally, let it be said in passing that if we are compelled to borrow the iron for our railroad, we can at least do without borrowing men.—*Echo of Lafayette.*

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—The Buffalo Democracy says that a singular occurrence, resulting in a melancholy manner, took place a few days since in the town of Hamburg, in this country. An Irishman, was engaged in digging a well, and after getting down to the depth of 18 or 20 feet, found signs of water very perceptible. At last he struck his pick through a thin layer of slate, and with a noise like thunder, sufficiently loud to be distinctly heard all over the neighborhood, a stream of mingled gas and water burst through the orifice, instantly killing the unfortunate man, and filling the well to the depth of 10 or 12 feet with water. Gas still escapes profusely, and the water is in constant and violent motion, resembling a large cauldron of boiling fluid.

NOVEL SCENE.—The ex-postmaster of Boston is in Germany. He sends home an account of a dinner to a railway congress, at which a locomotive appeared upon the table, to which was attached a train loaded with the choicest and most solid food. The succulent train advanced slowly, in imitation of the passenger trains upon all German roads. After having made the tour of the table without stopping, in order to give a view of the good things with which it was freighted, the train again started, making a station in front of each guest, permitting him to fill his plate according to his appetite and fancy. The trains followed each other in quick succession for two or three hours, departing each time well loaded with edibles, and always returning empty to the depot.—This is exactly the thing for our American eating tables, where the fashion according to English authority, is to gulp everything with railroad speed.

[From the Southern Recorder.]

THE COURT OF JOVE.

The Court of Jove was once convened, And thus the question ran:— Which holds the greatest sway on earth, The female race, or man?

The hall was full—the gods were there, The subject to debate, While goddesses for woman plead, Until the hour was late.

Old time then left his dusty seat, Where ages had been he, To tell to those assembled there, What his sharp eye had seen.

"I saw," said he, "a warrior come, Triumphant from the field, With laurels fresh upon his brow, Which had his courage sealed."

"But while he made his victor's boast, To valor treated his vow, For woman came—and by her charms The king was made a slave."

"I saw a monarch on his throne, A sceptre in his hand, Dependent subjects at his feet, A realm at his command."

"But 'twas his lot to be subdued, His freedom found a grave, For woman came—and by her charms The king was made a slave."

"In fine," said he, "I looked on man, Ferocious, savage, wild, Until his lawless soul was tamed By Nature's furest child."

"Her smiles have a subduing power, Her tears restless might, Her voice a tune that thrills the heart— Her eye, an orb of light."

"And now," said he, "another word, And then my task is done; That is, without her, man's blank, Creation has no sun."

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 10.

Contradiction of General Down's Death.—It will be borne in mind that we have thrown some doubt on the authenticity of the rumor relative to the death of General Down. To confirm these doubts we find the following editorial contribution in the National Intelligencer of the 30th August. We regret that the Intelligencer does not give the authority for this contradiction, as we do not find the same statement in the Union of the same date.

"We learn with much satisfaction that the report of the death of ex-Senator Down, of New Orleans, is premature. The error, we understand, arose by confounding him with Commodore Down, of the navy, who died in 1848, and from the fact that Collector Down had left New Orleans for Kentucky for the benefit of his health, in which latter place his death is reported to have taken place. The President, it appears, has filled the supposed vacancy by promoting Mr. Porter, the Surveyor of the port of New Orleans, and advancing one of the Appraisers to the office of Surveyor. What is to be done now in the premises we are unable to say, but suppose the word of command will be, 'As you were.'"

PRINCE ALBERT.—Somebody in London has perpetrated the following scandalous paragraph about Prince Albert: "I can, however, give you a little anecdote of her Majesty that is authentic. Prince Albert was lately out for a day's visit to Cambridge, with instructions that he must return by ten at night. When there the professors and the students, in their address, that being promised an entertainment by the municipality too, he telegraphed for permission to remain until twelve. The reply quickly came from Victoria, that, as a punishment for this conjugal disobedience, he must return by ten at night. The poor Prince was obliged to trudge into Pockington place, to escape the suspicion and consequence of marital disobedience."

"YOUR PAPER DID NOT COME, SIR."—We read a candid and personal of the following plain statement, by one of our friends, who says that it is from a paper called "The Advance," published at Hernando, Mississippi: "The uncertain arrival, or uncertain delivery of papers at country post-offices, is often the ground of complaint against printers and editors. Many of the offices are poorly supplied with the conveniences of taking care of papers, no matter with what certainty they arrive. The papers are jammed into a few little pigeon holes, and a desk, box or barrel to await the call of subscribers in the midst of boots, bridles, horse collars and other coarse wares which may be called for during the week by customers. Country Postmasters, in most cases being engaged in the mercantile business, many newspapers find their way to some obscure corner; where they are hid for a time from human eyes, as completely as if buried in a mountain cave. In the meantime the subscribers are in the dark, and the money which they would not come without you."

WOMAN'S MAGNANIMITY.—A miller's dog broke his chain; the miller ordered the maid servant to tie him up again. She was attacked and bitten by the dog. On hearing her cries, the miller and his people ran to her assistance. "Keep off!" said she shutting the yard, "the dog is mad. I am already bitten and must chain him up alone." Notwithstanding his biting, she did not let him go, but chained him up, and then retired to her chamber, and with the noblest resignation, prepared herself to die. Symptoms of hydrophobia soon broke out; and she died in a few days. The dog was killed without doing any further mischief.

GIVE HIM HIS DESERTS, LADIES.—The Boston Post says that five women will spread out their clothes so as to take up the entire side of an omnibus, thus occupying the room designed for eight, and then if another woman presents herself at the door, they will cry out: "You can't come in here! There ain't any room;" but if a man wants to get in, they can make room easy enough, right down between them.

DIRECTIONS FOR A SHORT LIFE.—We copy the following directions for a short life from an old almanac. We doubt not but they will prove as efficacious as any other: 1st. Eat hot bread at every meal. 2d. Eat fat. 3d. Lie in bed every morning until the sun is two hours high. 4th. Add the morning dew.

A POETRY BOO.—The editor of the Southern Sentinel, Plainville, has been shown a tract in the shape of a double egg, which was found in the post-office of a resident of that town. It was about the size of a turkey's egg, and when shown, one egg was broken, and there floating inside, in apparently the white, was another egg, perfectly formed, and of the size of a hen's egg, and with a shell which sounded harder or thicker than usual.

BRITISH DENIAL OF THE CUBA AFFAIRS.—In the house of lords, on the evening of the 17th ult., Lord Clarendon laid on the table a despatch from the British minister at Havana, describing the manner in which the British consul had secured the release of the vessel, and the removal of the crew to the United States. The despatch stated that the British minister had never contemplated the establishment of a trade with Cuba, or to establish a trade with Africa.

TIME TO MAKE LOVE.—Always make love at sunset; when old Sol goes down, the affections of your dignity get out. There is as close a connection between the golden skirts of the sun's night-gown and your tenderness, as between the canine race and the assuaging influence. Love, twilight, decline and the setting sun, are the best friends you have. Next day you work in the same way: the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop.

I have been here going hard upon 50 years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't no wonder that I give him another look. I sleep with my hands on my head, and my feet on the other leg; that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by a unlettered African on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His Handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

FEVER AND AGUE.—We are not in the habit of interfering with the business of our professional friends the physicians. But the following recipe for a radical cure of the fever and ague comes to us with such strong recommendations, from a source entirely reliable, that we have strong faith in it ourselves, and we think that our friends will preserve the recipe, and give it a trial on the first opportunity: 20 grains sulph. quinine. 1 pint Holland gin. 1 pint water. 3 pils red pepper. Mix together in a bottle.

Take one-half wine glass full every two hours for twelve hours, previous to the chill. When the fever subsides, take a dose every four hours, for several days, after which take three doses a day, at morning, noon, and night, until the symptoms of ague disappear entirely.—*Exchange.*

How to Wash Lace.—The following mode of washing laces we find in an exchange, and republish for the benefit of our fair readers: The difficulty of getting lace washed right, especially out of a great city, is very great. Every lady, therefore, should know how to wash her own thread lace. If any fair lady is ignorant of this art we can teach her in a very few words. Let her first rip off the lace, carefully pick out the loose bits of thread, and roll the lace very smoothly and securely round a clean black bottle previously covered with old white linen, sewed tightly on. Tack each end of the lace with a needle and thread to keep it smooth; and be careful in wrapping not to crumple or fold in any of the scallops or pearlings.

After it is on the bottle take some of the best sweet oil, and with a clean sponge wet the lace thoroughly to the inmost folds. Have ready in a wash-kettle, a strong cold lather of clear water and white Castile soap. Fill the bottle with cold water to prevent its bursting, cork it well and stand it upright in the lather, with a string round the neck secured to the ears or handle of the kettle, to prevent its knocking about and breaking while over the fire. Let it boil in the suds for an hour or more, till the lace is clean and white all through. Drain off the suds, and dry it on the bottle in the sun. When dry, remove the lace from the bottle and roll it round a wide ribbon block; or lay it in long folds, place it within a sheet of smooth white paper, and press in a large book for a few days.

BOEWHEAT CAKES.—Every body's dish. The griddle on which cakes are baked, should never be touched with grease. Firstly, because it imparts a rancid taste to the cakes. Secondly, if a cooking stove, or if the fire is weak, with a smother of burnt grease, betraying what we are going to have for breakfast. Wash the griddle with hot soap-suds, scrub it with dry sand, and when heated for use, rub it well with a spoonful of fine salt and a coarse cloth; it will then be ready to receive the cakes. After each cake is removed, the salt rubbing must be repeated.—Try it, and you will ever follow the advice of an old house-keeper.

Wanted.—Twenty independent young ladies of "good families," who were their last winter's bonnets to church on a clear Sunday.

Wanted.—The same number of young ladies "who are nobody," who were their last winter's bonnets to church on a clear Sunday.

Wanted.—The same number of young ladies of sufficient age "to go into company," who are willing to learn the art of basket-making, and to receive the same wages as their own kind.

Wanted.—One young married lady who will be willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Wanted.—Twenty fashionable young ladies who have been seen wearing a dusting brush or darn their brother's stockings. If a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Wanted.—The same number of maiden ladies who care only never had an offer.

Wanted.—The same number of mistresses, leaders of fashion, who will be willing to receive the same wages as their own kind.

A CHAPTER ON MARRIAGE. Marry not a man who thinks woman's only duty is to make his shirts and cook his dinners. Such a man would make his wife a slave.

Marry not a man who is too proud to acknowledge woman's equality, for that man is a tyrant and would make a scold or a nobody of his wife.

Marry not a man who thinks his wife is his property, for he will be sure to lose her.

Marry not a man who is fortune hunting; for the money once obtained, you would be a secondary consideration, taken because the money could not come without you.

Marry not a man who in his intercourse with men speaks sneeringly and vulgarly of women, for he is not a man who can be kind to be despised and loathed by the virtuous.

Marry not a man who seeks for amusement where his sisters are excluded, for that man's associations are low, his ideas of party limited, and himself not worthy the companionship of a high minded woman.

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION. Did you ever hear of the scrape I and uncle Zekie had duckin' out, on the old Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Thurston, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under her roof for and in consideration of a bran new milk-pail.

"No, I never did—do tell it." "Well—you must know that I and uncle Zekie took it into our heads to go gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff, so in we got, and skinned down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew about. I tell you and bime by a few of them lit down in the marsh, and went to feeding on ourselves. I etched up my peader-horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The warden was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom.—Now I couldn't swim a job, so I set to work to fish, 'you're a pretty clever fellow—jest let me take your peader-horn to prime, and I don't you think the string cracker wouldn't do it." "Well, says I, you are a pretty good diver, and if you'll dive and get it I'll give you a primin." I thought he'd leave his peader-horn, but he didn't, but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

"Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder, and a name of sometime ensued, when Jonathan added:—"I looked down, and what do you think the old cracker was doin'?" "Lord," exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was settin', right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peader out his horn into bizen."

An exchange says an important improvement is promised by a new species of candle, which has been recently made in Cincinnati. It will probably supersede all other kinds in use in course of time, on account of its beauty, freedom from gutterings, hardness, and capacity of shedding light. The principal ingredient is lard.

A CURIOUS INVENTION.—An inventor in Logansport, Ind., has patented a contrivance for catching tapeworms in the human stomach. He has made a small trap, on which a bait is placed, and after fasting for some time, the patient swallows the tray and bait, the latter being snatched at by the worm, which gets its head into the trap, and is at once drawn to the surface. This is a species of sport which probable none of our readers wish an opportunity to indulge in.

Some people are nothing but money, pride and pleasure. These three things engross their thoughts, and take up their whole soul.—*Collier.*

A Good One.—Some one mentioned to us, the other day, remarks the Knickerbocker, the circumstance of a fat quarrelsome fellow, who was driven from a stage coach by passengers whom he had annoyed with his growlings and complaints. A cigar was lighted, when at a preconcerted moment one of the passengers exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, sir, put out that fire! I have four pounds of gun powder in my overcoat pocket!" "Driver! driver! stop—stop!" exclaimed the victim of his 'gunpowder plot.' "Let me out! let me out!" There is a man here with gunpowder in his pocket and he'll blow us all to the—"

The complainant 'got up' in no small hurry, and the passengers thence forward pursued the even tenor of their way undisturbed by his further annoyance.

This anecdote reminds us of an occurrence which once took place at the long and picturesque bridge over the Cayuga lake—that middle-western barrier of which success of defeat in time of political excitement is now predicted. A wag from Syracuse, who, with some half-dozen friends, had been sporting at the pleasant and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, determined on approaching the toll-gate in a sleigh, one stormy winter night, to "run the bridge."

"Lads, boys," said he, "in the sleigh, and when we get under the gate, groan a little and tremble, but don't over-do it. Here get under the horse-blankets."

They did so, and when the sleigh came under the tucket-draw of the bridge, they began to moan and shake so that "it was piteous to see and even to hear."

"I have nothing less than ten dollar bill," said our wag handing the gate-keeper a bank note, but for heaven's sake change it just as quick as ever you can! I have three friends in the sleigh who are almost dead with the small-pox, and I'm in a—"

"Drive on!" said the terrified gate-keeper, handing back the bill; "drive on! pay next time!"

Above the whistling of the snow-laden wind which swept over the frozen lake, and the trampling of the horses' feet on the bridge that night, the gate-keeper heard the loud laugh of these wags, proclaiming that he had been 'taken in and done for.'

Pretty Good.—Three or four weeks ago an amusing incident took place in one of the most splendid of the New York Hotels, which is too good not to be related. A distinguished southern gentleman, formerly a member of the cabinet, was a boarder in the house, and preferring not to eat at the table d'hote, had his meals served in his own parlor with all the elegance for which the establishment is noted. Being somewhat annoyed with the airs of the servant who waited on him—a negro of very sooty complexion—he desired him one day at dinner to retire. The negro bowed, and took his stand directly behind the gentleman's chair. Supposing him gone, it was with some impatience, that a few minutes after, the gentleman saw him step forward to remove the soup.

"Fellow," said he, "leave the room. I wish to be alone."

"Excuse me, sar," said Caffee, drawing himself up stiffly, "but I'm responsible for the silver."

Paddy, attending a "Broadbrim" convention for the first time, was much astonished and puzzled with all the manner of worship. Having been told that that the "brethren" spoke even as they were moved by the spirit," he watched the proceedings with increasing disgust for their "hathor way of worship," till one young Quaker arose and commenced solemnly:—"Brethren, I have married—"

"The devil ye hev!" interrupted Pat. "The Quaker set down in confusion, but the spirit moving Pat no further, the young man mustered courage and broke ground again. "Brethren I have married a daughter of the Lord."

"The devil ye hev that!" said Pat, "but it'll be a long while before I'er ye'll see yer father-in-law."

MIND YOUR PRONUNCIATIONS.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, created quite a sensation a few evenings since, while reading to a circle of young ladies a poetic effusion—"To a Beautiful Belle,"—by pronouncing the latter word in two syllables.

Did you ever hear of the scrape I and uncle Zekie had duckin' out, on the old Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Thurston, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under her roof for and in consideration of a bran new milk-pail.

"No, I never did—do tell it." "Well—you must know that I and uncle Zekie took it into our heads to go gunning arter ducks, in father's skiff, so in we got, and skinned down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew about. I tell you and bime by a few of them lit down in the marsh, and went to feeding on ourselves. I etched up my peader-horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The warden was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom.—Now I couldn't swim a job, so I set to work to fish, 'you're a pretty clever fellow—jest let me take your peader-horn to prime, and I don't you think the string cracker wouldn't do it." "Well, says I, you are a pretty good diver, and if you'll dive and get it I'll give you a primin." I thought he'd leave his peader-horn, but he didn't, but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

"Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder, and a name of sometime ensued, when Jonathan added:—"I looked down, and what do you think the old cracker was doin'?" "Lord," exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know." "There he was settin', right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peader out his horn into bizen."

An exchange says an important improvement is promised by a new species of candle, which has been recently made in Cincinnati. It will probably supersede all other kinds in use in course of time, on account of its beauty, freedom from gutterings, hardness, and capacity of shedding light. The principal ingredient is lard.

A CURIOUS INVENTION.—An inventor in Logansport, Ind., has patented a contrivance for catching tapeworms in the human stomach. He has made a small trap, on which a bait is placed, and after fasting for some time, the patient swallows the tray and bait, the latter being snatched at by the worm, which gets its head into the trap, and is at once drawn to the surface. This is a species of sport which probable none of our readers wish an opportunity to indulge in.

Some people are nothing but money, pride and pleasure. These three things engross their thoughts, and take up their whole soul.—*Collier.*

THE undersigned having pecuniary engagements to meet, he hereby informs those who are indebted to him that he cannot wait any longer for his dues, and requests them to come forward and settle without delay, if they wish to save costs.

ALBERT DEJEAN, Auctioneer. Opelousas 16th Sept. 1854.

IT IS A FACT ESTABLISHED and well known that the Arabians attained a height in the knowledge of medicine which caused the whole world to wonder and admire. With them the science of chemistry had its birth, and it is, therefore, not at all strange that a people so eminently successful in the healing art, and so persevering and daring in character, should, by actual and untiring experiment, discover remedies far surpassing in efficacy all others, for the cure of those diseases incident to them from their mode of life.

The greater part of their time being spent in hazardous and bloody warfare with the different tribes, they were subject to the most violent attacks of rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgic pains, and various inflammatory diseases, as also the most horrid wounds, sprains, bruises, tumors, swellings, diseases of the joints, etc., etc. All these diseases they were so surprisingly efficient in curing, that the uninitiated looked with wonder and attributed their skill to the powers of magic. H. G. FARRELL'S ARABIAN LINIMENT is a composition of balsams and oils, from rare plants peculiar to this country, and it was by the use of the articles composing this great remedy that not only their physicians, but even the wild Arabs of the desert were enabled to perform such marvellous cures. The Arab steed is world-renowned for his beautiful symmetry of form, his unsurpassed speed and agility, and the