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[Baton Rouge, LA] Daily Gazette & Comet, Jnuary 3, 1860-December 29, 1860

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DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA]
January 3, 1860 – Dec. 29, 1860

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 2

C. G. Wilson,
House, Sign, & Decorative Painter.
House Painting,
Shop on Main Street,
Opposite Montan & Matta's Hardware
Store—Baton Rouge, La.

Glaizing [sic], Graining, Gilding, Marbling and Paper Hanging, neatly executed. Particular attention paid to Plain and Fancy

Signs.

Imitations of wood and stone finished in the best style.

Frames

For Pictures and Looking Glasses made to order.

Orders for Plantation work solicited.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

H. A. Rauhman,
House, Sign and Ornamental
Painter.
Third Street,
Between North Boulevard & Convention Streets,
Baton Rouge, La.

The undersigned having fitted up the house north of Mr. Michael Granery's Grocery Store, on Third Street, where he has removed his Shop, and as usual is prepared to fill orders for work, anywhere, within a compass of fifty miles from his Shop.

Orders for Painting, Glazing, Paper Hanging, etc., addressed to him through the Post office in this city, will meet prompt attention.

H. A. Rauhman.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Just Received.

At Bogel's Drug Store.—A large assortment of Fresh Garden Seeds:
Artichoke,

Asparagus,
Beans, Bene Plant,
Beets, Cress, Cucumber, Eggplant, Leek,
Lettuce, Parsley,
Peas, Pepper, Radish,
Spinage [sic], Cauliflower, Cabbage,
Carrot, Celery, Corn, Melon, Mus-
tard, Okra, Onion, Salsify, Squash, Turnip,
Parsnip,
Tomato and
Pumpkin. These

Seeds can be relied on, and are warranted fresh and genuine, by

Ed. & Wm. Bogel.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 3

Silks.

Such as Moire Antique, Flounced, &c., just received and for sale at

N. O. Cheap Store.

Cloth Cloaks.

We have just received from New York, a fine supply of Black Cloth Cloaks and Mantillas. At our usual low prices.

Phil'a Cash Store,
Lafayette Street.

Cloth & Velvet Cloaks.

I have just received another assortment of Cloaks, Talmas and Dusters, also a large lot for Misses and Children. I am now prepared to show these goods to advantage, having fitted up my Clothing room for that purpose.

W. D. Phillips.

Fancy Hats and Caps For Small Children.

An article that heretofore could not be found at all, outside of New Orleans, can now be had in all colors, shapes and prices at my Store; among them, some very handsome Riding Hats and Misses Flat Hats a new article for Fall and Winter, also some very beautiful Embroidered Merino Hats for infants.

W. D. Phillips.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

For a Tole [sic] of One Fifth.

Persons who have corn of their own growing, and wish to exchange it for meal, for their own use, can do so at the Mill of the undersigned; subject to a Tole [sic] of one Fifty [sic].

Joshua Beal.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

New Goods.

We have received from New York the following Black and Gray Cloth Cloaks and Dusters, Black and Colored French Merinos, Bonnet and Trimming Ribbons, French and English Prints, Hosiery, Irish Linens, &c., at the

Philadelphia Cash Store,
Lafayette Street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

Thule, Berthas, and Capes.

I invite the attention of the Ladies to my large assortment of these goods in all shapes and colors, also to my assortment of Ball and Wedding Dresses, White, Blue, Pink, Cherry, Buff, Yellow and Lilac Tarlatons [sic], a few more chances left for that beautiful Blue Dress.

W. D. Phillips.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Pomades—In tin cans, a good stock on hand, assorted flavors.

V. Heude & Co.

Sweet things—just received, 200 lbs. assorted Gum Drops in five and ten pound boxes.

V. Heude & Co.

Leeches.

A fresh lot on hand of the genuine Hungarian, which will be carefully packed and forwarded to any part of the country.

We have made arrangements to receive a supply of healthy Leeches every week.

V. Heude & Co.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

Ladies Morino [sic] Vests.

A fine article of the above, has just been received, also white Merino Hose,

At the Phila. Cash Store,
Lafayette Street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

Fruit Cans.

Those wishing to preserve their fruits for winter, can always be supplied with cans hermetically sealed, at

Larguier & Lanoue's,
Corner Lafayette and Florida sts.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

Counterpanes.

We have just received from New York, a fine supply of White Marseilles Counterpanes at the

Philadelphia Cash Store,
Lafayette street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

Sundials.

Manufactured by W. W. Wilson, Pittsburg, Penn., can be ordered of
Theodore Goldmann,
Sole Agent for this and adjoining Parishes.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Operatic Etiquette.—A point of operatic etiquette is agitating Philadelphia, which is "how many bouquets thrown to a prima donna is the tenor to pick up." One night last week Adeline Patti was entirely showered with bouquets; Brignoli, the petted but lazy tenor, picked up one and afterwards two, presenting them to the cantatrice, and leaving the others to be stopped for by the lady herself, or a servant.—The audience thought this discourteous, and hissed. How the emeute will end, we know not, but we recommend that a large basket, with a tiger in livery, be placed at each proscenium entrance to receive the buds and blossoms hereafter thrown at the wonderful young creature, who, at the early age of sixteen, is driving staid Philadelphia crazy.—She has inspiration, a pretty mouth and an electric eye, and therefore we sympathize with the Quaker City bloods, whose hearts are all dancing *pitty patty*.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated.]

Shall We Have Some Fairs.

Dear Comet:--There is none of your readers to dispute the fact that we have entered on a new year according to the Christian era. This is a settled question, and to step from this in a logical manner, the next important matter on the programme, or rather the bill of fare, for the

coming time we shall have "D. V.," the 8th of January, when the Pelicans in full feather are to receive the bannor [sic] spoken of by one of your contributors. After that comes the 22d of February, when (I hear it said in well informed circles), the Masons will have a ball, then we shall all be prepared to meet the Fourth of July. In the mean time, however, let us not forget that the General Assembly will meet in a few days and there is as yet no whisper out as to Fairs for their entertainment, Soirees, Musicale, and Concerts for the Churches. What's the matter? Has the cold weather congested all the Fair hearts? I hope not. There should be getting up two or three Fairs at least. How, pray, will the members get rid of their per diem? They cannot spend it all for segars [sic] and cognac. This is a very serious question, and the ladies should go at once to work to get up Charity Concerts to relieve them. Shall we have some Fairs? This is the question in which none can be more interested than your

Cynthia.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

Baton Rouge Brewery.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his old friends and the public, that the Brewery on Boulevard street, will undergo thorough repairs and enlargement and be prepared to furnish the Best of Malt Liquors, in any quantity desired. Having made arrangements in the West for a regular supply of the best Malt and other materials used in brewing, an article will be made equal to the best to be had.

Alex. St. Martin.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 4

To the Ladies.

S. M. Asher, respectfully informs the ladies of Baton Rouge and vicinity, that he has now on hand, and will always keep a full assortment, of all materials for needle work, such as Zephyr, Split, Chine and Shetland Wool, Embroider Silk and Cotton in all colors, Croche [sic?] Cotton and Needles, which he will furnish at New Orleans prices.

S. M. Asher,
Lafayette Street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Madame F. Maine,
Modiste from Paris.
Lafayette Street.

Respectfully informs her friends and patrons of East and West Baton Rouge, that she has just received a large stock of elegant

Dress Trimmings,

and is now prepared to fill orders of her customers with promptness and dispatch.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Hair-Work Made to Order.

The undersigned begs leave to inform the Ladies of New Orleans and the public in general, that he is fully prepared to execute any order in his line, such as Bracelets, Necklaces, Guard, Chains, Vest Chains, Rings, Drops, Crosses, Buttons, Sacks [?], Earrings, Hearts, Acorns, Snakes, Anchors, Fishes, Books, Birds, Baskets, Horns, Trumpets, Barrels, Pictures; also, Flower Bouquets, Memorials, Landscapes, Letters, Portraits, &c., &c., &c., in Locketts, Broaches or Frames.

The undersigned wishes particularly to bring to public notice that he has made a new invention, by which HAIR worked in Flowers, Bouquets, Monuments, &c., &c., never changes color, as no gum whatever is used, and he has thus succeeded in finding the means by which to preserve the Hair FOREVER IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE. The Hair of the youngest infant can be worked up by means of this process.

Anxious to secure the patronage of the Ladies and the public in general, he assures them that every effort will be made to satisfy their expectations in regard to neatness, durability and quality; every article of Jewelry guaranteed.

CAUTION.

The public are cautioned against a species of imposition in the above business, by substituting work imported from the North and Europe, and passing it off as if executed with the Hair furnished by customers, therefore parties should be very careful with whom they trust their Hair.

Parties, leaving orders are most politely requested to be present, and *see* their work done, so as to be convinced that he will get their own Hair, this will be a satisfaction, which *no other establishment* in the City can give, *be sure of imposition.*

Watches and Jewelry Carefully Repaired and Warranted.

Old Gold and Silver Taken in Exchange.

Orders from the country addressed to me will be promptly attended to.

Recollect No. 27 Chartres Street, if you wish to get the REAL HAIR of your friends.

F. Steubenrauch, Artist,
No. 27 Chartres St.,
Between Canal and Customhouse streets
(formerly 14 Royal street)

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Ladies Oyster Saloon.

I have fitted up and this day opened upstairs at the old stand of F. Musselman, an Oyster Saloon expressly for the accommodation of the Ladies, where they can always be served in a superior style free from the presence of gentlemen when not accompanied by ladies.

It is the desire of the proprietor to do all in his power to please the tastes of his lady patrons.

I also have a gentleman's Saloon.

G. D. Waddill.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 5

Maynrad's [sic—Maynard's] Breech Loading Rifle.

Orders received for the above simple—beautiful and effective weapon. They load at the breech and can be used either as a rifle or shot gun.

Montan & Matta.
Hardware Corner.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 4, 1860, p. 4, c. 1

Light for the Million.

Canal, Bulk, Quadra, Dark and Plain Lanterns, Octagon, Plain, High, Smooth, solid, Light, and furnished, Brass and Japanned Candlesticks, at

Montan & Matta's
Hardware Corner.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 4, 1860, p. 4, c. 1

Medicated Iodine Cigars.

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchits [sic], and all diseases of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, prepared in Francfort [sic] on Main, Germany, and for sale by

Ed. & Wm. Bogel.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 4, 1860, p. 4, c. 3

Fly, Musquito [sic] and Roach Traps at

Montan & Matta's.
Hardware Corner.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 4, 1860, p. 4, c. 3

New & Elegant Perfumes.
Just Come to Hand.

Mount Vernon,
Washington Nosegay,

Kiss Me Quick,
Kiss Me Slyly,
Kiss Me Sweetly,
Shamrock,
Rondoleta,
Butterfly,
Humming Bird,
Frangipanna [sic],
Opera,
V. Heude & Co.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 4, 1860, p. 4, c. 5

Kiss Me Sweetly, a double extract of sweet Tulips, just received and for sale by
Ed. & G. W. Bogel.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Manufacture of Toys.—It is not generally known, says the London *Art Journal*, how extensively the manufacture of children's toys in Germany has become, nor the full amount of care and attention that is bestowed on their construction. The best come from one district, Sonneberg, in Saxe Meiningen, and the principal manufacturer there is Adolph Fleischmann, whose works in the great exhibition in 1851 excited much attention. In the Southwestern district of the old Thuringian forest are numbers who live by this ingenious trade, and the Hereditary Duke, fully aware of the importance of its mercantile improvement, has founded and fitted out schools for the better instruction of the workmen, gathering for their use, books, prints and models. The workmen are generally bred to the trade, sons improve on fathers' work, and as in other factories, it is found that some have exclusive ability in a particular branch of manufacture only a peculiar native facility which, in so large a factory can be exclusively devoted to its own bias. The use of papier mache in place of wood carving has been the real secret of the great improvement of toys; for a good model in clay or wax being obtained, it could be reproduced in casts by the commonest workmen, women or children. Another advantage of papier mache was its lightness and hollowness—the latter allowing the introduction of simple machinery for movement. The cheapness of good casting triumphed over the commonest carving, and the result has been a continued improvement in German toys, until those of the best class may fairly be considered artistic models of nature, acting as educational agents where such agents can only be introduced, that is, by means of play.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Order of Red Men.—We notice with pleasure that a branch of the Independent Order of Red Men has been established in this city, and is even now in the full tide of successful experiment. The lodge bears the name of "Tecumseh Tribe No. 4," and already numbers some twenty-eight members.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The New York Journal of Commerce says that Miss Evans' "Beulah" has passed through fifteen editions within the three months it has been before the public.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Ladies.—The annexed opinion so handsomely expressed, and containing such capital and apporiate [sic] advice, we cannot refrain from copying for the benefit of our readers among the "fair sex." We are sure that the author of the paragraph has given expression to the opinion of an intelligent and reflecting mind:

When are they the Prettiest?—A wife looks prettier, if she did but know it, in her neat morning dress calico; than in that incongruous pile of finery, which she dignifies with the title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband in some simple, unpretending attire, if consulted about which she would pronounce too cheap for ordinary wear, by which by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, idealize her youth wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for costliness, they would have no reason to regret it. A foolish and silly man is not worth marrying, and a sensible man will surely judge you advantageously in exact ratio to the plainness and simplicity of your dress."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Friday) evening at the Old Court House at 7½ o'clock. A punctual attendance requested.

Subject for Debate:—"Is a High Protective Tariff Beneficial?"

Affirmative—Messrs. Huguet & Tunnard.

Negative—Messrs. Chambers & Waddill.

The lecture postponed on account of inclemency of weather, will be delivered after the discussion—Subject: The necessity of a National School in American Art," by W. H. Tunnard.

By order of the Society.

W. H. Tunnard,
Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Traps! Traps!! Traps!!!

Badger; Beaver; Turtle; Woodcock; Rat; Mouse; Fly and Coon Traps, just from the largest Trap Manufactory in the East.

Montan & Matta.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Cotton Seed.

In store and for sale, a full supply of Boyds Prolific, Little Brown and Mexican.

Barbee & Benjamin.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

New Patents.

Cock Roach Traps, Apple Peelers, Corers and Quarterers, Revolving Side Slid Ironing Stoves,
Concave top Ironing Stove, Double Cog Nutmeg Graters at

Montan & Matta's.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Flats! Flats!!

Leghorn Flats for Ladies and Misses—brown, grey and white, just received by
S. M. Asher.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

Musquotoe [sic] Netting.

Cotton, Linen and Bobinet Netting just received at

S. M. Asher's.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 6, 1860, p. 4, c. 6

To House Keepers!
Just Received
at the
People's Store,
A Fresh Supply of
House Furnishings

Such as curtain damasks of every desirable shade and the latest designs, together with a fresh
supply of

Lace Curtains

and Curtain Muslin, also a large assortment of Embroidered curtains by the pair and by the yard.

Damask Table Cloth,

Bleached and Brown, also Damask Table Covers and Napkins, Linen Diaper Towls [sic], Linen
and Cotton Diaper by the piece and by the yard.

Damask Slipp [sic] Linen,

Irish and German Linen, Marseille Counterpanes, 10½, 11½ and 12½; Also French and
American Furniture Calicos of the best manufacture; also, Solid Colored Swiss Calicos, Green
and Red.

Blankets

of all qualities and sizes, Flannels, Linseys, all the approved makes in Brown & White Domestic.

Sheetings.

White and Brown 10½, 11½ and 12½; also, Attakapas and French Cottonades, all of which will be sold at reduced prices at

S. Schmalinsky & Co.'s
People's Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

It is said that "red is all the rage" with the ladies of Buffalo this winter. They are wearing red heeled shoes, red stockings and red petticoats.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Eighth.—As the "Glorious Eighth" did not come until the 9th, the demonstration was given us yesterday, in a very neat and creditable manner. The Pelican Rifles made their first regular turn out—armed and equipped. How the times have changed! Twenty years ago, Sunday would have been the day of all others for the Anniversary. Indeed, when such events came by appointment of the Almanac, in the early time, then the gallant Chasseurs, and the Guards, would fix Sunday for the parade, and come down early in the morning with an assault on Old Michael's; firing, but not falling back, until the going down of the sun. We have improved in more than one respect since the early time; though on the backward track in many things. Music came up from below by appointment, and at 12 o'clock every thing was in readiness to move from the head quarters of the company in Third street. So dense was the throng of men, woman [sic] and children who took possession of the capitol to witness the ceremony of presenting the banner, that the idea was abandoned of getting into the Senate chamber, which had been prepared for the purpose. The presentation took place on the steps of the east gate of the building.—Miss Phillie Nolan, presented it, in the name of the donor (our fellow-citizen Wm. S. Pike, Esq., and the citizens of Baton Rouge.) The speech was an elegant and appropriate one, and responded to by Capt. W. F. Tunnard, Commander of the company. After the presentation—and after parading through town, the company marched to the Harney House, where a sumptuous repast was spread for them, under the direction of the host of that establishment, Col. Rhodus. A long life to the Pelicans say we; may they prosper and grow strong with age, and turn out, long after many of us have turned under and gone to the great rest, that knows no waking. Where pray, was Col. Peirce and the Dragoons, on this occasion? Certainly they are not already *hors du combat*. Will the Col. drop us a line on this subject from Fort Hamilton?

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

From the Interior.

Mansfield, De Soto Parish, }
January 2d, 1860. }

Editor Gazette and Comet:

I left Baton Rouge, as you are aware, on the 24th ult., and arrived at the mouth of Red

River, about 1 o'clock where, having learned that said stream was not navigable as far up as we wished to go, we took the land route through Avoyelles, Rapides and Sabine Parishes. We crossed the Atchafalaya at Simmsport, a place not at all celebrated for the number of its inhabitants, or the "fearful amount of business" done in it; I believe there are, however, as many dry goods stores as there are whisky shops, which speak well for the Port. After leaving the above named place, we started up Bayou De Glaize, and soon reached Moreauville a place containing a variety store and a *hotel*. Here we stopped for the night. Our host was remarkably kind, quite intelligent, very good looking, etc., but before we left, I was forced to the conclusion that he *would'nt [sic] do to keep a hotel*. After a very early breakfast, we renewed our journey, nothing of note transpiring with the exception of a *terrible* collision between your good-looking correspondent and old mother earth, the pony I was riding having thrown me higher and harder than I ever was thrown in my life. Luckily for me the road was very muddy. I "stuck in the mud" *certain*. With the exception of a little soreness, after the excitement was all over, I was not hurt.

Although a bad country to travel through Mr. Editor, that portion of Rapides and Avoyelles parishes through which we passed, is undoubtedly one of the finest cotton growing countries in the world. One of the planters informed me that he made one hundred and ninety bales off of one hundred and twenty acres of land. Don't you think that is hard to beat? From Simmsport to the pine hills, in Rapides (about two days travel—on horseback) it is actually the finest country I ever saw. But after striking the Pine Hills clear through to Fort Jessup, it is dreary and lonely.—For miles, you can see no other growth than pine. From Fort Jessup—a place conspicuous in the early history of Louisiana—to this place, the country, although very poor, is more thickly settled. Mansfield is one of the prettiest inland towns in the State. It has an excellent female academy besides a very good school for young men. It is bounded on all sides by a very fertile (although pine hill) country. I am told that society is excellent. It has a very good hotel, the proprietor of which, Mr. Cunningham, is a clever and hospitable gentleman and richly deserves that which he undoubtedly has,—the "love and esteem of all who know him."

Well, dear Comet, for the present, although reluctantly, *aurevoir*. If do not return as soon as I expected, you shall again hear from

O. W. W.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Fast Line.—It is known at home, if not abroad that Third street, in this considerable city is a fast place. The reasons why are diverse. It is not simply because fast people live in it, because fast people can be found all over the mile square, from Catfish to Spanish Town—from Goose Hollow even as far out as Pete's Alley and Stag Hall. Third street is fast because it presents an inviting dead level of a mile, and because our clever friend in Main street, Capt. Tunnard has introduced to the attention of Red Stickers all the new fangled, two and four wheeled spider built traps in which fast people at the North and the West go, until they run down or run on a snag—or run against one another, and conclude everlastingly the race of earth. They have been putting down gas pipes in Third street recently and in doing this, they have been tearing up the earth in straight lines and the straight lines run into each other at right angles—forming *oblong* squares and triangles.

On Saturday evening last we noticed our fast friend, F., who knows a thing or two about fast horses and fast machines—going down the street with a fast nag fastened to the same. His continuations were spread out on either side of the machine at the angle marked by fashion—he

held the strings "taught" in his left hand, and with his right ever and anon took six inches from his mouth of the divine weed from the Antilles in order to blow away smoke and steam from the furnace. The upper part of his body was slightly bent forward to give the machine additional impetus and on his head he had one of the close fitting caps which people who go fast and take the risk on their own shoulders, generally wear. The machine itself was bright with fresh varnish and threw the light about recklessly, as it passed down the street and disappeared. Presently we heard the dogs bark; the children cry and women scream; whilst gents with their coat tails standing out straight were making tracks to get out of harm's way. We thrust our head further out the window and saw the sleek fast trotting animal making tracks back where he came from at a 2:32 rate; parts of the clay-colored machine flew up and parts flew down; whilst other parts were picked up by small boys on the lightning line. At the corner of Florida street the body of the fast trap lay, the *other side* up, the wheels danced round until they seemed spokeless, and a crowd gathered about to witness the motion.—After a full quarter's spinning, certain brave gentlemen ventured to approach—stopped the unspent motion, and set it on its legs again. Where was our friend, F.? He brought up the rear with a single string in his hand—glad to say unhurt. We have been particular in this matter, because we made a prediction just a year ago, that to this complexion things would come at last. If there is a moral lesson in it, some gentleman of leisure will please point it out.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Wisdom in Love-Making.—I know that men naturally shrink from the attempts to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry, not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearless of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Woman [sic] are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man, who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirits in you to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with woman, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine year's possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, I say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea of the kind of a wife you will want by-and-by. Go into female society, if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise. You can spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good female society.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Formula for Egg-Nogg [sic].—A correspondent furnishes the Baltimore *Sun* with the following valuable formula for egg-nogg [sic]: Take the yolks of sixteen eggs and twelve table-spoons full of pulverized loaf sugar, and beat them to the consistence of cream; to this add two-thirds of a nutmeg grated, and beat well together; then mix in half a pint of good brandy or Jamaica rum and two wine glasses of madeira wine. Have ready the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and beat them into the above described mixture. When this is all done stir in six pints of good rich milk. There is no heat used. Egg-nogg [sic] made in this manner is digestible, and will not cause headache. It makes an excellent drink for debilitated persons, and a nourishing diet for consumptives.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Biscuits! Biscuits!!

Just received direct from the factory, a fresh assortment of Biscuits, consisting of Cracknels, Cream, macaroni, Lemon, Soda and hand Butter Biscuits, which I will sell low for cash, by the case, or at retail.

Hacket.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 13, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Friday) evening at the Old Court House at 7 ½ o'clock. A punctual attendance requested.

Subject for Debate—Was the last war with Mexico constitutional—affirmative Messrs. Favrot and LeBlanc. Negative, Messrs. Monget and Huguet. By order of Society.

A. H. Huguet, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

[Communicated.]

Mr. Editor—As a chronicler of events, your attention is invited to the American Graveyard, near the Garrison. Almost every afternoon you might witness scenes of vandalism unequalled anywhere in the world. The rising generation, boys from ten to eighteen, repair thereto and amuse themselves by *shooting at a mark on monuments and headstones!* thus desecrating what in all nations, even where paganism prevails, is held sacred. Tuesday afternoon the youngsters were in ecstasies [sic] when a good shot was made, that shattered some monuments or headstones over loved ones. The guilty ones are not of the lower classes. The sons of some of our most worthy and well behaved citizens are there, and some not twelve years old had pistols in hand yesterday. It is the imperative duty of every good citizen to see that their children have no pistol, or other bodily weapons in their possession, and to ascertain the company they keep, *as near as possible*. It would surprise some our most orderly citizens to take a walk unperceived in that rendezvous of those depredators, and see their *very young* sons, pistol in hand, engaged in those sports. Something must be done to stop those proceedings, and it is impossible for the police to effect much without the cooperation of the parents (especially as the graveyard is not fairly under the municipal jurisdiction).

A Parent.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

A Bad Omen.—Yesterday morning when the "Star Spangled Banner" was hoisted to the mast head on the round tower at the Capitol it did not fling itself out the breeze, as it has so often done before on less momentous occasions. It did not stand out stiff, but crouched about the pole in a very cowardly and unstar-spangled-banner-like manner. Others noticed it—we noticed it and heard our friend Jones offer as an apology the fact that the wind was not blowing; but this is not satisfactory. What has the wind to do with the stars and stripes of the country?

It is a small matter, this, but big with some unborn event, that is even now getting ready to turn up. It is a small matter this—as before said—a mere *circumstance*; but let us not despise small matters. Have we forgotten the story founded on facts, of the sentinels falling asleep on the tower of liberty and being aroused and advised of the approach of the enemy by the *cackling of geese*? If not, let us not despise small things, but take warning by the ominous signs of the times.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 20, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Friday) evening at the Old Court House at 7½ o'clock. A punctual attendance requested.

Subject for Debate.—Are men governed more by their judgment than by their feelings.
By order of the Society.

A. H. Huguet, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], January 28, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Original Empire Minstrels.—This celebrated troupe will exhibit at the old Court-House this evening at half-past seven o'clock.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Valentines! Valentines!!
14 February, 1860.

A large assortment of
Comic Valentines,
Sentimental Valentines,
Valentine Cards,
Valentine Writers, and
Valentine Envelopes,
Valentines at from 5 cents to five dollars.
Just received and for sale at

J. McCormick's,
Post Office Bookstore.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The members of the Sugarbowl Debating Society will meet this evening at room of Engine Company No. 2, at 7 P.M. . . .

Subject for Debate this Evening.—Does education exert any influence on man?—
Affirmative, Messrs. C. D. Favrot and A. H. Huguet—Negative, Messrs. W. H. Tunnard and

Wm. Monget. By order of Society.

M. Chambers, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Gas Light.—On Thursday night for the first time, there was a trial of the Gas works. Although the apparatus is entirely new, the pipes just laid, and still unsettled, it was a brilliant triumph. The street lights were in full color, and a number of houses illuminated. Thus quietly in a very brief period, a work has been accomplished by a few of our enterprising citizens, to confer general benefits. We venture to say that no equal amount of work to this, was ever undertaken in Louisiana and carried through to completion in a shorter space of time. Great credit is due one and all the employees of the company for their expedition.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Attention Ladies!—I have just received a large and fine assortment of Perfumery, consisting of fine colognes, Lubin's Genuine extracts, Bay Rum, Lubin's Toilet Powder, fine Toilet Soaps, Pomades and Hair Oils.

I would especially recommend to you Thompson's Tooth Soap. It will prevent your teeth from decaying, effectually remove all tartar, and gives a brilliant white, smooth polish to the teeth, and leaves a pleasant aromatic flavor in the mouth. For Sale at

R. D. Day's
Drug Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Spalding & Rogers'
New Orleans Circus.
From Their
New Orleans Amphitheatre,

comprise the elite of their three Circuses, (the Proprietors this year discontinuing all their traveling Companies except this one, in order to concentrate upon all their energies and facilities,) will be exhibited at 1 and 7 P.M., under a canvass pavilion, to be erected at

Baton Rouge

Friday, Feb.....24th.
Saturday, Feb.....25th,
under the personal superintendence of the

Managing Proprietor,
Mr. C. J. Rogers.

Admission.....75 Cents.
Children and Servants.....35 do.

The Celebrated English
Court Jester, Mr. Tom Watson,
Will Sail Down the River,
In a Wash Tub,
Drawn by Four Geese,
in full view of the public on the Bank, about 11
A.M. at every place of exhibition.
Spalding & Rogers'
Campbell Minstrels,
Embracing the choice of the Negro Performers
extant, will give a
Select Ethiopian Entertainment,
under the Circus tent, immediately after each
Circus performance.

Admission.....25 Cents.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

At the Old Court House.
Positively for Two Nights Only.
Wednesday & Thursday,
February 13th and 14th.
The Original and Celebrated
Peak Family;
or,
Swiss Bell Ringers.

This old established Troupe have the honor to announce to the citizens of Baton Rouge that they will give TWO, and TWO ONLY, of their

Novel Entertainments,
As, Above
When Gustave Kaufman, Solo Violinist,
Miss Fannie A. Peak,
With her Staff of 42 Silver Bells,
And the following Juvenile Ballad Singers:--
Master Eddie, and
La Petit Lisette,
will appear in their choicest pieces.

Tickets Fifty Cents.

Doors open at Seven—Commence at a quarter to Eight o'clock.

N. B. The Afternoon Concert is for the accommodation of Families residing in the country and Juveniles. All School children admitted to Afternoon Concert for Fifteen Cents each.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Shall We Make Our Own Paper?—That it can be done is a settled question. Mr. Thos. J. Spear, of New Orleans, who is now here, bears with him samples of paper made from bagasse, or the refuse of the sugar crop; cotton stalks, the wild indigo, and other indiginous [sic] plants heretofore supposed to be worthless. The samples are good and will do; besides this he has samples of hemp from the banana and other plants and a good article of rope from the same. Gentlemen who make a considerable fuss in favor of resolutions to put the South on an equality with the North in manufacturing at home, could very well find room in this direction to test their sincerity. Let them turn their attention to home industry and home interests, and instead of appropriating to arm military companies and equip the State for mere buncomb [sic]; let them offer a bonus on paper or hemp, or any thing else calculated to develope [sic] our latent resources.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Special Notices.
The Concert To-Night
--at the—
Christian Church.
Programme.

- 1.—Grand March de concert—Wallenhamp,
Mr. Keppler.
1. [sic]—Duett [sic] Song, "Where shall we roam,"
L. Medary & C. Mills.
- 3.—Song, Anima (Stobat Mater,)
Miss Filkins.
- 4.—Song, Grand Spanish Calleha,
Mrs. Henderson.
- 5.—Song, Not for gold or precious stones,
L. Medary.
- 6.—Duett [sic], Midnight Moon,
L. Aldrich & M. Mills,
- 7.—Duett [sic], Melodie (Donisette,)
Misses Sheppers.
- 8.—Duett [sic] Song, Mother's Farewell (Norma.)
C. Mills.
- 9.—Song, It is the Chime.
Miss Filkins.
- 10.—Song, Napolitame,
L. Medary.
- 11.—Song, Home Sweet Home,
Mrs. Henderson.
- 12.—Song, Then you'll Remember me,
L. Alderich.
- 13.—Duett [sic], Deh Canta Cante Le Prendi (Norma.)

14.—Trio, Oh Let me Dream of Former years.

15.—Robert Robert, ,
Miss Filkins.

16.—Grand Valse, Brilliant (Choppin [sic]).
Mr. Keppler.

Doors open at 7. Performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Dr. Kane's panorama of his Arctic expedition, and his famous Esquimaux [sic] dog, Etah, sold in New York last week for \$285.—The panoramma [sic] cost \$6,000.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Another National Day Over.

It must be gratifying to all our National and Union loving people to know that the bright light of early patriotic desire has not altogether been smothered or quenched by the fire of fanaticism on one hand and fire-eating on the other.—Indeed fire-eating has come to be so common with some of our great political captains of late years that it is no longer an attractive feature in the show of daily existence.—How such must quail at the reading of the "Farewell Address." It is the voice of a great spirit from the other world, talking to us again, and cautioning the people against the insidious wills of domestic and foreign demagogues. How it seems to have anticipated this day in the history of the nation! At no previous anniversary of the birthday has there been a more extended disposition on the part of the people of this city to celebrate the day.—The stores were closed and business suspended; whilst a large half of the town went into the country to take a whif [sic] at the pure fresh air. The military companies turned out in full feather, with fine music—calling into the street a happy smile of faces. At night there was a celebration in the Hall of the House, where Col. Waggman delivered an eloquent and patriotic address.—The interesting sight to us was the turn out of the boys of Magruder's Collegiate Institute; a noble looking band of fellows from all parts of the State, a string of over a hundred. As they passed our door we could not help but think this the greatest army of the two, we mean not to fight with weapons of destruction, but in the great battle of truth against error which shall wind up with a glorious conquest. If but ten out of the hundred, or even one come up to the full proportions of manhood, in moral principles of right and justice he is the conqueror, whom the world will yet recognize as the greatest of heroes with claims to the laurel. Principles boys! Principle. This is what is wanted to fight the battle of life successfully—this is armour [sic] of steel in which you may stand up against ignorance on one hand and bigotry on the other. With this you may take what little good there is afloat at this time of day, and hand it to those who shall come after you, when it becomes your duty to take the first part in the drama of life. At night the boys gave an exhibition of their acquirements in oratory at the Methodist church, where there was a house full to its last capacity. We were not only highly pleased with the manner but the method of the speaking, and every one present bore away a most favorable impression. If there is any one institution of which, or rather for which we feel more pride than another, it is Magruder's Collegiate Institute.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 28, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Never Turn Suddenly.—It is entirely useless to give words of caution and advice in the paper, unless people profit by it. Our fast young men should paste the following in the crowns of their hats: On Sunday morning last a young gentleman dressed in the most elegant extreme of fashion, with his hat on one side of his head, a long nine in the other corner of his mouth, a rattan in his right hand, covered with mouse colored gloves, came to the corner of Laurel, leading into Lafayette street, and instead of making a wide turn on the side-walk, hugged the corner and would have shaved it close but for the fact that a small colored individual with a plate of eggs, essayed to do the same in order to get into Laurel street by the shortest cut. A collision was the consequence—the plate was knocked out of the hand of the colored individual and the contents lost on the person of the young gent. It was about the church time of day, and the street was full of ladies, the young man vanished—it is supposed, into Greenwald's Lager Saloon, as he has not been heard of since, we note the fact to prevent a sensation advertisement on the part of his friends, who may think that he has been abducted, or foully dealt with.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 28, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

At a regular meeting of "Sugar Bowl Debating Society," held on Friday evening last, the 24th inst., the question being—"Has the character of Aaron Burr received justice at the hands of the American people?" was discussed by Alexis LeBlanc and John Hueston, on the af., and Messrs. Adolph Kent and A. H. Huguet on the neg. After summing up the arguments aduced, the Chair awarded the honors to the negative. By order of the President,

Alex. LeBlanc, Sec'y.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], February 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

The Bell of the South!

The Ladies are respectfully informed that I have just opened a splendid lot of Douglas and Sherwood's much admired

"Belle of the South,"

Bustle Hoop of 30 and 40 Springs, secured by lace strings, which for convenience and durability have no equal.

C. Simon,
Capital Cheap Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Belle of the South.—Ladies will you each one and all, go and see Simon, and ask him to show you the Bell of the South? The Belle has more rings and springs, than can be supported, in the high winds, of the North and West. Only think of it.—Forty Springs, and no two alike; commencing at the bottom and running up to the top, and there spreading out in such elegant proportions as nature with all her Divinity has never aspired to. Go look at the artificial women just inside the door, with her rear side to the street, and then let us hear from you whether nature—in her happiest and most liberal mood, ever lavished her charms, so prodigally! *That* woman, ladies, wears a Bell of the South, with forty springs.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 2, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Special Notices.

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Friday) evening, Mar. 4th, at 7½ o'clock in the meeting rooms of Independence Fire Company No. 2. Punctual attendance respectfully requested.

Subject of Debate.—"Should the United States extend her protection over Mexico."

By order of Society,
Alexis LeBlanc, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Small Talk.—Out of every twenty young men in a quadrille at an evening party, who pretend to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that the polka is the grandest invention of the age, and five are asking how the next figure commences.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Correspondence.]

Letter from Vicksburg.

Vicksburg, March 4th, 1860.

Dear Comet:--I have been in this place forty-seven hours and a half, and during all this time have not heard the crack of a pistol. This is a very bad sign, and I am afraid, points to the time, when Vicksburg will no longer be referred to for its high military and chivalrous spirit. Think of it! Forty eight hours in Vicksburg, and no duel, not even a street fight. The place is going down, even as fast as the eternal hills are washing away. Look at the newspapers, which are the abstract chronicles of the time, and you will perceive that Mr. Louis Hoffman, and others on Washington street, are compelled to resort to the expedient of very large pictures, in order to call attention to their pop-guns, pistols, and popping crackers. Well, we must submit to changes—and I may say, Vicksburg, is not what it was many years ago. The prospect of the railroad on the other side of the river, is an offset for the ill effect of the road, on this side—connecting Vicksburg with New Orleans. As soon as I can get shaved, I shall leave. The shops are crowded, under the impression that the fashion has shifted in reference to hairy faces.

As before, yours,
Poins.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

[Summary: Programme for the Industrial Fair at Baton Rouge. Prizes for Durham and Devon cows and bulls, generic milk cow, sucking calf, matched horses, long wool buck and ewes, short wool buck and ewes, cashmere goats, Mediterranean goats, boars, sows, pigs, Brahmin cattle, fat cattle, sheep and oxen, harness horses, jacks, jennets, mules, Creole horses, horses of all work, best drilled volunteer military company, thoroughbred horses, roadsters, horsemanship, assorted machinery.]

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Cotton Seed.—Messrs. Barbee & Benjamin have the following favorite brands.—Boyd's Prolific, Little Brown, Mexican and Petit Gulf.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Grand Civic
and
Fancy Dress Ball.

Prof. H. C. Lippard will give a Grand Civic and Fancy Dress Ball, under the sanction of the Directors of the Baton Rouge Industrial Fair Association, at the United States Barracks, Friday evening, the 10th of March, 1860.

Gentlemen desiring to procure tickets of admission for ladies or themselves, will please apply to the Committee on Invitation, as there will be none sold at the door.

Tickets not transferrable [sic].

[list of Managers, Committee of Invitation]

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Grand, Civic and Fancy Dress Ball.—The note of preparation is every where to be heard for the Grand Fancy Dress Ball, on Friday night, at the U. S. Barracks. It comes at the right time and is to be given at the right place, to have ample and sufficient room not only for the dance, but for promenades. The spacious galleries opening on the court below, and the emerald carpet of the earth, will afford ample room for gentlemen who do not dance (for the reason may hap that they are old and can't), as well as for such others, more sensible fellows who prefer to stroll off with a congenial spirit and talk of the moon or star-light. This is the best closing scene for our friends of the Legislature. Here they may for a moment, at least, forget all the causes of quarrel which will presently be forgotten forever, or superceded [sic] by other causes. Let us all shake hands again, be merry and dance if we can. Let us give up material things and for a moment allow our souls to be coaxed out of us by enchanting music. Why not? Our interests are one and indivisible; we are neighbors if not friends, and should regard the clash of conflicting interest and opinion, as the very source of all harmony on earth. Had God Almighty desired it otherwise, it would not be as it is, and pray what would become of our sages, philosophers, and statesmen—the great heroes of the world—the advance guard of humanity, had they not difficulties, dangers and temptations to encounter? there would be no merit for preferment, without the devil himself in the daily walks to fight against. If this immaculate newspaper has said rough things in reference to rough subjects before the House, we take them all back now and part with our fellow-citizens from abroad, as we meet them, in friendship.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Chef D'Oeuvre.—In the department of needle work, and embroidery at the Fair is a large and elegant historical picture, representing "Cordinal [sic] Ximenes replying to the Grandees of Spain, who disputed his authority as Regent."—This is the acknowledged *Chef d'ouvre* of this department. It was worked by Miss Deter and sister, of New Orleans. Apart from the labor to accomplish such a work, it has the artistic merit of a fine oil painting, and is at first taken for such by every one entering the room.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

A Book by Miss Mayfield.—The very clever writer in the Crescent City, under the above *nom de plume*, has put forth a poetical work entitled "Progression, or The South Defended." It is designed as an antidote for the bane of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The agent of the work—who has it on the Fair grounds, has our thanks for a copy.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Deter's Worsted Store!
Wholesale and Retail.
Canal Street, near Dauphin,
New Orleans.

Direct Importation of Berlin, Zephyr and Split Worsted, Shetland Wool, Embroidering Silk, Canvas, Beads, Patterns, etc., etc.

All orders promptly attended to.

Orders for this place may be left with Mr. S. M. Asher, Lafayette Street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Vine in North Louisiana.—Considerable attention is now given to the culture of the vine in North Louisiana, and the result gives promise of its becoming a profitable branch of industry.

We notice in the Natchitoches Union that Dr. Breda has a little over 20,000 grape vine planted—10,000 of which will bear enough this year to give the Doctor a good opportunity of testing the quality of the wine. The Doctor commenced his vineyard in 1856, and has labored incessantly to make it what it ought to be—a source of large profit to him.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

[Communicated.]

A Walk Over the Fair Grounds.

Dear Comet:--Nobody cares for the opinion of the undersigned, which he regards as a most important personal circumstance, but, if I were called on to express an opinion deliberately formed, I should say that the most interesting and attractive feature on the Fair ground is the reality of lovely women. Did you ever see more in a crowd of five thousand? If so, I should like to know upon what favored spot of earth.—Where do they come from? I know that Red Stick has some of her own, and the Felicianas are celebrated; but this does not account for so large a gathering of beauty and loveliness. I have a friend of martial air and military bearing—one who has faced the enemy, and he has confessed to being conquered and overcome no less than nine times in a walk through the avenue to the *sallie-port*, where a bar to lean on for support and eleven drinks alone enabled him to regain his equanimity.—"God bless the Ladies" say I, in the borrowed language of the Poet. Have you seen the side shows to the right and left? I ask this question because they come first. Has not the pictures an attraction—and now, do you not get a glance at the man in tights and the monkey behind the youthful prodigy who dances slack wire—and do you not see the largest acting bear in the world? Confound that everlasting and infernal

hand organ. If it will quit playing, "*I'm gwinn [sic] to California [sic]*" and go; mass shall be said for its quiet repose at the golden gate. Shall we go into the room for embroidery and fine needle work? Here is the eloquent evidence of what our fair country women can do, when they have a mind. From the hem-stitch on the pocket handkerchief, thence to the embroidery dress, shirt, quilt and counterpane [sic], there is a specimen equal to the best of any nation. Look at the preserves, pickles, homemade bread, cakes and conserves and then let us go below and examine the castings in brass and iron; the models for furnaces, sugar kettles, refiners, etc., and here we may see what native artizans [sic] are striving to do, in order to cheapen labor and render the farm attractive. Do you see the vegetable ivory? How *wonderful* that it will not break! Here are the same needle cases, pin cushions and things that accompany the crowd—the cakes and ale—the apples, oranges and nuts to crack. Look here at this long visaged chap—a kind of hybrid, between the Quaker and Yankee who the pert fellow on the box is pleased to call "the Doctor". How the crowd is drawn up to him as he sings out, "No family can do without it—cures bruises, breaks sprains and aches—from other things it knocks the sox and is only sold at two bits the box." "Come up gents and have an application—free of charge!" One gentleman has his shin rubbed with it—and feels no pain—another allows a horse to tread on his foot after being rubbed and does not know it. Remarkable medicine—wonderful remedy, and yet this great gift of God to man has a counterfeit. That fellow down there is selling a spurious article. We believe the Doctor when he says that *he believes* it would bring the sleepers at the monument below to life, if the shaft were rubbed with it long enough. "Make way there!" cries a voice. The soul-stirring music strikes a note, and all eyes are turned to the ring. Here comes prancing forward in strings and ribbons, a beautiful charger, who treads the earth as 'twere air, and sails majestically through the blue ether.

The preparation for an exhibition of machinery is not yet completed. Here are engines of all patterns; sawing, boring, planing [sic], and mitring machines. Vacuum [sic] pans, clarifiers, presses, scrapers, ditchers, and levee builders.—Corn planters, cotton planters, and what not. Here is an enterprising gentleman with a simple machine, to convert a forest into cordwood or matches, at pleasure—the motor being steam; conducted through a flexible tube of hose. Go not through the lane, but take the back track through the avenue, for fast horses are running against time, and one t'other, in elegant confusion—raising the dust mountains high. Certainly this is getting to be a fast place, and the Fair is a triumphant success.

O. B. J.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Death of a Gypsy King.—Owen Stanley, King of the Gypsies, died on Thursday last at Oxford, near Madison, Indiana. His remains were brought here yesterday by his eldest son, and nephew, Henry Werten, and deposited in the public vault at Woodland Cemetery, where they will remain for a month or two, when he will be interred by the side of his wife, who was buried at Woodland. Joshua Small, Harry Small, Powers Small, and about forty others were present at his death, among them his children grandchildren, etc.

All persons, in any part of the world, who desire to attend the burial, and who may wish to know the time of interment, and other information in regard to the deceased, should write to George Lane, Dayton, Ohio, who will give the desired information.

The Gypsies are now in winter quarters near Madison, Ind.—Dayton Empire.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Important to the Ladies!

Mrs. Thompson, of Plaquemine, formerly of New Orleans, has the pleasure of announcing to the ladies of Baton Rouge, that she is prepared to give lessons in Cutting Ladies and Children's dresses. Any lady with a knowledge of this art, which can be learned in a few hours, can fit herself or others in any required style.

Also, several styles of Silk and Worsted Embroidery, Wax, Paper and Worsted Flowers, Painting, etc., taught in classes.

Dress Patterns of all kinds cut in a few minutes.

Mrs. T., can be seen at Miss Dudgeon's for a short time only.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

An Abolition College.—"Artemas [sic] Ward" thus sums up briefly college life at Oberlin:

Oberlin is a large place. Kollidge opens with a prare and the New York Tribune is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overcoats with red horn buttons on them for the indigant kullered people of Kanada. I hav to kontribit librally to the gloriuos work as they kall it hear. At the bordin house the kullered people sits at the first table—what they leeve is made into hash for the white people.

P.S.—The Killidge has bestowed upon me the honery title of K. T., of which I am sufficiently proud.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Perfumes.—The French prepare more perfumes than any other people. In the south of France, and in Piedmont, vast crops of flowers are grown. Cannes and Nice furnish yearly about 13,000 lbs. of violet blossoms. Both cities are famous, also, for their orange blossoms, the latter producing 100,000 lbs., and the former double that quantity, and of a fine odor. Cannes abounds, too, in the Accacia Farnesiana, and affords yearly 9,000 lbs., of its finely scented blooms. Careful treatment is required to extract the ethereal oils. These are so largely mingled with other vegetable juices that 600 lbs. of rose leaves yield only about an ounce of otto of roses. The orange blossom, however, is richer, and 500 lbs. of flowers yield about 2 lbs. of Neroly oil. One perfume manufactory at Cannes requires yearly about 140,000 lbs., of orange blossoms, 20,000 of accacia blossoms, 140,000 lbs. rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jessamine blossoms, 20,000 lbs. of violet and 8000 lbs. of tuberoses besides many other fragrant materials.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Cue for Every Billiard Player.—1. Enter the saloon as though it were inadvertently. A careless, somewhat weary manner impresses the markers. Survey the scene, through the smoke of your cigar, with a calm and grave deliberation, that forbids suspicion of a frivolous purpose.

2. A protracted debate upon the relative strength of your own and your adversary's game is demanded by every consideration of time and place. End it by "playing even."

3. Whistle. Begin low. Gradually get high. Express surprise by a prolonged and fierce note.—For the ordinary progress of the game select a very popular tune. The more familiar the better. This shows a graceful deference to the tastes of the other players. One air has thus been known to do for all the tables. But whistle.

4. If you miss a simple carom, indignantly devote yourself to chalk, or, lost in amazement, gaze vacantly at the meeting of the wall and ceiling.
5. Sear. "Well, you'll be ----," at every point. Let the oaths be the rippingest. "Luck" will stand any amount of cursing. Never forget this, and pile it on the leather, the balls, the cushions, and—your own stupidity.
6. Mention "Mike," in the subdued tone of sacred friendship. Mention him often.
7. Show a shot or two you saw Mike make.
8. Have an account.
9. Call it "no account."—Vanity Fair.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

A Woman Voter.—Much amusement was created at the polls of the third ward yesterday, by an attempt to carry "womans rights" into active exercise. The wife of a voter, who was confined to bed by illness, appeared and demanded to cast her husband's vote. Upon a refusal, she became quite irate, and in reply to the jeers of some of the crowd, seized a brick bat and for a while cleared the front of the polls. She was at length quieted and conducted away.—Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Large Funeral.—The death of Aunt Cicily, well known to all the market people for her faithful, honest and upright conduct, called out between three and four hundred of her colored friends and fellow-servants to attend her funeral on Sunday last. We do not recollect ever to have witnessed a larger or more orderly procession on a similar occasion. Over the grave, George Menard made an honest, sincere and effective prayer, after which one of the old fashioned Methodist hymns was sung by the company concluding the ceremony in an impressive manner. What a contrast this! Aunt Cicily was a slave (conventionally speaking), but had her friends about her to minister to her wants in the hour of affliction, and the children of her Mistress and their friends were by her, weeping at the parting hour. On the other hand, how many poor and friendless souls starving in the pinching squalidness of extreme poverty, died that day in the hells and hidden corners of the great city who were carried away to death unnamed and unknown in what is vulgarly called "free society."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Confectionery!....Confectionery!!

I have just received direct from Henry Millard's Manufactory
 500 lbs. soft or jelly Gum Drops; fresh and nice—Lemon, Strawberry, Rose, Vanilla,
 Pine Apple and Orange.
 200 lbs. Liquorice [sic] Drops—excellent for coughs and colds
 5 Boxes Marshmellon [sic] Paste. This paste is delicious, and is highly recommended by
 physicians for its virtues, as being one of the best things we have for the cure of severe coughs,
 colds, etc.
 10 Boxes Vanilla Chocolate Drops.
 25 " Assorted Candy.
 10 " Fine French Chocolate.

Sold by

R. D. Day,
Druggist.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Gipsies[sic], far and near, says the Dayton (Ohio) Journal, of Wednesday, are gathering in this city for the purpose of burying, with appropriate ceremonies, the remains of their king, Owen Stanley.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 30, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Knitting Machine.—Mr. John M. Tracy, of the Sewing Machine Depot, on Third street, has now the agency for Aikens Knitting Machine, another useful labor saving machine, which must soon become as popular as the Sewing Machine. One of these machines was exhibited at the late Industrial Fair and attracted a great deal of attention—being a novelty to most of the visitors. It is more simple in construction than the sewing machine, making about 5000 stitches in a minute. The ladies are invited to call and examine the machine and let us know if they can knit Hose (in the plain vernacular stockings) Opera Caps, Nubias, Scarfs [sic], etc., better.—The Knitting Machine will do in one minute the work of a day by hand with the old—and now obsolete wires.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], March 31, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

A Unique Ball.—Last week seventy-one "grass widows," residing around Elkhart, Indiana, gave a ball, and invited their male friends. No ladies who were not grass widows were admitted, and the fun ran high until next morning.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Good Thing, That.—We have authority to announce to our young friends and fellow-citizens generally, that the ball has been started for a grand dance to inaugurate the completion of Academy Hall down town. with due and proper regard for the observance of Lent, the movers in this matter have concluded to fix the time beyond the 10th inst., in order that the fasters may attend the feast—for there is to be one, after the Ball. Besides all this, the purpose is, to have an amateur concert in the Hall previous to the dance and supper, and a "small collection" will be taken at the door not for charity sake, but to aid our enterprising friends of the Public School Board to carry out some of their praiseworthy designs to inaugurate the High School Department with proper *eclat*. All feel an interest in this movement and we know all will rejoice in the measures now going forward to place the public schools on a par with the best. We hope yet, before much time elapses to be able to say that the public schools of the capital are equal to the public schools of the metropolis—a proud evidence of the munificence of the Crescent City people. Messrs. Fay, Hart and Burke, are public benefactors. They have secured as principal of the High School the services of August B. Payne, Esq., a gentleman who comes well recommended, as every way worthy of the position. It will not be long, ere the High School opens. Admission can only be had to it, through the primary departments.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Unlawful Assemblage of Choctaws.—It will be seen, by a communication from Mr. John J. Drake, of Clinton, La., that, on Saturday last, he discovered, between midway on the Port Hudson road and Montaseno, a band of Choctaw Indians—about one hundred and thirty in

number. The probability is that their intentions are not very peaceable. They are coming this way, and will cross the river here to go into the Marangoin country. So large a number of armed savages in town at one time, demands an increase of police, if not, other and more reliable forces.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Girls in a Telegraph Office.—In England the business of operating telegraph wires has been in a great extent placed in the hands of young ladies, who find it a very agreeable employment. The inland department of the electric telegraph company, in London, now employs one hundred young ladies, who receive and transmit the messages from all parts of the United Kingdom. The room is in charge of a matron. The compensation ranges from 10s. (\$2.50 to \$6.25) per week.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Twenty-three years ago the only *hotel* in Galvaston [sic], Texas, was a *steamboat*, which had been beached in a gale of wind, and laid up high and dry. It was kept by Dr. Worcester, and did a thriving business. There were then but two or three shanties in the town—nothing deserving the name of a house excepting the warehouse of McKinney & Williams. Now there are several hotels and houses of entertainment, with thousands of stores and residences—the properties of a large, refined, and flourishing population.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

One Hundred
and Thirty
Choctaw Indians in Camp!

We have received the following letter from Mr. John J. Drake, of Clinton, La.:
Clinton, La., March 31st, 1860.

Editor of the Gazette and Comet:--

Dear Sir:--On my way to this place from Baton Rouge Friday last, in the vicinity of Midway, on the Port Hudson railroad, I was startled by the noise of many voices in the adjacent woods. My curiosity took me in the direction of the noise; I turned my horse's head and proceeded about five hundred yards from the road when I discovered a camp of Indians, not less in number I judge between one hundred and thirty and fifty. Such an unusual gathering at this time, when the race has nearly disappeared from the State, caused me to secrete myself as well as I could, and watch their actions. There was but few women among them. The men were fantastically dressed: decorated with feathers and had their faces painted. The place in which they were camped, was a ravine. They had a large fire, around which they were dancing in the wildest and most fantastic manner. I must confess that I was not only surprised but frightened at their appearance, and very soon returned to the road and on my journey. About two miles north of this point, I stopped at a house on the roadside, and was informed by the people there that they had visited the house the evening previous and hints were thrown out by some of the party that they would pass through your town, cross the river and go over to the Marangoin country. I have deemed it my duty to communicate these facts to you, that you may know how to receive them.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
John J. Drake.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Tobacco.—It is remarkable how universal is the demand for this product. The official returns show a list of one hundred and twenty-five different articles of export; and out of that number, with the exception of grain, there is not one that is shipped to so many different countries as tobacco. The Government report enumerates seventy-one different foreign markets to which our products are exported. Out of that number, there are only six that do not buy our tobacco, viz: Madeira, the air of which is possibly too pure to be polluted by the fumes of the weed; Egypt, San Domingo, Greece, Bolivia and Equador [sic]—most of which places produce their own

The value of the tobacco exported from the United States last year, was nearly five times that of our sea products, fifty per cent more than the products of the forest—not quite three millions of dollars less than the whole export of vegetable food, and rather over an eighth of the value of the cotton crop.

It is clear that the general taste for tobacco smoking is steadily increasing, whether to the public injury or otherwise we leave for those better skilled in the doctrines of narcotics than ourselves to decide. The fact is, that despite of King James' counterblast, and Urban's excommunication, and the ever-issuing anti-narcotic fulminations of our modern physicians—the people are most resolutely intent upon having the weed; and this being the case, our tobacco planters will continue to grow it and prosper.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

J. B. Aiken's
Family
Knitting Machine.

This Machine is very simple, and can be operated by any one capable of turning a crank by hand, or working a treadle by foot, similar to a sewing machine.

The Loops *are the same in all particulars as any lady makes with her needles*, are all of an exact length, and are made close or loose by means of an *Adjustable Patent Loop Regulator*. Its usual speed is

5,000 Loops Per Minute,

Making a pair of man's socks in the short time of

Sixteen Minutes.

All letters addressed to J. M. Tracy, Baton Rouge, La., will meet with prompt attention.

Notice.—I hereby constitute John M. Tracy, of Baton Rouge, La., my Sole Agent, for the sale of J. B. Aiken's Knitting Machine for this State.

T. J. Hartwell.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention!

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Tuesday) evening, March 27th, at 7½ o'clock at the meeting rooms of Independence Fire Company No. 2. Subject for debate: "Would the closing of Bayou Plaquemine be beneficial to the State?" Punctual attendance respectfully requested. By order of Society.

N. A. Stuart, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Lessons in Fancy Works.

Madame Hustede, would respectfully inform the ladies of East Baton Rouge, that she is permanently located here and will give lessons in Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, Wax-work, Paper Flowers, and other fancy work.

For terms and address reference is made to Wm. Bogel Esq., on Lafayette street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

New Goods.
Great Attractions on the Boulevards!
Millinery and Dry Goods
at the
Lowest Prices for Cash.

The undersigned can now offer a large and carefully selected stock of

Millinery and Dry Goods,

which she has just received. Bonnets and Hats, Ribbons and Flowers, Gloves, Parasols, Fans, Corsets, Embroideries, Laces, Hoops Skirts and Dress Trimmings.

Dress Goods.

English Barege, Toile du Nord, Silk Barege, French Barege, Jaconets, Organdies, Brilliantines, Gingham, Muslins, Linen Lawns, Tarlatons [sic] and Ball Dresses, Bridal Wreaths, and Bridal Veils.

Kid Gloves.

White Goods of every kind.

Mourning Goods.

Staple Dry Goods, such as Checks, Calicoes, Shirtings, Drillings, and many other useful articles which could only be described by calling at the Store.

Fannie T. O'Connor,
Corner Third and Boulevard streets.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Knights of the Golden Circle.—This organization, whose sole aim at presents seems the invasion of Mexico and assists in the establishment of a new government, has caused some interest, especially among the young men of the city, many of whom are unemployed.—They have formed an association, and for some time past have been engaged in drilling and perfecting themselves in the use of arms, at their rooms, corner of Baltimore and Holiday streets. There are nearly one thousand signatures to the muster roll, some of whom are of very respectable families. The companies are being drilled by experienced officers, who have done service in the United States army, and the membership are quite sanguine in leaving this port in two or three weeks, unmolested by the Government. They do not intend arming themselves until they get beyond the jurisdiction of the United States.—Baltimore American.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

[For the Gazette and Comet.]
The Coquette.

I met her in the gay saloon,
 Surrounded by the beau;
The smile was on her pretty lip,
 The sneer was there also.

Her dress, no richer could be bought,
 Her jewels were so rare;
The pearls hung loosely from her neck,
 With brilliants in her hair;

And beautiful, a queen she stood,
 Admired by all but me,
They sought her for the mazy dance—
 I knew her treachery.

Her graceful bow and winning smile,
 Soon caught an honest heart;
The lover laid it at her feet,
 And now she played her part.

With drooping eye and saddened look,
 The heart was cast aside;
She loved her single life too well
 To make herself a bride.

Her heart, if any such she had,
Knew not the sweets of life,
For she could sport with blighted hopes;
Save man from such a wife.

She who coquettes with man's fond love,
Should not by man be sought,
But leave her to the world's contempt,
A lesson to be taught.

H.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.

. . . There will be a regular meeting of the Society this (Tuesday) evening, April 10th, at 8 o'clock, at the meeting rooms of Independence Fire company, No. 2. Subject for debate—"Which has the greater ground for complaint, the Negro or the Indian?" Punctual attendance respectfully requested. By order of the Society.

N. A. Stuart.
Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Will You Go to the Ball.—The young ladies will all be there, and if the young gents do not follow, then it shall be declared that there is some disturbance in the laws of attraction and gravitation. Old folks, you may go also, we do not expect you to dance, but you may listen to the music of the Concert which comes before. Go—and each of you carry a dollar to hand to the man at the door, who will be there to take a small collection to obtain the right kind of furniture for the High School. You are all interested in this, or ought to be, if you are not, for more than the value of ten dollars, will return to you for the one, you may place in the hand, of the man at the door.

Go to the Ball
At Academy Hall,
All will be there,
Who have any suitable things to wear.

Whether or not, go any how or send a dollar, which will be sufficient apology for not going.

The Concert and Ball will be on Thursday night, which is the Twelfth Night in April. There are no tickets out—either of invitation or admission, so you need not stand on the order of going—but go at once.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Burial of the King of the Gipsies [sic]. Owen Stanley, the recognized King of a large band of roving Gipsies [sic] in Ohio, died several weeks since at Madison, Indiana, and his

remains were taken to Dayton, where they were interred on the 29th ult.—"Maud," the wife of Stanley, was buried at Dayton some years ago, and the King deposited by her side. Roving bands of this singular people gathered at Dayton from all directions, to participate in the funeral ceremonies. From the Journal we extract an account of the ceremonies:

["] About one thousand of our citizens attended the funeral of Owen Stanley, King of the Gipsies [sic], yesterday. His remains were interred in the grave of Maud, his Queen, who was buried in Woodland Cemetery about two years since. The large crowd was attracted by the report that "regal ceremonies," &c., would be performed at the grave. In this all were disappointed. About 10 o'clock the coffin was taken from the vault and placed in the hearse, where upon the crowd scampered off to the grave, displaying more haste than order, leaving the Gipsies [sic], some fifty in number, to follow their King to his last home.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. D. Winters, from 1st Chronicles, xxiv: 15:

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."

After which an opportunity was given to all to satisfy their curiosity by looking into the grave.

Owen Stanley was born in Reading, Berkshire county, England, in 1794, and was married to Harriet Misten in 1820, and died in Madison, Indiana, about six weeks ago, of dropsy. He had fifteen children, twelve of whom are living, forty grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

After the burial, forty Gipsy children were baptised [sic] by Mr. Winters at the residence of Mr. Lane, Sexton of Woodland.

Since the death of Owen, Levi, his son, becomes the chief of the clan. He is a handsome and remarkably intelligent man, and well fitted by nature and education to rule his nomadic brethren. His wife, according to the Pittsburg Post, is a noble specimen of the genuine Gipsy, and is a remarkable personage. In appearance she is tall and stately, with the presence and demeanor of one born to rule. Her hair is dark and luxuriant; her eyes are large, dark and brilliant; her complexion is a ruddy burnette [sic] and her features are regular and handsome. Her meim [sic] and step are as proud and as stately as those of "McGregor on his native heath." With her broad brimmed hat and holiday attire, brilliant with strong contrasts, such as the mothers of her tribe delighted to wear, she looks every inch a queen. Stanley and his handsome wife would do credit as the royal head of a people more refined than these Gipsy wanderers, who trace their genealogy far back into the shadows of the dark ages.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Thomas J. Williams, Sheriff of De Soto Parish Supposed to be Mortally Wounded.— Deeply do we deplore the duty off [sic] recording a sad and melancholy occurrence that took place in this parish on last night (Friday) at the residence of Mr. William Barfield about 16 miles south of Mansfield. The circumstances are these Mr. Williams and several other gentlemen went to the house of Mr. Barfield for the purpose of arresting him under at [sic] indictment for shooting with intent to kill, having no idea that he would resist the execution of the writ although he had previously said that he would not be taken.—They reached his house in the evening and awaited until dark before proceeding to the arrest. Mr. Barfield hearing some noise in the woods near the house started in that direction with two shot guns, and met Mr. Williams and Sam Quarles in the road about one hundred yards from the house when he fired upon them, the load taking effect in Mr. Williams abdomen and thighs. Eleven buck-shot taking effect, but only

seven entered the flesh any distance. When the shooting commenced the parties were some twenty steps from each other. It is strange that Sam Quarles was not shot as he was standing by the side of Mr. Williams when the first gun was fired. Mr. Barfield was fired at eight times during the evening and was not wounded.—Mr. B was arrested brought to town this morning and lodged in jail and will be examined on Monday next before Esquire's Munday, and Tibbets.

P.S. Since writing the above we have seen Mr. Williams and talked with Dr. R. Gibbs, his physician and learn that Mr. W. stands a very good chance to recover.—Eagle Mansfield.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Notice!

The Citizens of Baton Rouge are informed that the Ladies will give, on Tuesday Evening, the 17th, at Academy Hall, a Straw-Berry and Ice-Cream Party, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. The Legislature having failed to make any appropriations for charitable institutions, we are compelled to make this call upon our citizens, and hope a generous public will respond liberally to this appeal in behalf of the Orphans.

Alexena Buffington,
Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Paints, Oils, Etc.

White Lead, Zinc Chrome Green, Chrome Yellow, Paris Green, Prussian Blue, Venetian Red, Vandyke Brown, Sienna and Umber, Graphete [sic] Black, Litharge, Red Lead, Smallet's Linseed Oil, Turpentine and Varnishes—just received and for sale by

E. & Wm. Bogel.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Musical Instruments.—One of the finest and largest assortments of musical instruments ever brought to this city, will now be found at Bogel's, on Lafayette Street. There are violins—some of them of the "Cremona" make—guitars, banjoes, tamborines [sic], etc. The store of Bogel is, at this writing, so jammed with fancy goods, drugs, medicines and chemicals, that there is scarcely room to turn round. His friends and the public will be glad to learn that his new brick building, on the opposite side of the street, is nearly ready. When the shelves, counters and fixtures are put up, he will immediately move over.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Fashionable.—For the coming season, says a fashionable exchange, the skirt will be the most expensive part of a lady's dress, nothing less than a full trimmed skirt being considered *en regle*.

The greater the number of flounces that can be put on a dress, the better; so, of course, the taller the lady is the finer she may be, and we should not be surprised, if, for this potent reason, tall ladies would be all the fashion this summer.—Where the material is too heavy for flounces or individual taste is opposed to them, matters may be compromised by a Prandebourg

passenterie trimming, arranged *en tablier* up the front of the skirt, which, however, necessitates a similar trimming up the corsage. There is still another style of skirt trimming, very much to be admired. It is a brand bandeau, or twelve deep, of the same material as the dress, painted *a la veille* and placed on a quarter of a yard from the edge of the skirt. It is also frequently made different from the dress both in collar [sic] and material.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Knights of the Golden Circle.—The St. Joseph papers say that several hundred Knights of the Golden Circle from Kansas and Nebraska, had arrived there, and would be prepared to start soon for Mexico.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Grand Vocal Concert
At Academy Hall,
Wednesday and Thursday,
April 18th and 19th.
Programme.

Part First.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1o—Le Muletier de Castille,
chantée par | M. Stotto. |
| 2o—Romance des Porcherons,
chantée par | Mme. Philippe. |
| 3o—Cavatine,
chantée par | M. Philippe. |
| 4o—Stances à l'Eternité
chantée par | M. Dobbels. |
| 5o—Aria,
chantée par | Mme Philippe. |
| 6o—Duo de la Reine de Chypre,
chante par Mme Phillippe,
Mm. Phillippe et Dobbels. | |

Part Second.

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 1o—Le Carllionneur de Bruges,
chantée par | M. Dobbels. |
| 2o—Duo de la Favorite,
Chante par Mme Philippe & M. Philippe. | |
| 3o—Il Corsare.
Chanté en Italien par | M. Stotto. |
| 4o—Duo de Concone,
Chanté par | Mm. Dobbels & Sotto. |
| 5o—Trio de Jérusalem, | |

Chanté par Mme Philippe,
Mm. Philippe & Dobbels.

M. Philippe, 1er Fort Ténor,
Mme Philippe, Chanteuse Légère,
M. Dobbels, Basso Profonde.
M. Stotto, Baryton et Basso Chantante,
De la Troupe d'Opéra du Théâtre d'Orleans.
Price of Entrance.....\$1
Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock P. M.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 17, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.

At a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society," "the question: "Has the Negro more ground for complaint than the Indian," was discussed by Messrs. C. D. Favrot and W. B. Kleinpetre, on the affirmative and by Messrs. J. B. and N. A. Stuart on the Negative. Decision rendered in favor of *Negative*.

There will be a regular meeting of the Society this (Tuesday) evening, April 17th, at 8 o'clock, at the meeting rooms of Independence Fire Company, No. 2. Question for debate—"Has the Indian been benefitted by the discovery of America by Columbus?" Punctual attendance respectfully requested. By order of the Society.

N. A. Stuart, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Reign, Reign, Jine in, Jine in.—There is a lady over in the North part of town, who knows a song, (hymn we should say) which is certain to bring rain whenever she sings it. This fact was not generally known until Monday morning last, when a committee of other Ladies formed to wait on her and request the singing of it.—They did so yesterday and sure enough the rain commenced. The reason why she did not sing it before; on her own account, was because on one previous occasion, she began the song and when the rain commenced, she found herself powerless to stop it. It rained streight [sic] ahead for six weeks and would not have stopped then, but for the fact that her neighbors children killed a snake and allowed it to turn on its back, before the agonies were over. If there is any other lady about town who knows a tune that may have the effect of stopping the rain, she will please practice her voice to be ready in case called on.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

In Crocket, Texas, recently, Mr. T. P. Collins, a merchant of that place, published a scandalous piece of poetry about a Miss Whitwell, a school mistress. She sued him for \$6000 damages, and gained the case. The jury returned the verdict at midnight. So strong was public sentiment in favor of the plaintiff, that the verdict was received with shouts of the people, the firing of guns and other demonstrations of gladness.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Suits for Ladies.

I will receive by next steamer from New York something very new and desirable in the way of Barrege [sic] Anglais Chalette and Pine Apple Suits, all made of good material and entirely new styles.

W. D. Phillips.

Linen and Bobinet Netting.

I have a full supply of these goods, Bobinets in all widths, also, Pink and Blue Bobinets, White Linen Nettings, also Brown do for plantation use.

W. D. Philips.

Flavoring Extracts.

12 doz. pure concentrated Flavoring Extracts; Lemon, Vanilla, Nutmeg, Almond, Ginger, Peach, Raspberry [sic] and Nectarine—sold by

R. D. Day, Druggist.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 21

Gone to Take Mexico.—The Goliad (Texas) Messenger says, a company of twenty-seven armed men passed through that place en route for Mexico the other day. The expedition is a secret one, and the Messenger has done wrong to herald it to the world. Should the news of their coming go before them and the matter be whispered in the halls of the Montezumas—past any reasonable doubt, the walls of the same will crack. The K. G. C's are supposed to have a finger in this affair.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 19, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Miss Harriette N. Austin, editor of a "reform paper" in Dansville, New York, devotes a long article to the subject of her making up. Here is an important item—My pantaloons are all cut, at the bottom, like gentlemen's. I like them better than straight ones; and those which some ladies have worn, full and gathered at the bottom, are 'unmentionable.' My pattern was cut by a tailor, his wife taking the measure. The spinster's precaution, as stated in the last sentence was doubtless intended to show that what she was after at the tailor's shop was "measures, not men." Nice girl is Harriette; not young enough to be giddy, certainly; but rather lunar on pantaloons.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

She Shall Have It—By Jove! She Shall.—The other day—through the kind consideration of our friend "L." of West Baton Rouge, it was our pleasure to proclaim to the world in the brief and eloquent formula; another union of hearts and union of hands—a union for the sake of the union. Accompanying the note in pencil was several bottles from Mr. De Bouzy's mill and some of the wedding cake. In our portion of it came "the ring"—that elegant emblem of several things besides eternity. It is a massive gold *bijou*, and now that it is in our possession, it is for the fair daughters of Red Stick to say "who shall wear it." The young lady, who will go to any church in this city, during service, on any Sabbath in the month of May, and remain during the same in a calico dress, without flounces or frills shall have the ring. Not for the outward semblance, but

for the inward heroism that may lead her to do so, in defiance of Madame Fashion and her votaries. We thought to couple in this condition "without hoops;" but this would be asking too much—She may wear her hops but they must come this side of the extreme of fashion. Should there be more than one appear for the prize, then they shall decide the matter by the lot of straws. All the evidence we shall ask to establish the fact, will be the certificate of three gentlemen who were present on the occasion, and can testify that they did actually see the young lady in the calico dress.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

A Bloomer Wants a Husband.—Miss Mary E. Haynes, a Bloomer, writes from Caroline, Tompkins county, New York, to Dr. Lycia Sayer Hastrouck's Sibyl:

I am almost alone in wearing the reform dress. People oppose me, and think I am very foolish to dress so unfashionably. I suppose they think I'll die an old maid, if I don't take off my "Bloomers," but I feel some encouragement on reading "Luna's" remarks in the Sibyl of October. She speaks of a friend who wants a wife; will you please inform her I would like to learn his address? I often feel discouraged and lonely.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

There is a noble organization of true women in Philadelphia, who under the name of Rosine Association, have, during the twelve years of their existence, rescued and restored to their friends six hundred and eighty-four fallen of their own sex. This has all been accomplished unostentatiously and as a labor of love. Beginning with the individual efforts of three or four persons, the association now owns its own houses, and when a new brand is snatched from the burning, womanly gentleness, sisterly sympathy, and the Christian charity do not quench it rudely, but contrite tears are regarded as "an offering worthy of heaven," and the penitent is first animated by a reawakened self-respect; no harsh measures are advocated, the maxim is "to repent is to be forgiven," and thus they are gently led back to the paths of virtue and happiness.

Lou. Journal.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

"Pink," the sprightly New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writes as follows: . . .

They had a pleasant little row over at the Bowesy [sic—Bowery] Theatre last evening. That class of our community known as Dead Rabbits have been so influential heretofore that the managers of the theatre were compelled to allow them free admission. Business being bad lately, the free list was abolished, and these gentry not being troubled with superfluous cash, determined not to stand it. So they went into the theatre, last night, in a great crowd, stopped the performance, mashed things generally and kicked up a deuce of a row. The regular Bowery Boys, who pay when they happen to have the money, thought this was a little rough, and the Dead Rabbits fraternity were coming it a little too strong, so they took sides with the managers of the theatre and a free fight was the consequence. The police were called in, who quelled the disturbance, but not until nearly all who went to see the plays had become scared and left the theatre for fear of their lives.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

What is the Ordinance.—Several of our fellow citizens were considerably incensed last

week, because of punishment inflicted upon their servants without their permission. It appears, that the negroes obtained permission from the proper source, to have a party in the woods outside the limits of the corporation—that whilst on the ground a dispute arose between two of the men, and they commenced fighting; others interfered to part them and just here, some of the police of the town appeared and arrested two or three, whilst the others immediately fled from the scene. That was on Sunday. On Monday morning several of them were taken before the Mayor and condemned to punishment at the jail. So far as the fight extended, it was right to punish them; but beyond that, there was no authority for the action.

We commend the vigilance [sic] of the police when they keep within the sphere of their jurisdiction—when they act under their authority, discreetly, for the preservation of the peace. On occasions of the kind here referred to, or when the colored society get permission to have a ball, we notice that there are a number of fellows very ambitious to serve the public, who volunteer their unasked services to go and aid in keeping the peace. The result is, that in mere wantonness they themselves bring about the row in order to have what is called by them "fun." This we contend is not right; and not being right is wrong. We hope yet, before the glorious reign of Democracy is over, to find a police force independent, just and courageous enough, to arrest these intermeddlers and take them up to judgment. If it is not right to allow the colored society to have dances, then forbid it altogether. If they get permission, then let them be protected from the interference which results in their punishment.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

May Day Festival.

For more than two weeks past, preparations have been on foot, for a May day festival at the U. S. Barracks, which is to outstrip and transcend all that has gone before of this kind. There is no authority for it, and it may be that we take from the beauty and novelty of the scene to hint at what will be done; but the following note from one, having authority, gives us the license to speak:

Editor Comet—Sir:

The pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited at a "presentation of a Flag" to the Company of Creole Guards at the Garrison grounds on Tuesday the first day of May next at 10 o'clock A. M.

Respectfully,
H. M. Pierce,
Capt. Creole Guards.

Who more worthy to be the recipient—who can do it with more grace, ease and elegance, than the Captain of the Creoles. Then the banner itself! Why the stars are to be worked in and the stripes fastened down by thirty three of the fairest hands, of the fair daughters of Red Stick, and they are all to march over the green carpet of earth clad in snow white and crowned with flowers. They are to present the banner to the Captain, and the Captain is to receive it in the name of the company. The Schools and Academies are to be on the ground and make the landscape lovely and bright. Go Mr. Lytle, with your machine and fasten this picture on the imperishable stone that we may see what the sunlight will do in the brightest moments.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

[Communicated.]

Editor Comet—Dear Sir:

Allow me to enter on your list of competitors for "that ring" the name of Miss Mary.—If the old adage "first come first served," be verified in this case, Mary must certainly be the winner and wearer. She has already, and mind you, *without the hope of reward*, worn, for two consecutive Sundays and during the *fashionable dress hour* of 10 o'clock service, a calico dress void of ornament with the exception of six *porcelain buttons*. This she did, not from the want of something to wear, but from her innate love of simplicity. You know the young lady and now tell me do you think the Capital can boast a better exemplification of "beauty unadorned?"

As for the matter of hoops—she was within the prescribed limits.

In lieu of the testimony of three gentlemen I give you that of three ladies and attesting the worth of a *sister*, I'll wager you'll find *that* worth the sworn deposition of six sons of Adam.

Submitting all these facts to your favorable consideration in awarding your prize.

I remain yours with respect,

V. M.

That will do. As we are the judge, the jury and the lawyer to examine the testimony, we pronounce judgment in favor of Miss Mary. The ring is her's [sic]. It should be a public presentation; or at least her peers should be present, and crown her with the laurel. But merit is modest; like true greatness, the inward consciousness of its own worth is the gratification of its ambition. "Mary" you are a heroine, worthy of the adoration of heroes—you furnish in your action a theme for the poet, and who shall sing us the song of *something to wear*—something to worship, we might say; for the pure, fresh soul and gentleness of natural and real woman, is the worthiest living object for adoration this side of the world to come. Mary, were the workmen here to do it, the ring should be rolled out—the merit of this action cut deep in the metal and then worked back into the emblem of eternity—it now is. Mary, *wear* the calico dress! Wear it, up to the very hour when white shall take its place according to the venerable custom. You will not attract the attention of the gold hunters—those mere anatomies; imitations and counterfeits of humanity, with pulpy hands, mummy heads and spider legs—mere cheese pairing apologies for humanity. Mary *dear* Mary, account yourself rich, too rich in your calico dress, for such mere rattans and walking sticks. Mary dear, worth does not alone make the man; but it makes the woman, who is superior to him in all the sweet and gentle graces. Thank God—may we not Mary, that mere clothes make nothing but vanity. If brocades and silks; point laces and guipure, edging, false hair, hoops, bustles, paint, powder and pomades, made women, ye gods and small fishes, what a perfect model is that at the door of the People's Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 26, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Mr. Babbage has long been engaged in devising a machine which he calls his analytical machine.—This machine proposes to give Algebra—nay, even to those lofty branches of mathematical science, the differential and integral calculus the same mechanical aid, which the difference machine confers on all tables capable of arithmetical calculation.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], April 28, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

[Communicated.]

Editor Comet—Dear Sir:

In the columns of your paper of the 25th inst., I see there has already appeared a claimant

for the "ring." V. M. says that Miss Mary has worn a calico dress to Church two Sundays, minus ornaments except six porcelain buttons, and so Mary has been awarded the "ring."

The Editor has certainly forgotten that this is *April*, and the calico dress was to be worn in *May*. Now is this just, as Mary was awarded the "ring," I will mention the fact, that since your article (relative to the "ring") appeared there have been two young ladies, who wore calico dresses, and whose hoops were considerably diminished in size. Sufficient testimony can be produced to substantiate what I assert. The thought of receiving the reward did not find entrance to their minds.

Now Mr. Comet are they not entitled to the ring also. I do not think you ought to be biased in favor of *any one*, (as it appears you are) in such a case as this. Please give it a thought.

Flora.

Flora is right. The Editor of the Comet has so much to say, that he absolutely forgets from day to day, what he does say. "Miss Mary" will perceive that the "ring" was to be disposed to the first young lady, who in the merry month of May, would go to church in a calico dress. It would not be just to bestow it, here in the month of April. Flora, dear; you are mistaken when you say, that we are biased. Far from it—so far, that we are in hopes there will be a hundred at least, to contest for the prize with straws.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 1, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

There will be a regular meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Tuesday) evening, May 1st, at 8 o'clock P. M., at the meeting rooms of Independence Fire Company No. 2. Subject for debate: "Which is the more stable form of Government—a Republican, or a Monarchical?" Punctual attendance requested. By order of the Society.

N. A. Stuart, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

The May Day Festival.—Other and more serious engagements, prevented our being on the ground to witness the presentation of the banner, and celebration of May day. Some gentle friend—unknown, comes to our relief in the following, which is couched in a fair round hand and reaches us through the Post office.

Baton Rouge, May 1st, 1860.

Mr. Editor:--We among other spectators witnessed the presentation of the banner to the Creole Guards, on the first inst., on the Garrison grounds. 'Twas a delightful day, a delightful season of the year, and a delightful scene which met our gaze. This lovely spot seemed to possess the charm of enchantment; all to me appeared a second Eden.

At length, after anxious expectation, arrived our Creole Guards, headed by their gallant Captain, whose imposing military appearance impressed us with mingled feelings of admiration and respect. Judging from their military movements, Capt. Pierce must have practiced for the occasion—and we must say, his efforts were crowned with success. We must not omit mentioning that the States were represented by thirty-one of our fair Southern maidens; Louisiana came forward, and in the name of her sister states presented a banner. The crowd prevented our hearing the address distinctly, yet, the sweet melodiousness of her voice fell pleasantly upon our ear; the grace of her movements, the purity and repose of her language, were qualities that pleased our fastidious taste. The response by Captain Pierce was universally applauded, though, delivered in rather a modest tone.

Then, came their marching and manoeuvring, from thence they adjourned to the

residence of Captain Pierce in expectation of a sumptuous repast.

Closing the festivity of the day a grand Ball was given, where the young and light-hearted gathered to amuse themselves. Of course, it is useless to say that all of the anticipated "Belle's" [sic] were present, and without farther [sic] commentation [sic], I assure you Mr. Editor, it went off according to Hoyle.

Stranger.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Presentation of a Flag to the Creole
Guards by the Young Ladies of Baton
Rouge.
Address of Miss Junia Burk.

Gentlemen:--It is with much pleasure I avail myself of the privilege which I enjoy of addressing you a few words on the present occasion, which we celebrate in your honor as a military corps. "The Creole Guards!" Your designation is well chosen. It is particularly the province of the creole youth of Louisiana to raise the national standard upon their native soil, and to see that it remains *there* firmly rooted in defence [sic] of the institutions of their country. We sincerely hope that these institutions will never be disputed, but if they are ever made the subject of a conflict we are persuaded, that this standard will be the first in front of the battle, waving proudly to the sound of hymns of freedom and glory. We look not upon this banner as the mere ornament of a pageant. It is the same that waved o'er our forefathers of the Revolution, and remains to us, with its additional trophies a glorious page which we learn lessons of patriotism and valor. With the thought that it was once our passport to freedom, what may it not attain for us now when strengthened in that good cause? It is yours, free-born men of Louisiana to plant it upon an eminence that the true and brave hearted whose voices stifled by party clamor may see at least that Liberty is true to her post, and the Eagle yet looks upon the sun.—You will conquer wherever this banner may lead, and your's [sic] will be the meed [sic] ever awarded to valor—"the smiles of the fair." If, on the contrary, the destiny of war decide against your corps, it will remain to tell where the brave have fallen, and songs of freedom will be sung in your praise! the loudest reverberation of your fame will be in the hearts of these for whom you fall and the monument erected to the memory of your deeds will be inscribed Excelsior!

Now while the gentle May-breeze comes sighing through these silken folds, arranged by the delicate hands of so many fair maidens, it seems that the spirit of chivalry descends [sic] to encourage the task you are prepared to undertake. Can aught but freedom be inhaled from the rose-scented air of our Sunny South? Does not the very ground which we tread, send forth the odor of Liberty rising in a burning column of incense far up through the blue ether of our glorious sky, "till we almost fancy that it ascends in sight of the celestial gates." Let the goal of your ambition be set as high, and in serried ranks, march on to its attainment—march on! with this applause of your fellow countrymen, the smiles of your countrywomen and the benediction of Heaven, march on—to Victory!

I now present you this banner, in the name of my companions, your welfare in the voluntary profession which you have assumed, and also the good will of all who boast themselves natives of the glorious State which I have the honor to represent.

Reply of Captain H. M. Pierce.

In the name of the Creole Guards, I thank the fair donors, whose representative you are, for this graceful and acceptable compliment. Ever, from the earliest dawn of civilization to our own times, one of the most potent incentives to man, to acts of goodness and greatness, has been the hope of deserving and obtaining the praise and love of woman. And she has ever been ready to bid him God speed on his errand, of charity, mercy, religion, patriotism and glory, her prayers attend him in the conflict, and her smiles of approbation are no mean element in the plaudits ever paid to triumphant worth.

The Creole Guards will always march with pride beneath the folds of this beautiful flag, the gift of the creole sisters.—Should our marches all be merry meetings in the times of peace, it will be a continual reminiscence to us of this bright day; of this delightful occasion; of these fair forms and radiant faces, and of these warm and true hearts, now throbbing in perfect harmony with love and devotion for our whole country, every part of which is so charmingly represented by yourselves.

Should we be called on to serve our country in the field, I know that among the inducements we will have to do our whole duty, and do it well, will be the recollections of this happy day and brilliant assemblage, and the hope of seeing you proud of the soldiers who fought under your flag.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Association of the Sexes.—The natural and only safe mode of enjoying amusements, is in common. Where one sex, or any one particular class, enjoy their amusements alone, they are to run into excess. The division of the human family into man, woman and child, father, mother, brother, and sister is the only conservative principle; they act and react upon each other like the different seasons of the earth. Each age and each sex has its peculiar characteristics, that serve to modify and check certain mischievous tendencies in the other sex, and in others of different ages. For one sex to attempt to amuse themselves agreeably and innocently alone, is like trying to make music on a one-stringed instrument.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 8, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Something New in the Way of Entertainment.—The colored society of the congregation of the M. E. Church, desirous of contributing their mite to the new edifice now in course of construction, had a fair and concert on Saturday night, in the basement of the old church, from which they realized about \$300. In the fair department they had an abundance of all manner of things, and there was such a jam where the singing and conundrums came off, as cannot be imagined. Sardines are loosely packed in comparison. A glance at the exhibition gives us authority to say that it was good; indeed the singing was better than we have often heard from professors who travel over the country with their faces in lamp black. As a kind of retaliation, we expected to see some of the faces in chalk; but not so.—They were not only several shades blacker, but polished up to the slick resemblance of Japan tin. The sum realized from their fair, added to what they have raised by private subscriptions amounts to \$500.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

[For the Gazette and Comet.

The Bridal Ring.

Where is the Lady, who has to face,
The despot of Fashion in the Holy place,
If any there be, who during this May,
Will visit the church, in the light of day,
In calico dressed and with hoops compressed,
And will bring three men, who will then attest
Shall receive the ring which ye hold to view,
A due [sic?] to the Lady thus bold and true.

H.

Baton Rouge, La., May 9th.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 4
[Written for the Gazette and Comet.

Fashion.

Fashion of thee, thou tyrant king,
Who rules thy subjects with a nod,
Despotic one, of thee I sing,
Who claims the homage of a God.

Cast forth thine eyes, throughout the world,
Behold, how vast, compete, thy sway,
Emperors, Kings, with banners furled,
Worship thy temples, day by day.

And then amidst this countless throng,
Are thousands, who can ill afford,
To follow thee, through dance and song,
Or join thee at the festive board.

Jewels, thou claimest, rich and rare,
The costliest silks and finest lace,
Heavy satins and muslins fair,
With flounces nearly to the waist.

The parent groans, to see his toil,
Cast forth to meet thy daily claim,
The husbandman that tills the soil,
Unwilling pays his hard earned gain.

Yet there are those who follow thee,
Bedecked in all thou doest require,

But at a price thou'll shame to be,
The cause that leads to acts so dire.

They must have gold, for ne'er without,
Can any worship at thy shrine,
Thus wrong is often done no doubt,
The means to get and thus comes crime.

Baton Rouge, May 10th. H.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Confectionary.....Confectionary!

500 pounds Jelly Gum Drops, assorted flavors; 20 Boxes Cream Chocolate; 10 Boxes Vanilla Chocolate.

R. D. Day.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Cologne Water.

6 Dozen genuine Farina Cologne, quarts, pints and half pints, 4 dozen genuine Bay Rum, 2 dozen Lavender Water.,

sold by R. D. Day.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Dishonored and Disgraced.

Last weat [sic] a most disgusting and beastly sight was tolerated in New Orleans, which we would fain pass over as a foul strain [sic] and blotch on the record, and a dishonor to the State; but from the fact that it thrusts itself upon us, like the blood stains on the garments of the murderer, and there is not water enough in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, to wash it out—We are forced to notice it, it is indellible [sic]. An English and an Irish dog, walking each on their hind legs and having the outward semblence [sic] of a nobler beast, have been permitted to fight for a purse of greasy dollars, in sight of the municipal authorities, and some thousand men and women, in the city of New Orleans. Verily, with the fact before us—finely spun out by the flash papers of the place; we must hereafter deal sparingly with the English Mill, and northern morality. Let us look to our own household, and if any stay can be had to its downward, and gutterward tendency; let it be applied, with all convenient despatch [sic]. We have no wonder, or astonishment to express, because of the existance so near at home, of this phase of beastiality [sic]; because we all know and feel, that the land of liberty, under a democratic system which has no boundry [sic] line or limit, is the great eddy of the world, into which the tide brings the refuse material—the scum and scurf of the four quarters; but, that a condition of society should there exist to unnerve the authorities, from their clear duty, is one

sufficiently appalling, to warrant a concert of action on the part of all good people, to use their restraining influence. We have no maudlin sentiment for that common and cheap liquid called blood. If it be necessary that it should flow in rivers to wash out the stains on the escutcheon of manhood, let it flow.—The fact of one dog tearing the flesh of another dog in a naked fight; its—as far as the fighters are concerned a matter of small consequence; but these curs, wear the outward semblance [sic] of humanity and by their disgraceful acts, pull down and threaten with destruction what little leaven for good there is yet left in the world.

That noble old journal, the *Bulletin*, in a manly article on the subject, says:

["] In no place probably in this country have the effects of the late English, or rather Irish, set-to in England been more marked or worse than they have been in New Orleans, and if any of our readers think we intend to speak of this matter in gingerly phrases, they will be disappointed. We shall speak very plainly of it. From high public considerations, we think every man who has any regard for the reputation or prosperity of this city, or for the common decencies of life, should set his face against the introduction among us of this debasing phase of human degredation [sic], wretchedness and crime. There is all the more reason for this from the fact that murder at least has already taken place in our midst through the effects of the English-Irish set-to, while imitations of it have here been witnessed on several occasions, some of which have, and others have not been made public. A gentleman informs us that he met, a few days ago, a couple of half-grown men with their faces bruised and mangled in a horrid manner in an encounter of this kind at some place on the lake shore. What kind of voters, we ask any respectable citizen, are these boys likely to make? Under the training of such influences, would our elections be likely to become more peaceable and orderly? Would bullies be likely to become extinct under the genial, elevating and refining processes?

There was one feature of the humiliating scene that we would gladly pass over in silence, if duty permitted us to do so. There was a woman present, whose hoarse shouts to encourage one of the creatures rose shrill and distinct above the revelry and din of the occasion! The deep infamy of the fact is scarcely relieved by saying that she was not an American woman. We again ask, where were the police authorities, that this deep reproach should come upon New Orleans? The soil of Louisiana has been desecrated. We can scarcely help calling to mind the Reign of Terror, when woman dipped their hands and kerchiefs in the human gore that slowly ran along the gutters of Guillotine Square, and uttered such imprecations as must have made the angels veil their faces from the earth.["]

This is manly language. Would that there were other journals in the metropolis, and the State, to talk thus. The *Picayune* is passive and characterless; giving place to anything that comes to it, or goes on before it. The *Bee* has no editorial on this subject, but allows its local to dress the obscenity in the most acceptable garb for the swell mob. The *Crescent* has lost the dignity it started out with, and has arrived by regular stages, at the common dead level. The *Delta* and *Carrier* are too hard at work for administration democracy to devote more than a passing notice; whilst the *True Delta* characterless as it is, devotes a large space to the fight, adorned with an attractive head, and disgusting details!

Good people of New Orleans—you who must feel the sting of this shame, as poison in the body polite; stand firm and united to put it down, and rest assured that a portion of the country at least, is with you.

Great American Monkey Wrench.

A few on hand at Montan & Matta's.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 22, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.—At a meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" held on Tuesday, May 15th, the following question: "Would a Rail Road from Baton Rouge to New Orleans benefit the City of Baton Rouge?" was ably discussed by Messrs. V. A. Allain and W. G. Randolph on the affirmative, and Messrs. C. O. Hardy and C. D. Favrot on the negative. President Huguet, rendered his decision in favor of the *affirmative*.

There will be a meeting of the Society this Tuesday evening, May 22d, at 8 o'clock P. M., at the meeting rooms of 'Independence Fire Company No. 2.' Question for Debate: "Was the Louisiana delegation right in leaving the Convention at Charleston?" Punctual attendance respectfully requested.

By order of the Society,
Nolan A. Stuart, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 23, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Trade.—Not that which has to do with foreign commerce and is regulated by the tariff, but home trade—such as daily goes on in the stores and shops of the town from years end to years end. The merchant if he understands his interest has a great moral mission to perform and may if he like, do more to confer substantial benefits on the community, than the lawyer and the doctor, with the influence of the press and the pulpit thrown in. What has been the history of the merchant of Red Stick in the last twenty years traffic? It is curious to contemplate. He commenced much after the fashion of the merchant now; with a large stock of goods on time—to be settled for, in eternity. His store was clean swept, and the goods carefully stacked away on the shelves, exposing to view, the most attractive patterns. He opened a fresh and clean set of books in honor of the event, and the first entries were made in a clear, round scholarly hand. The people came in like flies, attracted by the odor of fresh fine boxes—they bought the goods in the piece as well as by the yard, and took them home. They were charged on the clear white pages of the new books' [sic] and to have the figures more interesting to the merchant, they were posted to the journal, item by item, and afterwards found their way in gross figures to the Ledger. Women bought goods on account of their husbands, and husbands without credit, bought goods on account of their wives, whilst the children went in and had what they asked for, without any care as to who they were charged to. The merchant was elated with his business. Silly people, who might have bought on time, went in and spent their money, and the merchant, realized enough from cash sales, to pay for his segars [sic] and cognac, and by borrowing of his brother merchant could manage at the end of the month, to meet his house rent, taxes, license, and clerk hire. He was placed in the lists as a solid man. By and by, notes became due for the first purchases, and a batch of accounts were made out, and he tried his hand at the interesting business of collecting for goods purchased the previous year, and consumed. Finding, that enough could not be realized in this way to pay for the wear of his sold-leather, the bills in gross, were placed in the hands of the collector, and by and by enough cash was realized by tight squeezing, to meet the notes. The merchant was easy again, because he could buy more goods, on another year's time. So the business continued. We shall not say people bought more goods than they wanted, because people here, as well as elsewhere, want whatever they can get on

time. In this way they get something for nothing, and it is this kind of clear gain that makes so many people rich. By and by, notes came on the merchant, which he could not meet. Now, instead of employing the collector, the lawyer's services were demanded. Suit was brought against several heads of families, and the wives intervened, and proved to the satisfaction of the court, that the property was their's [sic]. Then in another and later action, the man and woman were both sued and then the court took into consideration, the interest of the minor children—tender scions of the parent stem. The suits were dismissed, the merchants doors closed; his goods sold at auction, and his books—now full of blotches and scratches, together with a lot of accounts, not worth putting down in the inventory, were knocked off under the auction hammer. Now, where is the merchant? He is several years older, and "broke"—he is down with the weight of a debt to keep him down. Time has torn up the books and scattered the accounts.

Can not the merchant, with half an eye open, see how it is his interest to correct this demoralizing and degrading system. There are many to exclaim, "It cannot be done," whilst others will say "we had rather sell on a credit, than for cash." A good feeling among merchants—a kind of a union for mutual interest and protection would soon correct such evils. People might in this way be induced to live within their means, and the moral condition of the place improved, in such a way, as it cannot be by mere preaching.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 26, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Great Fashionable Insurrection. *Coal Scuttles Repudiated*.—We learn from good authority that the milliners have given up the effort to circulate the coal scuttle bonnets, and that the manufacturers of New York and Connecticut have entirely discontinued their manufacture, and are at work on a different style, which will soon be out. The coal scuttle style produce[d] so much ridiclue [sic] and disgust that there has been very little sale for them, and the milliners find they must get up something different or sell no spring bonnets at all. We think the women could have stood the ridicule, and would have swallowed their own disgust at the shapeless things, but the idea that they make their wearers look at least a dozen years older settled the question. A successful rebellion against a Paris fashion, duly promulgated, is one of the events of the age. Nobody can doubt now that the world moves.—Springfield Republican.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 26, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Breaking Up of the Parodi Opera Troupe.—We hear this troupe has been disbanded, whether for good or not we are not able to state. The occasion of their breaking up was not of any misunderstanding among themselves, but by the interference of the local authorities at the South, in the State of Alabama, we believe. There is a law in that State which prohibits any play company from performing different to the announcement in their published programme. One evening Parodi was announced for a certain part, but before the commencement of the entertainment she was called out of town, and we believe, Miss Hattie Brown, of this city, was substituted for her. Now the law dispensers had a chance to put money in their pockets, and they profited by it, and the next morning the troupe's managing man was served with a notice of prosecution, and the damages—laid at \$400. The agent would not pay the demand, but wanted a trial, knowing that the company could be cleared from any wrong intention to defraud the community, but the Justice before whom the case was to be tried kept putting off the matter, until the agent found it would be money in Parodi's pocket to pay the claim, which was done.—The company then broke up, the members going home. Miss Hattie Brown, we believe, is in town at present.—Rochester (N. Y. Express, May 17.

Very Severe Style.

The best and quickest way to dispose of an adversary, who points the steel of his pen at you, is to say "I do not see the point, I do not understand him." A generous public does not expect a wordy defense from the party attacked, when his adversary is disposed of, in this manner; because it is not reasonable to expect an answer to language addressed in an unknown tongue. The Crescent does not understand the Comet. It says:

["] Everybody who ever read that odd and whimsical little sheet, the Baton Rouge Comet, is aware of its chronic propensity for joking, in a small way. If it sometimes gets off a facetious article that is somewhat unintelligible, the point of which, in fact, is not quite so "plain as a pike-staff," no matter, that is to be expected; where jocularly is made a business of, an occasional failure is inevitable, for it is as impossible that a constant and ever-failing flow of funniness (if we may be allowed to coin a word appropriate to this subject) should be kept up from one source as that small streams should gabble on uninterrupted in dry weather. We had supposed, however, that it was out of the question for our eccentric cotemporary at Red Stick to take a serious view of any subject, and experienced a little astonishment on finding in it an article occupying about a column and a half of its valuable space, and commencing in the following portentous style:

Dishonored and Disgraced.—Last week a most disgusting and beastly sight was tolerated in New Orleans which we would fain pass over as a foul strain [sic] and blotch on the record, and a dishonor to the State; but from the fact that it thrusts itself upon us, like the blood stains on the garments of the murderer, and there is not water enough in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, to wash it out—we are forced to notice it—it is indellible [sic]. An English and an Irish dog, walking each on their hind legs and having the outward semblance of a nobler beast, have been permitted to fight for a purse of greasy dollars, in sight of the municipal authorities, and some thousand men and women, in the city of New Orleans.

What a "foul strain and blotch" may mean we wot not, but that follows this mysterious and no doubt injurious attack upon the record is fearfully significant. The Comet man says that "a most disgusting and beastly sight," "tolerated in New Orleans," "thrusts itself upon us like the blood stains on the garments of the murderer," etc., and then we learn that this monstrous spectacle was a fight between "an English and an Irish dog, walking each on their hind legs." Curious how each could walk on his own and the other's hind legs, and fight in that singular position, too.

We knew that there was a dog fight in a cock-pit somewhere on St. Charles street a few days ago, and that greasy dollars were staked on the result, but we had no idea that they walked into each other on their mutual hind legs, nor did we dream that the Comet man was present, or we certainly should have waited at the door until he came out, at the conclusion of the canine tussle, and proffered him the editorial hospitalities of the Crescent office.["]

No reference was made by us to the fighting of dogs in a cock pit on Chartres street. It was a prize fight, witnessed by about a thousand people, women as well as men, with a feline loudest and most lusty with her vulgar mouth in urging on the fighters. A think winked at by the model Police Authorities of the city, whereat the Crescent and other city papers had reporters regularly employed to bear away the particulars and do them up for the morbid appetite, of what is fast getting to be a *respectable* element in New Orleans society. We did not express

astonishment, that there should be beasts—wearing the human form—in mockery of manhood, to attempt such a thing in New Orleans; because the chaste press there as elsewhere has been laboring assiduously for a season past, to bring about this condition. As a citizen of Louisiana; interested in her fair name, we were mortified, to find that there is not a sufficient restraining influence somewhere in the society of the city to hold back the ruffians from public exhibitions of such beastiality [sic]. Whether the Crescent or any of its contemporaries, cares for this feeling of ours, is of no consequence. "To the Crescent's charge of a chronic propensity for joking," the Comet does not plead guilty. This is brought against us—no doubt—because we never allow ourselves, to go off into the riproarious [sic] style of passion. We treat men women and things, as we find, them, or rather as they appear to us; in a light, immaterial manner. If understood, well; if not well. Very certain it is, we do not labor to be understood. The Crescent seems not to understand the subject matter of the article, he slashes at in his very severest and most cutting style. Will he please refer to his own paper of the past week, or any of his contemporaries, with the exception of the *Bulletin*, and he will find a large space devoted to the disgusting details.

Let us talk sparingly of the insanity and fanaticism of our Northern kinfolks—the leveling tendency of Mormonism, Abolition, True Love and other isms. Let us look about us, and correct some of the evils at home, which are at work undermining the very foundation of things.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], May 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Minied Rifles.

Last year the demand could not be supplied for these guns and cannot be this year as we have only twenty on hand. Call if you wish a good cheap rifle at

Montan & Matta's.
Hardware Corner.

Gun Canes.

These steel rifled Gutta Percha covered, light, strong and accurate, shooting well either shot or ball at a long range, only a few left for sale at

Montan & Matta's.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 2, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Plantation Goods.

The special attention of the Planters of this and the surrounding parishes is requested to the fact, that we are now prepared to furnish them with

Baton Rouge Penitentiary Lowells.

"	"	"	Twills;
"	"	"	Jeans;
"	"	"	Linseys;

Russets and Black Brogans.

Orders for these articles are solicited by us and will meet with prompt attention.

Dalsheimer, Simon & Co.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Academy Hall!
Madame Anna Bishop,
The World Renowned Cantatrice,

Who has been received by the most brilliant, fashionable and crowded audiences throughout the United States, has the honor of announcing to the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity

Two Grand Vocal and Instrumental
Concerts,
Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings,
June 5th and 6th.

Assisted by Mr. F. Rudolphsen, the eminent Baritone, and Mr. Thos. Aug. Hogan, the celebrated Pianist.

The selections will comprise choice
Operatic Gems,

From the most popular operas of the age; also

National Songs

in the English, French, Spanish, German, and Italian languages—together with some of the most famous

Old English Ballads!

Entire change of Programme each night.

Tickets.....\$1.00

Children and Servants.....50 Cts.

Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 5, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.—There will be a meeting of the "Sugar Bowl Debating Society" this (Tuesday) evening at eight o'clock P. M. at Academy Hall. "Question for debate? Which has the most influence on man, women, or money?" Punctual attendance respectfully requested. By order of the Society.

J. Bailey Stuart,
Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Fanny Fern, in one of her latest newspaper contributions, relieves her mind on the subject of "Good Old Fashioned Religion" thus:

Real devotion may stroll to church with a gilt edged, gilt clasped, velvet prayer book, with a staring gilt cross on the cover, held by the daintiest yellow gloves in conjunction with a cobweb handkerchief heavily freighted with rich lace; *real* devotion may do this, but it staggers my faith to believe it.—It is a relief to me, at any rate, to look away from such a spectacle to some poor boy, in homely but well mended clothes, in company with a well thumbed Bible or prayer book, with the look of *having been used*; a leaf turned down here, a pencil mark there, perhaps by some dear, toil-hardened hand, cold and white enough now, over which warm tears have dropped, on its pages, during life's great soul struggle upward.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Mrs. Swisshelm says that the popularity of her paper in Minnesota is due to the fact that "people are always expecting she will say something she ought not to."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 6, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

A Geometrical Description of a Lady—A Back View.—Conical, base equal to seven-tenths the axis—four vaulted zones equidistant on the planes of the sides—cone truncated on the nodule from theoretical apex, with a warped surface placed diagonally upon the parabola of truncation, intersected by the quadrant of a sphere, and it again by irregular polygonal planes of half the diameter of the sphere, sloping downwards in the angle of the cosine of the longitude of figure.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

It is the Fact.—At this season the only serious trouble of the masculine animal man, is to keep his shirt on. Since the abandonment of suspenders, the shirt left unrestrained—creeps up—so to speak.—Every gentleman is presumed to be aware of this fact, which is very patent in June weather. The only way to restrain this propensity of the shirt is to get a good fit. We have it from one of the firm that Dalsheimer Simon & Co., of the Mammoth store, have the best fitting shirts in town. Will gentlemen please call and satisfy themselves of the fact.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

The Japanese on the American Women.—The following is an extract from a very cleverly written, if not authentic, translation of a despatch [sic] said to have been sent home by the Japanese Embassy. It is taken from the Philadelphia Inquirer:

We find it very difficult to comply with the demands of our sovereign, forbidding us to touch the women of this country. Not from any disposition on our part to disobey, but from their desire to seize us by our hands. They are apparently allowed here the greatest freedom, but it is only in appearance. Every woman, married or single, is fastened in a cage of bamboo or flexible steel, extending from the waist to the feet. This seems to be so arranged as to give them no uneasiness, but they are much ashamed of it, and conceal it under so many coverings that it renders their appearance quite ludicrous. They are unrestricted as to the upper part of their person, which they are permitted to expose as much as they wish. This they seem to avail themselves of, and on all occasions of high ceremony wear very low dresses. As in all barbarous nations, they slit their ears and suspend from them ornaments of gold and silver. They also paint

and powder themselves, and after greasing their hair, twist it into fantastic shapes and fasten it with long pins and combs. Some of them would be fine looking, if they did not disfigure themselves by the hideous and vulgar custom of wearing eyebrows and keeping their teeth white. Be assured, therefore, we are in no danger of being captivated by their appearance; we feel nothing but regret that the barbarous and absurd customs of man should thus destroy the charms which cultivation and refinement would so much improve.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

To Make Good Coffee.—Brown carefully in a slow oven, giving it a finishing touch with a quick fire; but on no account allow a kernel of it to burn. Shut it up immediately in a close canister, lest the aroma escape, and grind it as you require it for use—do not grind it too fine. Mix a coffee-cupfull [sic] of ground coffee with an egg, pour over it a quart of boiling water, let it boil fifteen minutes, add half a pint of cold water, and take it from the fire. Removing the cream from a quart of milk, and set the milk over the fire, when it boils, pour the coffee into it; add the cold cream and sweeten to your taste.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

An editor, in an address before a literary association in Toronto, Canada, said: "Experience teaches us, that it requires a hundred years to form the oak, half a century to form a good lawyer, a quarter of a century to make a good general, and three generations to become a gentleman."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Beggars.—So common is this class of people getting to be in this place, that it is time to think of a work-house for their benefit. There is another class that might be benefitted by such an institution—fellows who have no means, and no visible way of obtaining a living. In the olden time, it was fashionable to flog such, or place them on the streets to work; and it may be, that for self protection the old custom will have to be revived. It will be very humiliating to prevailing notions of freedom and do violence to the doctrine, that all men are free and equal; yet this liberty about which there is so much prating, is only secured by the union of sober and industrious people, to protect themselves, against the idle, vagabondish and intemperate. The doctrine is safe, that the man who is too lazy to work, and has no inheritance to live on, must obtain a living in a questionable way, or steal. Hence to a degree there is no such thing as liberty, in civilized society. Every one owes a duty to society, which must either be rendered willingly or forced by the law. This is the argument to use for the colonization of the African on the cotton farm, or sugar plantation. They have no right to exist in Africa or any where else in degradation as they do, and it is the special duty of those who have the advance in civilization and are concerned in working out the great problem of human existence, to see that they are made to work. Begging is as much a profession here as in the old world, and the idle vagabonds who follow it, are better posted about the location of work houses than others. They purposely avoid such places on the river, as require them to work, when found begging, and the only way to get rid of the nuisance here, is to establish a work-house. The roads leading out of the city are beset by these people and where they cannot get what they want by begging, and an opportunity offers—they steal.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

New Books! New Books!!

Beadle's Dime Song Book, No. 5 and 6;
Beadle's Dime Book of Fun;
Beadle's Dime Letter writer;
Beadle's Dime Melodist;
Violent Devenant—by Bayle St. John;
The Incendiaries or the Haunted Manor;
Ethel Trevor—by G. W. M. Reynolds;
True Blue—by M. J. Errym;
Southern Gardening—by N. H. White of Athens, Georgia;
Dadd's Horse Farrier;
Catholic Prayer Books'
Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Hymn Books;
The Koran—Inquire Within—Book of 1001 Songs;
Youatt on the Horse and Dog;
The Girls and Boys own Books of Sports, etc., enlarged—just received at the Post Office Book Store.

J. McCormick.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Editorial Fights in Texas.—An affray took place, a few days since, between Dalton, the wit of the Texas press, and Hepperla, both editors of the town of Crocket, Texas. Dalton received a bullet in his throat, making a wound probably mortal, and Hepperla was hit in the head, but not seriously injured.

Dalton is a native of this place. He left here about fifteen years ago and has been in the newspaper line, at Crocket, ever since.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

[Communicated.]

The Question of Music.

Mr. Comet:--As full of mistakes, typographical, orthographical and grammatical as your paper is—I like it, and read it with pleasure, word by word every morning immediately after the coffee hour. Your erratic ways please me; and it is not to be wondered at, that moving as you do without orbit, and without regard to the fixed laws of motion, that you now and then strike at—pass through and make apparent, some of the many evils, we are called on to bear with, because of custom and fashion. I like you because your contemporaries dare not copy after you.—It gives originality to your nine by fifteen inches sheet, in its diurnal motion. The suggestions you made the other day about music at the public expense, meets the approval of the ladies, and you have all the children on your side. Keep at it; be of good heart, and do not become discouraged. Here at midsummer, there is no reason why we should not entertain a band of music to discourse to us morning, noon and night. The benefit is not to be estimated by a few dollars of cost.

Your friend
Marie.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

A Lady's Defense of Vails [sic—Veils].—An exchange paper found fault with the practice of wearing vails [sic]—averred that it was "mischievously prevalent" this year, and objected to it because "they are so terribly annoying and tantalising [sic] to sensitive [sic] young men." To this a lady writer answers, with much truth, as follows: "This is one of the very best reasons that could be given for wearing them. Vails [sic] save women from a vast amount of annoying impertinence. It requires no small degree of resolution for a sensitive [sic] young girl to pass the corner of a street where a know of these susceptible young men are congregated, knowing that all the curious eyes will be turned upon her, and that her eyes, hair, walk, dress, size of shoes and gloves, will be marks of their close and impudent observation. Vails [sic], have a special sanitary use during the spring months, in the protection afforded from the disagreeable influence of the sun and wind; but if comfort did not call for them, we should advocate their use until young men acquire the first rules of politeness and good manners in their street department."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Fancy and Ornamental Work!

Mrs. Pollock, respectfully informs the ladies of Baton rouge, that she has taken rooms at Mrs. Wilson's on Lafayette street, and is prepared to give instruction in Fancy and Ornamental Hair Work, Rosin Work.—Various style of Painting, etc. All kinds of Hair Ornaments made to order; Hair Wreaths, etc.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], June 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

From Our Alum Spring Correspondent.

Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., }
June 19th, 1860. }

Mr. Editor:--Having been dropped from the top of a neighboring mountain into this beautiful valley, and having penetrated the mysteries of the Spring; and relieved the mind of the barkeeper from suspense by assuring him that we travel with our own whiskey; and the consciences of our waiters by keeping our dollars in our pockets, we may now sit down in our comfortable apartments and think with a tender melancholy of our friends in Baton Rouge.

I could indulge in a great many pleasing reminiscences of our journey to this place, commencing with the first day on the Gen. Quitman, of real turtle soup memory, and from that steamer, voyaging along with the cars until I came to this land of rocks and streams, but that our friend XX has greedily snatched up every delicate morsel, and sent off a bundle of good things to the "Advocate," only omitting to mention the precise number of fried eggs he assaulted and demolished at the eating houses on the road, and the exact amount of consolation he derived from a little flask, containing a highly odorous, saffron colored liquid, and which he said had been laced in his hand at parting by a person whom I suppose to be a physician, with a name sounding something like "Tonie" or "Tonic."

Now I have a plan. Our friend XX is gone—"off for Baltimore," and in his absence I shall forstall [sic] him by telling everything that is to be told, about the Rockbridge Alum

Springs.

Your first wish on arriving at this place after having secured supper and a room, is to go down and see, and try this "Pool of Bethsaida." You find a tall rocky wall in which are fine hollowed out places with basins containing the medicinal water, and number according to their strength. No. 1 being the weakest; and the rest in an advancing scale up to No. 4, the strongest, and the one which gives its healing water, to invalids, in all parts of the Union. No. 5 is rather in disgrace, being neither strong nor weak, nor anything in particular. There is good chalybeate Spring at a few hundred yards distance, much resorted to, by romantic young ladies, who love to gather handfulls [sic] of flowering Laurel, and wild Phlox, and follow the winding path that leads them to the large stepping stones at the gurgling shallow stream, where their pretty feet may cross in safety to the resting place by the basin of the Iron Spring.

The water of the Alum Spring tastes of alum, and iron, though I believe neither of them predominate over the other properties. Most beginners dislike the taste greatly, but I was told to-day, by a lady, that in time you become passionately fond of it. I am in hopes that as we are very idle here, and have 'plenty of time,' this desirable state of feeling may soon be brought about.

The fashionable season has not yet commenced, and so there are few here beside the Sick and the attendant Well, though strange to say, no man will admit, if he can help it, that he is an invalid, while he is suspicious that every body he meets is the victim of some dreadful disease, that can only be cured by the Elixir at the foot of the mountain. There is no end to the traditions we hear of the wonderful cures performed by this natural physic: Scrofula, ulcers, bad complexions, impoverished blood, want of appetite, and every other ailment, flee before this great exterminator, frightened, I suppose by the bad taste of the water. An enthusiastic worshipper at this shrine informed me that an old soldier who had lost his eyes in the service of his country had both members restored to him, by the use of the water, as he was "Set on his legs again," by them. We all believe in this water and will die—no I mean, live by it. We are sure that we are the victims of no deception, for the Proprietor has placed at the front door of the Hotel, an apparatus for weighing ourselves (purses to be removed from the person as the water does not agree with them) and this shows a confidence in the fattening qualities of the place—otherwise, it would be to his interest to keep the scales—from falling from our eyes.

The air is delightfully cool and pure, so nearly cold in fact that we would have fires in our rooms, were it not an insult to summer. The gentlemen walk about in the sunshine, and the ladies retreat into silks and shawls for comfort. As the season advances we shall no doubt, have warm weather, though I fancy not desperately so. The buildings and grounds are much handsomer and much more improved than we anticipated, the Springs having been known but a few years. We have smooth walks, grass plots, flowers and in the words of Rosa Matilda, "wild streams whose incoherent babblings, betray the secret of their retreat, though they can never tell us from what dark cave, down what deep—rent fissure they stole, to dance and chatter in the Sun." We have glorious mountains, with trees, precipices, wild flowers, and better Nell, we have good coffee, cream, vegetables—Ah, that reminds me of XX—you know how excruciating his jokes are. "Do you know" said he sadly, "We shall have no vegetables here this summer?" "Why not?" I asked in alarm. "Why because" said this cruel man, "Because we have only a *Spring* garden."

Truly Yours,
Blue Ridge.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Is It So?—A lady remarked the other day to our friend Jenks, that "talking in jest to women about marrying them is very much like snapping a pistol at one's head for amusement."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 8

Anniversary
of
American Independence.

The Volunteer Companies of this city will commemorate the Fourth of July by a parade at 7½ o'clock A. M. At 8½ o'clock a flag presentation to the National Guards will take place at the Garrison Grounds, after which the Declaration of Independence will be read by Nolan A. Stuart of the Creole Guards and an address delivered by Fred. D. Tunnard, of the Pelican Rifles. The companies will then parade some of our principal streets.

In accordance with the above arrangements the members of the different Companies will assemble at their several places of rendezvous at 7½ o'clock A. M., precisely, in Dress Uniform with blank cartridges, to assist in the Celebration of the Glorious Anniversary.

By order of

Wm. F. Tunnard,
Captain Pelican Rifles.

L. J. Fremeaux,
Lieut., commanding Creole Guards,
H. A. Rauhman,
Captain National Guards.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

National Tastes.—An observer of curious matters says:

It is a curious and interesting fact, though few, perhaps, are aware of it, that the tastes of different countries in regard to the style of jewelry are so decidedly different, that particular designs are required for different countries. For instance, in the case of the ornamentation on the backs of watches, each country has its favorite style. For France, the general style is a small bouquet, or a shield with a few flowers, with a very narrow border; the ground either straight barley or a fancy pattern of engine-turning. This is also the style of Italy. For Germany heavy ornaments with little engine-turning. The Russian taste is corresponding, intermixed with jewelry and enameling. The Spaniard likes scriptural subjects, diversified with bull fights. Turkey and the East most admire flowers, and the watch cases are in general decorated both inside and outside with these ornaments. Naval subjects are the current taste of the North Americans, sometimes varied by gold-digging scenes. Mexico and South America have also saints and scriptural subjects, intermixed, however, with buffalo-hunts and cock-fights as their standing decorations.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Gayetty's Medicated Paper.—For the water closet, and a sure preventative of Piles, R. D. Day, is the only Agent in Baton Rouge, for the above Paper, and will keep constantly a large supply on hand.

R. D. Day.

Playing Cards—A large supply of Samuel Hart's Playing Cards, all qualities and prices, for sale low to the trade by

R. D. Day.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Properly Disposed Of.

It cannot be said in the next century that the Eighty fourth Anniversary of Independence, was not duly observed and properly celebrated here at the capital; or if it is, and any body now living shall travel so far along the road of time as to reach that period, they can give it the flat denial. Indeed to furnish an adequate idea, how the day was disposed of, a detailed and running account might, and would be given, if there was a cornerstone open, to receive the paper and bear it down to remote posterity. But no, the light of the Comet like the flame of a candle, or more like gas, goes out—flieth as a shadow and where is it!" What becomes of all the daily morsels of morality, culled, and condensed into this paper day by day, and published to "the world?" Why they come from nothing and return to nothing. This is of no consequence. The "Fourth" commenced, here with the alarm of fire, at 2½ o'clock in the morning. A frame building in the rear of the Asylum for Mutes and the Blind, belonging to Madame Keys, and occupied by Mr. Henry Stephens, was entirely consumed. The Fire department—distracted the week previous with the question "shall we turn out" was thus settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties interested. Shortly after, commenced the firing of a National salute, by the Pelicans. The moon having paled his ineffectual rays, and streaks of promise for another day of sunlight appearing in the East, the capital got up—put on its best clothes, and came out to see what was to be done. The beautiful ladies and lovely children who we had seen a short time previous, on the way to the fire, leaning listlessly, from balcony windows, and screened by half closed doors, in classic white—unhooped; now appeared in rainbow colors and spring time decorations. A gentleman with a trumpet, had already been to the street corners, sounding the note for military preparation, and inspiring music enveloped the town with audible [sic] glory. Here were the Pelicans, Creoles and National Guards, all noble and gallant fellows, armed and equipped in proper manner to take charge of the day and see it through.

The tide ran in the direction of the U. S. Arsenal, where at 8 o'clock, Miss Eliza Botts, in behalf of the Surgeon of the Company, F. M. Hereford, presented Capt. H. A. Rauhman of the National Guards, a National banner, accompanied with the following language:

["] Captain:--The pleasing duty has been assigned to me, by the Ladies; your wives, daughters, sisters, friends and compatriots, of presenting to you, and through you, to the officers and members of the Company, of the *National Guards* this "*Star Spangled Banner*." You will observe, that it is composed of 13 stripes and a blue field of 33 *stars*—*stars of hope* for the down trodden and oppressed of every nation on the face of the earth! May not one of those stars be ever struck from the glorious canopy of freedom's firmament; but may they increase in number and lustre [sic] until all nations shall be united in one brotherhood of civil and religious liberty! It will be your duty, as well as your pride and pleasure, to guard and protect that national emblem of liberty and independence against the assaults of every foe. Bear in mind, that Lafayette, Dekalb, Koskuisco, Pulaski, Steuben and many others of European birth, stood shoulder to shoulder with Washington and his compatriots, through the darkest hours of the American

revolution, in their bloody struggle in the great cause of liberty—that constitutional liberty which is the loadstone of nationality. It was for this you left your homes and "*fatherland*," to dwell under the ample folds of this:

"Star spangled banner, and long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"[""]

To which the Captain replied in a gallant and proper manner. After this ceremony the "Declaration" was read by Noland A. Stuart, of the Creoles and F. D. Tunnard of the Pelicans, delivered the address. The military marched down town, and over to Alex. St. Martin's grove on North Boulevard, where Col. Nick Wax, of the Washington house, had fixed just such things as are calculated to put every feeling man in a good humor with himself, and the balance of the race. Patriotic sentiments were scattered about in the most prodigal manner. Some of the Guards, ran all night, says rumor. At half past three in the morning of the 5th, the music after playing "*Oh Susanna*" in a very creditable manner, disappeared in Goose Hollow, and as far as Red Stick is concerned the Eighty Fourth Anniversary was disposed of.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Volunteers for Garibaldi.—Three Hungarians, long resident in this country, left New York on Saturday, in the *City of Washington*, for Europe, for the purpose of joining Garibaldi's forces in Sicily. One of them, Carlo Kalbi, is an ex-officer of the Austrian army, and another, Giovanni Radines, was a captain of artillery in the Hungarian war. The *L'Esco* states that there is now preparing in that city an American legion, intended to assist Garibaldi, and that already more than a hundred American volunteers have joined the corps, which will be commanded by a Captain T-----, who distinguished himself in the Mexican war in 1846.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

More Children Sent West.—The Children's Aid Society of New York on the 3d, sent 25 children picked up in the streets of that city, to find homes in the great West.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Letter from Greenwell.

The season opening—the water—chemical changes—Phrenology and the Panopticon of India—The canvass opened—the old Wheel-horse on the stump, his reception, etc., etc.

Greenwell, July 13th, 1860.

Mr. Comet:--The season has fairly opened with us. The place will not be as lively this as last season for several reasons.—I cannot give them to you, because many of them are trifling, and only assume importance by multiplication. The serious draw-back is this; of which I advise you privately. The water is changing—getting stronger. It must undergo new analysis, before the people will believe in it. A party of gentlemen passed this way last week going towards Clinton. As they carried with them their own whisky (which they averred to be of the best Buchanan brand), I take it, that they came from the political capital. They intended to stay to dinner, but when they noticed the effect of the water, they ordered their horses and left. The water, pure and limpid as it is, everlasting bubbling up from the recess of unfathomed caves,

turns whisky black! Think of it—black as ink sir! There was a traveling phrenologist here last week who gave us all maps at the reduced price of twenty-five cents; we had a Panoptican [sic] the week before, but it did not pay. The feature of attraction this week has been the politics of the day. The old wheel-horse made a speech to our benches yesterday. Captain U-----, from the twelfth ward was here; Col. G-----; General J-----, and several others. The audience was full; though not crowded.—The applause was tremendous. We would have fired cannon, but we had none. Col. Davidson laid bare the Kansas, Nebraska act, until the subject was so naked that the ladies blushed and retired. Mr. Douglas was very skillfully anatomized—dissected until we could see very plainly that he means to be President if he can, and if he is, the first measure of his administration will be to take off the head of Mr. Buckingham. Kick the dust of the city, and with your fish pole come out, and see how coolly we take these exciting things, and you meet your sworn friend

Poins.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Town of Dallas, Texas Consumed.—The Houston Telegraph gives an account of a destruction conflagration [sic] which visited Dallas on Sunday the 8th inst. With the exception of a few dwelling houses, the entire place is in ashes. The loss is estimated at \$300,000.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 19, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

I. E.—That Is.—The names of girls in these latter days have a decided tendency to terminate in "ie." Taking up a couple of catalogues of ladies' schools the other day—pleasant reading, by the way, those pages full of the names of school girls are!—we found the following angels in ie: Essie and Elsie, and Carrie and Kittie and Katie, and Fannie, and Annie, and Millie and Mollie and Minnie, and Lizzie and Libbie and Lottie, and Lucie and Laurie and Lillie, and Addie and Nellie and Hattie and Jennie!

Whether the blossoming out of the dear old-fashioned names into foreign posies is the result of European tours, or whether Shakespeare is wrong about the sweetness of roses, or whatever it is, we can only exclaim Y GIRLS!—Chicago Journal.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Profits of the Virginia Wool Business.—The Warrenton (Va.) Flag, describing the "wool crop" of Col. John Wolden, for the present year, says:

From a flock of 1000 head of merino sheep, he has clipped this season about 4000 pounds of wool, which has already been engaged by a Richmond manufacturer, and will bring him near \$2000. To this handsome profit may be added \$1000 more being from the muttons sold and the natural increase of the flock. The farm is near Warrenton, and contains 900 acres.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

A Court of Quarrels.

Mr. Comet:--We of the "milder sex"—a term applied to us, by masculine humanity are not disposed to object to the edicts of the lords of creation, who, by virtue of muscel [sic]; claim to govern the world. I am not a woman's right's [sic] woman, I would have you also to understand in preface; yet there are evils and wrongs under which we live, that might be

modified to suit the advancing spirit of the age. Do you notice Sir how our cases are treated by the semi-barbarians, who set on benches and in jury-boxes, and determine between us in that God-forsaken place, the city of New Orleans. Notice this sir, and then notice how the press handles us. Here is a sample from the Picayune. It is rather short for the dog days, but will suffice.

["] Ladies Quarrels.—Miss Betty and her mother had an introduction to Recorder Adams, yesterday, at the request of Mrs. Carr, who stated that they had been persecuting her for the last three months, and finally on the 14th inst., at the corner of Rousseau and St. Mary, had threatened to cowhide her. The case was fixed for examination on the 19th.["]

Now Sir, I appeal to you if such a case is a case for the sneers, and low jests of a masculine court? Could not the arbitration of friends and neighbors of the parties—people occupying the same status in society and of the same sex; fix a difference of this nature, in a better and more satisfactory manner, than the Court Recorder? There is one at least who thinks so, and she is your friend.

Marie.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[From the Richmond Dispatch.

A Romantic Story.

A gentleman of this city, who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife receive pensions for revolutionary services. The singularity of the circumstances struck him so forcibly that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady, the sole surviving descendant, the following facts: (We state them substantially, but our informant not being present, it is possible that we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war, a man named Lane, we think, enlisted in a company raised in the neighborhood of Massachusetts, to serve three years. He went with his regiment, to the north, and there joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, he was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after, was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company with himself. The term of service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime the tide of war rolled to the South, and the couple had scarcely reached their destination, when they again enlisted to serve General Lincoln's army, at that time engaged in the siege of Savannah. Our readers well know that Lincoln was afterwards cooped up in Charleston, and compelled to surrender, after a long siege, to the Royal forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton.

Throughout the siege Lane and his friend stood to their posts like heroes, and did their duty bravely. At last Lane's comrade was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. What much have been the amazement of Lane on discovering that the brave companion who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! It appears that she had accidentally fallen in with somewhere [sic?], and had formed a strong attachment to him.—At the time, from some cause or other, she had made so little impression upon him that he did not recognize her in the least when he afterwards met her disguised as a soldier. She was in

despair when Lane enlisted, and under the influence of that feeling, she fled from her parents' home, donned the Continental uniform, and followed him to the wars. What followed was a proper finale to such a romance. The wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the twain were released from captivity, they became one. They lived many years happily together, and left several children.

Incidents of this nature—disguised damsels following their lovers to the wars in the capacity of pages—were great favorites with the old romance writers. The readers of Shakespeare will recollect that one of his plays turns upon something of the same sort. Nevertheless, we feel assured that the tale we have recorded is true in all its essential particulars. At any rate, both the man and his wife received pension for services rendered as soldiers, until the days of their deaths, respectively.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The American Press.—There is said to be about three hundred daily papers at this time in the United States. Five hundred and seventy thousand is estimated as the regular circulation [sic] of the daily press, or 184,080,000 per annum. There are also about two thousand five hundred tri-weeklies, semi-weeklies, and weeklies, which would probable [sic] make the aggregate number of newspapers annually distributed throughout the United States 412,800,000.

A first-class daily paper in such a city as New York has generally twelve editors and reporters, forty printers, two proof-readers, thirteen pressmen, engineers and other employees in the press-room, half a dozen correspondents in Europe, two or three regular correspondents in Washington, thirty-five persons in the clerk, wrapping and mailing departments, and about as many more engaged as carriers.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 21, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Home Life.—If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, working time, play time, books, games and household sympathies, they will love home and find pleasure there.

Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays [sic] have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books to read to them at your leisure.—You cannot imagine how much it will bind them to you. But choose well for them; for the impressions made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day—like the birds, at all proper times.—Have them mutually interested in the same things, amusements and occupations, having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let their work be together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, &c.—all their playes [sic], books and work—while the parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and their loud voices blend in loving accord.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], July 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Octoroons in a Virginia Court.—At a recent session of the Alexandria county court, two men of mixed blood appeared before the court, and having proved themselves to be octoroons, or possessing but one-eighth negro blood, asked the court to certify that they were not negroes. The

court having heard the evidence, granted the certificate asked for. The object of this process is to release the parties applying from the obligation and penalties attached to free negroes by the laws of that commonwealth.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

What Makes a Gentleman.—A Gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms or conventionalities of life, easy and self-possessed in society, able to speak, and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this. At the base of all his ease and refinement and tact and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every christian virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing in every instance to others as he would, that others do unto him. *He* is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to the others for the mere sense of pleasing, but how he can show them respect, how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position of every one with whom he is brought into contact, that he may give to each his due honor. *He* studies how he may avoid touching upon any subject which may call up a disagreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent, of rank, of reputation, in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority—never ridicules, never boasts, never makes a display of his own powers or rank, or advantages; never indulges in habits which may be offensive to others.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Attention Debaters!

There will be a meeting of the Sugar Bowl Debating Society this evening, at 8 o'clock at the usual place of meeting. Question for debate, which has the most influence on man, music or poetry.

By order of the Society.

A. E. Read, Secretary.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 8, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Another Machine Wanted.—Some simple contrivance, is certainly wanted, so as to fix in a visible manner, the Post marks on letters. In the hasty manner in which letters are stamped at the various offices in the country, the mark, is utterly worthless, to indicate the place and date of mailing. This is always, important. The mark on the envelope, is not unfrequently the only index as to where the letter was written—at least here in Louisiana, where many persons seem to labor under the impression, that the world ought to know in what particular place they live. The largest half of the people seem to think in dating their letters, that all necessary for them to do, is to give the name of the Parish from which they write. In all such cares [sic], unless the Post mark can be deciphered, it is impossible to give an answer. Another thing in this connection. Ordinary people, have to an alarming degree fallen into the ways of remarkable geniuses. They will write a letter intelligibly, but when it comes to signing the same, they make scratches, something like the legs of a fly, who inadvertently [sic] falls into the ink and afterwards crawls over the paper and flaps his wings. If the post mark is legible, by cutting out the signature and pasting it on the envelope containing an answer, the local post master may by accident discover

the writer. Cannot this remarkable age of invention discover some simple printing machine, to go with a handle, like a coffee mill, and stamp letters legibly?

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 8, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

An infernal machine, called the centrifugal gun, is on exhibition at Columbus, Ohio, which will throw five hundred balls a minute, with the force of an ordinary rifle, without the aid of powder or cap, by merely turning a crank like a coffee mill.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 8, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Americans with Garibaldi.—A considerable number of Americans have joined the army of Garibaldi. A young Virginian left Paris, on the 11th ult., with a commission as lieutenant, he had just received from headquarters at Palermo.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

We perceive in a recent issue of the Shreveport (La.) Gazette that the inhabitants of that place are experiencing great inconvenience and actual suffering from their inability to purchase water—the free gift of God to man—even for ordinary purposes.

Mr. Jones, the lessee of the spring which supplies the town with water, advertises to furnish it to families at the following rates:

Drinking water, by the bucket, from the 15th ult., to wit: 2 buckets, daily, for one month, \$3; do., \$; 4 do, \$5. Watter [sic] by the barrel of 40 gallons, 50 cents, on delivery.

He has a regular superintendent at the reservoir, who keeps the water clean, and execute orders for it. Mr. Jones says the advance in price is owing to the high price of corn, hay and other provisions.

The Gazette urges the corporate authorities to purchase this spring and prevent its monopoly at a time like the present.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

The Wives of Presidential Candidates.—It is an interesting fact in connection with the several candidates for the Presidency, that they all have Southern wives. Lincoln married a lady of Lexington, Ky., where his opponent Breckinridge was born and married; Mr. Bell's wife, is, we believe, also a native of Kentucky; and Mr. Douglas married a native of Maryland—his first wife was a native of North Carolina. It is a creditable fact in the histories of these several candidates, which will go far to redeem the errors and shortcomings of some of them, that they should come to the South for wives. Doubtless their success and prominence have been as much due to their wives as to themselves. Southern ladies far surpass others in the quality of winning friends for their husbands, and in promoting their advancement in public favor. They are more thoroughly identified with their husbands, guard their interests with a more devotee zeal, and cultivate in a larger degree those gentle and captivating traits which often extend a shield over a public man, protecting him from violent assaults, and at the same time affording him a solace for the annoyances and disgusts of his position.

We had almost forgotten to add that General Houston, who is also a candidate for the Presidency, is married to a Southern lady, and furnishes in his own case a splendid illustration of the influence of a devoted wife. The excesses and dissipation which threatened at one time to make a miserable wreck of this remarkably gifted man no longer stain his character and disgrace his position.

Mammoth Cave in Missouri.

A great natural curiosity has lately been discovered in Missouri, which bids fair to rival the great Kentucky cave. The following description of it is given in the Jefferson City Examiner:

The cave is in Phelps county, one and three-quarters of a mile from the Gasconade river, on a creek called Cave Spring creek, in township 38, section 21, range 9 west. We went into the cave guided by Mr. R. H. Prewett, a young man about twenty five years old, who was born and raised about a quarter of a mile from this place. In front of the entrance was a small stone house, which the old settlers thought was built by the Indians, but now in ruins. The entrance goes straight in the rock on a level with the surrounding surface rock, is about one hundred feet wide, and in the center, about twenty-five feet high, arched.

Messrs. Friede and Prewett entered the cave for nearly four hundred feet, where it narrows to about twenty-five feet wide to about five feet high, and presents the appearance of an ante chamber, from there they passed into a large chamber about one hundred feet in height [sic], where the three galleries branch off—they then pass into the gallery, which ascends nearly twenty feet on a bed of solpeter [sic]. This gallery is called dry chamber, and is about 500 feet in length; the height [sic] varies from 100 to 30 feet. The ceiling and sides are composed of solid rock. Near the end is a large round chamber, which Mr. Prewett calls the Ball room, and that gentleman states that his father had given balls in the chamber frequently—the last was in the winter of 1850, at which time there was about eighteen or twenty persons there. They went in the morning and staid [sic] all day, and arrived at home in the evening—cooking and eating their meals in the subterranean saloon, and had a merry time of it.

After exploring this chamber, they retraced their steps, and passed in the right branch—or fork—of the cave, where they ascended a rise of about twelve feet, and entered another gallery, the end of which is not known. They, however, explored it about three-quarters of a mile. Mr. Prewett states that he has been in this gallery over two miles, and did not then get to the end of it. In this gallery the dropping of the water has formed stalactites of the most beautiful conceptions—statues of men and animals, and large columns, supporting the most beautiful arches, from the ceiling, which is from fifty to one hundred feet high, which forms several chambers of various sizes. The ceiling is decorated with different groups of spar, forming a variety of figures, which represent the inside of a cathedral. The size of some of these chambers is about forty feet wide by over one hundred feet high, and look like rooms in some old feudal castle.

They were afraid their lights would give out, therefore retraced their steps to the main chamber, from which they ascended to the middle gallery, where a large stream of clear water issues from the interior of the cave, and has a fall of about six feet, and falls in several large round basins. The water has a pleasant taste. The water flows all the year round, without variation, in sufficient volume to [fold in paper] chambers leading from one to the other, in which, however, they did not penetrate to more than 600 feet. There is a strong draft of air setting in from the entrance; inside of the cave the atmosphere was mild. The chambers are all of unusual height [sic] and extent. They went in at one o'clock, and emerged from the cave at half-past three.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated.]

Mr. Comet.—A few days ago, I spent an evening at the Greenwell Springs, and with no small degree of pleasure acknowledge the kind attentions of Messrs. G. N. and O., whom I found there, and to whose good graces I am greatly indebted for the social pleasures I enjoyed.

This is certainly a very pleasant retreat, with its rural scenery of forest trees looming up, clad in their full garb of green, dotted here and there with the white cool looking cottages, contrasting finely with the green foliage through which they are scene. And the Springs each producing different kinds of water, gurgling up from the cool caverns of the earth, presenting you at once with health and a cool slake for your thirst; they are certainly the Esculapius of the locality administered pure, just as nature calls for it. Taking all into consideration I saw but one draw back, and that was the large trees standing in such close proximity to the cottages, should a tornado ensue, the tenants of those cottages would labour [sic] under the most fearful apprehensions; perhaps if those tall trees were cut down, and the others topt [sic] to the height of thirty or forty feet from the ground, it would be an improvement. In conclusion I was fully impressed with the opinion that this would be an admirable site for an institution of learning, good water, healthy, isolated from town or city vices, and all appliances which would make it desirable as a situation for a College, which with ample professors would diffuse a light in this region which would be seen long after its projectors will have left the stage of sublunary things, such a thing is much to be desired in this dark region; and it is to be hoped some enterprising friend of Education will move in this important matter.

Mystagogus.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

John Booth, a son of the great Booth, and a younger brother to Edwin, was in New York a short time since. It is said that he inherits the genius and talents of his father, and gives promise of attaining the highest rank in his profession.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

South Carolina Maids of the Olden Time.—The Selma Sentinel has exhumed the following curious petition, which, it says, was signed by sixteen maids at Charleston, and presented to the Governor of that Province on March 1st, 1733:

To His Excellency Gov. Johnson: The humble petition of all maids whose names are underwritten:

Whereas, we the humble petitioners, are, at present, in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are captivated by widows, and our youthful charms are thereby neglected; the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will, for the future, order that no widow shall, for the future, presume to marry any young man until the maids are provided for; or else pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and also a fine to be laid on all bachelors as shall marry widows. The great disadvantage it is to us, old maids, is, that the widows, by their forward carriages, do *snap up* the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us who have the preference.

This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and we hope you will prevent any further insults.

The Matter of Taxes.

It may be taken as a settled fact, that nearly—if not quite all the people in this community who have any interest in the same, have a lively regard for the matter of taxes, and would like to know, what becomes of the money, which annually flows into the corporation treasury, out of the pockets of such people as walk up-right, and manage by industry, to keep from being sold under the hammer, to meet the various demands of the town, parish, state, and the wants of charitable and other societies.—If the matter of taxes did not weigh upon our energies just now, with more than their usual baneful effects, we would save nothing about the matter; because it is at any time an unpleasant subject to deal with; but we do it to show the necessity of a return to the first principles of government, which is the inalienable right that each community of men has to protect itself.—If we cannot have a restoration of the old chain gang, we will take a workhouse, as a compromise. His Hon. Mayor Elam, furnishes us with the following figures, showing the amount expended during the year which ended on the 31st of March last, for loafers and paupers.

Jail fees.....	\$769.60
Nursing, Medicine, and Funeral	
Expenses for paupers.....	1,054.70
Shipping Loafers.....	100.00
Regular Paupers.....	14,00.00 [sic]
City Physician.....	212.00
Total.....	\$3,824.30

The evils, which the above figures are required to support, are growing, and the necessity of a work-house, is hourly more apparent. In default of this, then, as a matter of economy, lock-ups are wanted, where drunken vagabonds can be confined, until they get sober. The work-house, is the better institution; because the natural aversion, that this large class has to work; would keep a majority of them from coming among us.

No human being unless idiotic; insane or disabled by the usual casualties; has a right to live on the industry of others. Starting with this axiom [sic], a new and philanthropic object will be attained, when Africa, from the cape, to the Mountains of the Moon, is set to work. That race is no charge on the community, under our laws and institutions, they are made to work, and in this, fill one of the very best bible ordinances. Why not apply the same rule to the idle, worthless [sic], and vagabondish white visaged fraternity, who ought to do better, than live at the public charge? Truly, the inducement to be honest, true, industrious and law abiding; grows hourly less; and the number of people who live on their wits, is alarmingly on the increase.

Two Legislators were recently conversing upon the subject of voting, when one of them inquired:

"Well, now, but what is a man to do when he don't know anything about a matter?"

"Well," replied the other, "I have got two rules about that; when anything comes up, I keep my eyes open, and vote as somebody else does whom I believe to be honest, or else I vote against it. I believe, as a general thing, the safest way is to vote against everything."

Grand Arrival
--of the—
Celebrated Paris Yoke Shirts
--at the—
Mammoth Establishment
of
Dalsheimer, Simon & Co.,
Cor. Laurel & Third Sts. adjoining the Bank.

We beg leave to inform our friends and the public at large, that we will open on

Monday the 13th inst.,

A large variety of the Celebrated Paris Yoke Shirts, with an entire new style of Bosoms, such as
Cross Centre Pleats,
Bias Pleats,
"Garibaldi" Pleats,
Throughout Corded,
Embroiderer, etc.,

to which we invite a general call, being prepared to fit everybody.

Dalsheimer, Simon & Co.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Humors of the Census.—The following is one of the experiences of a census taker in New Jersey. Calling upon an ancient maiden lady at a point somewhat removed from railroad depots, he opened his business by saying he was taking the census:

"Taking the sensus, are you!—Well, I reckon you can't take none here." She was indignant at his first remark. "Taint none of your business who lives here, nor who owns this place. It's paid for, and every cent of tax on it tew. 'Taint best for you tew come snooping around to find out matters that don't consarn you."

Her body, interposed at the doorway, although thin and wiry, prevented his passage into the house. The marshal would gladly have taken a seat, but she offered no such luxury to her inquisitor. "Hev I ever been marrit? Well! what next, I wonder. Perhaps you'd like to have our pedigree right down from Adam. But you can't! I 'spect you're some fellow from York come out to seek whom you may devour. You'd better go back agin! Take our senses, indeed!"

The marshal tried to explain matters to give her to understand the necessity and requirements of the law, particularly to convince her that he was not a resident of Gotham. He utterly failed, however, for his next question only increased her anger. "Hev I got any children! Why you imper'ent puppy, how dare you asperse my character? How hev I lived for forty-eight years and haint never been ten miles from home. Ef you doubt my respectibility you'd better go to our minister, he knows all about me; he lived here when I was born; he knows that all I possess in the world is in this farm, and the two houses down to the village, worth altogether about fifteen thousand dollars. He can tell you that I lived with my father till he died, having no brothers and sisters, and that I never was marrit, and haint no children; he is well acquainted with the folks living with me, which is a little girl, a farm man and a big stout Irish girl. But you can't get any information out of me. I'm a woman of few words, and I don't allow meddlers."

This good woman had now worked herself into a passion, and turning away slammed the door in his face.—From her remarks, however, he gained the following facts: "Miss Abigail ---- --; aged forty-eight; never married; has no children; property worth \$15,000; has no brothers or sisters; carries on farming, which, after all, was about all the information he cared to possess.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Correspondence.

Letter from Below.

New Orleans, August 14th, 1860.

Dear Commet [sic]:--Where people go to, who travel by boat; behooves us not to inquire. Go they have, since Capt. Noah's time; go they do now, and go they will, no doubt, until the very clock of time runs down, and all water craft lay up forever. It would form an interesting chapter for the collector of curiosities, could we discover of each of these men, women, and children—from chalk white to India ink, the reason for going; where they are going; what they are going for; and when they expect to be back. Did you ever travel on this A number one fast passenger packet, "Burton"? I call her "number one," not because she wears the odor of fresh paint and varnish, runs fast and has her furniture done in brown line; but because she has a clever Captain, and my excellent old friend, Col. Jeemes Flower, commands the office, and for the reason that his assistant wears a good natured smile in one corner of his mouth; a regalia of the *Los Angelos* brand in the other end, in a most elegant and approved manner. Even the barkeeper partakes of this cleverness—the head steward [sic] knows preachers, and the press gang, intuitively, and I make no doubt the chamber-maid does her part.

One fact must strike the occasional traveler, on the lower coast, in a very forcibly [sic] way; there is an awful amount of amalgamation going on in this lower part of the Mississippi valley. The gradation from chalk to cheese color, and thence on down to burnt umber and ivory black is so gradual that it is getting to be impossible to tell which is which. Presently, every white man will have to carry a certificate of his birth with him, in order to prove his identity, and obtain his status. Do you know a very patent fact in reference [fold in paper] them are wealthy, industrious and peaceable citizens, who understand their position in the scale of society, and play well their part. Many, indeed the largest half of them are well educated, intelligent planters, and large slave owners. Their sympathies and interests are with the government and society under whose laws they have protection, and none understand this better than they. Did you ever land at midnight, at the long wharf, in the very bowels of this great monster—the City?—If not, you have yet to experience a sensation of dreariness and death, nowhere else to be met with. Look down on the picture. The half-gone moon does not shine in this, as any other atmosphere. It wears a sickly hue. The descending dew of heaven does not bring from the earth the odor of new mown hay, and the perfume of modest flowers; but cash, corn, cotton, and crime—pork, and all that Western and Northwestern produce, which goes to make up the endless round of trade is, as redolent of perfume at mid-night as mid-day. Stroll off towards the market, and hear the voice of the old Cathedral as it tolls, in the sepulchral [sic] voice of dying time, of half-past three in the morning—look at these fat, round butchers, as they wake up at their stalls, and commence again, in the hacking of flesh, to appease the canine appetite of man, and say, if you can, that this is not a material world, warning us to beware of shallow poetic thoughts and fancy imagery. Will they never finish tearing down and building, up-raking and scraping? Will the gutters never be

washed out, and the sidewalks scoured down? It seems not, for as the night leaves us in its slippers of list, people rush to and fro with brooms, and buckets of water, and the daily scouring commences again—which was begun a century ago, when the foundation of the city was laid.

Will they never get Poydras paved; will they never reach the apex of the Custom House, with anything more durable than a Breckinridge flag? These are questions for the generation after us, to ask. The trade is good and the health of the city never better. It has no new feature except, that of wash-basin shaped cork hats, which all the light-headed have been advised to wear to save their brains from addling in the suns [sic] rays. As before Comet; now and forever.
Yours

Poins.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

"Get the Best."
Thompson's Celebrated
Skirts.
Novelties for Autumn, 1860.
The Eugenie Paris Gore.
" Comstitution. [sic]
" Southern Queen.
" Fairy.
" Parisian Train.
" Zephyr.

Remodeled from the latest Parisian designs.—Manufactured solely by us from Thompson's Patent Improved Corrugated Spring and Inimitable Wedge Slide. Every Skirt stamped with our name and trade mark, the Crown. For sale everywhere.

The Best is the Cheapest.

W. S. & C. H. Thompson & Co.
336 Broadway, New York.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Crinoline.—Few persons imagine the extent of the trade in crinoline wire. For about three years past the consumption of wire by the crinoline workers in this country has been not far from one hundred tons per week. The wire is of steel, and the price has ranged from fifteen to thirty cents per pound. At the average, twenty-two cents, the yearly consumption amounts to \$2,464,000. A few months since the orders to first hands greatly diminished, and fears were apprehended by the wire makers that the harvest was over. But the lull was caused by an overtook [sic?] in the hands of crinoline-makers who had ordered too freely. At present the demand is active as ever, and prices are advancing. The ladies will be surprised to know how much this part of their dress costs in the aggregate, and to think what a weight they carry.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 23, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Census Taker's Experience in the Country.—A Virginia census taker writes: "I have

opened 200 to 2500 gates, let down 1500 to 1800 pairs of bars, and any number of fences; have got off and on my horse from fifty to eighty times a day, done any amount of talking in the way of explanation, made countless calculations, etc., etc. Thus far I have not had an unpleasant word with a human being, but my patience and temper have been severely tried."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 23, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

New Goods.
Just Received.
A Supply of Fall and Winter Goods, such as
Blankets, Kerseys, Linseys, Low-
wells, Twilled, Blue and Yel-
low Stripes, Jeans, Bleach-
ed and Unbleached Do-
mestics, Prints, Etc.
---Also---
Men's Boots and Shoes, Ladies Fine
Shoes and Gaiters, Children's
Shoes, Men and Boys
Hats, Etc., Etc.

To which we call the attention of our friends and acquaintances.

Heude & Rhodes.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Crinoline in the cars is the source of much trouble. About a dozen men can be stowed on a seat in a horse railroad car, and allow, too for some pretty fat fellows among the twelve; but not above one-half that number of women can be accommodated, the sex making so glorious a spread in the cars, which are their triumphal chariots. Perhaps the best plan for a reform is that which would give separate cars to the ladies and so leave them alone in their glory and their sweeping robes.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Burning of a Famous Resort.—The Louisville Journal announces that "Bell's tavern," in Kentucky, kept by Mr. Proctor, was destroyed by the fire last Friday night, and adds:

For two generations past, and since the beginning of the present century, it has been the stopping place for all visitors to the Mammoth Cave, and there are thousands from every nation and clime who have enjoyed its boundless hospitality, its luxurious comforts, its well-spread table, and its snow drift sheets at night. It is the removal of an old land-mark, the death of a loved friend, the sundering of a strong tie of attachment. We have not as yet received any particulars as to the origin of the casualty, but we learn with regret that the destruction was complete, involving not only the capacious mansion but all its contents.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

["]Suggestion to the Union Ladies of Boston.—It will be seen by the letter of one of our correspondents to-day that a Union Club has been formed in the city of New Orleans called the

Everett Rangers, composed of young men of the highest respectability and purest patriotism. It would be a graceful thing on the part of the ladies of Boston to contribute funds, and send to the New Orleans Rangers a banner. Such a gift from Boston would be appropriate. Let some patriotic lady take the lead in this matter at once.—Boston Courier.["]

The suggestion is a good one. It would meet a generous and sincere response from the Union loving and always loyal cities of the Crescent. The most interesting, and poetic incident in the last campaign, was that which took place on the neutral water, between Kentucky, Indiana and other states, whose political captains have labored long to alienate their friendship for one another and fraternal feeling for the Union. Each State found a representative in the fair daughters of the West—typical of the great and glorious sisterhood. Miss Elizabeth Dye, represented the Sugar Bowl of the Union. Sweet representative of the sacharine [sic] principle! How, the gallant heart of our chivalric sons, yearned towards her—how each became ambitious to stand by her if needs be, as another John of Arc, in defence [sic] of the common heretage [sic],--the Constitution and the Union! Did the gallant Crescent, allow this beautiful incident to pass by, without a fit and proper memento? No, they sent off and employed the most skillful and curious workmen, who taxed their ingenuity and brought forth the handsomest bracelet, rich in ripe fruit, of the Sunny South, imprinted in virgin gold and studded with rarest gems. This was presented Miss Elizabeth—not for its worth in dollars; but that it might serve as a memento, fit and appropriate, to hand down to others who may come after, the fair recipient, as an evidence of the staunch, loyal and true heart of Louisiana.

Rant gentlemen as you may—tear your undergarments as you can, on the subject of dissolving the silver threads, and golden bands that unite us as one people. Louisiana, for one will be very slow to act the boy's part of getting mad and making a bootless effort to walk out of the Union. Others may go if they like, and stand not on the order of their going, they may erect mole hills and mud banks and dig trenches, to hold their own water and separate their own hills from others to which they have been united by Infinite Wisdom. Should storms from without and internal whirlwinds within, threaten the old ship, Louisiana will coolly [sic] and calmly collect such portions of the wreck as she may, for reconstruction. Howl on ye howlers and hyaena [sic]-like prowlers. When Louisiana is to be heard on the Union question—the people will speak.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Beautiful Women in Abundance.—A correspondent, writing from the Saratoga Springs, says:--Beautiful women are here in prodigious force. Grey eyes that outshine the dawn, and tresses like the night; gorgeous blossoms from the rosebud garden of girls waiting anxiously to be plucked by some hand, gold gauntletted [sic] and jewelled [sic]; some have a lilac glow only, or I should be gathering them right and left. The fluttering parterre of ribands [sic] and scarfs [sic], of pert little summer hats, jaunty and lace-trimmed, to be seen at the spring in the morning, is sufficient to plunge any well regulated bachelor into the most hopeless dejection and melancholy.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Flounces to be "All the Rage" Again.—The latest Paris fashions tell us that dresses are again universally trimmed with flounces, as better suited than anything else to the light material used at this season. These, however, reach only half way up the skirt, and are often ornamented with riches [sic] of narrow ribbon, or a small volan of silk cut out and laid at the edge of each

flounce. The sleeves are worn open, and the body is frequently made low, with a pelerine or fichu over it.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 30, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Masonic Regalia.—We have the card and circular of Charles C. Harvey Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H., Manufacturer of Masonic regalia, and would respectfully recommend the brethren of the fraternity, who are unprovided, to correspond with him, on this subject. He manufactures an article of apron of the finest Lamb skin—lined with white and trimed [sic] with Blue silk, and stamped in gold with the square and Compasses, for \$15 per doz., or !.75 each—sent by mail post paid.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], August 31, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Our Traveling Correspondent.]

Letter from Saratoga:

One is very apt to imagine, whilst on the move in Broadway, that the watering place, is a cool, quiet and salubrious place, where one may seek and find a secluded spot, with proper contiguity of shade, and smoke one's pipe without the offense of many faces, and the everlasting nudging one gets in the bedlam walks of Gotham. Not so. I have been out to look for such a place, and not being able to find it return here, to a corner of "Union Hall," to scratch out and get rid of uncomfortable reflections. There is no denying the fact that this people here, in New England are getting too thick to thrive. Squallied [sic] poverty—with attendant vices on one hand and luxurious ease and effeminacy on the other; each equally pernicious and degrading in their downward tendency. New York has got to be a most voracious monster. It *must* be fed. Murder, and the muscel [sic] of dogs meat, suits its craven appetite best. All other excitement has paled away before Heenan, (how I hate to write the name) he has had his "reception" in Jones' Wood, and there was a debauch there, at the festival, that might turn the copper coated stomach of a South Sea Islander. Myself, and our mutual friend "the Doctor," found ourselves in the current going that way. How, we know not, unless washed along by this current of unwashed humanity as it passed the Astor House. Our chaize [sic] broke down by the way thanks to the mercy of the mob, we were not run over, but were thrown in a crowd of seven Louisianians, first and foremost of whom, was Col. H. W. A., your ancient—though still young 'Guy Mannering' correspondent. On the ground, guns announced the approach of the Dog's Muscel [sic] hero. As he came up, such a shout went up, as Dante should have heard before he finished his *Inferno*, to give it the damning shade it lacks. Such heads, such faces, such bleer eyed bloated festering dregs of humanity, never assembled before. This is the swell-mob, wielding a respectable influence t the polls of election, under the doctrine that one man is as good as another. If you would see an "account" of the affair look to the sewer of society; the Herald, Police Gazette and life in New York.

I have been on all the decks of the Great Steamer. You may have an idea of her size and capacity when I tell you that at one time, whilst I was on board—there were two thousand persons on her, and room in abundance for as many more.

My friend the Doctor and myself have been thinking of a meeting, to get up an address to the Prince and passing a series of resolutions inviting him to visit the Capital of Louisiana; but have intimation from his private secretary, that he would decline, and we conclude not to.

We met the Rajah in the Bowery last week, who informs us that he is manager of an exhibition of wax-works, with which he proposes visiting the Capital this winter providing he can get the Senate Chamber to exhibit them.

In a day or two, I shall take the fast line home. In the mean time I am as before Dear Comet, yours,

F. H.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Dress vs. Frock Coats.—The Canadians are exercised upon the matter of full dress on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales. The Montreal Witness says:

Persons waiting upon the Prince of Wales, at the levees to be held throughout the Province, must be in full dress—namely, a military or ecclesiastical uniform, or a suit of black, the coat being a dress coat, that is, not long all round, but with tails only behind. Why this should be considered full dress more than the frock coat, which is both fuller and more suitable every way, and which is worn in military uniforms, we cannot imagine; but the decisions of fashion and custom make no pretensions to common sense. We think, however, it is somewhat ill-judged to require a rigorous adherence to old world etiquette in this free and easy country. There may be many a loyal, worthy citizen, who has long discarded the swallow tail for the more sensible surtout, and who will not be able to pay his respects to the Prince without going to the expense of £6 10s. at least, for a dress coat. This is a small matter, as Counsellor [sic] Pepys said of the tear in his plum colored robe, but it may trouble many.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Correspondence.

I. O. M. C. Rooms, August 30th, 1860.

Mr. Editor—Knowing your philanthropic disposition, ever ready to extend a helping hand to down trodden, suffering and degenerating humanity, we forward to you our Constitution (The Independent Order of Matrimonial Club), for publication, confident that it will take (when its object is well understood and appreciated) like hot cakes. Give us a hearing Mr. Editor. If you want to increase the circulation of the "Herald of Truth," benefit man and confer a lasting obligation on woman, forwarded by order of the I. O. M. C.

Preamble.

Since woman is *undoubtedly* a great and glorious institution, and no man has ever gained his true position in this transitory life until he has surrendered and allowed himself to be fettered by wedlock (even with woman.) We believe that every old maid (and her counterpart old bachelor) are cold of feelings and look with disgust and disquietude upon the *little* beautifies of this world. The isolated individual, whether bachelor or old maid, for want of a *fond and trusting heart* to sustain and strengthen them in affliction's darkest hour, are ever ready to fly off at a tangent. But they who have a better half *at home*, though cast in wild forests, on barren sands, or on the ocean's wave (in hen-coop or Great Eastern,) ever feels a sneaking desire to reach home, save his valuable life and see his "*better half*." Therefore

We must all get a wife, in this little life
And happy as bees we'll sing merry glees

Of Bachelors old who marry their gold
And Old Maids cats, that sleep in their laps.

Constitution.

Sec. 1. Officers and their duties.

Art. 1. The officers of the club shall be three in number, viz:

Pater Maximus.

Pater Minimus.

Cupid.

Art. 2. Pater Maximus shall preside at every regular meeting, shall behave himself, and look as pretty as possible.

Art. 3. Pater Minimus shall preside in the absence of the P. Maximus, he is expected to have his hair as slick and if able to raise one, wear a moustache, he will give all information as regards the standing of each member with the club.

Art. 3 [sic]. Cupid shall write love letters, keep daguerreotypes, bring notes and sweep up the hall.

Sec. 2. Qualification for membership.

Art. 1. No one shall be received as a member of the I. O. M. C. unless they have a prospect of marrying.

Art. 2. They must be *tolerably* ugly, not sufficient to frighten a horse.

Art. 3. They must have good use of their tongue.

Art. 4. None need apply who can't fill the above bill.

Sec. 3. Duties of members.

Art. 1. Every member shall advance the interest of the I. O. M. C., by recommending themselves as fit subject for the matrimonial market.

Art. 2. They shall procure new members by pressing upon outsiders the *incalculable advantages* to be derived by joining the I. O. M. C.

Art. 3. On the marriage of a member he is expected to invite the club.

Sec. 4. Opinion of Old Bachelors.

Art. 1. We believe there is a husband for every woman, and a wife for every man.

Art. 2. We believe Old Bachelors are a nuisance and should not be tolerated.

Art. 3. We will open the doors of the I. O. M. C. to every Old Bachelor of forty-five years standing, free of charge.

Sect. 6 [sic]. Opinion of Old Maids.

Art. 1. We earnestly ask the attention of every Old Maid in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, and Territory of New Mexico, to the constitution of the I. O. M. C.

Art. 2. Every Old Maid in the States aforesaid will consider themselves members of the I. O. M. C., provided that Old Maids have never nursed a cat, smoked a pipe, wished they were married, or evinced the marriage of others--*finis*.

Note. The By-laws will be furnished as soon as they are completed.

Cupid.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Mon Cher Ami.—I find the following, in an obscure organ and send it you, that it may go in, and have the share of immortality, its merit demands. Print it. If you chose to say anything in

way of puff, for the Poet, Bagstocks, do it mild—don't spread it thick, and ob'j.

J. L.

Romeo and Juliet—Bouricaulted
By Joe Backstock

It was in ancient Italy, a deadly hatred grew
Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague
Now Moses has an only son, a little dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls; by name young Romeo.
And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding school,
Miss Juliet was her Christian name—for short they called her Jule.
To bring the lady out, he gave a ball at his plantation.
And thither went young Romeo without an invitation.
One Tybalt (kinsman to the host) began to growl and pout,
And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out.
But Caleb saw the game, and said, "Now, cousin, don't be cross;
Behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"
When Juliet saw Romeo, his beauty did enchant her;
And Romeo, he fell in love with Juliet instanter.
Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried;
Away to Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married.
O, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square;
And Tybalt, being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.
Then Romeo his weapon drew (a knife of seven blades);
And made a gap in Tibby's ribs that sent him to the shades.
The watchmen came; he took to flight, down alley, street and square;
The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took him 'fore the Mayor.
Then spake the worthy magistrate (and savagely did frown),
"Young man you have to lose your head, or else vamose the town."
He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine;
"Ah, me!" said she, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine."
And then to make the matter worse her father did embarrass,
By saying she must give her hand to noble Count de Paris.
"This suitor is a goodly youth; to-day he comes to woo;
If you refuse the gentleman, I'll soundly wallop you."
She went to Squire Lawrence's cell, to know what must be done;
The squire bade her to go to bed, and take some laudanum.
"Twill make you sleep, and seem as dead; thus canst thou dodge this blow;
A humbugged man, your pa will be—a blest one, Romeo.'
She drank, she slept, grew want and cold; they buried her next day;
That she'd piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua.
Quoth he, "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Bluffkin's mule
Lay in a pint of Balface rum and lie tonight with Jule."
Then rode he to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats and creepers,
And swallowed down the burning dose, when Juliet ope'd her peepers!

"Are you alive? Or is't your ghost? Speak quick, before I go."
"Alive!" she cried, "and kicking, too; art thou my Romeo?"
"It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom;
Oh, Juliet! is it possible that you were acting possum?"
"I was, indeed; now let's go home; pa's spite will have abated,
What ails you love, you stagger so? Are you intoxicated?"
"No, no, my duck, I took some stuff that caused a little fit."
He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn't—so he quit.
In shorter time than takes a lamb to wag his tail or jump,
Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.
Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck it,
Let out a most terrific yell, fell down and "kicked the bucket."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Enoch at the Calico Ball.—The first Calico Ball of this season, was given at Point Clear several nights ago, and as it was an event at the Point, the Mobile *Register* dispatched its poetical man Enoch down there to bring away a corresponding impression. Enoch disguised himself and went in. He says:

Think of the large dinning [sic] saloon, denuded of the usual dining room furniture, brilliantly lightened, and beautifully hung with rich and bright-hued steamers [sic?]
—and, by the way, these decorations and the large bouquets of flowers pendant on the walls were arranged by Chamberlain himself, for I saw him fix them up—the music of Gass's own band inviting the willing and waiting multitude to "go in;" think of the dazzling throng which pound into the saloon through the large folding doors seperating [sic] the reception rooms from the seat of entertainment; of the scores of lovely women in every imaginable style of dress, and dress of every imaginable hue, texture and richness; of good looking old men, and middle aged men, and young men, the whole forming a congregation of the spottedest, streakedest, speckledest, and stripedest being of the male and female persuasions that ever walked through a plain quardrille [sic], or bedizzled its head in rounding the mazes of the terpsiwhirlian waltz. Think of all this; and beauty, grace, taste and all that, *ab libitum*, and can you be suprised [sic] that your Enoch forgot his corns, his age, his staid position before the rising generation—indeed his everything—and because [sic?] enthused? You would have done it yourself. Yes, if you had been there, no presure [sic] of moral suasion would have kept your shining boots from leading your sober body into saltatorial action. I am now sure, even, that you would'nt [sic] have taken "Innocence"—who, by the way combined with herself so much of "Modesty" that I could'nt [sic] ferret out her name—for your first partner.—Enough be it to say that I, Enoch, was jerked from under myself by the striking gaiety of the scene, and wasn't led down again until I—was physically exhausted.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Discovery of a New Color.—A letter from Paris states that a new color has been discovered, produced from coal tar. It is called dianthine and varies from a deep purple to all the shades of bright rose color.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Outrageous Conduct.—On Sunday evening last, our city was visited with a most pestilential simoon of drunkness [sic]. A company of men paraded the streets under the

Democratic doctrine, that "in union there is strength," committing all manner of outrages on persons and property, causing the stores and houses to close, and for a time taking complete possession of the place. It cannot be said the parties are not known—it cannot be said that there is not evidence to convict them, and if the question arises, where are the authorities, who are in the regular pay of the people to do what is clearly their duty, if any duty at all is required of them. This is not the first or second time that such disgraceful scenes have been witnessed in Baton Rouge of late years, and the violators of the law do so with impunity. Shall we admit that the parties, who are charged with the duty of arresting such and calling on others to aid them, when their power fails, are incompetent to the duty? Yes—this is the naked truth. The people are responsible for this condition of things. The evils all come out of that pandoras box, of all evil; the ballot box, which we for one are in favor of abolishing, if it can do nothing better than elevate to place, men, notoriously unfit for place. Where is the Mayor of the city—the Justice left to administer justice—the Marshal of the city and his assistant? We are all interested in these inquiries, and if there are not sober people enough—law abiding citizens, to see these evils corrected, the entire machinery of the city government had better be turned out to grass.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 18, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.—There will be a regular meeting of the Sugar Bowl Debating Society, this evening at 7½ o'clock, at the usual place of meeting.

At the last regular meeting of the society, the following question, "Are the opinions of S. A. Douglas with regard to Territories constitutional," was ably discussed by Messrs. Walters, Stuart, Annie, Muguet, LeBlanc and J. H. Hardon on the affirmative, and by Messrs. Favrot, C. O. & J. H. Hardy, Read, and McGimpsey on the negative. . . .

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

["] A Negro Killed.—A party of gentlemen were out hunting this morning when their dogs got on the trail of a negro in the cornfield of Mr. J. A. Dougherty, just above town, and run him up to a heavy briar thicket near the Montesano, where he took refuge and fought desperately against his assailants. He killed five of the dogs with a large butcher knife, then fled on hearing the hunters approach. He refused to obey their orders to stop and surrender, when a number of shots were fired with effect, and he fell dead. He is of copper complexion, heavy moustache, and bears a striking resemblance to an Indian. His place of retreat in the briar thicket was found and was well stored with provisions.—Advocate, Thursday. ["]

The necessity which requires the use of dogs, to capture runaways must be regretted by all, and it ought to be the very last resort. Those who know the evils, which require such violent correctives, are more competent to judge of the practice than we are. The training of dogs for such a purpose, commenced we believe, in the cruel warfare against the Indians of Florida, and for our part, we wish it had ended there.

That the fugitive should fight for his life when beset by a pack of savage dogs, is in obedience to the common dictates of humanity.—There should be some other cause for the use of the gun in such cases. Coroner Jones informs us, that the man referred to by the *Advocate*, was one of the poor, miserable, and degraded race of Indians, who were at one time the lords and landholders of the country. As far as Louisiana is concerned, they are nearly extinct, and the verdict of any jury of inquest, might be "died of whiskey." What few remain, as long as they do not violate the laws—of which like others, better circumstanced—they live in ignorance—they should receive our protection, if they have not our sympathy.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Courting.—The world affords a great many amusements for those of its inhabitants who feel [sic] disposed to participate in them; but among them all, we know of none from which more genuine pleasure can be extracted than that of a few hours spent in company with a piece of calico for whom you cherish a "tender feeling." Courting is perhaps one of the most heavenly pastimes ever invented, as well as one of the greatest luxuries young people can indulge in. Still, at the same time we would remind those of our young friends who feel a desire to "take partners" for a bliss cotillion, of the absurdity of spending too much time in this way in order to find out if a woman possesses all the necessary qualities to make a good wife. A man should be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife.

The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the subject of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soulmelting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him.—they are black—they are piercing but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contract with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and they fall in love with as much suddenness as they would fall overboard. Before they know they are "going," they are "gone," like broken plates at a street auction.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], September 28, 1860, p. 2, c. 3-4

Ladies' Fall Fashions.—The New York Commercial Advertiser, of the 20th, says:

The proposed general opening for the milliners, mantua and dressmakers, takes place next Thursday. With regard to ball dresses, in consequence of the early arrival of the Prince of Wales, the prospect is very good, and richness of taste and elegance of material will not be spared in making interesting occasion, (the grand ball at the Academy of Music,) one of the most *recherche* affairs of this year of exciting and important events.

Among the bonnets are to be some of the finest description of velvet that can be made. The groundwork of one that we have seen, is composed of white uncut velvet, ornamented by fruit of gold and black color, with rich purple velvet leaves. The front trimmings are composed of moss roses and blonde, with strings of with [sic] and gold.

Another style is composed of purple uncut velvet, ornamented with point lace, purple grapes with gold stem, stars with connecting chains of gold, &c.

Another is an evening bonnet of cherry colored velvet and point lace, with marabout plumes, fastened with gold pins. The front trimmings are composed of marabout plumes and blonde.

Still another is a *chapeau de visite*, and is made of purple and black velvet, with curling ostrich plumes, the front trimmings are composed of velvet flowers and blonde lace.

Another is a very rich article and is formed of pink uncut velvet and ostrich feathers; the latter looking as if they were carelessly thrown upon the bonnets and had there rested. This style has ornaments. The front trimmings are moss roses and blonde.

We need scarcely tell our lady readers that the "scoop" or "coal scuttle" hat has entirely vanished, and the style of the new fashions is a neat, small bonnet suitable to almost any feature, adding beauty to the beautiful, dignity to the queen-like, and improving the appearance of all.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Government Arsenal at San Antonio.—The new arsenal in course of erection at San Antonio, is thus noticed in the Herald of the 21st:

The office, which is now nearly completed, is a very unique and substantial building; size, 25 by 60 feet, with a ten foot gallery on both sides, divided into two rooms 25 feet square, 15 feet ceiling, with a hall in the center 10 feet wide.

The laboratory, which is not yet completed, is also 25 by 60 feet in size, and will be divided into two rooms.

The whole force are now engaged upon the magazine, which is progressing rapidly toward completion. The size is 110 by 30 feet; from floor to crown of arch 16 feet, and from outside 25 feet. The whole building presents a perfect specimen of strength and durability.

The main building will probably be commenced some time during the coming winter. Its dimensions are 45 by 130 feet, three stories in height, will stand 100 feet from Flores street, and will be a beautiful structure.

There are also several other buildings yet to be erected, after which the entire premises will be enclosed with a stone wall.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Did'nt [sic] Dead-Head Him, Evidently. The La Grange (Texas) True Issue gives the following dismal descriptive sketch of a "one-horse show!"

A one-horse show passed through our town the other day, the principal of which was "Jo Bowers," and in this connection we have to record the dismal fact that we, together with other enterprising sightseekers, have been "taken in and sold."

Although the consoling reflection presents itself to our mind, that the wisest statesmen, the greatest philosophers and profoundest moralists, have, at times in their weak moments, been "humbled," yet this consolation is no better than gall and wormwood, in view of the melancholy fact that we have been chiseled out of a hard-earned half-dollar, which we grieve to say, has departed forever from our heirs or assignees, and is now, in all probability, (horrid idea,) reposing in the unpoetical depths of the aforesaid "Joseph Bowers" pantaloons pocket. The over-curious mind may ask what we saw and heard. A proper appreciation of the singing was prevented by the generous applause of the admiring audience.

As to the dancing, we are not a good judge of dancing, but, in spite of our admitted incapacity in this respect, the idea would obtrude itself into our mind, that a striking similarity existed between this part of the performance and the motions of a youthful and light-hearted hippopotamus, disporting himself upon the sunny banks of the Niger.—Among the attractions of show was the "blue-coated" fiddler, who seemed to occupy a large space in the appreciative eye of the audience. The wonderful placidity and the calm repose of this young man, amid cries and yells made to attract his attention, filled us with awe and admiration. While he applied himself with commendable assuidity [sic] to his fiddle, his serene eye and unruffled soul disdaining earth's vulgar crew, seemed to have pierced the roof and wandered in must companionship to some distant star, and, perchance, if he did look at you, the disagreeable impression was left upon your mind that he saw through you and gazed into space beyond. These were some of the things we saw, and if we are *out* a little, the consoling consciousness is left of having contributed a mite to the modern muse.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 6, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Can Such Things Be?—It was a fit night, was that of Tuesday last, for a merciless deed. It was black and dark enough for any action—it rained and the wind howled pitiously [sic], without a single flash from heaven, to give a ray of hope to the traveler. The earth seemed given to the furies, and terror filled the weak house of man; his frail tenements were blown down and his trees torn up. A fit time this, for that terrible offence, against the laws of God, and man, which some human being with the heart of a foul fiend, perpetrated on the road. In the vicinity of the plantation of J. A. and W. D. Stokes, about nine miles east of this, was found, on the morning after that terrible night a new born babe, as God in his mercy had spoken it into existence. It had been stifled by the monster's hand that took it there, to prevent its cries (a needless cruelty, since the storm fiend howled above its feeble voice) and there in its innocence and purity, was it murdered—apparently by being dashed against a tree—and thrown in the underbrush. A jury of inquest was held, but no clue had to the author of this—the most hellish crime in the calendar. The people came from far and near and raised their hands in horror; still the mystery is veiled by the darkness of that night. The impression is, that the child was taken to the place where the murder was perpetrated, from a distance. It may be, yet we care not how far it came, or how long, or how far on the road of life, the parties concerned may travel; they will hear the cries of the innocent and be haunted by the terrors of that night to the end. It is just and proper that they should be. Do they suppose that murder will conceal the truth? If so, it will be the first time, in the history of the depraved and guilty human heart. The shame of the action may be borne; because merely a violation of the ordinances of society, but the crime which has followed it, bears the blood stains of a most heartless and cruel murder—there is no water in the ocean to wash it out.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Happiness.—Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This is not looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to happiness is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives; the boy must learn to be happy when he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

The Author of "Pendennis" on Negro Minstrelsy.—William Makepeace Thackeray, the celebrated English author, thus speaks of the performance of an American company of Ethiopian minstrels who were recently in England:

I heard a humorist balladist, a minstrel with wool on his head, and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in the most unexpected manner. They have gazed at dozens of tragedy queens dying on the stage, and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, with deep respect be it said, at many scores of clergymen in pulpits, without being dimmed; and behold a minstrel with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note which sets the whole heart thrilling with happy piety. Humor! humor is the mistress of tears; she knows the way to the *fons lachrymarum*, strikes in dry and rugged places with her enchanting wand, and

bids the fountain gush and sparkle. She has refreshed myriads more from her natural springs than ever tragedy has watered from her pompous old urn.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Wind Wagons on Prairies.—Andrew Dawson, of Oscaloota, Kansas, recently constructed a wagon furnished with sails, rigging, etc., propelled by the aid of wind, with which he went to Pike's Peak mines in twenty days. Encouraged by this success, other parties in the same town set about the construction of the same kind of wagons, and a few days since a party of eight started out on the prairies to try one which had just been finished. The wind was blowing a gale at the time. Everything worked to a charm. The occupants glided swiftly over the prairies, were delighting themselves with anticipations of a speedy and comfortable trip to the mines, when the velocity of the vehicle created a lively alarm for their safety. The wagon sped onward before the driving wind faster and faster, until the axle-tree broke and deposited them all upon the ground, and in a somewhat damaged condition, from broken heads, bruised limbs and bodies. The speed of the machine is said to have been forty miles per hour.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 5, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Diamond Earrings.

Pins, Finger Rings, Crosses, and Studs—just received at

Goldmann & Fendler,

English, French & American Watches, the largest and finest Assortment—just received at
Goldmann & Fendler's

Etruscan, Turquoise [sic], Coral, Jets and plain Bracelets—just received at

Goldmann & Fendler's,
Watchmakers and Jewellers,
opposite the Bank, Baton Rouge, La.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 5, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Any Color, So It's Red.—Red is the fashionable color among the ladies in Paris. We see, says a letter, black mousquetaire hats, bordered with red and decorated with a red feather; the red flannel underskirt is displayed by the dress being tucked up a la Pompadour in festoons; the red stockings set off to advantage the prettily-turned ankle, and Parisian black bottine. This costume has become the fashion from having been adopted by the empress in her roving on the sea-side at Biarritz.—The brilliant color is peculiarly adapted for displaying to advantage the beautiful fair complexion of her majesty.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Blankets.

We have just received a large supply of White and Grey Blankets, which we offer at very low prices at the

Philada Cash Store.
Lafayette Street.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 9, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

How They Treat Vagrants in Kentucky.—The Cincinnati Commercial relates the following incident which occurred at Covington, Kentucky:

At the Circuit Court on Saturday, another white man, named James Moore, was placed on trial for vagrancy, and the jury finding him guilty, he was sentenced to be sold at public auction into involuntary servitude for six months.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Thanksgiving.

The range of the thermometer, the appearance of familiar old coats, and the significant fact that sensible men begin to walk with their hands in their pockets—these facts, which are not denied even for argument sake, taken in connection with the fact that the Presidential election is approaching, and all the almanacs agree that November will be here again, D. V., in a few days, calls to mind the fact that there is a venerable old English custom, partly adopted by her scion, for which this newspaper feels a very strong affection, with old age getting to be a weakness. We allude to a day of Thanksgiving. This is, perhaps, of all the days handed down to us by those who have gone before and are forgotten, the best adapted to our religious sentiment. The Fourth of July is sufficient for the State and the nation on one side, and why should not some day be fixed by the President himself for a general thanksgiving? In this, our wide spread domain, for which no one has yet had the audacity to say there *is* "a pent up Utica," no day can be mentioned having greater claim for consideration to Jew, Gentile and heathen idolater. We worship all manner of gods here, as an inalienable right, from the mud image and brazened face, to gold of the purest carat. There are many reasons why the Sugar Bowl State should have a Thanksgiving this season. Knowing that the mere suggestion in this newspaper will lead to an early appointment, we must respectfully recommend it. We cannot think that it would be much of a surrender of our reserved democratic States Rights to name the same day now being named by the Executives of other States. However we shall not stickle about that, and shall be satisfied to have any day named.

If argument were wanted to show that we of Louisiana have cause to be thankful to the Great Unseen Powers, we would labor to show the fact, and strike conviction into the most obtuse soul. This is not necessary. Have we not more than the usual number of talented gentlemen, and very great speakers, traveling all about at their own expense to enlighten the people on the politics of the day? Have we not reason to thank the Lord that the late gales from the North merely twisted up the trees and blew down the houses? Could it not have been a great deal worse than it is? Could it not instead of washing out the crops and killing the four legged beasts of the field, could it not have washed away about one-half of the ungrateful bipeds who inhabit the same, thereby diminishing the sins of the world? These are not the only mercies that flow to us from the Unseen. We still live in a land of liberty, where every man has an inalienable right to make a fool of himself if he likes—where great captains may go about and talk treason and roar like lions about the dissolution of the Union, with the same impunity lamb may blate, or the hound pup whine. Are such blessings to be lightly estimated? If so, we should like to know

the Attakapas, sugar was commenced on the Mississippi. Cotton was abandoned about forty years ago, since which time the cultivation of the sugar cane has occupied almost the exclusive attention of agriculturists. St. Mary is now the largest sugar growing parish in the State. The crop of '59 was over 51,000 hogsheads of one thousand pounds each.—Planters' Banner.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

An Expedition Come to Nothing.—The Galveston Civilian is responsible for the following piece of information. The Knights of the Golden Circle, who have been so far benighted [sic] as to march to Western Texas, have concluded that they have had about as near a view of the elephant as would pay. The Corpus Christi Ranchero says:

"The last detachment of Knights of the Golden Circle that arrived here instead of going farther towards the "seat of war," left, we understand, for their respective homes. Those who went to the Banquette, came back here and did likewise; and as they performed the trip into the country and back on foot, will satisfy the Civilian they did not carry bridles with them.

"This morning another party of K. G. C., from the States, arrived here. There must be mismanagement on the part of the leaders, or else a concentration of force would be better understood."

Young men at a distance should be cautious how they enter upon quixotic and desperate expeditions of this kind. The whole scheme, in the present state of affairs, is chimerical [sic] and dangerous in the extreme.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Rising Generation.—We have often deprecated the system of training which multitudes of children receive. We turn in vain for a spot where childhood is properly trained; where it is respected as childhood and allowed to be childhood. In solitary instances, perhaps, we might find families who understand what is due to infancy and the wants of nature demand for the growing child. But they are few and far between. Children, now a days are looked upon as so many puppets in which to display lace, jewels, gimcrackery, and the last new modes in flounce and whalebone. Corsetted [sic], be starched, be furbelowed, and bidizened [sic] off, they look like so many men and women grown down, until even in face and conversation they lose the freshness and simplicity of childhood in the monkeyisms of grown up folly. What of childhood may be left in them—these miniature cards of fashion—is crushed out of them by the idea of being little belles and beaux, by minature [sic] flirtations, among which their time is spent in vieing [sic], to the utmost particular, with the affectations, rivalries, jealousies, and appointments making of their elder, though not models.

Turn where we will, childhood is abused. They are allowed their own way; they become men and women before they have passed the threshold of youth; they have no respect for seniors, and are as mannerless as bears. They have indoctrinated into them false views and false notions of society; they are puffed up with pride and conceit; they are trained into fops and dolts by fashionable mammas and indulgent pappas, as animals are trained by show masters—for exhibition. What then are we to look for from the coming age? Naught else but the follies, extravagances, debaucheries and depravities of the present age will be increased to a four fold degree. The next generation will truly illustrate the 'visiting the sins of fathers upon their children.'

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Confectionaries.

Just Direct from the manufacturers a large and choice assortment of Confectionaries.

500 Pounds Gum Drops, assorted flavors;
600 " Jelly Gum Drops assorted flavors,
10 Boxes jujube Paste, Rose, Lem., Van., etc.
5 Boxes Fresh Marshmellon [sic] Paste ¼ papers,
2 " " Iceland Moss Paste ¼ papers
10 Boxes French Chocolate;
10 Boxes Cream Chocolate;
10 Boxes assorted Lozengers [sic]—for sale by

R. D. Day.

Playing Cards.

Bought for the trade, from the manufactories,

10 Gross Hart's Club House Cards (all linen,)
5 " Merry Andrews;
5 " Eagles;
20 " Steamboat Cards.

Having made all my purchase at the factories I am enabled to sell at New Orleans prices.

R. D. Day.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 16, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

What is a snob? A snob, Madam, (says Quilp) is usually a person of the feminine gender, and may be known by several characteristics. She is polite to her superiors; arrogant with those of lower station; fawns on the rich; snubs the poor, and pretends not to know her own mother when she chances to meet the old lady in unfashionable clothes. She has plenty of brass and few brains; and is always uneasy from a suspicion that her intrinsic vulgarity may fail to be hidden by her outward gentility.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Plagiarism in Authors.—There is always a great outcry at a detected plagiarism in a small author. Plagiarism, like other crimes, is often estimated according to the rank of the offender. In a great man it is a small sin; in a small man it is a great sin. In Shakespeare and Byron it is called "conquest;" in an inferior writer, "stealing"—which is, indeed, the proper name for it all times. Besides, the rich thief, is far safer in his larceny than the poor one. The very obscurity of an unpopular author makes it safe to plunder him of his fair thoughts; while the celebrity of famous writers warns all poachers off the premises.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

All Saints.—We note the approaching of this sacred day in the calendar, in the shop windows, where the garlands are already awaiting the day. Good they are, but better they that spring up by the way-side—living long enough to make the heart sadly glad with delight, and then passing away as the shadow. Glorious old institution! Moss grown and venerable with age! Is it not a day that even the heathen might devote, to the names of the departed. Let all

Saints day not be forgotten, whilst sinners live; let us visit the church yard, and feel that we are indeed allied to the sleepers therein—that the present is connected with the past, and the past with the future, in an endless chain.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 24, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

An Actor Shot.—The Columbus (Ga.) *Sun* announces that Mr. J. W. Booth the young tragedian, connected with the theatrical company now performing there, was seriously wounded, a few nights since, by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Mr. Canning. He (Mr. Canning) was loading the pistol, and when pressing on the cap it discharged, the contents entering Mr. Booth's thigh, causing a severe wound. Fortunately the ball took a downward direction and escaped the important vessels lying near its course. The accident will disable him for some time.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

. . . In East Chatham, N. Y., the papers say, a Female Wide-Awake Club has been organized comprising the "beauty and fashion" of some of the first families in town. The uniform worn is a drab Cambric dress, a cape of the same material, and a striped apron of red, white and blue, each color bearing a single letter of the word "ABE." The head is adorned with a "kiss me quick."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], October 31, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Winter Bonnets.—Gents may wear their seedy hats, of wide or narrow brim—bell shaped, or pointed; round topped or flat—no one cares. The quality and kind of hat one wears, is indicative of the character; indeed some who have studied the subject of hats and heads, say that nothing more is wanted to tell what a man is good for, than his hat. Not so with dog collars—a very small, mean dog may wear a very fine collar with his master's name on it. In the matter of a hat, however, it is a thing of judgment—a matter of choice, and though a man may have money in his purse, and go hatless in the streets to select; he will be very certain to select one suiting not only the shape of his heart, but the complexion of his mind. Not so in the matter of bonnets. Bonnets shift with the wind. There are bonnets to walk in; bonnets to ride in; bonnets to talk in—bonnets to flirt in; and bonnets lined with orange blossoms to get married in. At one season they are laden with fruit, and another with flowers; whilst there is not a feathered songster from the peacock and bird of paradise down to the robbin [sic]-red-breast, that has not contributed his finest feathers, to this light article of female attire. There are fall bonnets, winter bonnets and spring bonnets, and we judge that the ladies (dear creatures) prize a proper bonnet more than any thing else of theirs, from the fact that they lavish more attention on it than any thing else. Indeed many ladies are known by their bonnet. It is discussed before going to Church, and after and wo [sic] be it to her, who from the force of circumstances, is compelled to appear in the isle and at the alter [sic] on her knees in that "horrid old velvet affair of last winter." A fashionable bonnet is a pass-port into fashionable society the most complete. It is to the lady, what the swallow-tail coat and white waistcoat is to the gentleman. This is no fancy sketch, but fact, leading to another fact which it is the purpose of this paper to mention. Miss Fannie O'Conor, of North Boulevard—that Canal street of the city, has just elevated to her show window, her new stock of fall and winter hats and bonnets—large and small, cunningly devised to suit the complexion. Will the ladies please form a procession and march to Miss Fannie's and inspect these things.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

An Unjust View of Morning Wrappers.—We feel compelled (says the Baltimore Family Journal) to make a few remarks regarding the prevailing custom of ladies receiving morning visitors in wrappers, or, as the European term them, "dressing-gowns." Nothing, in our judgment, can be more inappropriate or in worse taste than this too prevalent custom. It is particularly objectionable to see the undergarments of a young bride exposed, in order to exhibit the elaborate and vulgar finery which seems to be an essential part of the trousseau of the present day.—Simplicity is ever a mark of a chaste and pure mind, and no law of fashion should be allowed to destroy those natural instincts of modesty which find a place in every female heart.—it should not be considered necessary among a refined and civilized community to have ocular proofs of the neatness and cleanliness of a lady's underclothing, and any exhibition to this end must be as vulgar as it is derogatory to the refinement and delicacy of true womanhood. We hope to live to witness a reform in this matter, and to see the neat morning dress and white collar take the place of the open wrapper and its concomitant frippery.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 8, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Virginia Underground.—Exploration of an Immense Cave.—An immense cave in Page county, Virginia, has been partially explored by a correspondent of the Petersburg Daily Express. The account which he gives is interesting, and we quote as follows:

Before our visit, no one had been within it for more than three years, such is the intense dread with which an entrance into its uncertain depths is regarded. It was discovered many years ago, by a fox hunter, who had chased his prey to the mouth, and dismounting, entered with his dogs, and was the first to reveal its splendid mysteries to the outer world.

The entrance is small, and we soon realized our task after squeezing through a number of tight places, sliding down declivities as small as Hades, and climbing slender poles and across unfathomed fissures, upon fence rail bridges. We at length reached the apartment consecrated to the memory of Lot's wife. Our lights immediately illuminated a brilliant hall, glittering with immense stalactites, pendant from the ceiling, and standing erect upon the floor. In the centre stood the figure of a woman, as perfect to the vision in its form as woman ever was, and this was called Lot's wife. It was the base of a stalactite which, first dripping from the ceiling, had formed upwards from the floor—a curiosity as beautiful as it was striking.

We passed into the large room, an apartment which, to all appearance, would make two of the Phoenix hall. It was splendidly hung with stalactites, and resembled more a *grotto* of the Naiads than the haunt of eternal night. We attempted to throw a stone from one side to another, but the distance defied us, and the stone fell expended scarcely over half way across. We now crawled upwards through a dismal passage, into the drum room, and as our feet struck the floor we felt as if our feet were treading upon hallowed ground. This room was also resplendently adorned with white pillars and pendants of crystalline brightness, and resounded to the blow of a rock hurled upon its floor like the reverberation of an immense base drum.

We have now traveled over half a mile underground, and how far downward I am unable to tell. We lastly visited the piano room, as fairy-like as all the rest, from whose centre uprose to the ceiling a beautiful pillar, slenderly tapering towards the middle, but fluted with all the decision of a palatial column, with pedestal and capital, resembling in gorgeous beauty the finest composites of Grecian and Ionic art. Striking a wand upon the flutes of this fine column, every note of an octave answered us as sweetly and as softly as if the gentle hand of an angel had passed over the keys of a piano. We were now quite weary and warm, and, after resting half an

hour, returned. The extent of this grand subterranean palace is not, and never will be, known. Beyond the piano room are the penetralia which none have yet dared to explore, and it only remains for a few of the more daring of the villagers of Luray to die out, before the cave itself, with all its buried magnificence, shall fall into complete neglect.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 8, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

A Phenomenon.—About 6 miles from Jacksonville, on the road leading to this place, we came across a phenomenon a few days since as we were returning home. A large ditch was scooped out of the side of a red mountain by a huge volume of water, rocks weighing several tons were torn from their base and thrown a distance of twenty or thirty feet, saplings were torn up by the roots, everything gave way to the immense force of the water. The trench commenced near the top of the mountain on the North side, and there was no accumulation of water above the head of the ravine, the grass and leaves were untouched, and everything goes to prove that it fell in a column at one place. Some idea may be formed of the volume of water when we say that it left traces down the side of the mountain by which we determined that it was about thirty feet wide and ten feet deep, descending at an angle of about 80 degrees it swept everything before it. The main trench washed out was about ten feet deep.

Upon inquiry in the neighborhood we learned from a Mr. George that it occurred on the night of the 30th September ult., and he described the night as one of terrific grandeur, the flashes of lightning followed each other so closely that it was nearly as light as day, and the thunder never ceased to roar for several hours. He was therefore unable to tell us anything in reference to this phenomenon, except that the next morning it was found as we have attempted to describe it. We are aware that from our description our readers will fail to appreciate it; it should be seen to be fully understood.—Palestine (Texas) Advocate.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

John Gass,
Barber, Cupper and Bleeder.

I would respectfully inform the citizens of Baton Rouge and vicinity, that I am permanently located opposite Academy Hall, where I have opened a Barber Shop. I can be found at my Shop at all hours when not otherwise engaged, and will promptly attend to Cupping and Bleeding.

John Gass.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 9, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

A Well Managed Institution.—It is refreshing in this day of political degeneracy, to meet the right man in the right place. We say so because it is fashionable for every public functionary to employ a clerk or substitute, and either go off electioneering for a better place, or on the attention of the other, and better paying business. We are proud of the elegant new Market in Court House square, and proud of the manner in which it is managed by the present excellent commissary, Mr. Joseph Monget. It is a model of neatness and order. At 4½ o'clock in the morning, every day for a year past, we have taken coffee with Aunt Lizzette, and during the whole time, do not think we have failed to meet the Commissary at his post. His rules are as correct as they are rigid.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Fanny Complains.—In the last *Ledger* Fanny Vern thus complains of men, women and things:

I am sick of politics. I am sick of torchlight fizzles. I am sick of "the Prince." I am sick of men who never talk sense to women.—I am sick of boys of seven smoking cigars. I am sick of gloomy Pharisees, and worthy, idealess sermons, and narrow creeds. I am sick of lawless Sabbatarians, and female infidels, and free-lovers. I am sick of unhealthy, diseased books, full of mystifications and transcendental bosh. I am sick of "chaste ribbons" and "ravishing lace." I am sick, in an age which produced a Bronte and a Browning, of the prate of men who assert that every woman should be a perfect housekeeper, and *fail to add*, that every man should be a perfect carpenter. I am as sick of women self-styled "literary," who think it a proof of genius to despise every day household duties. I am sick of schools for the manufacture of bent spines. I am sick of parents, the coffins of whose children are already being made, asking teachers to add "another branch" to the already suicidal pile of lessons. I am sick of over-worked, ill-paid female operatives. I am sick of seeing tracts distributed where soup and bread should go. I am sick of seeing noodles in high places, and intelligence and refinement sitting in inglorious ease by their own firesides. I am sick of the encouragement held out to women by the other sex to remain pretty idiots, followed by long moral essays upon the enormity of being such. I am sick of flummery and nonsense and humbug and pretension of every kind. I am sick of this everlasting scrabbling and crowding, and punishing and jostling, on the edge of the five feet of earth which is all any one of us can have at last, after all our pains.

Now, don't lay this growl to indigestion, for I never had it, or billiousness, for I feel as if I were just made, or long arrears of unpaid bills, because I pay as I go. No sir—as the Episcopal have it, "all this I do steadfastly believe." There—now I feel better.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Found Drowned.—A white man was found floating in the river opposite the residence of Sidney A. Robertson, in West Baton Rouge, on the 14th inst. The man appeared to be a laboring man, perhaps a deck-hand on a steamboat; the body gave evidence of murderous treatment, having several cuts on the head and a knife wound in the side. No papers or money found on his person. On the right arm in India ink, under two clasped hands, were the initials H. F., with a flower on each side, such as are usually made by sailors.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Elegance in Dress.—In every thing a multiplicity of colors is an evidence of bad taste. The toilette does not consist so much in the clothes, as in a certain way of wearing them. Thus every fashion, the aim of which is a falsehood is essentially fleeting and bad taste as also is every thing which is noisy and loud. If people stare at you attentively, you are not well dressed; you are too well, too stiffly, or too carefully dressed. We do not know when women will understand that a defect gives them immense advantages. The perfect man or woman is a creature who is less than nothing.—Balzac.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Respectable Dimensions.—The fact that there is as yet no workhouse in our limits, is known far and near. There is a kind of fraternity among thieves, beggars and loafers, under which they are all kept posted, as to the best places for them to migrate to, when driven out of the

last community infected by their presence. Because we have no workhouse here, as well as because of the fact that under the new regeme [sic] of Democratic ethics, we have no right to take even the lowest of the vulgar swell mob, and put him to work on the streets, to keep him out of the gutter in which he falls at the expense of the public, is the cause of an effect which gives indifferently honest people a right to complain of a burthen of taxation, not only for the legitimate purposes of government, but also for the illegitimate. In the last category may be placed the onerous burthen of bearing the taxes needed for the support of the vilest vagabonds. In the early history of Red Stick, there was a chain-gang employed on the public works. Democracy having touched the verge of liberty, we hope to see a re-action and a restoration of some of the primitive features of government. It cannot be safe for the interest of government, even under the broad branches of the tree of liberty, to allow the liberty to steal; the liberty to get drunk and fall in the gutter; the liberty of vagabondage. We are infested with a motley crew of vagabonds; not only in the city, but in the country. Idle scoundrels who travel from house to house, and where they cannot obtain what they want by begging—steal. The offences are all within the limit of the law, which prescribes the penitentiary as a remedy, and the offenders go to the Parish prison, and are fed at the public cost. On Monday last there were no less than thirteen of this crew before his Honor the Mayor, all taken up by the watch on Sunday night. Mayor Elam, we are proud to say it, is disposed to deal upon them the full rigor of his authority; but what is it? It is limited to imprisonment in the Parish jail for a few days. He may fine them, but fining amounts to nothing. There is but one deprivation to the motley crew in jail, and that is whisky. Give it to them say we—enlarge the dimensions of the prison and keep them out of the streets. It will be the cheapest way to get rid of them.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Blankets.—3½, 4 and 5 Points; also very fine French Blankets, Cradle Blankets; all of which will be sold at reduced prices.

People's Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 23, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Summary: Advertisement for Dan Rice's Great Show.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

[Communicated.]

"Union Forever."

Disfranchised by the organic law, moral power is the only political *armor* of the American fair; and we feel, that so long as Christian woman's *smile* shall *cheer* the heart of her country's friends, or her *frown* shall *chill* the heart of her country's *foe*, it is as much her duty, as it is her privilege to exert all her influence on that country's side. Animated by a lofty spirit of devotion to the happiness and well-being of our *beloved* country, we feel assured, that in this *momentous* contest, as eventful as the revolution of 1776—we may, without overstepping the becoming modesty of our sex—and with due respect to the *Blue Cockade* disunionists, who, we think are lovers of *self*, more than lovers of country; thus publicly express our *undying* devotion for Union,—knowing, from past-tried experience that "in Union there is strength."

Hope.

P.S. I leave the above with you, do as you may think best—correct what you may find wrong, and do the fighting.

"Hope," the fair writer of the above should have had more charity. The Union sentiment is good, indeed, could not be better, and we do not believe it is too much to say that it gives utterance to the united sentiment of the fair heart of Red Stick. The *post scriptum* is what we object to, as our fighting man is out of town and has not left any one to attend to his part of the business.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Sugar Bowl Debating Society.—This Society meets at 7 o'clock at Engine House No. 2. The interesting question Would the re-opening of the African Slave Trade prove beneficial to the South, will be ably and lengthily discussed. A full meeting earnestly solicited.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Cockades in the Pulpit.—The Clayton (Ala.) *Banner* says that on Sunday last, the Rev. Alexander McLennon, of the Methodist persuasion, preached in the Methodist Church of that town, with "the tri-color rosette conspicuous on his vest."

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 27, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

[For the Gazette and Comet.

The Girls of Louisiana—A Song.

They tell me of the tresses dark,
That shad th'Italian maiden's brows,
The flashing eye of passions spark,
The faith that follows after vows;
But fairer to my longing eyes,
The lovely sight I here behold
It spreads around me sunny skies,
And vows exchanged can ne'er grow cold.
With the Girls of Louisiana.

They tell me of voluptuous maids
That wander Scotia's verdant plains;
Of charming lips in Switzer's shades,
That rouse the passion of the swains;
But here beneath the orange's bloom,
Or groves inspiring rapturous bliss;
No Eastern maids in rare perfume,
Can blister with a burning kiss
Like the Girls of Louisiana.

They tell me of the Yankee girls,
With fairy faces, winsome ways,

Who carry Cupids in their curls,
 And chain the eyes in charming gaze;
But in my lute-like soul then springs
 A tribute to the charm of home;
Ah! who can touch the heart's wild strings,
 In cottage sweet, or lofty dome,
 Like the Girls of Louisiana.

They tell me of the merry dance,
 In Andalusia's brilliant halls;
Of softer smiles and witching glance
 Where Alleghany's shadow falls;
But by our Stream, 'mid sunny May,
 The heart is touched with wilder strain,
And brighter glances 'round us play;
 Go, look abroad for maids in vain
 Like the Girls of Louisiana.

Lake Gage, 1860.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], November 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Fur Fashion.—The once despised "mink," taking rank only one step higher than the muskrat, has got into such high favor from its close resemblance to the Hudson Bay sable, that importations have been displaced to a large extent, and now the American sable takes the precedence in comparison with almost any of the rival furs. Stonemarten, fitch, squirrel, etc., are less inquired for. Success is winning popular favor results in this case much as it often does in the higher walks of animal life, and whole communities in the mink creation have been brought to sorrow from the effects of extensive adulation. In other words, the demand for mink has tended to surfeit the market, so that prices are about twenty per cent lower than last year. In style there is no essential change, except that the half-cape leads, owing to the use of the modernized Arabian hood in cloak making, which does not permit of coverings. The stock of furs on hand is about as usual in quantity; but it will be speedily reduced after the winter fairly sets in.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Female Orphan Association.—That most excellent Christian Association, organized and conducted without reference to sect, has now within its walls forty-eight Orphan Girls and children from two to fourteen years of age. Under the direction of the present Board of Lady Managers and the direct superintendence of Mrs. Wood, the affairs of the Association were never in a more prosperous condition. The friends of the Association are to be found wherever its good work is known. The money wanted by the Association is limited, and would be less if our Planters, Merchants and citizens generally would contribute of their superabundance. No society within our limits is more worthy of kind offices.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Academy Hall.
 Five Nights Only.
 Commencing Tuesday, Dec. 11th, 1860.
 The Draytons,
 Mr. & Mrs. Henri Drayton,
 Of the Conservatorie de Musique, of Paris, the
 Opera, Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, and Covent
 Garden, London and the Principal Continental
 Theatres, will inaugurate a short series of their
 highly Popular and Chastely Elegant
 Parlor Operas,
 At Academy Hall, Commencing on
 Tuesday Evening, December 11th,
 --with—
 Overture by the Orchestra,
 To be followed by the much admired Operatta [sic] of
 "Never Judge by Appearances,"

Written by H. Drayton. Music by E. J. Loder.
 Oscar, Count de Belleville.....Mr. H. Drayton,
 Louise, Comtesse de Belleville, Mrs. H. Drayton
 Waltz.....Orchestra,

To conclude with Part Second of the Operatta,
 entitled
 "Love's Labor Lost."

A whimsical, Farcical, Fanciful, Laughable Oddity, in one Act. Written by Mr. H. Drayton.
 Music selected from Balfe, Diblin, Lee Hatton, Lover, Donizette, Verdi, &c.

Pat Donalan.....}	
Gen'l. Firelock.....}	Mr. H. Drayton,
Sir Chas. Ramrod.....}	
Old Ant. Grumbler.....}	
Fanny Sparkle.....}	
Meggy O'Callagan.....}	Mrs. H. Drayton.
Sairey Gamp.....}	

Admission, \$1; Children and Servants half-price.
 Secured Seats to be obtained without extra charge, at J. McCormick's, at the Post Office,
 for a single entertainment or for the series.
 Doors open at 6½ o'clock, overture at 7½.
 A New Opera Every Night.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 5
 A large assortment of velvet cloaks, costing from \$25 to \$75, I will sell from \$18 to 50.
 A. Rosenfield.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 8, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

What Will the Little Women Do?—What must the little women do? asks a New York paper. It is a serious question, for, according to present indications, they will soon have nothing to wear in sad reality, nothing having been provided for them. All the newest goods, richest silks, the most elegant cloaks, the tartan shawls, the broadly depressed bonnets, seemed to be especially intended for a race of female giantesses. They require the hight [sic] of a grenadier and the magnificent proportions of a Venus de Medici [sic] to display them to advantage. What will the little women do?

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 11, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Debaters Attention.—There will be a regular meeting of the Sugar Bowl Debating Society, this evening, at half-past 7 o'clock, at the usual place of meeting. Punctual attendance requested. Question: Does a State possess the right to secede from the Union? Disputants, W. C. McGimsey and Wm. Annis, A. H. Huguet and N. A. Stuart.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 12, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Lunch.

A Roast of Bear meat will be served for lunch at 8 o'clock to-night at
Our House.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Perfumery! Perfumery!!
I invite the attention of the ladies
to the large and varied assortment of fine
Perfumery and other Toilet articles that I am
now receiving.
Fine Pomades, Toilet Soap, Toilet Powder,
Cologne, Cold Cream, Compound Cam-
phor Oil, for chapped hands, faces,
lips, sunburns, etc., Extracts for
the handkerchief, Jockey Club,
Mouseline, Frangipanni [sic],
Turkish Essence,
Oriental Drops,
etc., etc.

For sale at

R. D. Day's Drug Store.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Great Bargains
at the
Philadelphia Cash Store.
Cloth Cloaks.

A few left, to be sold extremely low

French Merinos.

A fine supply to be sold at 90 cents a yard.

Poplins.

A fine assortment to be sold at 35, 40, and 50 cts.

Cashmere Delaines.

A few handsome patterns to be sold at 62½ cts.

Silks.

A fine assortment of plain and Fig'd. at 75 & 1.00

Scotch Plaids.

A fine supply at 25, 30, and 50 cents.

Colored Flannels.

A fine supply at greatly reduced prices.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 11, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Holiday Presents.

As Christmas and New Year are fast approaching, we would call the attention of our customers and the public in general, to our large and well selected Stock of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, suitable for presents for the young and old folks, and invite one and all to call and see what we have, and at what killing cheap prices we will sell in these hard times.

Goldmann & Fendler,
Third street, opposite the Bank.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Premium Magic Duplicating and Impression Paper—for sale by
Ed. & Wm. Bogel.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

[Communicated.]

What is Woman Made For?

Dear Comet:--It is only they who grasp the pen of steel, who are looked to as Knights of the Ink-horn, to do the battle of reason, against social and other evils. It is well; for masculine humanity is expected to lead the way; to clear the forest, by felling the trees and draining the swamps, that they may be ready for reason and religion to dwell in. Your correspondent has no desire to invade the province of the other sex. What is wanted is this. To bread down, or break up if you will, the barriers which lie in our daily walks, to the social pleasures, which the true spirit of Christianity should lead to. Is it not a standing shame—giving the lie direct to all our professions, of reason, education and religion, this of people living side by side for a life-time period, without knowing the names of each other? Verily, I see none of the fruits of the good work, said to be going on within the walls of churches to bring the people together in the bands of friendship, love and truth. Why should we not live, as though life were designed for the rational pleasures of society? Why masquerade, and play hypocrite as we do; laboring to hide our honest instincts and emotions, and present the world the counterfeit presentment? Is life so long that we can spare so much of it for the fools part? What were we created for—what the aim and object of existence—what problem is to be solved in the cycles of time to come, by we poor bubbles of earth, made as we are of flimsy and brittle potter's clay, animated by the Great Spirit for a season—then bursting as the water bubbles, forever! Come sir, let us reason together. What part in the farce of life, is woman designed for? Answer us the question, that she may prepare for it. Direct your pen sir, against the silly stuff—the maudlin sentiment, which only attaches to us as hot house plants; nursed as lap dogs, are to be sold to the exquisite who will give most. What is the woman's part? The question is asked in vain.—The mature man—he who has reached the "age of discretion" as it is called; is too busy accumulating property, to call "his," for a season, to give a thought to subjects of such general interest. It is to the young, the generous and the true, that we look to and hope for better things in the day to come. Where are all our young men, and what are they doing? Where are the social gatherings of old, the pleasure parties, the dances and surprises. Young ladies, ask yourselves what you were made for? And if the spirit of enquiry seek a true solution to the problem; you will find that you are not in the garden walks of life as statues and models of outward beauty to look at and "fall in love with" according to the vulgar vocabulary; you will find that you are eminently fitted for social reformers. Not to brawl in public places, like Northern Amazonians, but, linked together in the bonds of mutual confidence and affection, leading the way to social pleasures—not to be enjoyed without your presence. Girls—I mean you who were born neighbors here in Red Stick—learn the name of each each [sic] other; perform the kind offices of Christian Charity, and lead us to hope for a better social condition in the time to come.

Cyntha.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 14, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Toys! Toys!! Toys!!! Toys!!!!
Fancy Articles
--for--
Christmas and New Year Presents.
P. Capdevielle,
Laurel Street Variety Store.

Begs leave respectfully to inform his friends and customers, that he has now in store the largest stock of

Toys for Children and Fancy Articles
for
Christmas & New Year Presents

that was ever brought to this market, which he offers at the lowest Cash Prices.

The heads of families have never before had the occasion to select from a better and more complete assortment. He has just received from Europe a large lot of goods, to which he invites the attention of the ladies in particular to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. I make great deduction for the Cash! bear in mind!

P. Capdevielle.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Shaker Preserves.

300 Jars of assorted Preserves and Jellies. No orders filled without the Cash.

A. Montan, Jr.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 15, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Green Turtle.

I have just received from Mexico, 4 Green Turtles, and will have for sale on Sunday morning, pieces to suit parties who desire to have Turtle Soup.

Tom Basilisco.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

St. Crispian is mending his chaise—making ready again to mount the housetops with his reindeer train, and leave his foot prints in the chimney corners. Trinkets he brings; tin trumpets and drums; and the knick-knacks he packs on his back, ought to last till the cycle returns. But no. The little ones are no better than the large ones—the young are nearly as foolish as the old. They play with their toys until the paint rubs up and then dash them away for others. So the most precious boon—the wondrous piece of mechanism which has cost the long labor of sleepless nights to devise, finds its way to the cellar below, or the loft above, where it moulders [sic] with less valuable rubbish.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 3-4

. . . How is it with the Press as an Engine in Louisiana? Why, it is managed not by the sapient parties who have their names to flourish at the mastheads under the motto; but by great political Captains, who through it, and the strength that unity gives, prey upon the ignorance of the people as vampires and cormorants. Such Captains own the press; soul and body. They employ fellows to print for them just as wood-choppers are employed by the job, and many of the employees quit the business with no other 'vantage than their whisky, free.

Could the public mind be disabused on the subject of the "Press as an Engine," they would begin to look elsewhere (perhaps in vain) for the power that should uphold the light of truth, morality and religion.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 18, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Ho for Christmas!

We have just received direct from the Importers, a large lot of every variety of Fire-works and Toys for the Christmas Holidays, and will offer the whole or any part of these at a small advance on cost for cash.

A. Stewart & Co., Druggists.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 19, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

About Dogs.—The *World* has an interesting article about dogs in New York. That city is the center of the canine trade for this continent, many persons being engaged exclusively in buying and selling, and breeding and training dogs of all descriptions. The leading dog vender in that city does a very extensive business. At this city store he keeps a select assortment always on hand for sale, and at his country residence he generally has seventy or eighty animals, besides, perhaps, thrice that number boarded out in the vicinity. Many of his dogs are of rare breed and beauty, and proportionally valuable.—Among the rare dogs is a Siberian blood hound, Sultan, a nephew of the celebrated dog Prince, which cost \$1000, and, after his exhibition in England, was sold for twice his original cost. Sultan is 14 months old, weighs 160 lbs., and girths 39 inches. Prince at the same age weighed 220 lbs., stood 36½, inches in height [sic], and measured from nose to tail 7 feet 9 inches. There are not more than a dozen of this breed of dogs owned in New York, and none of them are valued at less than \$1000 each.

The Bruno breed was originated by this dealer, and was obtained by crossing the Newfoundland with the St. Bernard mastiff and the Alpine Shepherd [sic] dog. These animals are highly prized by Southerners for watch dogs, and pups readily bring \$100 each. They are large dogs, sometimes attaining a length of 7 feet, and 34 inches in height [sic], and a weight of 130 pounds.

The St. Bernard mastiff is very rare, and of course bring high prices. The Newfoundland is the most popular dog with all classes, and large numbers of them both pure bred and mongrels, are sold annually. Perfect blackness of color is the American test of purity of breed, and pups answering this demand sell at \$10 to \$25 each.

The Shepherd dog, or Scotch colly [sic], is in large demand, and when well trained brings from \$50 to \$100.

Of terriers there are many varieties, the black and tan being the favorite, and probably the most fashionable dog in existence. When finely bred and well cared for this is an elegant animal, quick, sharp and intelligent, an excellent "ratter," and capable of being trained to hunt anything. They vary in weight from one to twenty-five pounds, having of late years been greatly refined by crossing with the Italian greyhound. When persisted in, this produces very elegant animals, but their proportions generally lack symmetry, and they become delicate and unfit for active exercise.

The black and tan terrier we believe to be the best dog for farmers. They are not large enough to injure sheep, and they are fine watch dogs, the best of ratters, gentle and affectionate

playmates for children, and at home both in the barn and in the house.

The Scotch terrier is one of the hardiest of dogs, very courageous, and the enemy of all vermin. He is at present very fashionable, and his price ranges from \$10 to \$30.

For sporting and hunting dogs—beagles, harriers, pointers, and setters—there is always an active demand, and when well trained, they bring high prices. The black and tan German beagle sells in great numbers at \$15 to \$40, for shooting and hunting purposes. Setters and pointers when well bred and broken bring from \$75 to \$100. Spaniels are in but moderate demand. Of pet spaniels, the King Charles stands at the head of the list. Hosts of them are sold every year, of impure breed and inferior points, at prices varying from \$27 to \$200. A perfect King Charles possesses seven distinguishing points of beauty—round head, short ears, long, curly ears, large, full eyes, black and tan color, without a speck of white, perfect symmetry of form, and of weight not exceeding ten pounds. The genuine are rarely found. One dealer in New York, has one for which he paid 44 guineas, and not long ago one was sold at auction, in England, for the enormous sum of 525 guineas or \$2600.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

"The Choctaws."—It is generally understood that there is a secret organization in the State of Georgia, known as "The Choctaws," pledged to precipitate the State into a revolution, even should the sovereign people in convention, decided against immediate secession. The organization is said to number, at this time, more than ten thousand men, who are well supplied with all the improved impliments [sic] and munitions of war.—Atlanta Confederacy.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

[From the States & Union.

The Fourth of July at Auction.

By W. J. Flagg.

Here's the Fourth of July, going, going!
For the Fourth of July what is bid?
With its cluster of memories showing
All about what your grandfathers did;

And its musty old record declaring
Certain rights, in a long rigmarole
Too num'rous to mention, and bearing
Certain signatures set to the whole.

Into separate lots we can't part it,
But we sell lit for what it will bring;
So give us a bid—just to start it—
For the old indivisible thing.

In the days that are gone—who'd have thought it?
Its possessors esteemed it so dear,

Not the gold of a world could have bought it—
What is bid? Fifty cents do I hear?

Fifty cents! Going, going! See round it
There is wound an old three-cornered rag.
I offer it just as I found it—
What is bid for the Fourth and its flag?

Going, going I beg you consider
We are now on the third and last call—
Going! Gone! (what's the name of the bidder?)
Declaration, flag, memories and all!

Gents the terms of this sale, are *cash*
At first, I should have so stated,
The buyer I hope will not blush
If he pays more for the rag—than 'tis rated.

For the Museum, you say sir at Linn,
Please go to the Clerk there and settle,
Mr. Filkins look out for the tin
And be certain you get the true metal.

You'll send for it—Ay! Did you say sir?
'T'won't do sir—here take it and pay!
We have not the time for delay sir,
A large invoice is up for to-day.

Now gents we'll adjourn t'the extension
Where we'll knock down old clothes, chairs and things,
Besides there's a lot of inventions
We'll sell them for what they will bring.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 20, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

Academy Hall.
Sixteen Performers.
Unequaled and Incomparable
Positively Three Nights Only!
Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday Even-
ings, Dec. 24th, 25th and 26th.
Double Troupe and Brass Band
--of—
Shorey, Duprez & Green's
New Orleans and Metropolitan Bur-
lesque Opera Troupe.

Will give three grand Ethiopian Concerts at the above Hall, previous to their departure for the Island of Cuba, introducing every evening an entirely new selection of acts selected from the gems of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

A Card.

The Managers beg leave to announce to their friends and patrons, that they have improved and arranged their Band for the present season, and pledge themselves that nothing on their part will be left undone to please and meet the views of an appreciating public and hope to receive the same generous patronage as bestowed upon them heretofore.

Grand Serenade each evening, in front of the Hall, previous to opening the doors, by the New Orleans and Metropolitan Troupe's Brass Band, led by Mr. J. Pratt.

Doors open at 7, Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

Admission.....75 Cents

Children and Servants.....50 "

C. H. Duprez,
Manager and Business Agent.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Christmas.

In the shifting tide and changing current of events; the spirit of war; the alarm of social discord; the preparation of demons, who, like uncombed dogs from hell, tread on the heel of the foul fiend, bringing pestilence and famine—in an evil hour, such as this, the new year opens. Christmas comes again with all its hallowed memories and dear associations.

South Carolina may abolish with a series of resolutions, the Fourth of July; Louisiana may expunge from her *dies non juridicus* the Eighth of January, because the victory was one for the Union as well as for herself; even the Twenty-second of February may be forgotten as the words of the statesman and warrior die away in an echo, as time treads on, in his slippers of list; but Christmas will come again, and the cocks will be induced to herald it with crowing, as they do now. Eighteen hundred and sixty years! How they have rolled up like a scroll! Where are they now? Where the untold millions who have laughed and cried—danced with joy, and broke their heart-strings with sorrow? All gone after their shadows! Alas poor Yorick—most of them have not even left behind an empty skull on which to ground a tale. How shall it be an hundred years to come? Why, deny if you like, that spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves; what a mere spectre [sic] is that that comes we know not how, appropriating a handful of the gross materials of earth for its dwelling place—moving with it from point to point, and going as it came, we know not where? These are curious questions—such as have puzzled the great and the good of all ages. The veil may be lifted; behind which, like these mysteries; another traveler may return from that bourne [sic] so touchingly referred to by the divine Poet; but when he does, it will be to take up the song of "Peace and good will," where Him of Bethlehem, left it. Verily it is time to cultivate the flowers by the way side, that they may be ready to strew the path of the Great Conqueror—it is time to prepare the marriage feast, at which all the nations of earth shall sit, in the bonds of fraternal union and brotherly love. There shall be no quarrel then for the head of the table—the greatest and best, the noblest and most generous will take the place with shouts

of approbation of all the guests. Christmas will come again;--it may bring with it another Herod, with his sword, but he will die by it, to give place to the reign of another Augustus Caesar. Time—think you it not, friends—to begin to consider whose birth-day it is we celebrate on the 25th instant, and to so shape our actions by the precepts of charity, as to subdue the beastly part of nature, by establishing the rule of reason under the doctrines of Peace and good will? Practice more—preach less—show us in your lives that you believe what He said, who spake as no man before Him. Let the West take by the hand her sister of the Orient, and together sing a new song of life—or rather the old song, for which the keynote was furnished eighteen hundred years ago, set an octave higher on the scale.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

The Orleans Battalion—Anniversary of St. Barbe.—The New Orleans Battalion of Artillery will celebrate the anniversary of Sainte Barbe, patron saint of artillerists, on Sunday next. On this occasion the Battalion will attend high mass at the St. Louis Cathedral at half-past nine o'clock, A. M., and during the service a collection will be made for the benefit of the St. Mary's Catholic Orphan Boys.—N. Orleans Bee.

Who the devil was St. Barbe patron [sic] Saint of Artillery? Where did he live, and under whose authority was he canonized? [sic]

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 22, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Will He Come This Year?—Will the ship of the driver be heard this year, will his footprint be found on the chimney side, and the tap at the door when the new year comes, clothed in the garments of promise? Santa Claus, will come, young folks. He will visit you just as others in the time gone by. Even now, he is filling his pipe again, and his rein-deer team is waiting to be loaded with the handsome things at Capdevielle's, Bogel's, Heude's, Rauhman's and Stewart's. He will bring all these things to the house-top and down the chimney, as he has done before, and will not mash the trumpets, or soil the white satin dress of the doll for Nelly.—Jolly old fellow he, and yet not old, for his face wears no wrinkles; it is smooth and bright with the smiles of delight gathered here and there, as he drives his car, to distribute the things selected. He gives at the tightness of the times, but not to sadness; his face is as bright as ever.—Look for him little folks—go to bed early and dream that you see him when he comes at the hour of twelve, or sleep with an eye open and realize the fact.

DAILY GAZETTE & COMET [BATON ROUGE, LA], December 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 2

Summary: Another among many pro-Union, anti-Secession editorials and letters, well written