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New Orleans Picayune, May-December 1855

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The Daily Picayune [New Orleans]
May 22, 1855 – December 1, 1855

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 1, c. 5

The family mansion of Francis Surget, Sr., called "The Highlands," some eight miles distant from Natchez, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 13th inst.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 1, c. 4

Two hundred Mormons, from Europe, left Pittsburg on the 11th inst., on their way to Great Salt Lake City.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 1, c. 7

A Hint to Extravagant Wives.—It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 2, c. 3

The panorama of the great Eight Thousand Miles' Trip, from the sources of the Missouri, through California, the Pacific, the Gulf, the Isthmus, and the Mississippi, is still exhibiting at Armory Hall. The views are graphically drawn, beautifully colored, and the various scenes of this extended trip are depicted with apparent truth and fidelity. We can cordially recommend to the curious in such matters a visit to the Odeocamo.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 2, c. 3

We would call attention to the announcement of Mr. Busch, in another column, of his intention to open at the Pelican theatre, to-morrow evening, an exhibition of the national and characteristic peculiarities, customs and amusements of the Flat Head Indians, some of a tribe of whom he has engaged. They will go through their war dances, their funeral ceremonies, and other performances. It will be an instructive exhibition.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 2, c. 5

Eight young ladies of this city having made for the First Company of Washington Artillery six elegant star-spangled banners, presented them, with a tasteful and appropriate note, which was fitly replied to by a committee of the company.

We have the pleasure of laying the correspondence before the reader:

To the First Company Washington Battalion of Artillery:

New Orleans, May 17, 1855.

Gentlemen—Numerous and varied have been the sentiments expressed by the public and the press of the First Company Washington Battalion of Artillery, though none have spoken "but to praise;" yet we are assured that none can appreciate your gallant company more than we, the undersigned. To prove to you that our feelings of esteem are not of a fleeting momentary character, we beg of you to accept these Flags, and with them our united wishes that your company may ever wear the laurels it has won.

Respectfully,

L. M. T*****

H. M. K*****

L. K. F*****

M. A. R*****

J. A. G. S****
L. A. H*****

C. R. H****
E. C. H*****

New Orleans, May 10, 1855.

Young Ladies—The Washington Artillery, through the undersigned committee, have the pleasure of acknowledging the very graceful compliment you have extended to them in the presentation of six beautiful banners for their battery.

Next to the honor of his country, the smiles of beauty should ever be the soldier's highest aspiration, her defence [sic] the strongest incentive to his valor, and her approbation the noblest guardian of his toils. For the first he arrays himself in the panoply of war, mimics its dreadful conflict, and prepares to encounter its wildest horrors. For the second he nerves himself with every manly attribute, strengthens each physical energy, and elevates each intellectual faculty that can render him more worthy of its achievement; and while laying his blood-stained laurels at her feet, he proudly claims the third as the richest boon that crowns the hour of victory and triumph.

With feelings such as these, glowing in the hearts of the members of the Artillery, they gratefully accept the banners which have been sent to them by the eight fair daughters of the Crescent City. They are proud of the sentiments with which they have honored them, and pledge themselves never to forfeit their good opinion.

Sent to lead them in the path of honor and of duty never shall these beautiful banners be unfolded but to remind their bearers of the objects for which they were designed; and should danger ever threaten or conflict actually occur, where their graceful undulations lead the way, inspired by the animating recollections of their lovely donors, their stars shall guide us to victory or the grave.

Respectfully,

Alex. Smith, Jr. }
J. G. Pierson, } Committee
F. Scott, }

To Miss T*****, Miss H*****, Miss S*****, Miss F*****, Miss H*****, Miss K*****, Miss R*****, Miss H*****.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 3, c. 2

Second
Popular Festival
To be given
On the Union Race Ground,
Sunday, May 27, 1855, From the Morning to
the Evening.

The undersigned committee invite all their fellow citizens to that festival, which last year proved most attractive.

Target and Bird Shooting, Dancing, Pole Climbing, Foot, Horse and Carriage Races,

Equestrian Exercises, Catching Pigs, Cock Striking, Candle Drawing, and other popular amusements are arranged, and prices [sic?] will be given to the best performers.

Omnibuses will carry visitors from several stations to and from the Union Ridge.

At 7 o'clock A.M. a procession will be formed on the Congo Square and march to the place of the festival.

Tickets at 50 cents for each gentleman or lady, and 25 cents for each child over 7 years, will be sold by the undersigned committee and at the door.

M. Weisheimer, H. Blae[]e, A. Bettinger,
F. Adelman, F. Gabain, C. F. Hennisch,
H. Franko, Ch. Maches, L. Strin.
J. K. Kron,

my22—td

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 22, 1855 p. 3, c. 2

Armory Hall.

Will open for exhibition on

Tuesday, May 15, 1855,
The Mammoth Great Western
Odeocamo,

Portraying with fidelity beyond equal the many interesting and curious objects on

A Trip Over 8,000 Miles Long!

commencing at St. Joseph Missouri, across the Plains, through the Rocky Mountains, over the Desert, passing the Sierra Nevada, through the mines, forest, cities, towns and ranches of California, accompanied by a description of the topography, geology, zoology and botany of the country will be given.

Passing Out at the Golden Gate,

taking the sea route home via Acapulco, Panama, over the Isthmus to Chagres, river town and Fort of Chagres;

Sea and Gulf Scenes

Passing the Island of Cuba; entrance of the Mississippi river, coast and plantation views, finally landing at the wharf opposite

Place D'Armes, City of New Orleans.

Price of admission, 50 cents; children and servants, half price.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; exhibition will commence at quarter before 8, precisely.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 23, 1855 p. 1, c. 7

From Vicksburg.

To the Editors of the Picayune:

Vicksburg, Miss., May 19, 1855.

The inhabitants of this usually staid and quiet city have had their expectations aroused to the highest pitch during the past week. You are aware, I suppose, that arrangements have been for some time in progress for the purpose of lighting this city with gas. Tuesday evening last was fixed upon for the first illumination, but the arrangements not having been fully completed, the event was postponed until last night. Friday, the 18th of May, must, therefore, be looked upon as an important date in the history of Vicksburg. On that evening the principal streets were for the first time lighted with gas; and for a first attempt, I must confess the result was very successful. Any one acquainted with this city must acknowledge that the introduction of gas, the laying of pipes, &c., was a work of no small labor, and the gentlemen who undertook the enterprise deserve the thanks of this community for the expeditious and satisfactory manner in which they have performed their contract. The gas, it is true, was not of the best quality; but time is a great perfector, and may be expected to lend its master hand to this, one of its greatest works. The new lights had a fine effect when viewed from the opposite bank of the river, and may well be said to have astonished the few denizens in that quarter. There are not many here, especially among the "Young America" party, who never saw such a light before. Crowds paraded the streets during the evening, among whom was a goodly number of the fair sex, whose smiling countenances and beaming eyes seemed to lend an additional lustre [sic] to the new and brilliant light which they inaugurated with their presence. The gas has already been introduced into some of the principal buildings, hotels, churches, &c., and will contrast favorably with the weak and sickly lights which it is intended to supplant. Its expense appears to be a scarecrow to many; but when they come to know its value this objection will speedily disappear. It is to this cause, no doubt, the failure of its introduction into Natchez may be attributed, as the question was lately submitted to the popular vote there and lost. Let us hope, however, that the day, or rather the night, is not far distant when every business locality of note along the great "Father of Waters" will emulate the spirited people of Vicksburg, and exhibit to the traveler that they have a "local habitation and a name." . . .

Ralpho.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 24, 1855 p. 1, c. 5

The Odeocamo.—We would again call attention to the panorama at Armory Hall, of the Golden State, and the overland route across the plains, mountains and desert, portraying with wonderful fidelity the beautiful and interesting scenery of an 8,000 mile trip and the varied and picturesque scenes of the land of gold, together with all the important mines and ranches of the new and interesting country. The mines are seen in all their different operation. The cities and towns are finely represented. The entire city of San Francisco is a grand and imposing sight, together with the bay and the adjacent scenery. The land and ocean scenes create great admiration, and a sight of them is worth the price of admission. The burning forest, a night scene, is truly magnificent; and different tribes of Indians are well portrayed.

We most cordially recommend our citizens who have not seen this highly interesting and instructive painting to do so before it leaves the city, which, we believe, it is the intention of the

proprietor it shall do in a few days.

The lecture of Prof. Richardson, we would remark, given during the exhibition, adds greatly to its interest. His remarks upon the different scientific subjects are very instructive and present the panoramic exhibition in a pleasing light. The topography, geology, botany and zoology of the route are thus rendered a very interesting accompaniment to the exhibition.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 24, 1855 p. 1, c. 7

Arrival of M'me Adolphe.

The original, unsurpassed, and justly celebrated M'me Adolphe, the universally acknowledged greatest sympathist in the world, and the same distinguished lady who created, through her marvelous revelations of the past, the present, as well as the correct predictions of the future, such intense excitement in England, France and the principal cities of the United States, that Queen Victoria presented her with a costly Diamond Brooch, and Daniel Webster with a Jeweled Ring, is now ready to receive visitors at the Western Verandah Hotel, corner of Julia and Tchoupitoulas street, entrance in Julia street, four doors from Tchoupitoulas, whom she will inform all about the past, present and future; if they are married or not, and when or what lady or husband they will get; or business of every description. Mysterious and almost impossible as her profession appears, she comes recommended by so highly respectable and innumerable certificates of acknowledged power and skill that it precludes all supposition or probability of deception or imposition, as many others now practice.

Consultation fee from \$1 to \$3, according to how far they wish to go, or what time they occupy.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 24, 1855 p. 1, c. 7

Gutta Percha Goods

Waterproof, useful and ornamental. These new fabrics are truly superior, and are gaining favor daily; they are not affected by changes of temperature, consequently do not get sticky like India Rubber, they are also free from unpleasant odor. Warehouse of the N. A. Gutta Percha Company, 45 Common street, New Orleans.

E. R. Hubey, Sole Agent.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 24, 1855 p. 2, c. 5

For Bathing Dresses,
100 Pieces De Bege,

At One Bit Per yard,

Just opened and selling rapidly at
Simpson's,

116 Canal street.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 27, 1855 p. 1, c. 3 (double sheet)

The Divorce mania.—Every little while, we hear of a kind of epidemic among the married folks, here and there, the symptoms of which disclose themselves in frantic appeals to the courts for separation. The Lowell (Mass.) News, last week, noted seven cases of divorce granted by the Supreme Court, then sitting at that place; and quotes these lines thereupon:

"Marriage is like a flaming candle light
Placed in a window of a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air,
To come and singe their pretty winglets there,
Those that are out but heads against the pane,
And those that are in but to get out again."

A quainter poet long ago put the same idea into these three lines:

"Marriage is such a rabble route,
That they who are out would fain get in,
And they who are in would fain get out!"

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 30, 1855 p. 1, c. 6

The Galveston News, of the 26th, has the following paragraphs:

A project is on foot to erect a college at Larissa, Cherokee county.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], May 30, 1855 p. 1, c. 7

M'me Murat Massena, the celebrated Planet Reader, who, by her extraordinary powers of Divination, her knowledge of the Wonders of the Past and Mysteries of the Future, is able to unfold events yet in the womb of Time, and to explain the cause of occurrences that have transpired. Phrenology and Celestial Palmistry, may be consulted at No. 224 Hercules street, between Thalia and Melpomene street, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], June 5, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

Madame Hall, of Philadelphia,
Female Physician.

Would respectfully inform the ladies of New Orleans that she has opened rooms for the treatment of diseases peculiar to their sex at No. 112 Carondelet street, where she may be found at all hours, night or day.

Her remedies, attested by many, are the result of years of practice, and have the sanction of the highest medical authority.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], June 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Would it not be well for the Grand Jury to pay their respects to the venders of obscene and demoralizing publications in our city? There are several places where such publications are openly sold. Nothing is more calculated to corrupt the young than immoral stories and obscene and indecent prints and publications. The laws upon this point cannot be too strongly enforced. The allowing of such works to be placed in the hands of our youths is a far more serious matter than permitting a magazine of powder to be located in the heart of the city. The utter

suppression of the sale of such wares as we have alluded to would be a great public good, and ought to be effected at any cost.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], June 17, 1855, p. 1, c. 6-7

Letter from Mrs. LeVert.

Our Mobile correspondent, "First Private," sends us for publication the following interesting letter from Mrs. LeVert, which, we need scarcely say, is addressed to her family remaining at home:

Naples, April 25, 1855.

...
April 27th.—Congratulate me, dearest, for I have ascended Mount Vesuvius! and that, too, on my own proper feet instead of a sedan chair, as lazy women are. Oh! I am so proud of my success. Octavia is quite as much so.

But the ascent was the funniest thing imaginable. I laughed until tears poured out in a stream. But to begin at the beginning, as Granny used to say, at an early hour we drove to the hermitage, or last house on the mountain; the road lay among groves of fruits, and vineyards that grew among masses of lava. At the hermitage, all took to riding except the Doctor, who would neither mount a donkey, or ascend the mountain further. He only came so far, he averred, from conviction that a leg or arm would be broken in the frolic, and he would spread out his instruments to set it again in a shady grove hard by. My donkey rejoiced as a good donkey should whose master—

"Stuck a feather in his cap.

And called him *Macaroni*."

At the foot of the cone quadrupeds were dismissed, and then ensued a debate, and a grave one too. It was feet and guides, versus sedan chair and bearers; but I resolved on a pedestrian trip, so that I could look about me. So did Octavia. We started.

Just picture a giant haystack, with a parcel of ants climbing up and slipping down, but trying it again. The cone is very steep, about a mile high, and the ground formed of clumsy masses of lava and scoriae or ashes. But I had no less than four helps. One man had hold of either arm, around my waist was a leather strap with a long band which passed over the shoulder of a third who pulled me all the way, while a fourth—think of the picture—stood at my back and strenuously assisted in lightening the load. In front of all walked the guides to show the best road, while all talked, laughed, gesticulated and shouted in ceased [sic?] medley. I could not have walked for merriment, but, assisted as I was, had but to raise and set down my feet, which was lucky for me. Every few yards I had to stop, either to laugh with greater ease, or to enjoy the view. The bay, the city, the villas, the islands, and the deep blue sea; oh! it seemed enchantment.

Two or three officers of the Saranac, a Virginia doctor, two other young Americans, with ourselves, formed the party; and to say nothing of the twelve assistants and sundry guides, there were two old men with baskets full of oranges and wine, who made the entire ascent so loaded, with the mere hope of selling a few carlinas worth. The two hours ascent did not fatigue me in the slightest degree, and when we reached the summit and had the clouds beneath our feet, three hearty cheers were given for America! The very clouds seemed to favor us, for just above our heads one veiled the hot sun from us, while the whole world beneath us was flooded with

glorious radiance. The sea looked like frosted silver, and the islands like sapphires set within it.

The new crater was smoking and hissing like some huge engine. Over the hot lava was passed round to the extinct volcano, as they deemed it, but where any stick penetrated the lava coat out rushed a stream of smoke.

The old crater was magnificent; and down, down, down, a thousand feet below, boiled the great cauldron of Vesuvius. I stood on the verge. How solemn the silence of the scene, broken only by the throbs of the great mountain heart which fluttered and struggled as in its last agony.

We lingered until 4 o'clock, when the wind becoming keenly cold, as it blew across the banks of snow that lay close even to the fire's mouth, and the guides counselled [sic] a retreat in double quick time.

The descent is by a path of cinders about two feet deep, and the going down is managed by holding one's self back and allowing the guide to bear you along. Every step brought me knee deep in ashes, from amidst which a lava stone would go thundering down the cone and terrifying all in the path. What fun it was. My spirits were so joyous I really regretted our arrival at the base, and fairly sighed to think there was one lofty and inspiring pleasure for me less in the world.

This cone rises in the extinct crater of Monte Somma, which sent forth the lava streams and deluge of ashes that destroyed both Herculaneum and Pompeii, and at its base I once more mounted on my "macaroni" who picked his steps daintily over the lava, which is here like waves of the sea suddenly turned to stone.

Once again seated at my hotel window I saluted Vesuvius as an acquaintance I was proud of making. I had stood on its summit, and was home again in safety, enchanted and without fatigue.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], June 21, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Opium Eating.—Many of the New York papers are calling public attention to the great increase in the use of opium in that city, and suggest that, as its effects are not less deleterious than those resulting from the abuse of ardent spirits, its sale ought to be repressed by law.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 3, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

The Amateur Ethiopian Minstrels.—These young gentlemen, who entertained us so pleasantly last season by their minstrelsy, give another of their attractive entertainments this evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall. Their programme is varied and well selected, and includes the droll "Jullien Burlesque" by the whole company, the "Bohemian Girl" chorus, a burlesque polka, flute and banjo solos, ballad, &c.

The amateurs, we see, design giving a concert for the benefit of the Bayou Sara sufferers, of which due notice will be given.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 6, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 7

Note: Flag presentation to Louisiana Grays

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 6

M'me Facker,

This celebrated Philosopher, Astrologist and Physiognomist, and owner of the Egyptian Oracles of Fate, respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans that her residence is now at the corner of Hevis and Baronne streets, where she may be consulted by those desiring information on the past, present and future.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 13, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

La Fille du Regiment.—The New York Express says that during the Fourth of July military review in the Park the spectators were taken back by the appearance of a young girl marching with the *Garde Lafayette*, at the side of one of the officers. Her dress corresponded in color with that worn by the French soldiers. She reminded one of Jenny Lind in the "Child of the Regiment." All eyes were fixed upon her, and she was the subject of much comment. It is said the father of this girl was a soldier, and the *Garde* have adopted her.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 13, 1855, p. 3, c. 5

M'me Chaffanel, Somnambulist,

Of a rare lucidity, especially for travels, astronomy, sickness, commercial matters, and the discovery of articles lost or stolen, will hold consultations every day with the aid of a Professor from Paris, at her residence, No. 39 Orleans street. She speaks both French and English, and other languages, while in the somnambulant state. Fee for consultations: half an hour, \$3; an hour, \$5.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 15, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Aluminium.—A Paris letter says the Academy of Science will probably soon announce the success of one of its members in producing the new metal, *aluminium*, in abundance, and at a very low price. Hitherto, the cost, \$30 a pound, rendered it very nearly useless, in spite of its many and admirable qualities. M. Deville is said to have discovered a means of producing it for \$3 a pound. It is light like glass; white and brilliant like silicia; inoxidable like gold; malleable [sic] like copper; and as easily moulded [sic] as lead, as tenacious as iron, as abundant as clay, and the Academy hopes soon to be as cheap as dirt. It will be wise to wait for the confirmation of this intelligence, in which however there is nothing impossible.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 19, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

As a procession was passing through the streets of Detroit on the 4th inst., the members of the Printers' Union, who were in it with a flag and printing press, were hissed, insulted, and finally attacked by the hands working in several newspaper offices, opposed to the Union and its rules. A general riot ensued, which for a time broke up the procession.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 19, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

A company of colored men has been organized as militia in Providence, R. I., and the Legislature has granted them the use of State arms.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 19, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Young America.—As had been notified, the new fire engine for the city was taken out for an experiment last evening. Steam was got up earlier than the time which had been

named for the purpose, and the machine was drawn from its temporary house on St. John street to the upper side of the New Basin. Four powerful horses were employed to draw it, and showed that they could manage to pull it at a trotting pace. On the route its weight broke one of the bridges on Magnolia street. Notwithstanding the afternoon was showery, and appearances betokened heavy rain, large numbers followed the engine, and came up from all quarters to see it in operation. Instead of commencing at 5 o'clock, which was generally understood to be the hour, the experiment was begun shortly after 4 o'clock. The greater number, consequently, of those who went for the purpose of seeing it, were, under any circumstances, too late for the commencement, and, as it happened, too late to see it work at all. People continued to arrive for the purpose of seeing it up to 6 o'clock, and altogether many thousands must have visited the spot. Even those who were early enough, however, were disappointed, for after a brief exhibition of its power, one of its air vessels burst, and then its pipe, a stop being thus put to the experiment. What was the cause of the accident we could not satisfactorily ascertain. The engineer who superintended her construction in Cincinnati and her trial there was managing her. We are informed that the damage sustained is easily repairable, and a successful trial at an early day may be expected.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 19, 1855, (afternoon edition) p. 1, c. 4

Great Fire!
Verandah Hotel Destroyed, with All
the Stores Beneath, and Others Ad-
jacent—Great Success of the Steam
Fire Engine.

. . . We have left till the last all notice of the steam fire engine, which did essential service on the occasion, and more than polished off the slight tarnish that the accidents which occurred to her yesterday had put upon her. As soon as the [fire] broke out, immediate efforts were made to put her in working order, notwithstanding the engineer had cut his foot badly with a piece of broken bottle; and there was considerable doubt with many whether she could be put into safe and working order at all within any reasonable time.

After about two hours effort, however, she was put into such a trim that she could be used, and she was ready to go out shortly after 4 o'clock. Her own horses not being here, however, others from the various companies had to be picked up to send for her; and this being done, it took 23 minutes to get her from the engine-house on St. John street to the fire, to get steam up, and to get three streams forced from her on the fire—one of the streams being 1 ½ inch, and the other two an inch each—exactly 23 minutes.

She was on the ground by half-past 4 o'clock, and shortly afterwards relieved all the hand engines, and kept the fire under herself, ultimately working four streams. The engine worked admirably, and threw her streams with a force and steadiness most gratifying and effective, although she had on a steam pressure of only forty-four pounds to the square inch, instead of one hundred and twenty pounds, her regular power; the small power being used for bursting the hose, &c. As it was, the old hose repeatedly burst with the force of the stream sent through them, and the strength of them was something almost startling, though not likely exactly to break a leg on striking against it. Yet indirectly it was not far from causing such an accident here as it did in Cincinnati.

Here, as there, the pipe once slipped from the hands of those holding it, and away it swung with a force that sent some thirty or perhaps fifty sprawling in the gutters! and one of them on rising was actually thrown off his legs again by the force with which the stream struck him, and again he fell!

The engineer who managed her deserves credit for the constancy with which he worked her from the moment he set about getting her repaired till 11 o'clock this morning, when the engine stopped playing. The injury on his foot was such as might have excused him; but he worked on to the end.

Altogether, the steam fire engine has, therefore, this morning achieved great success. We may have further particulars in the morning. . . .

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 22, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Music Put to Practical Purposes.—We see it stated in a Northern paper that an enterprising Yankee mechanic has completed an invention, by which the steam whistles attached to railroad cars can be made to "discourse sweet music" instead of the frightful screams and shrieks that now render them such abominable nuisances. Certainly a great improvement this.

For example, suppose you are a young married man, and are suddenly called to leave the endearments of home for business elsewhere. You get into the cars, in a pensive humor; the bell gives the parting tinkle; the wheels rumble slowly out of the depot; and at that moment the patent whistle strikes up "Oh Susannah! don't you cry for me!" Is there not something peculiarly consoling in the idea?

Farther on, some foolish fellow is seen walking on the track, just ahead of the cow-catcher. Immediately he hears, "Get out o' the way, ole Dan Tucker!" from the whistle, and starts from his perilous position as promptly as from the hiss of a rattlesnake, and still not without being somewhat exhilarated by the incident.

Again, a dog is run over; the thing is inevitable; such little occurrences are always taking place on the best regulated rails; there is some consolation in hearing the whistle pipe up "Poor Dog Tray!: as a complimentary requiem. When not otherwise employed, a great variety of appropriate airs suggest themselves; the night rain, for instance, as it dashes on through the mirk [sic], might soliloquize, "We won't go home till morning!"

And now the young married man, before supposed, has completed the business that took him from his friends, and is returning to the bosom of his family. As he nears the spot where are garnered up all his affections, and the speed of the locomotive begins to slacken, how touchingly appropriate would be the exultant air of 'Home, sweet home!' whistled out with a forty-horse pathos.

On great national holidays the engines could make the air, as they passed along, most patriotically vocal with "Hail, Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle;" and on Sundays, they could whistle "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," in accordance with the solemnity of the day.

A great invention this! May it be as universally adopted as that of the rail itself.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], July 24, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The New Steam Fire Engine.
"Young America" Triumphant.

If the performance of the new steam fire engine, at the conflagration of the Verandah Hotel, left any possible room to doubt its perfect adequacy to the accomplishment of its design, the experiment made by it yesterday afternoon must have had the effect of dissipating such doubt from the most incredulous mind. It was, beyond all cavil, most completely successful.

At 4 o'clock crowds began to assemble on and around the Neutral Ground. The balconies on Canal street, and the windows and roofs of the houses and stores overlooking the square between Chartres and Camp and Magazine streets, gradually filled up with spectators of both sexes, while the street itself literally thronged with people. The large stage erected for the late political meeting there was covered with lookers-on, and the whole presented quite a holiday scene.

In the centre of the crowd, "the cynosure of neighboring eyes," stood the hero of the day, the gaily painted, saucy-looking machine, "Young America," occupying a position exactly on the *trottoir*, between the two curbs of the Camp and Chartres crossing. Mr. Chief Wingfield was early on the spot, with a strong detachment of our gallant firemen, and a square was soon formed, in the midst of which preparations were made for the promised exhibition.

Just as operations commenced, we observed Moissenet bringing to bear his photographic apparatus upon the scene, which was indeed one fully worthy of being limned.

At 5 o'clock exactly, the process of raising steam commenced, and in eight minutes from the moment of the first appearance of smoke from the pipe steam was produced. Under the direction of Mr. Blair, the competent superintendent of the Water Works, an eight-inch hydrant had been let into the main that runs along Chartres and Camp, at a point exactly midway in Canal street, to which the hose for the supply of the engine was attached. To this hydrant, some few inches below the surface, was attached a stop-cock for the regulation of the head of water, and that was worked by an iron crank. This hydrant was found amply sufficient to supply any amount of water that could possibly be demanded.

Two hose, one an inch and the other two inches, were attached to the machine, and in about ten or twelve minutes from the time the fire was kindled they began to play. They continued in very successful operation some five minutes, when it was discovered that "there was a screw loose somewhere." We are not sufficiently *au fait* with mechanical matters to explain what screw it was. But though an important one, it seems to have been easily repaired or replaced; for after the lapse of a brief space, a new head of steam was raised, and the engine recommenced operations, and for some three quarters of an hour, without any further "let or hindrance," continued to operate to the mingled delight and astonishment, as well as to the fullest and most apparent satisfaction of everybody.

It was not so much the height or the distance to which the water was thrown, (though the enormous jets were propelled both upwards and horizontally, to a great extent,) as the great body and volume, mass and bulk of water which, continuously, for forty-five minutes, were ejected from the pipes, that surprised us. The force with which this was propelled was of that magnitude, that the jet continued unbroken and entire, until it fell like a cataract, in full volume, and in a dense heavy mass "upon the place beneath." It must be impossible that any considerable proportion of so much water thrown with such force and in such a compact body, could be converted into vapor by coming within the influence of the flames, as we often see is the case, at fires. It must descend in almost, if not quite all its bulk, upon the raging element and cause its speedy extinction.

A thunder shower coming over, and the clouds, as if envious of so successful a competitor beginning to take a part in the game, "Young America" blew his shrill whistle,

opened his furnace doors, and stopped off "the doctor;" seeming to be very well satisfied that he had fully vindicated his title to be considered one of the greatest and most useful inventions of the age, and to have well established his footing in the Crescent City.

And in this, we must say, we are prepared most cordially to agree with him.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 4, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

More of Pomona's Gifts.—We received yesterday afternoon from Mr. A. Astredo, of 16 Royal street, which it is well worth the while of every lover of nature and her luxurious stores to visit, a basket of the most superb fruit we have seen, as yet, this season:

"A group of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused,"

and the taste we found quite equal to the deliciousness of the perfume.

These pomiferous treasures came from the vicinity of Vicksburg, whence Mr. Astredo expects to be constantly supplied during the season. Among them we found fine specimens of luscious Seckel and Bartlett pears, of a superb variety called the Emperor, and one of the Dutch Mandolin kind; also, a ponderous individual of the winter species, and a noble apple pear, promising to be in full ripeness in the early autumn. Then there were some choice golden apples, those which the famed "Hesperian fruit" could not outshone; and by way of pleasing contrast, a Sicilian orange, of a yet deeper yellow hue. Of peaches there was quite a cluster, in which were specimens of the New York red and yellow freestone, and the deep blood red, and the Indian freestones, all most delicate to the eye, the smell and the taste; and surmounting the luxurious pyramid were some bunches of the purple Isabella, and the white sweet water grapes.

Altogether, it was a goodly show and a grateful feast of the goodly things of the season, and we hope our friend, the fruiterer of Royal street, will find his account in the laudable enterprise he has undertaken.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 12, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

Paris, Thursday, July 19, 1855.

. . . A regiment of Zouaves is now quartered here in Paris, and the men attract much attention, especially among the throngs of foreigners. You are doubtless well aware that the dress or uniform of this celebrated corps was brought from Algiers, and that it is a species of mongrel moorish rig from head to foot. The troops first arrayed in this way were called, I believe *les Indigenes*, and they were made up mostly of renegade Arabs or Algerines. The costume is outlandish, and no one would certainly take the wearers of it for Christians at first sight. A body of Zouaves undoubtedly present a military appearance, but the poor devils who compose it, taken individually, are sorry looking subjects, especially of a hot day. I saw a dozen of them during the recent warm weather, chattering in front of a wine shop, the hot sun fairly cooking their exposed heads and faces, and could not help thinking of the cruelty as well as absurdity of rigging out soldiers in such a style. It would not be a whit more ridiculous were we in the United States, after a successful Indian campaign, to add a new corps to our army, dress the men after the fashion of the red skins, get a few Kickapoos or Arapahoes [sic] to join, and term them *les Aborigines*.

The costume of the Zouave is clumsy, or at least gives him a clumsy appearance. It consists of a pair of loose, baggy trowsers [sic], gathered in below the knee, and resembling an ill cut petticoat at a short distance, while they are flopping about at every movement. A jacket of a jaunty cut is the only redeeming feature of the uniform, for the head gear has no more beauty,

and affords no more protection to the upper works of the wearer, than would an old skillet with the handle broken off. Sun and rain, heat and cold, must beat upon his devoted skull with all their force; in a hot climate you would think that all who did not drop dead on the first day from sunstroke, would be carried off within a week from brain fever. Our soldiers suffered severe in Mexico, and especially in the *tierras calientes*, while marching under their close-fitting fatigue caps; but the visors of these caps at least kept a portion of the fierce rays of the sun from blinding the eyes, even if they did not shade the noses and faces of the wearers. But the poor Zouave has nothing to protect even his forehead; he must grin and bear every thing. I will admit that the gaudily braided jacket, the loose red trowsers [sic], and the turban or Fez cap may give him an appearance oriental and picturesque to an extent; to gain this he is doomed to suffer.

After a while I presume that the Zouave may become used to his outlandish toggery, for we can all accustom ourselves to the most unhandy fashion; but it has always struck me that a Shanghai rooster, essaying his first lesson in the Schottish, could not look more awkward, or move with more grace than a Frenchman on first encasing himself in these loose, flapping trowsers [sic]. A regiment of our people, arrayed after the fashion of the Sioux, Cheyennes, or Pawnees, would at least have more personal liberty; a pair of moccasins, a blanket, and the other simple fixings of a Western savage, would leave the limbs free, a thick coat of yellow ochre and vermilion, laid in stripes upon the face, would give a ferocious and warlike, if not picturesque expression; while a single feather made fast to the end of a solitary tuft of hair, would afford as much protection to the face and eyes as the Zouave gets, if not more. But perhaps I have already said too much upon a subject of trifling importance, and I will stop. . . .

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 17, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

A Splendid Horticultural Display.—We received yesterday, from Mr. Anthony Astredo, dealer in fruits, adjoining the Post Office on Royal street, a spacious basket of ripe and luscious fruits, elegantly arranged. The centre was a fragrant citron, from the garden of Mr. A. A. Maginnis, at Ocean springs, around which were tastily disposed golden apples, St. Stephen's freestone peaches, red clingstones, Bartlett and citron pears, Muscat and Scuppernong grapes, alligator pears, Sicilian oranges and ripe bananas. It was delightful to look upon, and delicious to the palate.

Mr. Astredo has at his place some pine apple trees growing in tubs, with the ripe fruit on them ready for the plucking.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 20, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

[Police reports, Third District]

Mannish.—Sophia Hartman is one of the strong-minded, and does not think even the Bloomer style quite significant enough of the strength within her. She, therefore, donned a complete suit of unadulterated masculinity; but Sergeant Johnston, not liking her appearance in it, insisted on her going with him to await Recorder Seuzeneau's opinions and judgment on the subject.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 23, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Rifle and Infantry Tactics.—The Secretary of the War Department, at Washington, has given his *imprimatur* to the system of tactics for Light Infantry and Riflemen, as prepared for the Department by Brevet Lieut. Col. Wm. J. Hardee, of the Cavalry, and as approved by the

President of the United States. It is adopted for the instruction of the troops of the United States when acting as Light Infantry or Riflemen, and under the act of Congress of May 12, 1820, for the observance of the militia when so employed.

It has been very handsomely got out in two neat pocket 16 mo. volumes, by Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and the text is illustrated profusely and intelligibly by well executed engravings. Volume one contains the schools of the soldier and the company, with instruction for skirmishers, and volume two the school of the battalion. This manual, it strikes us, is the most perfect and faithful of its kind, and doubtless will be universally adopted throughout the Union.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 24, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 5

A Noble Young Lady.—Some days ago, we mentioned that the Mayor of Norfolk, Va., had received a letter from a young lady in Syracuse, N. Y., tendering her services as a nurse to the sick, and offering to defray her own expenses. It now appears that the young lady has arrived at Norfolk and commenced nursing. The Richmond Despatch, of Saturday last, says:

Miss Lucy E. Andrews, of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived in Norfolk on Thursday morning, and tendered her service to his Honor the Mayor as a nurse in the hospital. Miss A. is a very pretty young lady. His Honor promptly accepted her services, and as promptly escorted her down to Julappi, where she was duly installed. Miss A. made a contribution to the Howard fund.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 25, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Verbena Plant and Yellow Fever. Some years ago we published an article descriptive of the alleged virtues of the plant "Verbena Braziliensis," as a remedy for yellow fever; information with regard to which had been transmitted officially to the United States in the shape of a letter to Secretary Marcy by the United States Charge' d'Affaires at Caracas, in Venezuela, Mr. J. Nevitt Stelle, in a communication dated March 8th, 1853. This information was obtained by our Charge' d'Affaires from the British Acting Consul General at Caracas, who received the same in a private letter from the British Vice Consul at Ciudad Bolivar.

The remedy is simply the juice of the pounded leaves of the verbena, given in small doses three times a day, and injections of the same every two hours until the bowels are emptied.

Mr. Henry Lawrence, of this city, has the seeds of this plant, and the plant itself, on sale.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 26, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Proficiency at West Point.—We recently heard, from the lips of one of the Board of visitors at West Point, a fact which illustrates the remarkable proficiency of the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus, when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with the guns at the close; military movements to be illustrated by the cadets acting as a corps; and the art of horsemanship would be practically exemplified by exercise in the riding school, &c. On one day there had been an examination in engineering and road building, and the Board of Visitors were invited to proceed to the river at half-past 5 in the afternoon to witness a practical illustration of the examination. At the word of command the cadets proceeded to construct a bridge from timbers prepared for the purpose, and in twenty-four minutes a bridge one hundred and fifty feet long, extending into the Hudson and rising on pontoons where the water was deep, had been put together and made passable for artillery and troops. The cadets were then required to take up the

bridge. The bridge was taken down and the various timbers of which it was composed piled up again in an orderly manner, so as to be ready to be put up again in an equally short space of time. This was accomplished in exactly nine minutes. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the bridge used upon this occasion was one which was in the train of Gen. Scott in his celebrated march to the city of Mexico.

[Boston Journal.]

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 28, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Fireman's Riot in Baltimore.—A sanguinary riot occurred in Baltimore among the firemen, on the night of the 18th inst., in which a number of the rioters were wounded, some mortally, it is supposed. The Baltimore Patriot, of the 20th, says:

It seems that, by previous concert, the New Market and United Companies were to attack the Mount Vernon Hook and Ladder Company, to gratify some feeling of animosity between them which has for some time past required the utmost vigilance on the part of the police to prevent breaking out into riot. The New Market Company, it is said, gave a false alarm, to which the Mount Vernon responded, and they came into collision on Franklin street, between Eutaw and Howard, when perhaps fifty shots were discharged and brick-bats thrown in every direction, apparently without any regard to consequences. The contest lasted but a short time, but, brief as it was, it is amazing that there was not a greater destruction of human life. The number of the wounded is not accurately known. A young man by the name of Charles Ellis, a member of the United Company, received, it is supposed, a mortal shot, accidentally, as the shot was fired by a member of the same company. A young man by the name of Kemp, who resides in Franklin street, also received, it is supposed, a fatal shot. It is stated that he was only a looker-on, not a participant in the riot. It is supposed that there were some twenty persons seriously wounded whose names are not known. The rioting was not confined to the western section of the city, nor to the two companies named. At the corner of Baltimore and High streets there was a sharp encounter between the Vigilant and Lafayette Companies, but they were separated by the prompt intervention of the police before any serious consequences resulted to either party. Another attempt at riot was made by the last mentioned companies at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, but it was also prevented. Several arrests have been made, and a further examination is to be had into this disgraceful affair.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 29, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

An Octagon Settlement.—A company has been formed in New York to settle a township in Kansas on the octagon plan. Each farm house to front on an octagon green or park, and the farm enclosure to run in the rear of each house, between roads, and radiating from the centre at the angles of the central octagon—the whole ultimately forming an octagon town. Already four thousand shares at five dollars each have been taken in a company on this plan. The capital of the company is employed in the purchase of machinery, implements and other facilities for farming and building, so as to secure to all the settlers by co-operation the advantages of large capital in commencing their operations. Men of no capital pay for their shares by their labor. The pioneer party to select a site is about to start from New York.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 29, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

The paper mill of Mr. W. S. Whiteman, about eight miles from Nashville, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last. It was an extensive and valuable establishment, complete in

all its appointments, and in most successful operation. Mr. W. was insured to the amount of \$14,000. The fire broke out in the rag room.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 30, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Mr. White, whose paper mill, about eight miles from Nashville, was destroyed by fire on the 22d inst., estimated his loss, besides insurance, at \$2,800. He intends to commence building a new mill on a larger scale.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 30, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

Fine Fruit.—We received this morning from Mr. Conrad Streeder, the well known dealer in fruit, 110 St. Charles street, near Lafayette Square, a basket of remarkably fine pears, mammoth (good for preserving) Bartlett, Buerre Diel and sugar pears. We never saw nor tasted finer or more delicious fruit of the kind. We understand these pears were brought from Col. Hebron's La Grange Nursery, in Warren county, Miss., who has about 300 acres of land in fruit cultivation. Those who wish to obtain some of these pears must send to Streeder's at once, for he assures us he has received the last lot for the season.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Death of a Colored Volunteer.—Among our obituary notices this morning will be found one recording the death of William Savage, one of the three colored musicians who served in the Washington Regiment of Louisiana Volunteers in Gen. Persifor Smith's brigade.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Ordnance Experiments.—Rockets.—The National Intelligencer, of the 23d inst., says: Some experiments were made at the arsenal yesterday with a view to determine the merits of a rocket lately introduced by Mr. Robert Hale (son of the inventor of the rockets known by that name) over those which have been adopted in the United States service since 1847.

The firing commenced with the improved rocket, which we understand from its construction is not liable to the erratic flight often taken by rockets. Two were fired from an iron stand, at an elevation of ten degrees, and preserved a good direction throughout their entire flight, striking the water at twelve hundred yards and ricocheting [sic] to the end of the range. Four were then fired at fifteen degrees, ranging from two thousand to twenty-two hundred yards; and, lastly, two at twenty degrees, ranging not less than twenty-five hundred yards. These rockets were 12 pounders.

Four of the rockets on the old plan, which had been prepared in the Arsenal some years ago, were afterwards fired. One, at ten degrees, struck the water about four hundred yards distant, very much to the left of the object fired at; the second at the same elevation, mounted a great deal and ranged direct for the object to eight hundred yards. One at twenty degrees ranged one thousand yards, and one at thirty-five degrees eighteen hundred yards.

The superiority of the rocket lately introduced appears from the trial to consist in greater certainty in the line of flight and longer range, particularly in those fired at low degrees of elevation.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

The Beaver Island Mormons.—Beaver Island, Lake Michigan, is said to contain 800 Mormons, mostly females. Six years ago there were but thirty. The women wear the bloomer

costume, and many of them are said to be well educated. A large number are from the factory districts of England. Some come with much money. They are absconded wives, daughters, &c. Strange, the chief of the tribe, is described as an educated Philadelphia lawyer, whose lawful wife resides in Wisconsin. He publishes a newspaper, and is postmaster, a member of the Michigan Legislature, and an important man among the Cass Democracy.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855(afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 6

Foreign Cattle.—A Mr. R. A. Alexander of Woodford, Ky., has visited all the herds of short-horn cattle in England, lately, and shipped for this country forty-eight of the best animals selected therefrom, as also twenty-two Southdown sheep. He is said to be the largest importer of short-horn cattle in America, and every year he spends several months in England, to attend the fairs there and purchase the best animals.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855(afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 7

The Sanitary Power of Charcoal.—The London correspondent of the Boston Post, in his letter of August 10, says:

The sanitary powers of charcoal are making some noise in the medical world, and Dr. Stenhouse, the chemist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has recently devoted much attention to the deodorizing powers and disinfectant properties of charcoal. This gentleman now invites the public to an examination of his experiments. An atmosphere rendered highly offensive by putrefactive decomposition going on within the chamber in which it is confined, is drawn through charcoal filters, by means of a rotating fan machine, and is passed into an apartment adjoining. Although this air is disgustingly foetid [sic], it flows out into the room perfectly free from smell. The remarkable property which charcoal has of condensing within its pores large quantities of the foetid [sic] gases, is greatly increased by a process of platinizing the charcoal. This invention is worthy of attention to all interested in the public health, and if what is ascribed to it is true, it will become an efficient power in destroying one of the great agents of disease.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855(afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 5

The Cleveland Grays had a parade on the 16th inst., in which a custom of the French army was introduced. Two beautiful young girls dressed in the uniform of the company, with short-skirted dresses, marched one on each side of the ensign, carrying each a basket with rags for the wounded, and a cask (of brandy it is supposed) for the fatigued and fainting soldiers.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855(afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 5

A Baby Establishment.—The usual establishment for an eldest landed baby is two wet nurses, two ditto dry, two aunts, two physicians, two apothecaries, three female friends of the family, unmarried, advanced in life; and often in the nursery, one clergyman, six flatterers and a grandpapa! Less than this would not be decent—Sidney Smith.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], August 31, 1855(afternoon edition), p. 3, c. 1
Cotton Yarns—60 bales Madison Factory for sale by

E. G. Rogers & Co.,
72 Poydras street.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The sea serpent hoax, got up by the ingenious people living near Silver Lake, New York, has been quite successful in attracting crowds of persons to the hotels there to get a glimpse of the monster.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 9, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Howard Association.—WE learn with much pleasure that it was resolved at the meeting of this Association held last evening, in consequence of the further distressing news from Norfolk, Va., to send twenty more nurses to attend to the suffering sick there.

We are glad to see the Association thus prompt in attending to the calls made upon it for aid, and earnestly hope that it may find means to continue the good work. Ever since the terrible summer of 1853 it has been engaged in it almost without cessation, and in almost all points in the South. The consequence of this cannot but have been a heavy reduction of its resources, dictating the necessity of a prudential reserve for home purposes in case it should unhappily be required, and efforts to procure the command of further means. At present a number of members of the Association are absent from the city engaged in their "labor of love," and heavy expenses are being incurred. In this city the society has been ministering to the wants of sufferers since the latter end of July last, with their office open at all times to all comers, and members of the society exerting themselves actively in their behalf. Further calls continue to be made on the society, and if these are all to be attended to, it will be necessary that further means be provided for the purpose. This we have no doubt will be done when the occasion arises, and we mention it only by way of anticipation.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 9, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Nurses Wanted.—The Howard Association advertises in another column for twenty nurses. They are wanted at the office by 10 o'clock this morning, to leave for Norfolk by the mail boat.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 10, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

Ricardo and His Nurses.—A Norfolk correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:

Ricardo, of New Orleans, and his gallant party of doctors and nurses are doing noble service. They are an [sic] unique organization, and I cannot help telling you a peculiarity of Ricardo, who, as you know, is a whole-souled Southerner. He calls his nurses the "French Artillery," and has them in as good discipline as you ever saw a military company. They sit together at the hospital at the old City Hotel, and the instant he calls for one he or she rises and answers, and immediately bundles up and travels to the place designated. I never saw such a system.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 10, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 4

The Fever at Norfolk.
[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

Norfolk, September 1, 1855.

We arrived here on Thursday, in just five days from New Orleans. A delegation from Savannah had also arrived. We found every thing in confusion—the Board of Health and the

Council broken up and their duties abandoned. The Howard Association are doing their best. The stores and all places of business of every kind are closed. The fever is still raging with great violence, the oldest and most respectable families being taken down with it, as well as others. If we had brought on fifty nurses that would not have been half enough. We have already a hospital fitted up, at the old City Hotel. Louisiana, Carolina and Georgia have their different wards. We also have made arrangements for attending outside. I have never seen any thing like the state of things here. When it will stop God only knows. We are, as I have said, doing our best, night and day. As soon as we get matters systematized, fuller accounts will be forwarded. At present we find it almost impossible to tell who are dead or who are sick. Our friends at home will understand that we have not time to write to all, but send this to you so that all can read it.

Yours, Ricardo.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 12, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 7

Saratoga Sketchings.—A correspondent of the Fayetteville (N.C.) Observer, writing from the great Northern watering place during fashion's high 'change there, has some suggestive sketches, of which we cull a few for our reader's entertainment:

The company—at least the female portion—is every year becoming more gay and fashionable. I never saw any thing like the brilliancy of the style of dressing of the ladies. The colors are so flaunting, but the material is rich, elegant and costly. We see nothing like it, happily, in our backwoods portion of the world. There is understood to be a spirited rivalry at the hotel where I stop between two New York ladies, (one the wife of a patent medicine man who has accumulated his million by making his pills and bitters, the other of an architect) for the pre-eminence in dressing. One of them is said to wear \$20,000 worth of jewelry alone when in full dress; and her child's wardrobe (an infant in the arms) is reported to have cost \$7,000. Children partake of the passion for dress and extravagance generally; and those from four to ten years old are the best dancers who figure at the evening quadrilles, waltzes and polkas. They live fast. There are no children properly so called, in fashionable society here—they are all young gentlemen and young ladies. A little boy of ten years old was overheard the other day saying to another with whom he was playing: "I like you, I wish to cultivate your acquaintance when I get home. If you will give me your address, I will call on you when I get to New York." This actual occurrence shows that the pictures of Young America in the back leaves of Harper's Magazine are not caricatures, as we have been in the habit of thinking, but are true to life. Will the ladies pardon me for one more word, revealing one of the secrets of their craft? Certainly. Well: A Southern lady asked a Northern lady how they managed to fix their hair—the glory of the woman—so handsomely? The reply was that the hairdresser comes every day (except Sunday) and does it up for two dollars a week. Well, but how do you manage when you lie down to take your siesta, or on Saturday night? Oh, we lie very carefully on our backs, so as not to derange the hair! There's a secret worth knowing!

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 12, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 2, c. 3

Forty nurses have been sent by the Howard Association of Charleston to Norfolk.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 22, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

Letter from Cullum's Springs.
[Special Correspondence of the Picayune.]

Cullum's Springs, Choctaw Co., Ala. }
September 17, 1855. }

I reached this charming watering place five days ago, by the fine little steamer Jeannette, Capt. Baldwin, from Mobile. On my arrival I found a large company of visitors, chiefly from New Orleans and the interior of Louisiana. The popular host, Charley Cullum, seems to be in excellent health and spirits. He has had a capital season, and has grown in public favor. I really cannot say too much in praise of Cullum's Springs. The hotel is admirably kept. Every thing is clean and neat; the fare is good and abundant, and the waters of the various springs deliciously invigorating.

I have not yet gone over to "Old Bladon," which is kept by Messrs. Cornor & Wooten, but intend paying them a visit to-morrow or next day. Their establishment, too, has been crowded all summer, and still entertains a great population. Louisianians are also there in considerable numbers. This is as it should be. Let Southern people support Southern enterprise, whether in the line of hotel keeping, or of manufactures, agriculture or education. Let the South support the South. This is all we want. But I did not sit down to write about these things.

I have said this is a charming watering place, and truly it is so. Besides the romantic scenery—the hills and dales, the little brooks, the flowing springs and the fields of grain—there is every facility for the gratification of the sportman's ambition, which to me is charm A No. 1. The whole country round about the Springs is alive with game. Deer, wild turkies [sic], quail and squirrels are in great abundance, and the hunter need not travel far to meet with either. Yesterday, whilst several of the boarders were seated in front of the house, they saw a covy [sic] of birds—some fifteen or twenty—run across the road inside of the enclosure, not a hundred yards off. They huddled up together within a distance of fifteen steps of the road, almost as chickens would. It is not permitted to shoot within the pickets, so all that I could do was to let "Ponto" point them a few minutes, after which I flushed them. It was hard work to restrain myself, and had "mine host" been at the "Red Sulphur,"* I think I should have bagged a few. Even now, as I am writing this, I hear in the fields close by, the round, smooth whistle of the old birds. The broods of young ones are now about fully grown, and in a week the shooting will become general.

I should not, however, confine myself to this topic, as there are many other means for the amusement of visitors. There are fine walks and rides, ten pins and bathing, with dancing regularly every night, (Sundays, of course, excepted.) In all of these the ladies take their full share. From the earliest moments of morning to the witching hour of night," the dwellers at Cullum's are stir and constantly on the "go."

There is no news here; therefore I can send you none. Everybody is well. Those who came sick have all recovered, or nearly so, and there is not a case of illness at all serious. The Vichy, the Chalybeate, the Sulphur (not the "Red") Springs, are just so many Siloams, except that the diseased need not get into them, but only partake of their healing waters to be "made whole."

The mail arrangements for this post office (Bladon Springs) are very indifferent, and were it not for the consideration and courtesy of the postmaster at Mobile, people at the Springs would hardly ever get their letters and newspapers. The boats arrive only occasionally and not always regularly, and they do not bring the mails. There is a horseback kind of a concern that

pretends to carry the "bags," but it is not to be relied upon. Three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—a stage from the Springs connects with the railroad (Mobile and Ohio,) by which conveyance the postmaster at Mobile very considerably and kindly sends the letters and papers that may be in his office for persons here. Thus we are sure of hearing from New Orleans and Mobile three times in a week. I need not tell you that the Picayune is looked for anxiously by many of your readers here whenever the stage comes in.

There was a bit of fun here a day or two since, in which I found myself quite innocently mixed up, which, if I do not occupy too much of your valuable space, I shall try briefly to detail. You know that Mobile boasts of her wags and practical jokers. One of these gentry, a certain Capt. H. P. E_____n, was here, and of course was the originator of the sport. He has since "traveled," and for the information of his friends and correspondents, I will state that he has changed his name to that of *Riley*—H. P. Riley, in future. I had thought it was necessary, in order to change one's name, that the Legislature of the State should give the authority; but that body is not yet in session, and as "necessity knows no law," the gentleman in question assumed the "responsibility." Well, the facts in the case are these: A fellow from the back woods came to Cullum's, riding a pineywood's pony, and having a tanned sheep's skin attached to his saddle. He "hitched" his "cretur" in the shade of a sapling, and scorning anything as mild as the Vichy, straightway made tracks for the "Red Sulphur," whose waters he imbibed quite freely. After a half dozen or so of drinks from his favorite spring, he showed symptoms of drowsiness. (It is singular to see the effects of this red water on some persons; sleepiness is generally the effect it produces.) Night came on, and there still stood the "cretur" under the sapling. But no one could find the rider. Search was made, and late at night he was discovered in a dry ditch by the road side, wrapped closely in the embrace of Morpheus. He had on a pair of spurs *then*, but when morning light appeared, those appendages had disappeared, and so, also, had the tanned sheep's skin. The pony was unhitched and grazing about the grassy yard of the hotel, with the bridle reins about his feet and legs. I was up by daybreak and off with my gun and "Ponto" after game, and on my return the fun had been commenced. Whilst in my cabin, with the door closed, making my toilet for breakfast, I was started by a loud halloo and sharp rap on my steps! I said, at once, "Who's there?" "Can I come in?" replied a strange voice. "What do you want—who are you?" I demanded. "Southerland; can I come in?" "Certainly, why don't you open the door and enter?" But who is Southerland? thought I. The door was opened, and in stalked a tall, rough-looking customer, without a coat, but with a formidable hickory stick in hand. I was tying my shoes at the moment, and looking up saw my visitor as I have described him. Taking a seat very coolly, he said, "Good mornin', Mister." "Good morning, sir," I answered. He said nothing for some moments, and during the silence that prevailed I was wondering what had brought the stranger to my cabin. He peered mysteriously and inquiringly about the room, glancing at the corners and under the bed, and altogether his manner was so remarkable that it was some satisfaction to me to know that I was between him and my double-barrel, which stood close by, ready loaded.

At length Mr. Southerland broke the silence by inquiring: "You ain't seen nothin' of ary sheep skin—a tanned one—any whereabouts here, have you?" "No, sir, I have not." "Well, you ain't had ary one about you nowheres, have you?" "No. I have neither seen, nor had a sheep's skin this morning. Why do you ask?" I said rather sharply. "What mout your name be, Mister," continued the fellow. "My name is Beans!" "That's it—that's the name," said Southerland. "What do you mean, sir?" I asked with some astonishment and no less vexation. "That's it—that's the name he told me, and he told me you was in the last cabin but one in this row." "Who

is *he*?" "Riley." "What did he tell you?" "Why, he said he seed you with the skin this mornin', and that you was named Beans. It's mighty strange." *About this time* I began to be *slightly* nettled, I believe, and I asked my tormentor to show me Mr. Riley, or any one else who would say I had had the sheep's skin. "But I can't," he replied, "I didn't see his face; he was at the barber's ashavin', and his back was to me." "Well, where is he now?" "Oh, he's down thar yet." "Come with me," I said, "and we'll settle this business. I think a man who would make a misstatement about a sheep's skin wouldn't mind taking one himself." And off we started for the barber's; Southerland riding, and whistling with a sort of satisfaction that seemed to say—"I shall have my skin now." I walked along behind him, and managed to keep up with the pony. As we neared the barber's shop, there was a commotion within! Heads were popped out at the door, and then there was a sudden pushing back of a chair! The back door was opened, and the figure of a man was seen to dart through it in double quick time, and it was said that he went out only half shaved! I headed him off, however, sending Southerland in one direction, whilst I took another. The fugitive broke for the bush; but I outfooted him, and sure enough there was my old friend E____n, *alias* Riley, with one half of his face cleanly shaven, and the other rough and dirty, with a three days' beard! I had my revenge, and am quits with Mr. Riley. I came out into the road, where Southerland was on a stand, watching, and told him the game had escaped. "Well, condang his mean soul; its *him* that has stole my tanned sheep skin and spurs, and I jest know it. What did he run for, like a sneak, if he didn't take 'em?" "Certainly he took them; every body knows he did," said I.

Southerland rode off home, and Riley came in by way of the "Red Sulphur;" but as John didn't know him in his half shaven plight, he could get no *ice water*. So much for poor Riley!

Yours, &c., Bill Beans.

[*The "Red Sulphur" is a spring that has its source on a hill a couple of hundred yards from the hotel, in a building adjoining the ten pin alley, and where "John" keeps *ice water*. The "Red Sulphur" is rather strong, but some persons prefer it to the Vichy.]

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 22, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 2, c. 3
Paris, August 28, 1855.

[recounting visit of Queen Victoria to Paris]

I had rather be a slave belonging to an ex-overseer and worked in the rice-fields of South Carolina (perhaps the hardest lot in the world next to that of the shirt girl) than lead the life of a sovereign! They are the omnibus horses of humanity.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 22, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1

Hay Making.—In Lafayette Square hay making season has commenced, and mowers are busy whetting their scythes and shaving the green lawn. The square is odorous of country life and fragrant with pastoral perfumes; in fact, it is one of the few places in the city where a glimpse of nature may be obtained. There are trees enough there to afford a slight idea of a forest, and a sufficiency of grass to give forth faint indications of a meadow. People who cannot afford to visit the country *de facto* have to content themselves with a visit to the square, and taking up a handful of new mown hay, regale their olfactories, and dream of those earlier days when—

"The merry tinkling of the shepherd's bell
Made music for the reapers."

"If we cannot go to see nature let us bring nature to us," was the philosophical advice of

the hero of the Clovernook Chronicles, and he continued to decorate his shop with flowers, notwithstanding the domestic assurance of his helpmate that "a man with a hale wife and three blooming children has no reason to complain that he does see, and feel too, enough of nature."

Whatever of nature's wondrous entitles the city fathers may be individually acquainted with, a blessing is due them for having reserved, here and there, a green spot in the brick and mortar municipal wilderness, where children may play amid the grass, beneath the trees, or on the shaven lawn; and where the Can't-get-aways can find a breathing place, and see, though on a limited scale, the green garniture of field and forest.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 24, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1

Recipe for a Modern Bonnet.

Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape and illusion,
Then mix and derange them in graceful confusion;
Inveigh some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess "such a love of a bonnet."

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 25, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1-2

Summary: Detailed description of wharves and levee at New Orleans

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 26, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Howard Association.—Vice President Shaw of the Howard Association of this city received a telegraphic despatch [sic] from Vicksburg yesterday morning, asking that ten good female nurses be immediately sent up. With the promptness that ever characterizes the action of the Association and its officers, the required nurses were despatched [sic] on the evening of the same day, by the steamboat Princess.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 27, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

A Spark of the Angel Left.—It is stated that a number of the abandoned women in Norfolk, Va., have, since the breaking out of the yellow fever in that city been most unceasing in their attention to the sick, and have proved the most valuable nurses. They have been the means of saving a number of lives, and, in such angelic labors—for the deeds are heavenly things performed by the former daughters of sin—several of them have died—died at the posts of duty and mercy, administering to the victims of plague.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], September 27, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 2, c. 3

The failure and stoppage of the Autaugaville (Ala.) cotton factory is announced.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 2, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1

A "Fast Girl"—There is a "fast girl" in the jail at Utica, N.Y. A few nights ago, she attempted to escape by cutting a large hole in the wall, but was discovered in time to secure her in closer quarters. Not long since, it is said, she shortened her hair, donned male apparel, and was accepted as a soldier by the recruiting officer recently stationed at Rome. She remained with the soldiers for several weeks before her sex was discovered. Her name is Mary Brown; she is about twenty years of age, and is confined for larceny. She has been removed to the Utica jail, on account of breaking out of the jail at Rome, from which she has twice escaped and been recaptured.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The citizens of Tyler are building a large and magnificent edifice, three stories high, intended for the Female Department of the Tyler University. When completed it will be one of the handsomest buildings in the State.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Uniforming the Police.—The Board of Police, after being bored by a great number of minor subjects, have now the great subject of uniforming the police on the tapis, and are determined, at once, to put it through. In fact, the style of the uniform has been adopted. It consists chiefly of a blue coat with brass buttons and a stand-up military collar—not "a brass coat with blue buttons," as certain wags will have it. The buttons are to be ornamented with little brazen pelicans, feeding nests of young ones from their brazen breasts, after the approved fashion of the State coat of arms. Surely no policeman will allow a stain to settle on his escutcheon, when he bears a "coat of arms" on every button on his coat, and a composition moon "in its last quarter" on his breast!

The "cut" of the coats has been a matter of much reflection and profound speculation, and now it is decided to follow the reigning fashion, "short in the bodies and ample in the skirts."

A neat "tile" is to rest on that ornamental knob, which stands at the head of the vertebrated column, when the individual policemen are in standing attitudes and decline to "carry weight" in the form of superincumbent "bricks." The night watchmen are to wear the same old caps, improved, however, by some new inventions.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 10, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Origin of "Seeing the Elephant."

Some thirty years since, at one of the Philadelphia theatres, a pageant was in rehearsal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No elephant was to be had. The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, stage director and managers, almost had fits when they thought of it. Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one; but at last Yankee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint and varnish. Thus far the matter was all very well; but as yet they had found no means to make said combination to travel. Here again the genius of the managers, the stage director and the property man stuck out, and two "broths" were duly installed as legs. Ned C____, one of the true and genuine b'hoys, held the responsible station of fore legs, and for several nights he played the heavy part to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight

of the audience.

The part, however, was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without "wetting his whistle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a wee drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the neck in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff. This he fully carried out; and elated with success he willingly undertook to play fore legs again.

Night came on—the theatre was densely crowded with the denizens of the Quaker city—the music was played in sweetest strains—the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and "hind legs" marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round upon round of applause. The decorations and the trappings were gorgeous. The elephant and the prince seated upon his back were loudly cheered. The play proceeded; the elephant marched round and round upon the stage. The fore legs got dry, withdrew one of the corks, and treated the hind legs, and then drank the health of the audience in a bumper of genuine *elephant eye* whiskey—a brand, by the way, till then unknown. On went the play and on went Ned drinking. The conclusion march was to be made; and signal was given, and the fore legs staggered towards the front of the stage. The conductor pulled the ears of the elephant to the right—the fore legs staggered to the left. The foot lights obstructed the way, and he raised his foot and stepped plumb into the orchestra! Down went the fore legs on the leader's fiddle; over, of course, turned the elephant, sending the prince and hind legs into the middle of the pit. The managers stood horror struck; the prince and hind legs lay confounded, the boxes in convulsions, the actors choking with laughter, and poor Ned, casting one look, a strange blending of drunkenness, grief and laughter at the scene, fled hastily out of the theatre, closely followed by the leader with the wreck of his fiddle, performing various cut and thrust motions in the air. The curtain dropped on a scene behind the scenes. No more pageant, no more fore legs, but everybody held their sides. Music, actors, pit, boxes and gallery rushed from the theatre, shrieking between every breath—"Have you seen the Elephant?"

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 12, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Shopping.—Shopping is a science, and looking into shop windows is an art. Those who are skilled in either are generally of the softer sex, fair to look upon, and of both dress and address perfect mistresses. To watch them in the artistic examination of a shop window, where *bijoux*, in every variety of handiwork are displayed, is a study worthy of the most attentive observer. O, with what a curious and prescient skill they turn over every little trinket with their sparkling eyes, discovering beauties or defects hidden from all others! No need of hands to handle them, although their taper fingers are itching for something of the kind; those eyes so keen, can look above, below, beneath, between, in fact—everywhere!

To the true mistress in the art of shop window examination, each window is a volume of most inspired poesy. The adept despises the country cousins who know nothing of the art, and who scan fancy fabrics with an unskillful eye—who look "through a glass darkly," and who cannot "read as from an open book" the poetry before them. These country cousins are always such awkward and provoking things! They read everything wrong. If "buttons" happen to be painted up and down a door post, they are sure to spell it backwards, and then, in their verdancy, inquire "if such a nice store sells such nasty things!" Some of the French signs down town bother the country cousins most abominably.

But the fair ones must really get into the shops to prove that shopping is a science. There

the eye has to perform a double duty, for both the salesman and the wares have to be comprehended at a glance, and the mind must be at work. An apt word, a suppressed sigh, a soft look, and a swelling bust, have, combined, a magic potency. They cheapen wares in a most surprising manner, and at the same time, render the buyer dearer to the seller than gold, and sweeter far than honey. What bargains the dear devotees to their science do secure sometimes, when the clerks get fairly captivated; and what a wooing, winning, wasting, witching, willing, willful way they have! Hav'nt [sic] they now?

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 18, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Grave Merchandise.—That All Saints' day is approaching we should feel quite sure, even though the almanacs were silent on the subject. Grave wares, with which tombs are to be ornamented, speak eloquently of the coming fete. These are hawked through the streets on the heads of bright quadrooms, and are sold to all those who desire to render attractive, for a day at least, the narrow dwellings of departed relatives. Flowers, both natural and artificial, are already beginning to increase in value, as they will be wanted in the grave yards on All Saints' day; and curious circlets are paraded in shop windows, with inscriptions such as "*A mon bon ange*," "Eternal Regrets," "Tears for the Dead," &c. The whitewasher and the painter are also at work in the Cemetery yards, brightening the tombs, and when the fete day comes round every thing will be prepared for a goodly celebration.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 21, 1855, p. 1

Summary: Large illustration of attack on Sevastopol

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 24, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 4

The Free Lovers Smashed Up.—A New York despatch [sic], of the 19th inst., to the Memphis papers, says:

The meetings of the disciples of Free Love have been broken up. The whole party was arrested. Among the prisoners are Albert Brisbane, Henry Clapp, and a number of respectable females. A large delegation of strong-minded women were also arrested, which caused much excitement.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 24, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 6

Gaiter Boots.—By Robin Rattlebrain, A.M.

O! dainty foot!
O! gaiter boot!
To piety you're shocking!
I only know
Of one thing worse,
And that's a snow-white stocking!

So neat and clean,
Together seen,
E'en Stoic's must agree
To you to vote

What Gray once wrote,
A handsome L-E-G!

The *lasting* theme
Of midnight dream,
The very *soul* of song;
Man wants you little
Here below,
And never wants you long!

By Plato ne'er
Sent tripping here;
By Plato rather given,
To lead poor man
(An easy plan)
To any place but Heaven.

Yet still I vow
There's magic now
About a woman's foot,
And cunning was
The wizard hand
That made a gaiter boot!

For while the knave
The gaiters gave,
To mortals to ensnare them,
Mankind he hoax'd,
And even coaxed
The angels down to wear them!

[Knickerbocker.]

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 25, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

A Pretty Clatter.—Of late Fashion has raised the ladies in their own and public estimation by the addition of heels to their shoes and *petite* bootees. And oh! such a pretty and rhythmical little clatter they keep up as they trip along the sidewalks! There is a melody in their movements—indeed, their [sic] always was—but now they mark by music the poetry of their motions, and keep time to their own angelic tunes. Silks and fine linens by these elevated understandings are kept slightly out of the mud, and the general effect is supposed to be advantageous.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 26, 1855, p. 3, c. 2

Grand Fancy Dress Ball.
By Jackson Fire Company No. 18.

A Grand Fancy Dress Ball will be given on November 3d, 1855, at the Armory Hall, Camp street. Tickets one dollar; to be had of the Managers, and at the door on the evening of the ball. No ladies admitted without invitations.

---Managers---

Hon. M. M. Reynolds,	J. Platzmeyers,
Hon. John L. Lewis,	Col. G. W. Shaw,
J. C. McLellan,	D. C. Biscoe,
James Ward,	A. D. Jerrolleman,
Dr. J. N. Folwell,	Samuel G. Risk,
John Adams,	N. L. Bown,
A. Selanger,	R. McDonnell,
J. H. Wingfield,	R. W. Adams,
James Brooks,	Thomas C. Poole.

---Floor Managers---

A. Reichurd,	Wm. Logan,	F. Schneider,
B. Legget,	J. McManus,	J. F. Gruber,
T. Redman,	Wm. J. Deshea,	J. Heahy.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 26, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 2

All Saint's [sic] Day.—Our stores, shops and streets have for some time been giving evidence of the preparations which are being made for the celebration of this day of kindly chastened sadness among our Catholic fellow-citizens. Mournful chaplets, composed with graceful elegance, crosses, the sign in which we are told we shall conquer, and numerous other emblems of the faith that is within, of the high hopes firmly held, and of the dear memories fondly cherished, have been almost everywhere seen. From an advertisement which appears in another column, it will be seen that various societies and institutions are preparing for the usual observances of the day. The Portuguese Benevolent Society will bedeck their monument, erected to the memory of deceased members, their chaplain will deliver a funeral oration, and a collection will be made on the occasion for the benefit of the Camp street Orphan Asylum.

In like manner a collection will be made on the occasion for the benefit of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum for boys, which our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Anthony Rasch, has so benevolently, so judiciously, and so energetically founded and sustained.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 28, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Idlers About Cities.—One of the New York papers having stated that there are not less than ten thousand persons now in that city out of employment, the Louisville Times says:

We have not a particle of sympathy for these idle prowlers about the purlieus of cities. "Ten thousand persons out of employment in New York!" Why don't they go to the country, even if they have to walk, crawl, and beg their way through? Let them come to the West, the broad fertile West, throwing its arms wide open and bidding all the world to come! Come, ye poor and oppressed, and make homes for yourselves and your children. Come to the West, where common labor commands a dollar a day, with cheap food, cheap rents, and where a man's

a man, if he is honest and intelligent, be he rich or poor. Yes, come along; and if you are worthy to be called men, you will come in carts, wheelbarrows, go-carts, and wagons. We would not give a fig for a man that could not walk from New York to Texas and wheel three babies and a wife before him in a wheelbarrow. The great Michigan Senator in his youth footed it from Vermont to Michigan; and one of the Supreme Judges (Perkins) of Indiana left the tracks of his raw-hide boots in the sand and mud all the way from New York to the Hoosier State. Energy, Young America! Great country is "out West."

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 28, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Pretty Women.—A pretty woman is one of the "institutions" of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July, and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls and choice calico, and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float round the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chimes of Sabbath bells. Without her society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best of comforts and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and strengthen the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant fireside bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model "institutions" generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus in dimity, and her inspiration is the breath of heaven.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 28, 1855, p. 2, c. 6

To Sleep Well. Hall's Journal of Health for October says:

Since the fullest amount of sleep is essential to the healthful working of mind and body as necessary food, it may be well to know how to secure it as a general rule.

1. Clarify your conscience. 2. Take nothing later than 2 o'clock P.M., except some bread and butter and a small cup of tea of any kind, or half a glass of water, for supper. 3. Go to bed at some regular hour. 4. Get up the moment you wake yourself, even at midnight. 5. Do not sleep an instant in the day time. Unless your body is in a condition to require special medical advice, nature will regulate your sleep to the wants of the system in less than a month; and you will not only go to sleep at once, but will sleep soundly. "Second naps" and "siestas" make the mischief.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 29, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 5

The Washington Artillery.—This fine company had a moonlight parade on Friday night last in full uniform. They were preceded by their brass band, and marched through our principal streets, delighting our citizens with their soldier-like appearance and fine drill. Capt. Hunting has reason to be proud of the excellent state of discipline to which his company has attained. We are glad to learn that certain matters which threatened to weaken the efficiency of his company have passed away before the light of common sense, even as the clouds passed from before the face of the moon on the night of their parade.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 29, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 5

Old Jordan.—The Continental Guards had a moonlight drill on Friday night last, in citizens' dress, and, preceded by Jordan's famous drum and fife band, they passed through the principal streets to the Place d'Armes, in the Second District, where they went through a number

of interesting evolutions. On leaving there they marched to the house of one of their officers, where a handsome collation had been prepared for them, and where a couple of hours were passed in the pleasantest manner. A number of toasts were drunk, and among them one to the health of Old Jordan, the drummer of Chalmette. This was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the veteran was brought in and responded in a strain of native eloquence which pleased and surprised every one present. He stated, after returning thanks for the honor done him, that his military career had commenced in 1813, more than forty years ago, when the officers of the army wore nearly the same uniform as that now worn by the Continental Guards, and that his heart warmed at the sight of the knee breeches and boots which reminded him of the days and companions of his youth. Never had that uniform been disgraced by the wearers, who in the war then prevailing bravely met the invading foe, and never gave back a foot of ground that was not wet with their blood and that of their enemies. He has served under Gen. Jackson, on the plains of Chalmette, and under Gen. Taylor, on the fields of Mexico, and it had been his fortune to have come under the immediate observation of these distinguished men, both of whom had taken him by the hand and complimented him for his services, not caring whether his skin was white or black. His country had acknowledged those services by placing him on a footing with her other defenders, and bestowing on him the same reward.

In conclusion, he reiterated his pleasure in being again connected with those whose uniform reminded him of that which first struck his youthful fancy, and trusted and believed that, should occasion ever demand it, the Continental Guards of the present day would emulate the deeds of their predecessors; and concluded by hoping that, when the evening of life came on, all present might feel the same satisfaction which their present and past kindness had filled the heart of old Jordan, the drummer.

During the delivery of these remarks, very imperfectly reported from recollection, the crowd were so silent and attentive that the falling of a pin could have been heard, and at their conclusion broke forth into a perfect storm of applause. The whole incident was of the most pleasing character. The convivial board, the respectful stillness of those assembled around it, the veteran of two wars, his complexion, the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun," set off by locks silvered by the snows of age, speaking in a solemn and earnest manner of the noble deeds of a past generation, and encouraging those present to emulate them should their country require it, formed a picture which will live in the memory of those present until their dying day.

Jordan, in addition to furnishing the best field band that ever paraded our streets, is now the Armorer of the Continental Guards, and long may the gallant veteran continue to charm the ears of the present generation with his exquisite drumming for his arm appears to be as vigorous now as it was on the morning of the memorable 8th of January, 1815, when he beat the reveille which roused the hardy sons of America to the conflict from which they came out clothed with never-dying glory.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 29, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 6

News from Gotham.
[Correspondence of the Picayune.]

New York, Oct. 16, 1855.

Dear Pic.—Since I cannot bring you here in person, let me transport you in idea to my snug little nook in the fourth story—not attic either—overlooking the great thoroughfare of the

Empire City.

Broadway, for the last few fine days, has been a blaze of beauty as well as of sunshine. A fashionable lady, in her complete array of flounces and hooped skirts, looks more like a balloon, full-rigged and manned (?) cap-a-pie, than like anything of the feminine kind. It wouldn't be strange if old Boreas should mistake her for one, and some of these windy autumn days whisk her up in to the air *sans ceremonie*, in which case she might make a voyage of discovery, passage free.

I met my fair cousin Angela this morning in the full glory of the prevailing fashions, which, by the way, always prevail with her; and as she sailed off in all the majesty of a full inflation, bearing in her train half a dozen dwindling specimens of dandyhood, a description by Paulding, in "Azure Hoze," I think, was forcibly recalled to mind. In it he speaks of his heroine as being really so lovely that it was not in the power of either mantua-maker or milliner to make her look very ugly. He would have said it again if he had seen my cousin.

How is it, I have often asked myself, that woman, with all her fineness and truth of taste in other matters, should so often display such a pitiful want of these qualities in her own dress? How is it, in this country especially, where the women are generally enlightened and the laws of beauty and taste are more or less accessible to all, that the fairer representations of the "human form divine" should so often make deformities of themselves by following some prevailing mania? I use this term because Fashion, like Disease, seems subject to epidemic affections.

The long skirts that have been worn during the last two or three years are not only inconvenient and inelegant in the promenade, but they are opposed to economy, neatness and good sense. I believe that no really sensible woman would ever wear them of her own choice, but for the absurd tyranny of Fashion; and if a young lady was not known to have one other fault in the world—yet knowing this, that she was willing to incur either the enormous waste of sweeping and mopping the streets with some yards of silk, satin or brocade, or that she could endure the filth which would thus inevitably be gathered, a sensible man would be very unwilling to marry her. These are not, then merely questions of expense or good taste, but of morals—of character.

In these swelling skirts, proportion, grace, symmetry, are all lost in one immense swell of whalebone, hooped to the waist with flounces and surmounted by a bare and brazen head, with a bonnet like a saddle out of place, or an uneasy sticking plaster applied to the back of the neck, giving to the wearer something of the aspect of a "yoked pig." There is no face so beautiful but it is fairer for being shaded from the sun; and for the really plain and ugly ones, in such array they are hideous.

When will arise the true "Woman of the New World," who shall illustrate in her own person all that can best please, grace, adorn with the virtues which so ennoble her sex? And when she does appear, believe me, it will not be in the garniture of a great ruffled demijohn, with a bunch of artificial flowers, silk and ribbons stuck upon her shoulders, but in such truly modest, graceful and womanly guise, as could never go out of taste, even if out of fashion. . . .

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], October 30, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 2

All Saints' Day—Company G, National Guard.—The officers and members of this company will take up a collection at the Catholic Graveyard, No. 2, on All Saints' Day, for the benefit of the St. Mary's Boys' Orphan Asylum, Third District, and we sincerely trust it may be a good one. The Asylum, since its establishment, has done an immense amount of good, limited

only by its means, and we feel confident that our citizens will liberally respond to the call thus unobtrusively made. The officers of the Regiment of National Guards will meet at the St. Charles Hotel, at 3 o'clock, P.M., the same day, in full uniform, for the purpose of joining Capt. Kennedy's company at the graveyard.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 1, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The "Strongminded" Petitioning Again.

Susan B. Anthony and the rest of the discontented sisterhood of "strong-minded women" in the State of New York have already got up their annual petition to the Legislature of that State "for the restoration of woman's legal and political rights." Restoration does not seem to be exactly the proper word, by the by, there being no time that we have ever heard of when woman was supposed to have any such legal and political rights as those she is now invoked to aid Miss Anthony in demanding at the hands of the Legislature.

Among these, for example, is "the right of suffrage," which, as saith this petition, "involves all the rights of citizenship, and one that cannot be justly withheld."

How the right of suffrage involves all the rights of citizenship now freely acceded to women, we confess we cannot perceive. But we will not go into the argument so often discussed, our object at present being simply to show what these aspiring ladies are after.

They hold that the Legislature cannot justly withhold from them the right of suffrage: "First, because," as one of the admitted principles of popular government, "all *men* are born free and equal," which, for the purposes of Miss Susan Anthony's petition, we submit, is what the logicians call a *non sequitur*. Because "all men are born free and equal," we do not see how it follows that all women should vote. But to proceed. This right is claimed on the ground, secondly, "that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; third, that taxation and representation should go together; fourth, that those held amenable to a system of laws should have a share in making those laws."

There is an old proverb to the effect that constant dropping will wear away stones; and it may be that a Legislature of the Empire State may one day or other be met with, sitting at the capitol, in Albany, which will yield to this annually reiterated appeal to alter the constitution of that State in such wise as to allow its women to vote at elections, and to be eligible for representative and executive officers in the Commonwealth. But we apprehend that this will not happen in our day, or in that of Miss Susan B. Anthony. We fear that the relative positions of the sexes, as they are generally understood and taken to have been arranged by a higher decree than that which human legislation will ever venture upon promulgating, will continue for our time, at least.

Meantime it will do these fair politicians no kind of harm, we opine, to devote some hours of the leisure they can snatch from their public labors, to peruse anew the third chapter of the Book of Genesis, dwelling particularly upon the last clause of the 16th verse; and thereafter, the first five verses of the third chapter of St. Peter's first Epistle. Then let them see what St. Paul inculcates upon young women, in his Epistle to Titus: Ch.2, v.5, and I Corinthians, ch. 14, vss. 34, 35; and Ephesians 5; 22, 23, 24, and in many other parts of his writings. Does Miss Susan Anthony ever read poetry? If so, after she has digested the scriptural texts we have intimated as worthy of her attention, will she turn with us to that part of the story of our first mother, as related by Milton, in the Paradise Lost, and see when it was that woman first

began to agitate within herself the idea of reversing the original relations between herself and man? We will begin at the 795th line of the ninth book; where commences Eve's soliloquy after tasting the forbidden fruit. As Thyer, one of the best critics of this immortal poem, remarks, does it not appear that the author in this passage "intended a satirical as well as a moral hint to the ladies, in making one of Eve's first thoughts after her fatal lapse, to be how to get the superiority and mastery over her husband?" We find her there, elate with pride that she now knows more than Adam, and, musing how she may turn it to account, she asks:

"-----Shall I not
Yet keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without co partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal? *and* perhaps,
*A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior; for inferior, who is free?"*

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 1, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Costumes.—M'me Graux Fierobe, 112 Conti street, has lately very largely increased her extensive and varied assortment of costumes, dominoes, masks, &c., so that she can now supply them appropriate for the representation of every nation, age and style. As heretofore her prices will be found very moderate. See advertisement.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 1, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 3

All Saints, All Hallows, All Souls.—The first day of November has for centuries been observed in the Christian Church, Roman and English, as the festival of All Saints. It commenced, when, early in the seventh century, the Pantheon of old Rome was converted into a Christian Church, under the name of St. Mary La Rotunda, and was consecrated to the Virgin Mary and All the Saints. It was originally observed on the first of May. In the middle of the ninth century it was changed to the 1st of November. In some parts of Britain it has long been, and still is kept as a Harvest Home rejoicing, and called All Hallows. The Protestant Church of England, in its service for this day, sums up the commemoration of martyrs, confessors and saints, instead of giving a day to each in its calendar, as that of Rom has done.

The 2d of November is All Souls' Day, a festival celebrated by the church of Rome with a particular service, for the benefit of the souls of the departed. It was instituted by Odillon, Bishop of Cluny, in the 9th century, and is still religiously kept up by that church. Says the learned Dr. Hook, in his admirable "Church Dictionary," speaking of all Souls' Day, "the ceremonies observed on this day were in good keeping with the purposes of its institution. In France and Italy, at the present day, the annual *Jour de Morts* is observed by the population resuming their mourning habits, and visiting the graves of their friends, for many years after their decease."

In no part of this country is this touching and beautiful observance so religiously and universally kept up as in Louisiana, and especially in our own city. All our cemeteries to-day present proofs of this. From early morning till late in the evening they are crowded with visitors, who, with pious hands, decorate with flowers and *immortelles* the graves of their departed loved ones, and breathe a prayer for the repose of their souls in bliss.

Says an eloquent writer of our time and country: "The ancient church cultivated with delight and diligence the memory of its dead. To its members sweet was the savor of their

names. They longed after them as beloved ones who had gone on a journey and whom they expected again to meet. Their separation from them locally by death seemed only to make them more conscious of the existence of a deeper tie, by which they felt they were bound to them."

This is the sentiment which lies at the foundation of this day's annual observance. it is based upon that article of the christian's creed, "The Communion of Saints." The loved ones lost on earth are emphatically our "treasures in heaven," and "where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also." Animated by this sentiment, in a spirit of joyous hope, chastened by the regrets which the memory of the past naturally calls up, we see these groups of visitors thronging "the city of the dead" and discharging their pious duties at the shrines it contains:

"And if their sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Behold no hovering cherubim in air,
They nothing doubt—for spirits know their kindred
Are smiling on the faithful watchers there."

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Fete of All Saints.—The narrow dwellings of our city's dead were yesterday garlanded by gentle fingers, and so rich were they in floral ornature that one might almost suppose that a prophet's wand had blossomed for the decoration of each. Even the gilded eulogies on the marble were half obscured by mottoed wreath and chaplet, and every where the poetic indications of kind remembrances were observable. Among the tombs thousands wandered in mourning weeds, while other thousands seemed wholly regardless of the lessons of the day. Around there was life; varied, expressive, instructive life; while hidden from the gaze of the lookers on, corruption—"death's happier, only rival"—held entire sway. "He that runs may read," and some who were present did, doubtless, read the blended lesson of life and death, and sighed for the time when the mystery of immortality shall be made manifest.

On many a tablet the vanity of worldly aspirations could be but too plainly traced, and "the pomp of death, which is more terrible than death itself." Others told of the removal of gentle spirits, and those gentle ones seemed as with an angel's whisper to commune with the living.

The tombs of the different charitable associations were appropriately, and some of them profusely adorned. That of the Portuguese Society made a very imposing appearance, as did those of the Orleans Battalion of Artillery, and the Spanish, French, and other societies. Collections for the benefit of the different orphans' institutions were taken up at the gates, and at other positions in the cemeteries, and we were rejoiced to see that the contributions were flowing in most bountifully.

Company G, of the National Guards, Capt. Kennedy, escorted the orphan boys of the Third District to the Bienville Street Cemetery, where the officers of the company, and most of those of the regiment, assisted them in collecting the alms of the charitable.

At the Lafayette Cemetery, where there was also a large attendance, we noticed with grateful pleasure that a wreath of *Immortelle*, and a rose, had been placed upon a tomb where the two brothers, whose names were long associated with that of this journal, lie sleeping together, "life's fitful fever" over.

We do not remember for years seeing so vast a concourse of visitors to these "silent cities of the dead," as upon this occasion.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 2, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 4
Miss Andrews.—The Richmond (Va.) Despatch, of the 23d ult., says:

This lady, who with so much noble humanity volunteered her services to nurse the sick in Norfolk, at the beginning of the epidemic, and who has courageously persevered in her perilous vocation until the day of affliction from the pestilence is past, arrived in this city yesterday evening. She is accompanied by Dr. W. C. Whitehead, son of the acting Mayor of Norfolk. She was met at the wharf by a large number of refugees, who were anxious to see her and express to her their gratitude for her noble conduct towards their people. She was treated with every mark of respect and attention by Capt. Davis, of the Curtis Peck. Miss Andrews is a citizen of the south—her parents residing in St. Joseph's, La. She was staying with a relative at Syracuse, N. Y., when she heard of the affliction in Norfolk and resolved to go to do what she could for the suffering people.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 3, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

A Nymph in Pants.—The pastoral policeman of Lafayette Square yesterday arrested a female, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, who had donned the toggery of manhood, and puffed vigorously behind a twisted roll of the Virginia weed. With a merry leer from the "laughing devil in her eye," the disguised nymph tried to persuade the pastoral Dan that he was mistaken as to the gentle character of her sex: "But, no," says Dan, "you can't fool me—you're no boy, or I never was one!"

Against so set an opinion as this the nymph—who had assumed the masculine name of Charley Smith—thought it useless to contend, and so caved in, confessed her sex and told the story of her life.

Whether, in the strange tale of her adventures, there was more of romance than reality, we leave for others to judge. We give a few outlines as she related them.

Charley—we will still call her Charley, as she begged that her real name might not be made public—said that her parents died when she was quite young, and she was left in the charge of guardians. Her relations chiefly lived in New York and this city, but she was taken by her guardians to Boston, where, in a luckless moment, she loved, perchance "not wisely." Thereupon her relations and fashionable friends discovered her, and eventually she was induced to put on masculine apparel and go to sea. As a cabin boy she made three voyages from New York to Liverpool. Afterwards she was employed for a while in a barber shop; then in a grocery store, and eventually as a barkeeper in a tap-room, and as a "spotter" for the New York police.

No very poetical experience, the reader may exclaim—but we are telling the story as Charley herself tells it, and she alone is to blame if she has made her experience of too prosaic a character.

After detailing her adventures as above to the Recorder, she appealed to that worthy functionary's gallantry to "let her off easy."

The Recorder said that there was no complaint against her for any impropriety of conduct. As to dress that was altogether a matter of taste, especially among the "strong-minded" women of the North, and as she had no female apparel, he was sure that he could not force her to take off what she had—although she was "sailing under false colors." He, however, advised her to go back to her own sex as soon as possible, and having so advised, he bade her "God speed."

She thanked him and left; but before going told something more of her experience to a sympathetic "searcher of the truth," who happened to be present.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 6, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1
A Good Toast.—Woman—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our old age. God bless our stars!

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 7, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 2, c. 2
The Florences.—These clever young comedians are having another of their popular and profitable tours in the West. We hear of them last at Pittsburg, Pa., where, on the 26th ult., they played John Brougham's new Irish drama, written expressly for them, and of which report speaks most exaltedly. Mrs. Florence was playing her round of Protean characters, and singing all her amusing songs, and dancing her inimitable *pas*. Of course "Bobbin' Around," Florence's own song, and "Pop goes the Weasel," every night. May we not hope to see these New Orleans favorites here soon?

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 9, 1855, (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1
Scared Some.—A most ridiculous little affair occurred yesterday, which should not be suffered to go down into oblivion. A man not accustomed to the startling incidents of city life—a man evidently from the back settlements—who might or might not have been one of the passengers who thronged the little Fairfield, was passing along Dauphin street, and had reached that point where its conjunction with Commerce street forms what is known as a "corner"—very singular term that, by the way, if one scrutinizes it closely. This "corner" is now occupied by a tobacco store, and in the doorway stands the customary sign of that branch of business—the wooden effigy of one of the American aborigines who inducted Sir Walter Raleigh into the polite mystery of smoking tobacco. This sculpturesque looking Injun savage, has anything but an amiable smile on his wooden features, there really seems bloody speculation in his cunningly painted eyes, and his attitude is not amicable. But our friend from the turpentine orchards wasn't thinking about the Injun savage, and was intently gazing at something on the opposite side of the street, but just as he came almost in contact with the statue he turned his head and there, staring right into his face, were the fierce eyes of the defiant looking redskin! A cold chill crept over him, but he didn't *creap* [sic] to the other side of the walk, by no means, he landed in the gutter at the further end of a mighty bound, with an agonized "Oh." But his antagonist didn't pursue, and he at once comprehended that he had been outrageously imposed upon by a counterfeit semblance.

"Well, I swear," said he, examining the image, "if the derved thing didn't skeer me almost to death, you may take my old boots! I tuk it for a real Injun savage, and wouldn't been a skeered that ar way for a thousand bar'ls of vargin dip!"

[Mobile Advertiser, of Wednesday.]

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 9, 1855, (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1
Books.—A learned writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 4
Daintiness and Dirt.—For several days past moisture has prevailed in the skies above, and mud on the streets below, and, of course, "sloshing about" has been the rule among all male

perambulators. As a general thing the fairer portion of creation has kept within doors, but yesterday a few, a very few, ventured out. It was towards evening, on Chartres street, that we saw two of them moving like perpetual joys, as things of beauty are said to be. They were decked out with costliest apparel, and, till we approached very near them, we almost supposed that they were supernal visitants. That near approach, however, undeceived us, for although beauty of feature and adornment triumphed from the crowns of their bonnets to their dainty gaiters, there was dirt enough on their bedraggled trails of silk to dim the charms of two divinities.

Byron once gave it as his opinion that man is a strange compound of "deity and dirt," but we never supposed that fine ladies could be embraced in the definition till fashionable trails in muddy weather left their disgusting mark of the affinity.

Surely it is not incumbent on our republican beauties to follow fashions which must of necessity end in filth, and which were only intended by their inventors to hide the deformed feet of some court dames. For our part we shall in future persist in thinking that all those ladies who wear their dresses so long as to have two or three inches of the trail bedraggled, are cursed with feet ill-fashioned. Either the new hoops with the patent elevators, must become the rage, or ladies' dresses must be shortened to the standard of decency. We never wish to behold the like of those two trails again.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 11, 1855, p. 1, c. 4

A Fire Hunt. The Longest Shot on Record.

We know that many of our readers understand what is called "fire hunting." Some of them may not; therefore, we will briefly explain it. On dark nights—when there is no room [sic? moon?]
—the deer hunter, who wishes to knock over an old buck, takes with him a companion who carries over his shoulder an iron pan or basket, attached to a long wooden handle, a hatchet, and a sack filled with short pieces of "lightwood" strapped to his back, and with his gun the hunter sallies forth into the forest. Pieces of the "lightwood" are kindled in the pan, which gives out a great blaze and throws a bright light far into the woods around. Deer feed at night quite as much as by day, perhaps more; and their eyes have a peculiar "shine" by firelight. When they are so feeding, and the glare of the light from the pan "shines" their eyes, the man with the gun fires in the direction of the eyes, generally aiming two or three inches below them, according to the distance at which the eyes are judged to be.

This brief explanation of "fire hunting" we presume is sufficient. Now for our story—for we have one to tell.

A few weeks since, in a part of Alabama where there is an abundance of almost all kinds of game, a friend of ours had the good fortune to go out on a fire hunt after deed with a party well posted as to the woods, the best ranges, "shining," shooting, &c. At half past 8 o'clock "Sawney," with his young master and our friend set out for a hunt in which they were sure of success. The guest, who has a great passion for all sorts of hunting, and who rather prides himself on his skill in sporting, was elated at the idea of bringing down a fine buck, proposed to Sawney, who at first carried the fire-pan, that for every pair of eyes "shined" in the hunt, he, Sawney, should have four bits.

This was something Sawney had not anticipated, and the poor darkey was quite elated by

it.

"Well, massa, I gwine to shine de eyes, sure, and I 'spect you have to give me a dollar and a half, pervided you does what you says. I shine de eyes certain. But 'spose you miss 'um? How will dat be?"

"Miss them!" retorted the hunter. "I don't often do such a thing with *this* shooting iron. I'll hit every pair of eyes I shoot at to-night—no matter how far off. Whether I do or not, you shall have the money."

And off the party started into the midst of the dense woods. The light from the pan gleamed far and wide through the wild forest. Onward and still onward trudged the night hunters; over huge bogs, through thickets of brushwood, vines, brambles and briars, up hill and down hill, across wet bottoms and along dry ridges; now amongst the "turpentine orchards" and then amidst oak, beech and gum; through fields and around fences.

More than one hour was thus spent, during which our friend lost his hat a dozen times—to say nothing of two or three fall-downs, sundry scratches of his hands and face, and being almost out of breath from the brisk exercise he had to undergo in keeping up with "Sawney," now more than ever intent on "shining" for the sake of the promised "shiners."

But in all this time no eyes were discovered. The party halted, and "Sawney" applied himself to refreshing his fire-pan and sack. This gave opportunity to rest awhile and take observation.

"Ain't you lost, Sawney?" asked his young master, looking about rather anxiously. "Where are the seven stars? Where are we?"

"Well, massa Ben, I just be look for de stars myself," answered the darkey, "and I no see 'um; but I knows where we is good enough; we is in de woods," he continued, with a grin that showed his snowy "ivories."

"And is that all you know about it?"

"Yes, Massa Ben. Dis nigger is lost, sure. And now I gib de gentleman four bits heself if he git us out of de scrape."

The gentleman informs us that notwithstanding his perplexity at this juncture, he was forced to laugh heartily.

"Well," said massa Ben, "this won't do—I'm going to get out of this fix, at any rate. Give me the light." And, suiting action to word, he shouldered the pan and took a "bee line" for *somewhere*.

"Now," said he to his friend, "keep up with the light, and look sharp for eyes. *I'll* give you a shot. Follow me."

The pace quickened, and the party soon found themselves in the midst of a dense, dark thicket. The fire-pan was suddenly at a stand still!

"Come here," whispered Massa Ben. "Be quick, but easy. There are the eyes. Aim two inches below them, and fire."

Our friend cocked his trigger, and prepared to do as he was directed. He peered anxiously and almost choking in the direction of the eyes. He saw them; but they didn't look like eyes, and he hesitated to fire.

"Make haste and shoot, before he runs—he will jump off in a minute."

Accordingly, our friend, as he tells us, "blazed away;" and thinking the distance *rather long range*, sent off one of Ely's cartridges of S. G. shot which he had in his left-hand barrel. The red fire short forth from the muzzle gave a momentary flash in the darkness of the night! The report of the explosion resounded in heaping echoes through the forest, far, far away over

hill and valley, startling the sober owl from his propriety! But there stood the eyes, gazing more intently than before, and not having even shrinked!

"Fire again, and aim a little lower—I think you over-shot him. Now is your time; I saw him move."

The deadly weapon was again leveled—the aim taken—the finger beginning to press the trigger—when—

"Stop! stop! don't fire! it's the MOON, I swear by my powder horn!" And so it was!

Shooting at the moon! and that, too, with any thing less than one of the Lancasterian guns of the Allies in the Crimea! It's a pretty good joke, we think.

The party got safely out of the labyrinth into which they had wound themselves by going "round and round," like the whale when he had Jonah in him, and by the fortunate rising of the moon, then in the wane, they soon came upon a road, which led them home. But our friend insists upon it that he hit the moon, because, like a deer lying down, it "got up" after being shot at, and when next seen, it was smaller in size, which, he says, proves that he must have knocked off a piece.

Who can beat this extraordinary shooting?

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 11, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

West and Peel's Campbell Minstrels. This favorite band of vocalists, instrumentalists and comic performers reopen their "Southern Opera House" to-morrow evening, at Armory Hall, with a greatly reinforced *personnel*, and a programme of accustomed excellence and variety.

Matt Peel is still the director of the troupe, and Mr. G. G. Minor the musical director and composer. Matt and Master Tom Peel; Rumsey, the banjo king; Farrenberg, the charming singer of ballads; the veritable "Old Bob Ridley," Cotton; with Dickinson, Moore, Shute, Ennis, Gardner, Keene and Currier, professors of the harp, flute, violin, violoncello and tenore, guitar, accordeon [sic] and cornet, combine to form a company of hitherto unequalled merit.

Their opening bill consists of five parts, comprising overtures, solos, choruses, ballads, instrumental performances, dances, eccentricities, burlesques and the like, introducing the entire company; everything concluding with "an awful smash up" or a railroad. As a matter of course, the Campbells will be greeted with an overflowing hall—an earnest of their career during the season they will then inaugurate.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 12, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Troops for Texas.—The steamer David Gibson arrived on Saturday evening from St. Louis, bringing down from Jefferson Barracks eighteen soldiers and twenty-one laundresses, under command of Lieut. McArthur, *en route* for Texas. They belong to the 2d Cavalry, Company C, which were unable, owing to bad health, to leave the Barracks at the starting of their company.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 14, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 6

The Campbells at Armory Hall.—We were not surprised to find another crowded hall, across the way, last evening; for it is beyond question that a more popular entertainment than that offered by West & Peel's talented troupe of minstrels cannot be proposed. If there by any truth in the maxim, that "variety is the spice of life," it finds one of its most forcible illustrations in the success of these concerts. "From gay to grave, from lively to severe," the programmes each evening offer to all tastes something acceptable. Broad humor and tender sentiment,—the fun of

"Old Bob Ridley," and the touching pathos of such songs as Farrenberg sings,—the drollery of Matt and the agility of Tom Peel,—the artistic solo performances of the instrumentalists, and the fine effects produced by the band; and then the operatic burlesques, and the musing scenes so cleverly got up by way of terminating the performances, all combine to form an entertainment of rare attractiveness.

This company has a great acquisition in Mr. Cotton, who is now the "Stephen" of the sable troupe. His 'Bob Ridley' song and dance is beyond all comparison, the best thing of its kind we have ever seen. There is a genuine heartiness in his description of Bob—the very embodiment of real worth. It were [sic] enough to compensate one for a visit to Armory Hall but to hear this thing performed.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 15, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 1, c. 4

Emigration from Georgia and East Alabama.—The Greensboro' (Ala.) Beacon says that quite a number of persons have recently passed through that place on their way to Texas. They were generally from Georgia and East Alabama. One part for Washington county, Texas, had with them about 100 negroes.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 16, 1855, p. 1, c. 3

Matt Peel's Minstrels.—The fourth concert of the season, at Armory Hall, last night, was attended by another full and fashionable audience, who were presented with a programme rich in variety and in excellence of performance.

This was "opera night," one of the leading features being a grand scena [sic?] from the Italian opera in which Matt was the *primo tenore*, Farrenberg the *prima donna*, and the rest of the cast judiciously filled by Rumsey, Cotton, Gardner, Keene, Ennis and Master Tom.

It was a capital burlesque; the grand combat portion of it *a la* Hamlet, especially; and kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. So did Matt's and Rumsey's "master and Pupil" banjo scene, and the "Hippodrome Burlesque," in which both the Peels did wonders, as did Rumsey and Gardner.

Matt was decidedly himself at this concert. Besides the performances already named, in which he took prominent parts, he astonished the audience with his wonderful exploits on the bones, and, with Master Tom, danced the "Drum Polka" with infinite grace.

For the rest, the performances were such as to give perfect satisfaction, if we might judge from the applause and merriment of the house. Cotton's "Old Bob Ridley" still continues a feature of the programme nightly.

The bill of last night is to be repeated this evening.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 17, 1855, p. 4, c. 2

Pure White and Brown Mexican Petit
Gulf Cotton Seed.

The subscribers are now receiving large shipments of all the brands of the above favorite Seed. Their long residence in Rodney, Miss., (on the hills in the vicinity of which place these Seeds are raised,) having rendered them familiar with the most approved brands, enables them to offer to purchasers the certainty of being supplied with a genuine article.

G. M. Bayly & Co., 22 Common street
and 35 Canal street.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 18, 1855, p. 1. c. 7

Peel's Southern Opera House.—Second Week.—Armory Hall has been the scene of uninterrupted merriment throughout the entire week, Peel having reopened it for the season as "The Southern Opera House," with a greatly increased troupe of talented performers, vocal, instrumental, and chorographic. There has not been a thin hall during the entire week, which fact demonstrates that the manager has hit the public taste to a nicety, and has provided an acceptable amusement for the season.

The second week commences to-morrow evening, (the Minstrels rest one evening out of the seven from the labors of the week,) with a programme containing several novel features. Matt Peel, besides his performances in the choruses, &c. on the bones and his conversational witticisms with "Mr. Johnson" and "Stephen," sings "The Sly Young Coon," dances his burlesque fling *a la Soto*, and a double *pas* with Tom, plays a plantation banjo solo, and "the amateur doorkeeper" in the "Grand Shakespearean Festival Bal Masque," in which last, by the way, the whole force of the company are engaged, each being fitted with a character.

Farrenberg, upon this occasion, sings the new song (composed by Peel,) "Come maiden with me," besides "Lilly Brown," and "I had a dream." Cotton, in addition to his immense performance of "Old Bob Ridley, oh!" sings a song about an "Old brown cow." Rumsey adds to his banjo solo, with its local "Jordan" hits the song "I wish I was in Old Virginny." Master Tom Peel, the youthful champion, gives one of his best Virginia breakdowns, and dances a "Pas d'Afrique" with Matt. Keene plays a solo on the accordion [sic], and Dickinson, an air with variations on the harp.

Among the great variety of pleasing performances which these evenings at Armory Hall present to the admirers of good music, those of Mr. Keene upon the accordeon [sic] attract a large share of attention and remark. He certainly has attained a greater degree of perfection in the mastery of this instrument than any other performer we have ever heard. The ladies especially speak in raptures of his execution of those beautiful and accurate imitations which he produces upon it, particularly the bell choruses and echoes. Mr. Keene is certainly one of the most popular features of Mr. Peel's well chosen troupe.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 21, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Emigration to Western Louisiana and Texas. The Concordia Intelligencer, of Friday last, says:

The mighty tide of emigration from the exhausted Middle and old Southern States to Western Louisiana and Texas, having for a time been suspended by the hot season and the yellow fever, has now, we are most happy to announce, commenced again with renovated energy. Strong teams, comfortable wagons, containing large families of whites and blacks, valuable household goods, and all the valuable goods and utensils of prosperous labor, are now continually crossing the steam ferry at Vidalia.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 21, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 1

'Ow 'Orrid 'Ot!—So exclaims Mr. Fitzflunkey, the newly arrived Johnny Bull, after sweltering for a few hours about the streets, puffing and blowing, continually wiping from his big, round flushed face the streams of perspiration, and no doubt fully appreciating Hamlet's

exclamation: "Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt!" Iced water, iced porter, iced ale, iced 'aff-an-aff can't assuage Fitzflunkey's thirst. He burns; he swelters, he gasps. He prays in vain for relief; his sighs and pantings do not cool the burning air; his oft-recurring reminiscences of the moist, cool, clammy, foggy Lunnun atmosphere but serve to increase his torments. As he waddles along, larding the lean earth, how he envies the small, meagre, dried-up, yellow skinned Creole who saunters by, dressed all in loose, white garments, his neat patent leather pumps, his white socks, his light cravat, his little cane, his *cigarrito*, his Panama-looking hat with the white sack and pants, and irreproachable shirt-front, as cool as the wearer is calm—just as if both wearer and garments had stepped out of a refrigerator kind of a bandbox to take a whiff of air and a gleam of sunshine.

The sight is striking and amusing, and is almost of daily occurrence just now in our streets. The freshly imported Englishman wonders how any civilized being can live in such "a dom—d bloody of climate;" the Creole takes another whiff at his *cigarrito*, twirls his *moustache* and mutters: *Quel beau temps!*"

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 21, 1855 (afternoon edition), p. 4, c. 2

"Whar did ye Come From?"—This question occasionally suggests itself to new comers in Texas on meeting with certain tatoed [sic] Africans, who bear upon their faces the lines of beauty traced by fish bones in the jungles of Africa. The comparatively young look of some of these sable sons of the third continent occasionally lead to surmises that somebody has violated the laws of the United States or the former Republic of Texas, declaring the African slave trade to be piracy. Such a suspicion is unjust so far as we are informed. While Texas was a part of Mexico, these strange people are said to have dropped down on the coast occasionally in a somewhat mysterious way, like frogs in a shower. No statistics, however, were preserved previous to 1835. In that year it is shrewdly suspected that the American schooner Shenandoah landed 183, and the schooner Harriet 40 African negroes from Cuba, at the mouth of the San Bernard. The next year it is surmised that an unknown schooner landed 40 somewhere between Velasco and Caney, and another vessel 200 at the Sabine; the latter being carried into Louisiana. All this was amid the confusion of the Texas revolution. There was a suspicion that 41 others were landed in the neighborhood of the Brazos, in the winter of 1837-38 but this needs confirmation.—Galveston Civilian.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 25, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

The Ball Season Commencing.—The gaieties of a New Orleans winter season are now about beginning, in the usual way. Balls, masquerades, operas, theatres, concerts, social reunions following each other rapidly from the ides of November to those of March, in rapid and pleasing succession, or, in the case of some, continuing all the time without interruption. We notice among the announcements in this day's Picayune, that the Young Men's Society, whose mask and fancy dress balls at Odd Fellow's Hall, have been so popular heretofore, are about to give a new series, the first four of which will take place on the evenings of December 14 and 21, January 18, and February 5. For the arrangements of these balls, see the advertisement in another column.

The St. Charles, Orleans and Gaieties theatres will all be the scenes of this department of our winter's entertainments. The management of them is to be placed by the lessees of the respective establishments in the hands of competent committees of gentlemen and will be conducted on such a scale as to secure the countenance and participation of the community. We

shall refer to these affairs more particularly hereafter.

We suppose that the usual soirees and balls will be given at the St. Charles, St. Louis and City Hotels, at intervals during the season.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 25, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Dancing.—If it is a duty to cultivate amenities, if we may indulge in innocent enjoyments, if we ought to acquire knowledge, accomplishments, and the means of deriving pleasure for ourselves and imparting it to others, assuredly the art Terpsichorean ought to be sedulously attended to. Of old it was thought discreditable not to be able to play on the instrument passed round among the guests at parties. In our days, we may safely say that it is far more so not to be able to join in the gay mazurka, the brilliant redowa, or the sprightly polka. Parents, then, ought to afford their children the full opportunity of learning to dance, and all of riper years who have not had that opportunity ought to do so for themselves.

Mr. A. Gherardi, it will be seen, from his advertise[ment] in another column, will, on the 1st prox., open his fashionable dancing academy, at 175 Canal street, and has made arrangements for attending to all requirements. He gives private lessons.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 25, 1855, p. 7, c. 1

Saint Catherine's Day.

The twenty-fifth of November is the anniversary of Saint Catherine, still honored on the Catholic Calendar, and not discarded from that of the Episcopal Protestant Church. At one time, abundantly within memory, the day was celebrated in many parts of England, and yet more generally and ceremoniously in Ireland. She was esteemed the saint and patroness of spinsters, and the holiday was observed by young women meeting and making merry together in what was called a "Cathar'ning." Anciently in Ireland, women and girls kept a fast every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, and some of them also on St. Catherine's day; nor would they omit it though it happened on their birthday, or though they were ever so ill. The reason given for it was that the girls might get good husbands, and the women better ones, either by the death, desertion or reformation of their living ones. The favor in which the name is held in Ireland among the females, is to this day second, if to any, only to Bridget. "Kathleen mavourneen," Kitty, or Kate, all know, is a universal household call.

The observation of the day, however, has fallen into desultude almost everywhere. The last occasion of which we are aware of its having been observed in England was in 1825, as recorded by Hone, on the authority of a correspondent. A woman dressed in woman's clothes, he says, on that occasion, with a large wheel by his side, to represent St. Catherine, was brought out of the royal arsenal at Woolwich, about 6 o'clock in the evening, seated in a large wooden chair and carried by men around the town, soliciting and obtaining hospitalities at the various houses at which they called. In some parts of Ireland its celebration, however, is not yet forgotten—as a holiday, we mean—as it of course cannot be as a Church Saint's day, in any Catholic country or community. She is still prayed to and honored by hymns in mass books and breviaries; "with stories of her miracles so wonderfully apocryphal that even Cardinal Baronius blushes for the threadbare legends."

Weather permitting, it will be celebrated as a holiday in some sort, even to-day, in New Orleans—and perhaps not altogether undesignedly.

According to Alban Butler, she was beheaded under Maxentius or Maximinius II. She is said first to have been put upon an engine made of four wheels joined together, and stuck with sharp pointed spikes, that when the wheels were moved her body might be torn to pieces. The acts add, that at the first stirring of the terrible engine, the cords with which the martyr was tied were broken asunder by the invincible power of an angel, and, the engine falling to pieces by the wheels being separated from one another, she was delivered from that death. Hence the name of "St. Catherine's wheels," or "Catherine wheels," those great favorites among the admirers of the pyrotechnic art, of which numerous specimens will no doubt be seen at the exhibition intended to be given this evening, for the benefit of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum for Boys.

Some of the pictures of St. Catherine represent her at her pretended marriage with Christ; others represent her simply with her wheel. Hone, to whom we are indebted for most of our particulars, gives a very good cut representing her as trampling beneath her feet the Emperor Maxentius. Her head, from which her loose hair falls down her shoulders and back as low as her knees, bears an elegant coronet, and is surrounded by the "halp." She is robed in an ermine-lined robe of queenly magnificence, and on her left arm rests a book which she is zealously but placidly studying; in her hand is a sword of fully her own length, and by her side is the symbolical wheel. Maxentius, beneath her feet, with his sceptre [sic] in one hand, while the other grasps the nave of the wheel, is leaning on his elbow and looking up at her, with what expression it would be hard to say. It may be intended for fierceness; but it is much more like the improbable one of complacent satisfaction.

Why she carries the sword, we are not told. It may be that she has taken it from Maxentius. Why she bears the book will be clear from what Butler tells us. "From this martyr's erudition," he says, "and the extraordinary spirit of piety by which she sanctified her learning, and the use she made of it, she is chosen, in the schools, as the patroness and model of christian philosophers."

She may therefore well be regarded as presiding over the exhibition intended to be given to-day, and may she prove as kind and successful a patroness as she has ever been feigned to be. If she do not, we shall be inclined to coincide with those who doubt whether she ever existed.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 28, 1855, p. 3, c. 1-2

My Old Street.

I had been residing in "my old street" some eighteen months, and during that time I studied it pretty thoroughly. Streets are like men: they have their characters and characteristics; indeed, some streets, like some men, have no character at all, and may, therefore, be said to have a bad character. My old street has an indifferent reputation, based on what was really once a very indifferent character. It has reformed of late, however—just before I came into it—and since then it has improved in moral deportment and sober citizen habits wonderfully. Since I left, it may have relapsed—perhaps! No one can rightfully say of it that "it is no better than it should be." My down-town fashionable acquaintances sneer at "my street"—hint at the "swamp"—darkly insinuate "mosquitoes"—even murmur "galinippers." All scandal, base scandal! True, a small child, dressed in a very short unmentionable garment of white cotton, suddenly disappeared on evening, about dusk. There was quite an eruption of mosquitoes just then, but strange to say, they disappeared about the hour the little child, in the very short unmentionable garments, did. They were observed by a then scientific neighbor of mine, (who

nightly takes lunar observations through a segment of smoked glass,) going off in a dark, dense body, towards the lake; but I stoutly maintained, and ever will stoutly maintain, that the little boy that that scientific neighbor insinuated was carried off by that winged horse of bill-bearers, disappeared from his usual haunt—the dry gutter at the corner—in a proper and natural way. Before hand, and in imagination, I sat on him, with the weight of twelve men, and find a verdict of " _____!"

My street had reformed, did I say? Why, there is a negro church two squares below, and another only one above me, and only two groceries, and an ale house still nearer. Both the churches are crowded every Sunday by the most respectable members of our colored society. In the hottest weather they lock the doors and put down the windows. I must add that they do the same in cold weather. One of the most regular female attendants is a thin, yellow visaged individual, who has, to my knowledge, been regularly and legitimately married some five or twelve times. She is somewhere between thirty and sixty years of age. She espouses none but religiously indeed colored persons. She goes only to the church that her spouse *de facto* visits; and, as each of her husbands has been of a different religious sect from his predecessors, it may well be believed that she has had a good deal of "experience" in her time. In fact, the "brothers" and "sisters" form one of the principal characteristics of "my old street." That is, they do so on Sundays, of week days one can't tell them from common darkies. They show forth on Sundays, however, in all their bravery and *color*—the "brothers" in broadcloth and black hats—one of them invariably in soiled white kid gloves much too large for him—the "sisters" in black bonnets and gowns precisely of the same cut and pattern. They are continually going by in long processions, looking very neat and orderly, to be sure; but where they go, where they come from, why they come, why they go, when they come back, are mysteries yet unsolved. Funerals are their delight. They have one nearly every week. I believe they get up mock displays of the kind, especially to gratify their peculiar taste. This they can easily do, if there's an undertaker of their own color but a square from me, who has a large establishment and does a thriving business. He's a stout, stately, portly, roast-coffee-tinted gentleman, drives his gig like his patrons and friends, the doctors; always looks grave and sombre [sic]; wears nothing but black, (except his shirt) and has certainly quite a pretty taste in coffins—as I have seen in several instances. He has a coffin show shop on one side of the street and a hearse stable on the other, both modest and quiet places, as quiet as the grave-yard near by.

German children make up the next characteristic of "my street." White-headed, blue eyed, dirty, chubby faced, loud voiced children! Kites up all day! Fire-crackers let off at unexpected moments, be it holiday or not! Small fires of chips, built against palings and fences, keeping one in constant dread of a conflagration. Teutonic feuds now and then—much talking, much noise! not much harm done! Pieces of hard mud and bundles of hard, jaw-breaking words scattered about profusely. Vociferous mothers rush from back yards to the rescue of their offspring. More talking! more noise! harder words than before! Pipe smoking, beer-imbibing fathers appear! Louder talking! louder noise! hardest words of all! A calm! Peace is restored! The clans withdraw; the little boy, who, in his eagerness to watch the fray, dropped the ice his mother sent him for, now sees the said ice in fragments at his feet; he incontinently sets up a lamentable cry; a female form, armed with a switch, looms round the fence at the corner; strange sounds are heard, mingled ominously with exceedingly lamentable cries; the female form retires around the fence, brandishing the switch triumphantly and threateningly; the small boy, led off in tears and disgrace, feel that there are wounds that even "Greenland's *icy* mountains" cannot heal. The two grog chops and the lager-bier saloon yield up libations to console the masculine

disputants.

That dog again! Yep! yep! yep! That dog is a curiosity! He lives opposite me, i. e. when I lived there. The gate of the dwelling he condescends to protect, is generally about wide enough open to allow him ready egress. It looks, however—treacherous gate!—as if it were shut. Many dogs perambulate "my street." Woe to the unfortunate canine creature that happens to pass between that gate and an imaginary line drawn down the middle of the street. That dog, ensconced amid shrubbery or lying *perdu* behind a porch pillar, where he can sweep the horizon, is out in an instant. Fierce—fiery—he rushes at the intruder. His bark, his appearance are terrifying! No sooner is his alarm sounded, than out jump, from various hiding places up and down the street, other dogs. They too are fiery and fierce! They too bark terrifically! They too rush at the intruder! The intruder, however brave, is taken by surprise. He has but one course left—the straight course before him. He flies! They follow! He is apparently on the point of being devoured. He evidently is himself persuaded that such is the dire fate reserved for him. He strains every nerve! If he can but gain the corner! he does gain the corner; he turns swiftly; he is seen no more. His pursuers, strange to say, stop abruptly at the corner, take a long look after him, then turn and trot back in high glee, giggling and laughing at the fright they threw that poor sinner into. They wouldn't a-hurt a hair of his hide! Not they! That's their fun! *That* dog is their leader. He has evidently planned the whole thing, and carried it into execution long ago. It is now a system. He knows as well as Barnum what humbugging means.

The view from the rear of my dwelling—when I lived in it—was, and no doubt now is, quite refreshing. There is a garden of tolerably large dimensions immediately behind that small tenement in the back yard, where my predecessors kept hens, and where I kept coal, and a ruined flower pot. The view beyond is despotically put a stop to by an unconscionably high wall of a frame building, by whom or for what purpose occupied I cannot vouch. That wall is a blank—an obtrusive reality—not a window in it—nothing but a row of cooing and strutting pigeons, on the very edge of its dizzy, peaked roof. I liked to watch those pigeons of a windy day; when tempestuous and cloudy so much the better. Below them was nothing but the dark wall; above, the black, frowning sky, 'tween which and earth these airy creatures, with arrow-like swiftness, darted to and fro in their innocent gambolings, as glad and free as the wild clouds careering above them.

Not even the cabbages, and eggplants, and cauliflowers, scattered about in this garden, could divest it for me of a certain charm of freshness and verdure—of waving trees, deep shade gleamed over with darting sunbeams; the buzz of insects, gaudy butterflies flaunting here and there, rustling leaves and gnarled trunks, that took me far, far away from the dry, dusty, dreary city, to the deep woods, where solitude reigns; where hours of quiet reverie pass in free enjoyment of cool shadows and cozy nooks. A little child sat all alone, singing softly to the butterflies, and playing under the broad fig tree; and, listen! a partridge's clear, mellow voice piped close by—the pigeon's coo!—'t is almost the wood-dove's plaintive note—the wind rustles loud among the branches!—could I not fancy myself where that poor, imprisoned partridge would be!

Bang! bang! bang! A piano! Bang! Another piano! Bang! klang brrrang! Still another! I am surrounded by pianos!—C-r-r-r-rash! There goes one on my own premises. A guinea hen next door sounds an alarum; some geese join in; some ducks follow suit; a horse that I have never seen but often hear—dwelling in an invisible stable close by—stamps and neighs his disapproval; as invisible a pig sets up *such* a squealing, and my gracious! there are those two broken-winded, note-crazed hand organs again—one at one corner, one at the other—one

murdering a Strauss waltz, the other mangling a march by Meyerbeer; while an enthusiastic German, dwelling not far off, begins to blow out his brains through a diabolical brass instrument!
Girl, my hat! "My old street" shall see me no more, not even in imagination.

EASY DUBBLEYEW.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], November 29, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

Embellishments in Pantaloonery.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican has the annexed paragraph, interesting to "fast men" generally:

Our "fast folks" are just now luxuriating in fancy pantaloon cloths, made by E. S. Hill, of Millville, in Worcester county. One style is patriotic, having Stewart's head of Washington, about the size of an American dollar, in the centre of a square figure, surrounded by a wreath of flowers. Another large figure is equally republican, it being the picture of the spread eagle, which grasps the shield in one claw and the forked lightning in the other, the whole surrounded by appropriate figures and views. Still another style shows a locomotive in the centre, with the cars in juxtaposition, and another yet has a fire engine in the centre figure, with a border of coiled hose.

THE DAILY PICAYUNE [NEW ORLEANS], December 1, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Knitting Machine.—One of the neatest pieces of mechanism exhibited at the New York Fair, is a knitting machine. It was the only one in the fair, and attracted a great deal of attention. It knits silk, linen, cotton or woolen; equally well, and makes 1,400 stitches per minute. One machine can easily knit 100 legs of half hose per day.—Exchange.

"One of the neatest pieces of machinism," [sic] as a knitting machine, we ever saw, had gentle, blue eyes, and a most encouraging smile. But that was some time ago, and we fear that sort of knitters are going out of fashion, with the soft-toned little wheel and the old loom in the garret, and the apron of check, and the home-made woolen gown, and a thousand things besides, that the world is not a whit better for losing.—Chicago Journal.