THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS' BEDCHAMBER. The *Nord* has published the following details of a visit made by its correspondent to the bedroom of the Emperor Nicholas at t. Petersburg: "The person who acted as my guide did not say whither he was taking me. He conducted me into an arched room of very moderate dimensions, and lighted by a single window looking into a court. This room was both a study and a bedroom. Before the window was placed a desk, on which was a pocket-book half open, a few sheets of paper and some pens, a crumpled up handkerchief, a small statuette of the Prince of Wales in the dress of a sailor, and a water-color drawing, representing children. A straw bottomed chair was placed at the desk, which was much the worse for wear, and bore many marks of being cut with a penknife. Near the desk was an old sofa, covered with green leather, with well worn cushions. Opposite, on a console ornamented with a mirror, was a dressing case, in leather, the simplicity of which showed that its owner did not indulge in any refinement of the toilet. On the chimney piece was a small time-piece in black marble, on which stood a bust of the Count de Beckendorff. There was no looking glass on the chimney. Half concealed by the timepiece was a statuette in bronze of Napoleon I., similar to that in the Place Vendome. Some pictures ornamented the walls, representing military scenes, painted by Horace Vernet, a French artist. A bust of Marshal Radetzky stood on the console; a portrait of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of Paul, was hung half concealed in the corner of the wall; in one corner of the room stood a common soldier's musket, and on a small table was the helmet of a general without a plume, bearing marks of long service.

Near the sofa, parallel with the desk was an iron camp bed. On this bed which my guide told me to press with my hand to see how hard it felt, was a mattrass covered with leather and a pillow stuffed with hay. There was folded upon the bed an old gray uniform cloak, and at the foot of it on a well-worn carpet, were a pair of morocco leather slippers. I contemplated with surprise this austere retreat in a remote corner of one of the most magnificent palaces of Europe. When I had seen all my guide said—"This is the study and bed room of the Emperor Nicholas. At that desk he sat for nearly thirty years, and in that bed he drew his last breath. That old cloak which he always wore when in his room, belonged to his brother Alexander. On that carpet, he knelt and prayed morning and night every day of his reign. These slippers which he wore to the last day of his life, were given him by the Empress on the day of his marriage. With that musket he himself taught his children the manual exercise, and this helmet he always wore in the streets of St. Petersburg.

A BATTLE FIELD FOR SALE.—The battle field of Marengo, with its palatial monuments, its rich museum of precious objects, and its richer historic souvenirs is now offered at public auction in the streets of Paris.

The domain of Marengo, is situated near Alexandria in Piedmont, and on the line of the railroad between Genoa, and Turin, and contains about two hundred and fifty acres of ground, vines, woods and fields, watered by the Servia. The monumental palace destined to perpetuate the memory of the glorious battle of Marengo, gained in 1800 by Napoleon, was built by the Chevalier Delavo, in 1845, and is a large and handsome palace. It contains furniture, objects of art, paintings and statuettes, commemorative of the battle, and a museum composed of objects which belonged to Napoleon and Dessaix, and arms found on the field of battle. This museum is collected in the old tavern which stood on the ground before the battle, and around which the palace is now built.

For the information of foreigners, ambitious for Italian residence and for Bonepartist souvenirs, I should add that the upset price of the whole property is 600,000 francs, and that there is a good mill privilege on the premises.—*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THE BAGPIPES IN RUSSIA.—For the fifth time since we arrived in Moscow, Lady Granville threw open her splendid saloons to the Russian noblesse, and it would be hard to find a more distinguished company than assembled at the ball of last evening. There were the Grand Duke Constantine and his beautiful wife, and Grand Duke Nicholas, the Grand Duchess Marie and several other members of the imperial family. There were princes and countesses without number, and amongst the men might be recognised the distinguished names in the military or diplomatic circles of Russia. Lady Granville danced with the Grand Duke, but his Lordship was too busy all night in making his guests comfortable to join the Terpsychorean pastime. McAlister, Lord Stafford's piper, was in attendance in the ante-room in full uniform, kilt, and philibeg, it being the intention of the noble host that, in some interval of the dance, the Russian guests should be made acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Highland music. But the herdic soul of McAllister was impatient of restraint. For some moments he remained standing in the ante-room, beating time in an imaginary reel, and champing like a war horse impatient of the bit, until at last, what with the strains of rival music from the band, the intoxicating influence of a thousand wax lights reflected from the procelain walls, and the bright forms of beauty that flitted to and fro before the gaze of the bewildered Highlander, flesh and blood could hold out no longer, the inspired Gael shouldered his pipes, and striking up a pibroch that would awaken the dead, marched, with tread, as if at the head of his clan, into the centre of the brilliant ring round which grand dukes and duchesses were at the moment dancing the polonaise. Loud were the puny attempts of catgut and brass rose the wild martial note of the bagpipes. The musicians threw down their instruments in despair, the company ceased dancing, and McAllister was in a moment the centre of an admiring circle, completely absorbed in his pibroch, and beating time with as much accuracy and *sang froid* as if unconscious of the presence of the foremost of the world's *elite*. I watched the effect of this strange music on the unaccustomed ears of the Russians with great interest. They were at first evidently astounded, the officers putting their hands to their ears, and the ladies crossing their hands and gazing on the kilted Æolus in mute surprise. But soon it soon become evident that there was a sympathy between the warlike race on the one side and the warlike music on the other. Both ladies and gentlemen chatted, smiled, and listened; and when shortly after the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, one of the most beautiful women in Russia, retired to another apartment, she sent for McAllister, who played "The White Cockade" in a manner that elicited her imperial highness's gracious commendation. From that moment he became the fashion, and several times in the course of the evening he played again to admiring audiences. I may mention before parting with our musical friend, that since his arrival he has been quite a lion among the Russians, who follow him in crowds through the streets. There is much speculation amongst the majiks as to his real character and functions, but the most prevailing impression is that he is the chief of all the foreign ambassadors, and that with a fastidious refinement of hauteur, he prefers walking on the ground that none of the carriages are grand enough for his notions of personal dignity.—Moscow correspondent of the *Daily News*.

A GOOD NAME.—Always be more solicitous to preserve your innocence than concerned to prove it. It will never do to seek a good name as a primary object. Like trying to be graceful, the effort to be popular will make you contemptible. Take care of your spirits and conduct, and your reputation will take care of itself. The utmost that you are called to do as the guardian of your reputation is to remove injurious aspersions. Let not your good be evil spoken of, and follow the highest examples in mild and explicit self vindication. No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle; and he who would maintain a good character should be mainly solicitous to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—A friend tells us of a rich incident that occurred the other day in the court-room at Frankfort, in which the proverbial attractions of the elephant are very forcibly illustrated. It seems that, on the day in question, a menagerie was expected in the city, and the people were naturally on the *qui vive* for the approaching sights—an interest in which, as the sequel shows, his Honor the Judge keenly participated. Notwithstanding, the court was held on that day, though not exactly as usual. In the progress of the morning's business a case of continuance arose, which the Judge was evidently not at all inclined to favor. His countenance, indeed, grew absolutely stern with disfavor. —The lawyer in charge, having urged his plea with all the ingenuity and ability at his command, was at length in the act of yielding the point in despair, when a brother lawyer, especially up to snuff, rose and whispered into his ear that the menagerie had arrived, and *the elephant would swim the river!* The suggestion was big with relief. Brightening with hope, the wily lawyer at once drew himself up deferentially, and addressing the court, said: "May it please your Honor, I have this moment learned that the Great American Menagerie has reached this city, and *the elephant will immediately swim the Kentucky river!* The people, I am informed, are already thronging upon the banks to witness the extraordinary feat." The hit was palpable. —The intelligence of Buchanan's election could hardly have wrought a more wonderful change in the bearing of his Honor. His stern countenance at once relaxed into the most genial complacency, and, in a tone of generous excitement, he remarked: "Gentlemen, I grant this continuance, and adjourn the court. I never *have* seen an elephant swim a river, and, as I am an old man, it isn't likely that I'll ever have a better opportunity. The court's adjourned!" The last thing our friend saw of the court, it was making for the river at a speed never contemplated by the Life Insurance Company. Verily, there's no resisting the elephant!—*Louisville Journal.*

FIRE AT "THREE RIVERS."—*Montreal*, Nov. 17. The fire at "Three Rivers" was first discovered in a house in Notre Dame Street, at 4 o'clock, Saturday morning; the inmates barely escaped with their lives. The wind blowing fresh from the North, the fire caught the houses on the opposite side, and spread with fearful rapidity, and consumed three sides of the block about 50 buildings in all. The estimated amount of the property destroyed is about £100,000.

About one half of the business portion of the town was destroyed. As usual, the scarcity of water tended to this result: for upwards of half an hour not a single carter could be found to draw water from the river, which is in the immediate vicinity. The flames spread until they were literally exhausted for want of sustenance.

Any person in the country, where timber is cheap, can erect an ice-house at but little expense. All that is required is to put up a strong frame of the size of the house required, and board it up close, inside and outside, with a space between, all around. This space is stuffed close with sawdust. The roof is made in the same manner, and the house is then complete. Straw and sawdust are cheap, and are good non-conductors. The house should be situated on a dry spot, and should have a drain under the floor. It should also be convenient to be filled easily. The walls of stone and brick ice-houses should be double, as well as those of wood. Great care should be exercised in packing ice—all the blocks should be clear and solid, and about the same thickness, so that they may be packed close together, and frozen into a solid mass. In favorable situations, good ice-houses may be excavated, like caves, in the face of a hill.

Mount Hood, in Oregon, has now been ascertained, by actual measurement, to be full eighteen thousand three hundred and sixty-one feet high. This is the highest peak on the American continent, and one of the highest in the world.

A man was arrested in Ohio recently for getting drunk. He pleaded, that he had not been guilty of violating the new law, and claimed the right of being tried by the old, on the ground that he had got drunk under the old law, and hadn't been sober since. The judge was puzzled, and held the case over for advisement.

But the policy of the incoming administration is the absorbing topic of conversation. It is now given out, that *Buchanan is in favour of Kansas as a free State.* Has all along held to the propriety, if not the necessity, of this course, and the recent emphatic expression of public sentiment on the despotic course of the Pierce administration, in regard to that Territory, makes it, I assure you, a fixed fact in the policy of the new government. It was deemed injudicious by Mr. Buchanan's friends to avow this before the election; but now that the contest is over, and he is to be the next occupant of the White House, there is no hesitation in making it public, and talking about it and canvassing its effects at the North and South.

It will create much astonishment at the South, and will cause a deep feeling of indignation in those quarters—perhaps war to the knife. Jefferson Davis, who was one of the leaders of the secessionists, will open the question in the Senate when he takes his seat from Mississippi, after the Pierce administration is properly buried and the grave covered with green sods. It is thought, that the first movement to counteract the effect of this measure will be to pour emigrants into Texas, and slice that State into two additional States, giving the South four Senators, while Kansas will only add two to the North.

A young gentleman who had been educated for the profession of a dandy, but who, not having the means to carry on the business, had turned his attention to the loafing business with considerable ability as an amateur in that line, was found dead on Christmas day at Gallatin, having evidently died under particularly shocking circumstances. In swallowing a lump of molasses candy, the sticky edible had caught the end of his moustache and pulled it down his throat, and a painful death was the consequence, though the jury could not agree as to whether it was the result of strangulation, or poison by the nitrate of silver in the hair dye with which the moustache was colored.

INITIATION OF LAWS FOR IRELAND.—Mr. Tristram Kennedy, M. P., has addressed a long epistle to the Irish constituencies in favour of a plan suggested in a notice of motion which stands in his name in the book of the House of Commons for the ensuing session, namely, that of appointing standing committees of the English, Scotch and Irish members respectively, to prepare and digest the measures affecting their several countries previous to their being submitted for the consideration of the whole House. With respect to Ireland, he contends that the character, the customs, the wants, and the necessities of that country are in a great measure unknown in England; that a committee of Irish members would be better informed in these respects: and that, if the consideration of Irish questions rested with them, "we might," says Mr. Kennedy, "hope that our laws would in course of time, be adapted to our condition, instead of being framed without reference to it, and the fruitless effort would be suspended of seeking to adapt us to our laws." The controlling power would still remain with the majority—that is, with the 496 English members; but he believes that the House would be slow to exercise its power despotically in opposition to the wishes of a people, legally expressed through its authorised representives.

Lady Byron, widow of the poet, has sent a donation of £65 to the Kansas sufferers, with the proviso, that it shall not be expended for arms; although she sympathises with those who have resisted oppression as the risk of their lives.

'No man,' said a wealthy but weak-minded barrister, 'should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property.'—'May I ask,' said Curran,' how many acres makes a wiscacre?