New Orleans Daily Crescent.

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J. O. NIXON, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE DAILY CRESCENT

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Four	38	67	90	140	225
Five	46	79	105	159	275
Six	52	93	120	200	329
Seven	60	105	135	230	375
Eight	65	115	150	250	420
Nine	70	125	165	300	460
Ten	75	135	180	320	500
Eleven	80	145	195	370	540
Twelve	85	155	210	380	580
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Fourteen	95	175	230	430	660
Fifteen	100	185	240	450	700
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Five	18	32	42	68	110
Ten	30	55	75	120	200
Fifteen	40	75	100	160	250
Thirty	70	130	180	300	480

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1866.

OUR JOB OFFICE is now the most complete and extensive establishment of the kind in the city. The type, presses, material and entire fixtures are new, having just been received from the founders and machine shops of Connor & Sons, G. P. Gordon and R. Hoe & Co., of New York, and in variety and beauty cannot be excelled in the South. We have connected with this department one of the best ruling machines ever brought South, and can turn out all descriptions of job work, ruled, lettered and bound, at the shortest notice, in the most workman-like manner and upon most reasonable terms.

In addition to a corps of experienced printers, we have secured the services in this department of Mr. W. W. Brisbin and Mr. Charles W. Clark, so favorably known as job printers previous to the war, under the firm of Clark & Brisbin. Their friends and ours will bear this in mind and send in their orders.

N. O. J. & G. N. R. R.—There is in our columns a standing advertisement of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad, over the signature of Capt. Goodloe, the head of its passenger department, which greatly interests and should much attract travelers and those who intend leaving the city during the summer. It enumerates the superiority of this route over others in speed and comfort, and contains a table exhibiting the number of hours taken to reach all the great centers of commerce and resorts of pleasure in the United States and Canadas. Let everybody look for it and read it carefully, as there is information in it that will save much time and at least ten dollars to every traveler.

The immense business done by Messrs. Kreeger & Seligman is owing altogether to the cheapness of their goods. They sell a bolt of fine white Irish linen, warranted pure flax and containing 24 yards, for $10, $11 and $12 a piece; a dozen fine cambric handkerchiefs for $2 50 and $2 75 per dozen; a roll of linen lawn for $5; 4-4 white cotton at 30 cents per yard; French corsets, genuine Wherly shape, with whalebone, for $1 75. Don't fail to ride up to their handsome store, 607 Magazine street, one block above the market, near Josephine street, marble front, opposite the St. Elizabeth Asylum.

LAST CLEARING OUT SALE AT LEVOIS.—It will, no doubt, be interesting to the ladies to read the advertisement of Messrs. J. Levois & Co., which appears in the CRESCENT this morning, under the above heading. A magnificent assortment of French goods is offered at very low prices indeed, and as all these goods are freshly imported and of the latest Paris styles they are just what is wanted for present wear. In this matter there is no deception, for the prices are published to the world, and all that a lady will have to do is to decide what she wants to know what she will have to pay.

PLANTATION CLOTHING.—That enterprising firm Messrs. Wallace & Co., Nos. 74 Canal street and 91, 93 and 95 Common street, have added a new branch to their already immense business, that of plantation clothing, which they manufacture in the city. As these goods are gotten up by our own sewing women, they have none of the faults which those brought from abroad usually have, and will wear well and fit well. Country merchants will thus see that they can now buy from Messrs. Wallace & Co. their whole stock of dry goods, boots and shoes, hats and clothing, which will be of immense saving of time and trouble to them. We invite attention to their advertisement which appears in another column.

MOBILE AND GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD.—It will be seen from an advertisement which we publish in another column this morning, that this road is now making close connections with all sections of the Union, and that it has accommodations for the traveling public inferior to no route in the South. It will be an agreeable variation, no doubt, for parties going North to go across the lake in the splendid mail boats now running on the route, and then taking rail go through Alabama and Mississippi by the Mobile and Ohio road. We invite a consideration of the claims of this route, and refer our readers to the advertisement.

OPELOUSAS RAILROAD.—We congratulate the friends of this road, and the citizens of Texas, on the fact that a contract has just been entered into by this company and Charles Morgan, Esq., for running a tri-weekly line of steamers from and to Berwick's Bay, and ports in Texas, as was the case before the war, to transport passengers, freight, and the mails; and that it will go into operation as soon as some trifling obstructions in the channel of the bay can be removed, which the company have now commenced doing.

MOODY'S DOZEN REASONS.—We invite a perusal of Moody's dozen reasons for selling his goods at cost. That they will convince the world he is in earnest is almost sure. We like the liberality of his eighth reason, and hope that it will meet with the reward which it deserves. His great success in business has not spoiled him, and although rich, he has not grown too selfish to allow his friends to have a share of his profits occasionally. Viva Moody!

WILCOX & GIBBS' Machine will sew, hem, fell, braid, tuck, gather, quilt, cord and embroider with perfect satisfaction. Wilcox & Gibbs' are repaired and warranted at No. 5 St. Charles street. Please call and examine.

WIND AND TONGUE.

Thomas Carlyle, the renowned essayist, historian and philosopher, was lately appointed provost of the University of Edinburgh. He signalized his entrance upon that high office by an unwritten address to the students, in the course of which he is reported to have expressed gloomy apprehensions as to the future of Great Britain and America, accusing their people of being "all wind and tongue." Carlyle deals largely in emphasis and superlatives. Nature and education have made him a critic of the severe, exacting and denunciatory school. His eye dwells on deformities and he so describes them as to present caricatures rather than true pictures. The quaint, jagged, strong style he uses, corresponds with the nature of his mind. Moderation, smoothness, elegance and clearly flowing language would be an unnatural affectation.

From the sweeping charge above quoted, a stranger to the character and history of the Anglo-Saxon nations would infer that Britains and Americans were remarkable only for words, and that the insignificant things they have done and are doing are made ridiculous by what they say.

As an author, Carlyle's life has been spent with speakers and writers. Even when writing the lives of men like Cromwell and Frederick, greatly renowned for their deeds and but little for their words, he has been obliged to have recourse to the labors of writers—the men of "wind and tongue." For two-score years he has been principally engaged in the works of those who deal in words in the thousand forms presented by modern speeches, lectures, sermons, essays, journals, pamphlets, documents and books. In his dealings with words he has forgotten that professed speakers and writers, though probably too numerous, constitute but a small fraction of the people. He appears to have lost sight of the immense silent labors of the land and sea, which have created British wealth and extended British power. He seems to infer that all America is engaged in making speeches and writing books, and appears to know nothing of the millions who are working with hands and heads in a million of shops and mills. Carlyle knows our country through its journals, and the speeches lectures and sermons of its orators by trade. He knows American "wind and tongue" very thoroughly, but there is something in our country besides these, of which he seems to be ignorant. The events of the past five years ought to prove to him that the American people, so far from being mere talkers, are capable of Titanic labors. Words never built such navies or put such millions into the field of war. The "wind" of the speech makers did not propel these ships nor feed and clothe these troops. It did not build our merchant ships and steamboats—it did not construct our ten thousand miles of railroad—it does not turn our countless mills—does not feed our great and fast growing population—it does not sink mines, bore oil wells, or hew out quarries. A great labor is done by our thirty millions of people, by land and water, in workshops and in fields—a silent, assiduous and unostentatious labor, known only by results.

The men of "wind and tongue" who are so prominent in the foreground of Carlyle's picture, though they make themselves obtrusively conspicuous, really form but a small proportion of American society. If we exclude from observation all who teach, legislate, lecture, preach, write and plead—all who deal in words by virtue of their vocations or from choice, and there will still remain a great nation of silent and thoughtful workers in no way obnoxious to the sweeping charge. A cotton mill may be all noise to a blind man—he is conscious of nothing but the rattle and clatter of the machinery. So our nation is all "wind and tongue" to Carlyle because he is conscious of nothing beneath. He is deceived by the foam on our great, deep, moving sea of action, and seems ignorant of its tides and currents.

Of American "wind and tongue" undeniably there is much that is needless, and not a little of this superfluity is positively mischievous. Speeches are made and books are written which do no good. The products of the periodical press are not all gems in style, nor profound in thought, nor reliable in statement, nor honest in intention. We have preachers who make men less religious, legislators who darken counsel with a multitude of words, teachers who explain their tuition into muddy confusion, lawyers who weave but a tangled web of argument, and lecturers who never winnow their grain. A higher state of civilization will bring a better literature and a more ennobling oratory, and may lessen the quantity of both. Books, newspapers, sermons and speeches, the various products of "wind and tongue," are but the pastime of the American people; their serious silent labor must be sought in other things than words. There are very many in our country who have leisure to read, and this leisure creates a demand for books and papers. The supply equals the demand both in amount and excellence. When tastes are more cultivated among readers and listeners the quality of speeches and books will be improved.

INSURANCE AGAINST SUDDEN DEATH AND ACCIDENTS.—The Southern and Western Life and Accident Insurance Company has been incorporated under the State law of 1855, and is now in full operation. For a small premium every father of a family, or any other citizen, can have his life or his limbs insured; and in these days of railroad accidents and general insecurity, the money spent in inconsidered trifles might realize independence and comfort for a bereaved family, if invested in an Accident Insurance Company.

This company is essentially solid and substantial; it will prove a material benefit to those who insure themselves, and to the company; and we exhort all those who have families or relatives and friends dependent upon them for support, to have their lives and limbs insured at the Southern and Western Life and Accident Insurance Company. The names of the directors are a guaranty of security and reliability.

GREAT BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS.—When the ladies of the city read the advertisement of Giquel, which appears in the CRESCENT this morning, we have no doubt but that they will be exceedingly anxious to pay that splendid store a visit, and get a share of the great bargains which can be had there. In fact the goods are being sacrificed in a manner beyond parallel. Giquel always sold his goods cheap, but now he is almost giving them away, as will be seen by the list of prices in the advertisement. The stock in that house is one of the most splendid in America, consequently those who cannot get suited there must be fastidious indeed.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH ALE AND PORTER.—Those who are desirous of procuring a genuine article of English and Scotch ale and porter, are referred to the advertisement, in to-day's paper, of Mr. J. W. Platt, dealer in all sorts of groceries, wines, teas, etc., at No. 57 Carondelet street. Mr. Platt is constantly importing the genuine ales and porters direct from Europe, is selling them at reduced prices, will dispose of any quantity, from a bottle up, and will deliver all purchases free of charge in any part of the city. Now that warm weather is coming on, those who need healthy and invigorating tonics cannot do better than lay in a supply of the genuine English and Scotch ales and porters kept by Mr. Platt.

SPOONER'S ANTI-FEVER AND AGUE PILLS.—We direct the attention of those afflicted with that painful and stubborn disease, fever and ague, to read the advertisement of Messrs. J. S. Maunsell & Co., No. 21 Chartres street, in which a valuable specific is announced. We speak of Spooner's anti-fever and ague pills. Those pills it is claimed never fail to cure the most chronic cases, and leaves the constitution so strengthened and invigorated that all the bad effects of the disease are done away with.

TURTLE SOUP AT THE PLANET.—Michel has a splendid green turtle for his friends' lunch to-day and to-morrow. All who aspire to be aldermen should go there and partake of them.

BOOKKEEPING AND PENMANSHIP.—Let all who wish to be perfect in either attend Dolbear's Commercial College, corner of Camp and Common streets.

The Environs of New Orleans.

NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

We find in the history of Louisiana, that in the month of September, 1766, the Spanish Governor, Don Juan DeUlloa, arrived at New Orleans, accompanied by two infantry companies, under the orders of Major Piernas. Thus, we have the first indication of the name of one of the down town families, whose estates still attest the activity of the successive members of one of the old Spanish settlements made in the vicinity of our city. The family mansion, a two-story building of very modest appearance, was pointed out to us, but quite recently, somewhere in the neighborhood of the sugar refinery, of which we have already indicated the location.

In 1816, we found several other Spanish families, who had settled in the lower districts of the suburban precincts of our city—in fact, this nationality seems generally to have preferred the lower localities for improvements to those of the upper districts; no doubt, because in the latter circuits a more active, a more stirring movement was required to keep up with the never ceasing competition of the new arrivals of Northern immigrants. These old Spanish families have almost lost themselves by frequent intermarriages with the even more ancient families of French colonists, and all go, or are designated by the generic name, Creole families, which means, indeed, those descendants of former European colonists born or raised in the country—in other words, the natives of the land.

Many descriptions have been given of the modes of life of these native populations in the time of the first arrivals of the Northern people from the States in Louisiana, after the acquisition of the country; and when we set our foot upon the soil, we found these descriptions generally correct, for little change had been wrought during the first decade after the advent of the American regime. Nay, it is our impression that the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the country would have continued the same for an indefinite period of time had it not been for the immense influx of foreign population into the various sections and regions of our State. In the beginning, strangers or foreigners would generally adopt the modes of living of the native population, but when the immigrants began to outnumber the old inhabitants, a contrary process took place, and the manners, customs and language of the new and more active members of Louisiana society obtained the upper hand. Hence at this present day, and particularly in the city of New Orleans, there is such a variety, such an infinite assortment, as it were, of all national customs, usages and tongues, that the greatest cosmopolite will assuredly meet with a full satisfaction of his desires, in this aggregation, this conglomeration of human society; of all fashions, sorts and sizes. And if this process of immigration continues, without interruption—as there is every probability in the present perspective, thissame infinite variety will continue to offer the most curious and interesting social spectacle in the world. We have already stated in former numbers, that the names given to many of our city and suburban streets and thoroughfares are connected with historical events, as well as some of our former remarkable men or active members of society, and therefore should not be obliterated or changed upon slight occasion. There are two small streets in the vicinity of the upper cotton presses, between Tchoupitoulas and St. Thomas streets, one called Roffignac, and the other Bellechasse streets. These streets were named after two former personages, who had, during several decades, figured in the foremost part of the active social elements of the New Orleans community. J. D. Degoutin de Bellechasse, we have already mentioned as one of the testamentary executors of the late Daniel Clark, of whom he had been, in fact, one of the most intimate friends, and whose unlucky fate he seems to have shared; for after a very brilliant career in legislation, etc., etc., being one of the city delegation in the territorial convention that framed the State Constitution in 1812, we find, that after that period his name and reputation all at once seems to have vanished, and we have indeed been informed, that having miscarried in most of his landed speculations in the up town lots, he finally withdrew to Havana, or some of the West India islands. The other personage, however, M. Roffignac, met with better success, he, as well as Bellechasse, had largely speculated in the newly laid out suburban town lots, above Delorde street, which plots were laid out in 1810, or there about; and whilst for a whole decade, that is to say, from 1810 to 1820, there was not the least stir of an improvement in the up town suburban real estate value. Roffignac was lucky enough in preserving the greater part of his acquired vacant lots, upon which he managed to have some tobacco warehouses erected. Hence, when about that time, a new era dawned upon New Orleans by this sudden expansion of the cotton culture, and the late Samuel Jarvis Peters, then a new beginner in the grocery line, was looking about for some down town assistance in forwarding his plan for the improvement of the upper sections of the city, in which he foresaw that the real prospect of future activity and commerce would be continued, he formed with Roffignac, then an alderman like him in the city council, a closer connection, and enlisted the latter in his views of pushing ahead the public works and undertakings for the benefit of the general public as well as individual advancement. So it came, that by the influence of the Peters interest, Roffignac was elected mayor of New Orleans, and under his administration, Samuel J. Peters, the real mover, the active member for long years in the city council, brought about the wonderful change and the great enhancement of the value of real estate in all our city sections, but most particularly in the upper portion of the suburban district, then the second municipality. Under these circumstances Roffignac, who had been but a mere captain of a dismounted company of Spanish dragoons, realizing a splendid fortune out of his upper vacant lot speculations, was enabled to return to France, and spend the remainder of his days with his family in affluence, among the Parisian society's *elite*; whilst some of his former messmates and companions, with less luck or foresight breathed their last in foreign climes, and almost as refugees or renegades. That vast fortunes have been made in our city by the often very sudden enhancement of real estate or vacant town lots, cannot be gainsaid, but we are of opinion that the era of such fortunes making has past, not to return for many years to come. In one respect, this latter result is much to be desired, for to our city, the sudden fluctuations in the value of real estate has rather been a drawback, than an advantage. The greater number of those that did realize their fortunes by such land speculations, did withdraw to foreign countries, very often to Paris, and there spent all their incomes, their revenues or rents, which had to be remitted from this country by their agents, and thus created a continual efflux of the monied means from our borders without hardly any benefit in return. On the other hand, those that had been unsuccessful in these land speculations, or had been ruined, as was often the case (for these periodical swindling fluctuations very much resembled the chances of public lottery drawings, in which there are more losers than winners) became disgusted with their business, and finally fell a burthen to society at large. Hence, if things should never again assume the former shape of lively land speculations, there will be no harm whatever in such a course, provided real, actual industry shall pursue its ever, steady, quiet march; for under such an order, real estate, as well as vacant lots, will preserve their intrinsic, invariable valuation; and such a condition, such a state of our landed property is worth all the fictitious value, which momentary speculation, or fancy enterprizes may stimulate people to assume and rely upon. If means could be discovered to abrogate the baneful absenteeism, the spending abroad the means which our home industry is earning every year, and retain those very values in our midst, for the improvement of our own city and environs, this would indeed be a most valuable discovery; but so far our endeavors to discover such a remedy have been vain; we know of no way to prevent people from leaving our country and spending their money elsewhere—except the rendering of our own land more attractive than that of their former homesteads as a place of nativity.

[Special Correspondence of the Crescent.]

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, April 2, 1866.

There is no denying it. Letters are the pleasantest things in the world. Here I am in Paris, and thinking on home and friends, I dip my pen into my yawning inkstand (which, by the way, contains a drop or two for every friend I have) and without the fear of a sour ejaculation, a frown, or a toss of the head, I throw out my thoughts upon a white page—and here they are. There may be heard or seen many signs of non admiration or discontent, when this letter reaches my dear city, but at least I shall not be there to hear or see them—the broad ocean roars between us.

This great city, ever throbbing with some emotion, is gasping through the last dinners, reunions d'artistes, races, etc., like some worn down courser. To-day it is the pageant, hollow and futile, of a funeral, which fills this great heart with emotion. Yesterday it was a favorite horse at the races, and to-morrow it will be a new *debutant* at some theater. Even the Easter eggs have held their share in the tumultuous heart's upheavings; for the same eager eyes that follow the sights in art and science, that gaze in thirsty curiosity upon tragic scenes, have feasted also before the windows of the three famous establishments of bonbons of Paris—Sivaudin, Gouache and Boissier—looking at the ducks upon their nests of eggs—the doves, the pheasants and the dolls, with pretty much the same feeling as that with which they looked upon Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in their last hour. They looked to see that all was well done. Surely they were as well pleased there before Sivaudin's windows as they were about the royal scaffold.

The tide of life here just now is something wonderful. There appears in everything a casting off of the old love for the new. Winter is forgotten while yet the winds are rude, and spring is allured before the buds appear. Poets with their hollow eyes and broad-brim hats, are out in search of it about all the promenades and gardens. The birds of the Tuileries are daintily pricking at the tender shoots of grass. The *lorettes*, who are first in everything here, would make one believe they had found it in the spring fabrics of their dresses; and the gourmets, they, too, are to be found in the chase—yet not for a *breath* of spring do they sigh, as sigh the poets, but for a *taste*. They are to be seen at all the windows, where gourmets love to congregate, diligently searching out the first strawberries, the first asparagus, the first potatoes. In the midst of all this there is a new phase exhibited in the Southerner, (American.) He stands by the early strawberries—he looks too upon the gaudy fashions, attired in his plain suit, *par excellence*, and he is forced to adopt the axiom of a celebrated miser who lives in a charming little book of the day: He examines and admires everything which attracts his desire or attention, and securing his few francs firmly in his pocket, he says, triumphantly, walking away, "*Supposons que je l'aie acheté.*"

He remembers a land of the "cypress and myrtle," where the spring was like Paradise—a land teeming with abundance and beauty—a sun so genial—a sky so blue—May days, lengthening into June. Does *he* remember, when thousands who are sleeping forever now, were made glad under its spell?

Broad prairies, with their carpets of green, and variegated flowers, forests of stately pines forever sighing, and magnolias with their bright green shining, and their great languid blossoms shaking out odors to the soft winds; yellow jasmine and the bignonia covering the tall beeches to their topmost branches, and dropping their showers of yellow and red. Such a spring does *he* remember, the Southerner, wandering along the Boulevards, about the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysees and the Tuileries; and with such a memory, spring, even in Paris, becomes a vain word.

There is exhibited now, in the windows of the fine onyx establishment on the Boulevards, a work of art which well deserves the attention and admiration it attracts. It is a clock, representing the goddess who holds the thread of life; life size is the figure and very beautiful. The material is of the finest *bronze argente*, and stands upon a pedestal four feet in height.

From a hand, elevated above her head, drops the fatal thread, which is the pendulum, and her eyes are cast down upon the small globe at the extremity of the thread, which represents the world. The motion of this globe is rotary. The hours are marked lower down upon the pedestal, beneath which Time is represented in a *plaque* of similar metal incrusted in the onyx. Not the figure of an old, withered man, with frightful features and bony limbs, but a little creature, half imp, half angel, hiding with its wings the ominous sands, and looking fond and wicked all at once.

But the story of the whole allegory is told by the goddess. In her pose are found expressions which make one pause and review. Upon her lips and about her chin we trace the portraits of the days of young love—fondest memories, tenderest follies! The head is bent upon the breast, and the pity we find upon the quivering eyelids, the solemn stillness about the temples, tell us plainly she is looking at the end of the fatal thread. She sees it all—its whole length is before her. I dare say many a heart has confessed the story of its life before this striking allegory, and a curious thing it would be to hear all these stories.

Mozart is living in the ambitions of the directors of the three principal operas of Paris. "Don Giovanni" is sung at the Italiens, poorly understood, poorly rendered. La Patti dashes about the stage like some gay little fish sunning itself. Art, the divine art, to her is a sealed book. She carols, she coquets with *roulades*, she astonishes the ear; but that great rock, the public heart, sends not forth its fountain to her call. Hers is not the wand to strike it.

In "Linda" she is delicious; she soars like a lark in the "Barbiere;" she captivates in the "Somnambula;" but Mozart, interpreted by her, is a body without a soul—a poem without punctuation. She does not phrase it.

It is M'me Miolan whose baptism is recorded in classic music. Her voice is not very charming. It is no longer round and full, and at times is even limited, but she knows Mozart. She is gifted with that inborn comprehension of the great master's inspirations. This no school can give, no study acquire. It is the sacred baptism of the divine art. In the "Flute Enchantée"—the "Zauberflöte"—she is charming. Every sound is soul—every phrase is poetry complete. In the "ah loso" she becomes everything. Her voice is tears—not tears as we hear them often sung, with grave and grating chest notes, or high piercing cries—but real tears. The soul is pained; the heart is breaking.

'Je croyais à ta tendresse,
Et mon cœur est desolé.'

One is inclined on hearing this, to wonder if the great spirit of its creator rests in the closed tomb far away. Yet M'me Miolan is no actress; she looks like some lady who is playing in private theatricals, and who does not care to study her part.

Listz is in Paris, to preside at a mass composed by himself, which is to be sung shortly. I give Rossini's last mot: "Listz *fait* des messes pour," "s'habituer à les *dire*." He, Listz, attended, on Sunday last, one of the classical concerts of Pasdeloup, and was loudly saluted. These concerts are musical *feasts*—Mozart, Beethoven, Hayden, Sphor, Gluck, Mendelssohn, etc. They are instrumental, and are perhaps the finest classical concerts outside of Germany.

As to the fashions, they are growing more and more extraordinary. Dresses are *retroussées* to the knees; the *vêtements* or paletots are a mild mixture of Louis XV, Louis XIII, musquetaires, mountaineers, what not? The boots are worn demi-zambe, with heels so high as to throw the body quite forward, giving a peculiar gait to the walk. The amazons wear a full suit of cloth, pantaloons, vest, coat, cravat and hat, with patent leather boots; over this is worn a thin cloth riding skirt, but the *debonnaire* air and fashion of throwing it over the arm when the rider dismounts, displays fully the complete male attire.

Bonnets are changing their shapes like April clouds. To-day they are composed of a single rose or other large flower. The rose is a spring rose, well blown, it is true, but the bonnet is only a rose. It rests perched on the top of the head, with two ribbons of pink or green passing down and tieing under the chin. From the side of this rose floats a gauze veil of pink, or violet, or green, and strange to say for a veil, it hangs behind. The entire *coiffure* is not larger than a tea saucer. The Princess Meternich appeared at the opening of the chambers with a bonnet which was a white feather, tied on with two ribbons passing under the chin, and fastened to the ribbon by a diamond *aigrette*.

The style of the hair is "empire"—puffs, curls, powder, frises, etc., and to accompany it the cheeks and lips are painted red, the temples white, with little *mouches* here.

As the dresses are "empire," also, they are extremely *décolletées*.

Apropos, I heard a *bon mot* at the Italiens, which is really too good to pass. A young Frenchman, full of life and *esprit*, was ploughing his way as best he could, through the crushed mass of silk, gauze and velvet, to reach his own seat, when his foot caught up the velvet train of a lady, who, in her rage exclaimed, "*Fichu maladroit!*" "*Pardon, Madame*," retorted the young Frenchman, casting his eyes down upon her bare shoulders, "*Croyez moi le fichu serait beaucoup mieux sur vos épaules que sur vos livres!*"

VISTA.

Call Things by their Right Names.

We take the following from yesterday's Picayune:

Webster, the lexicographer, in his "Great Unabridged," (so called because it contains a heap of "unabridged" nonsense,) defines the word *quack*, thus: A boastful pretender to medical skill; an empiric; an ignorant practitioner; a charlatan; a mountebank, etc., etc.

Next, he defines the word *nostrum* thus: A medicine the ingredients of which are kept secret for the purpose of restricting the profits of sale to the inventor or proprietor; *a quack or patent medicine*.

The word *quack*, above, is no doubt defined correctly, the definer having been one of the biggest quacks who ever attempted to remodel the English language, certainly should have known how to define the word; but why a nostrum, or patent medicine, should be called a "quack medicine," is more than any maker of big dictionaries can assign any good reasons for.

Nostrum is derived from the Latin, and signifies "ours" or "our own" and there is no good reason why odium should be attached to the word.

Making "quack medicine" synonymous with "nostrum" and "patent medicine," then shows that the definer's notions were much confused, or his prejudices fully aroused. He probably took his cue from some "regular practitioners," who, in his day, denounced every medicine, the ingredients of which were not made known to the public, and endeavored to fasten a stigma upon every patent medicine, simply because it was such, without regard to qualities or virtues. All were denounced as "quack medicines," and Webster did not stop to inquire whether rightfully or not, but so put it down in his "big book." Well, there it stands, "so recorded," although during his day, and since his day, it has been demonstrated over and over again, that many of the most valuable remedies in use, come under the head of "patent medicines," or "nostrums," if you please.

Because an individual who has at great expense and labor got up a remedy which is truly valuable, it is none the less so because he choses to patent it and keep the secret of its manufacture to himself. Not at all. This is his privilege, and in most instances his daily bread; and calling it a "quack medicine" does not make it so, any more than calling a man a model lexicographer makes him so.

The medicinal virtues of several remedies in popular use known as "patent medicines" are too well known, and their reputation too well established, to admit of argument longer concerning their value. They answer the purposes for which they are recommended, and the people are satisfied with them.

There is a druggist in this city who has given the subject of patent medicines much attention for years. He has done this for the purpose of winnowing the grain from the chaff, with a view of selecting such as were truly valuable and discarding the worthless. James Gonegal, No. 20 St. Charles street, is the druggist referred to. He is agent for a greater number and a better class of medicines than any other man in the South, and this branch of his business is daily expanding. He accepts the agency of no remedy that has not been fairly and thoroughly tested and pronounced valuable by those who have given it a fair trial.

Prominent among these are Russ' St. Domingo preparations, Hubbell's Golden Bitters and Cabinet Brandy, Gardiner's Rheumatic and Neuralgic Compound, the "Martha Washington" Hair Restorer, Dr. Jayne's preparations, Dr. Davis' Pain Killer, Helmbold's Buchu, Hurley's Sarsaparilla, Wheaton's Itch Ointment, all of the beverages manufactured by Russ & Co., Mrs. Winslow's Mystic Pills for diseases peculiar to the female constitution, Mrs. Winslow's Queen Hair Restorer, etc.

All the above named remedies have a wide reputation in the North and West, and most of them have become pretty generally known in the South. Each of them the best in the market for the cases they were designed to meet.

Among the list above mentioned, the reader will notice these words: "All of the beverages manufactured by Russ & Co." The writer would add something further concerning these.

Many years ago several importers of wines and liquors, in order to meet the demands of those who could not afford to purchase importations by the pipe, hogshead, barrel or cask, conceived the plan, and carried it out to some extent, of bottling several choice wines and liquors and selling them by the case, of one dozen bottles each. This business soon became a popular and profitable one. Several fortunes were thus rapidly made. Then it was a host of unscrupulous manufacturers of adulterations rushed into the market with their vile compounds, and such was the character of the vendors and their counterfeits, that disrepute was brought upon the entire bottling business, and for years the demand for liquors put up in this manner was comparatively limited.

Thus the matter stood when Russ & Co., of New York, entered the field with unlimited capital, and a determination to run out of market these adulterations, by offering in their stead the same class of beverages the importers first offered, at a living profit and nothing more. By producing positive proof that they used none but genuine liquors and materials, they soon had matters their own way, and they now bottle more beverages of various kinds, and cordials, than all other similar establishments in the United States.

The following are the names of the articles which they bottle:

Russ' St. Domingo punch, Russ' St. Domingo bitters, Russ' St. Domingo wine, Russ' imperial arrack punch, Russ' messina punch, Russ' mint julep, Russ' London cordial gin, cocktail bitters, gin cocktail, Bourbon cocktail, brandy cocktail, choice old cognac brandy, purest blackberry brandy, old cherry brandy, ginger brandy, Bourbon whisky, Scotch whisky, choice Madeira wine, choice sherry wine, choice port wine, choice Jamaica rum, choice St. Croix rum, choice Holland gin, purest rasberry syrup, sirop de gomme, ginger cordial, annisette cordial, annisette, perfect love, vanilla, rose, noyau, peppermint, maraschino, hock wine, haut sauterne, absynthe, curacoa, vermouth.

James Gonegal is agent for all of these, and keeps a full supply always on hand.

COTTON DETHRONED!—AN ASTOUNDING DECISION IN THE CASE OF LINEN VS. COTTON.—It has been decided that fine Irish linen, such as Messrs. Kreeger & Seligman sell at 40, 45 and 50 cents per yard, is vastly cheaper than cotton at any price. 607 Magazine street is the place to buy your white goods and linens at perhaps twenty-five per cent. cheaper than anywhere else in the city. They sell a bolt of fine linen, twenty-five yards, for $10. Who can beat that?

THE STITCH made by the Willcox & Gibbs' sewing machines is unexceptionable, and superior even to hand sewing, being stronger and more beautiful. Can be seen at No. 5 St. Charles street.

Education at the South.

[From the Metropolitan Record.]

No more important nor more difficult question is presented to the Southern people in their efforts to reconstruct society than the question of the proper system of education to be henceforth followed.

Education is not merely teaching the contents of books; it comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations. To give children a good education in manners, arts and science is important; to give them a religious education is indispensable, and immense responsibility rests on parents and guardians who neglect these duties.

No one doubts the importance of giving a thorough education to youth; no one courts the responsibility which a neglect of this duty incurs. The question for the South is how to give this indispensable education.

Before the war it was the almost universal custom of Southerners to import teachers from the North, or to send their children to Northern schools. This was in some cases because education in and from the North was cheaper; in others because it was thought that a few years of boyhood or youth passed in the Northern climate was beneficial to the physical constitution. But cheap education, like other cheap things, is poor economy, and the physical advantages arising from spending several years in Northern boarding schools was too often obtained by a sacrifice of mental and moral characteristics of far greater value.

Without in any manner calling into question the moral character or professional ability of the majority of Northern teachers, whether in Northern schools or located in the South, we do not believe they are the best persons to instruct Southern youth. It is but natural that they should have strong prejudices in favor of the peculiar views of history, of art, of politics, of religion, even of science prevalent in their own sections; and these, even when good in themselves, are seldom adapted to a different section from that in which they have their origin. Such teachers emigrating to the South will be in a state of antagonism to the society in which they live. To acquire and preserve that influence over their pupils without which their labors will be in vain, they must assert and maintain the superiority of their views of men and manners over those held by the parents, relatives and associates of their young charge; or they must conceal their real principles and try to advocate others to which they are in heart opposed. Can a man do this successfully? Not without becoming a learner and hypocrite, instead of being a teacher and a model of sincerity and all moral worth.

The examples of great men, famous in war, in statesmanship, in religion, in love of their country and of their fellow-men, should be held up for imitation. In our day Washington and Franklin were the great exemplars, but Washington will, perhaps, be dropped now for Lincoln. For Southern youth, Calhoun, Albert Sydney, Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Leonidas Polk, among the dead; Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, among the living, are the true models—martyrs for the land they loved or confessors in its cause. No Northern teacher who is true to its own education, can be fit to form youth upon these great patterns.

In the Educational Monthly, a periodical, which has considerable influence, and is generally approved by Northern teachers, a new school history is found fault with because the author says that "facts only are presented, and the mind of the youthful student left in freedom as to the principles and motives of the actors in this grand drama who pass in review before him;" and because "the book contains not a word about those sterling men who first settled New England;" and again, because the author praises Calvert and the Maryland colony, and gives slight credit to Roger Williams!

If we have succeeded in directing the attention of our Southern friends to the important matter of speedily adopting and putting into practice a good system of education, we are confident that their own good sense, and the favors they have already received from the Yankees, will prevent them from falling into the snare which these Yankees are setting for their children.

Of the little Latin we remember, one line of Virgil always comes to mind when we hear the Northerners offering favors to the South:

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

Forewarned, forearmed. The people of the South cannot mistake the object of the educational movement in Congress. It is plainly to get control of the education of Southern youth, and, by establishing normal schools upon the same system as is followed in New England, and by placing them under the charge of Northern men, to send forth teachers, who, thoroughly imbued with Northern ideas, with bigoted hatred of Southern institutions, with irreverence and contempt for the great men of Southern history, may corrupt the rising generation, and make our country a nation, indeed, but a nation which shall have for religion, materialism; for morality, the art of concealing vice; for a standard of social worth, money; for patriotism, national vanity; for liberty, license; for God, self.

[From Keeler's Almanac.

Garden Work for May.

Do not fail to secure large beds of Landreth's drumhead, Savoy, etc., cabbage and Brocoli plants, sowing during showery weather. These will stand in the seed bed until August; in the meantime the ground intended for them should be thoroughly dug or ploughed and manured.

Continue to set out sweet potato sprouts or cuttings of vines in favorable weather. Transplant egg plants, and continue planting snap beans every ten or twelve days.

Hill up bush beans before blooming, to keep them upright when bearing.

Work carefully around melons and cucumbers with a pronged hoe; prune the vines so as to distribute the fruit equally, and if the fruit is suffering from the troublesome striped bug try the effect of sprinkling the vines with camphor water, which is made by tying up in muslin a piece of gum camphor as large as an egg, and infusing it in a barrel of rain water. To keep the wind from bundling up the vines, throw a shovel full of dirt on them here and there.

Continue to plant okra, squashes and melons of the different varieties, cucumbers, Lima (or butter) beans, sweet corn; transplant the tomato, pepper, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, etc.

Plant carrots, beets, salsify, parsnips, etc., for the succession.

Work your vegetables carefully, and be sure not to injure the roots with a hoe. Water in dry weather; remove a portion of the soil just round the plants before the watering, and replacing it afterwards, to prevent evaporating from the surface.

The strawberry patch should receive a good working with pronged hoes, to avoid injuring the roots. After thus loosening up the soil, replace the mulching, and there will be little trouble with the weeds for the remainder of the season. If cultivating solely for fruit, the runners must be scrupulously kept down.

Weeds will now begin to infest your gardens, and must be ruthlessly destroyed at their first appearance.

Destroy catterpillars' nests wherever found on your fruit trees. If the branches are crowded or overladen with thickly-set fruit, thin out one half of it, and the remainder will be enough better to pay for the trouble.

Dust over the plumb and nectarine trees with a mixture of quick lime, ashes and sulphur, while the dew is on the leaves, to destroy the curculio.

This month is the last chance to thin every thing that stands too thick to perfect well. Forty beets in a row may do better than eighty.

Sow lettuce seed broad cast on the ground designed for transplanting cabbage. It can be easily pulled up if in the way. The worm will eat down the lettuce, and rarely trouble the cabbage.

The Late Duel in New Orleans.

SOUVENIR.

[From the Mobile Times.]

A private letter from an intimate friend, gives us the particulars of the duel which has occurred between an ex-Confederate and a Federal officer.

The papers erroneously stated that the Confederate was an officer of Coppen's Zouave battalion; now, that gentleman never served in that corps. His name is Francois Charles Guillemot, born in Paris, (France,) and who left New Orleans April 23d, 1861, as sergeant of the first company of "Chasseurs a Pied," of Louisiana. Sergeant Guillemot, although young, had served in the French army, and gained an honorable name in Africa. He followed his original company to Virginia in September following, when, at the urgent request of Col. Marigny, commanding the 10th Louisiana volunteers, he was transferred to that regiment as sergeant major, and in the various engagements where that gallant corps was engaged, Mr. Guillemot displayed such daring bravery, that he attracted the attention of General Jeb Stuart, who was then forming a special corps of flying artillery.

Gen. Stuart asked sergeant Guillemot whether he would serve in mounted artillery, which happened to have been his own branch of service in France, and immediately Gen. Stuart authorized him to recruit, from the whole army, some twenty old French soldiers who had seen service. Guillemot succeeded in raising the squad desired out of his own countrymen, and was then, by special order of General Stuart, given the command of a "Napoleon gun," which soon became celebrated in the army for the rapidity and accuracy of its fire, and its rapid movements on the flank and rear of the enemy.

Soon promoted to a lieutenancy, the name of Guillemot became celebrated, not only for his unsurpassed bravery, but for his wit, his good humor, and, we must add also, for his duelling propensities, as he never knew of any other alternative between soldiers and gentlemen to get out of a difficulty.

Twice while serving with us, he had had such difficulties, and they increased as he rose in rank—but, chivalrous to a fault—he never sought, by the choice of his favorite weapon, the small sword, to secure any advantage over an adversary.

Twice, on the battle field, Gen. Robert E. Lee, still covered with the dust of the fight, sent for Lieut. Guillemot of Stuart's Horse Artillery, and publicly complimented him and held him up as the model soldier.

Mr. Guillemot belongs to an excellent French family of Paris, and is a man of refined education, and whose hasty temper has never spoiled the noble qualities of his heart!

From what our friend writes us, the quarrel was undoubtedly of a political character, and resulted, as most of Guillemot's duels generally resulted, fatally to his adversary, who, shot through the lungs, is reported dying; but who also inflicted on Mr. Guillemot a severe wound, through both legs, breaking the bone of one.

This unfortunate affair, however, might have as well happened on any other subject than politics, and we hope that it will be the last of those useless sacrifices on the bloody altar of civil war.

We cannot help relating here an amusing anecdote of Guillemot's life, showing the degree of coolness he possessed in every act:

As we reached Richmond in September, 1861, our corps was paid off, and as the Confederate States had not yet issued notes of a smaller denomination than hundreds, we found ourselves at a loss how to divide the pay amongst our men—the then very hungry and thirsty "Chasseurs a Pied."

We applied to a gentlemanly broker, who at once proposed to take the treasury notes and issue us his own in any fractional amount we desired. In fact this interesting individual only wanted the capital to start banking.

We agreed to the offer upon his giving us his solemn word of honor that he would not break in twenty-four hours. After that time we knew there would be no money in the hands of the "Chasseurs." The proposition was carried out the same day—a press set to work the whole night, when, on the next morning, this intelligent individual brought us a number of rolls of very neat looking shinplasters, purporting to be the first issue, if we remember aright, of the "Virginia Bankers' and Farmers' Saving Bank," numbered from 1 to —, and varying in value from a dime up to a dollar.

Upon the renewed assurances that the bank would hold good for twelve hours, we transferred them the $2500 we held for our pay roll, and divided amongst the boys the bran new shinplasters, with an urgent recommendation to get rid of them as quick as possible. The injunction was strictly adhered to, and by 10 o'clock that night one solitary half was all that the company possessed. Lots were cast, and Sergeant Guillemot and Corporal Cotte, a brave Floridian of French extraction, were honored with the gift of this—the last of the Mohicans. But the reasons for this immense liberality soon became apparent.

Sergeant Guillemot and Corporal Cotte marched into a coffee-house, and, having imbibed each a drink (not of pure water), they carelessly threw on the counter the fifty cent shinplaster of the great institution of the "Virginia Bankers' and Farmers' Savings Bank," which was fast verging towards its fatal termination. But it appears that in the hurry of getting their new issue out, the gentlemanly banker who signed alternately "President and Cashier," had left this one note unsigned. Let us not suppose that he had any sinister motives! fifty cents, more or less, was no object to him!

But the barkeeper, who was to take thirty out of the said fifty cents, looked closely at the note and politely handing it back to the consumers, remarked, "gentlemen, it is not signed."

Not signed! There was an awful suspense. The two companions had not another cent in the world, and the honor of the uniform of the "Chasseurs a Pied" must not suffer!

But suddenly recovering Sergeant Guillemot addressed Corporal Cotte in a striking and angry voice of command, "Corporal Cotte," continues the sergeant, in a stern tone, "this note is not signed, what does it mean?" "Sergeant," submissively stammered the corporal, "an error—very sorry for it—couldn't help it, in the hurry of getting off."

"Very well, sir, your excuses are received, but let it happen no more." Then, turning with a smile to the barkeeper, he said, "Please give me a pen and ink;" which being at once produced, Sergeant Guillemot coolly proceeded to write his own responsible name, C. F. Guillemot, sergeant, over the printed word "president," and passing the valuable note to Corporal Cotte, high official modestly wrote "J. Cotte, 4th corporal," over the place intended for the cashier.

Sergeant Guillemot, having scrutinously inspected the document, handed it back with another smile to the barkeeper, who, delighted at the prompt and business-like manner with which this transaction had been so happily conducted, returned twenty cents to the consumers, and courteously invited them to accept a drink with him, which offer, after much apparent hesitation, they finally accepted.

Alas! that last drink was the feather which broke the camel's back, and the two brave chasseurs had that night a secure lodging under the special guard of their friends.

The New Burdell Murder Story—The "Confession" in Full.

[From the Newburyport Herald, April 26.]

Recently, Charles H. Golden, as he calls himself, a young man not exceeding thirty years of age, committed larceny in Gloucester, Mass., and fled that place. The party who suffered from his depredations obtained the necessary legal papers in Gloucester, and pursued him. He came to this city, and while he was anxiously looking about the police station to find some officer to serve his papers, the guilty party, Golden, appeared in sight. Determined not to lose his game, though not an officer, he made the arrest himself, conducted Golden to the lockup, put him into a cell, fastened the door, and then hunted up an officer to receive the key. It was afterwards discovered that Golden was guilty of greater crimes here, having committed burglary, and being also guilty of larceny in stripping the clothes lines of parties unknown. He was therefore retained here and committed to jail, where he now is. When in jail he volunteered to Marshal Westcott to make confession of his crimes, saying that he had carried the burden on his soul long enough; and it was nothing more or less than his knowledge of and connection with the Burdell murder, in the city of New York, in 1857. His story is that he was then living in New York, a dealer in jewelry, and boarding with Frederick J. Rody, No. 64 James street. He became acquainted with Mrs. Cunningham, and from time to time made her presents; often visited the house of Dr. Burdell, where he was intimate with Mrs. Cunningham and her two daughters, frequently stopping there day and night; knew ——, who appeared as the particular friend of the elder daughter, while he, Golden, was the lover of the younger, Augusta. He overheard Mrs. Cunningham and —— talking of a child, she saying that if Dr. Burdell was out of the way she could obtain the property. She said she could not trust Dr. Eckel, who was stopping there, with the job, but Charley—meaning himself—was a good hand and in her confidence. A short time after this conversation, on the night of the murder—at which time he was engaged to attend the theater with Miss Augusta—Mrs. Cunningham held a conversation with him, saying that the property was soon to be hers, inquiring if he had the heart of an ox, and if he would have scruples to commit crime if it would bring him twenty-five thousand dollars. "You know, Charley," she continued, "that Dr. Burdell is worth one hundred thousand dollars, and you and Augusta shall have twenty thousand dollars of it." She handed him a dirk, and asked him if he would do anything for Augusta's sake. Then, his story is, that he threw the knife upon the table, and soon after left for the theater, Mrs. C. telling —— that "Charley had caved."

On their return, at 1½ o'clock, he noticed the smoky smell in the street; met Mrs. Cunningham with a napkin stained with blood; saw —— in his room, the bosom of his shirt stained with blood, as he said from the nose bleed, and went to bed feeling that the murder had been committed.

Early the next morning, when there were outcries of murder, Mrs. Cunningham advised him to leave as soon as possible, to get out of New York, and, if possible, to go to England. She gave him $900 to pay his expenses, insisting that he should not visit the house again, saying that the property was hers, but asking his return when the excitement was past. He stopped that night at the Astor House; then at 64 James street, and sailed for New Orleans in the ship Memphis, Capt. Davis, as a sailor.

This is the story as he gives it. It is correct in these particulars—that some person answering to the names he gives did stop in the places stated at the time named, and that such a person did sail in the ship and with the captain stated, from New York to New Orleans. It would appear singular, if his story was without foundation, that it should be correct in all these particulars.

But it will be remembered that in the house, after the murder, was found a shirt covered with blood, marked "Charles Ketcheam," and that during the investigation a letter was sent from Cincinnati, signed "Bold Writer," the author of which affirmed the guilt of himself and the innocence of murder of the persons arrested. By those who have examined into the matter, it is believed that the shirt belongs to this person, now calling himself Golden, and that between the time of the murder and some three weeks after, when the ship Memphis sailed, he was in Cincinnati, and did write the letter named, and is himself the murderer of Dr. Burdell.

Golden is a man of prepossessing appearance, superior education, and specially gifted in the use of the pencil. He says he was employed as an artist on one of the pictorials during the war. Whether any further attention will be given to this matter we do not know. He will probably be sentenced to the State prison at the coming term of the court, for crimes that he is known to have committed.

☞ Spectroscopic observations show that indium, the latest discovered element, does not exist in the sun.