

THE MINERVA.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

J. BRYSON BURROWS, EDITOR.

Phonotypy.

This is rather an odd word, but means simply printing by sound. It comes from the Greek words *phone*, speech or sound, and *typos*, type. It is a system, then, where all the words are printed as they are pronounced. There are about forty elementary sounds in our language, with but twenty-six letters to represent them; hence it is plain that some of the letters will have to represent several sounds. This renders reading and spelling exceedingly difficult. The child never knows when he has spelt a word correctly only as he has learned it by mere dint of memory. Out of almost 75,000 words in our language, only some fifty words are spelt as they are pronounced. Now, we ask, is this not barbarous? What is the use of employing so many silent letters? Why not have every word spelt as it is pronounced? We say this ought to be the case, and is the very thing which the fonetik system proposes to accomplish. It has introduced a character for each sound, and thus when the child has learned the character once he has learned it forever. Whenever and wherever he meets with it he recognizes it as an old friend, and is ready at once to pronounce it with accuracy. By this system children will learn to spell just as naturally as they learn to talk. It is found by experiment that children will learn to read in one-sixth of the time now spent, if they use the fonetik alphabet. Why, then, do not the Directors of our common schools adopt the system and compel teachers to carry it out? The answer is obvious. In the first place, people are ignorant in regard to this noble system. But very few have taken pains to examine its claims. In the second place, they are too conservative to do anything about the matter. They hate change, and yet change is the only regular thing in the universe. They are just about as consistent as the man who tried to make a balance on his nag's back. The thought had never occurred to him that he could divide it half and half, and thus save carrying the stone; or if he thought of it, it would not do to break over the customs of his ancestors. It is indeed strange that people are so blind about this system that would have their children years of hard labor—but so the world goes. Men love the old, false though it be; they despise the new though it be true. If it had always been the fashion to bandage one eye, the man who should presume first to look at the world with both, would be scouted as a dangerous innovator. The world is afraid of reform, though reform it must continually meet. This system must and will succeed. It is so founded upon principle that conservatism, with its wrinkles and frowning brow cannot stop it. It is destined to entirely supersede the present bungling barbarous system. There are many omens of success. Massachusetts has introduced it into upwards of two hundred of her common schools, and finds that it works most admirably.

The child can learn both the fonetik and the common system in much less time than it now takes to learn the latter, provided he commences with the fonetik; hence it would be policy to introduce it into our common schools for the purpose of learning our common system, if nothing more.

Much has been done, and much is being done to advance the cause. A publishing house has been established at Cincinnati for the purpose of disseminating knowledge upon so important a subject, and thousands of publications are yearly scattered throughout the country. The New Testament has been printed in the fonetik style, and within a few months the Longley Brothers have published a fonetik dictionary. Among their other publications are the Type of the Times stands most prominent. It is entirely devoted to the fonetik reform, and is printed in the new style. Closely allied to the printing reform is the writing reform.

Want of space will not allow us to enlarge on the further utility of the system. We refer teachers and directors to the above works, in connection with Ben Pitman's Manual of Phonotypy.

It has been reported that the Louisiana State Teachers' Association was organized with the view of advancing the special interests of northern publishers and book vendors. This is not true. No book publishers or vendors, either North or South, had anything to do with getting it up, or with any department of business connected with the Society. It was instigated by a Louisiana teacher, with these few leading objects in view: First, to awaken the whole community to a lively sense of the importance of education to a free people, and of common schools as the means by which the great mass of our youth must be educated. Second, to arouse school officers to a sense of the responsibility of their stations, and to assist them in performing their duty to the schools, the community, and the State. Third, to aid teachers in the important work of self-culture, in improving themselves for the duties of the school-room, and in becoming efficient laborers in promoting genuine education.

A sweet heart-gush is this from the pen of Miss Alice Carey:

Motherhood.

Bring me willows for my hair
Wild and dewy from the wood—
God has answered my prayer—
Oh! my baby, he is good!

Bring me willows wild and good,
Bind them all about my head,
I am mother of a child,
Joy is love and joy is dead.

As if the rosy hours
Budding all my morning so,
Were blown out to perfect flowers,
Perfect, yet of paler glow.

"A LOVE OF A BONES?"—A lady gives in the pages of "Punch" the annexed graphic sketch of a new bonnet which she had just got from Paris. We should think it would make even a Quaker's mouth water:

"I have within the last two days purchased a new bonnet, which is the prettiest little duck of a thing that was ever seen. It was bought at M^{me} Clara, Nouvelle de Paris, and cost 24, 15, if it costs farthing; as the receipt that I have at home in my desk can testify. I may as well state that it's a love of a new bonnet, or, in other words, a little capote d'hiver. The crown, which is of the richest plum colored satin, is crossed and crossed (like the bars you see on the jam tarts,) with tiny *bandeaux* of velvet (the very best Genoa) of a warm damson color. Round the edges run small plumes of feathers of a nice jelly *saucée* and inside are puffs of white blonde (French) that look for all the world like a cluster of snowballs in danger of being melted by the warmth of the sun above. The ribbons are *chocolat au lait*. To sun up, the bonnet falls off the head, reclining languishingly on the shoulders as though it were too weak a poor thing, to hold itself up, and was going off in a kind of fashionable swoon. In one word, it is no light, so pretty, so *romantique*, and such a perfect drape, that Eugenie herself could not help being jealous if she were to see it. However, I shall wear it next Sunday in church, so that all my friends will have a charming opportunity of judging of the effect, which is as delightful as it is *diancture*."

A modern history book, which has been tumbling over the busy pages of past centuries, astonishes the world by declaring that Thomas Tupper, who published a work in 1557, called "Tupper's Hundred good Projects in Husbandrie," is the author of all the proverbial philosophy published by Dr. Franklin in Poor Richard's Almanac. We suppose the gentleman is very ignorant that his literary research does not entirely erase from history the name and fame of the great American "lightning tamer."

Henry Giles says "whence and thence, wherefore and therefore, have no more business in Christian conversation than Aristotle has in the first of Christian saints. Talkers, think of that."

We will be under obligations to some friend of education for a copy of the "Normal School Bill."

Public Library.

Several important movements are at the present time exciting a great deal of interest among the good citizens of Thibodaux. While the spirit of improvement "is abroad," we would call attention to a want of our city, which seems to have been entirely overlooked—a well selected Public Library. Aside from the many important reasons that are commonly adduced for a public library, there are some of a commercial or monetary character not so generally thought of, which seem to us of importance, and which we will briefly mention. Any thing that is at all calculated to attract good citizens and men of means or enterprise to a town, of course will increase its population, its wealth, and its business. The number of inhabitants and the amount of wealth are not the only elements that constitute the real prosperity of the place, but the character of the inhabitants for intelligence and good morals, who are the owners and directors of this capital, has much to do with the permanent results. A vicious and ignorant population would soon become bankrupt, and bring into decay any town or city, however advantaged at the start, in a commercial point of view; while on the other hand, a virtuous and intelligent population will invariably attract attention, business, friends, confidence, and commerce about them. Whatever, therefore, will attract or develop in a place the right sort of a population, will have an important bearing upon the prosperity and commercial success of that place.

Now, we assert that the existence of a good public library will always have an important influence in bringing about such a result. It may seem a little strange to some that a library of fine books should be advocated as a means of making money for merchants, mechanics, etc. Some old antediluvian will most likely say it will be the means of seducing many from a strict and constant attention to their labors and business, which is always necessary to make money, yet it seems to us that a little reflection will satisfy any one of the correctness of our proposition. What does every right-thinking and right-feeling man look to when he is seeking out for himself a new home, a place to invest his means, and a new community in which to rear up and educate his children?

A fertile and productive soil is not all he wants in a country. Splendid stores, magnificent and costly mansions, and a richly clothed and luxuriantly fed people, are not the things that he inquires for particularly in a town. But he will inquire into the state of the society, the character of the people, etc., rather than how their merely animal wants and tastes are gratified and cared for. For while it is true, as a general thing, that all intelligent and virtuous people are decently habited, it is not always true that all decently habited people are intelligent and virtuous. But how is the stranger and observer to judge of the character of a community from external appearances? Most surely he will look after the means they have provided for intellectual and moral improvement. If he sees commodious and tasteful school-houses, and intelligent, well paid teachers employed in them; if he sees well built churches, and cultivated, liberal ministers and devoted clergymen ministering in them, with decent salaries to support them, these things will have a favorable impression on him. But if he inquires still further, and finds established in the midst of that community a people's university in the form of a first rate public library, he will at once conclude there is no need to inquire further for good society. He is satisfied. He sees that the school-houses and churches have produced some practical results. Here he sees the evidence conclusive of a highly developed and truly cultivated society in the concentrated means of promoting development and cultivation. What, then, is the effect of this? Most certainly it will be to attract more of the better class of people to seek a residence in that community, to enhance the value of property, and to build up its prosperity and increase its social happiness. The most of our citizens have a number of excellent books—books that are stacked away on shelves, food for moths. Why not collect these together and deposit them in the hands of a library committee, for the use of our poorer class of citizens who are not peculiarly able to enjoy the luxury of reading. Much can be done in this way towards collecting a library; but it cannot be expected to build up a well selected and useful miscellaneous library without money. This must be obtained by voluntary contributions by membership, quarterly dues, etc. By all these means, all may contribute a little to a permanent object, and at the same time receive the full value of their outlay in immediate profitable gratification.

These ideas, hastily thrown out, are mere suggestions which we might extend and illustrate almost indefinitely. We, however, leave the subject with our citizens, convinced that their good judgment will declare a public library necessary, and that their contributions of books and dollars will be liberal in behalf of its permanent organization.

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DARING SPORT.

The following piece of daring sport is related in the Albany Transcript:

The feat in shooting performed by Tell, shooting an apple off the head of his son, has been told over and over again, and is as familiar, as household words, was a wonderful piece of execution, close calculation and great daring. Something similar was attempted and successfully performed in the village of Pittstown, Rensselaer county, about a week since. The circumstances were related to us as follows:

There had been a turkey shooting at which several "crack shots" had assisted; after the shooting was over, the crowd adjourned to the tavern; numerous drinks were called for and put out of sight, and the whole party, somewhat elated, commenced talking about William Tell, when one of the party, by the name of Horace H. Wadsworth, remarked that he was as good a shot as ever Tell was, and said he, "find me a man, and I'll prove it," whereupon Alonzo Grogan stepped forward and said, "I'm the man for you to practice upon."

Search was made for an apple, but not finding one readily, a potato was substituted, and the crowd adjourned from the bar-room to the yard adjoining the barn.

"Measure off twenty paces," said Wadsworth.

The distance was paced. Grogan took his place, with his cap off and potato on his head. Wadsworth deliberately raised his rifle, drew a fine shot on the potato, and discharged his piece at arms length! No one expected he would do it, and for a moment consternation was depicted on the countenance of all the bystanders, until Grogan, putting his hand on his head, said in an agonizing tone. "Am I dead? Is there any blood?"

It was found that Grogan was not dead, but that the potato had been cut in twain, and that the size of a person's finger had raised about his piece at arms length! No one expected he would do it, and for a moment consternation was depicted on the countenance of all the bystanders, until Grogan, putting his hand on his head, said in an agonizing tone. "Am I dead? Is there any blood?"

NEBUCHADNEZZAR DUG UP.—It is stated that Col. Rawlinson who is at present engaged in prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta, and in exhuming from the mounds of the long lost rival cities of Nineveh and Babylon, the instructive remains of this once-glorious power, has lately discovered a star of perfect preservation, which is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchadnezzar. The face of the rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered by one of those gold masks usually found in Assyrian tombs, is described as very handsome—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the Museum of the East India Company. Of all the mighty empires which have left a lasting impression on the memory, none has so completely perished as that of Assyria.

More than two great cities, renowned for their strength, their luxury, and their magnificence, have crumbled into dust, leaving no visible trace of their existence, their very sites forgotten. A chance traveler, Layard, riding through the Mesopotamian valley, discovered the buried city, and with a success that will immortalize his name, has commenced to unroll the book of Assyrian history and civilization, which, of all the histories of the first periods of the world, is most clearly connected with the subsequent destinies of the human race. The discoveries already made, furnish ample testimony to refute the sceptic and unbeliever of scripture truth.

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL CRADLE.—A Paris letter in the Independence, of Brussels, states that the municipal authorities of Paris have already given orders for a magnificent cradle to be got ready for the expected infant of the Emperor and Empress. It will surpass, it is said, in taste and exquisite workmanship, the famous one presented to the King of Rome. The following is a brief description of the work in question:

"It will be in the form of a boat—the principal beam of the stern of the city of Paris. At the prow will be a silver eagle with outspread wings, and the curtains at the head will be supported by an imperial crown, also in silver, held up by two children, one wearing a helmet and the other bearing round its head an olive branch, emblematical of peace. The body of the cradle stands on two columns, one at the head and the other at the foot, and united by a ball and socket. The columns will be in rosewood, beautifully carved and ornamented with foliage in silver. The upper edge of the cradle will have a border of silver filigree work, having on either side, about the middle, small escutcheons in silver, bearing the initials of their majesties. From these medallions garlands of flowers in silver will lead to the foot and head of the cradle. The curtains will be of point d'Alecon lace and blue silk, embroidered in gold."

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been to Purgatory.

"No," replied the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh, ah!" said Peter, "a scolding wife, too—'tis all the same—I understand you. Walk in, poor man; your troubles are ended now."

The tailor, with a heavy sigh, entered, and a fat turtle eating Alderman, came along, puffing and blowing.

"Hallo! you fellow," he cried, "open the door."

"Not so fast," said Peter, looking through a wicket, "have you been to Purgatory?"

"No," said the Alderman, "but what of that? You have just let in that poor, half-starved carter of a tailor, and he has been no more to Purgatory than myself."

"But he has been married," said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the Alderman, "why, I have been married twice."

"The devil you have," said Peter, "then be off with you—Paradise is no place for fools!"

A LETTER FROM JOHN PHENIX.

The following is from the Sacramento Union:

PHENIXIANA.—The immortal "John Phenix," as a Hawaiian might with propriety say, "is still alive." While in Oregon last summer he was written to by the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society to deliver the poem at their anniversary festival. This letter failed to reach its destination. On his return, the other day, the editor of the Farmer handed him a copy of the former letter, to which the prince of humorists returned the following response:

Col. J. L. F. Warren, Secy State Agricultural Society: My Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, this day, of your very polite and flattering invitation, dated August 3, 1855, to deliver a poem of my own composition before the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society, in September last. Though somewhat diffident regarding my powers in the poetical line, (feeling, in fact, very much like the Irishman immortalized by Miller, who, when asked if he could play upon the fiddle, replied that he "presumed he could, though he had never tried.") I shall accept the invitation, and endeavor to discharge the duty devolving upon me to the best of my ability. You do me more than justice in supposing that I take a strong interest in the newly developed resources of our glorious State in an agricultural point of view; and I have, in fact, as you are aware, devoted some little time to the pleasing science of horticulture in my endeavors to show up the greens of California.

I have, without much effort, composed the following admirable lines as a beginning:

Here's to the land of potatoes and carrots,
Whose banks grow wild with *bacon* and *parrots*;
Where each apple and pear a dollar a piece is,
And a man may devour just as many as he pleases;
(*Spoken*—If he's the money to pay for them.)

Where the soil is teeming with vegetable treasures,
And a pumpkin ten feet in circumference measures;
Where to root up a turnip, an ox employed is;
By each laborer a very large salary enjoyed is;
(*Play on the word* *exceed*.)

And kind Colonel Warren with interest watches
The growth of his parsnip and marrowfat squashes,
And stirs up the farmers, and gives them rules of
action, and incentives to exertion, and constantly
exhorts.

How they ought not to let Oregon get ahead of them,
But establish nurseries at once, where they could
raise at very trifling expense, all kinds of grafted
fruit, pears, and apples, and cherries, and the
most delicious peaches,
&c. &c. &c.

That the last line seems a little exuberant; probably it results from the rich nature of the soil, but there is plenty of time to apply the remedy. Thanking you heartily for your kindness, and presenting my compliments to the Society, to whom I beg you will communicate my acceptance of their polite invitation, I remain,

With great respect and esteem,
Your friend and ob^d servant,
GEO. H. DERBY.

ANTIQUITY OF THE I. O. O. F.—We find the following in an old English paper, from a speech delivered by Mr. Cooper, at a meeting of the Order of Greenock, Scotland. Mr. Cooper says:

The origin of the Order of Old Fellows is of very great antiquity. It was established by the Roman soldiers in the camp during the reign of Nero, in the year 55. At that time they were "Fellow-Citizens." The present name was given them by Titus Caesar in the year 79, and from the singularity of their meeting and from their knowing each other by night or day, and by their fidelity to him and their country. And he not only gave them the name of Old Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of his friendship, presented them with a graven shield on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems, such as the sun, moon, and stars, the lamb, lion and dove, and other emblems of morality. The first account of the Order being spread in other countries is in the fifteenth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixth century by King Henry in Portugal, and in the eleventh it was established in France, and afterwards by John D. Neville in England, attended by five knights from France, who formed a Royal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which order remained until the twelfth century, when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remain up to this day—the lodges which are now very numerous throughout the world, and call themselves the Royal Ancient Old Fellows, being a portion of the original body, which was formed in London of a more recent date, although there is no doubt of its emanating from the same source. Its first introduction into Manchester was about the year 1800, by a few individuals from the Union in London, who formed themselves into a lodge and continued in connection with them for some time, when some difference caused them to declare themselves independent, and thus have kept their work independent.

A LIE WITNESS TO ETC.—An old and wicked adage is that "a lie will stick as it is good as the truth." A certain political party seems now to be trying to prove the truth of the old adage.

The Reporters of the Northern States are asserting that eight slave States were represented in the Republican Convention lately held in Pittsburg. It is well known to be an unmitigated falsehood. Let us see how this lie got wind. Texas is said to have been represented by a certain Mr. Kennedy. Captain Kennedy is employed in the steamboat business of some of the Texas rivers, and came to Pittsburg some time ago to build a boat. Without his knowledge his name has been used as a member of the Convention, and it figures on some of the committees. Some years ago, a slaveholder in South Carolina sold off his slaves for the best price he could get, and came to the north. He now resides in Illinois, and is an abolitionist. He was in the Convention, and called a delegate from South Carolina. Wm. Gross is represented as a delegate from Louisiana. No reporter could find a man from that State. B. P. Rankin is called the delegate from Nebraska, and his name appears on the list of two or three committees. He was not in Pittsburg at all during the time of the Convention. He is an out-and-out Democrat, and it is said, has just been appointed by the President Marshal of Nebraska. We need pursue this subject no further. The examples given show that no reliance can be placed on the representations of the Free-soil presses in regard to that Convention. So silly a falsehood that the South had any part in it, can gain no credit. Pittsburg Post.

A GOOD ANSWER.—It is reported that when an abolition goose hissed some statement in Mr. Toombs' recent lecture in Boston, the Senator passed a moment, and then said, "His son is in your ancestor's Constitution you are hissing, and not me."

At the close of the lecture, somebody shouted, "When can Mr. Sumner be heard in Tallahassee?"

The abolitionists should remember that they incur no danger, either in person or property, in listening to a defense of slavery in a Northern lecture room; whereas, the promulgation of abolition sentiments in the midst of a slave population is a direct incitement to insurrection, resulting in loss of property, if not of life. Mr. Toombs may defend the "peculiar institution" in Boston, and no harm follow; while Mr. Sumner in denouncing it in Tallahassee, may instigate a servile rebellion. The only logical advice that an abolitionist can give the slave, is to assume his liberty, kill his owner, and run away. This is the ultimate import of all their preaching. Does any body wonder that the South resents and resists the dissemination of these abominable doctrines?—N. Y. Mirror.

COOKING WITHOUT FIRE.—The Scientific American publishes an article upon the discovery of a method for cooking without fire. It is a combination of tin cooking dishes, placed one above another, the bottom of one vessel fitting on the top part of the dish below. In the lower dish of all, a small quantity of quick lime is placed, and then, by means of a tub, cold water is introduced upon the lime. Chemical action generates intense heat, whereby the articles on the dishes are quickly cooked.

HOME.

BY CHARLES S. TODD.

What is that of sweetness
That thrills the wanderer's breast,
And brings with magic fleetness
The thoughts of peace and rest?
What is that word of gladness
That o'er my heart both come,
With m'grie joy and sweetness?
'Tis Home! dear Home!

Oh! touching is the feeling,
When scenes of days long past
Epon the memory stealing,
Their vivid image cast;
Though cries are gathering o'er us,
As far and wild we roam,
Yet hope is still before us
Oh Home! dear Home!

And why is home thus pleasant?
Why should that magic sound
Bring forth, past, and present
In one bright chain around?
Because in food connection
With our life, an idea comes—
Those objects of affection
At Home! sweet Home!

Because our school-day hours
Were spent beneath its shade—
Around its verdant bowers
And by its streams we played,
Sweet hours of youthful pleasure,
That ne'er again will come,
Your memory will I treasure,
With Home! bright Home!

IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.—The following felicitous passage occurs in the admirable speech of the Hon. Edward Everett at the Webster Festival at the Revere House, in Boston. The orator, in referring to Mr. Webster's taste for many sports, added these words:

The Americans, as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful, generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very words which touch us at the worn-out man is recreated, made over again, by the seasonal relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (Herod 1 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man, forever on the strain of thought and action, will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent, eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two—the Anglo-American population has over-worked and is daily over-working itself. From morning to night, from January to December, brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic sports, many out-door exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country.

SEARCHING AMERICAN VESSELS.—Instructions to Com. McCauley. Washington, March 10.—According to documents sent to the Senate to-day the instructions to Com. McCauley, commander of the home Squadron, issued in April last, after the Spanish frigate Termino had fired into the United States steamer El Duero, were to the effect that when similar outrages shall be committed on any vessel rightfully bearing our flag, he must promptly interpose and resist the exercise of the assumed right of visitation, and repel the interference by force; the Executive taking the ground that the conduct of the authorities of Cuba in halting and searching our vessels cannot rest on any territorial jurisdiction on the high seas, his Government denying the existence of any state of facts to warrant the exercise of belligerent rights. This matter was promptly brought to the attention of the Spanish authorities by the State Department.

THE TRADE WINDS.—The origin of the trade winds at the surface of the earth is thus explained: A number of natural agencies are at work to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere, and to give rise to aerial currents; among them the most important is the difference of temperature in different parts of the earth. The air within the tropics, constantly heated by the rays of our almost perpendicular sun, is rendered lighter, and is pushed upward by the heavier air north and south of this region. A current in this direction from each pole is thus produced at the surface of the earth, while an opposite current toward each pole is generated by the rarified air, which rises above the heated belt, and flows backward like water seeking its equilibrium. These currents, on account of the rotation of the earth, are not along the meridian, but those at the surface take a westerly direction, while those above flow in an easterly course.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—A naval officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure, that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He arose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She immediately answered "No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

AN UNPRECEDENTED ACT.—A Judge Finlay himself. Under this heading, the Baton Rouge Comet, of Wednesday last, has the following:

Judge W. B. Robertson, of the Sixth District Court, on discharging the grand jury Tuesday last, reprimanded himself for having forgotten the day fixed by law for the present term of court in this parish, and for this oversight informed the jury that he should find himself twenty-five dollars. He immediately drew a check for the amount, and handing it to the Sheriff, instructed him to collect the same and give it to the Female Orphan Association, of Baton Rouge.

Such an act calls to mind the records of ancient Rome, when judges and legislators were so heroically allied to justice and the laws, as to deal penalties on their own sons and brothers when they transgressed the laws, with such firmness and decision, as justly entitled them to claim kindred with the gods.

HIT THEM AGAIN.—When the resolution appropriating \$100 for the distribution of fuel among the suffering poor in Washington was before the Senate, Toombs and Hamilton, two coalition, anti-Senator, opposed the expenditure, when Senator Pearce reminded them that the Senate had two or three years since appropriated, and without an opposition on the part of those Senators, of conscientious or constitutional scruples, between four and five thousand dollars of the people's money for board, brandy, wine, cigars, and carriages, furnished to that traveling foreign mendicant, Kosuth, and his suite, during their ten days stay at a hotel in Washington.

The reason assigned for this distinction and difference in a Democratic Senate—these proverbial lovers of the people and the people's money—is, that the poor of Washington City and Georgetown had no vote. The Germans, scattered all over the country, had. The distinction is a very broad and palpable one. Huzza for the Democracy! the party which styles itself, par excellence, "the poor man's friend."

An American spirit rules America, does it?—N. O. Creole.

A BLOODY DUEL.—The Rome (Ga.) Courier has an account of a duel lately fought near Dallas, Pa. The parties were Wiley Jones and Wm. Bane, relatives. They fought with rifles and fired three times. Jones was slightly wounded by the first two shots after which he rushed upon his antagonist and tried to knock him down with his rifle. In this he failed, and had his brains knocked out by Bane, Jones died immediately, and Bane escaped.

Louisiana Plantation Clothing Manufactory

118 CANAL STREET,
BETWEEN ROYAL AND BOURBON STREETS.

THE undersigned having completed his arrangements for the manufactory of Plantation Clothing for the South and Southern States, generally, that he is now prepared to supply them at the shortest notice, with ready made NORTHERN CLOTHING, of the best material, cut to fit each individual, at as low rates as articles of inferior quality of Northern manufactory.

P. A. HERBARD,
Wholesale and Retail Dry Goods Store,
118 Canal St., bet. Royal and Bourbon.

Notice to BAKERS.—The price of Fresh Flour being 57 1/2 in the Orleans Market, Bakery next week to give 25 ounces of flour for every cent, during next week.

J. O. A. WHITE, Mayor.

Notice.
H. A. BOLLANGERS.—Le prix de la farine fraiche etant 57 sur le Marché de la Nouvelle-Orléans, les BOLLANGERS ont décidé de donner 27 once de pain pour dix cents, durant la semaine prochaine.

J. O. A. WHITE, Maire.

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J. O. A. WHITE, Maire.

NEW BOOKS.
JUST received—
WOMAN'S FAITH—A Tale of Southern Life.
HOME—By Anna Loban.
HENRI DE LA FORT.—By Frederick Schiller.
THE OCEAN QUEEN.—By author of Pat Lily.
ALLEN SIMULACRA—A romance.
ZALUSKI—A romance.
LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHIONS—For March.
ALSO—A new supply of
ALPINE—By Marion Harland.
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PARISH OF LAFOURCHE INTERIOR.—
Section 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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