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### New Orleans Daily Delta, 1855

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New Orleans Daily Delta  
1855

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Do You Want Something Fine?—If so, call at No. 105 St. Charles street, and buy some of those splendid Brama, Poutra, Shanghai, and other purely-bred Asiatic fowls, fancy pigeons, lop-eared rabbits, Suffolk and Middlesex pigs, before they are all gone.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Valentines! Valentines!!

The Subscriber has just received samples of Valentines from the well-known manufacturer, F. W. Strong, New York, comprising the most Superb Assortment ever offered to Dealers, at New York Cash prices. Samples are now ready to be seen at the Printers' Warehouse, No. 105 Poydras street.

Dealers are respectfully invited to call and examine before giving their orders elsewhere.

John N. Coates, Agent.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

Place D'Armes, Congo Square.  
Balloon Ascension,  
Monday, January 1,  
At Half-Past 1 O'Clock, Precisely.  
Two Hundred and Thirty-Third Ascension.  
M. E. Goddard.

Physician, French Aeronaut, Member of the Academy of Arts and Industrial Trades, Sciences and Belles Lettres of Paris, Chief Aeronaut to the Austrian Government, will ascend in a Balloon containing Twenty-six Thousand cubic feet of Hydrogen and Carbonic Gas, [illegible] in the presence of the public. A Lady of the city and two Gentlemen will accompany Mr. Goddard on this occasion.

Admission—First Seats, 50 cents; Second Seats, 25 cents; C [illegible], 25 cents.  
The Doors will open at 10 o'clock in the morning.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 3, c. 2

Van Amburgh's Menagerie.

Van Amburgh's menagerie, on board the Floating Palace, foot of Canal street.

For One Week Only!

Commencing Sunday, December 31<sup>st</sup>, 1854. The largest and finest collection of Wild Animals in America, number over 150 of the most beautiful specimens ever imported, and including the wonder of the world, the

Giraffe,

over seventeen feet high, and imported at an expense of Thirty Thousand Dollars.

The performance of the trained Ponies and their Monkey Riders, and the wonderful feats of Mr. Stewart's celebrated learned Elephant, Tipposultan, are features of rare interest, and during each exhibition Mr. Van Amburgh will enter the Dens of this trained Lions, Tigers, Leopards, etc.

This thrilling performance will take place at 2 and 8 o'clock each day, and the animals will be fed at 2 o'clock P.M. in the presence of the audience.

Open from 10 A.M. to 9 ½ o'clock P.M.

Admission Fifty cents; children and servants Twenty-five cents.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 3, c. 4

Ladies.....Patronise [sic].....Ladies.  
No. 73.....Royal Street.....No. 73  
Elegance, Fashion,  
Taste, Style and Novelty Combined  
with Beauty of Fit,  
and  
Improvement of Figure  
--in—  
The Art of Dressmaking and Basquines.

Mrs. Thomas, of New York and Philadelphia, begs to inform the Ladies of New Orleans that she has taken rooms as above, and solicits their patronage.

Her long experience enables her to insure every lady even those of the most fastidious tastes, an elegant fit and a superior style.

Having been for a long time engaged in the above business, she can refer to a numerous list of the most fashionable Ladies in New York and Philadelphia, who will recommend her style as superior, and certain to secure a perfect fit. Ladies honoring her may rely upon punctuality and moderate charges.

Mrs. Thomas, 73 Royal street,  
Front Rooms, first floor,

N.B. All work done by experienced hands.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Later from Texas.

The mail steamship Louisiana, Captain W. H. Talbot, arrived yesterday morning from Galveston.

The Galveston papers says [sic]: Our Christmas holidays have begun, as is usually the case in the South, with ugly weather. Within the past two or three days we have had considerable rain and but little sunshine; and, from present appearance, it is difficult to form an idea of the kind of weather we shall probably have for the balance of the week. Never, in the whole course of our life, have we witnessed a more general prevalence of buoyant spirits and joyful countenances, among "all ages, sexes and conditions," than were exhibited here on Christmas day. . .

The Dallas Herald says Tarrant is settling up more rapidly than any of the neighboring counties. The large emigration this season comprises men of substance and enterprise. . .

A Jockey Club has been formed in Austin under quite flattering circumstances. The course is one of the most beautiful in the State, and the interest manifested by those under whose patronage the races have been made for the holidays, induce the belief that the sport will be rare and exciting. . .

One hundred and fifty-nine Polish emigrants passed through San Antonio on the 23d ult., for Karnes county, where they intend settling. The Ledger says numerous emigrant wagons have passed through San Antonio for points still further West. . .

The Marshal Republican says: For weeks our streets have been lined with the wagons of emigrants. A great many of them have slaves, and some of them large forces. We cordially welcome all, whether rich or poor, provided they are of a class to make good citizens. There is no State in the Union where honesty, industry and intelligence are more highly prized than in Texas.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 1, 1855, p. 4, c. 2

In Disguise.—Catherine Winters, a Perdido street frail one, on Saturday night, found on Phillippa street in male attire, for which immodest act she was arrested. She was very drunk, too, at the time. The Recorder released her yesterday morning.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 5, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

#### The Eighth of January.

We are happy to learn that ample arrangements have been made by our City Council for the due celebration of the great anniversary, and that a small sum of money has been appropriated for this purpose. This is as it should be. When new Orleans forgets or ceases to cherish, with appropriate gratitude, the recollection of the services of those who saved this city from disgrace and spoliation, our people will cease to be worthy of the liberty and prosperity they enjoy.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 6, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

Mr. Simpson, the publisher of the New York Day Book, who was the first to employ girls in setting type, reports progress. Of the thirty-five or thirty-six whom he taught the business about a year and a half ago, all have now good situations. The majority earn from five to seven dollars per week, those now in his employ averaging five dollars a week. This is better than making shirts at seventeen cents a piece.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Grand Ball at Armory Hall.—This evening the annual ball of Red Rover Fire Company, No. 16, will take place at Armory Hall, when we expect to see as brilliant an assemblage as any of the season. The gallantry of the members of the company, their established reputation, and their many facilities consequent upon their deserved popularity, will combine to make it so, and we are mistaken if it will not be as joyous a reunion as ever made a young man's pulses leap, or a maiden's heart glad. There will be good music—good dancers and redowas, mazourkas, galops and waltzes, *ad infinitum*. The Red Rovers are determined to prove themselves worthy of their fame.

We have been honored with an invitation to be present on the occasion, but our severe Saturday duties must excuse our absence from the festive scene.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Second Ascension.—M. Goddard, it should be borne in mind, will make another grand ascension in his magnificent balloon from the Place d'Armes, to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock precisely. He will be accompanied by a lady, and one or more gentlemen. A parachute, with a monkey, will be detached from the car when the balloon has reached a certain altitude. A fine band is engaged to enliven the scene.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The Rats.—At the Cockpit in Gravier street, to-morrow, will come off the splendid rat match for a silver collar. Every rat in the city is invited to attend, and already several hundred have answered to the call.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

A California paper says that a trip from San Francisco to Honolulu is getting quite the fashion—going down and stopping there for a fortnight; amid the bananas, oranges, and pine apples; paying a visit to the volcanoes and other natural curiosities, and returning in ten to fifteen days.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 8, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The veterans of 1814-'15 will dine together, as usual, to-day at 4 o'clock at the Orleans Ballroom. We hope to be present to witness such a pleasant reunion of gallant spirits and veteran patriots.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 8, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

No Rats in Town—The grand rat hunt did not come off yesterday, for want of rats—only eight, instead of the 1500 undermining "varmint," presenting themselves at the appointed time. Just think that there can be but eight rats found in the city of New Orleans!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 9, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

The Veterans.—We visited the dinner of the veterans yesterday at the Orleans Ball room, and entered the gay and festive scene at the moment one of the veterans was making a speech, wherein he denounced, in strong terms, the city authorities for the parsimony they had displayed in the getting up of the present dinner—which, we must confess, was but a shabby affair, and reflected no credit upon either the patriotism or generosity of the City Council. This speaker said

that, had he previously known what kind of a feast was to have been provided, he should have invited the noble band to his own house, and not have used the \$200 appropriated for this excuse of a dinner. However, if the dinner was bad, the sentiment and wit were of a character to make the insipidity of the former not felt. General Palfrey, the President of the Association of Veterans of 1815, presided over the festivities of this great occasion, and performed his part with a grace that was truly enchanting. There were about twenty-five of the venerable *patres patria* present—grey-headed and benevolent looking gentlemen, hale and hearty—who looked as though they were still able to do the State some service, and whose minds still appear to possess the vigor and strength of youth. The festivities were kept up till night threw her dark mantle o'er the room, and rendered objects indistinguishable, when a last toast, to the effect that all might meet again upon a similar occasion, was drank with a hearty good will, and the pleasant company separated in the most good-humored manner possible. We can but reiterate the sentiment of the last toast, and hope again to meet these "old men eloquent" on the next 8<sup>th</sup> of January—at a less shabby dinner, however.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 9, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

M. Godard's Second Ascension.—The Place d'Armes yesterday afternoon was thronged by a brilliant circle of beauty and fashion, to witness M. Godard make another flight into the clouds. The day was not favorable for the ascension, but M. Godard, nothing daunted, entered the car soon after four o'clock accompanied by two literary gentlemen. The monkey that had promised to rise in a parachute, grew nervous when the time drew nigh, and persuaded a simple cat to take his place; but even the cat's fears got the better of his good nature at the last moment and then the cat hot out of the bag.

We have not found where M. Godard descended, but we can say his ascension was one of the most superb we ever witnessed.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 10, 1855, p. 4, c. 2

The Veterans' Dinner.—According to the arrangements made for the occasion, the Veterans of 1814 and '15 met at 3 o'clock, at the St. Louis Exchange, on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst., and with a fine band of music at their head, proceeded to the Orleans ball-room to partake of a good dinner, prepared for them by Mr. Lefevre, so well known for his culinary talents. The repast was as it ought to be, cheerful and befitting a celebration where old friends and brother soldiers meet and revive among each other scenes which took place forty years ago, when a few militiamen routed the best disciplined troops that England ever put in the field. After they were restored from the fatigues of the day, the following thirteen regular toasts were drunk with the greatest enthusiasm:

1. "The day we celebrate—many happy returns of the happy festival." Tune—Jackson's March.

2. "The President of the United States." Tune—Hail Columbia.

3. "The Memory of Washington." Tune—Washington's March.

4. "The Memory of our gallant General, Andrew Jackson." Tune—Funeral March.

5. "The Memory of all who fought, bled, and died in the campaign of 1814 and '15."

Tune—

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
With all their country's honors blest?

6. "The Army and Navy of the United States—they reflect honor on our country."  
Tune—Our Country's Flag.

7. "Our country; right or wrong, our country." Tune—Home, Sweet Home.
8. "The Militia—a proud array of citizen soldiers, alike prepared to draw the sword in the hour of peril, and to guide the ploughshare when that hour's past." Tune—Star-Spangled Banner.
9. "Our Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi friends. They voluntarily came to the supper of the 23d of December, 1814, and to the breakfast of the 8<sup>th</sup> of January, 1815." Tune—Yankee Doodle.
10. "The Matrons of New Orleans in 1814 and '15, amid the ravages of disease and the din of arms, ministering angels to the sick and wounded soldiers. In the hour of triumph, their smiles the victor's vast reward."
11. "The memory of General Villere—His name is dear to Louisianians." Tune—Dead March.
12. "The colored veterans of 1814-'15—They richly deserve our kind remembrance on this occasion." Tune—Ou peu on etre Mieux.
13. "The city of New Orleans—That finds graves for its invaders and homes for its defenders." Tune—Star-Spangled Banner.

After several speeches from Col. Christy, Bernard Marigny, Denis Prieur, General Palfrey, and others, many voluntary toasts were drunk, and these old veterans and their guests went home much pleased with the festivities of the day.

At the election of officers of the Louisiana Association of Veterans of 1814-'15, which took place on that day, the following officers were elected unanimously: H. W. Palfrey, Esq., President; Anthony Fernandez, Esq., Secretary; P. D. Henry, Esq., Treasurer.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 12, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Ladies' Fair.—The ladies of the Coliseum Place Baptist Church intend to hold a fair on Tuesday, the 16<sup>th</sup> inst., at the Masonic Hall, corner of St. Charles and Perdido streets. Their arrangements promise to be most satisfactory, and we notice one peculiarity, which will be a decided improvement on fairs in general—we mean their expressed intention to return change to purchasers in every case. We approve of this resolution as appropriate to these "hard times," and have no doubt that the enterprise will be liberally supported by our charitable community. There is no pleasanter mode of doing good than by means of fairs like the one in contemplation, and such is clearly the opinion of our citizens, who always attend them in large numbers.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 13, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Weep, Disciples of Apollo and the Muses, Weep!—The indefatigable Chief of Police and his efficient officers, not being able to discover the haunts of the "Rocky Mountain Rangers," and feeling that a bold stroke, a sort of coup d'etat must be made to distract public attention from the burglaries and robberies that are being committed, yesterday made a courageous descent upon all the organ grinders and harp twangers in the city, and about a dozen of these itinerant musicians and their instruments were brought to the guard house for operating in the streets without licenses. The Mayor, we understand, is resolved to issue no more licenses, except to infirm and decrepit persons, so that the harps might as well be hung upon the willow trees at once, and the little boys and negroes deprived of every chance for music.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 3, c. 3

The ladies of the Home Mission of New York have issued a stirring appeal on behalf of

the destitute poor at the Five Points in that city. They say:

"It is well known to those who are acquainted with that locality that hundreds of families have sold or pawned the last article of furniture or apparel to procure food, and are now left on the bare floor, without bedding or fuel, and not knowing where they may get the next mouthful to eat. Persons in these circumstances (many of them sober, industrious people) are thronging the mission house daily, and from stern necessity many are denied relief. This state of suffering is increasing daily, and the starving must be fed. It will require not less than one thousand loaves of bread daily to keep the destitute from suffering with hunger.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 4, c. 3

Young Bachelor's Ball.—One of the grandest events of the season—and one that we know has been looked for with no little anxiety by our fair friends—comes off on to-night at Masonic Hall. We of course allude to the Young Bachelor's masked and fancy dress ball. There is something so exciting, so pleasing, and so romantic withal, connected with masked balls, that at once render them the greatest favorites, and the most popular of re-unions—and then, such a ball as may be expected on this occasion is seldom participated in. The balls by this association are well known, and are decidedly in favor—for all who attended the first of the series were so well pleased with their treatment, that nothing could keep them from repeating the visit. We therefore confidently expect to witness one of the most brilliant gatherings of the season at Masonic Hall on this occasion.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 4, c. 3

An unsophisticated youth from the country, who felt an ambition to play the gallant, approached a lady yesterday in Camp street and very politely informed her that her bonnet had fallen back off her head. He had not, of course, before seen the latest fashions!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 7, c. 5

American Ladies.

French lady by the name of Fontenoy, in a work which she has recently published relative to the New York ladies, says:

"Miss Caldwell was nineteen years of age, celebrated for her luxurious prodigality, intelligent and handsome. She was handsome as American girls are handsome; possessing a regular form, splendid hair, determined and rather forward bearing, an inviting eye, white and red skin, fine mouth and teeth—in short, she possessed all the charms that make the New York ladies exceedingly pretty, from fifteen to twenty-five years of age. After this period, while a French woman's beauty is developing and ripening, the American woman becomes insupportably plain. The causes are the excessive use of hot biscuits and badly baked cake, and the abuse of balls, dancing, late hours, and the dissipation of a city life, at an unduly early age. No complexion, no health, no teeth, can resist so terrible an ordeal."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 7, c. 5

How to Wear a Shawl.

If a lady sports a shawl at all, (and only very falling shoulders should venture) we should recommend it to be always either falling off or being put on, which produces a pretty action. Or she should wear it upon one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present custom is, as every real artist knows,



that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the loose girdle, sloping across the hips, in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this account the long scarf shawl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all, on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form and colors of the border, lying carelessly around the figure, give that eastern idea which every shawl more or less implies. What Oriental would ever wear a shawl straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do?

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 15, 1855, p. 7, c. 5  
Colors in Dress.

Rose red cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexion without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose red, because being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them in consequence of contrast of tone.

Green Drapery—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions, which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to it without complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

Yellow Drapery—Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white, but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow we can make it roseate by neutralizing the yellow; it produces this effect upon the black haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

Violet Draperies—Violet, the complimentary of yellow, produces contrary effects; thus, it imparts some greenish yellow tint to fair complexions; it augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.

Blue Drapery—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favorably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue, is then, suitable to most blondes, and, in this case, justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of orange.

Orange Drapery—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those who have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

White Drapery—Drapery of a lustreless [sic] white, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which may have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect.

Black Drapery—Black draperies, lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermillion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear relatively to the white

part of the skin contingent to the same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 17, 1855, p. 1, c. 5-6

Letter from Texas.

[Correspondence of the Daily Delta.]

Galveston, Jan. 14, 1854 [sic?]

Eds. Delta: Permit one of your readers to present you with an occasional sketch of impressions, as he passes through this new and thriving State. . . .

The Tremont is an extensive, rather than a great, hotel. A mixed pile of frame buildings, to which is added a large brick, of three or four stories, without the slightest attempt at ornament, a roof without cornice, an hundred windows without balcony or gallery, altogether looking like a mill or factory in the Western States. The occupants say it is pretty "well kept for Texas;" and I find myself comfortably lodged, with pretty good fare, and almost no attention from servants.

The greatest want I see here, after all, is a large hotel. It will pay, and that at golden rates; for the destiny of this city is certainly great, and already requires more and better accommodations for travelers and for boarders. It requires a Mudge, a Hall, a Bishop, a Nelson, or a McDonald, and such a building as is not yet erected, to make the city a reputation such as it should have.

But as the newest impressions are most vivid, especially as made by ladies in a strange place, let me speak of a party in Galveston aristocracy. Now, ladies and gentlemen of Galveston, should this meet your eyes, please preserve your equanimity, and don't be flattered or offended at the word aristocracy; for there is such a thing, just as there is such a character as a gentleman; and as every man claims the appellation, so does every body flatter himself that he or she belongs to the aristocracy.

Well, it was 9 o'clock when the company assembled, and to the number of about fifty, pretty equal as to sexes—the ladies equal, in their display of elegant dress, of cultivated manners, and intelligent and graceful bearing, to any company of like numbers in older cities, unless we except exclusive coteries in cities large enough to afford and maintain parties composed of families purely scientific and literary.

The double parlors were so arranged that, while dancing was confined to one, those who chose not to dance were left free to mingle and converse at their leisure. Of this they availed themselves, and as we belonged to the class chiefly preferring the exercise of the spirits to that of the heels, as our name will imply, we noted what was passing. The groups were constantly broken up and interchanged by the skillful urbanity of the host, and the quiet and winning grace of the elegant hostess. Spicy pleasantries and gay and cheerful sallies of wit, with complimentary and sometimes brilliant repartee, characterized the conversation of some of the groups, while others passed the few words of commonplace, which are the staple of half the groups in half the parties we have ever attended. The ladies were nearly all unmarried, and were, as a group, very pretty, indeed, and some were beautiful, though the few married ladies present rather bore the palm in our estimation, notwithstanding a pair of black eyes pierced us in a dangerous place. We shall wear a breastplate in future actions.

But that supper, at half past 11, would grace any table on Canal or Apollo street, Fifth avenue or Chestnut street. It did not look so well when we last saw it, after the ladies had

supped, and the gentlemen did their duty alone.

The toasts at the ladies' table were rich and *spiritual*, but those at a later hour were mingled with wit and humor from some of the keenest intellects of the Texas bar. At 1 o'clock the last cotillion was danced, and your correspondent, in the best possible humor with his new acquaintances, although smarting a little from the above-named wound, took his departure, like the phantom you will find him. . . .

Many strangers are likewise here from all parts of the world. Among others I have met the elegant and polished Miss Dupuy, the authoress of the *Conspirator*, Emma Walton, and many other romances. She is the guest of Mrs. Professor Forshey, and is understood to be engaged on a historical romance connected with the adventure of the far-famed Lafitte whose centre of operations was at Galveston island during the latter years of his life, and his fort almost upon the very ground where the gifted writer is domiciled. We have, in one of our flights, seen her upon the beach, listening to the music of the waves, and entirely unconscious that she was seen by an  
ARIEL.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 17, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Young Bachelor's Ball.—There was indeed a brilliant gathering at Masonic Hall on Monday night. It has seldom fallen to our lot to witness a finer display of youth and beauty upon a similar occasion in a ball-room, and the only cause of regret was that the Hall was not more spacious and better adapted for the purpose. Some of the costumes were exceedingly appropriate and tastefully gotten up, while others, we must confess, did not reflect a great deal of credit upon their wearers. A few gentleman and ladies appeared in character; but the only two who made any attempt at sustaining their roles were Asm[illegible] and a colored gentleman. The latter played his character to the life—and at first was taken for the celebrated Matt Peel by most of those present; but the quickness of his extemporaneous wit soon dispelled that impression, and we discovered that a greater than Matt Peel was there beneath that woolly wig. It is decidedly a great addition to the attractions of a mask ball, for the whole company to appear in character, if possible,—and then for every one to make his or her best effort to sustain well whatever part is undertaken. We hope when next our young Bachelor friends get up a ball (for of course they intend to give another) they will take this matter into consideration. However, we had no reason to complain of any want of amusement and sport, and dancing and all sorts of pleasure and enjoyment on Monday night; and as for order and quiet and good feeling, we have never seen this ball excelled. The dancing was kept up until a very early hour in the morning, and then it was with laggard steps and angry glances towards the inexorable hand of Time that the but half-satisfied maskers retired from the gay scene. Try it again, youngsters; your balls are decidedly the reigning favorites of the season; and we care not how soon you give another, nor how often you repeat.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 21, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

#### What to Eat—How to Cook It.

We find some suggestions in the New York Tribune upon the important question, "What shall we eat?" which we commend to the economically disposed. With all kinds of food so high in price, depressed business, thousands thrown out of work with families dependent upon them, whatever can be shown, less expensive than former diet, should be at once adopted. The Tribune

says:

Fresh meats of all kinds, at the price which butchers retail it, is not economical food; meats will average a shilling a pound. Salted meats are cheaper than fresh. In economizing food, meat should never be fried or boiled. If you would get the most substance out of fresh meat, make into soup, or stew, or pot-pie. In making soup, soak your meat some hours in cold water, and boil it in the same. Thicken it with beans, peas, barley, hominy, or broken bread. The best meat is the most economical for soup. Do not buy bones. If you boil meat to eat, never put it in cold water. Let it be boiling when you put the meat in the pot. Do not buy fresh meat a pound or two at a time. Buy a quarter or half sheep. You get it at half price. Beef or pork by the quarter is a quarter cheaper.

Do not buy your bread baked. It is a sixpence a pound. Dry flour is the same. Home made bread is far more nutritious. Make use of corn meal, oat meal, Graham flour, hominy and cracked wheat for bread, in preference to fine wheat flour, both for health and economy. Here are the relative retail prices per pound of these articles: Wheat flour 6c; Graham flour, 6c; cracked wheat 6c; corn meal 3 3/4c; hominy, 3c; oat meal 4 1/2c. The latter is the most nutritious breadstuff known. Look at the Scotch with their oat meal porridge—as robust a set of men as ever lived.

Hominy is an article that no family, desirous of practicing economy, can do without. It is a very cheap, health, nutritious food. It costs only half the price per pound of flour, and contains no moisture, while the best of flour hold from twelve to sixteen pounds of water in a barrel. Cracked wheat is excellent for sedentary persons. That and Graham flour should be used in preference, at the same price per pound, to white flour, because more healthy and more nutritious. One hundred pounds of Graham flour is worth as much in a family as one hundred and thirty-three pounds white flour. Corn meal costs less than half the price of flour. It is worth twice as much. It is not so economical in summer, because it takes so much fire to cook it. The first great error in corn meal is in grinding it too much, and next in not cooking it enough. Corn meal mush should boil two hours; it is better if boiled four, and not fit to eat if boiled less than one hour. Buckwheat flour should never be purchased by a family obliged to economize food. It is dear at any price. It must be floated in dear butter to be eaten, and then it is not healthy. On [illegible] is as good in cakes as buckwheat and far more nutritious. But it is most nutritious, and is particularly healthy for children, in the form of porridge.

The cheapest food is white beans. They are worth from \$1.50 to \$2 a bushel, and retail for eight cents a quart. Prof. Liebig has stated that pork and beans form a compound of substance peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life, and give bone, muscle, and fat, in proper portions, to a man. This food will enable one to perform more labor, at less cost, than any other substance. A quart of beans, eight cents, half pound of pork, six cents, will feed a large family for a day with good strengthening food. And who, that can raise a reminiscence of good old time in New England, but will remember that glorious old-fashioned dish called "bean porridge?" We should call it bean soup now. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef would give a good meal to fifty men—one cent a meal.

Potatoes should be utterly abandoned by the poor this winter. They cannot afford to eat them. At retail, the poor pay \$2.50 a bushel, or about five cents a pound—twice the price of corn meal; five-sixths as much as fine flour; one-fifth more a bushel than beans; while one bushel of the latter is worth, as food, as much as a cart load of potatoes. All other vegetables are still more uneconomical than potatoes. Carrots are the cheapest of all roots, but they are but little used as human food, though very nutritious. They are partially used in soups. They are good simply

boiled, and eaten with a little butter or meat gravy. They are sold by the quantity at fifty cents a bushel. Turnips are dear at any price. There is more nutriment in a quart of carrots than a bushel of turnips. They are ninety-two per cent. water.

Cabbage is nutritious, but very expensive. Buy very little of it if your money is short. Dried sweet corn is an article that all persons are fond of. It sells for \$5 to \$5 a bushel, which 24 lbs. would retail at about 10 cents a pound. We don't know what the economy of eating it, as compared with other breadstuffs, but as compared with coarse vegetables, it is immeasurably cheaper. A pound of sweet corn cooked to be eating meat, is worth more than three pounds of extra meat. It is also very excellent and nutritious mixed in the bean soup. Another very excellent, nutritious economical article of good food is dried peas. They are generally a little more costly than beans, but some think they will go further. At any rate, they are good for a change.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 21, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

### Fading Beauty of American Women.

"A lady asked me this evening what I thought of the beauty of the ladies of the English aristocracy. (She was a Scotch lady, by the by; so the question was a fair one.) I replied, that certainly report had not exaggerated their charms. Then came a home question—how the ladies of England compared with the ladies of America? 'Now for it, patriotism,' said I to myself; and, invoking to my aid certain fair saints of my own country, whose faces I distinctly remembered, I assured her that I had never seen more beautiful women than I had in America. Grieved was I to be obliged to add, 'But your ladies keep their beauty much later and longer.' This fact stares one in the face in every company. One meets ladies past fifty glowing, radiant, and blooming, with a freshness of complexion and fulness [sic] of outline refreshing to contemplate. What can be the reason? Tell us, Muses and Graces, what can it be? Is it the conservative power of sea-fogs and coal-smoke—the same cause that keeps the turf green, and makes the holly and the ivy flourish? How comes it that our married ladies dwindle, fade, and grow thin—that their noses incline to sharpness, and their elbows to angularity, just at the time of life when their island sisters round out into a comfortable and becoming amplitude and fulness? [sic] If it is the fog and the sea-coal, why then, I am afraid that we shall never come up with them. But perhaps there may be other causes why a country which starts some of the most beautiful girls in the world produces so few beautiful women. Have not our close-heated stove-rooms somewhat to do with it? Have not the immense amount of hot biscuits, hot corn-cakes, and other compounds got up with the acrid poison of saleratus, something to do with it? Above all, has not our climate, with its alternate extremes of heat and cold, a tendency to induce habits of indoor indolence? Climate certainly has a great deal to do with it; ours is evidently more trying and more exhausting, and because it is so, we should not pile upon its back errors of dress and diet which are avoided by our neighbors. They keep their beauty because they keep their health. It has been as remarkable as anything to me, since I have been here, that I do not constantly, as at home, hear one and another spoken of as in miserable health, as very delicate, etc. Health seems to be the rule, and not the exception. For my part, I must say, the most favorable omen that I know of for female beauty in America is the multiplication of Water-Cure Establishments, where our ladies, if they get nothing else, do gain some ideas as to the necessity of fresh air, regular exercise, simple diet, and the laws of hygiene in general.—*Sunny Memories*.

Karr's Comments on Ladies' Dress.

We give our readers a few vivacious extracts, but they must bear in mind that Mr. Karr is a Frenchman, and writing of French women. We need not take it for granted that his strictures are equally applicable to Americans. Let the American woman of fashion answer whether or not they apply to herself:

Arbitrary Dress.—Every one has flounced gowns, every one has five tucks on the skirt, no one has less; if every one wear short waist, of course I must too. But what do you mean by "every one?" All the world. But do you not make part of all the world? Yes; but every one does not consult me. Who is it, then, that invents fashion? Woman, of course. Who are they that follow the fashions? All the rest. Well, that shows the rest are all very humble thus to submit to the decisions of a few. Listen to a woman, and she will tell you she wears nothing but what she is obliged to wear, because every one else does the same; but question each one of these tyrants in particular, and you will see the same submission, the same self-sacrifice. But if fashion are invented by woman, why do you not each invent for yourselves, since you may be quite sure that a fashion invented by any other woman has always in view the concealment of some defect which she has, or of some beauty which you possess?

Dress the Business of Life.—Dress, Mr. Karr says, is the great business of all women, and the fixed idea of some. Thus every event in their lives has a change of dress for its result, and often for its cause. In this way gowns divide a woman's existence into an infinite number of eras and hegiras. "Such a thing happened at a time when I had my pink velvet dress; such another, when I bought my pink satin." To mark important events more precisely, you hear, "The first time he saw me I was dressed in blue." When girls do not marry solely for the purpose of putting on the wedding costume, you may still be certain that it does, in some degree, influence their minds. Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ never would have been accepted, if his wife had thought only of him; but a veil and orange-flower wreath, which suits a bride so well, cannot be worn excepting on the wedding day, and in order to marry, a husband is required; so he is taken as an accessory, just in the same way as carriages are hired. Many would very likely prefer to be married without a husband, but that is not the custom.

Mourning.—Madame has just lost a relative; her grief is profound, but it will soon be alleviated by the necessity of providing mourning. "What is most worn this year? What is the most fashionable kind of mourning?" The milliner must be visited, the dressmaker and the drapers; this is done with less scruple now that shops have been opened for the sale of articles of mourning alone. All sorrow quickly disappears beneath the load of cares about dress; the anxiety is whether the bonnet should be too small or the gown too short. But it is seldom an accident of this kind happens. When properly attired Madame goes to make a call upon a friend. She says, "I hear you have lost your cousin; it must have been a terrible shock to you. . . . What a lovely bonnet you have on. . . . She was quite young, I believe. . . . Do you still continue to employ Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_?"

"Yes; she has been my milliner for the last three years."

"Nothing could possibly suit you better. . . . I feel deeply for your sorrow."

"I loved her like a sister. She has left a dreadful void in my life. . . . How do you like the material of my dress?"

"It is beautiful. Where did you buy it?"

"At the Sarcophagus. . . . She has left two poor little children!"

And Madame's friend begins to feel a little envious—she would willingly lose a relation so that she might be able to wear such a charming bonnet; and she says to herself, "the first time I have to go in mourning I will buy my dresses at the Sarcophagus," and then she passes all her relations in review to see whether there is any one amongst them old enough, or ill enough to give her any reasonable hope she may soon possess such a beautiful gown.

Just in the same way every event every fresh alliance, every friendship, serves as a pretext for a new dress; a friend gives a ball—a new gown; she marries—a new gown; she dies—a new gown; and so on *ad infinitum*.

Now we do not wish to be always bringing our country-women to the confessional, so we will not ask them what they think of this extract; and will only just mention, that when a young friend of ours told us the other day of her brother's approaching marriage, the sole comment she made was,—"So I shall be obliged to get a new pink bonnet, and that's very provoking, just as winter is coming on."

Apropos to mourning, M. Karr dwells upon it at length in another portion of his little work, and the passage is such an excellent one, that we are sure our readers will forgive us for extracting it in full. Here it is:

One of the things on which our sex has always prided itself in France is the beauty of the leg. Now I shall suppose that all the bow-legs, the crooked, the spindle-shanked, &c. met in council and decided it was perfectly useless to exhibit legs which were faulty in any respect, and thus to augment by a humiliating comparison, the triumph of those to whom Nature had shown herself more gracious. In consequence of this, knee-breeches and silk stockings were discarded and trowsers [sic] were invented. But by enclosing deformed and shapeless legs alone in these cloth cases, the end was not secured for the badly formed legs, on counting themselves, found they were in an immense majority; they therefore, promulgated a law, that henceforth all knee-breeches should be considered absurd. By this means the majority hit [sic—hid] both their own bad legs and the handsome legs of the minority.

This is a procedure employed very frequently in society.

We find it in the practices and customs adopted to show our grief on the loss of persons, whom we love, or whom it is supposed to be our duty to love.

To judge by these customs, we should be tempted to believe that it has been necessary to give to grief, either permitted or proper, general and common limits, beyond which all manifestations shall be declared to be in bad taste. It had been equally agreed upon, that those who shall scrupulously observe certain simple and easy practices, shall be considered to experience a sufficient degree of grief. Thus, it is proper for a woman to mourn her husband a year and six weeks [a man only mourns his wife six months.]—that is to say, the widow on the morning of the 471<sup>st</sup> day [and the widower on the dawn of the 181<sup>st</sup>] awakes in a gay and cheerful mood.

Grief divides itself into several periods, in the case of widows.

1<sup>st</sup> period.—Despair, six weeks. This period is known by a black paramatta dress, crape collar and cuffs, and the disappearance of the hair beneath the widow's cap.

2d period.—Profound grief. Despondency, six weeks. Profound grief is recognized by the dress, which still continues to be of paramatta, and the despondency which succeeded to despair is symbolized by the white crape collar and cuffs.

3d period.—Grief softened by the consolations of friends, and the hope soon to rejoin the regretted object of her affections in a better world. These melancholy sentiments last six months;

they are expressed by a black silk dress; the widow's cap is still worn.

4<sup>th</sup> period.—Time heals the wounds of the heart. Providence tempers the east wind to the shorn lamb. Violent attacks of grief only come on at rare intervals. Sometimes the widow seems as though she had forgotten her loss, but all at once, a circumstance, apparently indifferent, recalls it, and she falls back into grief. Yet she dwells from time to time upon the faults of the beloved, but it is only to contrast them with his dazzling virtues. This period would be tiresome enough for the world at large, therefore it has been decided to express it simply by half-mourning.

5<sup>th</sup> period.—There is now only a softened melancholy, which will last all her life, i.e., six weeks. This touching and graceful sentiment shows itself by a quiet gray silk dress; the sufferer less feels the loss than the actual deprivations of a husband.

When any lady loses her husband, it is requisite either to pay her a visit of condolence, or to address a letter to her. It is customary in these cases to make use of such language as admits the probability of the greatest possible grief, that of Artemisia, for example. Fontenelle, however, though proper to send a blank letter to a young friend of his who had lost an old husband, saying he would fill it up in three months afterwards. When he did so he began, "Madame, I congratulate you." But this is quite contrary to custom. Therefore, when a widow loses an old avaricious husband, from whom she inherits a large fortune, you ought not the less to entreat her not to give herself up to despair, and take care to look as though you believed it was law and custom alone which prevented her from burying herself with him. . . .

Age.—Listen (he says) to a woman of twenty speaking of old women; she does not talk of them as persons whom she will one day resemble. To hear her talk, you might fancy that young and old women are two entirely different species, black and white, and that she belongs to the young, just as she does to the white. But what, after all, (he asks,) is it to be old? It is not to have spent a certain number of years out of the mysterious sum allotted to each: no; to be old, is to have lost all beauty, to possess no longer the power to charm. Women (he continues) are often reproached because they will not tell the truth respecting their age. It is much more a piece of absurdity on the part of men to ask it, than on the part of women to conceal it. It is very well to ask the age of a woman whom we have not seen; because it gives one some sort of a criterion, a very indifferent one often, by which to form conjectures as to her personal charms; but it is perfectly useless to ask a woman's age after we have once seen her, and can judge what she really is, instead of what she pretends to be.

Sunday Dressing.—I am often struck (he says) with the power of memory exhibited by ladies who go to church regularly on Sundays and week days. Is it not, indeed, something superhuman which enables a woman, after she has passed an hour and a half in church, without ever lifting her eyes from her prayer-book, or letting them wander from the preacher, to describe to you the toilette of every lady in church, without omitting the smallest details? She will not forget either their gloves or their collars; she will never give to one lady the lace or the ornaments of another. Not only does this require great perfection in the power of memory, but a singular and phenomenal development of the sight, for the ladies who sit at her right or her left hand, or behind her, will not be omitted any more than those who sit before her. She will have seen them all, she will have remarked all the details of their attire, even those which are the most insignificant in appearance, without having been once caught turning her head, and without having exhibited a sign of being engaged with anything but her prayers.



NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 21, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Free Flag of Cuba.—De Witt & Davenport, publishers, New York, have now in press a historical romance, entitled the "Free Flag of Cuba," relating the incidents of the unfortunate expedition of Lopez in 1851, and introducing fictitious characters and incidents. The tone of the book is strongly "Filibustering" throughout, and aims not only to vindicate, but to eulogize those who were engaged in that enterprise. The work is dedicated to Gen. Quitman.

[Note: book by Lucy Holcombe Pickens of Marshall, Texas, later South Carolina]

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 21, 1855, p. 6, c. 1

### Are Unmarried Women Ladies?

Editors Daily Delta: The above proposition, although somewhat paradoxical, is suggested by notices which appear daily in our papers, giving that title of nobility exclusively to married women. The Delta announces the arrival in this city, on yesterday, of A. Alexander and lady, f. H. Lanier and lady, etc., which implies, of course, that they are man and wife; and in the same notice appears, without the title, Miss Crothus, Miss Hogan, etc.; and again, other arrivals are noticed in plain American style, as Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. Snookes and wife. Now, in this last connection, the Misses H. and the Misses Snookes would follow as natural and proper correlatives of Mr. and Mrs. H., etc. The correlative of lady is not *baby*, but lord, and any woman therefore not having a lord, is not a lady,—unmarried women have not lords, therefore they are not ladies. But I cannot reason on the subject, it is so confused, illogical and ill-grammatical. I appeal to you, Mr. Editor, as being famous for paradoxes, for explanation.

Sismondi.

Our friend "Sismondi" has a knack of putting the most puzzling questions, but we will strive to answer his interrogatories fairly. Assuredly every wife is not a lady any more than every lady is a wife. The title "lady," is but a representative phrase which implies the existence of certain accomplishments and charms in any given woman, and by no means refers to the matrimonial condition alone. There are many ladies who are old maids, and many wives who can never be ladies. As to the absurd snobbishness of writing "Mr. Buncombe and lady," and similar entries in our hotel-books and lists of arrivals, we agree with Sismondi, and beg to quote Mr. Thackeray in support of our mutual views. You recollect his story of the London Cockney, who married a woman of title?

"How is your wife?" asked a stranger of the Cockney. "My *lady*," answered the indignant husband, "is very well."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the stranger, "I was under the impression that she was your *wife*; I perceive my mistake."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 23, 1855, p. 3, c. 3

### Arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Doesticks.

We are pleased to announce the arrival in this city of that distinguished individual, Philander Doesticks, Esq., who, with his amiable lady, are stopping at one of our most popular first-class hotels. While making this announcement, it grieves us to add that Doesticks has met with an accident, which deprives us and our readers, for the present, of the scintillations of his

genius. He will, however, we trust, soon be able to fulfill the promise he had made, to communicate direct with the Delta. In the meantime, we publish with pleasure the following letter, addressed to us by his amiable better half, Madame Sally Ann Doesticks. Doesticks had better apply, without stint, his Patent Magic Pain Extractor to his sprained thumb, else he may wake up some fine morning and find the star of his popularity dimmed by the rising sun of some less masculine genius—in other words, that Sally Ann has put on Philander's pantaloons:

Sky Parlor, St. Charles Hotel,

January 22, 1855.

Dear Editor of the Delta—Your eyes will open a bit, I guess, when you receive this letter; but Doesticks has nearly broken his right thumb and scraped all the skin off the front part of his lower extremities, while climbing up these everlasting, brass bound St. Charles stairs. Philander always was for climbing up in the world, and I hope now his ambition is gratified. We had heard of the St. Charles hotel before leaving home, and the editor of that Detroit paper, which Philander has made immortal, loaned us a paper called the Picayune, published, I believe, in this city, and said (by itself) to have the largest circulation of any paper in the South-West. By the way, how is it that you publish the list of Postoffice letters, when your circulation must be the smallest, according to the Picayune's own statement? I don't understand it, but I suppose you do.

Well, in that paper of 'the largest circulation' I saw a positive statement that the Hotels in New Orleans were all first class hotels. This I was glad to know when Philander told me he should take me and the children to this beautiful city, to spend a month or so. I told Philander at once that we must stop at the St. Charles. The popular St. Charles! And I'm glad now we did stop here, it is so popular, everybody likes it, no grumbling; and for the luxuries we get, the price is cheap, cheap as dirt, anywhere. Only three dollars per day for each person! Why, Philander paid two dollars and a half per day at the St. Nicholas hotel in New York, and the St. Nicholas can't hold a tallow candle to the St. Charles. O, what luxuries, what luxuries! I am almost afraid my Clara Ann Matilda, and Sophronia Carolina, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and Philander, jr., will grow so fat and bilious-looking, that they will really turn into Creowls [sic], as you call the native Americans out here, and when we go back to Michigan, the Abolitionists will steal away my little brood and make runaway slaves of them. Now, for a dollar and a half a day, (they charge only half price for children) I do not ask to have my children fed so luxuriously. You ought to take a look in at the children's table and see for yourself how it actually groans with "the best that the market affords." Perhaps you will hardly believe it when I tell you that they actually give good brown sugar to the children to put in their tea, but it is a fact which I would hardly believe myself, until I saw it with my own eyes. When I told Philander how luxuriously the children's table was provided, he insisted upon my requesting the proprietors not to be so indulgent to the children, and particularly not to give them brown sugar for their tea. Brown sugar he says is too nourishing, too fattening. Why, he says, they feed the negroes on the plantation with brown sugar to make them fat. No, no, that is one luxury too much.

And then, the breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers at this hotel for the grown-up folks! Oh, how my mouth waters as I write about them! I wonder where you live, Mr. Editor? When Philander gets well I am determined that he shall invite you here to dine and take supper with us, just for once, to know what good living is. The meats are so much better in quality, and so much better cooked, than at the St. Nicholas; and then the vegetables, in variety, exceed anything that I have ever seen. But what shall I say of the pastry and desert? The delicious puddings and pies, the incomparable Charlotte Russe, the magnificent confectionary, consisting of superb pyramids, &c.; and then the figs, and prunes, and oranges, and other luscious fruits, which have no equal. I

am really afraid I shall kill myself with eating if I stay at this first-class hotel much longer. After you have partaken of this luxurious dinner, I fear that Philander will do wrong if he urges you to stop to supper.

Here the St. Charles surpasses itself, if that be possible. The splendid cold ham, roast mutton, turkey, chicken, duck, oysters, and meats of all kinds, greet the eye and stimulate the appetite. These meats are not what might be supposed would be the case—the leavings of dinner. Oh no; everything is prepared purposely, and, then the delicious tea, coffee and chocolate, always served up so plentifully, are luxuries in themselves. For the life of me I cannot conceive how the proprietors, for three dollars per day, can possibly afford to do these things. If they can, then the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York must make what you call here a "heap" of money. But I must stop writing. Philander is asking for his patent magic pain exterminator, and I must nurse the dear soul, and get him well for the next "hop," and if his thumb is well enough, then he will tell you all about it.

Yours, sincerely and truly,  
Sally Ann Doesticks.

P.S. Philander sends his compliments to you, and wants to know if the "machines" and their accompaniments always sing as pretty when they come from a fire as they did last night. If so, he may be induced to "run" with one of them.

Yours, S. A. D.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 27, 1855, supplement, p. 1, c. 1

Children's Ball.—"Hurrah for Young America!" was the involuntary exclamation of every adult who had the good fortune, last evening, to be admitted to one of the most charming spectacles ever exhibited. It was the Ball of Madame Brookes' Juvenile Pupils at the Odd Fellows' Hall. About two hundred little ones, of both sexes, from two and a half years to sweet sixteen, were engaged at one time whirling like very diminutive teetotums through the mazes of the most difficult waltzes, and tripping light fantastic toes in the most fashionable quadrilles. Around the room sat a host of proud and delighted mammas, with a small sprinkling of papas, (the old fogies ought to have turned out better,) and not a few bright-eyed damsels, whom custom, not inclination, compelled to play the lady and forgo the almost irresistible inclination to participate in the gay scene with pantalettedom. The proficiency displayed by these little ones is a high tribute to the skill, taste and discipline of Madame Brookes. There were little ones, barely out of swaddling-clothes, who danced the Sicilian, the German Polka, the Cachuca, the Highland fling and other difficult *pas* with the grace and ease of practised Terpsichoreans. To one who remembers what a severe discipline was required to infuse grace into the legs of twenty-five years ago, it is truly marvelous to behold the proficiency attained by the present generation in the mysteries of saltation.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, January 28, 1855, p. 3, c. 3

#### Equestrian Exercise for Ladies.

The most experienced physicians agree that horseback exercise is beneficial to all, but more especially so for invalids and sedentaries. The gentle motion of the chest, the increase of respiration, the gradual shifting of every drop of blood in the arteries, the fresh, buoyant wings given to the spirits during an hour's gallop on a clear spring morning, must render it an antidote

for nine-tenths of mortal maladies. We believe that equestrian exercise, under a judicious direction, is, of itself, if timely commenced, a cure of consumption. There is no civilized country on the globe where physical education is so much neglected as in America; the consequence of which is, that our males are demi-dwarfs, and our females little more than houseplants. The English, physically, the most beautiful nation on the earth, are assiduous in this department of education. They would think a child's education incomplete without a thorough knowledge of horsemanship. One of the most interesting pictures that the pencil of an artist ever drew, is a finely formed and graceful woman mounted on a spirited charger, who, proud of his fair burden, curbs his glossy neck and spurns the earth as if it were not good enough for him to stand upon. It has been said that a lady's position on a horse is dangerous. We do not think so. Every position is either dangerous or awkward until we learn to manage ourselves in it. A lady, with proper care and training can get the management of a horse so completely that he will be put to his last trump to throw her. In evidence, we may name Fanny Kemble. A few hints and practice are all she needs. The left foot should be placed in the stirrup a little above the second joint of the large toe. The reins should be brought up between the fingers of the left hand, and firmly held between the thumb and first finger. The left shoulder should be brought well forward, and the right hand, holding the whip, fall gracefully by the right side. The pommel of the saddle should not be held by the right hand. The fair rider should throw her shoulders back, and give as much expansion to the chest as possible, and keep as nearly as she can the momentum of her horse. If the steed springs suddenly to the left, and she agrees not with his direction, she gets a counter motion and falls to the right, which is neither pleasant nor graceful. When a gentleman attends a lady, on which side should he ride? A competent authority says, the gentleman must ride on the left side, when holding his reins in the left hand, he is free to render aid, should the horse become fractious, or the habit of the rider require adjusting. If the gentleman rides on the right side, he must use his left hand, and can do so to very little purpose. Instances have occurred where the lady's horse has taken fright on the instant, and the rider was rescued by the gentleman being on the left side, and taking her from the frightened animal to his own. If the lady wishes to converse and her escort is at her right hand, she must turn her head half round to make herself heard. Again, the escort being at the left hand, her dress is protected from the vehicle passing, and if it becomes disarranged it is not exposed to public view.

This is doubtless the true place to ride; but it has the evil of danger to the lady's feet by the conduct of the horse. But he should manage to keep her horse in the right place. If a man is not sure of himself and his horse, it may be safest to ride on the right of the lady, which in this country is the usual custom.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 3, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Interesting to Matrons.—The local editor of the Buffalo Republic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which he has recently made, of general importance to mothers. It is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours. The *modus operandi* is as follows: As soon as the squaller awakes, set the child up, propped by pillows, if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other, until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes, more molasses and more feathers, and in place of nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The Crockett Printer says:

We learn by a gentleman direct from Camden, Rusk county, that Mr. O. P. H. Walker, of Huntsville, was shot in Camden, by a half-breed Indian, named Ellis Buffington; some difficulty originating between them. Walker attempted to seize an axe near him when Buffington shot him in the back, and made his escape to a half-breed village near by. From the nature of the wound, Mr. Walker could not survive long.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 8, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Knuckle Washing Machine.—We visited the Arcade Hotel yesterday morning to witness the operation of the ingenious Knuckle Washing Machine. It is decidedly one of the most useful invention of modern times, and so simple that a child of ten years can work the machine, and in one hour cleanse more clothes than eight or ten washerwomen. The articles that require washing are attached to a lever which moves up and down in a wooden box containing several hundred wash balls and a quantity of hot water, and after a score or two of evolutions, the article is drawn out perfectly cleansed. We advise every body to call at the Arcade Hotel about 11 o'clock and see the Washing Machine in action. Our washerwomen will certainly be driven to despair at the triumph of their wooden rival.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 8, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Mabie's Celebrated Menagerie.—The far-famed menagerie of Messrs. Mabie will be here on Monday week. Their collection is the most extensive in the country, and consists of wild beasts, tame beasts, birds and serpents. The great lion-tamer, Mr. Beasley, who is lately returned from Europe, enters the den of the lions, tigers and leopards, and shows his wonderful mastery over their savage natures. A fine Polar bear, lately purchased at enormous cost, is now added to the attractions. The elephant Romeo is so accomplished and gentle that one involuntarily wishes he may meet with some elephant Juliet to soothe his private hours. The pony and monkey races are the most comic things in creation. All our youthful citizens should prepare for Monday week.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 8, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

"Gunn's Family Physician, or Guide for the Afflicted," by Dr. John C. Gunn. We have been favored by Dr. Gunn with a number of this invaluable medical work. The Doctor is fully competent to write this book, which he intends shall be a complete family physician. We hope he may carry out his plan with success.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 13, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Masked Ball on Mardi Gras.—One of the most joyous reunions that the world ever saw will come off at the Orleans Theatre on Mardi Gras, this night week. Every one should hasten to purchase a ticket and to decide on the character in which he or she will appear.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 14, 1855, p. 4, c. 3

Valentine's Day.—Welcome most joyous of festal morns, when fair maidens and gallant youths, decked in their sunniest smiles, come forth to seek their loves. Cupid, who since the birth of man, has never idly rested on his bow one single hour, is ever on this day most active and sends forth his arrows in all quarters. Valentines are Cupid's arrows, and when placed near

the bosom of a gentle maid, enter right soon into her fond heart. Send valentines, then, gay youths, to all dear maidens, and rest assured that all the sad havoc they may cause in their hearts, will be nothing in comparison to the mischief ladies' bright eyes effect each day on us, who foolishly do bride ourselves on being of the sterner sex.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 14, 1855, p. 4, c. 3

One of the Valentines.—About 9 o'clock last night the watchman on Julia street found a female child, apparently not more than two or three days old, lying on the door-steps of house No. 226, between Carondelet and Baronne streets, nicely wrapped up in an old woolen shawl and a few rather coarse "duds." It was crying right lustily, and seemed to be very hungry. The watchman took the little thing up in his arms and not finding any person who was willing to claim it, he brought the little Valentine's eve foundling to the First District Station house, where we shortly after saw it in Captain Moynan's arms, who was making some very commendable efforts in the baby-talking line, to put it to sleep. When we left he was swinging it to and fro in his arms, singing "Hugh-a-by-bay on the tree top, when the wind blows the cradle will rock," in a truly matronly style. Of course the heartless mother will never be found, and it is better for the child, perhaps, that she should not, and the city will have to adopt the infant. Foundlings are accumulating, and if they continue to come in so fast, a nursery will have to be established. The baby must, of course, be called Julia de Baronne Carondelet, out of respect for the locality in which it was found. Had it been a boy St. Valentine should have been the name.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 17, 1855, p. 1, c. 5

Mardi Gras.—From the notes of preparation now being made everywhere, the holiday season is likely to close on next Tuesday night in a brilliant manner. It will be a grand Carnival night in reality as well as in name. We are to have the grand masquerades at the St. Charles and Orleans theatres, the Young Men's Mask Ball at Odd Fellows' Hall, the Young Bachelor's at Masonic, a ball at the Armory, and another at Union Hall, all of which will be doubtless well attended, and splendid affairs, as everybody will be anxious to have a little fun before the sack-cloth and ashes of Lent are put on.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 17, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

Votaries of Mardi Gras!  
Attention!

Theatrical Tights,  
Fleshings,  
Eccentric Stockings,

---and---  
Fancy Dress "Fixins" for the Balls,  
---at---

S. N. Moody's,

corner Canal street and Exchange Place.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 18, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Red Knights.—Rumor hath it that a part of maskers, dressed *cap a pie* in red will visit us from Mobile next Tuesday night, and be present at the Young Men's Masked Ball in Odd Fellows' Hall. This will be a very interesting feature.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 18, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Orleans Theatre.—In order to have a grand rehearsal of Meyerbeer's superb opera of "The Star of the North," there will be no performance this evening.

To-morrow night being Mardi Gras, there will be a lively and varied entertainment in accordance with the joyous event. The grand galop, from the opera of Gastavus the Third, will be danced by the whole company in full costume. The comic opera, "Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois," and the laughable vaudeville, "Le Commis de la Grisette," will be given with a spirited musical interlude and dance.

One hour after the close of this performance, the Orleans Theatre will again reopen its doors to the participators in the grand masked ball and carnival.

Orleans Theatre Ball.—New Orleans, famed for splendid balls,—which are got up here in a style superior to that of any other city in the world, has never witnessed any displays of that character at all to equal the series of balls given this season at the Orleans Theatre, which will be concluded on Tuesday by a grand festival which will surpass all its predecessors. For beauty of ladies, brilliancy of decorations, grandeur of orchestra and all the essentials of a splendid Terpsichorean *fete*, the ball of next Tuesday, Mardi Gras, will make a great event in the gaiety of our city.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 20, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Mardi-Gras.—This is Mardi-Gras, or the last day of the Carnival! a day that, in times gone was wont to be celebrated in New Orleans with great *eclat*; but the march of Anglo-Saxon innovation has made sad havoc with the time-honored customs of our ancient population, and to-day Mardi-Gras is the Carnival but in name. A few maskers will doubtless parade the streets, and cast flour in the eyes of all unfortunate Ethiopians who may chance to cross their path, but the grand processions, the universal rejoicings and the unrestrained mirth of former times—now is seen no more. At night, however, we still have our balls; and long may it be before this remnant of the Carnival's glories shall be numbered with the things that were, and in this respect, from the number of masquerades that have been gotten up in different portions of the city for this evening, the present bids fair to surpass in brilliancy any Mardi-Gras celebration that we have witnessed for several years past.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 20, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Young Bachelors.—The young bachelors who have so distinguished themselves this season by their series of balls, that many ladies have doubtless felt inclined to put an end to their single existence, have this evening determined to give a grand Masquerade and fancy dress ball at Masonic Hall in honor of Mardi Gras. The arrangements are excellent, and the result will certainly be propitious.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 20, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Grand Masquerade and Fancy Ball.—Mardi Gras will be celebrated in right joyous style at Armory Hall this evening, with a Grand Masked and Fancy Dress Ball. Every step has been

taken to carry it out in the most efficient manner, and no one is likely to feel regret to-morrow morning, unless he abstains from this merry meeting. Tickets are still to be obtained.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 20, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Young Men's Masked Ball.—Beauty and wit will assemble to-night in untold numbers at Odd Fellows' Hall, to participate in the Mardi Gras Masked and Fancy Ball, given by the Young Men of New Orleans. Many a romantic part will be enacted, and we learn that some persons have traveled hundreds of miles to witness the merry scene.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 20, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The Continental Guards.—We visited the armory of this new company, last evening, for a few moments, to witness its debut in uniform, and were delighted with the display made. The uniform is a beautiful thing—neat, not gaudy—and brings at once to mind pictures of the American soldier of "'76," which we were wont to gaze upon with such enthusiastic admiration, in the well-thumbed pages of our school history. The Continentals, we feel assured, when they turn out on the 22d, will monopolize the admiration of the public, and be "the observed of all observers." There were about thirty of them in uniform last evening, and the appearance of these thirty, and of the left flank in particular, was, indeed, formidable. Lieut. Sam. Todd put them through their facings while we were present, and they performed various marching evolutions—all of which were accomplished in a manner worthy of veterans. Look out for the Continentals, their cocked hats and tri-color, on the anniversary of the birth-day of the Father of his County, for they will be the sight worth seeing!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 21, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Mardi Gras Pranks.—Pierre Dufour, a famous Mardi Gras mummer, while charging through St. Charles street last evening at full career on horseback, knocked down a lady and child who happened to be crossing the street, seriously injuring them. He was arrested, taken to the lock-up, and terminated his carnival in one of Captain Moynan's cells. A wild Indian mummer, named John Kelly, rode against a man and then struck him over the head with a huge stick, for which he was arrested. We saw a gentleman give two worthy mummers a sound drubbing on Chartres street for throwing flour on him, and then turned around and swore he could whip any body that would take their part. He was a stout looking individual, and we backed out.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 22, 1855, p. 1, c. 5

### The Carnival.

Great was the rejoicing in our fair city yesterday; from morn until midnight the gay-hearted youth, laying aside all cares, came forth in fanciful attire to celebrate the Mardi Gras. The past seemed to live again, as cavaliers in costumes of the days of Louis Quatorze rode by on prancing steeds. Not only were the riders decked in fancy robes, but also their horses came in for a share of the decorations, and bore rich cloths round their necks and ornamental appendages to their tails. The juvenile portion of the community fairly reveled in the day, and seemed to think there was nothing like the *flour* of their youth.

When night came on, the city seemed all one masquerade. Groups of citizens in dresses,



of every age and station, were wending their way to the various balls and theatres, and it seemed that mirth and laughter were the high priests that every one had sworn to worship.

The Orleans Theatre presented a most brilliant appearance. The masks and mummers came there in hundreds, and the fairer portion of the community never looked more beautiful than in their gay attire. Every conceivable costume, from the Templar of old to the flower-girl of to-day, were here, and the admirable band excited the spirits of all, and dance followed dance until morn almost dawned upon the merry-makers. Frequenters of balls admit that this ball surpassed everything of the kind that had ever been attempted even in this far-famed Temple of the Muses.

The St. Charles Theatre gave a masquerade which was thronged by innumerable characters; but it appeared to us that there was not so much mirth as in other quarters of the city. The band played at very long intervals, and the number of musicians was small indeed.

Odd Fellows' Hall never shone with greater brilliancy—the ball room, which is the largest in the city, was so crowded with gay maskers, as to render dancing almost impossible, until the small hours of the morning, when they began to thin out a little. The *tout ensemble* of the scene presented was the most lively, joyous and pleasant that we have ever witnessed. A great addition to the attractions of the evening, was the sudden appearance in the hall, about 11 o'clock, of the Red Knights, a party of young men from Mobile, it is said, who were dressed from head to foot in a very grotesque, deep red costume. The Knights marched around the room, received the greetings of the "youth and beauty" of our city, and then dispersing among the throng, joined, for an hour or so, in the dance, when, having been waited upon by a delegation from the Armory Hall at a given signal, they left the gay and festive scene, and repaired to the Armory, where they met many old acquaintances, who, however, knew them not. The Knights were evidently not blessed with any very extraordinary powers of endurance, for they vanished from Armory Hall and were seen no more—going as mysteriously as they came.

From the very brilliant assembly at Odd Fellows, we followed the Knights to the Armory where were assembled a goodly portion of finely-costumed ladies and gentlemen, who were enjoying themselves to the fullest extent—for there they had room a-plenty to "spread themselves."

To Masonic Hall to witness the antics of our glorious old friends the young bachelors, and their fair lady acquaintances, we next wended our way; and here, too, there was a perfect jam, and as many difficulties to overcome in the way of dancing, as were encountered at Odd Fellows. It would be difficult to think of a character either in history or poetry that could not have been found here. As the night advanced, or rather as daylight approached, the attendance began to thin out a little, and there was more room for dancing—when all, of course, went earnestly to work, and kept up the festivities till the gas-lights 'gan to pale before the bright rays of the day-god. The young bachelor's was not second in any respect to either of the bright galaxy of balls which closed the Carnival of 1855—a fete that will be a matter for reference years to come as the most brilliant night passed in our city since it became Anglo-Saxonized.

There were other balls in different portions of the city—both public and private—but it was impossible for us to attend them all. We hear the one at Union Hall spoken of, however, as a very brilliant reunion. It was fully attended by the youth and beauty of the aristocratic Fourth District.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 22, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Mummers.—Various mummers were arrested yesterday for carrying the Carnival to

extremes. Job Swan came near creating a riot in the Third District, by dressing himself in priestly robes, and in these sacred garments, cutting up such fantastic tricks as made the angels weep, and raised the ire of the faithful. He was arrested and put in jail to prevent a mob.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 23, 1855, p. 1, c. 5

The Day We Celebrate.—The morning opened delightfully, the sun shone with unusual brightness from a cloudless sky, and the atmosphere was that of a genial spring morn. A salute at sunrise, fired from Lafayette Square by the Washington Artillery, ushered in the auspicious day. At the same moment a thousand starry flags were flung to the breeze from the several public edifices of the city, and, as the day grew older, the streets were filled with gay soldiers, with glittering uniforms and waving plumes, hastening to their several armories to prepare for the military ceremonies of the day. At ten o'clock the several military companies of the city assembled in Lafayette Square, were formed in line, and reviewed by the Commanding-General.

At this juncture the new company of Continental Guards made its appearance in the square, and was received into the great brotherhood of soldiers with a salute of artillery. This company presented a magnificent appearance, and created an immense sensation.

The streets surrounding the square were completely blocked up with people, and the steps of the city hall, and all the balconies of the surrounding houses, were crowded with ladies, whose approving smiles were wafted by the soft zephyrs that sported round their lips, to warm the hearts of the gallant soldiers in the Square—a sweet libation it was, and the Continentals came in for their full share. After marching around the square, to let the people see what they could do, the new company took its place on the left of the National Guards,—and the line being formed, moved out of the Square and took up the line of march for Bouligny, where the review is now taking place.

The children of the public schools are assembled in the Lyceum Hall in full numbers, where in words of "burning eloquence," some of them are receiving their first lesson in patriotism.

We have not see so much enthusiasm manifested, nor so complete a celebration of Washington's birthday for many years, and all done, too, without any assistance from the city authorities—a fact that proves there is never any necessity for diverting the revenues of the city government from their legitimate purposes.

Gen. Palfrey's Brigade, which celebrated the day in town, passed our office about half-past eleven o'clock, with drums beating, colors flying and bayonets bristling in the sunbeams, making a splendid appearance. The turn-out was unusually large, and the column presented a very formidable front. It seems that we are fast turning to be a military people again. A new generation is taking the place of that which became disgusted with military affairs, through disappointments in the Mexican war. The Legion looked in as fine trim as ever, and the Artillery is still the *ne plus ultra* corps.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 23, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Panorama.—The Pilgrim's Progress has been made the subject of a grand Panorama, which will be exhibited at Armory Hall for a brief period, commencing on Monday the 5<sup>th</sup> March. Wherever this fine painting has been seen it has won general admiration. The subject is most happily chosen, being, as the name would imply, founded on Bunyan's famous work; and the various scenes, which are painted by first-rate artists, show the pilgrim's journey through the Slough of Despond, Vanity Fair and other places, until he finally reaches the home of the

faithful. The panorama is accompanied by a lecture which fully describes the various objects of peculiar interest.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 23, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Celebration of the Twenty-  
Second February.  
Military Display.

The military parade yesterday, in honor of the anniversary of the day of the birth of the immortal Washington, was very brilliant. We have rarely witnessed a larger or more enthusiastic display of our citizen soldiery. The day was delightful beyond all description, as balmy as May, and the skies were a bright, clear, cerulean hue the whole day. The day was ushered in by the usual salutes of the Artillery. At an early hour the various volunteer companies might be seen hurrying to their various rendezvous.

The Brigade of General Tracy formed on Lafayette Square. It consisted of four companies of the National Guards—two companies having been detailed to occupy the muster ground on Lafayette Avenue—under Col. Forno, aided by Major Stith; three companies of the Washington Artillery, under Lieutenant Colonel Leech, composed of the Louisiana Grays, of the Montgomery Guards, (Capt. Scully,) and a new company, in the same uniform with the Montgomery Guards, under Captain Cavanaugh, formerly of the Greys. Col. Leech's command is a very promising one, embracing as it does three companies of the most stalwart men of our whole military body. The National Guards, though not in as full rank as they were expected to be, presented a very gallant and martial appearance, and, with their excellent field and company officers, maintained their decided superiority in movement over every other corps.

The Washington Artillery, however, again bore off the palm for brilliancy of appearance, splendid band, and the skill and agility of their manoeuvres [sic]. They mustered, musicians, drivers, and all, about sixty men, and took the head of the brigade, with their brass four-pounders, which they dragged through the streets by sections, in admirable order. We were pleased to observe that a valuable addition to this brigade has been made by the organization of a small but promising troop of horse, which, under the command of that popular and efficient officer, Captain Shaw, is destined to become a very handsome corps.

But the great interest of the day centered in the Continentals, who, according to due advertisement, were to make their first appearance on the anniversary of Him who was the Great Chief of the original Continentals. This company is composed of many of our most patriotic, jovial and public-spirited citizens. The design is to revive the dress, all the habiliments and accoutrements of "the Men of '76," who originated and achieved the independence of this Republic. No better idea could have been devised to arouse and invigorate the spirit and patriotism of our citizens than that by which the patriots of our revolutionary struggle are thus brought before our very eyes, in the ancient and honored garb and aspect, which, in our earliest recollections, are associated with those glorious deeds of heroism and patriotic sacrifice that have ennobled and immortalized the struggle of '76 in the view of the whole world. Such are the national associations that surround the Continentals; but independent of them, the uniform of this corps continues to be a very impressive one, and establishes, beyond cavil, the superior taste of our ancestors in military equipment and decoration. The corps turned out yesterday not in its full strength, but quite large enough to display, to great advantage, the brilliant new uniforms of its

members. Excellent judgment has been evinced in the selection of officers. Than Colonel Labuzan there are few better looking gentlemen of the portly order, more graceful, courtly and dignified in bearing, and none more skilled in his proper direction of military bodies. Lieutenant Samuel Todd, though deficient in corporate rotundity, fully supplies this and all other deficiencies by the manly, dashiness and boldness of his carriage and the dignity of his address. We might extend our observations from officers to privates, and find in each one some physique and character worthy of special remark, but as by so doing we might offend the modesty of some of our most worthy friends, we forbear further than to express our decided conviction that Ensign Chesley, bearing the National flag of thirteen States, supported by Sergeants Leslie and Daniels, presented a trio of such men as would have contented General Knox of '76, who was an eighteen stone man, or even that lover of fat men, old Julius Caesar himself.

The Continentals marched to Lafayette Square where they were received by the remainder of the Brigade with a grand salute and presentation of arms. They marched down the line in admirable style, showing themselves old soldiers in their movements as well as in their dress. We should be guilty of great remissness if we omitted to notice in proper terms the excellent brass band attached to the Continentals, dressed in the blue and buff of '76, and composed of the first class musicians. On their appearance, and during the parade of the day, the Continentals everywhere excited the most enthusiastic delight and applause from all beholders. No American could behold them without feeling his heart stirred with patriotic fullness and his mind carried back to more glorious scenes, which, in his boyhood, were his chief delight and study.

Colonel Tracy marched his Brigade to Camp street, where he formed on the left of his legion, which, under Brigadier-General Palfrey, mustered in strong force. The battalion of artillery, under Major Grivot, with a full park of guns occupied the extreme right. Then followed the Infantry battalion, composed of Captain Capdeville's company of Chasseurs of 1814-'15, and the German battalion, composed of five or six companies, under Colonel Eichols. This battalion mustered very strong and had a very showy appearance. The rear of the legion was brought up by the Emmett Guards, Captain Castall, in bright green uniforms, tall plumes. This corps would make an excellent Grenadier company, the men being all above the ordinary height. The line being completed, was received by Major-General John L. Lewis and staff, after which, the whole formed and marched through our principal streets. The Brigade of Gen. Tracy proceeded to the Louisiana Avenue on the outskirts of the town where it was joined by two companies of the National Guards, one a new company (G.), and the whole commanded under General Tracy and Colonel Forno, was exercised for sometime in Brigade and battalion drill; executing several very difficult manoeuvres [sic], with the ease and skill of veterans. The Brigade marched back to the city and the various companies proceeded in different directions to enjoy themselves as was meet and proper on this great patriotic anniversary.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 27, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

A Reminiscence of Mardi Gras.—A gentleman named Charles Barenasky appeared yesterday before Recorder Ramos and made an affidavit, in which he states that on Mardi Gras evening, while standing on Dauphin street, he was attacked by several masked persons; he requested them to let him alone, and was retiring when a police officer named Morano, violently assailed and shoved him in such a manner that he fell with his side upon the door-steps of a house, fracturing one of his ribs. Morano then dragged him to the police office and had him locked up. Being subsequently released on bond, he went home, and has been in bed under

medical attendance for the injuries received, ever since. He therefore charges Morano with having committed a brutal assault and battery on his person and falsely imprisoned him. The accused officer has been arrested and is held for examination.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, February 28, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

### Free Negroes.

Editor Delta—Dear Sir: I perfectly agree in your very just remarks on the conduct of the Northern abolitionists. There is one subject on which I would like to have your opinion. Is there a law forbidding free negroes to reside in the State? If there is, would not our police be well employed in ridding us of the many colored persons who remain here, setting a bad example to our slaves?

Yours respectfully,  
A Slave Holder

Yes; the law, though it has been mutilated and weakened of late, is still, if put into force, strong enough to protect our people against the annoyances of the horde of free negroes who infest our city. But why ask if there is a law? We have laws enough to make this a Utopia, but there are not one-hundredth part of them that are ever put in force.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 4, 1855, p. 1, c. 2

### The White Slave.

New York is a great city. Its fame is resonant in the mouths of men, and is wafted over the world by the mariners who go down to the sea in ships. It is gilded [sic] with fine gold, and painted with gorgeous colors outside, like the sepulchre [sic] of Scripture, but within there is nothing but rottenness and corruption. It is a Pecksniffian city, which preaches charity and human kindness, and brotherly love, while it robs its creditors and starves its servants.

Who believes, as Mrs. Potiphar dashes down Broadway in her splendid carriage, and stops before Steward's [sic] to pay a few thousands for a cashmere shawl, that she often refuses to pay her honest earnings to the poor seamstress who does the rough needle-work of the family? Will not the Rev. Cream-Cheese exhort her to pay the poor? Will not Timon Croesus be shocked by her meanness? Will not her aristocratic acquaintances despise her for such palpable dishonesty? Not at all. It is customary not to pay mere drudges. It is fashionable to snub needlewomen? Who is that crying at the hall door? It is only that seamstress making a noise, ma'am, about her money, ma'am; she says as how her children are starving ma'am, and she won't go along, ma'am; oh! kick her out—call the police—she is impertinent. So the Potiphar philosophy works.

The following affidavit, lately sworn to before the Major of New-York illustrates it:

["] City and County of New York, ss.—Mrs. Margaret Byrnes, wife of John Byrnes, of No. 108 West Twenty-fifth street, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that on Tuesday, the 20<sup>th</sup> day of February inst., deponent was induced by an advertisement in the New York Sun to apply to the store of Messrs. Davis & Son, No. 28 Warren street, as a shirt maker, for shirts to make up for said firm of Davis & Son, from whom she received three patterns of shirts to sew for them; deponent also states that she was induced by said firm to leave with them, or their agent,

two dollars as a deposit for their safe return; on completing said shirts, deponent, on Thursday, February 22d, took them to said Davis & Son's store, and was there informed that before being paid for the same they must be taken back and altered in their form; that said deponent took them back to her home and altered them as directed, and this day (Feb. 23d, 1855) she retook them so altered to said Davis & Son's store, and on presenting them to said Davis & Son, or their agent, they took and kept from her one of said shirts and turned the other two on her hands without any compensation being paid, or tendered to said deponent; and deponent further says that said Davis & Son, or their agent, refused and does refuse to compensate said deponent, or to return to her said deponent's two dollars, as left as aforesaid with said Davis & Son, or their said agents; and deponent further avers and declares that she was to have received but "one shilling each" for the making of said shirts. Deponent believing that said Davis & Son, or their agents, means to defraud her of her said wages and money, prays that the said Davis & Son may be arrested and made to restore to said deponent her said two dollars thus illegally withheld from her.

Margaret Byrnes.

Sworn before me, Feb. 23d, 1855.

Fernando Wood.["]

We trust that our readers have read every word of the above. It is worthy of the most serious attention as a commentary on New York life and New York honor. It was published in Mr. Greeley's paper, which regales its readers with constant expositions of the horrors of *black* slavery throughout the South, and, of course, was not in half as prominent a part of the Tribune as Lloyd Garrison's last lecture or Ward Beecher's speech. The same authority announced that over thirty thousand of those wretched needle-women—those white slaves—were actually dying of inanition, starving in the alley-ways and lanes of the great metropolis. Is it any wonder that they should starve while the Potiphar families pay their debts in the manner above described?

If there is any crime more deadly than an other it is cheating the industrious poor. That crime is the "predominant passion" of New York. The condition of the seamstresses is sufficient proof of the fact.

Spirit of Tom Hood! look down upon those Northern slaves and pity them. Rightly didst thou sing—

"Oh, men with children dear,  
Oh, men with sisters and wives—  
It is not *linen* you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives!

"Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
And still she sews with a double thread  
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

How many sing that "Song of the Shirt" in New York to-day while they sew their shrouds!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 5, 1855, p. 1, c. 4-5

Firemen's Procession.

The usual annual display of our gallant firemen came off yesterday with unusual *eclat* and brilliancy. There were over twenty-five companies, including those of Jefferson city, in the procession, and the rank and file was very large. There could not have been fewer than a thousand or twelve hundred men in the line. The engines were decorated with the usual taste and splendor, and shone as brightly as if just from the hands of the artisan. The hand of woman and her ever-graceful taste were conspicuous in the arrangement of the bouquets and decorations of the various machines. The Grand Marshal and his aids also presented a very grand appearance, and bore themselves with all the manly dignity of knights of the middle ages. Indeed, our firemen are the *preux cavaliers* of the present epoch. On a sentiment of gallantry and philanthropy, they incur the most terrible perils and perform the most arduous duties. Unlike the soldier, they encounter equal dangers, and hazard their own lives to save, not to destroy those of others.

Long before 10 o'clock the several companies began to assemble on Canal street, and by that hour the procession was formed in line agreeably with the published programme, and moved up Carondelet street. The neutral ground and vicinity of Canal street, during the morning, were so crowded that it was with difficulty the Marshals could make their necessary movements, and the balconies of the residences that line either side this famed thoroughfare were bending beneath the weight of fair ladies and pretty children. The streets through which the gallant brigade moved were crowded with people—all the city seemed to have come out to witness the display—everybody and his children were in the streets. About 1 o'clock it passed our office, in Camp street, and from the front windows we had a fine view of the several companies as they passed. From this elevated position the *tout ensemble* of the long array of beautiful banners inscribed with appropriate mottos, polished engines, decked with gay flowers, stalwart, neatly dressed firemen, stout, elegantly caparisoned horses, was the most magnificent spectacle of the kind we have ever beheld in our streets. [There follows a unit by unit description of the fire companies.]

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The Panorama.—Armory Hall was visited last evening by an intelligent number of citizens, all eager to witness the Panorama of the Pilgrim's Progress, on which fame has already lavished the warmest praise. We must commend the idea of pictorializing Bunyan's vast dream. A more interesting subject could not have been chosen, and it has been treated in a truly kindred spirit by the talented artists engaged on it. The first scene shows us Bunyan sleeping, and a minute after we are enjoying the fruits of his strange vision. The Pilgrim commences his perilous journey, and the varied travelers he meets with are all portrayed with wonderful individuality. The scenes representing Vanity Fair, the Slough of Despond, the Giant's Castle, the gates of the Celestial City, are all models of scenic art, and surpass anything we have witnessed in a work of this description. Mr. Greenwood gives a very pleasing description of each picture, with quotations from Bunyan's work; and he appears fully to enter into the spirit of the scene, and to have the power of imparting the same influence into his auditory. This evening the Panorama will be again exhibited.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The Chronicle congratulates its friends of the San Antonio Texian for their good fortune in securing the ancient archives of San Antonio de Bexar. They are an invaluable acquisition if literally translated and judiciously digested in graphic language. The history of Texas may now be

written. The meagre [sic] attempts to portray the great events that have transpired in this country previous to its occupancy by the Anglo-Americans, have elicited more ridicule than complimentary eulogy.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 11, 1855, p. 3, c. 2

A Letter from "Dorothea,"  
On Female Extravagance.

Dear Delta: Feeling a desire—I would fain wish its reciprocation—to renew my former gossip with you, I again take up my pen for a little chit chat upon the prevalent follies of the day.

In daily looking over the papers, I notice many little matters that perhaps escape the attention of those who, unlike myself, have a great deal to engage their time. The fear, however, of getting myself in a scrape with some of your satirical correspondents, has often prevented me from availing myself of your acknowledged courtesy, in order that I might comment upon them—I mean the ladies.

Pray, Delta, did you ever notice, in your course through this pleasant little world of ours, how one will wince when galled by a chance remark, that happens to touch a tender spot in one's conscience? A short while since, you published a letter from Lady Penelope Penfeather, scoring the *Bulletin* severely for its remarks upon female extravagance. Lady P.'s remarks may fairly be said to be commendatory of female extravagance, and if her premises are just, who—why—the *editor of the Bulletin must suffer*, as the inference. But, between ourselves, let's chat a little about this. Think you, if Lady P. had not felt the correctness of the remark to which she alludes, she would have dreamed of answering them? Not so. Yet, for all her clever answer, she could not deny their truth. It is patent that our women are daily growing more and more extravagant. Not satisfied with the comforts, and even luxuries, that American life affords, they ape all the nonsensical fooleries of European society—which sit about as gracefully upon the shoulders of Democratic America, as the war paint and blanket of an Indian would upon Prince Albert, or three-ply velvet on a backwoods woman, whose idea of finery consists of a large-figured glazed calico dress. Were our females content with adopting the graces of the Europeans, without their fooleries—were they even sufficiently well informed to decide between the truth and falsehoods that are presented to them, as foreign fashions, one would have nothing to condemn; but, unfortunately, it is not so; they eagerly seize upon what they are told is the *mode*, and you will see in the streets of our cities, ladies dressed in a style that Parisians would laugh at, and ask if the wearers had not mistaken the place and occasion.

Ladies promenade in gorgeous dinner dresses, with the low slipper and silk stocking of the ball room. And you will see in the dirty streets, on a damp, ugly day, costumes that were *originally* intended for the opera or a *soiree*, when the good sense of the wearers (if they had any) should tell them that a plain dress and walking-boots would be far more suitable. It is the extravagance of our ladies that assists greatly to make the general cry of hard times. While women, whose husbands and fathers have to toil physically and mentally to earn a mere pittance on which to support their families, spend large sums upon their toilette, sport laces and embroideries—bought, not the product of their own hands,—silks and satins, there must be a pressure on all connected with them; some one must suffer; they must feel in their hearts they are pursuing a wrong course—that to indulge in such expenses, they must wrong some one; that too often the poor seamstress is pinched down to the smallest mite, and the grocery and other like



bills must be paid. But they stifle the reproaches of conscience, and determine that their neighbors and old friends shall not surpass them, if they possibly can by *any* means prevent it. A spirit of rivalry is excited, and each struggles to make the greatest display; and many women descend to petty meanness that they would revolt at under other circumstances—pinch their tables, and weekly subtract from their house-money to add, if but a few dimes, to their toilette money purses. Many families live far beyond their means, without laying up one cent for the future—without one provision for the time when the head of the family, the honey bee of the hive, may be removed by death; and a family, who have been brought up in habits of luxury and idleness, are left helpless and dependent, perhaps burthened with debt. Sometimes, but *very seldom*, this is the fault of the man; yet, in nine cases out of ten, the blame may be fairly attached to the silly ambition of the woman, to make a display that will surpass her neighbors. Let her find that some one of her friends has purchased a new set of furniture, or carpets, or silver—in fact anything that excels what she possesses—and she will fret and worry until she succeeds in discarding her own for something that will at least equal that which she covets. If she has ten handsome collars, and a new absurdity comes out as the fashion, she must have one of those, or her happiness is not complete; and thus on through the *role*. Unfortunately, there is too much truth in the remarks of the Bulletin.

But enough of this, for this week at least, for you will think your gossip has turned "microscope," as Antoine says in "Nanette and her Lovers." So, Godieu [sic/?]

Dorothea.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 11, 1855, p. 8, c. 1

A letter from New Braunfels to the Galveston News, dated Feb. 22d, says:

I paid a visit yesterday to the ranch of G. W. Kendall, Esq., of the Picayune, and found him busily engaged making improvements on the beautiful site he has selected for his future home. He has already built a good substantial stone house, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, which extends for miles through a romantic region, interspersed with wild scenery of the finest character. His chief attention has been directed to the raising of sheep, in which he has succeeded well, since his removal to the valley of the Comal. His flock is the finest I have seen in Texas, being composed mostly of pure blooded merinoes, which produce the finest and most costly wool. They have been entirely free from disease since they were brought here, about two years ago, which proves the adaptation of this country to wool-growing, another valuable staple, which, by the introduction of manufactures, might be made a great source of wealth. The cost of transportation on the raw material, is the great drawback to the industrial products of the country. Cotton, which sells in New Orleans for eight and a half cents, does not here net five cents; and when we consider the additional cost of shipping to the north of Europe, and the cost of transportation back again, before we receive the fabric, which could be manufactured here just as cheap, it must be obvious that manufactories established in our State, would pay a certain and handsome profit.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 12, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from the Interior.

Port Gibson: Its Unparalleled Site--Its Bridges--Churches--Its Arcadian Shrubbery--and Noble-Hearted Citizens.

Vidalia, Feb., 1855.

Messrs. Editors of the Delta:

Gentlemen: Having seen Port Gibson, the county town of old Claiborne, in Mississippi, some three weeks since, my impressions of the beauty and extreme loveliness of that favored spot are still so vivid that I am constrained, like a painter who has a likeness engraved upon the retina of his eye, to paint it in a visible form, and thus disburden myself of a vision that has clung to me like a charm.

Landing at the waning and dilapidated town of Grand Gulf, which is but the piraeus or landing place of the real city, I was whirled, in some ten minutes' time, over a fast and substantial railroad, some eighteen miles, right into the centre of a beautiful city, of which I had no previous conception. The wide, regular streets, cutting each other at right angles, lined with elegant mansions embowered in a perfect sea of evergreen shrubbery, showed me an Arcadian vision of spring in bloom even while winter was reigning monarch of all the rest of the world. The site is most unique and romantic. An amphitheatre of hills is thrown around a warm, sunny, circular valley, like a curtain, or a series of carved bastions. At the foot of the circular sweep of those ramparts of hills, the Bayou Pierre flows round, encircling a large part of the city like a curved arm, and another bayou, probably dry a part of the year, completes the circle. From the inner banks of these bayous the site of the city swells up, cone-like and oval, like a flattened hemisphere, with a regularity, beauty and grandeur even that almost defies description. Every street and square of the city, as well as the proud sweep of the circumambient hills, are drained by these bayous, forming natural outlets for inundating showers and gratuitous sewerage for the handsome and tidy city. As on the apex of the flattened dome which constitutes the site of the city, the court-house is seen like a crown of beauty, flanked on Church street with four sacred edifices whose eloquent spires, pointing heavenward, would seem to indicate to the time-worn and weary even a better world than the earthly paradise around.

From the highest point or centre of the city, a view is gained, away down the main avenues, of the arches of three splendid bridges, spanning the crystal waters of the now clear and limpid Bayou Pierre. One of these bridges is on the road leading to the capital of the State; another on the high road to Grand Gulf; and the third, the longest self-sustaining wooden arch in the world, is the Port Gibson and Grand Gulf railroad bridge. It is the splendid creation of those eminent bridge architects of Natchez, the Brothers Weldon, who have done so much in the public Parish works of upper and middle Louisiana. Aided by their consummate knowledge of science, these architects are capable of any conceivable achievement.

The private city residences which shelter a refined, educated and noble-minded population of some eleven or twelve hundred, seem to vie with each other in architectural beauty and evergreen shrubbery; while on every summit of the proud surrounding circle of hills are seen beautiful villas, and in a spot, sacred to memory and immortality, rise the white and solemn monuments of "the city of the silent." The whole panorama combines beauty, peace and grandeur.

I found the citizens, all of them, distinguished by that noble but refined air of independence, so peculiarly Mississippian, which, in Europe, would be called lordly and aristocratic. It has an excellent principal hotel in the Bobo House. It is full of academies and schools of education, and boasts of two eminent weekly journals, "The Correspondent," and "The

Reveille."

My stay was far too brief, and I left the enchanting spot with a plaintive sigh of Moore's Vale of Avoca on my lips, which ran thus:

Good Vale of Port Gibson! how calm could I rest  
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,  
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world would cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Z. Y.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 14, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The wholesale cutting of the wires of the National Telegraph Line, in North Alabama, has caused great public inconvenience as well as much injury to the Company. The cause assigned for this ruthless act, is a superstition, prevalent in certain parts of the country, that the unusual drought of this year is, in some manner, produced by the wires. To arrest this feeling and prevent further injury to the lines, Mr. W. D. Read, the distinguished lawyer of Kentucky, Treasurer of the Company, will leave the city to-day to visit the section where the wires were cut and allay the excitement, or remove from the minds of the people the impressions which have led to this violence. We commend him to the attention and courtesies of our friends in that region, and trust that with his usual sagacity and judgment, we may soon have the wires restored and telegraphic communications re-opened between this city and the West.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 16, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

### The Free Flag of Cuba.

This is the title of a little [illegible] recently published by Dewitt & Davenport. The author is "H. M. Hardiman,"—which, besides sounding very unlike the writer of so much pathos, eloquence and graphic elegance, for other reasons and impressions seemeth to us a *nom de plume*. The book is redolent of female taste, fancy and sentiment. There have been men who have nearly counterfeited the graces and characteristics of female genius, but not one—least of all, one sorrowing in the name of Hardiman—who could have written this beautiful, earnest and eloquent vindication of the motives and characters of those who figured in the unfortunate, but heroic enterprise, headed by Narciso Lopez, against the Spanish Dynasty in Cuba. A gifted, spirited, pure-minded and warm-hearted Southern woman alone could have so handled such a theme.

The story pursues closely the main incidents of Lopez's enterprise. It sketches, with remarkable fidelity, the characters of all the actors in that fearful drama. The steady courage of the dauntless and determined chief, the ardent impetuosity of the impatient Crittenden, the chivalric bearing of the Creole Knight, Victor Kerr, are all faithfully portrayed.

There is but one omitted in this list of these heroes who was indeed the soul of this enterprise—whose heart communicated its own strength and enthusiasm to that gallant Spartan band—whose means were poured out, to his own impoverishment, to equip and organize the expedition, and who made all these sacrifices, and incurred all these responsibilities and labors, with no other prospect or hope of reward but the proud consciousness of having aided the noble cause of American independence. The name of Laurent J. Sigur must ever be associated with the earliest struggles of Cuban liberty. A few more such Americans and Louisianians, and Cuba

would soon cease to be the victim of one despotism and the plaything of two others.

But to our book!

Interweaved with the historic characters and events referred to, there is a pleasant romance of love and family history, including many life-like sketches, illustrative of Southern traits and scenes. The plot is well sustained, and the narrative never lags in interest, nor grows tame or prosy. The style is very smooth, graceful and elegant. Altogether, we regard "The Free Flag of Cuba" as a volume worthy of the theme, the first budding forth of a genius destined to bloom into luxuriant beauty and richness.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 16, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Lawyers and Men of Business—  
1856.

This country is overrun with lawyers. Our cities are thronged by members of the learned profession, with and without briefs. Every youngster who cannot keep a set of books, act as a decent salesman, or essay an ordinary branch of business, is incontinently sent to the Bar. He gets through Blackstone, commits to memory some scraps of Latin, and embarks at once in political life. A race of stump speakers is the result, whose metaphors are as ambitiously absurd as those of Charles Phillips, and whose principles are as pliant as gutta-percha. Year after year, the number of these very eloquent young gentlemen increases, they throng our preliminary elections, crowd our caucuses, render our public meetings as noisy as possible, and finally settle into most of our political and municipal offices as complacently as if they were born to them. All this is done in spite of the famous advertisement in the Minnesota papers to the effect that three hundred able-bodied lawyers can find ready employment in that State in breaking wood, making rails and ploughing [sic] the fields!

It is almost time that this state of things should cease. We do not believe that lawyers alone are qualified for the conduct of our political affairs. They are not always men of sense, though they are men of many words. They can talk "plain fire and bounce," like Faulconbridge, and give us the bastinado with their tongues, but it would be ridiculous to conclude, therefore, that they alone are suited to take cognizance of great national questions—to superintend our currency—to dictate our foreign policy, and legislate for the interest of our commerce. Their early [illegible] are alien to such duties [illegible] many lawyers have been great statesmen, it does not follow that all great statesmen should be lawyers. One may understand that the case of "*Bullum versus* Boatum" with out being the most desirable head of our navy or treasury departments, and though a glib tongue is needful on occasions, a clear head is quite as requisite. These are truisms, we know; but in a time when Mr. Buchanan commences a dispatch to Mr. Marcy by stating "it is now admitted that an oppressed people have a right to take up arms against their oppressors," or in other words, that a spade is a spade, and that two and two make four, even truisms have to be repeated before they are regarded amongst us as political truths.

It appears to us that this country has had enough, and more than enough, of flippant talkers, and is unmistakably yearning for an era of practical workers—of business men—who have been accustomed for years to the details of commercial life. The Government of this country is, after all, a great business machine. It should be conducted on the same principles, though, enlarged and extended, as a simple private counting-house. There is much similarity between the needs and requirements of a merchant's office and of the several departments of

Washington, viz: familiarity with business; systematic arrangement of minutae; boldness in speculation, and courage and dispatch in execution; and, above all, a high-toned honor, which cannot be questioned for a moment. These qualifications are not confined to the legal profession; they belong rather to our mercantile classes. Why then are our merchants excluded from political life? Why do we seldom or never behold them in our Municipal, State or National offices? Why are all the high places of the land filled by men who have been more accustomed to the technicalities of the courts than to the broad, bold and comprehensive views which invariably characterise [sic] our educated men of business? We cannot supply the reason, but the fact is self-evident.

That this monopoly of our political offices by lawyers, was neither intended nor foreseen by the framers of our constitution, is evident from the provision which supplies the Executive with a regular legal adviser, whose opinion can be taken on all questions in which the principles or technicalities of jurisprudence are involved. Our Fathers considered this single official sufficient for the legal requirements of the Cabinet, and assuredly they did not contemplate a condition of national life in which law is an epidemic, and lawyerlings break out like a dangerous rash all over the body politic. Of course we have no objection to legal gentlemen, as a class. They have done this and other States some service; and with Webster, Clay and Calhoun before our eyes, we must admit their claims on the gratitude of the people. But should the mere fact of being a member of the confraternity, be recognized as abundant qualification for political prominence amongst us? As well might every dauber of ale-house signs claim a rank beside Michael Angelo, on the ground that both were painters! We do not oppose the profession in the abstract, but the monopoly which it has created. We seek not to proscribe our lawyers, but to give fair play, an open field and no favor to our men of business also. Are not the latter as much interested in national prosperity as the former? Are they not frequently as well educated and intelligent? Do not the very necessities of their life call forth the qualities which best become a true statesman—self-reliance, liberality, boldness and dispatch? Is not an acquaintance with our internal resources, our foreign relations, and our vast marine, which heaves and falls on every sea, as desirable as the most complete familiarity with forms of legal procedure—with precedents, formulas and books?

Again, if it be true that the Government of the United States is more closely allied to the Merchant's counting-house than to a Civil or Criminal Court, is it not reasonable to select occasionally mercantile men for some of the high and important offices? Weapons to the hands which can wield them—hands to the weapons which match them! Let us perceive the fitness of things; let us be consistent. We do not set carpenters to make horse-shoes or smiths to plane boards. We do not build houses with scissors or manufacture coats with stone and lime. Why should we set lawyers at work which most properly belongs to the commercial intellect?

If you launch a ship, you place her under the command of a man who "knows the ropes," and whose hand has been on the main of old Ocean since his childhood; you select his subordinates from the wharfs where sailors congregate, and will not accept any green or unskillful hands. What would the world say if you entrusted your vessel and her cargo to the keeping of a person who never trod the quarter-deck, and cannot distinguish between the truck and the kelson; but that you deserved to lose both? Why then should we trust our immense interests—commercial, agricultural, mechanical and manufacturing—to obscure lawyers, who understand the tricks of the caucus better than the wants of the country?

Give us new men, and men of business. We are weary of merely flippant talkers, and require fresh blood to be infused into the political system. There is one new man, with whose

reputation our readers are familiar. The sudden popularity which attaches to his name is a significant proof that our views are beginning to be the views of the people. Hear what the New York Mirror—an independent and intelligent print—says of him:

["] In the first place, no one will embarrass that gentleman's friends by asking who is George Law. His name, long identified, with various great enterprises and improvements, has become familiar throughout the Union. Railroads, steamships and aqueducts are the useful monuments which his living energy has created—more honorable, if not more durable, than all the idle obelisks ever reared to commemorate the bloody achievements of all the Caesars. Why should not he whose genius and enterprise has been directed to the conquering of physical difficulties, for the benefit of society and the State, be deemed as worthy of civic reward as he who has worn a sword (without using it) in "conquering a peace" with Mexico? To bring the comparison to practical bearing—which of the two has done the more for the honor, glory, and riches of his country—Franklin Pierce or George Law? The one is an ordinary New Hampshire lawyer, without distinction at the bar—an United States Senator without fame in the forum—a subordinate officer in Mexico, who returned without his laurels. The other, a poor boy, who came to New York without a penny in his pocket, and who has dug, and hammered, and cut, and hewed, and built his way up, until he has carved his name as high and as boldly as any man among us. True, he is neither a lawyer, a statesman, nor a scholar. But he has what Captain Cuttle would call "solid chunks" of common sense; and he is emphatically a "people's man." Why may not George Law make as good a President as Fernando Wood does Mayor, and astonish all old Fogysdom by the energy and wisdom of his administration?["]

These are sound views, well expressed, and we do not hesitate in approving of them. Indeed, the Delta has been the first American paper which put them forward.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 16, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Gay and Happy Spectacle.—The spacious ball-room of the Odd Fellows' Hall presented last night the gayest, most brilliant, joy inspiring spectacle we have ever witnessed. It was on the occasion of the fancy ball of Madame Arraline Brooks' juvenile pupils in the Terpsichorean art. The floor was crowded with a legion of juvenility, embracing at least five or six hundred little ones of every age, from two years to budding sixteen. They were nearly all, too, dressed in fancy and character dress. With far more ease and grace they bore themselves in their assumed characters than adults. There was every nationality represented, turbaned Turks, velvet-jacketed Italians, sombreroed Spaniards, Swiss, Mountaineers, Tyrolese, &c.; so too, all the professions, the soldier, sailor, student, brigand, harlequin, and every other imaginable aspect which humanity ever presents. But the little misses particularly excelled as flower-girls, Swiss peasants, haughty Donas, tambourinists, Lady Gay Teazles, Greek maidens, &c., &c., &c. By and by, the vast and variegated crowd was organized under that accomplished tactician, madame Arraline Brooks, into quadrilles and valtzing [sic?] parties, and away went the happy little creatures circling around the room like so many little tulips playing tops. The perfect abandon and graceful freedom of these little devotees of Terpsichore excited unbounded admiration and delight in the large assembly of adults, who regarded the beautiful spectacle.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 18, 1855, p. 1, c. 1

Mrs. Doct. Riley's Anatomical and Physiological Lectures closed at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday last, where they had been delivered for the exclusive hearing of her own sex; and by a number of the *elite*, of whom her auditory was chiefly composed, her lectures are reputed to have

been not only explicit and highly instructive, but profound, eloquent and impressive, with a simplicity of manner and power of suasion peculiar to herself. As a literary and scientific woman, she has very high claims, and as a decidedly useful character, few with her bear even a comparison. The association of so experienced and talented a lady with a gentleman of Doct. Riley's professional skill, offers to the female portion of our city advantages they have long vainly coveted—since true delicacy must ever be a serious barrier to a lady's disclosure of her diseases to a physician of the masculine gender. We therefore congratulate every woman in New Orleans in now having a female so eminently skilled in their maladies as Mrs. Dr. Riley.

We are happy to inform our readers that the "Delta" is also to be benefited by the pen of this talented lady, as arrangements have been effected whereby she is to contribute regularly to our Sunday's columns.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 18, 1855, p. 3, c. 4

An Original Sketch.  
A Legend of the Choctaws.

[Written for the Sunday Delta.]

Dear Delta: As I am now visiting the Piney Woods, and supposing them unknown regions to you and most of your readers, I herewith transmit a short description of my peregrinations in this delightful country. I left the lake shore in the "fast sailing" Leonora, and although not the swiftest boat, she was fast enough, as she gave me sufficient time to inhale the fresh breezes of the lake, which, let me tell you, was a very agreeable change from your city of smoke and foul air. We reached, in two hours, the beautiful villa of Mandeville, enveloped in the shade of mighty oaks, the lords of the forest. The houses are very prettily built, and present quite a handsome appearance from the lake. Then commenced our river navigation; and, after turning and twisting more than ever Alexander on the river Meander, we reached the camp ground, where fine shade trees, the magnolia, oak and mimosa attracted our admiration, but not more than the beautiful ladies, who were there awaiting the arrival of their friends; and I must candidly acknowledge that for a small village there was the largest congregation of pretty ladies that I ever saw.

Covington is situated on the river Bogue Falia, which, in the Indian tongue, means "Clear river." It is a flourishing town, inhabited by people from all parts of the world. Here the chivalrous Louisianian, the hospitable Virginian, the warm-hearted Marylander, the impetuous Frenchman, the phlegmatic German, are all represented, and have colonized a spot which, for health and beauty, cannot be surpassed in all the South. The climate is perfectly delightful, far surpassing in salubrity that of Cuba, the Queen of the Antilles; preferable to the most healthy parts of Florida, exempted from those annoying insects that infest the watering places of the gulf and lake.

After spending a pleasant evening, we started for the Abita Springs, a natural artesian well, situated on the river of the same name. The Choctaw Indians gave it the name of the "Startled Fawn," or Abita, in consequence of a legend.

During the time that Louisiana was under the dominion of Spain, there was attached to the Government a young Spaniard by the name of Henriquez. While on a hunting expedition on this side of the lake, he visited the lodge of the Choctaw Chief, where he was received as a guest. There he met with a lovely Indian girl, who inspired him with the most tender passion. The

untutored maiden was easily won. They were married with all the awe-inspiring rites of the Catholic church. Dressed in the costume of her tribe—which the romantic youth insisted she should still guard—a scarlet petticoat of cloth, chemise of the purest white, moccasins richly embroidered, a scarlet mantle, that lighted up her fine face, where the warm, Southern blood spoke most eloquently. Her long black hair, which fell in plaited masses to her feet, her large black eyes, beaming with love and admiration of her lover, her graceful and perfectly chiseled form, half-revealed, half-concealed by her mantle, never did Canova's wildest dream of ideal beauty imagine a more perfect being.

Henriquez bore her to his home in New Orleans, which he surrounded with every luxury that civilization could procure. Every wish was gratified before it could find utterance. Masters were procured for her, and to please her husband she tasked her mind to rival in learning those French and Spanish dames she so far surpassed in beauty and grace; but in these unaccustomed mental exertions her physical strength gave way; her fairy-like feet, that once had been the swiftest in the race among the merry maidens of her tribe, could scarce support her light figure; the small hand that once could curb in mad career the wildest steed, could now scarce reach the lips, which, formerly the color of the scarlet berries of her own forest, now rivaled in whiteness the snow-drop of the garden.

In alarm for the life of his idol, Henriquez consulted in vain the physicians of the city. After essaying all the means of art and learning, they could give no hope. In despair he determined to call to his aid the great conjuror of the Choctaw tribe—the Medicine Man—in whom the Indians believed with the most docile faith. He came, viewed the almost helpless form, and promised her entire restoration in one moon, or month, if all his commands were obeyed; but strict obedience to his will could only bring back departing life. He ordered a litter to be constructed, to bear her to the lake, where his bark awaited him; pretending that in the forest alone could the Great Spirit smile on his efforts. The weather proved propitious; they were wafted gently across the lake. She was again placed in her litter, without one sign of life, except in her lustrous eyes, which ever sought her husband's with an imploring glance, which pleaded protection from the grim tyrant, Death. After traversing the forest for miles, where solitude reigned supreme, the wise man paused; a grove of majestic cypresses, from the lofty branches of which floated dark gossamer banners of moss, encircled a babbling spring, the murmuring waters of which alone broke the silence of nature. With a wave of his hand he directed their attention to a hammock suspended from the cypress. A few simples, arranged in callabosses, were the sole preparations to receive this child of the forest. By rapid gesticulation, the wise man showed that she must be left alone to nature and to nature's God; but threatened her instant destruction, if any attempt was made by Henriquez to join her before a moon should have passed away. With lingering steps her husband left her, after frantically embracing her, as if for the last time.

A month, which seemed a life-time, dragged its weary length away—each step which brought him nearer to the spot, filled him with greater apprehension. In despair, he pictured the inanimate form of his beloved lying beneath the funeral pall of the moss-clad cypress. He hastens rapidly on; the mound overhanging the spring is reached—no human form meets his gaze—no sound but that of the waterfall is heard. His overwrought fears find utterance in one wild cry of deep despair, when, answering to the echo, the bounding form of the lovely Indian girl is seen. The river intervenes—but with the impetuosity and agility of a young fawn, she has leaped across, thrown herself into the arms of her lover, perfectly radiant with health and beauty! He puts her from him to gaze into those orbs of love and light, to render assurance doubly sure,



that she is restored to him. The Indians shout, "Abita! Abita! the Great spirit has given us Abita!" The medicine man, standing with arms folded, in proud silence, received the enthusiastic thanks and praises for his great work. The Indian had taken advantage of the vapors of a powerful mineral spring, to restore to health the lovely bride. The Indians ever after called the spring "Abita;" and it is even now viewed by them with reverence, as being an emanation from the Great Spirit! It was around such fountains the Druids established their temples—knowing well, that in the deep recesses of the forest, in the solitude of the woods, Nature would speak most eloquently of God! And among the dark recesses of the woods surrounding the Abita spring, a Druidical temple would seem well placed; but alas! for this utilitarian age, no Druid stone, or graceful Greek temple marks the spot so adapted for superstitious awe—and Abita's leap and legend is told only by a few of the tribe, who still haunt the country which was once all their own.

Still does the smoke from their encampments curl in the blue vault of heaven. When any of their tribe are sick they are left alone near the spring.

There is scarcely a nation on the earth that have not, at some period of time, held sacred springs imbued with mineral qualities. Near such one, was established the famous Delphic oracle, the mineral vapors of which were supposed to inspire with prophetic wisdom. If the Delphic fountain gave wisdom to its priestesses, I can affirm that the water of the Abita gives health, and what is more, perhaps, to the ladies, beautiful complexions. The air around the spring is particularly adapted to invalids—an evenness of temperature is maintained by the position. The violet and may-apple bloom all the year—orange trees would not require covering. In fact, Italy, in the spring, is the only climate comparable with the "Piney Woods." Cottages are now building at the Abita for the reception of some hundreds of visitors this spring.

Fanny.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 18, 1855, p. 3, c. 7

#### The New Flying Machine.

We find the following statement in the *Patrie*: "The Academy of Sciences is a good deal interested by the invention of a flying machine by Don Diego de Salamanca. With this machine Don Diego's daughter, Sosaura, rose in the air some time ago at Madrid, to the great astonishment of the Spaniards, who are but little accustomed to this sort of miracle. Don Diego de Salamanca and his daughter are about to arrive in Paris to show the effects of his marvelous invention. The machine is very simple; it consists in a case two feet long, and one foot wide, adapted to a band of leather round the waist, buckled behind. The two iron rods fastened to the case support a small piece of wood, on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that employed to set an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle. It sets in work two large wings ten feet long, made of very thin caoutchouc, covered with feathers; and the wings may be so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular, or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has to be turned every quarter of a league to regulate the distance; the operation of turning lasts a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult; the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of a swan when it swims. By means of this curious machine, a man can go almost as rapidly as a carrier pigeon from the Hotel-de-Ville to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, in eight minutes, and in half an hour

to Versailles. The experiments, which will be made in Paris, will be on a small scale, and the flights of Don Diego will not extend beyond the department of the Seine; but at a later period he proposes to go to Lyons, to Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, and Tours, and to take the lines of railway. He pretends that he can travel quicker than by rail. The price of each machine will not exceed 1200f, for men and 1000f, for women. If the experiment succeeds, Don Diego will take out a patent, and will make the sale of the machines a branch of commerce. Although greatly astonished at this new invention, several members of the academy have pointed out the inconvenience of bringing it into general use. In point of fact, there will be no security for any one, if by the aid of such machines all our usages and customs be overthrown, and if malefactors can fly on the roofs of houses, afterwards get into apartments and commit all sorts of depredations. It will be very curious to see policemen in France or England pursuing thieves in the air, in order to lock them up on earth! It appears that 1855 promises us all sorts of marvels.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 18, 1855, p. 4, c. 2

Young Bachelors' Masked Ball.—St. Joseph's night will be celebrated by the young bachelors, at Masonic Hall, to-morrow night, in a style that will make that jovial old Saint chuckle and rub his sides. It is likely to prove the merriest meeting that was ever known even in New Orleans. Mid-Lent is a time when one can afford for an hour to throw off sackcloth, and kick away ashes, and go forth on the light fantastic toe to enjoy revelry and fun. Every one who has not yet purchased a ticket, should hasten to the Masonic Hall, or to the music stores.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 19, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

The Tyler Telegraph says that the tide of emigration is flowing fast and thick in that direction, and not a day passes by that does not bring with it crowds of people, who intend settling in Tyler, and in Smith county generally.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 25, 1855, p. 1, c. 2-5

Note: Engraving of Nicholas, Late Czar of Russia.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 25, 1855, p. 2, c. 1-3

[Lengthy description of the Fancy Dress Ball at the St. Charles Hotel]

Prominent in the gay assembly, attracting the respect and exciting the admiration of all beholders, as much by his benevolent expression, as his martial air, was that distinguished veteran, General John A. Quitman,—on whose brave arm there leaned with the confidence of a true American woman, one of the fairest of the fair congregation of beauty and grace,—a daughter of Tennessee transplanted to Texas,—in whom that rare combination of physical beauty and intellectual brilliancy excited such unbounded admiration,—and who, from her martial tastes and patriotic enthusiasm, could not have selected a more appropriate a [sic] character than that which she so happily and gracefully impersonated—La Figlia del Reggimento.

[Note: Probably Lucy Holcombe, of Marshall, Texas, later of South Carolina]

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, March 25, 1855, p. 3, c. 3-4

American Extravagance.  
Letter from Dorothea.

Dear Delta: With your kind permission I will resume my chit-chat, merely changing the heading from Female Extravagance to American Extravagance. I am somewhat fearful that you will rate me as a regular gossip, and one, too, who looks out the foibles of others without correcting her own. So be it. I, at least, have not the sin of extravagance to atone. 'Tis said, Delta, that it is the *truth* that wounds; so, if any one takes exceptions to my remarks, I shall think the cap fits them. With a half dozen old-fashioned, and therefore graceful courtesies to the Bulletin for its flattering remarks, I will renew my gossiping. We daily see parents struggling until heart and brain are weary and sick, to make a display of their children. Men, whose salaries do not amount to a thousand a year, give their children all the pseudo accomplishments one would expect to find in the families of millionaires. Were they, at the same time, duly instructed in the useful branches of a domestic education; were their daughters, like our old-time women, taught the economy of housewifery, strictly initiated into the mysteries of home-comfort, there would be no harm done. But no! it is a disgrace to *work*; not lady-like (ah! much abused phrase,) to understand the management of the menage. The young girl caught with a broom in her hand, or assisting her toil-worn mother about the pantry, would lose caste. Young ladies, now-a-days, learn to grace the ball-room and parlor; the kitchen belongs to an entirely new class of people. Our youths, too, are reared in idleness. Too genteel to learn trades, they become professional gentlemen, and thus add to the long list of mediocrities that overrun our country. Among our pseudo aristocracy you will see those whose parents, or, at the farthest remove, grand-parents, were emigrant beggars, market hucksters, and laborers of the lowest order,--(no disgrace, for honest poverty is not dishonorable)—who were thankful for the plainest furniture and coarsest fare, until, by prudence and economy, they accumulated money that swelled into large capital, and now their descendants cannot find articles of luxury sufficiently refined for their delicate tastes. Rosewood furniture, velvet tapestry and brocatelle, China and silver plate, replace the bare floors, fine furniture, and earthen utensils, diamonds must sparkle, and silks rustle upon people whose forefathers wore nail-pegged shoes or homespun garments. Verily, the change is great! It is amusing to hear Americans speak of their aristocracy, whilst their national boast is democracy and republicanism. Even where one family can trace their origin back for half a century, thousands are willing to forget their grandfathers. We have no real aristocracy—for wealth, not intellect and real merit, is the governing principle of our fashionables. Let a man have wealth, and were he the greatest boor that ever walked earth, he would be the nucleus of the fashionable world to gather around. Money is the open sesame to the enchanted circle of American aristocracy, and as all spend much more rapidly than their progenitors accumulated, the whirl of Time brings round its own revenge, and the rich man of to-day has disappeared to-morrow. You seldom see the same family occupying a conspicuous position in society for the duration of two generations. Thousands of parvenues spring up, glitter awhile, then sink to the level from which they sprung. This is but the natural consequence of "burning the candle at both ends"—fine houses, fast horses, hundred dollar shawls and dresses, laces, jewels, silver—and—and—and--. Let a man enter business for himself, with a capital of a few thousand dollars, and immediately his wife will imagine she must make an entire change in their style of living, to support the new-fledged dignity of the *merchant in business for himself*; instead of waiting until the profits will justify an increased expenditure, they reverse the matter and incur heavy expenses and wait for the profits to come afterwards. The effect, too often, in failure, default, and forgery. Widows and orphans suffer through their misplaced confidence in the honor of those to whose care they entrusted their little all. Thus, through the thoughtless—nay, criminal extravagance of one family, hundreds are often reduced to poverty. Will American women ever

take the subject into serious consideration, and reflect that upon *them*, in a great measure, depends the standing and fair fame of their husbands? That by careful economy—not meanness or avarice—they can assist those (who too often look in vain to them for assistance) to preserve a character for honorable dealing and commercial ability. Extravagance and love of display—words not always synonymous—often drive men to acts for which they would blush upon exposure, and women to degrade themselves and tarnish their fair fame, when in reality guiltless of ought save imprudently receiving costly gifts from gentlemen who possess no claim of consanguinity to offer such presents—which should be, and would be, by delicately-minded females, resented as an insult, unless offered under peculiar circumstances, for there are exceptions to all rules.

Well, Delta, I know you will say, that when my specs were bought, that by some mistake, brown or black glass was selected in place of *couleur de rose*. And with many hearty wishes that your circulation may continue on the increase, and that you may triumph over all *attempted* rivals, I bid you, Godden.

Dorothea.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 2, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

The ladies of Howell, Michigan, lately made a descent on a grocery in that village, in consequence of the husband of one of them having gone home intoxicated after drinking in this store. One of the ladies stepped up on a bench, and read to the proprietor the resolution that had been passed. They then proceeded to business. Hatchets and hammers, until then concealed beneath the ample folds of their shawls and cloaks, were instantly brought into requisition, and smash, smash, smash—in went the head of cask after cask, and away went the liquor. Not a cask, jug, or bottle was spared. The ladies subsequently dispatched a committee of their number to the other liquor-sellers of the village, requesting and urging them to desist from further "traffic in intoxicating drinks as a beverage," and politely intimating that in the matter of such "calls" they show no respect of persons.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Invitation to Dine.—We acknowledge the receipt of the following polite invitation to dine, yesterday. Business of importance prevented our attending, but we hope the dinner party got a surfeit of pea nuts:

Dear Delta: Please call around and dine with us to-day. We are to have an extra bill of fare, a copy of which you will find on over leaf.

Yours,  
A. Phool.

Hard Times Hotel, April 1, 1855.

The following is the bill of fare at the Hard Times Hotel:

SOUP—Pea Nuts....ROAST—corn, a la Indian, Pea Nuts, White Corn, shelled....BOILED—Pea Nuts, Corn, Pea Nuts, a l'Englaise....SIDE DISHES—Pea Nuts, garnished with Pop Corn, Pea Nuts, with Pop Corn Salad, Pop Corn, garnished with Pea Nuts....PASTRY—Pea Nut Pies, Indian Corn Pies, Pea Nut Drops, Pea Nuts, meringued, Corn Cake, Pea Nut Pudding....ORNAMENTS—Imitation Green Corn Pyramid, Pea Nut Mound, Pea Nut Shell Mound....GAME—(Not in season)....DESSERT—Pea Nuts, roasted, Tucket Corn, popped, Water, with ice and Pea Nuts, Pea Nuts in the shell....LIQUORS—Ice Water, Cold Water, Rain Water, Pea Nut Water....FINALE—Tepid Water with Pea Nut Shuck Toast.

The Immediate Future of the  
United States.  
War is Inevitable.

There is no spirit, no idea, no desire so absolutely contagious as that of war. If one's neighbors are fighting, especially in a chivalric style, one wants to fight himself. All the contemporaries of this country have sword or bayonet in hand, or at least are furbishing their arms, and their defiant feelings have been reciprocated here; their bold words have touched an electric chord in the American heart. Dollar-loving as the people may be—speculators on the embarrassments of others—peaceful and money-seeking Quakers amongst the nations, the time has come when their hands are itching for the sword hilt, and their ears are eager for the bugle of the onset. Nothing but the imbecility of their present Government has saved them, up to this, from war.

But this state of things can *not* continue. The whole nation is instinct with new ideas. It heaves and sways and tosses uneasily under the weight of its destiny. Old men feel that an era of trial is approaching, and, like Mr. Jarndyce, declare, with a shiver, that the "wind is from the East." Young men see no future ahead, save in change. Even as far back as '52 this rocking and swaying of the popular mind was evident. Franklin Pierce was elected as the man to cut away all snags and let the current flow. Higher and Higher has the dumb and silent wave mounted since then, and the barrier will soon be over-topped; *then* it will become a tidal wave.

The bearing of this country towards Spain—towards Europe in general—is peculiar. She feels keenly that she has been insulted—that her face has been smitten—that her beard had been pulled in the market-place—that she has been humiliated—mocked, ridiculed, tricked. But she has "a great talent for silence," and says nothing; or, if she utters a word at all, it is—"wait!"

In fact the chief characteristic of the United States was unintentionally expressed and illustrated by the Hon. Baillie Peyton, when he was attempting to vindicate General Jackson from the charge of rashness and recklessness. "General Jackson," said he, "was never in a passion until he was ready." So it is with the American nature generally; it never gets into a passion until 'tis ready. The history of all its great popular movements proves this—from the Mexican war to the Know-Nothing saturnalia. But the man has very little insight, indeed, who does not perceive that it is on the eve of being ready, in this year of our Lord 1855, for a bold defiance of all European aggression—for an assertion of its natural boundaries—for a proud fight. Public Opinion is no longer a mere chatterer and caucuser; it is a tall man, "with a helmet on its head and a long sword by its side!"

There could be no greater blessing for this nation than a vigorous war. It would be a healthy expansion of the lungs—a breath of pure air at last. We cannot deny that of late years the character of the country—politically considered—has been degenerating. The nation has been rapidly sinking into the meanness of an office-seeker and a stump-orator. It has knelt down before a Golden Calf, which it calls "the spoils," and grovelled [sic] in the mire. It has "forgotten God," that is to say, all nobility, all chivalry, all grandeur, have been dying out of its politics. When this wretched condition of affairs exists in any great community—when the souls of the people are heavy with unnatural cares—when age mumbles itself into the coffin, while counting its dollars, and youth crushes its attenuated limbs into fashionably tight breeches, and has scarcely muscle enough to totter through the streets, trained into fashion by the nymphs of Leith

(or Lowell.)

"An whiffing its cigar through cheesy teeth—"

when a people is reduced to this position, nothing can restore it but a thunderstorm in the shape of a war. That alone can bring the old fire to the nation's eye, the old spirit to her heart, the old nobility to her form. That alone can put an end to the wretched huxstering [sic] of the politicians, and fling down the golden calf before which the nation grovels. That alone can bring out the latent chivalry of the American heart, and recall it from an aimless battle against shadows—a Quixotic charge against windmills!

It is evident that the war policy will be a strong element in our federal elections henceforward. Everywhere its possible results are investigated. Everywhere the idea of a fight is entertained. Indeed, the nation is clearly in the condition of the Irishman who stated that he was "blue-moulded [sic] for want of a beating."

The time is at hand which will try men's souls.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The Men Who Congregate at  
the Corners of Streets.

Friday Morning—From my Boudoir.

Mr. Editor: I know it is an unthankful, and, I fear, an unprofitable task, that I am taking upon myself, but I have suffered a grievance, and can no longer keep silence on the subject. In fact, I find myself very much in the mood of the young lady, who, being annoyed past endurance, turned to her companion and said "hold me Jane, or I'll curse."

My vexation is occasioned by the conduct of men who daily congregate at the corners of the streets, and spend hours in gazing out of countenance the ladies who pass up and down before them. It is on account of these gazers that several streets in our city have been abandoned by the ladies as places of promenade. In St. Charles street, from Canal to Poydras, scarcely a lady is to be seen during the day; and on Royal, as far as Customhouse, none but the bolder part dare venture.

It is not, Mr. Editor, my intention to complain of the gentlemen looking at us in a modest way. Such notice is due to our charms, and would show insensibility in your sex were it not given; but I do object to every corner being made a stopping place for street gazers, and to a dozen or two bold and irreverent eyes being turned upon us, at every fifty or a hundred yards.

I would further tell these gentlemen that many of the remarks made on these occasions are repeated to the ladies. *There is a spy in their camp! a Jonah! that they would do well to get rid of as soon as possible!*

Mr. Editor, I am an advocate for woman's rights; and, standing upon these rights, I proclaim that tale-bearing is solely the prerogative of woman. We freely abandon to you all the greater vices, but require, in our turn, that you should not attempt to rob us of this indulgence. Nothing is more despicable, in the eyes of a true woman, than a scandalous man; and should one endeavor to insinuate himself into our company, we will gladly unite with your sex in ostracising [sic] the miscreant.

I repeat, *there is a spy in your camp! Veruum set sapient.*

Respectfully yours,  
Lady Penelope Penfeather.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 3, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

A correspondent writing from Tyler, says that much excitement has been prevailing owing to the recent difficulty at Canton, between Thomas Heath and George Cates. It is supposed that the former will not survive his wounds.

The planters of Smith county are complaining of the drought.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 8, 1855, p. 2, c. 6

The Dallas Herald states that the citizens of Rockwell, in Kaufman county, recently held a meeting and passed resolutions strongly condemning the selling of liquor. Notwithstanding this, some one set up a grocery in Rockwell, when the ladies mustered in their strength and proceeded deliberately to the grocery, and knocked the heads out of the barrels, destroying the contents. Spirited ladies, these.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 8, 1855, p. 3, c. 6

#### Fashionable Mourning.

Those who wish to express in their dress the "deepest affliction" in a fashionable manner will read with interest the following description of what may be termed fashionable mourning.

The bonnets are as becoming as those made of gayer colors, and the style and finish may compare favorably with the best. The Eugenie is made of lavender crape, laid plain upon the foundation, and this is covered with dotted black lace. The crown is peinated [sic?] front and back, and on each side there is a graceful fullness, which leaves room for a profusion of trimming that narrows as it reaches the front of the hat. Another hat of the same style is composed of white silk, covered with black lace, embroidered with white floss, black and white pearls, forming a most appropriate outside trimming, and around the face were clusters of white crape flowers. The Pauline, a very beautiful hat, was formed of black crape, and trimmed on the outside with crape ribbons and jet blackberries, glancing, as they swayed to and fro, with the slightest motion. In the inside was a profusion of lilac blossoms, "with purple silk pyramidal," contrasting beautifully with the surrounding black lace.

The Virginie is intended for deeper mourning than those already mentioned, and admits of no relieving color. The materials used are bombazine and crape laid on in alternate folds. The outside trimming is new and peculiar; a cape divided into several points, covers the front, the points almost touching the edge, and fastened down by a light embroidery of bugles; in the inside a plaited bandeau of crape, resembling the present style of wearing the hair, passed over the forehead and connected [to?] the side trimmings. Deep mourning hats are composed most exclusively of crape, and trimming with crape ribbons. The crape is laid on the foundation, fold over fold, and small bows of crape proceed from the centre of the hat, gradually increasing in size till they reach the cape.

The "Lucretia," a Spring Mantilla, is formed of the moire antique, and trimmed with broad folds of English crape. The skirt is full and box plaited, and a cape cut square in front, descends to a deep point to the edge of the trimming at the back. The "Maria Theresa" is a scarf-shaped Mantilla, bordered with two flounces and trimmed with several rows of narrow silk braid. Quite a number of Mourning Mantillas are made of a new material called "barathea," which is silk divested of its lustre [sic], and is therefore eminently suited for deep mourning.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 14, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Screwmen's Dress Ball.—The Screwmen's Benevolent Association have a Dress Ball this evening at Masonic Hall. It would be superfluous to speak of the virtues of this excellent Association, they are potent to everybody, and we recommend our citizens to enjoy both the fruits of doing good and the pleasures of the dance to-night.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 14, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Agricultural Illustrated Work.—An illustrated work has been issued from the Job Office of the Delta, which is decidedly the most extensive and elaborate of that kind of productions ever brought out in New Orleans. It is the Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, Machinery, etc., for sale by Geo. W. Sizer, at the New Orleans Agricultural Warehouse, corner of Magazine and Poydras streets, New Orleans. This book consists of 130 pages, of plates, with full descriptions of every agricultural implement ever thought of, or used in this very ingenious country. It is indeed a compend of American skill and ingenuity, in a department in which our countrymen stand preeminent. He who desires to see the American mind in its highest development, need only turn over the pages of this little volume and contemplate the wonderful variety of contrivances which Mr. Sizer has collected at his great mart, for subduing nature and extracting wealth from dull, inert matter. Here he will find no less than nine different kinds of plows,—the most magnificent of which is one thousand times superior to that described by Virgil in his *Georgics*, as in use among the enlightened Romans. Then there are some half dozen cultivators, harrows, horse hoes, &c. Then come rollers, seed sowers, cotton planters, scythes, forks, cradles, grind stones, reaping machines, mowing machines, mills of infinite variety, straw cutters, corn shellers, corn and cob crushers, axes, picks, and every instrument that may be used, either in the field or in the garden. Then there are all sorts of wagons, portable steam engines, fire-proof safes, &c. All these various machines are fully described by Mr. Sizer, in this useful little book, which ought to be in the hands of every planter,—intermingled with many just and useful remarks and suggestions on agriculture and horticulture.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, April 19, 1855, p. 1, c. 5

Interesting Discoveries.—Mr. E. R. Neilson, of Tallahatchie county, Miss., favored us with a call yesterday. He brought with him a skull and bones and some earthen vessels which he had dug from the ground some eight miles below the mouth of Cold Water on Tallahatchie river. In May or June last, while attending to his farming duties, Mr. Neilson's attention was excited by the plough turning up a few bones, which had evidently belonged to human beings. On digging some ten or twelve inches beneath the surface of the earth, Mr. Neilson met with a vast number of human skulls and bones, probably to the number of five hundred, some of them placed perpendicularly in the ground, and others horizontally. Near the head of each was found a rude earthen vessel, which Mr. Neilson presumes had contained some liquid, which the superstition of the time had induced the survivors to believe might be required by the dead.

The skull we have seen we should imagine to be that of a mixed Indian race. The earthen vessels are of the roughest form and make, and bear every sign of being the work of long gone ages. How many centuries they have lain buried in earth, it is difficult to say, but from the statement of Mr. Neilson it would appear that the Mississippi was once densely populous with people whose history is a mystery to the present age.



Fashionable Society.

[For the Sunday Delta.]

To a casual observer it must be apparent that society is constructed on a singular basis, when an axiom in the code of politeness is received in the spirit of doubtfulness—when the cultivation of the mind, united to the finer feelings of the heart, are silently passed by, if their possessor is unfortunately poor—when the whole world, from the tendency of the times, linger with devotion around Mammon's altar, and demonstrate by their acts that gold is made the image to which they chant their peans and the idol to which they offer the orison of their hearts.

So characteristic of the age is this unbounded affection, that the nobility of nature—those who do not measure worth by the title deeds to land—are grazed upon in pity, for poverty is their heritage, (honest poverty is the unpardonable sin of the nineteenth century,) while the sons of wealth are lauded if to-day they shroud the cold remains of a departed relative and shed the sympathizing tear of sorrow, and to-morrow are seen in the whirlpool of fashion, radiant with the smiles of pleasure. This golden tyranny has chilled the feelings of humanity,—for marriage, the sacred tie that should bind in unison two loving hearts, is now a speculative matter; while love, the staff that should support this once holy relationship, is not an element of courtship. The beauties of an establishment furnish to an anxious mother the earnest of a daughter's happiness.

The edict of society has gone forth—chamelion [sic] silks decorate the form of woman, or her gentility assumes a questionable shape. The banqueting hall and gay saloon must sparkle with the diamond's lustre, or the beauty and chivalry of the land are brought to the level of the thoughtless crowd. Friendly feelings and social intercourse are banished, while jealousy is the ruling passion, and formal calls the demand of fashionable society.

If has often appeared to me, while contemplating the various scenes in a ball-room, that fashionable society can truthfully be likened to a fair, where mothers are the sellers, men the purchasers, and the designing daughters the articles to be bid upon. If the comparison is not warranted by the facts, why are married ladies, whom heaven has not blessed with children, banished from the ball-room? I have sought in vain for a reason, if it is not that they have no commodities for sale, and might, by their uncharitable remarks, deteriorate the price of some, and injure the prospects of the fair.

Marriage, we are told, is the act of a moment. It is true, the sacred pledges that are made—the solemn words pronounced—the holy blessings asked—are uttered with a passing breath; but their association, and the memory of them, live when romance is robbed of its poetry, and life assumes the dignity of truth. If wives are to be bought, why do the thoughtful dwell with such emphasis upon a mother's influence, and seek to people the inner chambers of the mind with wisdom? Far better, did they strain every nerve to rear a colossal fortune, and teach this truth—that virtue's mate should be a money box.

Spectator.

We have been presented by Col. John M. Burke, of Wilcox county, Alabama, with a lock of wool, 15 inches long, nine months' growth, taken from his imported Cotswola [sic?] buck, weighing 420 pounds. Ten pounds of clean washed wool was taken from this sheep at a clipping. Col. Burke has also a ewe weighing 350 pounds. This gentleman has been for some

years making extensive preparations for the improvement of fine stock generally, by importations, and introducing into Alabama all the various grasses for pasturing. We wish him the success that his energy and enterprise so much merit.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 11, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

The Jujube Tree.—The seeds of this tree were imported a short time since by the Patent Office, from the south of Europe, for experiment in the South. It grows in the form of a shrub, of middle size, bearing a red oval fruit, about as large as olives, enclosing a stone of the same shape. They are sweet, but only eaten among us in the form of a paste. In Algiers the fruit ripens in the month of June, and is much sought after by the inhabitants, who consume large quantities, both fresh and dried, as well as in the form of a delicious paste.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 11, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Marriage of Lucy Stone.—We mention elsewhere the marriage of Lucy Stone, the "strong-minded woman." Of this strength of mind she gave evidence, even at the foot of the marriage altar, as the protest below will show. T. W. Higginson, who performed the ceremony, sends to the Worcester Spy the following:

It was my privilege to celebrate May-day by officiating at a wedding, in a farm-house among the hills of West Brookfield. The bridegroom was a man of tried worth, a leader in the Western Anti-Slavery movement; and the bride was one whose fair fame is known throughout the nation—one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled by the private beauty of her heart and life.

I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws, in respect to marriage—a system by which "man and wife are one, and that one is the husband." It was with my hearty concurrence therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony, and I send it to you, that others may be induced to do likewise.

T. W. H.

Protest.—While we acknowledge our mutual affection, by publicly assuming the sacred relationship of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promise of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage, as refuse to recognise [sic] the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess.

We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband—

1. The custody of his wife's person.
2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.
3. The sole ownership of her personal, and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics and idiots.
4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.
5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife, than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.
6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of

her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property. We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited, except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law; that until it is so recognized, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise, no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus reverencing laws, we enter our earnest protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence of law.

(Signed)

Henry B. Blackwell,  
Lucy Stone.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 11, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

### Amazonian Marriage.

The renowned Lucy Stone, the chief of the new order of Amazons, styled Bloomers, has stuck her flag to one of the weaker sex, and assumed the galling bonds of matrimony. Henry B. Blackwell is the happy man who has achieved an exploit equal to that, by which it was said Hannibal surmounted the stubborn Alps. It is due, however, to the indomitable Lucy, to say that she died game, and that before Mr. Blackwell could obtain his prize, he had to sign articles just as tight as those tendered to the Russians by the allies in the Vienna Conference. In other words he had to dismantle his Sevastopol, surrender his fleet and declare the entire freedom of the sea of matrimony. On our first page will be found the protocol of the high contracting parties.

This is certainly an extraordinary compact, so far as the legal stipulations are concerned. As to that concerning the separate rights of the wife, in regard to her own property, we, in Louisiana, can have but little to say. Such rights are secured here by our law, and our experience is that they are the source of much mischief. More domestic quarrels and contentions can be traced to this feature of our law than any other source.

The truth is, the influence of woman is always strongest where her dependence upon man is greatest, and the old Common Law has no better provision than that which merges the woman's civil entity in that of the husband, and transfers to him all the care and responsibility of the management of the estate of both parties. Where this law exists, domestic harmony and happiness will be found in the highest perfection, and the word *home* will be dearest to the heart. There can be no family where there is no head or chief, any more than there can be a kingdom with two kings.

But we are quite too serious for the occasion.

Lucy Stone and her partner agree whenever there is a matrimonial quarrel, to call in a third party, as arbitrator. We should like to know what man of sense would ever act as arbitrator in a quarrel between husband and wife? We have never heard of such an interference, that it did not result to the serious damage of the arbitrator. Jupiter! what a bold man he must be, who should undertake to say that the determined Miss Lucy Stone has not the right to kick her worse half, Henry B\_\_\_\_\_, out of the door, for spitting tobacco-juice on her floor? "Od's, broomsticks and frying pans! what a larruping he would get.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 13, 1855, p. 5, c. 2

The Odeocamo.—This is the classic title of one of the most elaborate and artistic,—one of the most interesting panoramas ever exhibited in this or perhaps in any other country. It will open for exhibition at Armory Hall on Tuesday evening next, and few of our citizens, we are sure, will omit the opportunity of seeing it. It gives the way scenes, sketched by a master hand, of all the varied and interesting scenery that lies along the land route across the Rocky Mountains from Western Missouri to the city of San Francisco, all of which will be verbally delineated by Professor F. Richardson, the manager. The following paragraph in relation to the Odeocamo, from the New York Journal of Commerce, one of the severest critics of works of art in the country, will show the estimation in which it was held in the Empire city:

"The Odeocamo.—This splendid exhibition closed on Friday evening (for the purpose of having the Pacific and the Isthmus scenes added to it,) after the most successful run ever had by a panorama in our city. The admissions nightly averaged ten hundred and fifty, and hundreds were turned away for want of room. The work is very large and effectively executed, and pronounced by those who have been over the route, faithful. It presents a greater variety of scenery, giving as it does, the features of eight thousand miles, than any other similar work in the country. It is, we understand, the intention of the manager, as soon as the new scenes are completed, which will be in six or eight days, to again open it for exhibition."—New York Journal of Commerce.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 13, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

Water Coolers.—If it was not the remark of a Roman Consul, it should have been, that one of the most useful and, at the same time, economical articles of household furniture for the hall, office or store in this meridian, is a good water cooler, such as may be purchased of Messrs. C. C. Bier & Co., 175 Tchoupitoulas street, where, by the way, everything in the plumbing line may be had. See their advertisement.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 15, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

Hard Times in Texas.—The Henderson Democrat has an article on the "hard times." He says that he cannot hear of a bushel of corn for sale in Rusk county, and that all the necessities of life are held at enormous prices. Similar complaints reach us from other points. Meal from \$1.25 to \$2.00 per bushel. Bacon from 15 to 20 cents per pound, and flour at from \$18 to \$20 per barrel.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 20, 1855, p. 1, c. 2-6

Note: Engraving of the Winter Palace, Residence of the Imperial Family, St. Petersburg.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 20, 1855, p. c, c. 1

#### Hotels—The European Plan.

The Daily Times of New York had taken up the subject of Hotel life, and is reviewing with considerable ability the merits and demerits of the present system on which this peculiar phase of existence depends. The attention of our contemporary has been called to the matter, by the recent circular of the proprietors of the different hotels, which announced their intention of increasing their rates, and substituting \$3 for \$2½ per day.

In New York as in New Orleans, a large portion of the population is compelled to live in hotels, as is generally the case in American cities where real estate is very dear; and the rules of these establishments, their management, reputation and standing, are subjects of lively interest to three-fourths of the community. The proposed increase of rates has given general dissatisfaction, and a formidable revolt against the proprietors, a grand "strike" of all the boarders threatens to be the result. The crisis has called forth a letter from Mr. Howard, one of the most experienced hotel keepers in this country, which contains many useful suggestions, besides proposing the only practical solution of the present difficulty.

He takes precisely the same views with regard to the present system as those expressed by us during last fall. This paper attributes all existing troubles not to "the high price of provisions," but to the erroneous principles on which our hotels are conducted. He is in favor of a radical reform and the substitution of the "European plan" for the one now in existence. The American system has been tried and found wanting; the hotels themselves are sinking under it, while the community is lamentably unconcerned by its oppressive and unnecessary conditions. We have already illustrated what Mr. Howard calls the European plan, and explained its peculiar advantages. It differs from the system in vogue amongst us, not in details alone, but fundamentally; it is based on a totally opposite principle, and to that principle we must look for the secret of its superiority.

According to the American system, any person who takes a room at a hotel must eat his meals there also, or if he does not do so he must pay for them as if he did. He may breakfast, dine, and sup elsewhere every day; he may never appear at the hotel from morning till night; he may remain there only during sleeping hours; but his bill is the same as if he enjoyed all the good things of the season at the expense of the establishment. Fed, or foodless, he must pay the same amount; and yet it is notorious that few respectable visitors to New York or New Orleans ever dine at the hotel where their temporary lodging is, being generally engaged to their friends in advance for the whole period of their stay. The system is, therefore, obviously unjust, and has the effect of preventing many persons of moderate and economic tastes from spending any time or money amongst us.

The "European plan," on the contrary, gives the stranger the right to hire a room, or suite of rooms in the hotel, and afterwards to take his meals there or elsewhere precisely as it meets his convenience or taste. If he dine out, he is not charged for the dinner at the hotel which he never ate, and if he dines at the regular table, his bill is made out for the day. This arrangement accommodates many persons who are seriously chagrined by the compulsory rule enforced amongst us, and who grumble, very naturally, at paying three dollars a day for viands which they have not partaken of, nor seen. Mr. Howard acknowledges the superiority of the European establishments in this particular; and goes so far as to assert that the hotels of New York and other great American cities are as much losers as their visitors by the mistaken principle in which they are conducted. . . .

In no city in the world is a hotel reform more thoroughly needed than in New Orleans, and we think it full time the earnest attention of our people should be directed to the subject. Guests are charged, dinner eaten or dinner left, three dollars a day for board, on the plea that provisions are so high that no reduction can be made. They pay the highest prices, and have a very unsubstantial return, as the tables of our hotels are not burthened with delicacies, or overcome with the most *recherche* contents of "the flesh-pots of Egypt." Under such a system as this, if the hotel keepers do not amass fortunes, it must be for the reasons assigned in the above

extract from the New York Times. If they only appreciated the moral of the old formula—"speed without hurry"—it would be better for their boarders and themselves.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 20, 1855, p. 3, c. 2

A black man once went to Portland, and attended church. He went into a good pew, and the next neighbor asked the man that owned it why he put a nigger into his pew? "Why, sir, he's a Haytien." "Can't help that, he's black." "Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine." "Can't help that, he's black." "He's worth a million of dollars." "Introduce me."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 21, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

From the Fair to the Brave.—That was a beautiful present made by some of our young ladies, a few evenings since, to the Washington Artillery—we mean those six neat battery flags. The artillery boys should feel very proud of this gift—which shows that they are decidedly in favor with the fair, and we can assure the ladies they could not have bestowed their favors upon a more worthy or deserving recipient than Company A of the Artillery. As the flags will be hereafter displayed on all public occasions, a description of their make, mottoes, and material would be superfluous at present.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 25, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Great Festival.—Sunday next is the day decided upon. Every preparation has been made. Money enough has been forthcoming; generous patronage has helped the scheme from the commencement, and it is now a fixed fact. The great festival will be the occasion of unspeakable amusement in New Orleans.

But what is this festival? Simply a meeting, originated by our fellow-citizens of German birth, to be held next Sunday on the Union race-course, for the display of physical accomplishments, facing, walking, leaping, hurling, pole-climbing, and innumerable varieties of exercise, by proficiency in which man may be distinguished in his prime. Prizes will be given to the victors, and nothing omitted to render the scene amusing and beneficial, invigorating to the mind and the body at the same time. It is only too little of such healthful, gallant sports we ever encounter in the cramped, contracted life of this hot city, and we shall be glad to see the "grand festival" the precursor of many others of a similar description. Free play for the lungs! Clear the track, and let the boys "go in." Is there no New Orleans man who can beat the ten mile trot of John Grindell of New York?

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, May 27, 1855, p. 1, c. 3-5

Note: Engraving of Alameda de Paula, Havana.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 3, 1855, p. 1, c. 3-4

Note: Engraving of the Bliss Monument [W. W. S. Bliss, 1815-1853, veteran of the Mexican War]

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 3, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

A large number of people assembled at San Jacinto on the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup>, to celebrate the anniversary of the great battle which broke the Mexican yoke in Texas. To avoid the danger of infringing the Sabbath, which followed the 21<sup>st</sup>, the ball, or rather balls, commenced on the evening of the 20<sup>th</sup>. Several hundred persons were present, many of whom were from Houston

and Galveston; and though the three largest rooms to be had in the village of San Jacinto were filled to repletion by the dancers, the numbers of persons outside exceeded those within the ball-rooms. As sleeping accommodations for this large number were out of the question, the dancing was kept up all night. On the 21<sup>st</sup>, the exercises were adjourned to the battle ground. A stand had been erected for the orators and officers of the day, on which were seated Hon. D. G. Burnett, Provisional President of Texas in 1836, Dr. Ashbell Smith, Maj. J. W. Scott, and Mr. John Wilson.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 3, 1855, p. 1, c. 1

From the American Cotton Planter.]

### Willow and Osage Orange.

Dr. Cloud—Dear Sir: The Osler and the Bois d'Arc are two plants which promise much value to Southern enterprise. That you concur with me in this belief, is evinced by several interesting articles in relation to each of them, which you have at different times published in your valuable journal.

I have been cultivating the Golden Willow, a variety introduced here many years ago by the French emigrants, and last year made a fair trial of it for cotton basket. It proved a failure. This species of the willow is the *Salix Virninalis* [?] and stands high in Europe. But the varieties which are valuable there, are not necessarily so in this country, and there is doubtless a difference between the same varieties grown North and South. The *Virninalis* has long, slender and very flexible twigs, and works well into baskets; but when the baskets become dry, the material is very brittle, and the baskets are easily broken up. . .

As regards the Osage Orange Hedge, presuming its value and importance to be properly appreciated, I wish to make known to the public a proposition which has been made to me, that those persons who are so disposed may avail themselves of an opportunity to secure this very desirable improvement.

Messrs. N. M. Smith & Co., of College Corner, Butler county, Ohio, informs me that they have for years been engaged in making Osage Orange hedges; that it is the most desirable of all live fences, and that if 25 or 30 miles of such hedges can be secured in South Alabama, they will undertake to furnish plants, set them out, cultivate and trim them until the employers acknowledges he has a satisfactory fence, at the price of 75 or 90 cents per rod, according to circumstances. This is not much, if any, more than half of a common fence rail, with all its objectionable features. South Alabama, and with it a large portion of our country, has great cause to rejoice in being thus assured that so satisfactory a supply for present and future wants is attainable on reasonable terms.

Yours truly,  
I. Croom.

Greensboro', April 2, 1855.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 3, 1855, p. 6, c. 1

The six degrees of crime are thus defined. He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. But he who

steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel of the deepest dye and deserves to be lynched.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 6, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

Destitution in Chambers, Alabama.—The following is an extract from a letter received some days since by the editor of the Montgomery Journal. The writer is Hon. Samuel Pearson, Judge of Probate for Chambers county:

"Wheat crops, however, are coming in good, above an average, but oats are entirely cut off. I am issuing commissary this week, for the county, to distribute some corn bought by the Commissioner's Court for the destitute of our county, and could you have witnessed the applications and heard their stories, for the last few days, I am satisfied you could draw a picture that would excite the sympathy of the most selfish heart. I am free to confess that I had no idea of the destitution that prevails in this county. Why, sir, what do you think of a widow and her children living for three days and nights on boiled weeds, called pepper grass; yet such, I am credibly informed, has been the case in Chambers county. Friend Johnson, I am gloomy, and have awful forebodings of the future, not that I have lost confidence in my Maker; by no means, for I know he will do right, but I fear he has a judgment in store for these United States.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

#### The Won't-Get-Away Club.

Here we are—we of the Won't-get-away—and here we intend to remain. Our platform is New Orleans, her interests and her future. Our principle is that of Mark Tapley, to "be jolly" under every circumstance. As that distinguished worthy used to say, "there is some credit to being jolly" when the thermometer gets into the nineties!

Well, we have many facilities for being jolly. We have a fine city, with pleasant outlets; delightful watering-places within reach; a glorious shell-road to enjoy an evening 2:40 upon; and excellent hotels beside the breezy Lake, where everything can be had, from easy chat to delicate tenderloin trout; from cool air to iced Amontillado; from soda-water and valetudinarianism to champaign and laughter. There are "cakes and ale" enough to terrify Malvollo, and satisfy Sir Toby Belch himself.

A little work in the forenoon—a quiet family dinner—an evening's excursion—social talk about "things in general"—short sleep, early breakfast, existence always upward, and onward and true to the line—an occasional hearty thanksgiving breathed full in the face of the blue firmament; what more would you have? What more has the Czar or the Sultan? Has Louis Napoleon so much?

Here are books for a quiet hour. Our poorest inhabitants can obtain them. Dickens can be read at fifty cents a volume; Thackeray at the same price; and the Delta for one-tenth of the sum. Let us refresh our memory in the summer time, and spend "forest days" with Amiens and Jacques, and all that pleasant old company "under the greenwood tree." Why not? Shakspeare [sic] is within the reach of every one. So is Milton. So is Jeremy Taylor. So are all the "famous wits" from Farquhar to Sheridan. Many a hearty laugh is bound up in calf-skin now-a-days, and purchasable for a song. The whole world of romance is within our reach. Steel, Morgan, or any of our booksellers can play the Prospero, and call up the "still vext Bermoothes" for our inspection. Take an easy rocking-chair near the open window; cut the leaves of the volumes at



random; if you are in the sherry cobbler line, let there be a specimen "worth a straw;" and then, presto! you are with Miranda in the far-off sea, engaged at that immortal game of chess. With such possibilities before us, who will say that New Orleans is a dull place?

Then, if you are of a contemplative turn, what prevents you from an evening visit to Annunciation, Lafayette or Jackson squares, to take an innocent peep at the joyous children and the pretty children's maids? Opposite the old Calaboose, stretching its green garden-plots almost to the edge of the Mississippi, which rolls seaward tranquilly forever, you will find the air musical with young jubilant voices and the walks picturesque with the gay summer costume of the Creoles. At the other end of the city, where the pretty railing of Annunciation square encloses a fine sweep of verdant sward, you will encounter "Young America" in short clothes, tumbling in the grass and making itself as merry as the grasshoppers which are looking out for another rain. There is no lack of life, of pleasure, of hopeful scenes and joyous associations.

And yet Mr. Bounderby and Mr. Gradgrind, and a thousand other men of facts and figures, have been compelled to go North in search of amusement and relaxation. We trust they may find them in the crowded Astor House, or in the showy St. Nicholas—in the hot streets of New York, with their glare and noise—in bedizened Broadway or headlong Bowery—or amidst the sickly displays of Saratoga and the snobby pretentiousness of Newport. We wish them joy of their trip, and hope to see them with a better peptic organization on their return.

But we, the steadfast members of the Won't-Get-Away, are not envious of their peregrinations and pursuit of pleasure under difficulties. We are but stupid stay-at-homes, it may be, but we are contented for all that, and thoroughly satisfied with New Orleans. It is true, our police ought to be more perfect, our city councils a little livelier, and our newspapers some what more vigorous; but there is no use in grumbling, and so we take things as they come. We rub along well enough, and manage, with musical soirees at the Lake, and a thousand other contrivances, to "be jolly" all the time.

So, a pleasant day to you, brothers of the Club—an intellectual evening and sweet dreams.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 8, 1855, p. 1, c. 5

Disgraceful Affair at Columbus, Ohio.—On Tuesday evening the 29<sup>th</sup> ult., at Columbus, Ohio, as a procession of German Turners was returning from the country, where they had been celebrating the day, those composing it were violently attacked by a gang of rowdies, and six of them badly beaten. It appears that the rowdies took offence at a flag the Germans had with them. It had on it three mottoes in German, which the assailants presumed were offensive, and thus the violence. The Statesman thus explains the mottoes: The first phrase in English, was, "Fresh, Pious, Joyous, Free;" and the second, "Through Exercise to Strength:—"Bahfrei." free scope, without restraint. The last "Through Investigation to Complete Knowledge." The Turners having had on white coats, the violence was resumed after night, and several citizens not connected with the Turners, were attacked because they happened to wear white coats. One man was beaten and thrown into the gutter for dead. Six Germans who were walking down the street peaceably, it is stated, were stoned and beaten by a gang of some sixty rowdies, all of whom were permitted to escape. One of the papers undertakes to palliate the outrage on the ground that the rowdies did not understand the German language, and therefore misunderstood the meaning of the mottoes. Such an excuse observes the Baltimore Sun, is contemptible. As well might the editor undertake to excuse the conduct of an incendiary for firing his neighbor's house in mistake for his own.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 10, 1855, p. 1, c. 1-8

Note: Engraving of the city of Constantinople.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 10, 1855, p. 1, c. 3

### Canal Street.

New Orleans, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1855.

Messrs. Editors: Knowing your gentlemanly and courteous manner to the ladies, and your willingness, at all times, to give them every information in your power, will it be presuming to ask you, or some kind friend, to answer me, through the columns of your very valuable journal, a few questions in regard to Canal street? They were suggested to my mind after a pleasant drive through the city, finding every street I passed on improved more, yes, much more, than this *could* be beautiful street.

Why is it that so many streets are being cut through and planked or shelled, whilst Canal street,—a street that should be the pride of our city, and that *could* be made the most delightful promenade in the United States,—is left neglected and even disgraceful?

Why is it not opened through, and the owners of vacant lots thereon made anxious to improve their property?

Why is it that "the green" in the centre is a place for horses, dogs and goats to roll and play on, in lieu of being "the promenade," as, I presume, it was intended it should be?

Why is it, that in the midst of some of the most elegant residences of the city, the middle of the street is reserved, or partially so, for the use of the laundress? Where is the street, save the above-named, that is constantly adorned with clothes bleaching, and clothes drying, and carpet shaking at mid day? These are questions I have been, and still am at a loss to answer. There have been frequent petitions handed to the Council, and much debating thereon; thus far, however, to no purpose. Much has also been said about a "good shepherd" making vast improvements with a very liberal donation, but that, too, like every other effort, has fallen through, and we are just where we were, long, long ago, with the exception of evidences continually, that the fault lies not with the inhabitants of Canal street; for there is nowhere to be seen more substantial buildings, nor more beautiful specimens of architecture, than are constantly being erected on said street. Then, in pity, do tell me where lies the fault? I am sure not in the absence of heavy taxations; sometimes, I fear it is want of unity in regard to a plan. So far as I questioned—and I have conversed with many of the residents upon the subject—all agree that the sidewalks should be some twenty-five feet wide, or more, with fine trees arranged at the curb, forming at all times a delightful shade for a promenade, as well as to beautify an elegant street—the centre to be paved with square blocks; but if any more economical plan, combining utility and elegance can be suggested by you, kind sir, or by any other gentleman, of course the ladies, I am quite sure, will not leave their stocking-darning or bread-baking, or even baby tending, to oppose. Since we cannot help you, we will not do anything that will retard what is so anxiously wished for by all the friends of improvement, as well as by

Yours, with much esteem, Bella.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 10, 1855, p. 1, c. 4-5

[Written for the Sunday Delta.]

Chit-Chat—By Dorothea.

Dear Delta: It has been sometime since I indulged in a little idle chit chat with you about things "round town." Feeling somewhat inclined to gossip this evening, and having no tea-loving old maid to participate with me, I will give full sway to my imagination, and fancy you sitting on the opposite side of my cozy little tea-table, and the covers laid for two. Can't you see how snug we look?

Well, what shall be the subject matter? The weather—that ever-available topic of the bashful. No; that won't do, for neither you nor I are much troubled with *etre embarrassé de sa personne*. Our neighbors?—or shall it be an olla podrida composition of everything under the sun?

Have you ever noticed, in walking about town, the indisputable evidence of the "school-master being abroad," by some of the signs upon the various little stores? No later than yesterday evening, I had a hearty laugh at a *holesail* and *retaile* grocery, where they sold *reasons*; thought it would be a good place to send some of my acquaintances, they being in want of that useful commodity. Up town there is a head *quater* of various necessary articles—*familie grocerie* is oftentimes to be seen, and there is a baker's, where they sell *caks*, *pise*, *bred*, and *engion bred*. If the quality of the orthography is the criterion to judge the bread by, I for one will not patronize them often.

Sometimes, like Mrs. Keplinger, I condescend to an omnibus ride, not being able to sport a carriage—although I sport "carriage acquaintances"—and am of times amused by the bits of real life I see. You can form a pretty accurate opinion of one's "go-a-headitiveness" by their manner in an omnibus. The other day, a bright, black-eyed little fellow, of not more than ten years, got into an omnibus, I was permitting the honor of conveying me homeward, and, after riding some ten squares, pulled the strap, and very coolly informed the driver he would "owe him one." The gentlemen all laughed, and said "good"—"bravo!" The driver grinned, and let him slip. Now, that boy will get along in the world, you may depend upon that—no sense of bashfulness will retard his advancement, but with a determination to go onward, and by the easiest means to himself, he will be sure to obtain his object, while many others will sit down and cry—I can't. How I hate that word "can't," in either and all of its definitions.

Speaking of riding reminds me of something I wish to tell you confidentially—and now mind, Delta, all I say to you over our tea table is *subrosa*; don't be like many people I wot of, and get some one else to help you to keep it.

Well, then, the other day, one of my carriage friends called to see me, and after saying how deeply she sympathized with me as an invalid, remarked, that, as "I took but little exercise, perhaps a drive would do me good." Very grateful for the kind attention, I accepted her offer, and, when she bade me good morning, appointed the hour when her equipage should call for me. After she left, I sat reflecting upon her amiability, and thinking it singular I had never before appreciated her excellence—(while pursuing this train of thought the carriage drove up.) But, ah! what a change—she sent her old buggy, and the animals that drew it were, I am morally certain, veritable descendants of Don Quixote's world-renowned charger, Rozinante, and Sancho Panza's mule. What do you think of that? Of course, I could not think of getting into such a vehicle as that—sent the driver back with my love, and the excuse of my having a headache (woman's convenient disease.) It seems that my friend's minister, on Sunday last, had said in his sermon that one might be charitable without giving money, simply by paying such attentions to reduced gentlewomen and gentlemen in delicate health; and as my friend is one of those who are "penny

wise and pound foolish," she concluded to profit by his advice, and I was one of those selected for the experiment. I am very much afraid that I offended her by refusing the drive; but, indeed, I could not help it. What would my neighbors think to see me enter such a rat-trap? I, who have talked to them by the hour of how I used to live, and what I used to have, and say, and do. No, my pride forbade the thought, and I risked the giving her offence.

And now, Delta, let me ask you one thing. Were you ever troubled with an inquisitive neighbor? Oh! torment of all torments. Not that I care; for, of course, I am proud to speak of what I have been; but only suppose my grandfather had been a shoemaker, or tailor, or peddler, what should I do? I have a neighbor who would draw the secret out of me, if I had my teeth firmly closed by tetanus—indeed she would. It is Miss Dorothea. Pray, may I ask how old you are? Just see the cool impertinence, as though I'm going to tell her I am thirty-eight, for her to inform the whole neighborhood. Not I. And would you believe it?—if she didn't ask me if my teeth were natural, and where I got my hair-dye, then I'm not drinking tea with you over my dainty little tea-table. Me use hair-dye! Indeed, the idea is preposterous; and even if true, it was insulting to mention such a thing in my presence. I find I shall have to leave the city, or at least to move. She would drive me frantic in a very short while, if I remain to hear her. I must tell you though, that all of her teeth are false, and although she says she is only thirty, she has a son nineteen years old. I know this, for I saw it in her family bible one day when she left it by mistake out of her armoire, where she keeps it under lock and key.

Well, I declare, I am doing all the talking, however, I hope you find my gossip pleasant and that you will drop in to take tea often with me (in imagination, at least.) You don't know how a cup of good strong Bohea "livens one up;" it does me, I know, and sets my tongue running like a mill-wheel; so, with an extra cup, I will bid you godden [sic?], hoping the pleasure has been mutual.

Dorothea.

P.S.—Woman, like the gist of my letter, is in the postscript. Let me say to Berwick, that I feel much flattered by his complimentary letter, and should feel more so, were it not for the vein of ridicule I think I can trace all through it. The close approximation of my name with that of Sappho, Miriam, Roland, De Stael, Catherine, and others, is slightly verging on satire. Like him, I think women have other duties than office-seeking or holding. That strong-minded woman might find more useful occupation than lecturing, practicing law, or the ministry; and, as he gives me credit for, I also think there is no necessity for woman degenerating into the drawing room pet, or household drudge.

God created woman for man's companion—not for his toy, his slave, nor yet for his superior. I think the husband should be the ruler of his own house, his will should be the stronger, but his judgment should be the better. One is as requisite as the other. He should be just, kind, and true, uniting affectionate, benevolent qualities with nature's true nobility of heart and intellect. Then, if his wife is a true woman, she will bow with due submission to his wishes.

I do contend, that no man can be happy, if he has one spark of intellect, with a wife who does not possess some intellectual capacity. She need not be learned, but she must be capable of appreciating his mental abilities, and assisting him by her appreciation in the duties that life's struggles decree to all men.

I do not think that a woman has the "right to propagate her opinions in any way she chooses," by no means. The woman who could mount a rostrum, and harangue a crowd, has long since bid adieu to every vestige of that retiring delicacy, not to say modesty, that is the charm of our sex. I do not agree she should be silent, unless she could publicly speak. If she is

competent to do so, and her opinions are correct, she has the right to express them on paper. Woman's first duty is, undoubtedly, the care of her household (if she has any,) and then let her devote her leisure moments to the cultivation of that intellect God gave her, in common with man.

"Mr. Dressed to fits," may be correct in his opinions, that women are "flesh vegetables without souls;" but, I think, our chance of possessing that most desirable essence, is quite as good as, at least, three fourths of the male sex—men, whose craniums seem made of bran, and filled with most insipid sap, instead of brains.

I am pleased that Berwick intends giving us sketches of female writers of our present day. I judge he will prove competent for the task. With many well wishes, I bid him godden [sic?].

Dorothea.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 13, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The State Gazette [Austin] learns by a gentleman from the Wichita Mountains of the arrival of a number of adventurers from Arkansas, Texas and Missouri in quest of gold. He says that several parties were at work on the beds of creeks sifting the sand. A large number were at work on the Red Fork of the Arkansas, and some works had been hastily constructed to turn the water from the bed of the stream where a very productive placer had been discovered. It is reported that there are at least five hundred gold seekers at work. The main difficulty met with is the want of provisions. As high as ten dollars has been given for a bushel of meal, and it is thought that if the diggings are at all successful, that much want and suffering must ensue.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 14, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Mr. G. R. Griffith, of whose "India rubber cotton floaters" we spoke of some days ago, is now at Tuscaloosa preparing to raft down to Mobile one hundred bales of cotton by his contrivance. The Observer, referring to this experiment, says two hands are sufficient to manage a raft of a hundred bales. A single bale enveloped will draw about five inches of water; and a raft of one hundred bales, placed three deep, will draw about twelve inches. The cost of each envelope with the tarpauling [sic] to cover the top bale, will be \$12.50. Mr. G. says they can be successfully used for about five years, so by dividing \$12.50 by five, leaves \$2.50 per bale. Our friends may judge of their economy for themselves.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 17, 1855, p. 1, c. 5-6

Letter from Fanny.

The Abita Springs—A Belief of the Fejee Islanders—  
Mode of Fishing—an Eccentric Character—Tom's  
Better Half—Life in the Piney Woods—A Fire  
Hunt—A Day Hunt—A Ship in the Forest—Horti-  
culture, &c., &c.

[Correspondence of the Daily Delta.]

Abita Springs, June, 1855.

Dear Delta: I have just arrived at these celebrated Springs, the most beautiful and delightful retreat in the South. Cottages for the reception of visitors are in every stage of erection, on every hill, encircling the greatest natural curiosity in Louisiana. These Springs, of

which the Abita is the largest, forms a natural Artesian well, of immense depth; the waters are cold, clear and sparkling, like champagne with carbonic acid gas, while the silicate of magnesia, iron, soda and sodium, are ever rising in vapory, gauze-like mists, from the bottom, reminding one of the belief of the Fejee Islanders, who possess a similar fountain of unknown depth. They believe it the passage of departed spirits to an unknown world; that the souls of the departed are ever descending and reascending, and to those who drink the waters, a long life is given. There is, certainly, a similitude in the health-giving potion, for to this spring the mantle of the prophets is descended: "it makes the blind to see, the lame to walk, the bed-ridden to rise up and return thanks." It is certainly the most remarkable place I have met with in a long course of travels. The country around is perfectly beautiful; fine rides, drives, and good hunting and fishing for the sportsman.

They employ, here, several modes of fishing, which would certainly shock the spirits of the simple Izaak Walton. They use a "gig," or small harpoon. After procuring a flambeau of light-wood, they walk upon the bank of the river, or wade to the deep pools, and murder, by the bucket full, the poor defenceless [sic] fish. This does seem so cruel; not even giving them a chance for their lives. The hunting in the vicinity of the Abita is exceedingly fine. I assisted at a "fire hunt" a few days since, where I was invited by one of our "rough and ready" native Americans, and as fine a specimen of backwoodsman as old Daniel Boon [sic], but who had a great horror of his "neighbor's smoke" being nearer to his door than three miles. In his "clearing," which consists of about twenty acres, he has planted corn, rice, cotton, sugar cane, peach orchards, and built a good log house—all the work of his own hands. On arriving he said to me: "Now stranger, as you see we lives right in the canebrake, if you never seed deer, as a fellow says, you're bound to see one now—yes, wild cats, too. My old woman shot, with my rifle, one right in the yard."

Some nine or ten white-headed urchins came out to receive us. (By the by, the piney woods are famous for the production of those interesting article[s].) Tom asked the children if the "old woman was in a good humor," and the little shavers appearing dubious on the subject, he mustered up sufficient courage, sidled, and then addressed his better-half: "Old woman, here's a stranger, give him piney woods welcome." Right hearty the welcome was, and the busy, buxom mother of nine little responsibilities, the maid of all work, set to work in right earnest to give us supper. Soon ham, fresh eggs, butter, biscuit, honey, coffee, milk—all excellent—were smoking and sending forth their delicious flavors, and spread on a snowy homespun cloth. I no longer wondered why Tom inquired as to the state of her "humor," to see all those little fellows to govern, cows to milk, house to keep clean—the very sight of so much work would send half our Irish helps back to "swate ould Ireland." Everything was as white as sand and soap could make it, and so it is in every piney wood house in this section of the country.

During my visit, Tom invited me to help him pen cattle. This gave us a fine ride of some ten or fifteen miles over a lovely country, and we had a desperate chase after some enterprising young heifers, in whom the bump of "go-a-headitiveness" seemed strongly developed, before we fairly cut them off. Next to a deer hunt a cow hunt is the most exciting. However, we penned them all, and a fine drove they were, of some hundreds. Stock is the wealth of piners, and our friend Tom had a very fine showing of fine fat cattle.

Our next adventure was a deer hunt, and we commenced making preparations for a regular fire hunt. Some fat wood and an old frying pan were necessary. Tom knew the deer's haunts, took us to a neighboring swamp, gave us our stations, and instructions. But 'twas so dark and so unusual a mode of hunting, that when I heard the crash, and saw the bright eyes of the

bewildered animals, gleaming like fire in the dark, I was completely "at fault;" but crack went a rifle, soon Tom came forth with a fine deer on his shoulder, saying—"well, as a fellow says, stranger you aint smart at a fire hunt, no how!

"My old woman wouldn't let all them deer pass without one." "Sure enough," I replied, "but I hope for better luck to-morrow, in broad sun-light."

What ho, for the chase! not any of your popping at tomtits in the bushes; not any of your "stations" in the dark, like an Italian assassin, but a regular lordly deer hunt, with the bright "sun smiling 'er us." Down, Driver, down sir! Look at the eager eyes of the noble hound, how they light up on seeing the guns; how he leaps; now feels the "spirit of the thing." His soul's in arms, and ready for the fray. Now for a gallop over the smooth hard road, skirted by majestic pines, and how madly the blood rushes through the heart! Every vein seems instinct with new life; a spirit of exultation, a wild desire to shout, yell, to commit a thousand follies. We draw in long draughts of health-giving air, spur our horses to a wilder gallop, Charley and St. Anna are neck and neck in the race; the legs of our Mexican pony serve us better than the old General did at \_\_\_\_\_. We shout in our unaccountable delight, in thrilling pleasure at the headlong course in which 'twere vain to say, whether riders, horses or dogs enjoy the most. But, softly, Driver is on the "trail." With head low bent, snuffing the earth, he "opens" with one long yell, slowly trotting, until sure of scent; now he is off like lightning! Spur! spur! your horses, cried S. On we dash like lightning—over brake, through briar; lifting our horses to daring leaps. There! there they are—see their dun sides and antlered front. Upon them; there goes the leader—a noble stag—a "stag of ten." Now is your time, boys—"fire." S. raises his long rifle, which few can lift, one falls! At them again. Right on we rush; drive on, or they will be too distant. So, ho! for the canebrake. We jump from our horses—enter, kill another; and the death of two fine bucks is "glory enough for one day." Here, Driver, Driver! He comes not—his blood is up—he will not return until he "runs the deer down." Ah! Delta, you should leave the dusty confines of your study, throw business to the devil, (printer's devil, not to shock ears polite,) come take a gallop over our fine piney wood roads; drink the water of the Abita Spring, and renew your lease of life for the next fifty years to come. When next we take a hunt, may you be here to see and enjoy it. In addition to the boisterous pleasures of the chase, I have been these eight days enjoying to perfection the delights of quiet life; plunging into woody dells, rambling over hills, wandering into sylvan recesses, where walks seem to be made by nature for maids who love, (to contemplate the moon,) or less poetically speaking, for the refreshment of the toiling, dusty denizens of our mosquito-infected city. Here, embosomed in the forest, canopied by the green foliage of aged trees, the proprietor has erected cottages on the gently swelling hills encircling the "Springs." The largest cottage only requires sails, to be a ship. No doubt the Captain's nautical reminiscences were strong upon him when he planned his very delightful summer residence. The idea of being on shipboard is heightened by the surging of pines. During the day the wind blows through their stiffened branches, like the roar of the sea; but at night, when the myriads of birds, whose songs break the sound, when even echo seems to sleep, there comes a music too soft for the golden skies of garish day. Every breath of night-wind awakens *music*; gently, mournfully it gushes, sweetly soothing to slumber, as if thousands of Aeolian harps were touched by fairy fingers. As the soft breath of night waves and vibrates the pine leaves, it requires little imagination, when this music fills the air, to suppose the white mists, which arise like a silver gauze, roll over streams, meadows, and take fantastical shapes, among the trees of the grand old forest, that the elves and fairies are holding high revelry.

The sunrise is glorious here—a grey pall hangs over wood, tree and flower, until the

bright orb rises slowly, with golden rays illuminating with a thousand heavenly hues, wooded glen, hill and meadow. The law before the house is at once enameled with emeralds, pearls and diamonds—a sunny shower of sparkling gold illumines and beautifies every object. Up towards heaven's gate flies the lark through the golden shower, bringing her lay to the Creator of all, to whom every stream, tree and flower murmurs praise; in the bright beams of morning sun every joyful breath of Summer breeze whispers "Praise God." The majestic pine trees chaunt [sic] a grand "Te Deum," whilst all nature joins in the "sweet chorus;" each wind that bends the many-colored flowers, speaks to the heart, of the divine hand that called them into life. We become untainted by worldly thoughts, and walk as if the eye of Heaven were upon us."

But I must describe to you some of the great variety of wild flowers by which we are surrounded. The Virginia jessamin [sic], with pale, golden corollas, making a delicate green lace-work around, about, and over the trees, filling the air with the most delicious perfume; the purple phlox that enamels the plain with amethystine dye; the tiny hare-bell on the banks of velvety moss,

"Lifting to heaven their eye of tender blue;"

The modest violet; the honey-suckle, forming natural hedges; the dogwood gleaming like white stars through the green wood; the maple, harbinger of spring, with its bleed red blossoms; the elm, with the gracefully bending, fringed leaves, reminding one of the olden legend, that three martyrs were hung upon its limbs; from then until now it has dropped sympathetic tears from its side; the silvery-green, quivering aspen, which has trembled since unholy hands formed of its wood "the cross our Savior bore;" the beautiful hawthorn with its snowy shower of blossoms; the majestic oak, lord of the forest; but beware of breaking the flowers or branches, for imprisoned dryads and hamadryads will sob and moan within; from long colonnades of pines, which seem formed for pillars to God's holy temple, comes the health-giving aroma. In sooth, I find the country so charming that I know not when I shall leave it, and the words of the old song suit me well,

"Some love to roam  
O'er the dark sea foam,  
But a life in the woods for me."

For fear of tiring, I cease my descriptions for the present, "but more anon."

Fanny.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 19, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Self-Sealing Cans for Preserving Fruits. Mr. Edson Hart, at No. 7 Camp street, has an article which is attracting great attention among our families who have fruits to preserve. We allude to *Spratt's Patent Self-Sealing Can*. It is easily closed without soldering, and is easily opened. This is done by a simple turning of a cap, which wholly excludes the air.

Printed directions are furnished to every purchaser of these cans—by following which, such fruits as Apples, Pears, Peaches, Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, &c., and such vegetables as Tomatoes, Green Peas, Green corn, Beans, and indeed, every species of either, may be preserved for years in their fresh state without the addition of salt, sugar or acid, or any other preservative property whatever.

Health is generally promoted by the free use of fresh fruits and vegetables, while, on the contrary, digestion is greatly impeded, and the digestive organs impaired by the use of preserved fruits so completely saturated with sugar as are ordinary sweetmeats preserved by families.

These cans may be used year after year. The mode is so simple that an ordinary house



servant, or a child ten years of age, need make no error.

The owners of extensive peach orchards—where so much fruit goes to waste—might find it to their interest to get these cans by the gross, and fill them for our market.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 20, 1855, p. 1, c. 4

The Gold Mines in Arkansas.—A letter from Fort Smith to the Little Rock True Democrat, dated the 6<sup>th</sup> inst., says: Captain Dillard's and Aird's companies leave this day for the new gold diggings on the Red Fork of Arkansas. Capt. Charles A. Birnie's company crossed the Arkansas river last evening. The late accounts from the new diggings confirm all we have heretofore heard; so you see we are sending quite a new colony out to seek the dust. Other persons in this and Crawford county are making the necessary arrangements to leave. The excitement about California in '49 compares no where with the present. These mines are so near Fort Smith that a man can travel within three days' journey of them and sleep in a house and have good fare every night; and Maj. Elias Rector informs me, that when Marshal of this State, he has traveled much further alone, in the Indian country, in the direction of the gold mines, than the place where the gold is said to be found, and that, too, without ever being molested by wild Indians, or having the least fear in relation to them.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 24, 1855, p. 4, c. 4

### Ripe Old Age.

In the June number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine is a table of the average age attained by men pursuing different occupations. Some of its facts are of such general interest that we glean them from it and present them in chronological order.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected perhaps, is the Railway Brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in that capacity.

At the same age dies the Factory Workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages and unremitting toil.

Then comes the railway Baggage-man, who is smashed, on an average, at 30.

Milliners and dressmakers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32, and the other 33.

The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent death, die on an average under the age of 35.

The cutler, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinists, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, none of them reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 49. The editor knocks himself into pi at the same age.

Then comes trades that are active or in a purer air. The baker lives to the average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servants (female) to 43. The tailor lives to 48, the tailoress to 41.

Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water?

Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 59, the builder till 42, the shipwright till 56, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with age, as well as flour, at 61. The rope maker lengthens the threads of life to 54. Merchants average 52.

Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55.

Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period.

Clergymen, who, it is to be presumed, enjoy a greater mental serenity than others, last till 56.

Seafaring life and its adjuncts seem, instead of dangerous, to be actually conducive to longevity.

We have already seen that the shipwright lives till 56. The sailor average 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 57, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64.

A dispensation of Providence that Maine law men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe age of 64.

Last and longest lived come paupers, 67, and "gentlemen," 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves, and live on their neighbors outlast all the rest. Why should they wear out, when they are always idle?

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 24, 1855, p. 7, c. 2

Be sure, says an exchange, to marry a woman that will help you instead of being a burden. In the mercantile phrase, "get a piece of calico that will wash."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 26, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

On the 12<sup>th</sup> inst., a band of native negroes, in Augusta, Ga., gave a concert, charging twenty five cents admission, at which Home Again, Katy Darling, Midnight Hour, Good News From Home, Old Bob Ridley and other songs, popular on the stage and elsewhere, were sung. This is a new era in Ethiopian concertizing, and shows that the natives are about entering the lists with their white competitors.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 29, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Marriage of a Deltarian.—In another column will be found a notice of the marriage of a young lady to whose lively pen the Sunday Delta has often been indebted for very interesting communications. We perceive that she and her fortunate adorer have left for Galveston to enjoy the honeymoon. Such is the happiness which awaits those who are wise enough to enroll themselves under the broad flag of the Delta. May the beautiful bride and enraptured bridegroom live a thousand years—or long enough, at all events, to add many young and gifted contributors to our list in the future years.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, June 29, 1855, p. 3, c. 6

Married.

On Monday evening, 25<sup>th</sup> last, by the Rev. Mr. McConnell, Mr. Duncan McFarland to Mrs. Jane Collins, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, 28<sup>th</sup> inst., by the Rev. Mr. Henderson, at the residence of Dr. Benedict, Mr. James Bailey of Houston, Texas, to Miss Anna J. Mallory, late of Woodbury, Connecticut.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 4, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

The Gold Mines in Arkansas.—A correspondent, writing to the Little Rock True Democrat from the Red Fork of the Arkansas river, under date of June 1<sup>st</sup>, says:

Permit me to place in your columns a true and correct statement of the new gold mines on the Red Fork of the Arkansas river:

Three others and myself started from Green county in Missouri, on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1855, and reached the gold diggings on the 4<sup>th</sup> of May. Our first business was to find if the gold was there, as had been represented. On the first day after our arrival, we came to a branch and found, on examining the bed, that it contained a vast quantity of the precious metal. We had brought nothing with us but frying pans; but even with these, on washing the first panfull, we obtained \$3.75 worth of the gold dust. We stopped here several days, averaging from \$75 to \$150 per day. We could have made more than we did, but we had nothing to dig with. We then proceeded to a spring, which is the place where the gold is said to have been first discovered. Here we found that the water, boiling up out of the ground, contained some small lumps of gold, and a large quantity of the dust.

I went out to California in 1849, at the time the gold was found in the greatest abundance, and this beats California a long ways. I have no doubt that if a man had the right kind of gold rocker, he could get gold here as fast as he could count it. We have been here about a month and have made some \$3,500 each. There are about three thousand people in the different mines, and more coming in every day. There are so many here that provisions are high; beef 8 to 10 cents per pound, flour \$20 per barrel. Some have returned home for the purpose of selling out and bringing their families here. The soil is good. The greatest difficulty is the want of water. If it was not for that, this would be a good farming country. The valleys are tolerably extensive and good land.

This I believe is as correct a statement as I can give about the mines, and I have been an eye-witness to the facts, and give them that the people may get the straight of it.

Yours, &c.,

John Harrison.

We would not advise our readers to place too much confidence in the above statement.—Eds. Delta.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 4, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

A lady of Plainfield Mass., aged 59 years, has during the last winter made with her own hands, 17 quilts, consisting of 4209 pieces cut by pattern, worked 976 scollops, cut and made three dresses, knit three pairs of striped mittens, made butter from two cows, besides doing the general housework for a family.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Temperance Pic-Nic.—Those youthful champions of Temperance, the members of Washington Fountain, Y. B. of T., celebrated the Fourth in a very appropriate and happy manner beneath the waving oaks at Greenville, near Carrollton, by a pic-nic and various amusements.

They had a delightful time of it in this rural retreat, and everybody must confess that their ideas of how Independence Day should be kept are far more rational than those that prevail in other quarters. The great feature of the occasion was the presentation of a beautiful flag to the Fountain by a very interesting young lady. She made a very neat address in making the presentation, which was replied to in an eloquent and gallant style by the President. The ceremony was decidedly the most interesting of the day, and the entire celebration reflects the greatest credit on the youth as well as beauty of the Fourth District.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Continental Guards and Washington Artillery.—These two fine companies celebrated the Fourth in company in a very happy manner. After the review in Lafayette Square, the Guards presented the Artillery with a beautiful American flag, in presence of the entire brigade, which had formed in a square. Captain Labuzan, in presenting the flag, made a very handsome address, which was eloquently responded to by Captain Hunting. The ceremony of presentation finished, the Artillery escorted the Continentals to the armory of the latter company in Girod street, where, stacking arms, they all marched together to the residence of General Tracy.

Here the veteran General had prepared an excellent collation, which was partaken of *sans ceremonie*, with a hearty good will by what might not inappropriately be styled the hungry brigade—for the early hour at which the military were ordered out, prevented most of them from breakfasting. Previous to the collation Capt. Labuzan, on behalf of the Continentals, presented Gen. Tracy with a service of plate as a token of their esteem. The two companies then returned to the Washington Artillery Armory, where several huge bowls of champagne punch had been prepared, together with "something to eat." Here, of course, all restraint was thrown off, a pleasant half hour was passed in soldierly social intercourse, about which we might write a column, but have neither time nor space. The Artillery then escorted the Guards back to their own armory on Camp street, and here they separated; the best good feeling prevailing, which it is hoped will continue to prevail so long as these two companies maintain their present high position and reputation.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 8, 1855, p. 1, c. 6-7

SUMMARY: Account of F. Ducayette's stock farm on Bayou St. John, East Pascagoula, Mississippi. Sheep: Oxfordshire, South Downs, Merino, Saxony (Infantado or Nigretti and the Electorals,), Escurials. Cattle: Durhams, Devon, Ayereshire, cattle from Kentucky, Bramin bull named John C. Breckinridge. Horses: from Kennebec, by horse named Messenger out of a Morgan mare. Hogs: every known variety, especially Suffolk and Middlesex. Poultry "every domestic fowl to be found in the four quarters of the earth." Fruit: Seckle pear, jujube, French chestnut, apple, quince, peach, one hundred varieties of grapes, persimmon. Grass: Paraguay, Mohs from Hungary, an East Indian specimen, Rescue grass (winter pasture).

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 8, 1855, p. 7, c. 1

Col. Jabez Leftwich, a Revolutionary soldier, died in the vicinity of Huntsville, on the 21<sup>st</sup> ultimo, in his 90<sup>th</sup> year. He was an honest man, a good citizen and much esteemed by all who knew him. He was a native of Virginia, and formerly represented Madison county in the Legislature.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 15, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

The Eagle Manufacturing Company at Columbus, Ga., has proved, in their line, that the South cannot be surpassed in whatever it undertakes. Their agent, Gen. Edward Crofts, has shown us, says the Athens Banner, specimens of their work in woolen goods—Georgia cassimeres, kerseys, Southern linseys, jeans, striped cottonades, shirtings, etc., etc., which are as beautiful, as fine, and no doubt as durable as any we ever saw. The Eagle Factory uses 1500 to 2000 bales of cotton a year, and 15,000 pounds of Georgia wool. When we have an article at our own door, equal to any in the world, why carry our money from our midst?

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 22, 1855, p. 1, c. 6-7

The Pine Woods of Mississippi.  
Letter from Col. Claiborne.  
No. III.

. . . A pleasant drive of twenty miles down the river, brings you to the residence of Judge Farley, the patriarch of this region. Eighty years old, he has the spirits of a boy, and personally superintends his extensive farm. He came in from the field thoroughly drenched by a heavy rain, but never finds it necessary to change his clothes on these occasions, even in the winter. He apologized for not offering me a glass. "I formerly kept liquor," said he, "but since we found out it was good for snake-bites I can't keep a drop; *everybody gets snake-bit*." The most inveterate sucker, however, wouldn't think of liquor when feasting on the fragrant coffee, the delicious cream, candied honey, and high-flavored venison on Judge Farley's hospitable board.

This venerable gentleman is a worthy representative of the "Scotch," of Mississippi—a race of Covenanters, who immigrated originally to North Carolina, from whence many came to this State, and may be found in settlements or clans in several counties, but chiefly in Wayne, Greene, Franklin, Jefferson, and Claiborne—everywhere proverbial for the sobriety and thrift, the democratic tidiness, the intelligence and virtue that distinguished their forefathers. Almost every clan in Scotland has its representatives here, who retain, with their patronymics, many of their ancient customs. The original Gaelic is still preserved, and sometimes used in family circles, especially by the aged. One of the most touching prayers I ever heard was in that emphatic vernacular. Of course I did not comprehend a word, but the solemnity of the old man; his deep, guttural tones; his trembling hands lifted to heaven, and his revered head hoary with the frost of years, made one feel, in all its power, the influence of prayer. . . .

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 27, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Orange Melon.—The most delicious fruit of the melon kind we have ever eaten, was presented us yesterday by Mr. Waters, No. 97 Camp street. It was grown on his farm in the neighborhood of Amite, on the Jackson Railroad, a new place which he has lately put under cultivation for the purpose of raising fruits and vegetables for this market. The orange water melon is something entirely new to us. The rind can be peeled with a penknife exactly like an orange, leaving a superior fruit of a most delicious flavor. Mr. Waters informs us that he planted this year twenty-five hundred hills of these melons, and although the product has been very abundant, he has not been able even to supply any thing like the demand for them in his own neighborhood. We are gratified to learn from Mr. W. that the lands on the New Orleans and

Jackson Railroad are capable of producing fruit of every description of the best quality and in the greatest abundance.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, July 31, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

### The White Slave.

When "hard times" commenced in New York, it was estimated that from twenty-eight to thirty thousand seamstresses were thrown out of employment in that city alone. The revelations of their actual conditions, which appeared in the daily newspapers, were sad enough to bring our cant of progress to a pause, and convince us that the nineteenth century—with all its railroads, telegraphs, and millennial rhapsodies—has infinitely more paupers, ragged, filthy, starving paupers—than the ninth. A momentary money pressure was sufficient to show the true aspect of modern society—that painted sepulchre [sic], which is so fair and beautiful outside, and within nothing but rottenness and corruption.

In this age of abolition, negro-phily, and tender sympathy for the African race, which is comfortably housed, fed and clad in this portion of the country, and usually makes more in its "after hours" than the stipend of many New York trades—in this blessed era of universal humanitarianism, and friendliness, and brotherhood, and Christianity, and socialism, and petticoat philanthropy—read the following paragraph and estimate the value of sentimentalism and cant. The shirt-making statistics of New York are a terrible reproof to our bombastic boasters:

"The standard price is twelve and a half cents per piece, and the garment must be well made, as it has to undergo a thorough inspection, with bosom and collars—bringing from one dollar twelve and a half cents to one dollar twenty-five cents at retail. The material in these shirts cost probably thirty-seven and a half cents; so that the total cost is fifty cents, which leaves a clear profit to the employer of one half at least for the purchase of the material, the cutting and the sale. Two of these garments, are, no doubt, a full day's work, making the extant of the weekly earnings one dollar and a half. With this miserable pittance many of them have to feed small families, pay house rent and clothe themselves and children. It is needless to say that it cannot be done, and the consequence is a large amount of misery and destitution."

Would that Thomas Hood were alive once more to sing another "song of the shirt," the melancholy cadence of which might smite the hard heart of the North, as with a Moses wand, and open the fountain of tears.

Oh men with children dear—

"Oh, men with sisters and wives—

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!"

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 5, 1855, p. 1, c. 3-4

### A Fishing Frolic.

. . . Not long since, four of our burly burgers—solid men, Daniel Webster would call them—men of keen, commercial perceptibilities, who would divine the probable extent of the Western grain crop by the phases of the moon—predict the quantity of pork to be brought to market with as

much accuracy as if they had their information from some clairvoyant hog or learned pig—announce the approaching rise or fall of the river by the very movement of the eddies, with more certainty than Espy could with all his theory on the subject, and even give more reliable quotations of the Liverpool market, in advance of the steamer's arrival, than the telegraph very often furnishes—it is not long since, we say, that four such men as we describe, while discussing the merits of an equal number of juleps at the Diamond—the ledger closed for the day, the store shut up, and the "shop sunk"—resolved severally, mutually, and conjointly to leave business behind for a day, during which they were never to say whisky, flour, or bacon sides once, but devote themselves to the pleasures found in a full day's relaxation from business in some of the suburban or marine resorts in the neighborhood of the city, forgetting, for the time being, that they ever had a bill discounted, or had ever received a bank notice of a bill to pay. They all agreed that wherever they should go they would have a "jolly time" of it. That being determined, they were not long in fixing the scene for the day's amusement. They decided on going down to Proctorville by the evening train on the Mexican Gulf Railroad, and hire a Spanish fisherman and his smack to take them out on one of the favorite fishing banks in Lake Borgne, where, for a day, at least, they would transform themselves into so many Isaak Waltons. . . . They attracted some attention at the depot. Although indifferent amateurs at either fishing or shooting, they were dressed in full professional costume; broad leafed *Campeachy* hats, a black ribbon fastened at one end to the band, and at the other to the button hole; parti-colored French shirts, with prints of fish on the bosom, corduroy frocks with capacious pockets, the buttons of which would form in themselves a history for the zoological student; there being a likeness of a deer on one, of a horse on another, of a buffalo on a third, and so on through natural history. Then they had a double barrel gun each, and as many poles, lines, reels, and other tackle as would make a very handsome addition to Guyon's stock in this *line*. . . .

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

There are now in Georgia between fifty and sixty cotton factories, conducted in the most skillful and successful manner, with all the appliances in the way of machinery that can be found in the same kind of establishments in New England.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Lynn is not more famous for shoes than Troy is for collars and bosoms. There are fifteen of those establishments in Troy, and it is estimated that they turn out, on an average, 50,000 collars per day. One establishment employs forty sewing machines, worked by as many young ladies, who easily turn off fifteen dozen per day, and it is said that they can readily earn from \$9 to \$10 per week.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 12, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

#### No Little Girls Now.

Here is a charming little sermon, by a lady correspondent:

What has become of all the little girls now a days? One sees plenty of miniature young ladies with basque waists and flounces, dress hats and tiny watches, promenading the streets or attending juvenile parties; but alas! a little girl is a rarity; one who will play baby-house, and live a lifetime in a few hours, making day and night succeed each other with astounding rapidity,

a fifteen minutes' recess at school affording plenty of time for weeks of play-house life; one whom a neat plain gingham dress and sunbonnet are the perfection of school dress; sun bonnets that will not be injured if they are wet in river or brook, and aprons strong enough to bring home any quantity of nuts from the woods, in lieu of baskets; good strong shoes that will come off with ease on a warm summer's day, when the cool brook tempts the warm feet to lave themselves in its waters, instead of gaiters which shrink from such rude treatment.

Well, it is to be hoped the race of little girls will not become utterly extinct. There must be some "wasting their sweetness on the desert air," for surely they bloom not in our cities, and but rarely in villages.

At an age when little girls used to be dressing dolls, we now see them decked in all their finery, parading the street, and flirting with young students. Where on earth are the mothers of these precious flirts? Are they willing to allow such folly?

Then as to dress—why, little miss must now be dressed as richly as mamma; and the wonder is how she will be able to outdo her present splendor when she comes out. But in this go-ahead age some new invention will enable her to accomplish her desire.

As there are no little girls, so there will be no young ladies; for, when miss leaves school she is engaged, soon marries and takes her place in the ranks of American matrons. How will she fill her place? for how or when has she found time to prepare for life's duties? Wonder if it would not be a good plan to turn over a new leaf, begin with them in season, and see if it is not possible to have again darling little creatures, full of life and glee, who can run and jump without the fear of tearing flounces, and finally have a set of healthy young ladies, upon whom the sun has been allowed to shine, and active exercises in the open air bestowed an abundant supply of life and energy.

United a healthy body to the highly cultivated minds of our American wives and mothers, and they would be the admiration of the world, instead of being pitied for their fragility.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 12, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

### The Fast Young Lady.

The fast young lady is one of the developments of female liberty. Young and handsome she is, of course, a full brim of vitality. Daring and dashing, she does a thousand extravagant things, but youth and beauty lend such a charm to all she does that we are attracted more than is quite right for our prim propriety to acknowledge. From the very first, she is veiled by no maiden blushes, and checked by no coy shyness, but boldly faces the world, and rushes into its embrace. She becomes known everywhere; she is at every ball of the season, and every party of the night. She is as familiar to the frequenters of Broadway as the Astor House. Her reckless doings are on every tongue; how she was at six parties in one night; how she kissed young Dalliance in the ball room, out drank him in champagne at the supper table, and smoked one of his cigars on her way home. She is indefatigable in her coquetry; while revolving in the arms of one beau, she will illuminate another by her bright glances; her hand will return the warm pressure of a devoted admirer, while her little foot is busy in the intimate confidence with his rival. In the race with fashion, our fast young lady is always ahead. If red is the prevailing color, she will flame in scarlet; if it is permitted to display the shoulders, she will reveal to the waist. Her daring spirit is always flying beyond the verge of decorum, and hovering in the dangerous neighborhood of vice.



NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 12, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Let the candidate for your hand pass through the ordeal of eating soft boiled eggs. If he can do it and leave the table-spread, the napkin, and his shirt unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding day at once—he will do to tie to.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 26, 1855, p. 4, c. 1

#### Something for the Ladies.

The London Gazette contains some information for the ladies in regard to the manner of placing their lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c. It says that when a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say Besom, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides, until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say Brush, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth small and pretty, she must say Flip; but if the mouth is already small, and needs enlarging, she must say Cabbage. Ladies, when having their daguerrotypes [sic] taken, may observe these rules with some advantage.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 31, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

Death of a Veteran.—We have been requested, by "old Jourdan," to announce the death of one of his oldest friends and companions in arms, William Savage, a free man of color, who has been accustomed, for over sixteen years, to accompany with his fife the impetuous roll of Jourdan's drum.

Savage had seen much service in his day. He fought in the Florida struggle. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, he accompanied Jourdan as a volunteer to the scene of action, and was honorably discharged at the close of the campaign. We believe he never received any compensation for his services, and was more or less dependent on Jourdan ever since for his daily sustenance. We trust the poor fellow will rest in peace!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, August 31, 1855, p. 2, c. 5

#### Died.

Yesterday, William Savage, aged 43 years, a native of Charleston, S. C., but for the last 17 years resident of this city.

His funeral will take place This Afternoon, at 3 o'clock, from No. 81 Burgundy street. His friends and acquaintances and those of "Old Jourdan," are respectfully invited to attend.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 1, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

A Veteran's Funeral.—Walking along Canal street last evening, we accidentally came across the funeral procession which accompanied to their last resting place, the remains of William Savage, the companion in arms of "Old Jordan," whose death we announced in yesterday morning's Delta. The funeral was really a very respectable one, and fully worthy of

the man who volunteered his services at the hour when his country most required them. On either side of the hearse we noticed some of the most prominent officers of the National Guards, followed by Jordan's band, which discoursed the most melancholy and thrilling music we have heard for a long time. Next came a long line of the colored friends of the deceased in a row of two deep, after which there was a large number of carriages and cabs. Could our Abolition friends of the North have witnessed this procession, in which some of the most respectable of our white and colored population assisted to do honor to the memory of the deceased, they might, perhaps, be induced to form a more favorable opinion of the South and its institutions.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Letter from Arkansas.

[Correspondence of the Daily Delta.]

Camden, Ark., August 19, 1855.

Editors Delta: The history of this thriving little city, formerly known as Ecore-a-Fabre, is involved in more obscurity than ancient Rome itself, there not being even a good wolf story on which to base its settlement. Though settled long before Louisiana became a part of the United States, it is only since this part of the territory was admitted into the Union as a State, that this place—the name of which was changed to give it more respectability—has begun to flourish. A number of French families are living near, who, no doubt, for a very long time have occupied this valley, as some of them give evidence of their people living on terms of intimacy with the red sons of the forest.

The country about here, in common with other places, has suffered pretty severely in consequence of not getting the cotton to market the past season, and the necessary groceries in return. About 9000 bales of the old crop are still in the warehouses, which are nearly one-half of what is shipped during a season like the last, when little over half a crop was made. The new crop is now ready for picking, and about a month ago promised to be fine; since that time, dry, hot weather has materially altered the prospects of the planter. The corn crop is generally good, and as more than an average crop has been planted, it is likely to be abundant and cheap.

Much cotton is being hauled from here, and as far west as Texas, through to Gaines' Landing, on the Mississippi, and groceries are brought in turn. A great deal more, however, might be done to advantage, as the actual price of groceries in the interior is much higher than the expense of hauling and the cost of the goods would warrant. The roads are now in fine order, and the house of Berry, Rodgers & Rust, at Gaines' Landing, has generally commended itself to the community, for the safety and dispatch with which that firm forwarded goods. The Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River Railroad, when finished will open up to this district of country regular and certain transportation of their cotton to market, and though there is not much prospect of its speedy completion, still it seems to be a fixed fact in the minds of people here, that it must and will be finished. The grading on the twenty miles west of the Ouachita river is almost complete, although hands to work upon it have been difficult to procure and wages are high. There is also a similar amount of work performed on the eastern end of the road west of the Mississippi river.

Notwithstanding the stagnation of business and the scarcity of many things necessary to a thriving community, this city is highly prosperous. A great number of handsome private residences have been put up, and also some stores. Very few, if any, of those in the mercantile

line who have conducted their business with prudence, have been unsuccessful, while the great majority have become independent. Industrial pursuits, such as turning, wagon and buggy making, are also profitably carried on, and it will not be the fault of the Yankees about here if this part of the State don't follow suit to Georgia in the manufacture of cotton. Coal has been found on the Ouachita, about thirteen miles above Camden. The opinions of its value are various, some saying "it is good," others, "worthless." The mines are, however, being opened, and as some will undoubtedly be taken to New Orleans the ensuing winter, the coal will no doubt get a fair trial.

Politics are beginning to effervesce. The democratic party, which was supposed to be eaten up by the "lean kine" of Know-Nothingism, has again rallied under their ancient standard as they hear the reverberations of success from the Old Dominion, and still later from Tennessee and Alabama.

The star of democracy, though sometimes dimmed by the clouds of adversity, seems never to lose its inherent effulgency, and it is now beaming as brightly as ever. A democratic barbecue was given here lately. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, the viands plentiful, and done up in Soyer's choicest style, while the speeches were eloquent, and seemed to have a telling effect on the audience, for the applause they received. This was followed on the part of the Know-Nothings by a barbecue at Woodlawn, some fourteen miles of this place, to which more or less of our citizens repaired.

I know you have always been a warm friend of home education, and you will be glad to learn of the success of Southern institutions of learning. The Camden Female Institute, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hartwell, has always enjoyed in this place the highest reputation as an educational establishment for young ladies. There are many here from Northern Louisiana, and even Tennessee and Mississippi. Indeed, this place is peculiarly fitted for such institutions, as the location is high and dry, the water excellent, and the community everything that could be desired. At the close of the term the young ladies gave a concert, at which the music, both instrumental and vocal, was spoken of in the highest terms by those who are judges of such matters; of these things I am no judge. But the ladies—I believe there are few places in the country where they could collect an assembly of the fair to compare with this one, in numbers, appearance, or accomplishments.

The merchants of this place are trying to obtain a mail route via Gaines' Landing, which would enable them to obtain their correspondence in six days, instead of as now in from fourteen days to an indefinite time. This is the most natural route at any rate, and the travel on it would go far to sustain a four-horse stage the whole way, as it does now a part of it. The people are Arkansas are fast folks, and will not long bear the present treatment from the Post-office Department. An educated and worthy planter on the quiet banks of the milky Bartholomew Bayou, is now pluming his pinions to take an aerial flight to New Orleans, where he intends to perform in reality what Montgomery did in the mind.

"Sweep through Chicot like the blast,  
One quick glance at Vicksburg cast—  
Grand Gulf, Natchez—all are past."

The river is now low, and no prospect of navigation at present, there being only one foot of water on the shoals.

The prices current for salt are from \$7.50 to \$10. Coffee 20c per pound. Whisky \$1.50 per gallon. Flour \$6.50 per cwt.

Yours, C.

Letter from Mississippi.

[Correspondence of the Daily Delta.]

Cooper's Wells, Miss., Aug. 26, 1855.

Eds. Delta: Finding myself among the "remainder," with many leisure moments, it occurred to me that I might occupy some few of them pleasantly in giving to your many readers some particulars concerning Cooper's Wells, the crops of Hinds county, etc. Although there were many visitors to this "place of places," prior to the Fourth of July, yet the season did not truly begin until that time, when the Commercial Convention attracted an overwhelming crowd, most of whom have been protracted visitors, in consequence of finding this Southern resort an interesting, romantic and delightful watering place.

Why should it not be an attractive resort for the congenial Southern heart? Here, amid soaring hills, studded with well framed cottages, and serpentine valleys with pleasant groves, your good denizens can find a quiet retreat from the cares and vexations of business, a cool escape from the heat of your reflecting pavements and radiating walls, and a recreation of the mind from the bustle, confusion and pageant of your "fast" city. Here the telegraphic young gent and the exquisite lassie can render the day but a fleeting moment by their morning promenades for a draught of the inspired water, by their ten-pin game at 10 o'clock, parlor chit-chat and social games from 12 to 2 o'clock, by their evening rides, and last, though not least, by the "hop" at night, to stirring music, discoursed by a most excellent band, led by Mr. McNab Lindsey. Since the Fourth of July the crowd has been large, intelligent and refined. Among the most interesting of the ladies I might mention the amiable Miss C\_\_\_\_k, of Bolivar; the fascinating Miss C\_\_\_\_ss, of Natchez; the captivating Miss M\_\_\_\_e, of Georgia, and Miss L. H\_\_\_\_es, of Spring Ridge, Miss., with her unassuming carriage, soul stirring smiles, and, withal, her well-cultivated mind; and last, though not least, let me speak of Miss J\_\_\_\_ts, of Madison, who, during her brief stay, was decidedly the toast of gentlemen of taste. Miss J\_\_\_\_ is certainly endowed with rare virtues, so beautiful, affable and intelligent.

I did intend referring to many more bewitching young ladies, but I apprehend I am wearying you with my prolixity. Suffice it to say, that the season has been a gay and brilliant one, marred once or twice only by serious calamities. Poor Frank Cameron! in the bloom of youth, with the prospect of a happy future, beloved by all, and particularly by one fair one, was taken sick with inflammation of the stomach, and was cut down in a very short time, to the excessive regret of all who knew him. Judge Anderson, too, died with a similar complaint, being sick but a few days, and casting a gloom over every one.

The crowd has been diminished very much within the last week, but will be augmented again as soon as the yellow fever makes its appearance in Vicksburg.

In one of my excursions in the country I passed by the large Infirmary of Dr. Homes, Sr., who has acquired great celebrity in the treatment of female diseases. His Infirmary is usually filled with ladies from all parts of the South. I am told also, that Dr. Homes is succeeding astonishingly in the treatment of chronic diseases by the hydropathic system. I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance at this place, and found him to be very refined and intelligent, though quite young.

Now, in regard to the crops, Messrs. Editors, I will say a word and close.

The fine rains which occurred during the last of May came just in the nick of time, and

made for the planters overwhelming crops of corn. The cotton crops have not done so well; it has been too dry within the last two months. With the rot, which is very prevalent, the boll worm and shedding, I don't think more than half a crop will be made. There were no oats or potatoes raised, not oats enough for seeds.

No more at this time, Messrs. Editors; you shall hear again from

Cosmopolite.

P.S. I will in my next refer to the political horizon of Mississippi.

C.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 5, 1855, p. 2, c. 2

#### Letter from the Interior.

[Correspondence of the Daily Delta.]

Alexandria, La., Aug. 31, 1855.

Eds. Delta: You are in error as regards the late Richard P. Robinson, who died in Louisville, at the Galt House, on the 8<sup>th</sup> inst.

He has been a constant resident of Nacogdoches, Texas, since 1838. He was for a number of years the clerk of the County Court, and for the last five years he has been extensively engaged as a mail contractor. At the time of his death he was on his way to Washington City, on business connected with his mail contracts from the mouth of Red River to Nacogdoches Fort, a distance of 225 miles. He was the sole proprietor of these lines, which are all the very best in the Southern country. They are first class, four-horse, nine passenger coaches.

He was well and favorably known here as Richard Parmalee, and no one stood higher in public estimation in Texas than him. He was a very intelligent man, possessed of the finest of conversational powers, and very amiable withal. He was a thorough business man, active, energetic and prompt.

He had but the use of his right arm and hand, from a wound received in one of the Texas battles. He wrote—together with his left hand—a beautiful hand with ease and astonishing rapidity.

He has left considerably property in Texas. He was married to the daughter of Judge Hotchkiss, and had no children.

Respectfully,  
E. R. B.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 10, 1855, p. 2, c. 4

#### Local Affairs.

Monday Morning, Sept. 10.

Great Excitement on Tchoupitoclas Street—A Bloomer at Last—Pants in the Ascendant.—Yesterday evening will never be forgotten by that portion of our varied population which resides along Tchoupilas street, from Race to Lafayette. The sidewalks were black with people—the balconies trembled under the weight which oppressed them; the gas lamps presented as many figures dangling to them as their prototypes in the French revolution, though their occupants were not so aristocratic, and, altogether, the people were as wide awake as if they had

all been raised within a few miles of Boston.

"What is the matter?" asked we of a specimen of Young America, who sported an enormous shirt-collar and a bad cigar.

"They say," he replied gravely, "that the sea-serpent escaped from the bulletin-board of the Daily Delta and came up Tchoupitoulas street on a spree!" We saw the young rascal recognized us, and we thought it wise to ask another the cause of the disturbance.

"Faix, I don't know, sir," he replied, with a rich brogue,"—but that chap there, with the cigar, told me it was the Elephant."

"It's a Bloomer, sir," said a little boy near me—"a live Bloomer."

And so it was. We pushed our way through the crowd for the purpose of seeing the wonder, and beheld a very strange sight. An old lady—lank and tall—was walking rapidly up and down the middle of the street, with a delicate little Italian grey-hound in her arms and a green parrot on her shoulder. She was dressed in long, tight fitting pantaloons of black velvet which were secured round her waist by a black belt, such as we have seen other persons wear more than once, and her shoulders were enveloped in a loose shell jacket, of the undress military kind. Her hair which was perfectly gray, hung down her back, and was tied at the end by a tri-colored ribbon. Under her arm she carried a heavy leaded cane, and was altogether one of the strangest looking individuals we have ever seen.

"Who is she?" asked several persons. "Can any one tell who she is?" "Lucretia Mott!" said one; "a lunny," said another. "Why," said a third, who was evidently sarcastic, "she is only a married woman." Why so?" "Because she wears the Bloomers!" Altogether the Bloomer created an immense excitement. It is said that she is a Massachusetts lady come but to [illegible] Woman's Rights amongst us, and that she will appear every Sunday in the same street until her engagement is over.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 14, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Choctaws.—This rowdy tribe, it is conceded, can make more noise than any other Indians known to history, not excluding the Screechers and Howlers, continue to hold their nightly councils in the neighborhood of the St. Charles Hotel, disturbing the slumbers of decent pale-faces, and annoying sick persons. If a poor laborer gets drunk and makes the least noise in the city, he is at once taken to the calaboose. These savages, however, we suppose, belong to a privileged class. Is this the case, Captain Moynan?

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 19, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Arkansas Gold Story.—Poole Hung.—John A. Lennon and David Dean, two citizens of Hannibal, Mo., returned home a few days since from the gold hunt, having been unsuccessful. They report that Poole, the leader of a company to the gold regions, had been hung by his companions. They say that Poole's fate was decided by a vote of the persons composing the expedition; and a majority being in favor of hanging him, he was accordingly swung by the neck to a limb. Thus the poor fellow expiated his folly in leading an expedition to the locality of the supposed gold mines.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, September 21, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The Monarchs.

We are not peace men. We worship neither Richard Cobden nor Elihu Burritt—neither the cotton lord nor the learned blacksmith. We never expect to see the millennium, neither do we hope to find humanity improve as it grows older. What it was in Egypt three thousand years ago it is in the United States today—the same self sufficient compound of good and evil, of arrogance and cowardice, which so humbly announces that it is made to God's likeness.

Of course the doctrine of universal peace is as absurd as that of universal love. While man is man, war will be war, and they can only cease together. The hatchet will be buried with the last man, when no one is left to smoke the calumet. But though we do not believe in the possible cessation of war, we cannot help feeling astonished at the causes which generally lead to it, usually insignificant and always ludicrous as they are. It has been wisely called "the game of kings," for one or two men, or one or two theories invariably drive the world to this *dernier resort* of fools and cut-throats. The Montagues and Capulets fought about the right of precedence—the roses of Lancaster and York tore each other to shreds, and pricked each other's fibres [sic] with the sharpest thorns, for as poor a cause. The difference between Luther and a Pope deluged the world with blood—and Elizabeth persecuted Catholics only to be imitated by Mary in roasting Protestants. For thirty long years all central Europe was like a red lake of clotting gore, because the people were not agreed as to the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, James the Second, William the Third were more representatives of theological ideas, for which men thought it right to shed each other's blood, and, as Dean Swift says, to "cut each other's throats for the love of God!" The monarchs have altered the programme now. They fight for an abstract idea, called the "balance of power," which is able to shake the nations from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Their theory is a bloody juggernaut, to which millions of lives are offered up, and yet none of the victims understand for what they are sacrificed. Ask that Cannought Ranger what is meant by the "balance of power"—ask that Zouave, or that Russian rifleman; you will get no answer. They only know that it means war, and so they fire away. Meanwhile, the monarchs "play their high chess game, whereof the pawns are men."

And this is progress—this is civilization—this is the glory of the nineteenth century! We have improved on the ignorant Greeks and the unscientific Romans! We have reached

"A royal hour—the top of life,"

and butcher each other in a style which would delight the soul of Achilles or make Coriolanus hoarse with joy. In a word, we are a great century!

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, October 7, 1855, p. 2, c. 2-6

Note: Large sketch of Sebastopol, with important buildings, fleets, sites, etc. numbered and identified.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, October 10, 1855, p. 1, c. 6

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

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, October 14, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

Summary: Commandments to California Wives. Illegible in microfilm—might be readable in original. Microfilm is increasingly difficult to read.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, October 28, 1855, p. 3, c. 1

### The Frying-Pan.

Virginia Mountains, October, 1855.

Dear Sir: The frying-pan is the curse of this section of the country—a curse far heavier than the primal curse entailed on man, "in the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread." Fry, fry, fry, morning, noon and night; there is no intermission, no relaxation, no change. Everything is fried. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, all alike are fried. Even the fruits that the hand of a beneficent Creator has so profusely scattered over this favored land, are fried. Apples are fried. Is this fact not suggestive of the idea that the frying pan was an insidious present made by Satan to our good mother Eve, to fry the apple with which he had excited her appetite, corrupted her innocence, and caused the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise? We know, by the way, that the old gentleman is remarkably fond of fried souls; hence he must have had a frying pan, and assuredly, it exhibits his gastronomic taste in a striking point of view, for if this diabolical utensil should ever be used at all, it is for preparing for the table this delicate dish.

O! for the wand of a magician, that could convert every frying-pan in the land into a gridiron! What blessings would there not alight on that man's head, who, by effecting a change as important to the health, and the well being of the inhabitants, would, in this splendid climate and bracing atmosphere, eventually give rise to and produce a race unequalled in vigor of frame (the purest of vigor of intellect) on the face of the globe. The Young America of this part of the country would soon be the envy and admiration of the whole Union, and instead of turning his attention to Know-Nothing futilities, and half-fried notions, would direct his energies to disseminating the doctrines of a [illegible] and operating a radical reform in the great department of the kitchen. But, alas! such a miracle as this immediate conversion is impossible; time and "moral suasion" alone can effect such a revolution in cookery, as would prove of durable benefit to the whole human race.

It is admitted by physiologists, that meats, or any other aliment, when fried, are more indigestible, more deleterious and destructive to the human stomach than when prepared in any other way. What wonder then that these mountains where the air as pure and redolent of health, are yearly resorted to, and not in vain for the cobbling and patching up of broken down constitutions, should be the surprise, the astonishment of all who visit them, produce, not consequently too many of a race, who instead of the ruddy glow of a John Bull, exhibit a callowness of countenance, and a debility of frame, but rarely seen in the swampy [illegible] of Louisiana? What wonder that diarrhoea [sic] and dysentery, that typhoid and other fevers, should prevail to an alarming extent? What wonder that doctors [rest only partially legible].

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

A fashionable wedding took place at Dr. Adams' church, Washington Square, New York, on the 25<sup>th</sup> ult. A large representation of upper tendom was present. A feature of the affair was the performance of the "Wedding March," from the "Prophets," by the organ, and the overture of "Semeramide."

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 1

The Rifle Guards.—The Rifle Guards, Company B of the Washington Regiment, had a ball last night at Armory Hall. It was a very brilliant affair. It was well attended, and, for the



first military ball of the season, went off with great *eclat*. The Rifles are a very fine company—overflowing with the patriotism of the heart, not of the lip—and thoroughly deserve the appreciation of the public, which they have so abundantly received. We could hear the pleasant sounds of the polka redowa, the Virginia reel, and the simple waltz, (most beautiful of all dances, in our humble opinion), and almost envied our joyous friends over the way their happy privilege; but even

"Sunday shines no Sabbath on the Press;"

and so we had to loiter and write a paragraph about them, while they were making love to the blue eyes and slender waists. *Ni'importe!* We wish our friends, the Rifles, many happy returns of their celebrations.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

The papers state that a convention of husbands is to be called shortly at Syracuse, N. Y., to adopt some measures in regard to fashion. They say that since they have to support the expenses of fashion, they have a right to regulate its caprices. It is also said that a proposition to raise boys only, in future, is to come before the convention. The members are to resolve themselves into a Husbands' Rights party.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 2, 1855, p. 2, c. 3

Friday morning, November 2.

All Saints' Day.—As has been our custom for years on All Saints' Day, we yesterday evening visited the several cemeteries of the city, to enjoy in common with the great majority of the people of New Orleans, the grand pageant presented by those decorated cities of the dead. With difficulty we edged our way through the crowds of all ages, sexes, colors and conditions, that jammed up the entrance to these homes of the departed, and soon found ourselves in the midst of a scene which augured more of life and pleasure than of death and sorrow. The tombs were decked out in all the flowers, immortal's draperies, and other insignia of mortality and immortality that the love of friends and relatives living could devise, or their means procure, to ornament the last earthly resting places of their friends and relatives dead; and winding their way among the gaily decked tombs were throngs of beautiful ladies and smiling children in holiday attire, and busy bustling men, whose thoughts appeared to be entirely absorbed in the present.

Many of the tombs were very tastefully decorated, and richly too, while others neither showed signs of taste nor wealth. Among those most worthy of special notice was that of the Portuguese Society, which appeared to monopolize the admiration of the entire throng. Passing through the several cemeteries, we noticed many old dilapidated tombs which were entirely neglected; there was no friendly hand to strew flowers on the graves of their inmates. They must either have been bachelors or else the last of their family; but still, no doubt, these last rested as quietly in these neglected tombs as did the remains of their more fortunate contemporaries. It is scarcely necessary that we should enter more minutely into a description of the decorations, for every body in the city, we believe, was there to see for themselves, and form their own conclusion.

The Protestant Cemetery on Girod street, was not quite so attractive a resort, yet it was visited by a great number of the up-town people. Many of the tombs were modestly, but very tastefully decorated. The custom of strewing flowers on the graves of departed friends on All Saints' Day, is fast becoming very fashionable with the Anglo American portion of our community, and the Protestant cemeteries will soon become as attractive on that day as the

Catholic.

Late in the evening when we started for home, all the streets leading to the cemeteries were swarming with people going and returning. Canal street was in fact rendered almost impassable. And as we were returning, thinking about grave subjects, we could not help asking ourselves, "How many of these will love to witness the pageant of all Saints' Day one hundred years hence?"

Everything passed off during the day—which was a delightful as could have been wished—very quietly. No accidents occurred, and everybody and his wife and children appeared to be out enjoying themselves.

We might moralize with our readers for some time, about life and death, graveyards, and marble monuments, but we have no inclination for such grave matters, and we leave the reader to his own meditations.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 4, 1855, p. 5, c. 5

### How to Arrange a Parlor for a Party.

The following, from Graham's Magazine, comes to us with the endorsement of the Home Journal. The writer's views are so sensible, that we wonder that they have not long since found expression, both in words and practice:

"It is a great art to know how to place the furniture of a parlor, not as regards the general effect of the room, that is easy enough, but in such a manner as it shall become an element in the entertainment of your guests. Much of the dullness and formality of the party depends on the arrangement of the furniture. There are some magnificent furnished apartments, which, with their solemn, well-arranged seats, each immovable in its own place, actually chill wit and banish animation.

"A drawing-room or parlor, destined for a reception-room, should not be like a Dutch *parterre*, but should be ranged with all the careless grace and negligence of an English park. There should be little groves of sofas, with few seats, groped around—there should be little tables, with two or three chairs invitingly placed near it; *but there should be no long rows of chairs standing against the walls*—no sofas with large tables in front of them, behind which the guests we delight to honor are completely sent to Coventry, and pass a most isolated evening, for nobody can get at them.

"The arrangement of the furniture, that is, caring more for the look than the use of furniture, causes those gatherings of men into square battalions of black coats, it would require the skill of a Napoleon to break through—they would much prefer those black coats sitting near and talking to the beautiful pink, white and blue dresses—but they had not the courage to traverse the carpeted desert before them, or to thread their way amidst etageres and fragile tables loaded with china and ornaments a nudge of the elbow would destroy. And for what? Has not the fair acquaintance they seek a lady in pink on her right hand, and a lady in blue on her left hand, neither of whom our black coat knows? As long as we are the slaves of the upholsterer, there is no hope for intellect, wit, or conversation; people can only make speeches in a large room thus arranged, and orators are not always to be had, nor are they always amusing, if they were. Conversation loves a cozy party—five or six being almost the extent of an audience, in which all can mingle. Threes and mysterious twos get on famously; and if a hostess would only sacrifice the symmetry of her rooms, and be no longer the slave of her chairs and sofas, she

would, without any further effort, suddenly find herself famous for the brilliancy of her parties.

"In order to know," says Madame de Girardin, a woman celebrated for her parties, (not balls,) "how to arrange your drawing-room, according to the taste of your guests, and in order to promote conversation, and bring congenial spirits together, a hostess should carefully examine the drawing room after her guests are gone, note down the position of every article of furniture, and so dispose them for her next assembly. She will see that the very chairs still appear to converse—that their arm chairs seem confidentially whispering to each other and majestic sofas give audience to two rocking chairs still oscillating beside it. As they left your parlor, so at the next meeting let your guests find it, and you will have the pleasure of seeing your guests sociable from the beginning of the evening happy, gay, and brilliant throughout; and all will wonder how you manage, and attribute the pleasant evenings at your house to your talents and amiability, and each to his own individual merit; and nobody will guess that it is all owing to the right position of inanimate and insensible sofas and chairs!"

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, November 21, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Shawls.—I have often, says the New York correspondent of a Charleston paper, intended to ask you whether the young men of Charleston wear shawls, as the style here. At first, only New Englanders, whose fathers or relatives were manufacturers of those comfortable articles of women's costume, donned them. Then the Scotch, doing here for fashion's sake what necessity required at home, imitated the effeminate example. Even New Yorkers have come into the habit, and the practice has become so universal, that the Mirror of Fashion, a periodical which regulates such things, is severe upon all men who support this unmanly fashion, and denounces it in round and unpolished terms. I rather agree with its strictures.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, December 1, 1855, p. 2. c. 4

Friday Evening, Nov. 30.

Shocking Her Modesty.—We have received the following letter from a lady, who signs herself "The Mother of a Family." It sufficiently explains itself,—and we must confess that the shock which the mother's modesty has received gives us great pain:

"Messrs. Editors: I am an old subscriber to the Delta, and have always been much pleased with it, and so have my daughters, who are so much delighted with the dear little sheet, that they scarcely look at any other; but, Messrs. Editors, I have to find fault with one custom in your paper, which I am sorry to see prevails since you have donned the new dress, and yet I have greater cause to complain of certain other papers published in the city than of the Delta, for the same reason.

"I allude to the new style adopted in advertising of balls, dancing academies, soirees, &c., by inserting a "cut" representing a ballet girl with both lower limbs bare, standing on one toe, while the other limb is at an angle of more than ninety degrees. Such pictures, Messrs. Editors, are calculated to create unpleasant sensations in the breasts of both myself and daughters, and must, of course, be a source of serious annoyance to any lady who has the slightest regard for the rules of propriety. Could you not have petticoats put on the dancing figures, or at least, you might encase their lower limbs in pantalettes. Now, do, Messrs. Editors, try and correct this evil, and relieve the anxieties of a modest woman, who is the mother of a large family of modest daughters."

It is a rather hard case, we must confess, but at the same time we don't exactly know how to get over the legs, unless our fair correspondent will undertake to furnish petticoats and

pantalettes for the dancing figures, in which case we will consult with the foreman in regard to the best method for hiding their nakedness.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, December 22, 1855, p. 1, c. 4

The Cowbellions.—These mysterious individuals have made full preparations to give a series of Mask and Fancy Dress Balls, at the neat little Pelican theatre. The first Ball will come off on Monday night, which will be Christmas eve—when it comes. As a matter of course, all the votaries of Miss Terpsichore, will attend these balls.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, December 23, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

Sunday morning, Dec. 23.

Christmas is Coming.—We behold indications of the rapid advance in every show-window, and hear it in every stray fire-cracker that startles the still air in our streets. Never have we seen better preparations made for the holidays than are now being made all around us. Everything, except the weather, which continues dismally dull, and wonderfully woful [sic], has assumed an appearance of gaiety. There is not a store of any pretensions throughout the city that has not donned its holiday attire, and lays claim to the admiration of the passers by. Such a display of toys was never before witnessed—such soldiers and castles, dolls and dogs, horses and heroes, tin whistles and monkies [sic], fire-crackers, and pretties of all sorts, have never astonished the eyes of wondering juvenility on any previous occasion. One peculiarity we notice in the matter of toys this year is, that the majority of them are of warlike character—in one window particularly we saw the entire city of Sebastopol,—as it appeared during the siege—defended by long coated Muscovites, who were charging most desperately sever detachments of the Zouaves. The forts and castles are all there in perfect order, well manned and fully mounted with guns.

Every preparation has been made to give Christmas a proper reception,—and, on Monday evening next, Chartres street will, as usual, be the centre of attraction for the youth of the city,—if their mamas and papas can afford to take them out,—and we hope all have been able to save sufficient—notwithstanding it has been a dull year—from their hard earnings, to make the hearts of their little ones glad, by some slight token in the way of a Christmas Gift.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, December 23, 1855, p. 6, c. 1

The Christmas Tree.—We are requested to call attention to the fact that the ladies of St. Paul's Church intend to hold their entertainment called the Christmas Tree, in the Masonic Hall on St. Charles street, on Monday evening, Christmas Eve—commencing at 6 o'clock, P.M. From the preparations made, we anticipate a delightful entertainment, and hope the result may prove as profitable as the object is meritorious.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY DELTA, December 24, 1855, p. 1, c. 7

American Egyptians.—The bill providing for the support of the State Government being before the Legislature of South Carolina, "Mr. McKenzie offered the following amendment:

"And on each Egyptian, Indian, (free Indians in amity with the Government excepted,), the sum of two dollars.

"Mr. Memminger said he would like to know what sort of people those were.

"Mr. McKenzie said that in the District of Beaufort there was a class of people, some three or four hundred in number, who called themselves Egyptians and Indians, and who get low

white men, who were worse than free negroes, to make affidavits that they are Egyptians, when in truth they are nothing more nor less than free persons of color. That by the affidavits they were exempted of the tax imposed by law upon free persons of color.

"The amendment was agreed to by an overwhelming majority, and the bill sent to the Senate."