New Orleans Daily Crescent.

POETRY, MISCELLANEOUS AND TALES.

The Echo-Shell.

Where the sea-fountains
From the black roots of mountains
Arise;
Where the blessed white ray
Pierces not, night or day,
From the skies;
There the sighing shell
Was born, did dwell.
Like the memory of a sound,
Is the murmur of the bound
Echo spelts.
But I clasp to mine ear
The shell, and I hear
With affright,
The dread canon boom and the roar
Of wild battle, dim leagues from the shore,
Of bright France;
Where, with dance,
And wild singing, her maidens beguile
The hours, as they wait for the lovers whose smile
And embrace shall delight them no more.
Trafalgar!
From the far
Deeps of ocean, the echoes still rise [skies
That thy thunders awoke when the paths of the
Were clouded with shades of thy slain.
Yet again
I hear the sad voice of the sea;
And I dream that it murmurs to me,
"Come and rest
In my breast,
Far beneath the white tracks of the ships,
There the billows, with cool, soft lips,
Kiss the sleeping,
And, with weeping,
Guard the tomb."
The sirens that dwell
In the caves, fair shell,
Sing thus to the drowing soul,
When the wretch is too weak
To struggle or shriek,
And is gulphed by the great sea-roll,
Now the yearn
To return
To the vast, silent halls of the sea;
Tarry not, for the slave,
The swift-rushing wave,
Is waiting, is calling for thee.

[Home Journal.

Hoops—BY A. O.

Hoops on barrels, legs and pails,
Hoops on boxes, tubs and bales,
Are articles indispensable;
But hoops as they puff out woman's dress,
Making the woman seem so much less,
Are things most indefensible.

Hoops when their sturdy clasp confines,
In brown old casks the richest wines,
Are objects of admiration—
But hoops as part of woman's baggage,
Are like the whoops of a painted savage,
A vile abomination.

Hoops make useful, pretty toys,
Productive little girls and boys;
But hoops on woman gentle
Are things to steer at and to scoff,
And like the whoop of a whooping-cough,
Neither useful nor ornamental.

For while dear woman hones her skirts,
And with a skeleton flaunts and flirts,
She has so much to carry,
Man finds it hard with her to talk,
And harder still to sit or walk,
But hardest of all to marry.

For when a sudden wretch has seen,
Among the lost in crinoline,
The one his heart holds dearer,
Oh! what a chill to ardent passion,
To feel that rare this hollow fashion
He never can be nearer!

That, instead of timidly drawing near,
And pouring into the thrilling ear,
The tale of his soul's devotion,
He must stand and bellow in thunder tones,
Across a hallacre of skirts and bones,
As if hailing a ship on the ocean!

And if by chance the maid of his choice
Shall gently hear her lover's voice,
And smile her condescension;
Why he captures a mess of hoops and rings,
Skeletons, bones, and other things,
Too horrible to mention.

Thus lovely woman hoops to folly,
And drives poor man to melancholy,
By her great frigid sphere;
Then let her bear a warning voice,
Between her hoops and hopes make choice,
And give the dogs her bones.

Self-dependence.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Weary of myself, and sick of asking,
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end.

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye Stars, ye Waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you."

From the intense, clear, star-strown vault of Heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer—
"Wouldst thou be as these are? *Live* as they."

A New Dance.—A Petersburg paper says in select circles of Richmond society a new dance, bearing the name of "The Persian Ring," has just been introduced. It is somewhat amusing, and may be imagined from the following description:

It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the center, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then kneels up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires to hind the chair; but when the "right man," as the old saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the tone and accent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. At in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who immediately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is resumed.

A gentleman is then seated in a center chair, hoodwinked, and a lady takes the places on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the birth remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers the eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now triangularly *dos a dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths once around them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to no one alone is given, a ring, and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, and each seizes his partner, and once more swings around the circle. We have learned that this dance will be introduced in all the chief "hops" of the coming season.

Advantages of Politeness.—An elderly lady passing down a busy street in New Haven, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do when a pleasant voice beside her said, "Will you take my umbrella, madam?" The speaker was a boy perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, ma'am; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not feel it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady and departed.

Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance, and often wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment, and the circumstance coming to the knowledge of this lady, she gave him a good horse till March, when she introduced him to a good situation. Verily, kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.

Fun in the Campaign of '44.—Henry Clay was the Whig candidate. A Liberal party man was making a speech, somewhere in New Hampshire, and objecting very strongly to the gallant Kentuckian on the ground of his having been a duellist. This done, he began to glorify his own party as small in numbers, but destined to achieve great things. He compared it to David going forth with slings and stones to the combat with the gigantic Goliah. Piling up the eloquence, he reached the climax at last, and cried out, "And then—then, fellow citizens, what did David do?" *"Fit a duel, sir!"* came in shrill tones from one of the assembly. This may be an old story, but it can do no harm to tell it again, to exemplify the ease with such rhetorical edge tools as illustrations and analogies should be played with.

At a recent meeting of the London New Cemetery Company, the chairman very gravely stated that he had great pleasure in announcing to the meeting the gratifying fact that the burials in the cemetery for the last year were double the number of those of the year preceeding.

Dr. Barney says that when he was young, his venerable teacher gave him a lesson which made a deep impression, and by which he endeavored to profit: "Never go to bed at night," he said, "until you know something which you did not know in the morning."

Reminiscences of 1630,

Boston was the first settled in 1630, and from an old history of it we selected the following as a curious reminiscence of the past as regards public opinion in the religion and morals of our pious ancestor of the olden time:

In giving this scrap of remote history to our readers, we seek not to establish the well-known phrase that "comparisons are odious," nothing of the kind; for our forefathers, however incongruous, indicrous or absurd their notions of right and wrong may appear to us their descendants of modern days, we may safely accord to them the palm of at least being a vast deal more our superiors in sincerity and truthfulness. From only such men could spring the heroes of our great Revolution, which some among us are assiduously seeking to denigrate.

That in all ages of the world man has had his gods—no matter whether of wood, brass, stone, or even ideal, he must have them—is a fact borne out by the page of history, and perfectly right, too, because he is created a religious animal. "Make us gods to go before us," called out the Jews. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" called out Paul, when stayed the tempest for the time and saved himself from molestation.

All those people were sincere—so were every other people, according as the light of science dawned upon them. And if we of the present age are vastly their superiors because of our progress in knowledge, let us at least be grateful for it, tread lightly on the graves of the erring, and, by imitating their virtues alone, serve as a contrast to "point a moral, or adorn a tale."

The history above alluded to goes on to show that:

In 1634 it was ordered, that if any one deny the Scriptures to be the word of God, he shall be fined 50 pounds or whipped with forty stripes, unless he publicly recant, in which case his fine is 10 pounds, and whipping remitted; but if he shall persist in the same wicked opinion, he shall be punished by fine and whipping, or be banished, at the discretion of the court.

Philip Ratcliff being convicted of making use of harsh words against the Church, was sentenced to be whipped, lose his ears and be banished. Sentence executed.

In 1635 it was agreed that no further grants of allotments of land shall be made to new-comers, unless they become members of the Church.

The Assistants were to take cognizance of absence from the Church, and fine the delinquents 10 shillings or by imprisonment.

In 1639 Roger Williams was sentenced to banishment or death, for having been guilty of heresy in respect to baptism. The most important count in the indictment was that of avowing his conviction and belief that by immersion in the river, and not by the ordinance of sprinkling, was the practice and most correct pattern for a convert, and for a true agency in the Church. He went to Rhode Island.

The Boston Church became very troublesome, even to its own members, on account of their discussions and disputes.

It became opposed says the account, to all sources that had been planted; and so arbitrary and tyrannical was it, that Gov. Vane, who had merely expressed his regret at their petty dissensions, was obliged to apologise to them by saying, "that it was an expression that slipped from him in passion" and that although he desired to leave England, "he expressed himself so obedient to the church that he durst not go any way contrary to their will."

The cause of the dissension referred to by Governor Vane, and some of the results that grew out of it, will be seen in the following extract, which gives a good idea of the religious feeling in Boston in the year 1630:

The members of the Church usually met together once a week, to repeat, review and debate the Sunday sermons; and as their doctrines did not permit the women to bear a part in the discussions, they thought they might hold similar meetings themselves with much usefulness.

Accordingly, Mrs. Ann, wife of Wm. Hutchinson, a woman of piety, ready talents and great flow of speech, established a meeting at her house. Her fame soon gained a numerous auditory. She took the lead in prayer and in repeating the Rev. Mr. Cotton's sermons, after which she made observations and reflections on their tendency, etc. The meetings were generally approved of, until she commenced to classify the ministers, saying that only two were evangelical under the "Covenant of Grace," while all the others were under the "Covenant of Works."

Mrs. Hutchinson continued her lectures with increasing notoriety. Both Church and State were involved in confusion; and as the new doctrines were gaining ground, a synod was held for the purification of Boston from heresy. A list of eighty-two erroneous opinions were then read, which had believers in them in various portions of the country. But Mrs. Hutchinson went on with her discourses as usual,—though soon after several of the followers were disfranchised, fined or banished. Fifty-eight of these people belonged to Boston, being about one quarter part of the business men of the town.

Mrs. Hutchinson's trial came next. Three ministers testified that Mrs. Hutchinson asserted "that there was a vast difference between themselves and the Rev. Mr. Cotton—that he preached a Covenant of Grace—and that he and others were not able ministers of the New Testament." This comprises the whole of her offence. "She acknowledged her confidence in revelations which she had received in regard to future providences." This last, alone, established the court that she was deserving of banishment.

Said Governor Winthrop: "It is to the mind of the court that Mrs. Hutchinson, for those things that appear before us, is unfit for our society, and if it be the mind of the court that she should be banished out of our dwellings, and imprisoned till she be sent away, let them hold up their hands."

All but two voted for banishment.

Gov. Winthrop—"Mrs. Hutchinson, the sentence of the court, you hear, is, that you are banished from out of our society, and you are to be imprisoned till the court send you away."

Mrs. Hutchinson—"I desire to know wherefore I am banished?"

The Governor—"Say no more. The court knows wherefore and is satisfied."

"Mrs. Hutchinson," says the narrator, "remained for a while in Boston and in the neighborhood in the custody of some of the clergy, she was cast out of the church for impenitently persisting in maintaining her." She received orders to "leave the jurisdiction before the close of the month," and departed on the 26th day of March. She went with her husband to Rhode Island.

In 1642, after the decease of her husband, she removed into a Dutch settlement beyond New Haven, and the next year she, with all her family, consisting of sixteen persons, were killed by the Indians, except one daughter, whom they carried into captivity.

So ends this black chapter of human folly. Now, however much we may be charitably disposed to draw the veil over the errors of the past, yet it behooves our people of the present day, and all future time, to beware of entrusting secular power in the hands of any priesthood—either Catholic, Protestant, or any religious sect whatever, as such power is sure to be abused.

To be sure, there are some in our midst who complaisantly fold their arms, saying, "Oh, those days are gone by—there's no much fear of such bigotry and intolerance now!" Indeed! We would respectfully advise such good natured folks not to be too sure of that. There is quite enough of ignorance and intolerance yet left among us to play fearful havoc with our liberties. We are not too secure, nor can we be, so long as so much ignorance yet abounds. "Eternal vigilance" may well be said to be the price of our dear-bought liberties.

Curious Books.—The library of the late R. R. Corwin, a well known book collector in New York, is being sold. The catalogue contains 242 pages octavo, and embraces 5,232 articles. Mr. C. has a passion for books with quaint titles. The following are specimens from his list:

Isaachar's Ass Braying under a Double Burden; or the Uniting of Churches. By Wm. Gould, 1662.

A Silver Watchbell, the sound whereof is able to warn the most profane, worldly and careless sinner to become a true Christian. By Thomas Tymme, 1611.

Echoes from the Sixth Trumpet Reverberated by a Review of Neglected Remembrance. By George Herbert, 1671.

The Beggick Pie-mine Stabbing the Slothful Sleeper, and Awakening the Drowsie to watch, fast and pray, etc., 1652.

An Invective against the most Wicked and Detestable Vice of Swearing. By Thomas Beacon, London, 1590.

Christian Society, or the Catholic Flock of Bees; 1652.

The Connecticut Dissenters' Strong Box, 1762.

The Dippers Dipped, or the Anabaptists Ducked and Plunged over Head and Ears at a Disputation at Southwark, etc. By D. Featly, 1645.

An Arrow against Profane and Promiscuous Dancing. Boston, 1671.

A Little Eyeasalve for the Kingdom and the Army, (a Quakerbook,) 1657.

Ones and Twos.—We often find hearts of others when we open our own.

Choose ever the plainest road; it always answers best.

Many literary efforts proceed from water on the brain.

The ambitious often fall into the ditch while going at the stars.

We spend much of life in making blunders, and more of it in correcting them.

Men gravitate toward right, but are continually drawn aside by disturbing causes.

The high-minded and the low-minded come in contact without mixing, like oil and water.

Mankind are split into companies, which follow their captains, but see little of their generals.

A Curious Incident.—The Lockport Journal states that while a clerk in a law office in that village was overhauling papers on file, a package was found which showed marks of having been set on fire. Examining further, the charred remains of a common house fly or miller was found, who had probably carried the fire from the candle in his wings to the documents, and set the papers on fire.

A lady, whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania, was one day sadly annoyed by a blue bottle fly, and calling her maid, she bade her catch the fly, without hurting it, put it out of the window. Seeing the girl hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause. "Why madame it rains so very hard," answered the mischievous creature. "Free," replied the mistress, "put the poor thing in the other room."

Aquafortis as a Beverage.

In the pretty village of Haddenfield, New Jersey, some years ago, there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known in the town and country around as "Old Joe." He had no particular occupation except doing "errands" or errands for any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept wherever he could find a lodging place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his head-quarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in the town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the barroom, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink, he would slip to the bar and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half full of *aquafortis* on the bar, and turned round to mix aptame other ingredients. A few moments after he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when he found, to his dismay, that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop. "Mr. Wiggins," exclaimed the doctor, in affright, to the landlord, "what has become of the *aquafortis*? I put on the bar a few minutes ago?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe swallow the fatal draught. The doctor, learning that he must certainly die after such a dose, hastened a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, outhouses and woods, for three or four miles around the village, Joe was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village topers assembled around the blazing hickory fire in the barroom, nothing was thought of or talked of but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. Some four days had elapsed, and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The doctor, about this time, had occasion to visit a patient some eight miles distant; what was his surprise, when about five miles from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house, splitting wood.

"Why, Joe," said the doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you was dead and buried before this?"

"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe-handle.

"Didn't you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" returned Joe.

"Why, it was *aqua fortis*—enough to kill a dozen men!"

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that *I thought* there was something queer about that drink! for after I drank it *every time I blowed my nose I burned a hole in my pocket handkerchief!*"

A Monster Bird.—A recent traveler in South America gives the following sketch of his first sight of the great *Mysteria Americana*:

As I was sitting one evening across the Pantanos, (marshes) a district on the south side of Buenos Ayres, where the soil is clay and the surface covered with little shallow pools of water, with pretty water plants and quantities of wading birds, I saw the most magnificent bird I ever beheld. He met me the king that was sent down from heaven to meet the mandate of the frogs—a perfect emperor of cranes. I had just been watching a big heron when I caught sight of this fellow. At first I thought he was a cow, and then that he was a man—at last I perceived that his coat was far too scarlet for any biped but a bird, and he let me come as close to him as about the length of an ordinary room, and he was all snow white, except his beak and his head and his neck, which were black, and a broad collar round the lower part of his neck, between the black and white, which was deep red; and his beak was ponderous, like unto a pelican, and full a foot long, with a heavy lower jaw. He must have shot five feet high on their heads; and he let me look at him ever so long, and he stalked about quite peaceably; and there was close to him a big white heron, that looked quite small; and as I stood and wondered, he spread his wings, all snow-snow white, and sailed straight away down south for miles and miles, till the speck of white in the sky was too small to see."

Anecdote of the Czar.—The London correspondent of the New York Tribune relates of the Czar Alexander the following anecdote, which he pronounces authentic:

The Czar, wearied by the court ceremonial, one evening went out with his aide-de-camp to take a walk unobserved, and without any attendant. He spoke much and enthusiastically on the future of the Empire; and, seeing at a short distance a peasant, he exclaimed: "The future of the Empire rests with these men." Approaching nearer, he addressed the peasant: "do you love the Emperor?" "Yes, I do love your Majesty," was the answer. "You know me," remarked the Czar; "then tell me why you love me?" "Because your Majesty is the greatest Emperor on earth!"

"Is the ground here fertile?"

"I do not know."

"How so, don't you till it?"

"No, your Majesty! I am from St. Petersburg; a office officer, and in the day-time a peasant, I am watching for your Majesty's safety."

The Czar laughed, but was disappointed at his minister's too minute officiousness.

"The many executions," says the Christian Spiritualist, "which have disgraced New England history, warn us to guard against indulgence in any superstitious notions. It is not a little singular that the descendants of the very Puritans whose superstitions were so violent and absurd, are themselves the most bitter assailants of the superstitious notions which are part and parcel of the Catholic faith. Probably many of us are entirely devoid of superstitious fears. We may be ashamed to confess it in the presence of such as ridicule sacred dogma; but it is a social party dissent, the subject in a spirit of tolerance, and without levity, it will not be long before each divulges some superstitious notion or experience of his own. Almost all mankind, civilized or savage, are to a certain extent believers in dreams. Yielding to superstitious fancies corrupts the judgment, and makes us the slaves of sentiment.

In fine, we would urge Vigilance! Education for all! [Materials for Fine Sting.

Madness, Beware!—Madame M——, a celebrated beauty, had the habit of whitewashing herself—to speak—from the soles of her feet to the roots of her hair.

One day she discovered that certain pimples, like a group of little volcanoes, were pushing the thick crust of dead white, and threatened to cover her arms with pathological arabesques.

Under the advice of a physician, she entered a medicated bath, and with the hesitation of a woman of delicate nerves, she plunged therein her beautiful form. Hardly had the adorable plaster-cast disappeared in the rock, in the sulphurous wave, when suddenly, from head to feet, the whiteness of milk changed to the blackness of an Ethiopian. You would have declared her a negress body and limb, or a white dame attacked with extraordinary chlorotic symptoms.

The first supposition prevailed and the physician called in hastily, assigned immediately.

"Madame," said he, "you are not but you are a chemical product. You are no longer a woman; you are a sulphuret. It is not a question of medical treatment, but of simple chemical reaction. I shall analyze you—

"Come, I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid diluted with water. The acid will have the honor to combine with you—will take up the sulphur and the metal—will produce a sulphate, and we shall find as a precipitate a very pretty woman."

Snowy Madame, let this serve you as a lesson. Never use a white powder which has a metallic base.

Courrier des Etats Unis.

"Samuel, my darling, my darling little sunny," says the aged mother, "I've not seen your book for several days or more; where is it?" "I know where it is." "Well, where?" "Well it's only lost a little, kinder, in the barn, or round out of doors, somewhere I guess; perhaps up garter or behind the wood pile."

The Louisville Courier says: A son of Erin applied at a livery stable for a horse to ride to a Belshazar procession. The owner told him that he had a horse, but no saddle, the saddles having all been engaged. "Arra! is no matter for a saddle, sir-ruby," was the answer, "let give me a *long bareback horse*, for sure two of my friends want to ride with me."

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it. It is like money. When you once know it, be sure you spend it, lest it be discovered. "My dear Margery," said an Indiaman to his friend, "why did you tell me the secret I told you?" "Is it believing you call it? Sure, when I heard I mustn't also to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

A young clerk undertook to commit suicide last week, by swallowing his daguerreotype. He was unsuccessful, however. This is the third attempt he has made on his life within the last three months. Cause, broken sleep, brought on by intense devotion to a young lady with auburn ringlets.

Inserious Injury.—Not long ago, a brig, supposed to be an American craft, was making her way out of the mouth of the Congo River with four heavy guns on board, when she was stopped by a British man-of-war steamer, which sent a prize crew aboard. The brig slipped away from her captor with the greatest ease. The steamer fired several shots at her, but without success. When the brig had got out of the reach of the steamer's guns, the captain, by way of tantalizing the British cruiser, ordered a negro to be pulled up to the yard arm where he was allowed to hang for some time, as an insulting token of the acknowledged character of the vessel. The captain also signified his exultation by standing at the stern of the vessel and bidding as she sailed away.

The well disposed country man who came to town a few days since "to see sights," learned a valuable lesson very soon after his arrival. He stopped an "artful dodger" on the walk, and handed him a dollar in payment for some candy. "Hold my basket till I get it changed," said the rustic. The countryman consented, and is holding it now, probably—the boy hasn't been seen since!

Clippings.

Premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow.

Those that are frugal by habit hardly know that temperance is a virtue.

Fancy is very unbecoming in those who want the means of decency.

The nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain.

If prudence cannot always prevent misfortune, it may do much in disappointing its effects.

More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by penetration.

"I am surprised that you should leave me, Patrick," said the widow Pinchem to an ex-boarder, "when I set as good a table as any in town." "Oh, ma'am, an' yer thable may be good enough, but niver a twenthith do ye put upon it wine."

An exchange paper, under the head of "Good Advice," advises young men "to wrap themselves up in virtue." A contemporary well says, "Many of them would freeze to death if they had no warmer covering."

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to four hundred and thirty-four pounds. This is what science tells us, but we know the jaw of some of our lawyers is equal to a good many thousand dollars a year to them.

A small telegraph apparatus has been invented, not larger than a tobacco box, which can be attached to the wire at any point along the line, at the instant, and a message sent as desired.

The ladies of Aurora, Ill., have passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That if we, the young ladies of Aurora, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."

An English traveler, desirous of possessing a memorial of Madame de Sevigne, purchased, for the sum of eighteen thousand francs, the skirtings of her chamber of Pourvre.

A country editor calls on mildews "to take counsel," because the census shows that there are nearly half a million more men than women in the United States.

The tongue of a liar is less hurtful than that of a slanderer; and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake less deceitful than the purse of the oppressor.

There is a wider division of man than that into Christian and pagan. Before we ask what a man worships, we have to ask whether he worships at all.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he doubled him so much with drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

"We have to pay for everything," as the run said, when a man sitting, after a voluntary serenade, sent his bill into town.

When a man makes his wife a handsome present, it is a sign that they have been quarreling recently.

Four Versions of the Old and New Testaments.—The celebrated Dr. Boyd, who was undoubtedly the University of Glasgow, put the Old and New Testaments into metre. He never published it, but the manuscript is still preserved at Edinburgh. In commencing on the passage by Pharoah of the Red Sea, we have the following stanzas, as quoted from memory:

"And Pharoah said, I am sorry now
That ever I let the children go;
Let their wives, their flocks, and their herds, go out into the wilderness for forty days.
To cool, he meant."

And then deploring over the condition of Israel in the whole society, we have those verses thus:

"Lord, what a dismal place is this!
There's neither coal nor candle;
And nothing I but dishes' wipes
And greasy cutcalls handles."

The London Times, in speaking of the degeneracy of the polite, says:

"We ask for no polished periods but simply for learning the rights, courtesy, in simple and kindly phrases, such as those which in other days were held in earth to leaven."

There is something rather piquant in the subdued epitaph on an ugly, lean old woman, which some rascally poet has seen fitting of building:

"Stop! I'm so ugly, so unalluring away,
Like a dollock of bones hardly covered with clay,
That death in his wrongs to my beauty has done
Supposing me dead, that he'd kill a handsome one!"

We do think that a man, a poet, or whatever else he may be, should be ugly enough, to be kicked, who will participate such an outrage upon the sober sex.

Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of silk for the fair one to wind without getting it strangely tangled? We do. We had one hold for a pair of red lips, with dimples and pearly teeth in the corners thereof, and we did wind silk. The super-sparkling wine, we got entangled, indeed, of the skeinand sometimes, the twisting so much to keep tangling would hurt much. Mem.: When you hold silk for young ladies shut your eyes, or you may not wind up instead of the silk.

Do as I Love.—"Get up, get up!" hissed a gaslighter, to the drift sleigh, from which he had fallen a goodly house. The top-sleigh skipper, and who had taken delightment in the gutter, exclaimed for the hissing—"get up, you can't be here."

"Lie! you're and an—yourself for yourself. Not be here! I tell you which, I do so—that may do in 'cen-ative States, but I'll let you know," said the agriarian, gesticulating a handful of mud in the gaslighter's face, "that this is free soil."

Fired at an insult (about three hours,) Nonpareil—for the gaslighter and water—the country, "do as I like!"

Chicago is a fast as well as fairlike place. It is startled in more things than one. Recently a man narrowly escaped there by the rope. The body could not be found, but the coroner, not to be cheated of a fee, held an inquest on his hat and left it. Sarah is doubtful of the Lake. Verdict, "killed simply."

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1852.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days from 7 A. M. to 6 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL.—Due daily at 8 A. M. Close daily at 2 P. M. or prepaid letters, and 3 P. M. for prepaid letters.

LAKE COAST MAIL.—Fort Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 5 P. M., and Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pascagoula at Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL.—Bolivar, Tipton, Moscow, Grand River, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Close daily at 3 P. M. Due daily at 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL.—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Stanton, Bayou Sara, Fort Adams, Natchez, Rodney, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Tuesday and Friday at 3 A. M.

SEA COAST MAIL, GULF COAST MAIL.—Supplying the ranches, Indian, Bonnet Carre, Pagasus, Victoria, Bringier's, Cannelle, Tanchipahoa, Hundred-mile, Grand Island, New River, Bayou Gentil, Iberville, Plaquemine, Marchand, Bailey's landing, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Bayou Sara, Fort Hudson, Hermitage, Bayou Sara, Fort Adams, Natchez, Rodney, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Close on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL, OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Close on Tuesday at 3 P. M. due same day.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Close, except Sunday, Closed 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Close daily, except Sundays at 1 P. M. Arrives daily, except Sundays at 11 A. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSTKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 1 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Ardillo, Bellevue, Lafitte, Paradis, Donaldsville, Thibodaux and Jackson. Also, supplies Napoleon, Nicholas and Point Coupee.

QUEEN AND CRESCENT MAIL.—Per New Orleans and Jackson R. R. Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 A. M. Due Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL.—Closes on the 7th and 22d of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 4th and 20th of each month.

HAVANA MAIL.—Supplying English Turk, Philadelphia, Grand Turc, Jacmel, Aux Cayes, Port au Prince, St. Marc, Gonaives, Port de Paix, Aux Cayes, Jacmel, Kingston, Chagres, Panama, Sisal and Havana. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Monday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 3 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 3 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 16th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 7th and 22d. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, prepaid.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes, direct, on the 8th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 9th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE ON letters by Cuba Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 8th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2000 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2000 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2000 miles or under	24c.	6c.
Over 2000 miles	44c.	8c.
When prepaid to the United States, and the distance to the offices of delivery is—		
2000 miles or under	20c.	2c.
Over 2000 miles	40c.	2c.

NEW GRENADA, WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, SANDWICH ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMAN'S LAND, NEW SOUTH WALES AND CHINA.—Closes on the 4th and 14th of each month, at 6 P. M. Arrives on or about the 12th and 28th of each month.

☞ Postage to New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, etc., via England, by packet or private ships, 33 cents single rate, prepaid; via France, 10 cents each quarter ounce, prepaid, is added to the above postage; via New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 15 cents; and on each newspaper, 8 cents, when sent; and 10 cents on each letter, and 2 cents on each paper, when received.

☞ The postage to New Grenada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Diemans Land, and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 21 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The above letter rate to California and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply. A. S. NEVITT, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICE

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BACON, [illegible]		
Kentucky	— 12½	15
Ric Sides	— 12½	12½
LARD, Bbls. [illegible]		
Kentucky	— 9	10½
Northern	— —	— —
BEAN, Bbl.	1 15	1 20
BRICK, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
Pressed	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio [illegible]	— 9½	10½
Havana, Good Ordinary Quality	— —	— —
Inferior to Middling	— —	— —
Java	— —	— —
Mocha, Good	— —	— 11½
Inferior	— —	— —
St. Domingo	— —	— —
COTTON, ⅌ lb—		
Ordinary	— —	— —
Middling	— —	— —
Good Middling	— —	— —
Fine	— —	— —
Extra	— —	— —
COTTON BAGGING—		
Kentucky	— 25	30
Tennessee	— 30	31
Hemp, Dutch, per metal	— 25	— 27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Orleans	— 36	— 38
Northern	— —	— —
Tallow	— —	— —
Adamantine	— —	— —
CHEESE, ⅌ lb—		
Tallow	— —	— —
Adamantine	— —	— —
Sperm	— —	— —
Russia	— —	— —
CORN MEAL, ⅌ Bbl.	2 50	2 50
FLOUR, ⅌ Bbl.—		
Ohio	— —	— —
Mississippi	— —	— —
Western	3 10	3 30
New York	— —	— —
GRAIN, ⅌ Bushel—		
Corn, Southern	— 65	— 70
Western	— —	— —
Oats	— 40	— 42
Rye	— 60	— 65
Barley	— —	— —
Beans, Western	1 50	2 25
Southern	— —	— —
Pea	2 00	2 25
HAY, ⅌ cwt.	— 75	— 80
HOPS, ⅌ lb—		
Western	— 12	— 15
Eastern	— —	— —
LIME, ⅌ bbl.	— 1 00	— 1 10
Western	— —	— —
Eastern	— —	— —
MOLASSES, ⅌ Gallon—		
Cuba	— 24	— 26
Texas	— 18	— 20
Louisiana	— 25	— 28
Florida	— —	— —
Mobile	— 18	— 20
Orleans	— 18	— 20
Rum	— —	— —
OATS, ⅌ Bushel	— 40	— 42
OIL, ⅌ Gallon—		
Linseed, Boiled	— 65	— 70
Raw	— 60	— 65
Castor	— 1 25	— 1 30
Sperm	— 2 00	— 2 25
Tanner's	— —	— —
Neatsfoot	— 1 00	— 1 10
Lard, Extra	— 1 25	— 1 30
Common	— 1 00	— 1 05
Tar	— 1 50	— 1 75
Turpentine, Spirits	— 50	— 55
Rosin	— 3 00	— 3 25
PEAS, ⅌ Bushel	— 75	— 80
PORK, ⅌ bbl.—		
Mess	— 21	— 22