New Orleans Daily Crescent.

The Pilgrim's First Sight of the Southern Sea.

Where stood upon the mountain brow, that gallant little band,
And every heart with joy beat high, and hand was clasped in hand;
Forgotten were their trials now, dangers and sorrows past,
Whatever dared, whatever sought, the goal was won at last.

Before them, at the mountain's foot, outstretched the Southern sea,
Wide as eye could reach, till lost in dim obscurity;
Like molten gold it seemed to shine, beneath the sunset's glow,
And softly broke the crested waves upon the sands below.

How deeply thrilled each heart when first it opened to their view,
With Heaven's wide expanse o'erhead, of pure unsullied blue;
While clouds of crimson-purple gold were floating in the West,
Above the spot where slowly sank the day-king to his rest.

No white man's foot had ever trod that far-off coast before,
And sought disturbed the stillness, save the ocean's murmured roar,
Whispering fairy legends to the winds that wandered by,
Of sea-built halls and coral grots that 'neath the waters lie.

They stood a moment as entranced near that all-glorious view,
Trudge, trudge on, weary boy, life is a God-lesson!
Then, kneeling, they joined hands and poured forth their thanks to that great God of Might,
Whose finger had their pathway traced o'er valleys, hills and plains,
To where the boundless ocean told of new and vast domains.

Then rising with glad shouts of joy, that little warrior band
Descended from the mountain height on to the golden sand;
Unthought of was their toilsome march beneath the burning heat,
When they stood first upon that shore, with the ocean at their feet.

With his stout tinkler on his arm, his sword held up on high,
Balboa in the waters blue waded all fearlessly,
And took possession in the name of Ferdinand of Spain,
Of that wide-world of waters, that glorious Southern main.

Again uprose that ringing shout upon the stilly air,
And proudly flashed each warrior's eye as they stood cheering there;
And fancy pictured visions bright, of rich rewards in store,
When once again with honor crowned they reached their native shore.

The radiant tints had faded now from the far Western sky,
And one by one the diamond stars gemmed the blue vault on high;
And softly now the moonbeams lay, where the sun's light had been,
And gently night's dark curtain fell upon that glowing scene.

RAILROAD EPITAPH.

Sister, mother, aunt and cousin
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle,
If they'd blown the engine whistle.

THE YELLOW WAISTCOAT QUESTION.

Brother Jonathan went to Court,
Without the proper garment,
When Sir Edward Cust kicked up a dust,
And would not admit the varmint.
"Why then," our Brother J. replied,
"We will proudly take our leave, sir,
For you know that on the t'other side
We go in our shirt sleeves, sir;"
For there we hold, the genuine gold
Is not in tinsel trappings,
But in the truth and moral worth—
The dress is but the wrappings.

A Banker in Trouble.

A rich foreigner, named Sutherland, naturalized in Russia, was banker to the court, and in high favor with the empress. He was roused one morning by the information that his house was surrounded by guards, and that Reliew, the minister of police, desired to speak with him. This person entering without further ceremony, at once announced his errand.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, "I am charged by my gracious sovereign with the execution of a sentence, the severity of which both astonishes and grieves me; and I am ignorant as to how you can have so far excited the resentment of her majesty."

"I am as much in the dark as yourself," replied the banker; "but what are your orders?"

"I have not the courage to tell you," said Reliew.

"Have I lost the confidence of the empress?" inquired the banker.

"If that were all, you would not see me troubled," said Reliew; "your absence may return—position may be restored."

"Am I to be sent back to my own country?—or, good Jesu, exile?" cried the banker, trembling; "does she express think of banishing me to Siberia?"

"Alas! you might some day return," said Reliew.

"Am I to be hunted?" inquired the agitated banker.

"This punishment is fearful," said Reliew, "but it does not kill."

"Is my life, then, in peril?" exclaimed the banker. "But I cannot believe that; for the empress, usually so mild, so gentle, spoke to me so kindly only two days since—'tis impossible! For heaven's sake let me know the worst. Anything is better than this suspense."

"Well, then," said Reliew, in a melancholy tone, "my gracious mistress has ordered me to have you *stuffed!*"

"*Stuffed!*" cried the banker, horrified.

"Yes, stuffed with straw," continued Reliew.

Sutherland looked fixedly at the minister of police as he uttered, and then exclaimed, "Sir, either you have lost your reason, or the empress is not in her right senses! Surely you did not receive such a command without endeavoring at least to point out its unreasonableness—its barbarity."

"Alas! my unfortunate friend, I did that which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not dare attempt," said Reliew; "I manifested my grief, my concern.—I even hazarded a remonstrance; but her imperial majesty, in an irritated tone, bade me leave her presence and see her commands obeyed at once, adding these words, which are still ringing in my ears, 'Go, and forget not that it is your duty to acquit yourself, without a murmur, of any commission with which I may deign to trust you.'"

"It would be impossible to depict the horror, the despair of the unhappy banker. After waiting till the first burst of grief was over, Reliew informed him that he would be allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his worldly affairs. Sutherland wept and prayed, and entreated the minister of police to take a petition from him to the empress. Overcome by his supplications the magistrate consented to be his messenger, and took charge of the unhappy banker's last appeal to the palace, he hastily presented himself at the residence of Earl Bruce, the English Ambassador, and explained the affair to him. The ambassador very naturally supposed the minister of police had become insane, but bidding him follow, he hurried to the palace. Introduced into the imperial presence, he told his story with as little delay as possible.

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Catherine, on hearing this strange recital, "what a dreadful mistake! Reliew must have lost his wits. Run quickly, my lord, I beg, and desire that madman to relieve my poor banker of his groundless fears, and to set him at liberty immediately."

The earl left the room to do as her majesty requested, and on his return found Catherine laughing immoderately. "I see now," said she, "the cause of this inconceivable absurd blunder. I had for some years a little dog to which I was much attached. I called him Sutherland, because that was the name of the gentleman who presented him to me. This dog had just died, and I gave Reliew orders to have him stuffed; but as he for some time hesitated, I became angry, supposing that, from a foolish excess of pride, he thought this commission beneath his dignity. That," added Catherine, in conclusion, "is the solution of this ridiculous enigma."

TRICK AT A FRENCH FAIR.—A clever trick was played off, a few days ago, at the Fair of Breaute (Seine Inferiure.) A well-dressed gentleman, sauntering about with a valuable gold-headed cane in his hand, was stopped by a wretched-looking man, who dragged himself painfully along on crutches, and piteously implored charity. The gentleman, moved to compassion, generously gave the beggar a piece of silver. "How can you be so foolish?" cried a man standing by. "That fellow is an imposter, and no more lame than you are. Just lend me your cane for a minute, and by means of a sound thrashing I will convince you of the truth of what I say." The gentleman mechanically let the man take the cane, and the beggar, throwing down his crutches, ran off as fast as he could. The other, amidst roars of laughter from the bystanders, ran after him, menacing him with the cane; and so they ran a considerable distance, when they turned aside into the town and were seen no more. The gentleman waited for some time, expecting to see the man return with his cane; but the expectation was in vain. It was then clear that the whole had been an affair concerted between a pair of adroit rogues. The gentleman had nothing for it but to walk home, feeling very foolish at having allowed himself to be so victimized.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society.

The Illegitimate.

A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

Ill-clad poverty, numbed with cold, and alone was abroad that winter's night, as the white snow fleeced the frost-hardened ground. But never mind earth's cold bosom, the rich man's hearth doth warm him and stakes him merry, however blows the wind or rages the storm. Shiver, shiver on, beggar poor! Ye have no hearts! Hungry stomach and chilly skin belong to such as you. Kindly impulse not feeling are thine! Starvation and sense-dulling cold alone belong to you!

Winter night! hast thou no tongue to tell how spiritless poverty cowers beneath thy frozen breath, and vainly tries to warm its icy blood in tattered rags? Canst thou not enter the summered air of earth's favored children, and teach a lesson to them?

Through the crunching snow trudged a weary boy, with alms basket upon his shivering arm. From his figure, he seemed not over ten years old; but his face was so wan and sad that it was difficult to tell how many year-blights the beggar child had seen. Summer clothes were still upon him; a tattered woolen comforter was the only winter article he wore.

Light enough yet remained, with the snow's reflection, to discern every outline of chimney and housetop against the milky sky. A gay carriage rolled noiselessly on, with a beautiful girl well wrapped in fur and cape, whilst the snow was dashed from the rapid wheels like a white dust. She saw the weary, thin-clad boy, as he stepped, with his head bent aside to the flake-burdened blast, to gaze on the smoking horses, as they plunged through the fast-deepening crust. The window was let down. She threw a coin to the boy; it sank from her warm hand deep into the snow. It might have bought bread and a cheering faggot; but the smitten child never got it; the snow closed over it, whilst the blast grew keener. Trudge, trudge on, weary boy, life is a God-lesson! Five and twenty minutes glanced through window pane and wide-open door, as the gay girl leaped from the carriage step—health glowed as warmly from her bright cheek. The snow melted as it fell from her up-turned face; on the beggar-boy it would have lain as upon a corpse; life blood had ceased to warm it. Alas, for the beggar-poor!

From lowly cot to palace house, the snow lay unbroken—not a sound broke on the night; the very watch dogs were hid in some place secure from cold. The wind alone was abroad, howling its wintry dirge through tree and hedge. Still the snow fell and drifted in ridge-like heaps—landmark and road-cut were all gone. None could tell where the poor or rich man's grounds began or ended; like the grave, their claims were one.

The beggar boy toiled on through drift and dark ere he returned, more weary as the night gathered on. Thus is it ever with the humble poor—their load lightens not though life lessons! No light, nor warming hearth—things that make house a home—were there to welcome the wandering boy.

He placed his basket upon a bench. A wick still struggled to light the wretched apartment, as it flickered in the deep socket. An old woman lay asleep in the corner, covered with rug and rags. The boy approached, and touched the face with his cold fingers—they were colder than the blood of starved age! Their chill aroused her. Another light was placed in the socket, and a few dried leaves with shavings were put beneath some rotten and water-soaked bark, to warm the frozen fragments that unwilling charity had given; and thus wrinkled age and wasted youth-life broke fast.

The clock had just struck two, as I was summoned to the house of Mrs. T——. The same carriage that in the evening had borne the beautiful girl awaited at my door, with its impatient horses snorting against the frosted air.

In a few minutes, I entered the house. Mrs. T—— met me in the hall; her face was deadly pale, and her manner much excited. Her, at times, singular nervousness had struck me, at my former visits, whenever her daughter ailed. She now informed me that her darling Emily was very ill with high fever.

The young girl lay with her head turned aside upon the pillow, her golden brown hair scattered in wild profusion upon its white cover, whilst the nurse was gently moistening the palm of her outstretched hand. The pulse was beating wildly at the wrist and temples, which were scorching hot; fever heat glowed from her lustrous eyes. As I kept my finger on the pulse, and watched the expression of my young patient's countenance, something seemed to whisper—it was not from any regular reasoning of the symptoms—that mind had much to do in this over-action of matter. Whilst the nurse held the candle to her face, the traces of dried tears shown on her suffused cheek.

"Heart ache surely is here," I said to myself.

The mother watched my countenance with a painful solicitude. A faint harshness of expression gave a certain rigidity to her features, which were still very beautiful. There was something in the whole appearance of my patient that excited my curiosity in the case. Some eight or ten hours only had passed since she had thrown the snow-clotted alms to the beggar boy, and now fever was running riot through every artery in her body.

Silently seating myself at the bedside, after administering a cooling draught, I watched for the changes that might ensue.

The snow continued to fall, and was driven clinking against the window casement. A comfortable fire burned on the hearth, casting long shadows on the floor and walls. The young girl dozed, but now and then started from her short, fevered sleep, with eyes widely open. Once or twice a deep sob escaped her lips, and a few words, unintelligible to the ear, were uttered. After a time, she slumbered more calmly. I placed my finger gently on her wrist; the pulse had lost much of its increased strength and frequency. I was now satisfied that this sudden incursion of fever originated from some violent mental cause.

Her mother sat near the fire, its blaze lighting up every feature of her once beautiful face, which still remained very pale. In all my intercourse with Mrs. T——, I never had so prolonged an opportunity of examining in detail the expression of her countenance. The longer I gazed on her, the more satisfied I became that she had not passed through life without a history.

A few vague rumors had floated around relative to her history; that a strange desertion of her husband had taken place, and that he was a-terwards found drowned in a river near his house; and that by his death Mrs. T—— had become possessed of an immense estate. These tales, however, had soon subsided, and as her means were large and her charities ample, the gossips of the town quietly dropped the past and speculated on the future, as all respectable gossips should do.

The longer I scanned her features, which at times became almost fierce, and varied with the thoughts that seemed scorching her memory, the more I was satisfied that this woman, generally so self-possessed, had passed a stormy life at some period when her passions were under less restraint than now. The voice of the fevered girl diverted her thoughts; a few words were murmured, and then the lips pressed tremblingly together, and a tear ran down her cheek. Suddenly starting up in the bed, and threading her long curling hair with her slender fingers, she exclaimed, in a wild, delirious tone:

"It cannot be true! O, mother—tell me mother!"

Mrs. T—— fairly leaped to the bedside, and placing her hand over her daughter's mouth, exclaimed with affrighted gesture:

"What is it—what do you mean? My God, she raves!"

The young girl fell back on her pillows. The mother stood trembling and pale by the bed, a nameless terror depicted on every feature. Turning to me, in a quick, restless voice, she bade me give her a quieting draught—"anything that would keep her from raving!" The room was not more than comfortably warm, yet the perspiration stood upon the excited mother's forehead like thick dew.

Conscience, I thought to myself, must lie here.

In the course of an hour the sufferer slumbered heavily; her breathing was hurried and oppressed, the fever heat had increased and her moanings were more constant.

Day was just breaking as I left my young patient to return home. The snow was still falling. The traces of wheels, made during the night, were nearly effaced. As I looked out of the carriage window I saw a small boy struggling, knee-deep, in the unbroken snow. It was the poor beggar child, thin-clad as of yesterday, with his pale cheek as white as the snow he toiled through. I called to the coachman to stop as we were passing the child.

"Where are you going," I exclaimed "in this cold winter morning, my poor boy?"

He raised his large dark eyes to my face; my heart grieved at their look of utter hopelessness, as he simply answered:

"To beg for myself and old grandma."

"Are you not very cold, in those thin clothes?" I asked.

"I am very cold, sir," and his teeth chattered as he answered.

The horses, impatient at resting, were plunging violently against the traces, and the coachman asked if he had not better drive on. I gave the boy a few silver coins that were in my pocket, and the carriage passed by. I never saw that boy but once again. His look haunts me to this day. As I drove on, memory was busy tracing where I had ever seen features like his. The dark hair that laid in uncombed curls upon his forehead and clustered warm about his neck, as though in protection against the bitter cold; his large black eyes, with their long lashes; the chiselled outline of his nose and mouth; these all struck me that somewhere I had seen a face that strikingly resembled his. Poor boy! beauty was his only possession.

At breakfast, a letter was handed me which summoned me immediately to see one of my children who lay ill at a distant town. Before leaving, I wrote a hurried note to Mrs. T——, stating the cause of my sudden departure, desiring that she would call in, during my absence, another physician. The young girl's fate, and the beggar-boy's sad face, were almost forgotten during the journey in my own cares.

* * * * * * *

On the sixth day after I again found myself at home. My first thought was for my poor Emily. I dreaded to ask—there was something whispering at my heart that all was not well.

My suspense was not long; a messenger had just left, stating that the dear girl was fast failing, and that her physician had pronounced her laboring under typhus fever.

My God! how my heart sank as the words fell on my ear. I had dreaded this mistake as I left. Alas! how many have fallen by the name of a disease, and not by the disease itself! When will medical men learn to cast aside the shackles, fastened in ignorance, and which have so long clogged their progress.

Thank God, the time is not far distant when the wretched nosological works of the superannuated will have ceased to be read, and the dust of neglect consign them to a merited grave. Read these tomes, poor-derous in error, and one would be led to believe that disease consisted of an excess of vitality!

After a hurried meal, I drove rapidly to Mrs. T——'s. The weather had again turned intensely cold; the icy road cracked beneath my horse's feet. The only green thing showing was where, here and there, the wind had blown the snow-caps from the cedar-tops. Earth looked grayed for the grave.

The house door was quietly opened by a servant; in another minute I stood in Emily's chamber. The mantel was covered with numerous vials; the close atmosphere of the room sickened me. Daylight, just sufficient to discern objects, was admitted through a partly-opened blind. My step was so light that no one perceived my entrance. By the bed-side, with her head bowed down over one of her daughter's pale hands, which she held in both her own, sat the wretched mother. It seemed to me as though ten years had passed over her faded and care-worn countenance; her hair had become gray. I could not move—my heart stood still.

On the young girl's temples, dark, round, blue marks wild crossed gashes, showed that the fatal cups had been at their work; the left arm, exposed by the withdrawn sleeve of her night dress, was bandaged at the elbow—blood also had been taken from the arm. Fatal error! *The excitement* of the brain had been mistaken for *inflammation*.

I approached the bed; for the first time the desolate mother heard my steps, and turning quickly she sprang from the chair, and placing her hands on my shoulders, she bowed her head on my chest. Nine sobbed wildly, as though her heart would break.

"Look, look, doctor, would you have known her? O, God! she is leaving me—save her, save her!"

She sank fainting on the floor. We gently raised her, and bore her to her own chamber. In a few minutes I returned to my patient's room. She turned her head languidly towards me, while her right hand moved as if to take mine. How dry the palm was! Her color had faded away; the round, moulded cheeks were sunken; her eyes seemed double their natural size, and of a deeper color; the mouth was seemingly swollen, whilst the lips parted almost in the dark, crust-covered teeth. With great effort she said:

"O, I am glad you have come back to me—do try to save me!"

Poor child! her dark tongue was so thick and dry that her words were scarcely intelligible. I felt her pulse; it was very rapid, and the blood felt thin like water in the easily compressed vein. Death was at its work in the young and innocent!

Sending the nurse from the room, I quickly took the young girl's hand within my own.

"Emily," I said to her, "do you really wish to live?"

"Yes, yes," she distinctly murmured, "I am very young—too young to die!"

"Then, dear child, tell me what has shocked your nervous system so terribly—tell me."

With a strength that startled me, she searched under the mattress side, and placed a small note in my hand. It was slightly discolored, as though by time. I opened it; the date was over twelve years back. It ran:

"When you receive this, Mira, my career will have ended. By my death you will inherit all. Let my unborn child have its just legal claim. Your child, Emily. take to your home, as though it were an adopted orphan. Let not her youth be blighted by the knowledge of her unblest birth. I forgive you. Adieu for ever. H. T."

My God! the doomed child was illegitimate!. I stooped down and kissed the sufferer's forehead, and promised I would be a father to her. "Come," I whispered, "cheer up; your mother, if she has sinned, has suffered much for your sake—forgive her."

"I do forgive her," she answered; "but could I forget myself, unblessed as I am? But I must live to know the truth. O, where is the rightful owner of all this wealth? My memory refuses to follow Italy from my early days; all seems in a cloud; yet I remember a small cottage in a deep wood, where my mother often came to see me; then a gay carriage took me to a large house, but I never went back to the wood again. There mother left me a long time, and when she came back—Oh, doctor, I can speak no more; do give me something to strengthen me, and I will yet try to live!"

A cordial was administered by my own hands, and in a short time sleep came over her. Night again closed in; the wind had gone down as the sun set. Another night of cold was ushered in. Woe to the poor! Woe to the hungry and friteless!

The wretched mother still retained her room. By nightwatch and fast, and heart-eroding memories, her energies had been suddenly snapped. Pride and passion, so long her friends, had now deserted her, leaving every heart-agony deeply line-graven on her faded face. In all my life I had never seen such a wreck! The proud look of self-possession was gone, suppliant dejection filling every feature; the haughty carriage bowed beneath a wright, as though long years had robbed the muscles of their strength and pliant mould. Her voice, but of late so clear and self-repressed impulse, was now low, and every word spoken with a melancholy slowness; that bane too often becomes the forerunner of some great life-change.

As I entered, late in the evening, I found her sitting in an easy chair near the fire. A small private secretary had been brought from her library to her chamber; its lid was down, and as I seated myself she took from a package of tied letters a sealed parcel and placed it in my hand.

"Read this, doctor, at your leisure. My pilgrimage of time is well nigh ended. You will judge how great my sin, and how severe my punishment has been. Task no forgiveness, for there will be none left to forgive me. But charity of feeling I beg from you; for I would not like to die knowing that you would retain a severity of thought against one who, however erring, had paid the forfeit by great suffering."

She spoke for some time longer in the same low, indistinct voice. Well, I know her heart was nigh crushed! Soon left her, and sought her daughter's chamber.

How still everything seemed; the very candle, with its long flames, parted by the thickening wick-cane, seemed not to flicker as it burnt on! I looked at the bed; the sweet girl lay with both hands crossed upon her bosom, as though in prayer. An orange blossom had dropped from her grasp, and lay neglected by her side. Her life-hand never touched it more. I placed its stem gently back in her palm—for death had claimed her as his bride!

A wild, piercing shriek sounded through the house; the erring mother now knew that she was alone in the world!

Whilst the shrouding of the dead took place, I retired to my room in the house, and opened the sealed package. It briefly told its tale of sin and sorrow. How from the first love Emily was the fruit; and how, unknown to all, the child had been secreted. Then about three years after the birth she was married to Harold T——, whom she never loved; and how, by a singular accident, the knowledge of her trespass was made known to him.

That after violently cursing her, he left her, and was shortly after found drowned. That the letter so fatal to Emily had accidentally dropped from her secretary, and was picked up by her, unknown to the mother till the day before my return, when she missed it. It then spoke of the birth of a male child after T——'s death, and that seized with an insane fury, she had resolved he should never inherit the father's name and wealth; and how, through the connivance of a nurse, it was placed, with a sum of money, at a beggar's door, and a dead child laid beside her in its stead.

That day, before sending the infant away, she had his father's initials tattooed on his left arm. All traces of the child had been lost; the beggar woman had died, and another had taken it. At length her heart had reproached her, but search had been made in vain.

As I read this tale of crime and repentance, memory traced out the features of the beggar boy, as he stood shivering in the snow before me. Like a sudden light it burst upon me; the features that had so tormented my memory to recall were those of the unhappy mother. Quickly I walked to Mrs. T——'s room; she was not there. I entered Emily's; the mother was clasping the daughter's shrouded body, weeping as though her heart would break. Gently bearing her back to her own chamber, I informed her that another child, long lost, might be restored to her. She listened as one bewildered. I then informed her of my adventure with the beggar boy.

It was hardly day-dawn as I entered the carriage. My breath froze against the window-panes. After a few minutes the horses stopped before the wretched, snow-covered hovel. Not a word answered the footman's repeated knocks. I opened the carriage door and placed my hand on the latch; the door opened; it was neither locked nor barred, for no thief would enter there. In the corner lay a bundle of rags with some straw apparently used for a bed, but it was unoccupied. Near the fire-place, where naught but a little ashes and well charred board remained, half-reclining in a large wooden chair, lay the beggar boy. His cap had fallen on the ground, and his dark curling hair fell clustering over his extended arm as his head rested on it.

He had seemingly fallen asleep the night before, for his thin summer clothes were on, and his basket, yet filled with the fragments of broken feasts, remained untouched at his feet. I put my hand upon his beautiful head; it was icy cold! Quickly pushing back the hair from his cheek, the unmistakable evidence of death met my eye. He had apparently fallen asleep weeping, for a tear lay frozen between the long lashes.

We raised the corpse of the ill-fated youth, and tearing away the thin sleeve from his left arm, the letters H. T. were discovered in light blue tints. Decided, furnished and frozen, death had claimed the lone boy before he knew a mother's love.

LIQUEFYING QUARTZ ROCK.—It is stated that Benjamin Hardinge, inventor of artificial stone, has succeeded in reducing quartz rock to a liquid, limpid and clear as pure spring water, by means of fluoric acid and some simple solvents, and other chemical agents, at a very small expense. The editor of the Scientific American says he has seen the liquid stone reduced in a few minutes, by Mr. Hardinge, to a plastic state, capable of being moulded into any form. Faraday and Marshall Hall, of London, it is stated, have endorsed the usefulness of the discovery. Supported by such authority, it really appears to be one of the grandest discoveries of the present age.

If we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it. But if we rear temples they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God, and of their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time will efface, but which will brighten to all eternity. [Webster.

Clippings.

Impure words stain the tablets of a virtuous mind, and the more we hear of them the less nice becomes our sense of the refined and pure.

A gentleman, the other evening, objected to playing cards with a lady, because she had such a "winning way about her.

We should walk through life as through the Swiss Mountains, where sometimes a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

A hatter advertises that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but declares what's on the head is greater.

Pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown.

According to a Chinese notion, the soul of the poet passes into a grasshopper, because the latter sings till it starves.

"Sorrow came and left its traces there." It don't say what became of the rest of the harness.

A kiss is worth a thousand kicks in reclaiming those who are disposed to go astray. Try it.

The daily newspapers at times have odd things in them. Among the advertisements we read that "Two sisters want washing," and that a spinster, particularly fond of children, "wishes for two or three, having none of her own and no other employment."

It has often been remarked that children will frequently ask questions which even the wisest are puzzled to answer. "Mother," exclaimed little Charley, "how big was I when you was a little girl?" Was'nt that a poser?

The proprietor of an engineering establishment, in advertising the disposal of his property, announced that his premises contained "a large stock of patent machinery, nearly completed, which, if carried out, would be of the greatest advantage to the incoming tenant." Candid enough.

A wag, the other day, asked a friend: "How many knaves do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself," replied the other, in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

There are some old and puzzling things about our language. For instance, can anybody explain how it is that while we call a shrewd man a man of gumption, a silly man should be called a gump?

"Did you ever see Forji?" asked a city gent of a lady from the country, at the opera, the other night. "Yes, he's pretty fair," exclaimed she, with an indescribable air, "I aint thirty-five yet."

A story is told of Berkeley Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage The former, getting out to thrash the footman, saw he was an old man, and said, "Your age protects you!" while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postillion with the same intention, seeing he was a athletic young fellow, turned from him, saying in his waggish way—"Your youth protects you."

We have heard of a good many enthusiastic lovers in our time, but we think that Mr. Toots takes 'em all down: "If I could be dyed black," he said to Captain Cuttle, "and made Miss Dombey's slave, I should consider it a compliment; or at the sacrifice of my property, I could get transmigrated into her dog, I should be so perfectly happy, I never would stop wagging my tail."

Various efforts have been made to define a gentleman. A sailor under examination the other day, at our police court, charged a youth, whom he described as a gentleman, with robbing him. "Why do you call him a gentleman?" asked the judge. "Because he wears a long tailed coat," replied the tar.

You are going out again this evening, Mr. Tompkins?" "Yes, my dear, to a stag party at Mr. Mincrumbel's." "Stag party! humph—I guess you mean a stagger party, you brute." This was a stagger, and Mr. Tompkins slid quietly into his boots and out the back way.

THE ILLEGITIMATE WEAPONS OF WOMAN.—The Dayton (Ohio) Gazette says of Mr. Critchfield, a lawyer, who is lipping for a lady "fallen angels" before the Mayor in that town; that he made a speech, one point of which it reports for the benefit of mankind, "Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. C., "you cannot find fault with the lady for throwing hot water upon her assailant. Hot water, gentlemen of the jury, hot water, dish rags and old shoes are the legitimate weapons of the sex."

IRISH BANKER.—A key belonging to a well-known bank having been lost, the bank official sent the Irish city crier to cry its loss, and after telling him that "the key was lost between Mr. Patterson's and the Bank, about nine o'clock this morning," added that he injunction not to betray what key it was. The faithful crier, having rung his bell with unusual force, at the corner of the street, made known the loss as follows: "Lost! between Mr. Patterson's and nine o'clock this morning, a large key; an' I'm not authorized to tell what key it was, cos it's the key to the bank."

A NOVICE IN JOURNALISM.—Some folks can write and some folks can't. Those who can't would do well to take as "copy" the following letter, written by Mr. P. Wicker to the editor of the Niles Enquirer, who was so rash as to ask for "them subscription:"

tonywoondy new York
Nov'm the 10 1s fifty 6
mr editor
you ask it For sending For money
Now For I hante got Some
I spose I war plazed by I pary
on shumeak
im in a Nawful
way my boddys biggern a barrel an my feet
Look like a cupple of nigger baldze theyre swelled
so & look so black
i ete some wild parsonips for diner this mornin
& Theyre crampin me all to
yours til death and wel wishes
P Wicker
N B you dont kno of nothin wots good For pinan
I spose

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, to 1st June, 1857.

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.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for foreign letters.

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

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7809—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Washington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Columbia, Randolph, New Madrid, Bickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 1 P. M. Due daily by 3 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL—Supplying Labranche's, Taylor's, Bremer, Carre, Edgard's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Gorula, Sorrelle, Plaquemine, Manchac, Braly's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL, OR LAKE MAIL—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALGIERS MAIL—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) 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.

OSYKA MAIL—Closes daily at 6 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Airlie, Independence, Tickfaw, Pontchatoula, Owsley and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL—Closes on the 12th and 24th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying English Turn, Pointe-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Bonaventure Settlement and Baras Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 2 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 24th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, pre-paid.

HAVANA MAIL—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c.; on 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 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Half Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. sailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	12c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. sailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	24c.	6c.
Over 2500 miles	44c.	8c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the office of delivery is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	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 19th 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, 43 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 Dieman's Land and China, (via San Francisco,) is, on each single letter, 10 cents, payable in advance.

☞ The single 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 PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ¢ yard—		
Kentucky	14½	17
East India	12½	12½
BALE ROPE, ¢ lb—		
Kentucky	9	11½
Northern	— —	7 50
BRAN, ¢ 2000	— —	— —
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	25 00	22 50
COFFEE, ¢ lb—		
Rio	9½	11
Havana, fine Prime to prime	— —	— —
Inferior to Middling	— —	— —
Java	— —	12½
Laguayra	— —	11½
St. Domingo	— —	— —
CHOCOLATE, ¢ lb—		
No. 1	— —	— —
English—fine	— —	— —
COPPER, ¢ lb—		
Brazier	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ¢ lb—		
Sperm, Nor Rodford	36	38
Nantucket	— —	— —
Yellow	— —	— —
Adamantine	— —	— —
Star	22	25½
CORDAGE, ¢ lb—		
Manilla	14	15
Tarred American	14	16
Russia	— —	— —
CORN MEAL, ¢ bbl	2 50	3 50
COAL, ¢ bush—		
Cannel	1 25	1 30
Western, ¢ bush	— —	— —
CIDER, ¢ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ¢ gross—		
Velvet	1 80	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ¢ yard—		
Brown Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	5	7
Brown Sheetings, 4-4 to 7-8	6½	12
Bleached Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	6½	12½
Bleached Sheetings, 4-4 to 7-8	8	15
Brown Drillings, 4-4