New Orleans Daily Crescent.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

THE PINE.

BY REV. T. HEMYSTEAD.

Wild clarion of the bleak, fire-plundered hills!
That drowned with thy blare the shouting rills,
When time the bellowing gales around thee sweep,
And dash the strong oak from his granite steep,
Hurling him down the thundrous, void abyss,
To choke the clamorous torrent's greedy lips,
His bulk thrown crosswise on its frothy jaws
Where down the blue rock's deep-scarred snow it slips;

Awfully beautiful in thy strength are thou,
Loud-harping, crag-king! Frost-winds sere the brow
And drift the hoaros of each proud compeer—
Maple and larch—through the pale atmosphere,
And down the wailful glooms that hear a tale
Of murdered lilies from each rifled vale.
Not so the snowy tempest's bounty bursts on thee,
Robed in thy emerald eternity!
Defiant, thou dost stretch thy sinewy arms
To the fierce north, shaking a thousand swarms
Of winged dirges from thy shivering cells,
Wherein the soul of Music heaves and swells
Like tides within the hollow of the sea,
Or the distinct-sobbing shell whose trempet tells
A nation bounding from its fetters free.
Great organist! that all night long dost blow
Athwart the inaccessible, crackling snow
That robes the frozen hills, thy souled hymns
And deep-tongued peans, till the silence swims
With a vague, boundless chaos, billowing round,
Of melancholy, sweet, phantom-like sound;
Beautiful from the Pentelicus of sky,
With flower and polished flute and rich vine-fold,
The breathless marble leaped to life and form
As with all the soul that planned it, warm;
Beneath the sounding chisel rose and shone
Amidst the splendors of the Parthenon,
Meet home to a virgin Deity—
Yet where, for all resistless of toil to thee,
All Greek or Roman art, imperial tree!
For never yet hath mortal man seen rise
From the rough quarry to rejoicing skies
Column of such magnificence as thine,
O memory-haunting pine,
Green ocean-throated, immemorial pine!
Rock-nursed apocalypse of that secret Power
Which wove thy crown and bade the small violet-flower
With the same breath, and gave them life and hue,
Strength, odor, glory, sunlight and the dew,
Well did the Ancient bid thy banners wave
Above the jaws of the appalling grave—
Thou wast a symbol true.
Thou, the dark cypress and the gloomy yew,
Stating type of man from birth to death,
Of his vain eminence and quick-flown breath;
When he lies down no more he loves or knows
The autumn pomp or glory of the rose!
Not as for dormant seed or withered flower,
Doth May's all-jubilant Resurrection hour
Wait at man's gaily tomb
Of lofty aspiration, new beauty and new bloom,
Nor yet at Rime,
O hollow-fluting, silver-bannered pine!
And when, with panting blow,
The woodman lays thee low,
A glorious wreck along the roaring wild,
No more thy prisoned root
Shall rear the verdant shoot
Or to the heavens thy lordly crown be piled,
With wrenching storms to play
And tear the black cloud's thunder-fringe away.

LITCHFIELD, CONN.

[Correspondence of the Boston Traveler.]

Supposed Discovery of the Tower of Babel.

BEIRUT, DEC. 8, 1856.—It is nearly two years since I informed your readers of the grand and instructive discoveries made in ancient Nineveh, made by M. Place, the French consul in Mosul. Following up the researches of Mr. Botta and Mr. Layard he brought to light monuments of that long entombed city, which equally amazed and delighted the world. A man of genius and enthusiasm, he was encouraged by his successes to extend his researches, which he now closes with an achievement which, if his opinions shall be verified, will add imperishable luster to his name. The Tower of Babel was supposed to exist only as a Biblical souvenir—a thing of memory and not of substance. And, indeed, to many who contemplated it only in its audacity and folly, it seemed a myth or a fancy only of Oriental imaginativeness or superstition. Besides, no locality was assigned to the structure, except the great plain of Shinar, and no *debris* or ruins remained as the proof of its veritable reality.

How surprising, then, its discovery, if discovery it shall prove—that Titanic structure, whose base was laid in the earth yet soaked with the waters of the flood, and whose summit was designed to pierce the very heavens! And why not discovered? Nineveh has yielded its secrets after a burial of many centuries. Babylon, once the glory of the Chaldean's excellency, has opened her gates again, if not to her Persian besiegers, at least to the living generation of all races, and, in her cylinder-books offers her history to the world's inspection. What remained for discovery in the wreck and ruin of the old world, but Babel, that mighty tower, which was designed to pierce to the skies and defy a second deluge? If it seems too long for belief, what should we thought incredible, when Nineveh and Babylon are brought back to the land of the living by a sort of resurrection, and their monuments of art are traveling through the nations to amaze and delight mankind?

Beside, there is a providence to be traced in these discoveries. They serve not only to arouse, but to instruct; they not only gratify the curiosity, but establish beyond all doubt and controversy the veracity and inspiration of the sacred records. The light of pure Christianity begins to beam upon the early seats of the human race; it is meet that it should be met by the light of the remotest antiquity.

The substance of the information which has just been circulated relating to the discovery of the Tower of Babel, I will give in a few words, expecting soon to receive fuller details, at the same time remarking that the French consul-general at Beirut, M. Rousseau, has received some curious articles which were found in the tower, which, I hope, soon to see and describe. I think my hand, if not my heart, will fairly tremble, if once it takes hold of the shovels, the trowels and the hods used by those old nations and builders.

The village of Arbela, so famous in history for the decisive battle fought near it by Darius and Alexander, is only a few days' journey from Mosul, to which M. Place, wearied with the monotonous wonders of Nineveh, set off with his accustomed enthusiasm, in search of new discoveries, in a region celebrated in classical history. On the way an incident occurred, which proves to what a degree the statements of history respecting the locality are the simple truth. The escort of M. Place dismounted when they reached the field of Arbela, following the example of their consul, who wished to study the battle-field; and this he was obliged to do standing, as Turkish etiquette permits no one to remain seated in his saddle. Soon, however, he mounted again, in order to scan the plain, and the escort did the same, except a single Turk of enormous proportions, who followed on foot, puffing and bathed in sweat. M. Place, pitying him for his sad plight, asked him if he did this because he preferred walking to riding.

"By no means," replied the Turk; "but I am unable to remount my horse, because I need the help of a stone in order to regain my stirrup, and who can find a single stone in all the plain of Gingamela?"

Now it is well known that Darius employed 300,000 men for many days in leveling this plain, and in breaking whatever would interpose an obstacle to his cavalry and chariots of war. In the centre of the old battle-field of Arbela rises a hill of colossal dimensions, whose object the party vainly conjectured, thinking it might be a tomb or a triumphal monument, or more likely both. Unfortunately they had neither time to examine it, nor the appliances necessary for exploring it.

Passing on, M. Place and his party at length discovered what they believed to be nothing less than the veritable remains of the Tower of Babel—the wonder of wonders, and the grandest spectacle which the eyes of men can contemplate in this age of the world. This proud tower, which was built in defiance of Heaven, and aimed to pierce the very skies, has lost, in the course of ages, its cloud-reaching elevation. Six or its eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain are so high that they may be seen for fifty or sixty miles around. The base of the tower is triangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay, and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint.

Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors which sets the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the bricks had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing-master. Near the top of the letters the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the heads of nails. All was neat, regular and severe; and indeed those who saw these specimens of ancient calligraphy, affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children.

Another curious fact arrested the attention of the exploring party. The sacred record runs thus: "And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the valley of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another—'go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly;' and they had brick for stone, (or instead of stone) and slime had they for mortar." Modern sceptics may ask—where could these builders obtain all this human? for a vast quantity must have been demanded to meet the wants of so many trowels. It is a singular coincidence that M. Place discovered a fountain at a small distance from the tower, whose waters flow in such abundance as almost to form a river.

The stream would force its way into a river in the vicinity, and did not the people hasten to stop it by setting the bituminous blood on fire when they tranquilly wait till the fire is extinguished for the want of aliment. Thus the old fountain still pours out inexhaustible quantities of bitumen, or slime, which supplied these old builders in their vast enterprise. Bitumen also adds to the durability of bricks, as well as firmly consolidates them in masonry. Could anything be added to the marvel of the coincidences? Thus travels and expeditions in Assyria become Biblical corollaries, and new proofs are never wanting of old truths.

Among the interesting discoveries of M. Place were certain inscriptions on fillets of gold, silver and copper, and also upon a metal, now unknown, and which has defied all the appearance of ivory. It has been submitted to the experiments of an intelligent metallurgist, and its qualities will soon be ascertained.

Some very curious photographs, taken by the expedition, completed their labors, one of which was of the ruins of the palace of the famous Queen Semiramis. This ancient monument, situated on the shelf of a mountain raised by the hands of men, overlooks the awful solitudes which surround Lake Van—a body of water six or seven times larger than Lake Geneva.

It is not strange that a gentleman who had seen and handled some of the articles brought from the Tower of Babel by M. Place, should be excited as he says he was: "In relation to archeological news I take the liberty to inform you that I have just seen the oldest things of the old world. Indeed, I do not know that I should be more surprised by seeing the fragments of the ark itself. Fancy to yourself that I have just touched and held in my hand, and turned and turned again in every way, a little morceau of the Tower of Babel! This trinket of moulded clay, illustrated and inked by the sons of Noah, has passed from the plain of Shinar to the chapel of St. Mesmin, and is the fruit of the strokes of the hammer in the hand of M. Place, our learned and enterprising consul, to whom I am indebted for a sight of this precious relic, about which cluster so many grand souvenirs."

I will only add that if your readers wish to obtain a distinct and accurate idea of the region referred to, in which lies the battle-field of Arbela and the plain of Shinar, they should open their atlas and survey the country between Mosul on the Tigris and Lake Van, southeast of Mount Ararat. It was very natural that the sons of Noah, descending from Ararat, should commence their agricultural labors in the fertile and well-watered plain of Shinar, lying to the East, where, in terrible remembrance of the flood, they vainly and impiously attempted a work which should protect them from the recurrence of this disaster.

Recently, I met an English gentleman, Major Frazer, who belonged to the staff of General Williams, the hero of Kars, who, with three or four other English men, had gained the summit of Mount Ararat—the first feat of the kind since the children of Noah descended from it. Thus, by a singular coincidence, about the same time, the sacred summit was reached where the ark rested, and the tower discovered which was erected on the plain at its base.

[The discovery announced by this correspondence is so extraordinary, that the reader will naturally be inclined to question its truth; but the Traveler avers that the official position of its correspondent, which gives him unusual opportunities and means of information, is a full guarantee of the correctness and responsibility of all his statements.]

Liquoring on the Mississippi.

We do not know the writer of the following, but we admire the coolness with which, after exhibiting so intimate a knowledge of the subject upon which he writes, he affects to be innocent of any practical experience touching it:

Our readers have heard of wonding on the Mississippi, gambling on the Mississippi, and even blowing up on the Mississippi. A late trip on that famous highway introduced us to what is not less than any of these a peculiarity, liquoring on the Mississippi.

Did you ever, reader, salt cattle on a lick-log, or give vermifuge to a score of little niggers on a plantation? Unless you have done both, you cannot conceive of a morning liquoring scene on a Mississippi steamboat. It takes the first to give an idea of the relish and the second of coming up to it one by one. We rose early, and by accident drew a chair on the guards, where a full and inside view of the bar presented itself.

The bar-keeper knows the habits of his customers singularly well. At certain times he strolls about, at others is constantly in attendance. Like a surgeon, who before going into operation has all his bandages and instruments and knives arranged and in reach, so the bar-keeper did. We saw him do it. Here lie sugar and the ice, and there the pick to break off more small pieces from the latter when needed. The slop tub, just under the counter, for passing tumblers through, is replenished; the corks are drawn and fitted in easy; the faucets in order. If, peradventure, a weak stomach craves it, a lemon is cut and laid by the squeeze. All ready, he wipes off the board again and again.

Here comes a man in shirt leeves, dry as a fish; takes a pull at the big bottle—goes back to bed. Next one fills up the glass to taper point; works his lips together as his hand touches it; turns it round on bottom; stops it in an appreciable part of a second, just before the final tilt into a dry and thirsty abyss that doubtless had swallowed a cotton plantation in detail—seemed to see prismatic beauties as he held it sunward; down it went some more easy; took his chair near by, and looked thoughtfully out on the shore, we wondering how his inwards felt.

A man below the ordinary stature, but thick set, wearing calico pants and a loose linen coat leads the way with two others, one looking seedy, the other careless. They agree, after consultation, as to the dram—don't seem hard to suit, and it works like a charm. They draw two chairs close, while the third sits on the railing in front, and talk and laugh boisterously till breakfast.

Next an elderly gentleman—looks rather shy—he is quick in his movement—has the change ready—wipes his mouth and is gone.

A young man, neatly dressed and hat on, saunters up and says "cock-tail," or something with a tail to it. Did you ever see a cock-tail mixed up? It requires two glasses, and mixing requires a genius. From one to the other glass, right, left, right up, left, down the sparkling fluid falls in a lengthening curve. It actually seems to rope—the liquor does. At last it rests in one. It was a curiosity to glance at the gentleman who ordered that extra article. He toyed with it until he feared the beast that had been got up with such effort would subside before he got it down.

They come thick and fast, now fortunate foresight in the bar-keeper to have everything where he can lay hand on it. Young men come, very young men, and men old enough to know better. We saw no father take up his son; they do these things apart. In some cases, we painfully suspected that a member of the Christian Church, feeling away from witnesses and restraint, was indulging an old appetite.

Ever and awhile a deck hand would come to a side door near, and pulling out a bag with money, get a draw without ice, sugar or water—the undiluted stuff—those were mostly Irishmen.

The variety in all this dreadful unity is not the least interesting fact. One comes for the liquor and nothing else—gets it and goes. Another likes the place—lounges about it—is in no hurry, and orders the dram with an air of indifference. The concoction is not strong enough for this man, and he says something to the bar-keeper, who sprinkles something in it. That man throws down the drink at a gulp, and throws a glass of water after it as though he had swallowed fire. One takes it for his stomach's sake, and don't want to get the taste of it on its way there. Another seems to wish his throat was as long as a fence-rail, that he might taste it all the way down.

The ardent and pure stuff is good enough for some, while others coax and combine the elements in every variety.

"A little ginger to make it hot,
A little ice to make it cool,
A little water to make it weak,
A little brandy to make it strong,
A little sugar to make it sweet,
A little lemon to make it sour,
A little effect to make it go down."

Verily, temperance has this strong-hold of her enemy yet to take—A Mississippi steamboat.

EMPEROR AND ARTIST.—David painted for the English Marquis of Douglas a standing portrait of Napoleon of the the size of life. He was accustomed to paint the Imperial features without requiring Napoleon's personal attendance. The Emperor, therefore, knew nothing of this portrait till it was brought one day to the Tuileries for his inspection. It represented his Majesty in his cabinet, as he had risen from his desk after a night spent in writing—a circumstance indicated by candles burning in their sockets. Those who had seen it considered it as far as the head and features were concerned, the most perfect resemblance that had yet been obtained.

Napoleon was delighted with it, and eagerly complimented David. "Still," said he, "I think that you have made my eyes rather too weary; this is wrong, for working at night does not fatigue so; on the contrary, it rests me. I am never so fresh in the morning as when I have dispensed with sleep. Who is the portrait for? Who ordered it? It was not I, was it?" "No, sire, it was intended for the Marquis of Douglas." "What, David," returned the Emperor, scowling, "Is it to be given to an Englishman?" "Sire, he is one of your Majesty's greatest admirers, and is, perhaps, the most sincere living appreciator of French artists." "Next to me," replied Napoleon, tartly. After a moment he added, "David, I will buy the portrait myself." "Sire, it is already sold." "David, I desire the portrait, I say; I will give thirty thousand francs for it." "Your Majesty, I cannot change its destination," said David, indicating by a descriptive gesture that he had already been paid. "David," exclaimed Napoleon, "this portrait shall not be sent to England; do you hear? I will return your marquis his money." "Surely your Majesty would not dishonor me?" stammered the artist, at the same time noticing that the Emperor, having exhausted persuasion, was preparing for active interference. "No, certainly; but what I will not do, either, is to allow the enemies of France to possess me in their country, even on canvass." So saying, he directed a sturdy kick at the painting, and the imperial foot passed vigorously through it. Without a word he quitted the apartment, leaving a wonder-stricken audience behind him. David had the picture carried back to his studio, and subsequently mended and restored it, and forwarded it to its owner. It is likely that the portrait, as a work of art and as a likeness, is now somewhat lost in the superior attractions of the patched rent, and that its value is considerably greater as a memento of his Majesty's wrath, than as a specimen of the skill of his artist-in-ordinary."—[Goodrich's Court of Napoleon.

AN ANTI-VEGETARIAN VIRGIN.—One of our north-country pit-men, who had turned vegetarian, went a courting to a plucky lass in the colliery village, and "popped the question." "Oh," said she, "go along with you! Do you think I'm going to be flesh of your flesh and you live on cabbages? No, indeed, I don't belong to the rabbit family. [English paper.

"I say, neighbor Hodge, what are you fencing that pasture for; forty acres of it would starve a cow?" "Right," replied Hodge; "I'm fencing it to keep the cows out."

Who is Really Independent?

In one of the statutes passed in the reign of Henry the Eighth, idleness is characterized, in good Saxon English, as being "the mother of all sin." It was the philosophy of those mediæval times, in fact, to regard it as a man's duty first to serve and honor his Creator, and next to be skilled in some craft or business, so as to avoid coming in contact on the Commonwealth for support. The acquisition even of learning was regarded as but of secondary importance. A citizen, it was held, might be a good citizen, even though he could not read Homer in the original, but not if he wanted the ability to maintain himself. The last was absolutely essential; the first, as a general rule, was not. If, through thrift, energy and industry, the ordinary citizen acquired a competence, then the study of the liberal arts might be properly undertaken. But till then, the first duty of every one who was not heir to a large estate, was to learn some business. It was in this way, to quote again the words of the old statute, that our forefathers took care that their children, when grown up, should not be driven, from want or incapacity, "to dishonest courses."

We have made great advance in many things since that time, but we doubt if, in this particular, we have not gone back. Not that our generation attaches too much importance to schools and schoolmasters. It is impossible to have books, readers or teachers in excess. But those old times certainly surpassed our own in the dignity they imparted to labor, and in the public opinion which expected every man to have some craft or profession by which to earn his bread. Education was then considered to include something more than book-learning, and was regarded, in its true sense, as the forming of the entire character. The first requisite for the respectable citizen, was, that he should be able to maintain himself, because, without this ability, he could not really be independent, and was liable through illness, to fall into evil courses. Hence the children, from earliest infancy, was taught to look forward to a life of active work as the highest dignity of manhood. Hence every citizen, whatever his rank, "pulled at the laboring oar," each in his own sphere, it is true, but not the less industriously for that. From the king on his throne to the peasant in his hut, all worked and all worked hard. There were no drones in those days, no class of idlers with which modern society abounds, the class that lives only for show, luxury or pleasure, was utterly unknown. The rich did not consider that their wealth entitled them to spend their lives in selfish idleness. The poor were not tempted to look on labor as disgraceful, and to prefer comparative starvation to comfort and independence.

At present it is different. At present a false notion extensively prevails that if labor is not absolutely disgraceful, it is at least a mark of gentility to have nothing to do. Under the influence of this absurd idea hundreds of parents who have acquired but moderate fortunes are bringing up their children in elegant idleness, forgetting that the estate which supports one household will not sustain those of their descendants, and that even if it would, wealth may take wings and fly away. Then great cities, in consequence, are crowded with men educated to great expectations, but now literally penniless, and who live, in consequence, from hand to mouth, the honest of them starving for more than half their time, the dishonest practicing all the arts of swindling and finally of crime. Even parents who have no fortune at all, often bring up their sons in idleness. "It is vulgar," they say, "to put them to a trade." And thus a plentiful crop of shiftless, purposeless, vagrant, good-for-nothing young men are annually turned loose on society, to inflict other young men by their example, to live parasitically on the community, and to die in the alms-house or jail, if not under the gallows.

He only is truly independent who is master of his own fortunes. No man is master of his own fortunes unless he has learned a handicraft, studied a profession, or acquired habits of business. Such a man, even if he should be rich and afterwards become poor, can never be otherwise than independent; for he is secure of his daily bread, can dispense with idleness, and need fear to look no fellow being therefore in the face. It would be better for modern society if it cultivated a healthier public opinion on this subject; if it insisted that every child should be brought up to do something for a living; if it honored the worker more than the drone, and rated the honest laborer above the rich and idle sensualist.—[Baltimore Sun.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF A LADY.—The statement of Col. Benton that the word "lady" is nowhere used in the Scriptures, is, so far as the original is concerned, literally true. The word itself is of comparatively modern invention, and there is no word in the original of the Scriptures that has any signification corresponding with the word "lady," as at present received. In view of the subject, the following clip is from an old Sooth publication, called "The Christian Teacher:"

"*A Lady*—The word lady is an abbreviation of the Saxon *laffday*, which signifies bread-giver. The mistress of a manor, at a time when affluent families resided constantly at their country mansions, was accustomed once a week, or oftener, to distribute among the poor a certain quantity of bread. She bestowed the boon with her own hand, and made the hearts of the needy glad by the soft words and the gentle amenities which accompanied her benevolence. The widow and the orphan 'rose up and called her blessed,' the destitute and the afflicted recounted her praises, all classes of the poor embalmed her in their affections as the *laffday*, the giver of bread and dispenser of comfort, a sort of ministring angel in a world of sorrow. Who is a lady now? Is it she who spends her days in self-indulgence, and her nights in the dissipation of folly? Is it she who wastes on gaudy finery what would make many a widow's heart sing for joy, and who, when the rags of the orphan flutter before her in the wind, sighs for a place of refuge, as if the pestilence were on the breeze? This may be a 'woman of fashion,' she may be an admired and an admiring follower of the gay world."

A SMILE.—On a certain occasion I attended a church in a seaport town, to hear an evening lecture by a visiting preacher from the country. To persons not acquainted with the southern country, it is quite unnecessary to describe the man or detail his liberal qualifications. Suffice it to say, he was a fair specimen of about three-fourths of his cotemporaries of the back-woods. The house was full, and our preacher seemed bent on making an impression. His text was, "Faith without works is dead." Finding himself, probably for the first time in his life, in a nautical atmosphere, he labored assiduously to sink the bushman, and to appear in the borrowed garb of one intimately acquainted with seafaring phrases and pursuits. At length, after an awful pause, and scanning his audience with a look that seemed to say, "Fellow mortals, 'Faith without works or dead.' Now spose one of you near in a boat, I reckon you'd look about for oars. But you can't find 'em, and so, I will with that you row, and row, and row,—and your boat goes round, and round; and I reckon you would'nt reach nowhere, no how. Wal, fellow mortals, that oar ar faith without works. And I reckon you could'nt get no where with one oar."

Pausing again, and looking around with a triumphant air, to witness the impression he had made, he seemed entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the mighty effort he had put forth. But, alas! for pupil dignity! A sailor present, who had drank in every word, and longed for an opportunity to let his own light shine on the audience, broke the silence and exclaimed:

"Blasted fresh water lubber! Can't get nowhere with one oar! Guess the fool don't know how to scull!"

Any one must have been present to realize the effect of this appeal to the audience. There were not many dry eyes in the house after that, though the tears were not those of penitence.

NEGROES IN CANADA.—The condition of the negro population of Windsor, C. W.—the terminus of the great "underground railroad,"—is thus mentioned in a letter written to a friend in the East by a Detroit lady:

Windsor, which is directly opposite from Detroit, joins Sandwich. It is the commencement of the Great Western Railroad and the rendezvous of Darkiedom. The place is redolent with their misery, their unfitness to take care of themselves. If the hundreds congregated there and at Chatham, that abomination of civilization, are the result of negro freedom, I never desire to see another freed. I took a little girl of fifteen myself from there some six months ago as nursery-maid. Her mother had the impudence to represent herself to me as the veritable Eliza Harris, of Uncle Tom celebrity. The grin of irrepressible delight with which she consigned her child to us, entire strangers, and beheld the train start, which was to put some hundred miles between them, seemed to me a gentle libel on those tortuous partings in Uncle Tom, over which have been rained such copious showers of sentiment. The girl was given away, the same authority to be exercised over her as though it had been a monied transaction south. And the result: from the nursery even now there comes a soft lullaby, and if you were to look therein you would see a small white face in close juxtaposition to that black cheek, little clinging arms ever round her neck, loving voices in her ear.

POCKPOCKET STATISTICS.—On Saturday evening last, on the arrival of the cars, Dr. W. E. Freeman, of this town, in attempting to come out of the car, was met by a man who pressed him back, and said "you can't come out this way, there is a lady in the way." On turning round, another man said "you must go forward." The Doctor was fairly nudged between them, and on crowding himself into a seat, found that one of the fellows had stolen his pocket-monnaie from his pantaloons pocket, containing $78 in money, and several notes of hand. On speaking of the subject to passengers, the Doctor was informed that two other persons had had their pockets picked in the same car, and another in Richmond of eight hundred dollars. In the darkness and bustle they escaped and went on the Manchester train, to operate South. They did not attend the supper table, and were not, therefore, seen by the passengers after the event recorded above.

[Wilmington Commercial.

"When a feller has reached a certain plat in drinkin," said an old soaker, "I think he otter stop." "Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

Why a widower going to be married like Eau de Cologne? Because he is re-wiving. Did you ever? What a shocking perpetration.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

Bayard Taylor and Alexander Humboldt.

We extract the following from one of Bayard Taylor's recent letters to the New York Tribune, describing a visit to one of the greatest men of the age, Alexander Humboldt:

He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English."

The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast like a ripe ear of corn, but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which makes the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as I could with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth and chin have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow-white, is still abundant, his step slow but firm, and his manner active almost to recklessness. He sleeps but four hours out of the twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily train of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of lethal interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that this memory, the first mental faculty to show decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

He began by referring to my winter journey into Lapland. "Why do you choose the winter?" he asked. "Your experience will be very interesting, it is true, but will you not suffer from the severe cold?" "That remains to be seen." I answered. "I have tried all climates except the Arctic without the least injury. The last two years of my travels were spent in tropical countries, and now I wish to have the strongest possible contrast." "That is quite natural," he remarked, "and I can understand how your object to travel must lead you to such contrasts; but you must possess a remarkably healthy organization." "You doubtless know from your own experience," I said, "that nothing preserves a man's vitality like travel." "Very true," he answered, "if it does not kill at the outset. For my part, I keep my health everywhere, like yourself. During five years in South America and the West Indies, I passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched."

I spoke of my projected visit to Russia, and my desire to traverse the Russian-Tartar provinces of Central Asia. The Kirghiz steppes, he said, were very monotonous; fifty miles gave you the picture of a thousand; but the people were exceedingly interesting. If I desired to go there, I would have no difficulty in passing through them to the Chinese frontier; but the southern provinces of Siberia, he thought, would best repay me. The scenery among the Altai Mountains was very grand. From his window, in one of the Siberian towns, he had encountered eleven peaks covered with eternal snow. The Kirghizes, he added, were among the races whose habits had remained unchanged for thousands of years, and they had the remarkable peculiarity of combining a nomadic with a nomadic life. They were partly Buddhist and partly Mussulman, and their monkish sects followed the different clans in their wanderings, carrying on their devotion in their encampments, inside a sacred circle marked out by spears. He had seen their ceremonies, and was struck with their resemblance to those of the Catholic Church.

Among the objects of his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue fly (the unconscious provision for his dinner) perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very little and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

After viewing me some of Hildebrandt's water-color drawings, he returned to his seat, and began to converse about American affairs, with which he seemed to be entirely familiar.

He spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr. Irving, and had seen him not long before. "Tell him, when you write, "He resists be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but young as ever." "Ah," said he, "I have lived so long that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while traveling in South America."

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he rose and again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid."

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 5 o'clock P. M.; Sundays and Holidays from 9 to 11 o'clock A. M.

EASTERN MAIL—Due daily at 5 A. M.; closes daily at 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for foreign letters.

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

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,809—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 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, Atwood, 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 Laborche's, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcaud's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Brule'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, by 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 10 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 Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka 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 26th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 23d of each month.

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

GALVESTON, SALAURIA, 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 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, pre-paid.

HAVANA MAIL—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 26th 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. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NON BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	31c.	5c.
Over 2500 miles	44c.	5c.
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, 24 cents single rate, prepaid; via New York, 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 Granada 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, ¾ yard—		
Kentucky	14	18
East India	13½	19½
BALE ROPE, ⅝ lb—		
Kentucky	9	11½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 60	1 70
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
Rockport	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	9½	10½
Havana, (Cuba Government)	—	—
Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	15½
Laguayra	—	17½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
Menier	—	30
No. 1	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Braders'