New Orleans Daily Crescent.

A Night of Terror.

A SWEDISH STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEORGE DORING.

We suddenly received from home the intelligence that my father had been taken seriously ill, and had expressed a wish that we should return. The necessity was so urgent that delay was not to be thought of and we started the very same hour. It was a sad journey we had to make. A few days before it had thawed and had then again frozen hard; now the snow fell in thick flakes, and the weather was piercingly cold. My anxiety about my father left me no rest, and Axinia longed earnestly to be at home and tend the sick bed. We determined to travel the night through; and we were the better enabled to do this, as towards evening, it having ceased to snow, we expected a moonlight night, and our driver, Rosko, was well acquainted with the road. We were well furnished with furs, and also with provisions for our journey. Before the night came on we had reached the wide spreading forest which separated us from our native home, and which stretches away in the distance toward Lithuania, there to unite itself with the boundless forests of that country. The road we traveled was wide enough to receive, without hindrance, the complete light of the full moon; but the forest was rough in places at it which had been caused by the sharp frost following immediately upon the thaw, checked our progress and caused our horses the greatest exertion. A perfect stillness reigned around us, which was broken only by the trotting of the horses and the heavy breathing of the lady's maid, an old French woman, who had fallen asleep. My thoughts were by the bed of my sick father, and neither Axinia nor myself felt inclined to talk. It was just an hour before midnight, and nothing particular had happened on our lonely way, when suddenly the horses which drew our sleigh, began to show an unusual kind of uneasiness; they snorted and chafed, and without being urged by the whip, they galloped faster and faster. They were horses we had had for several years, and which could be induced to go out of their usual speed only by some very extraordinary cause. They appeared anxious and fearful, and often turned their heads round to look back, and then it always caused us if some unknown power impelled them to renewed exertion. From these sudden dashings forward their pace soon became so wild and irregular that Rosko was obliged to use some restraint; to this they gave way, it is true, but not without resistance and with an appearance of the greatest terror. Axinia was too deeply engaged in her own thoughts and feelings to pay any attention to the altered behavior of the animals; but I, being used to them and their tricks, felt agitated, and prepared, as it were, for some strange and wonderful occurrence, and old Rosko also appeared now to be seized with a certain uneasy feeling. He looked back several times quickly and seemed to be listening; then he gave the horses the reins, so that they were free to go at their own speed, and off they set at full gallop. I was so seated in the sleigh that by just turning my head my mouth was close to our driver's ear. "What is the matter, Rosko?" whispered I so gently to him that I was inaudible to Axinia to catch what I said. "You seemed to be alarmed, as if the uneasiness of the horses had communicated itself to you."

"The old man considered for a moment, and then answered me in the same low tone, "I fear the wolves are upon our track; the cold has driven them out of the woods, and hunger makes them follow us; and the speed of the horses does not save us, we are lost."

I have since led the life of a soldier, and have beheld death in its most fearful forms, but never in the thick of the battle's roar, nor in front of a flaming battery, did I ever feel the terror and horror I felt at that moment. My first thought was my sister. I saw, in imagination, her delicate, lovely form torn by the teeth of the monsters; I saw them appease their hunger with her blood; I saw her delicate limbs crushed by these creatures pursued their prey with obstinacy and a speed which made it impossible to escape from them. If our horses could hold out, we might be saved—but I felt sure their strength would be exhausted before that of our pursuers, and that we should fall a sacrifice to them. I wore a hunting-knife by my side, and had also with me a rifle and a brace of pistols; but my provisions of powder and ball were small, and could serve only to bring down some few of these savage animals, which I knew were accustomed to go out upon their nightly expeditions in flocks of several hundreds together. In the meantime, old Rosko drove the horses onward with unceasing speed; but it was not necessary to urge them much, for the acute instinct of the terrified beasts undoubtedly well did the approach of danger, and felt an increasing inclination to look back into the distance behind us in order to listen, through the stillness of the night, for some sound that might confirm the horror of our fate.

Hence saw and heard plainer than I. "They are coming—they are coming!" whispered he suddenly. "Do you hear the rushing and panting? They look like a black shadow as they come up out of the valley. The pack is made of more than a hundred."

I now saw what Rosko's quicker sight had already seen. With a strange gliding motion, an enormous black mass came nearer and nearer; it passed so quickly over the snow, that one could not exactly distinguish the manner of its motion, and it became evident that it would very soon overtake our horses, the strength of which seemed to give way. Awful, horrible sounds broke through the stillness of the night. They seemed to be sent forth from the depth of the chest, and resembled sometimes a grunting noise, and the painful, hollow, but yet partly repressed yells of one in agony. Axinia still suspected nothing; nothing could arouse her from thoughts of home which engaged her so deeply. I was not able, however, much longer to leave her in that happy unconsciousness of the danger which threatened us. I could already distinguish the separate groups of the tiger monsters; already several had burst forward, out of the mass, and were within gunshot of our sleigh. I raised my gun, cocked it, and aimed at the foremost of the creatures. "Stoop down!" cried I to Axinia, who had started up as if frightened out of a dream. She looked at me inquiringly, but it was evident from my actions that this was no time for questions. She instantly bent down her head and shoulders; my gun went off and the foremost and the largest of the animals given to the earth. My shot had waked the lady's maid, and she began to scream, thinking we were attacked by robbers.

"It is only the wolves," said Rosko, with astonishing coolness. "We are left to one, but a hundred others will be our faithful companions until—" He said no more, for he did not wish the females to hear the worst. In the meantime, the horses, startled by the report of the gun, darted forward with renewed vigor, while the wolves made a stop to gather round the dead body of their companion.

"It will not last long," murmured Rosko to himself. "I know them; they will soon be close behind us again, and their perseverance will put the best horse to shame."

I now had an opportunity of seeing how great was Axinia's strength of mind. She spoke words of comfort to the weeping lady's maid with perfect composure, and exhorted her to join her in prayer to Him whose will could instantaneously tame the wild beasts of the desert. She sank on her knee in the bottom of the sleigh, and beside her the lady's maid; but the latter was not capable of collecting her thoughts to prayer, and she gave way to continual lamentations and to repeated denunciations of the journey itself. By this time I had reloaded my rifle, and it lay against my shoulder in a state of readiness, while the horses were doing their best to escape from our pursuers. Then the rushing, snuffling and panting drew nearer again; the dark mass came on with wonderful speed, and I soon perceived that a few of the creatures had outrun the others, and were approaching with their gaping jaws extended toward us. A second ball struck the most daring of them to the ground. I hoped by this again to gain time; I hoped that, favored by the frequent stopping of the beasts over their dead comrades, we might be able to gain the outside of the forest and perhaps some human dwelling. But how vain were my calculations! This time they did not remain near so long with their dead companion as with the first; I had scarce time to reload before they were after us again.

"It is all of no use," whispered Rosko to me; "the horses cannot last much longer, and then we are lost."

And it is true that by this time there was a visible decrease in the strength of our horses; their breathing became an anxious gasping and their pace unsteady. They did their best, for they knew that the blood-thirsty destroyers were at hour heels, and that only speed could save us. But their powers were becoming more and more exhausted. Often had one or other of them already fallen on its knees and then sprung up again with a desperate effort. We were indeed in a fearful situation; I trembled for Axinia's life, not for my own. My balls brought down a few more of our pursuers, but that no longer disturbed them in their chase. They were now close behind us; their heavy breathing was more distinctly heard. I could see their gaping jaws with the rows of frightful teeth, and their tongues hanging out; and I could see their savage, fiery eyes. And what a multitude were there of them! My last charge was expended, and I now possessed no means of defence against an attack of the furious animals except my two pistols, which had not yet been fired off, my hunting-knife and the butt end of my rifle. This Rosko had remarked.

"There is still one hope left," said he; "I remember to have seen on our way here an uninhabited hunter's hut, which cannot now be far off. If we can succeed in reaching it we are safe for the present; if not, the wolves will tear us to pieces and relieve their fierce hunger with our flesh. If it comes to that, sir," continued he, with a trembling voice, "then you have still the loaded pistols—then be compassionate and give your sister a speedy death, that she may not die by inches under the teeth of the wolves!"

I stared in speechless silence at the old man; a tear ran down his cheek; without speaking he looked at me and nodded his head, as if by that means to add force to what he said. Never shall I forget that moment; a shudder ran through my veins as I looked into the innocent face of my sister; I turned my eyes in desperation toward heaven; it seemed to me that deliverance ought to come and must come from above to that pious being, who forgot all her earthly danger in her resignation to the will of the Almighty. Then the panting and trampling came closer to us, and I saw that the foremost of the creatures had reached us and that they seemed to be smelling our carriage as if they wished first to see of what the freight consisted before they made the attack. With my left hand I seized the ready-cocked pistol, and with a searching glance I looked at the head of my sister in order to select that part where death would reach her the surest and quickest. My right hand had mechanically drawn my hunting-knife. A rail of blood appeared to be drawn over my sight, and through the blood I beheld the praying Axinia, the hungry wolves and the wide waste of snow. Then one of the creatures got nearer to our sleigh; it gave a frightful spring to clear its side, but my hunting-knife caught it in the flanks as it sprang, and it fell dead before it reached us. Axinia had sunk in terror by the side of the lady's maid, who had long since been covering in the bottom of the sleigh.

"Well done!" cried Rosko to me, with all the spirit of a young man. "Spare your powder and use your knife. I can see the hut now. Hold out a little longer, and then we shall be secure."

Then the bloody wall fell from before my eyes and it became light again within me and around. Rosko flogged the horses unmercifully, and once more the faithful beasts made incredible exertions. It seemed as if they felt that this was the last piece of service they should ever render their masters, and were therefore willing to put forth their last strength. In the meantime I had put the pistol in my breast to protect it from the frost, with the gunstock held in my hand ready to strike. Whether it was that this threatening attitude made an impression on our pursuers, or whether the accelerated speed of our horses was the cause, I know not, but so it was that we began to leave the savage monsters a little behind, and we gained a slight but in our situation invaluable advantage over them. I looked round me. There stood the hut; the door was open, and Rosko gave a cry of joy, as with his powerful hand he drew up the horses, and then sprang from his seat, saying:

"We are here—we are here! Quickly out, and into the hut; there's not a moment to be lost!"

But already had Axinia, with wonderful energy, sprung out of the sleigh and into the hut; Rosko followed her, carrying the fainting lady's-maid; I was the last. As I was going in, the old man snatched the gun out of my hand, and rushed out again. I looked after him in astonishment; I saw that the wolves were coming up in enormous numbers and I knew that they would be up with us in a minute or two. I called after him to come back, but his work was already done; with two cuts of the whip he had set the horses off again into a full gallop, and had got back again just as two of the savage beasts made a spring towards the hut. With two blows of the butt end of the gun he struck them both down, and then was by my side again; and just as the foremost of the pack reached the hut, and would have pressed in, we rushed to the strong oaken door, and bolted it with the iron bolt, which, providentially, we found still there.

I should in vain endeavor to describe the feelings I experienced at that moment. Many years have passed away since that time; I have gone through much that was calculated to try the soul; but never had I feelings equal to these. The purest joy at the deliverance of my sister took possession of me, and with it the feeling that I had sinned against the greatness and goodness of the Almighty. I felt the utmost contrition; I dared not speak to Axinia, whose confidence in Heaven had never for one moment forsaken her, and who at this moment, and with a steady voice, was offering thanks for her merciful deliverance. The snuffling and rattling of the wolves at the door roused me from the train of thought into which I had fallen. Rosko had had the presence of mind, when he ran back to set the horses off, and thereby give them the chance of saving themselves, to snatch the lantern from the sleigh and bring it with him into the hut. We now began to examine the interior, to see whether we were in safety; and as we did so we heard the low growling of the wolves, who continued jumping against the door, and climbing up against the window; but fortunately the windows were fastened with very strong shutters. Mud walls surrounded us, and a bank of earth was built against one side; a little half-roofed straw lay in a corner, and by the side of it lay an invaluable treasure, a heap of firewood, sufficient in all probability to save us, during four-and-twenty hours, from the severity of the frost. The old servant lost not a moment in making use of the discovery. A most grateful fire soon flamed in the middle of the room, the smoke from which went upward and found an outlet at one of those openings in the roof which usually form the chimney in these hunters' huts.

I now breathed more freely, and could look more calmly upon my sister, who had sat down quietly upon the earthen bank and was engaged in endeavoring to restore the fainting lady's-maid, whom Rosko had placed there when he carried her in. With the help of some spirit from Rosko's flask, she at last succeeded; and we all gathered round the fire, the beneficial effects of which soon gave us new life; and while we listened to the savage growling of our fearful enemies outside, we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped them. The French woman, now that the paralyzing effect of the fear had left her, began to describe, with astonishing volubility, all she had suffered, and how she expected every moment to see one of the monsters spring into the sleigh and swallow us all up. I sat holding Axinia's hand in mine, and an expression of unspeakable joy might be seen in the faces of us both. Old Rosko alone appeared unmoved at the favor which fate had shown us; he sat looking with gloomy thoughtfulness into the rising flames; his brow was knit, and from time to time he shook his head. Suddenly we now heard resounding from a distance so loud and heart-freezing a cry of joy that we looked at each other in astonishment, and Axinia crept close to me as if for safety. I had never heard a sound like it before; it could be the tones of no human being that pierced the air with so much strength, and I knew of no animal the cry of which it resembled. It soon ceased; but the piteous complaint, the heart-piercing distress of that long, continued to sound in our ears. Rosko had gone stealthily towards the door, and was looking through a crack in it. It had now become stiller without, and it appeared to me that the growling and howling of the wolves no longer sounded so directly in our neighborhood. Old Rosko came back from the door, and he must have seen in the expression of my face an interrogation as to the shocking, unnatural tones we had heard.

"Poor Alexander, all is over with him! The young beast was full of courage and fire, and no doubt tought his blood-thirsty enemies bravely with his hoofs; but he was obliged to give way; the numbers were too great for him. Yes, sir," continued he, "that dreadful cry announced to us the death of your favorite horse. I have heard this tone which proceeds from the very soul on the field of battle. It is peculiar to strong young horses, which part hardly with their life, and struggle with death to the last moment. I will say any wager that it went easier with Cynthia; she was weaker than Alexander, and older too. But this much is certain, that the poor animals have become a prey to the wolves, which are at this moment devouring them, and therefore leave us in peace. At this moment there are but few of them about the hut; the great mass are engaged in their horrid meal. They will soon return, however, more ravenously hungry and more blood thirsty than ever, for this slight repast is sufficient only to stimulate their insatiable appetites."

The old man had spoken truly. We sat still, and as if waiting round the fire; and a few moments only had passed when we again heard the feet and the panting of the wolves close outside; then they came bursting against the door and window shutters; then the growling became louder; and we could find that, with newly excited rage, they were trying to climb up the door posts and the mud-walls in order to get upon the roof. We were in the most anxious suspense. Our eyes were fixed on the opening in the roof just above us, through which, when a puff of wind parted the cloud of smoke which went up from our fire, the star-lit heavens looked brightly down upon us. A fresh column of smoke was just about to twirl upward, when the lady's maid uttered a loud shriek, and pointing with her finger to the roof, fell speechless on the ground. A fearful sight was before us! Four wolves' heads, with bloody jaws, and their tongues hanging out, showing their white rows of savage teeth, were ranged round the edge of the opening, and looked down, with glowing eyes, into the flames beneath. Seen through the smoke as we saw them, they looked like demonds. At this unexpected sight, only Rosko retained his presence of mind. He threw a fagot into the fire, saying: "We have nothing to fear from these four; they do not like fire; it dazzles them, and they will not be able to see us." But suddenly there came a loud crash in the weak rafters of the roof; three of the monsters disappeared, but the roof gave way under the fourth, and hung down within the cabin, while the creature endeavored in vain to cling to the rafters which kept breaking round it. It was very evident that it must soon fall into the flames beneath.

"Away from the fire!" cried old Rosko to the two females, who, terrified, fled into a corner. Then he turned to me and said: "Now, shoot! Send a pistol ball into the fellow's body; take a good aim—his sore!"

He seized the gun himself, and stood by with it ready to strike a blow with the stock. We heard the creature groaning with fear. It was of unusual and fearful size. I obeyed mechanically the command of the old servant. I took a true aim, fired, and at the same instant the animal fell into the burning pile of wood beneath, from which flew on all sides firebrands, burning coals and sparks. I started back from the flames; but there lay our enemy bleeding, and rolling itself among the firebrands, howling horribly and piteously with pain. Rosko kept his place courageously; and after having raised the stock of his gun once or twice over his head, and brought it down again each time with a heavy blow, there lay the beast dead before us, its limbs stretched out stiff from its body among the burning wood, which, being wetted with its blood, gave forth a smothering steam. Rosko, who had always his wits about him, pulled it out of the fire, and dragged it into the furthest corner, where he left it lying, saying at the same time that he hoped it would be the only visit of the kind we should have during the night; "but the day—the day," added he, in a low tone of voice, "will bring us more of such customers than we will be able to master."

These words had reached my ears only; Axinia and the French woman looked anxiously up at the roof, to see whether any fresh danger threatened us. I drew near to the old man, and led him far away from Axinia toward the dead wolf, as if I wished to examine it; and I then asked him, in an under voice, what were the fears he entertained for the day, as I had been in hopes that, when morning came, the wolves would forsake our place of refuge, and betake themselves to the depths of the forest.

"And even if that were to be the case," said he, gloomily, "of what use would it be to us? The horses are dead; and how is a weak, tender female like Mademoiselle Axinia to reach the outside of this forest on foot? In the midst of our endeavor night would overtake us again, and the wolves would know well where to find us. But any hope of the kind is vain. When the wolves have assembled in such an enormous mass as they have done here, they are not afraid of daylight. So long as our stock of wood holds out, our fire will protect us from any attack from above; indeed, I do not think another of the monsters will be bold enough to try the roof again to-night; but by daylight the flames do not make so powerful an impression on them. We must summon all our courage and all our strength for what may then happen, and prepare to defend the women and our own lives to the last moment. But it will be of no use—of no use," added he, in a tone growing fainter and fainter—"of no use at all."

I had placed my whole confidence on the return of day; I had already imagined that we were safe at home in the castle of my father; but now all my hopes were destroyed; now, for the first time, our destruction appeared to me to be certain, and again all the horrors of despair took possession of me. I did not dare to go near Axinia lest she should guess, from the disturbed state I was in, what was the truth as to our fate. I wished it to be kept from her as long as possible, that she might continue to enjoy the feeling that she was safe until the danger was really near.

The hours passed anxiously and painfully by. Axinia had fallen asleep and by reposing like an angel of peace—like a child who knows nothing of the danger which surround it. The lady's maid, too, exhausted by her apprehensions and her exertions, had fallen into a kind of disturbed slumber or stupor, from which she every now and then awoke in affright, raised herself up and stared vacantly at the hole in the roof, and then sank down again, seemingly insensible. I looked at Axinia, and as I saw her smile in her sleep, it pierced me to the heart; I felt oppressed within me, as if a heavy load lay on my breast, from which I could not get free. In the meantime old Rosko silently went on keeping up the fire, and appeared to be thinking seriously about our position, although he did not communicate his thoughts to us. He was right in what he said about the wolves; not one of them appeared again during the night at the opening of the roof; but their scratching and scrabbling, and pushing against the door, their low growling, and their running backward and forward round the hut, continued the whole time.

It is not surprising that even at this length of time I should remember accurately ever particular of what we had suffered; the dangers of that moment were such as would make an impression upon a whole life time, however long it might be. Before Rosko told me what we had most to dread, I had longed for daylight to return; but now I could have wished the night might be without end. But how senseless was such a wish, for what could we have gained by it! Instead of being torn to death by the wolves, we should have suffered the lingering death of starvation, or at best have been frozen to death! I now felt without hope, and perfectly dissolute.

The stars became paler, the twilight appeared above us, the flashes of the fire became less bright, and the day broke. Axinia slept on; the frightful howling of wolves, the increased energy which was evident in their movements around our place of refuge, did not wake her; but at one time I saw that her lips moved and that she was speaking, and I drew nearer to understand what she said.

"Fear nothing, Cassimer," said she softly, as if in a sweet dream. "God is watching over us—a deliverer is nigh."

I cannot describe the effect which these words had on me, and how they instantly filled me again with hope and faith. I suddenly felt myself influenced by a supernatural power. I felt quite calmed with regard to any future danger, and seizing the hand of the astonished Rosko, I exclaimed, in a cheering tone:

"Courage, faithful Rosko! We are too good to serve as food for the wolves—a deliverer is near."

And he was near. He appeared in the time of our greatest need, when the fire, now grown pale under the light of day, no longer scared our hungry pursuers, which now clambered upon the roof in such numbers that it threatened every moment to fall in upon us, and as we looked up we beheld twenty pair of savage jaws wide open, thirsting for our blood and longing eagerly to devour us. Axinia had not awaked. She slept as soundly as if convinced that the angel of God was watching over her. My whole being appeared now to have resolved itself into faith in our deliverance. I looked no longer at the savage, growling forms above; I looked into the pure and innocent face of my sister. She smiled and moved slightly, and then awoke, crying:

"He comes! We are saved!"

At that moment we heard the report of fifty shots in the forest, a loud hallon and the barking of dogs resounded through the air, and the trampling of horses hoofs came fast towards us. My sister and her maid started up; we heard a crash of wolves falling down from the roof, we heard the howling of the scattered wolves in the distance, and we cried:

"We are saved!"

Rosko went and looked through the split of the door and said:

"There is a wolf hunt, the wolves have fled and the hunters are just breaking out of the wood."

He throw the door wide open, and we went out into the space before the hut; freedom was again ours; and we had the joy to see at the head of the troop of horsemen who had thus rescued us, the friend whose house we had left when we started on our journey. How is it possible to describe the delight of our meeting or our thankfulness! We now related in hasty words the fearful circumstances of the night; and our friend told us that shortly after our departure, news had been brought to his castle that a herd of wolves, from the boundless forests of Lithuania, had entered the forests through which we were to pass; that they had already committed great destruction and devastation, and that the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood were prepared to begin a general attack upon them. He had been seized with the greatest alarm on our account, and had seen in a moment all the danger to which we were exposed. He had assembled around him all who were capable of taking part in the hunt, and was just about to hasten after us, when several landed proprietors in the vicinity desired to join his little troop with their followers, and to accompany him in the chase. These newcomers, however, wished not to set out upon the expedition until the next morning, but our friend's energetic description of the fearful situation in which we were in all probability placed, at length prevailed upon them to make use of the moonlight night for the undertaking; and thus we were saved from a fate at which the imagination shudders.

A WITTY ASPIRANT.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American relates the following story:

A good story is told of "Bev." Tucker, formerly editor of the Sentinel. It will be recollected that this paper was the first to bring forward Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency, and in that behalf battled manfully till the day of its death against its more fortunate rival, the "Union." Tucker is an applicant for the marshalship of the District of Columbia, a position now held by Jonah D. Hoover, Esq., who is a candidate for re-nomination. A few nights ago, when Mr. Buchanan, Hoover, Tucker and others were present, Bev. said, "Mr. President, I wish to inform you that it is the general expectation of our friends that my appointment as marshal is a fixed fact."

"But," said the President, jocosely, "before you can be appointed you must show your qualifications for the post."

"Certainly," said Bev., "I will do so;" and instantly turned round and taking Marshal Hoover by the hand, said. "Mr. President, allow me to present to you Jonah B. Hoover, ex-Marshal of the District of Columbia!"

When it is recollected that one of the principal duties of the marshal is to act as master of ceremonies at receptions, and introduce visitors to the President, the force of the joke will be appreciated.

THE STUFFED SKIN OF A ROYAL CAPTIVE.—Valerian, Emperor of Rome, was taken prisoner, and afterwards kept in chains by Sapor, King of Persia. He was either killed in a tumult, or by order of his conqueror, fearful, perhaps, of losing his living trophy, in the year 260. The body of the dead Roman Emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had tabernacled the spark of the living one. It was skinned. The hide, after being tanned, was stuffed, painted red, and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. Here it remained for many years. It was the popular spectacle for holiday-makers and visitors from the country. But it was put to more important ends than this; it was made a diplomatic engine, of much significance and efficiency. In after times it often happened that the Roman Envoys at the Persian Court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the old ex-Emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.

[Monarchs Retired from Business; by Dr. Doran.

A DOUBTFUL HUSBAND.—A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose. In the course of its abatement the entertainment was held to the latest hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but, on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home. The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he reappeared, drenched with rain. "Where, in heaven's name have you been?" asked the host, viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog about the paws, and a weeping willow about the head. "I've been in the garden," said he, quietly shaking off the water. "I have been at home to tell my wife that, as it was such a bad night, I should not return."

ANECDOTE OF WESLEY.—At one time, when Mr. Wesley was traveling in Ireland, his carriage became fixed in the mire and the harness broke. While he and his companions were laboring to extricate it, a poor man passed by in great distress. Mr. Wesley called him and inquired the cause of his distress. He said he had been unable, through misfortune, to pay his rent of thirty shillings, and his family were just being turned out of doors. "Is that all you need?" said Mr. Wesley, handing him the amount. "Here, go and be happy." Then turning to his companion, he said, pleasantly, "You see now why our carriage stopped here in the mud."

THE TRINITY.—The following anecdote of the late Daniel Webster, (says the Rev. E. Kirk,) I am authorized from his own lips to say is authentic:

Being asked by a Unitarian gentleman whether he believed that three and one were the same thing? he replied, in a manner perfectly characteristic, as it disposed of the real difficulty of the Trinity—

"Sir, I believe you and I do not understand the arithmetic of heaven."

Crinoline.

A lady correspondent in the country, after remarking that she surrenders the female costume of the day to our ridicule, inquires of us the exact meaning of the word *crinoline*. Before answering the question, we must protest against the imputation of having spoken, or desired to speak lightly, of the garment to which she refers. A petticoat is too serious a thing for a jest. We proceed to explain the term crinoline with all the gravity which the subject demands.

The term crinoline is derived from the Latin word *crinis*, which means the hair of the head. This word in the French language becomes *crin*, and is generally applied to horse-hair. In colloquial Latin, or the Latin of the lower empire, *crinis* might naturally pass into the diminutive *crinola*, and from this we easily form the term crinoline, to signify a fabric woven of hair—a finer and more dainty tissue than the common haircloth called by the French *cilice*.

The custom of making this fabric of hair a part of the dress of women, is said to have arisen in this wise:

Everybody knows that from very ancient times the habit of wearing haircloth next to the person has been frequent among religious penitents and others who desired to subdue the animal appetites or control the natural propensity to self-indulgence and luxury. The harshness of the material, which constantly made itself felt, reminded the penitent of past offences, and the ascetic of his duty. There are examples of persons who have worn the hair-shirt all their lives, from the time they assumed it. It is said that a certain illustrious penitent was ordered by her confessor to wear an undergarment of haircloth. As she could see no congruity between piety and dirt, her notions of cleanliness obliged her to place between the haircloth and her person something that could be washed; she therefore gave the prescribed material the form of a petticoat, an ingenious manufacturer having undertaken to supply a fabric that in smoothness and beauty of texture should be far superior to the haircloth worn by monks and nuns. Thus was woven the first piece of crinoline, and thus it became the material of a lady's under-garment.

The legend proceeds to relate that, as the examples set by distinguished persons in dress are followed by the rest of the world, and thus become fashions, the use of crinoline was adopted by all who wished to recommend themselves to the illustrious lady already mentioned, and finally passed into general use. At first the petticoat constructed of this material was of very modest dimensions. It was then the flower in its bud; but in process of time it gradually unfolded and expanded like a cabbage-rose, until at length it attained the magnificent full-blown circumference which is now given to it, and in the midst of which the lady stands intrenched like the kernel of a cocoanut. Such is the tradition; but we must regard it like other legends, and cannot assure our correspondent of its absolute historical accuracy.

There are some who assign to the crinoline petticoat a different origin. They say it was devised by a philanthropist who had given much thought to the inadequacy and insufficiency of the petticoat which has generally been in use. Even with the aid of hoops the garment was not always satisfactory. It is Ariel, we believe, who says in Pope's Rape of the Lock—

"Oft have I known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops and armed with ribs of whale."

This benefactor of her sex, therefore, fell on the expedient of employing haircloth instead, for two reasons—first, that it was the dress of religious persons, worn as a suit of armor against the assaults of the Evil One; and secondly, because by the testimony of all poets, the material of which it was made has a marvellous potency in overcoming and rendering submissive to the male tribe.

"With baby springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair."

If a single hair can have such an effect on the contumacious, reasoned lady, what must be the power of a whole petticoat manufactured of hair? and thus, according to this second theory, the crinoline petticoat sprang into existence.

All do not take the same kindly view of this innovation. There are some who hold that in the appearance of the crinoline petticoat were foreshadowed many of the calamities of the present day, and other calamities yet to come. The Romans called a comet *stella crinita*, a hairy or long haired star; and Milton speaks of a comet that—

"From his horrid hair
Shook pestilence and war."

A friend of ours, who thinks that there is a great deal of truth in what the world calls the superstitions of past ages, has little doubt that the phenomenon of the inroad made by haircloth into our female costume portended the bloody Crimean war, and is almost positive that it foreboded the present epidemic at Washington and the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Fred Scott, which has set the country in a blaze. These are points on which we offer no opinion, and the latter of them, owing to the complication with our domestic politics, is an extremely delicate subject. Our hope is that what we have said has thrown some light on the question proposed by our fair correspondent. [N. Y. Post.

THE SWORD WORN BY "JOE DAVIESS OF KENTUCKY.—The New York Daily Times says:

Judge Todd, of Marion county, Ia., has in his possession the sword and scabbard worn by the illustrious and immortal "Joe Daviess," of Kentucky, at the battle of Tippecanoe. On one side is inscribed "Liberty and Independence;" on the other, "*E Pluribus Unum*, 1782." At the period of his death Joe Daviess was the Grand Master of Masons in Kentucky. The relic is the property of Judge Todd, who was the pupil and friend of Joe Daviess, by whom it will be presented to the Grand Lodge of Indiana at the next annual session.

The New York Mirror, in speaking of the robbery that has been kicked up lately in Fifth Avenue over the marriage of a wealthy young lady with her father's Irish coachman, says they don't know why upperstendom should turn up its dainty nose at the smell of the stable, while one of its most pretentious representatives kept a small livery stable but a few years since; and all the "eternal perfume" from the holy city cannot wholly eradicate his native airs.

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 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 5 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 at 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, 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, Taylors, Bonnet Carre, Lagard's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Tarand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Brier'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 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 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 22d of each month.

BALIZE MAIL—Supplying English Turn, Pointe-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Romaille Settlement and Buras 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 25th. 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. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	34c.	6c.
Over 2500 miles	44c.	8c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the offices 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	15	18
East India	15½	—
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	11½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 35	—
BACON, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fine	21 00	22 50
COFFEE,