New Orleans Daily Crescent.

### Pope, What is a Newspaper?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,
To answer the taste of the day, my boy;
Whatever it may be,
They fit you the key,
And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
Advertisements, essays and rhymes, my boy,
Mixed up with all sorts
Of lying reports,
And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles safe and wise, my boy,
At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,
And begin so grand
That few understand
What in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
And lengthy debate
Upon matter of state,
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy,

The funds as they were and are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy,
And every week
A clever critique,
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,
The state of the crops,
The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banished by somebody's pills, my boy,
Till you ask with surprise
Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were out off in their bloom, my boy,
Who has had birth
On this sorrow-stained earth,
And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and drain, my boy,
But 'twould take me too long
To tell you in song,
A quarter of what they contain, my boy.

[From the Memphis Eagle and Requirer.]

### Too Late.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS BRADFORD.

Speak to me once again!
Thy gentle words bring back
The fairy hopes I thought were dead
Along life's stony track!
Forsaken and betrayed,
Of every joy bereft,
I turn to thee—oh hear me up,
For thou alone art left.

Speak to me! thy dear tones
Come to me like the sound
Of waters to the travel-worn,
When deserts glare around.
Oh, hide me in thine arms!
Let me feel thy love once more!
I only have one blessing left—
Thy high and faithful heart!

Then, on his heaving breast
Low drooped her golden hair,
While all his pent up feelings gushed,
As she lay silent there.
He pressed his first warm kiss
Upon her bright young head—
He breathed the hoarded love of years—
She heard not—*she was dead!*

### Genius.

Far out at sea—the sun was high,
While vexed the wind and flapped the sail—
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale,
Far out at sea.

The little stranger, who had lost
His way, of danger nothing knew—
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue,
Far out at sea.

Above, there gleamed the cloudless sky;
Beneath, the boundless ocean shean;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene,
Far out at sea.

Away he sped with shimmering glee;
Dim, indistinct—now seen, now gone.
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more will dance before the morn,
Far out at sea.

He dies unlike his mates, I ween—
Perhaps not sooner, nor worse crossed;
And he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and home—though lost,
Far out at sea.

GOOD AND ILL FORTUNE.—Charles Maurice, a French writer of considerable celebrity, in a volume of anecdotes and reminiscences of Parisian theatres, recently published, relates the following curious incident as having occurred during the bloody era of the revolution: I saw at Lyons two men to each of whom a different and yet a strange event had happened in his lifetime. One of them, (he was very like Beranger, even to his spectacles) after having broken the banks of three gambling houses, went to a fourth with his hat crammed full of gold and bank notes. Taking out a handful of gold—"Now," he said, "it is your turn!" But he was not destined to be so lucky his time. His friends began to advise him to give it up, but he grew obstinate, persisted and played on till he was so completely cleared out that he had to borrow a sou to pass over the bridge Morand. When he got to the middle he would have thrown himself into the river had not his friends prevented him.

The other man had been condemned to death during the Proconsulate of Lyons, and on the day of execution there were twelve in the cart. In such cases, whether it was out of refinement of cruelty, from indifference, or to render the lucatomb more easy and prompt, the miserable men were placed under the scaffold, so that the blood of the victims fell upon them. Eleven had been executed, when the assistants, oblivious of the number, began to take the machinery to pieces, the crowd looking on, whilst the twelfth remained below, without power to speak or move, indeed, half dead with horror. Among those present, however, one man noticed him. He was a butcher. Creeping up to the cart beneath the scaffold, he took a nightknife out of his pocket and a knife out of the other, then putting the one on the prisoner's head, with the latter he severed the cords that bound his hands behind his back, and taking him by the arm, walked away with him, as if it was some one faint with the terrors of the spectacle. Nobody took notice of them. Dragging the victim along, rather than leading him, for the man had nearly lost all consciousness, he at length got him into a coffee-house, where he was soon brought to himself. It would only be at the grave that the executioner would find out there was one intended victim too few.

THE CAMEL EXPERIMENT.—The Washington Star says: The camels in Texas have been heard from up to the 17th March. They are doing well, and those first brought over are in use for the transportation of supplies between San Antonio and Camp Verdo. Three little ones were born in March and are thriving, and five or six more births are expected. From the reports of the condition of the animals at present, and through the eleven months that the first importation have been on the continent, we may regard all doubts as to their acclimation dissipated, and that so much of the experiment is a fixed fact. The only remaining indeterminate point is the character of the stock this may be produced. For this time will be required. The officers in charge are, however, sanguine that it will fully equal that of Asia Minor and Africa, and may, by proper attention, be more highly developed.

A comparison of the interior of the great American and Asiatic continents will help us to a conclusion as to the advantages to be derived from the introduction of the animal among us. In both are vast extents of country without navigable streams or practicable roads, and cut up by deep ravines; uninhabited and interrupted by deserts of sand, volcanic debris and salt. Through the one, trade and communication are carried on expensively and slowly by wagons, horses and mules. Through the other, in addition to the same means, they are largely facilitated by the use of the camel—a powerful animal, transporting on long journeys five hundred pounds, and to a certain extent of food, costing no more than to keep a mule. Of the two countries Asia is much more difficult to travel over.

ANOTHER DASH AT CHLOROFORM.—An old bachelor, whose only enjoyment at a ball consists in eyeing the dancers, approached a young female friend, after a somewhat rapid polka, and whispered, "I have seen them, they are blue." The lady blushed, understanding that the gentleman was speaking of that part of her dress which has furnished to the English nation a high order of chivalry and the suitable motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Different means are resorted to in order to prevent this "exhibition," but we are in hopes they may prove unsuccessful. When Big Ben, or any other large bell is put in motion, the clapper will appear to every observing eye; and, be it said with all possible submission to gallantry, ladies dressed in the newest styles, when dancing, "amazingly resemble Big Ben in the act of ringing."

It is a question whether being called "the son of a gun" should not rather be taken as a compliment than as a term of abuse, as it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it *descends in a straight line from a good stock.*

An unloving woman is an impossibility, unless we can imagine a pillar of ice to stand out against a July sun. But all women love, and that passionately. Those who profess they do not, are only seeking to hide a bitter disappointment behind the transparent mask of affectation.

What is the twenty-seventh letter of the Alphabet? "Let her *vent.*"

### Neil Maclaren.

The little lonely inn of Crook, near the source of the Tweed, is a spot well known to travelers and tourists, and withal one much admired by them, being as it were an oasis in the desert, a place of rest and refreshment in a cold, mountainous wilderness. This place, or rather its neighborhood, was the scene of a strange adventure about a century ago, which we propose to narrate to the reader in a more complete form than it has hitherto appeared.

One misty morning in the autumn of 1745, George Black, the landlord of the Crook Inn, stood at the door of his isolated dwelling, eyeing attentively the heavens above him and the mountains around him, for want, it may be, of anything better to do. "Confoum' these mists!" muttered he, "they'll no clear up the hail day, I doot. Gin this weather on muckle longer, we may shut our doors when we like. No se leaven' thing," continued he, stepping out to the middle of the road that passed his house, and looking first up and then down the narrow vale, "no se leeven' thing to be seen either to the right or to the left. But there's aye a comfort in this rouky weather at ony rate; for if it be the same in the highlands as it is here, the puir bits o' bodies that's skulkin' about the hill taps wluna be sae easily taen by the sodgers." The landlord's observations were suddenly cut short. His eyes caught sight of a party of soldiers—the very persons he had been speaking of—and he hurried in to prepare for their anticipated visit.

Meanwhile, the little military party whom he had espied marched slowly up the vale, along the soft and plashy road that ran nearly parallel with the Tweed. Such detachments were no uncommon visitors of the Crook; for this little hostel lay on the direct road from the Highlands to Carlisle, whither the northern rebels were at this time regularly sent, as taken, in order that they might be tried at a cool distance from all partial influence, and where, at this particular time scarcely a week passed without seeing numbers of them executed according to the approved style dictated by the English law of high treason. The well armed party now advancing to the Crook were bound on such an errand. They were six or seven in number, with a lieutenant at their head, and in the midst of them walked a tall and finely formed young Highlander, with his right arm pinned, for security, to his side. Though on his way to certain death, and though his soiled tartans and thin cheek spoke of suffering and privation, the prisoner moved with as firm a tread as his captors, and, but for his bonds, might have been taken for their chief. Of a very different opinion, however, was Lieutenant Howison, the actual leader of the band, a pompous middle aged man, of low stature, a thick set, rolling figure, which was rendered somewhat indicrous to look at by its possessor having bent it into a crescent—the convex side foremost—through long continued attempts to acquire a dignified military attitude. Everything which this personage did or said was "in the king's name." This was, indeed, Lieutenant Howison's tower of strength. It was even alleged, that when he ran away from the battle of Prestonpans, he did it "in the king's name."

Such was the person who halted on the morning alluded to, to refresh himself and men at the Inn of Crook; having marched some five or six miles since daybreak. After commanding his soldiers to go with the prisoners into one room, and take some bread and cheese, the Lieutenant himself retired to another apartment, there to refresh himself with something of a more savory nature, if it was to be had. Geordie in person waited on the officer, and supplied him with the best the house contained. When this duty had been performed, the landlord then turned his attention to the soldiers, being, in fact, anxious to get a glimpse of the "puir child" who had fallen into their hands. In this object he was at first disappointed, the Highlanders face being averted from the door of the party, and steadily directed towards the window. At last one of the soldiers, with more kindness than any of the others seemed disposed to show, exclaimed, "Come, my lad, here's a share of my bit and sup. I shan't ase a poor fellow starved neither, rebel though he has been." The prisoner, seemingly, was touched with the man's good nature, and turned partly round to benefit by the offer. Geordie Black, the moment that he got a glimpse of the Highlander's face, was overwhelmed with alarm and vexation. His heart failed him, and it was with a feeling of faintness that he shrank from the apartment.

It was not until the soldiers were fairly out of sight that the heart-stricken landlord dared to give vent to his feelings. "Oh, Peggy, Peggy, woman," said he, when alone with his wife, "what do you think has faun into their murderous clutches but Neil Maclaren! What will become of Alice noo, wandering, may be, by this time frae door to door without a house to put her head in or a bit to put in her mouth; or as likely to be dead and gane, since we hae na heard from her about this unlucky business. Oh what could tempt him to gang out and join a parcel o' rebels wi' a family!" To Geordie's tirade his wife could only reply by sorrowful exclamations of "My puir dochter—my puir Allie!" This afternoon, it may well be conceived, was spent by the honest couple in the most unpleasant state of mind—for Maclaren, as the reader will have surmised, was their son-in-law.

One thing which surprised the landlord much, was that he should have escaped the long lament of Maclaren's joining Prince Charles. But the truth was, that Neil had joined him a short time before the battle of Culloden, being drawn at last from his home by the spectacle of an invading army in his native country.

Let us now leave for awhile the landlord of the Crook, to whom this was destined to be an eventful day, and follow the party of soldiers in their slow march up the vale of Tweed. As Geordie Black had predicted, the mists did not clear up as the day grew older. Other parts of the country, indeed, might have been free from fog, but at every step the soldiers were moving higher and higher, and the white drizzling fleeces on the hill-sides became thicker and thicker. It is to be questioned if there is in all the romantic Scotland a more elevated piece of table-land than that lying some ten miles above Crook, from which spring the fountains of three great rivers—the Clyde, the Annan and the Tweed. The road traveled by Maclaren and his captors crosses this obtusely pyramidal height, (for so it is shown to be, on a great scale, by the descent of these rivers,) at a spot called Brick-Stane Rise.

After the height of the country had been passed, it proceeds for some way along the brink of a profound green hollow, in which the Annan takes its rise, and which is usually termed the Devil's, but sometimes also the Marquis of Annandale's Beef-Tub, from some resemblance it bears to that domestic utensil, and because the rivers of the great Borderhouse of Johnstone, used of old to conceal their stolen cattle in it. As implied by the application, the sides of this hollow are nearly perpendicular all around, the bottom being so deep that in clear weather, a traveler looking down into it from the road sees bullocks diminished to the size of sheep, and sheep to that of hares. On the present occasion, however, it was filled to the brim by the dense fog which pervaded the atmosphere, so that the road winding along the top appeared like the shore of a deep bay of the sea, to step from which would have been to plunge into an abyss and be lost forever.

The soldiers, though the country was entirely new to them, passed along the high and perilous road with feelings little impressed by it. The dreariness and monotony of their day's march had rendered them minds dull and inattentive, and instead of keeping a close circle round their prisoner, they straggled along in a line, in which he was sometimes near the front, and sometimes near the rear. Very different was the mental condition of Maclaren, who, from his having frequently passed this way with cattle, as many Highland gentlemen of superior rank to himself were accustomed to do, was acquainted with every foot of the way, and had long meditated a particular mode of escape, which he was now to put into execution.

How great was the astonishment of the soldiers when Maclaren, who at one moment was pacing quietly along in the dreary road with men seen to start, as if instinct with new life, from their line, towards the edge of the precipice, over which he plunged headforemost, and was instantly out of sight! To rush after him was but the work of a moment; yet so quick had been his movements, that he was already absorbed in the sea of mist which filled the Beef Tub. With his head firmly clenched between his knees, and holding his feet in his hands, he had formed his body as nearly as possible into a round form, and allowed himself freely to roll heels over head down the steep side of the hollow, the surface of which he knew presented at this place no obstruction capable of injuring him. In their ignorance of the ground, no one durst follow him. The brave lieutenant could only, as soon as he recovered breath, exclaim with an oath, "Stop sir, I arrest you in the king's name!" while the soldiers fired their muskets at random into the mighty gulf, or ran a little was round its edges in the hope of finding a less perilous descent to the bottom. It was all in vain; and, after once more gathering, they could only console themselves with the undoubting assurance that the rascal must have broken his neck in the descent, and so relieved the king of the duty of punishing his rebellion.

At the moment when the Lieutenant uttered his characteristic exclamation, Neil Maclaren could have stopped his career neither for king or kaisar. He arrived, however, at the bottom of the Beef Tub without the slighest injury; and the moment that he did so, he commenced his ascent on the opposite side with the speed of one who bears behind him the heels equal to those of a lamb. The last time we saw this singular animal he came to the door of the accustomed inn, with as business-like an air as an old customer, and drank his glass of best ale with the utmost possible dignity. [Kentish Observer.

DESOLATION IS PALESTINE.—In Palestine you are nearly as much in the wilderness as when in Arabia; for all you can tell, except in the towns and villages you pass through. You ride on day after day, and you rise over each hill, and you sink into each valley, and except an occasional solitary traveller, with his servant and his muleteer, or a Turkish official with his party, rarely does a moving object appear upon the landscape. No cattle are upon the land, and no passengers are on the highways. How lonely it is! And this loneliness strikes you more than that of the desert, for it seems unnatural, because here there should be life, and there is none.

Sometimes you may make out at a distance, on the hill-side, a single figure—a man upon a donkey. It is the only moving thing your eye can detect all around. And so you go on through this desolate land. From Jerusalem to Beyrout you scarcely light upon one single scene of life than can be compared with those on the Arab pastures from the top of Jabel-el-Safar to the wells of Milch. There, in places, the country was full of people and children, and flocks and herds—a rejoicing picture of pastoral existence in all its abounding wealth; while here in the country of tillage and towns and villages, the whole land seemed to be under a spell. [Lotth's Wanderer in Arabia.

### Something About Oysters,

Look at an oyster! In that soft and gelatinous body lies a whole world of vitality and quiet enjoyment. Somebody has styled fossiliferous rocks "monuments of the felicity of past ages." An undisturbed oyster-bed is a concentration of happiness in the present. Dormant though the several creatures there congregated seem, each individual is leading the beautiful existence of an Epicurean god. The world without, its cares and joys, its storms and calms, its passions, evil and good—all are indifferent to the unheeding oyster. Unobservant even of what passes in its immediate vicinity, its whole soul is concentrated in itself, yet not sluggishly and apathetically, for its body is throbbing with life and enjoyment. The mighty ocean is subservient to its pleasures. The rolling waves waft fresh and choice food within its reach, and the flow of the current feeds it without an effort. Each atom of water that comes in contact with its delicate gills evolves its imprisoned air to freshen and invigorate the creature's pellucid blood.

Invisible to human eye, unless aided by the wonderful inventions of human science, countless millions of vibrating cilia are moving incessantly with synchronous beat on every fibre of each fringing leaflet. Well might old Leeuwenhoek exclaim, when he looked through his microscope at the beard of a shell fish. "The motion I saw in the small component parts of it was so incredibly great that I could not be satisfied with the spectacle; and it is not in the mind of man to conceive all the motions which I beheld within the compass of a grain of sand." And yet the Dutch naturalist, unaided by the finer instruments of our time, beheld but a dim and misty indication of the exquisite ciliary apparatus by which these motions are effected. How strange to reflect that all this elaborate and inimitable contrivance has been devised for the well-being of a despised shell-fish! Nor is it merely in the working members of the creature that we find its wonders comprised. There are portions of its frame which seem to serve no essential purpose in its economy, which might be omitted without disturbing the course of its daily duties, and yet so constant in their presence and position that we cannot doubt their having had their places in the original plan according to which the organization of the mollusk was first put together. These are symbols of organs to be developed in creatures higher in the scale of being—antitypes, it may be, of limbs, and anticipations of undeveloped senses. These are the first draughts of parts to be made out in their details elsewhere, serving, however, an end by their presence, for they are badges of relationship and affinity between one creature and another. In them the oyster-eater and the oyster may find some common bond of sympathy and companhood. Had the disputations and needle-witted schoolmen known of these mysteries of vitality, how vainly subtle would have been their speculations concerning the solution of such enigmas.

But the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo-life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular cords and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is as a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders unencumbered with interior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and if in luck, so as to escape the wateful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs, and as such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time, a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch and a new layer of the earth's crust, were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped and well-flavored oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit or a philosopher or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts; if a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, whence dosed with coarse black pepper and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a coalheaver, or becomes the luxurious repast of a successful pickpocket. [Westminster Review.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH FORESHADOWED.—In "Bailey's Dictionary," edition of 1730—127 years ago—under the word "loadstone," is the following foreshadowing of the electric telegraph: "Some authors write that, by the help of the magnet or loadstone, persons may communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance; as, suppose one to be at London and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular alphabet, like the dial-plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one magnet, then, at the same time that the needle at London was moved, that at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words, and the observation was made at 11 at noon, either at York by or of the night; and when one party would inform the other of any matter, he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other needle will move in the same manner. This may be done reciprocally.

Mr. Nathaniel Willis, who has been in the editorial harness for the long period of fifty-four years, has recently sold his paper, the Youth's Companion, and is now an associate editor, instead of sole conductor of that journal. Mr. Willis has started three newspapers, which are continued to this day, viz: The Eastern Argus, at Portland; the Recorder, and the Youth's Companion, published in Boston. The old gentleman is N. P. Willis' father.

### 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 PONTCHARTRAIN 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 7,868—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, 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, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Baldy'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, Tangipahoa, 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-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Rompillo Settlement and Burns 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, prepaid.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes, direct, on the 8th, 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 8th 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 of fice 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. | 5c. |
| 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 | 18 | 18 |
| Two Bushel | 19½ | — |
| BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Kentucky | 8¾ | 11½ |
| Northern | — | — |
| BRAN, ⅌ 200 lb | 1 35 | — 00 |
| BRICKS, per 1,000— | | |
| Lake | 10 00 | 12 00 |
| English—fire | 21 00 | 22 50 |
| COFFEE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Rio | 10 | 11½ |
| Havana, Good Prime Government | — | — |
| " Inferior to Middling | — | — |
| Java | — | 12½ |
| Laguayra | — | 11½ |
| St. Domingo | — | — |
| CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| No. 1 | — | — |
| No. II | — | — |
| COPPER, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Braziers' | 28 | — 30 |
| Sheathing | 28 | — 30 |
| " yellow metal | 25 | — 27 |
| CANDLES, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Sperm, New Bedford | — 36 | — 38 |
| " Nantucket | — | — |
| Tallow | — | — |
| Adamantine | — 26 | — 27½ |
| Star | — | — |
| CORDAGE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Manilla | — 14 | — 18 |
| Tarred American | — 14 | — 15 |
| Russia | — | — |
| CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl | 2 50 | 3 50 |
| COAL, ⅌ ton— | | |
| Carbon | — | — |
| Western, ⅌ bbl | 2 00 | 2 15 |
| CIDER, ⅌ bbl | 1 00 | 3 00 |
| COINS, ⅌ 1,000— | | |
| Spanish | 1 50 | 2 75 |
| DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard | | |
| Brown Sheetings, 3-4 to 7-8 | 05 | — 12 |
| " Shirtings, 4-4 to 6-4 | 04½ | — 10½ |
| Bleached Sheetings 3-4 to 7-8 | 09 | — 15 |
| " Sheetings 4-4 | 09 | — 15 |
| Brown Lowell Osnaburgs | 08½ | — 13 |
| Brown Virginia " | 09 | — 10½ |
| Tickings, 3-4 to 4-4 | 09 | — 18 |
| Stripes and Checks | 08½ | — 18 |
| Denims | 12½ | — 25 |
| Cottonades | 12½ | — 25 |
| Satinets | 25 | — 50 |
| Cotton Prints | 05 | — 15 |
| Jeans, Kentucky | 40 | — 45 |
| Linseys, Kentucky | 15 | — 22 |
| " Eastern | 15 | — 22 |
| DUCK, ⅌ bolt— | | |
| Raven | — | — |
| Russia | 10 00 | 15 50 |
| Ravens | — | — |
| American, No. 2 to 10, ⅌ yard | 13 | — 27 |
| DYES, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Logwood, Campeachy | 18 00 | 21 00 |
| " St. Domingo | 13 00 | 14 00 |
| Fustic, Tampico | 10 00 | 15 00 |
| Indigo, Guatemala | — 50 | — 1 15 |
| Madder | — 12 | — 15 |
| EGGS, ⅌ doz | 17 00 | 20 00 |
| FLOUR, ⅌ bbl— | | |
| Ohio and Superfine | 5 75 | — 5 87½ |
| Illinois and Missouri | — | — |
| St. Louis City | 6 00 | — 6 10 |
| Extra | 5 75 | — 5 50 |
| Fine | 5 25 | 5 50 |
| FEATHERS, ⅌ lb | — 50 | — |
| FLAXSEED, ⅌ barrel | — | — |
| FISH— | | |
| Cod, ⅌ box | 1 00 | — 1 10 |
| MACKEREL, No. 1, ⅌ bbl | 17 00 | 20 00 |
| " No. 2 | 16 00 | 17 00 |
| " No. 3 | 9 00 | 12 00 |
| Herring, ⅌ box | 80 | — 90 |
| FRUIT, ⅌ box— | | |
| Prunes | — | — |
| Raisins, M. | — | 4 00 |
| " London Layers | 4 25 | 4 50 |
| " C | — | — |
| Lemons | 5 00 | — 6 00 |
| Oranges | — | — |
| Figs, drum, ⅌ lb | 7½ | 8½ |
| Currants, Zante | — | — |
| Almonds, soft shell | 17 | — 14 |
| " hard shell | 06½ | — 08½ |
| GRAIN, ⅌ bushel— | | |
| Wheat | — 1 00 | — |
| Oats | — 50 | — 54 |
| Corn, in ear, ⅌ bbl | — | — |
| " shelled, ⅌ bushel | — 60 | — 68 |
| Beans | — | — |
| GUNPOWDER, ⅌ kegs | — | — |
| Common | — | — |
| Sporting | — 7 00 | — |
| GLASS, ⅌ box of 60 feet | | |
| American, 8 by 10 | 1 25 | — 1 80 |
| " 10 by 12 | 1 60 | — 2 00 |
| " 12 by 18 | 2 40 | — 2 50 |
| GUNNY BAGS | — 10 | — 11½ |
| HIDES, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Western, water-rotted | — | — |
| " Cow-rotted | — | — |
| " hair-slip | — | — |
| HAY, ⅌ ton | 18 00 | 22 00 |
| HIDES, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Wet Texas and Mexican Flint | — | — 25 |
| Dry salted Mexican | — | — 19 |
| Wet salted, heavy | — | — 16½ |
| Dry, country | — 20 | — 21 |
| Kip and Calf | — | — |
| LEAD, ⅌ 100 lb— | | |
| Pipe | 7 25 | — |
| Bar, ⅌ lb | — 08 | — 08½ |
| Shot | — 08½ | — 09 |
| LIME, ⅌ bbl— | | |
| Western | — | — |
| Rockport | — | — |
| MOLASSES, ⅌ gallon— | | |
| In the City | — 30 | — 30 |
| On Plantations | — | — |
| NAILS, ⅌ lb— | | |
| 40@20d | 4 | — 04½ |
| NAVAL STORES— | | |
| Lake Tar, ⅌ bbl | 1 30 | — 3 25 |
| Pitch | 1 60 | — 1 50 |
| Rosin | 2 00 | — 2 75 |
| Spirits Turpentine, ⅌ gallon | — 32 | — 50 |
| Varnish, boiled | — 32 | — 25 |
| OILS, ⅌ gallon— | | |
| Lard | 1 15 | — 1 20 |
| Linseed | — 90 | — 1 05 |
| Sperm, winter | 2 20 | — 2 50 |
| Sperm, fall | 1 90 | — 1 92 |
| Sperm, common | 1 70 | — 1 80 |
| Whale, refined | — 91 | — 1 00 |
| Castor | 1 10 | — 1 20 |
| Elephant | — | — |
| Olive, in cases | — | — |
| Fr. Brandy, 12 months | 5 50 | — |
| Turpentine, ⅌ gal | 32 00 | — 5 25 |
| OILCAKE, ⅌ ton | 30 00 | 32 00 |
| PROVISIONS, ⅌ lbs— | | |
| Beef—Mess, Western | — 18 | — 19 |
| " Western | — 18 | — 19 |
| " ⅌ bbl | 9 00 | 10 00 |
| " India Mess, ⅌ tierce | — | — |
| " Prime Mess | — | — |
| " Prime, ⅌ bbl | 12 00 | 13 00 |
| " Ham | — | 6 50 |
| " Cargo | — | — |
| " Dried, ⅌ lb | — 07½ | — |
| Pork, Mess, ⅌ barrel | 22 00 | — |
| Pork—Clear, ⅌ bbl | — | — |
| " Mess | 22 | — 23 |
| " M. C. Prime | 22 | 22 50 |
| " Prime | 18 00 | 18 50 |
| " Prime Mess | — 9¾ | — |
| " Hindquarters, ⅌ lb | — 10 | — 10½ |
| Bacon—Hams, ⅌ lb | — 10½ | — 11 |
| " Canvassed | — 12 | — 13½ |
| " Sides | — 08½ | — 09 |
| " Shoulders | — 06½ | — 07 |
| Lard | — 13½ | — 14 |
| Butter—Goshen | — 25 | — 30 |
| " Western | — 14 | — 20 |
| Cheese—American | — 11½ | — 12½ |
| Pine Apple | — | — |
| Potatoes, ⅌ bbl | 2 50 | — 3 75 |
| RICE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Carolina | — 5½ | — 6½ |
| SPICES, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Cinnamon | — 20 | — 25 |
| Cloves | — 18 | — 20 |
| Ginger | — 06 | — 08 |
| Pepper, round | — 12 | — 12½ |
| Nutmegs | 1 00 | — 1 25 |
| Pepper | — 11½ | — 15 |
| Pimento | — 15 | — 17 |
| SUGAR, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Louisiana, in the city | — | — |
| " Charles, Teche, Lafourche | — 8½ | — 9 |
| Havana, white | — 11 | — 11½ |
| " yellow | — 08½ | — 10½ |
| " brown | — 08½ | — 10½ |
| Loaf, Boston and Philadelphia | — | — |
| " Lochiana | — | — |
| Clarified | — | — |
| SALT, ⅌ sack— | | |
| Liverpool, fine | — | — |
| " from store | 1 10 | — |
| " coarse, cargo | — 70 | — |
| " from store | — 80 | — |
| Turks Island, ⅌ bushel | — | — |
| Cadiz | — 44½ | — |
| SALTPETRE, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Refined | — | — |
| SHEETINGS, ⅌ piece— | | |
| Russia white | 8 50 | 10 00 |
| " brown | — | — |
| STEEL, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Cast | — 18 | — 19 |
| English blistered | — 11 | — 13 |
| American | — 08 | — 08½ |
| German | — 10 | — 12 |
| SOAP, ⅌ lb— | | |
| Northern, extra No. 1 | — 07 | — 09 |
| " No. 1 | — 06½ | — 07½ |
| " No. 2 | — 03½ | — 05 |
| SPIRITS, ⅌ gallon— | | |
| Brandy, Champagne | 4 65 | 10 00 |
| " Cognac | 3 00