New Orleans Daily Crescent.

The Expected Comet.

TO DR. CUMMING.

Air.—"Draw the sword, Scotland."

Hey! a comet's coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
Ho! a comet's coming, expected very soon;
Unless folks are humming, humming, humming,
The comet will be here on the thirteenth day of June.

Prognostication
Spreads consternation,
And with prostration
Old women swoon,
Thinking of the comet coming, *Cumming.*
The comet that is due on the thirteenth day of June.

Because the comet's coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
Because the comet's coming, astrologer's declare—
Silly people humming, humming, humming,
Silly people humming, will blow as into air.
Fouling this planet;
Goodness, how can it,
If we but scan it,
The spheres so nature,
By the comet coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
By the comet coming and due this blessed June.

We know better, *Cumming*, don't we, *Cumming*,
We are sure that any astrologer's a loon,
Or else a knave and humbug, humming, humming,
Who says the world is coming to an end so very soon;

Three years, if not more,
Lease it has got more,
May be a lot more,
Along with the moon,
Though a comet's coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
Though a comet's coming—possibly in June.

If the comet's coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
If the comet's coming, ice will be a boon,
When the flies are humming, humming, humming,
When the flies are humming on a sultry afternoon.

Hotter weather may prevail,
If it switch us with its tail.
How very like a whale
Stung by a harpson!

Let us hope the comet coming, *Cumming, Cumming,*
Won't come it quite so very strong on the thirteenth day of June.

Good Night.

Good night! how sweet its music falls
In soothing cadence on the ear,
And every gentle feeling calls
Responsive to its earnest cheer:
No lip so rude or light of tone
Can rob it of its magic thrill,
Speak but the simple words alone,
In any voice, 'tis *good night* still.

Strong are the charms that in it dwell
For all who may its accents breathe;
And conjured by its potent spell,
The mists of fancy slowly wreathe
Into the dark familiar forms
Who crowned it with a halo bright,
And lent it half the glow that warms
The heart that hears a fond *good* night.

A father's blessing on it rests;
'Tis sacred with a mother's kiss;
It cheers the path of parting guests,
And fills the heart with happiness.
Its soothing influence lingering floats
Where pillowed innocents repose,
From quivering chords, as fade the notes,
As lingers perfume near the rose.

Though parting be its constant theme,
It holds not parting's keener sting;
So short the time—'tis but a dream,
And sweet reunion dawn will bring.
It yields to Heaven's protecting care
The loved ones till the morning's light,
To him whose faith and trust they are,
Though black the gloom 'tis still good night.

A BLUE LAW IN PENNSYLVANIA.—On Saturday last, while hunting among the archives of the Senate for some ancient document wherewith to amuse ourselves during a heavy debate in that body upon the propriety of floating saw logs in some river, we accidentally stumbled upon a bound volume of the bills read to place in the House of Representatives at the session of 1812. Among the number was one for the prevention of vice and immorality, the first section of which, after a short preamble on the impropriety of the day, read as follows: "If any white female of ten years or upward shall at any time after the first day of November next, appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theater, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, or, being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall at any time between the first day of November and the first day of April, appear in any fashionable place or places clothed with less than three body garments, one thereof shall be woolen, silk or other substantial materials; every person so offending, and being legally convicted before any alderman or justice of the peace in this Commonwealth, shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars, to be recovered by action of debt, informant, or indictment, one-half thereof to the informer, and the other half to the use of the poor of the borough, township or ward wherein the offense shall have been committed, and she be compelled to enter bail for her good behavior for the space of one year. * * * Section 2d makes the parents or guardians liable for "knowingly permitting" children to disobey this law. The bill ends thus: "*Provided always*, That for the purpose of distinguishing between chaste and unchaste females who have heretofore been convicted of the crime of fornication or adultery, shall be exempt from the above mentioned regulations, and penalties therein stated for the violation of the same."

[Harrisburg Telegraph.

A WATER POPULATION.—The enormous river population of China, who live only in boats, who were born and educated, who marry, rear their families and die—who, in a word, begin and end their existence on the water, and never have or dream of any shelter other than the roof, and who seldom tread except on the deck or bards of their sampans—shows to what an extent the land is crowded, and how inadequate it is to maintain the cumberers of the soil. In the city of Canton alone it is estimated that 300,000 persons dwell upon the surface of the river. The boats, sometimes twenty or thirty feet deep, cover some miles, and have their wants supplied by ambulatory salesmen, who wend their way through every accessible passage. Of this vast population some dwell in decorated river boats, used for every purpose of license and festivity—for theaters, for concerts, for feasts, for lust, for solitary and social recreations. Some craft are employed in conveying goods and passengers, and are in a state of great activity; others are moored, and their owners engaged as servants or laborers on shore. Indeed, their pursuits are nearly as various as those of the land population. The immense variety of boats which are found in Chinese waters has never been adequately described. Some are of enormous size, and are used as magazines for salt or rice; others have all domestic accommodations, and are employed for the transfer of whole families, with all their domestic attendants and accommodations, from one place to another; some, called centipedes, from their being supposed to have one hundred rowers, convey with extraordinary rapidity the more valuable cargoes from the inner warehouses to the foreign shipping in the ports; all these, from the huge and cumbrous junks, which remind one of Noah's ark, and which represent the rude and coarse construction of the remotest ages, to the fragile planks upon which a solitary leper hangs upon the outskirts of society; boats of every form and applied to every purpose, exhibit an incalculable amount of population which may be called amphibious, if not aquatic. Not only are land and water crowded with Chinese, but many dwell on artificial islands which float upon the lakes—islands with gardens, and houses raised upon the rafters which the occupants have bound together, and on which they cultivate what is needful for the supply of life's daily wants. They have their poultry and their vegetables for use, their flowers and their scrolls for ornament, their household gods for protection and worship.

AMERICAN WATCHES.—It is generally known that watches of American manufacture are now coming into extensive use. They are characterized by several features of special peculiarity. The first of these is the absence of the fusee and chain. These parts, which were very necessary for equalizing the force in the old verge watch, are continued by the English in the modern lever watch, but in the Swiss watches, which perform so excellently, no such parts exist. The second feature is such an arrangement of the parts as to lessen the liability of the watch to stop from the pressure of foreign substances, and at the same time to facilitate the discovery of any cause of derangement, almost the entire train being fully open to view. The third and distinguishing feature is the principle of making every watch and every part the duplicate of every other. This plan has been so far adhered to that every movement will fit every case, and many parts can be transferred from watch to watch without alteration.

MULTIPLICITY OF WAR INVENTIONS.—It was sometime since stated in the English House of Commons, that within a recent period nine hundred and seventy-four inventions relating to belligerent implements and schemes had been brought before the Select Committee of the British Board of Ordnance. Some of the more important ones had been carried into effect; six hundred and ninety-six had been rejected. One of the proposed modes of making cannon is that by Capt. Blakely. He takes a tube of cast steel, and then surrounds this with external rings of wrought iron shrunk on; he also employs a buffer or spring of air at the butt of mortars to moderate their recoil; he also claims the method of strengthening old guns, by shrinking wrought iron bands on them. Disney's plan of a war projectile consists in fitting shells with a bursting charge of powder contained in a metal cylinder, and filling the rest of their space with a highly combustible fluid, which, upon exposure to the air, ignites everything with which it is brought in contact.

Alphonso—"You find your moostarchers a great comfort, do'nt you, Tom?"

Tom—Well, yes; but I'm afraid I must cut 'em, for one's obliged to dress so doosed expensive to make every thing accord!"

The Passing on of Minna.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Not many years have passed—I do not know but that months might represent the interval better—since I made the stage-coach acquaintance of a man whose silvery crown gave truthful evidence of a long and happy sojourn upon this little mound which we call earth. As stage coaches are numbered among things that are nearly if not quite obsolete, I may here remark that I had been all day subject to the monotonous rumbling of a rail-car, and now found an agreeable change in the cradle motion of a stage, which a merry-looking countryman drove twice a day from a little wooden building yclept, "a depot," to towns interior.

I had not long been seated when I was attracted to the ripe old gentleman before mentioned. This was effected by his modest yet noble bearing. There was, also, something in his soul that acted on mine as the unseen spirit of the magnet does upon the steel—and keep from a nearness to his soul I could not.

The topic of universal consultation, the weather, introduced us to each other. It was a glorious day in June, and as one by one its charming hours passed away to that storehouse of immortalities behind the vail of our material, to be ushered again into our presence in the cycle of God's eternities with added beauties, we found our subject worthy of angel thoughts, and ourselves very incompetent to the task we had undertaken.

In the dearth of words, feeling how weak spoken language is to represent the children of the soul, conversation naturally turned to a consideration of why it is so, and we discussed the question for half an hour. It was a period of real enjoyment to me.

We spoke of the misuse of words, of language misapplied, of words that should shine as stars in our orthography, and be as far from the reach of terrestrial objects as the stars, harnessed down to do the drudgery of a menial, and employed to make some worthless nostrum appear of value, or some trivial thing a gem of surpassing splendor.

I know not how it was, or exactly why it was, but, somehow or other, our illustrations were so wrought up by a sense of the ludicrous that I found myself illuminated with the sunlight of laughter half a score of times that half hour, and as many times every month of my existence since.

Well, so much for what it is worth. I, for one, do not pass it by as worthless, neither will you, perhaps, for it is the preface of what may be somewhat better.

At nightfall we halted at a little cottage nestling like a white dove, under the wing of a very motherly looking hill. This cottage had the appearance of wealth—yet not of that wealth which State street boasts, or Wall street counts a fortune. Reckoned by dollars and dimes the wealth of this cottage would appear meagre. It was built of rough logs, as far as we could see—but we could not see much, it was so shrouded in a mantle of green leaves and fragrant blossoms. Nature, by the way, had done much for this little home. She had displayed her love for it by festooning its cornice with pendant vines, and shading its door with great and generous bunches of lilac. Then she crept all around and above one window in a bright green ivy, and over another in the rambler, honey-suckle. And she kissed the little step with fairy-leaved moss; and threw her protecting arms over all in the wide-spreading branches of the great elm.

By the bye, what a kind, dear soul this Nature is. Did you ever think of her goodness? And haw'nt you shuddered many a time when the minister told you that she was depraved and we should shun her. And haw'nt you wondered and asked yourself why it was that God made her so beautiful and then commanded us to despise her? But when you grew older and your eyes opened, and you saw how false all these teachings were—how free and glad your soul felt! How you clung to good and loving nature, and cherished her presence and teachings all the more for the abuse you had heard thrown upon her.

This cottage was the old gentleman's destination. I felt somewhat sad at the thought of parting with him, and as he grasped my hand and remarked that he should be glad to have me pass a day or two with him, I involuntarily got out of the stage and acceded to his request.

A middle-aged lady came to meet us. She threw her arms around my friend's neck and said—"Dear, dear father, I am so glad to see you. Minna is nearly ready to go."

There was something that glistened in the old man's eye. Was it a tear? Why should he weep? In a moment he turned to me, begged me to excuse his inattention, and introduced the lady to me as his daughter.

She grasped my hand with that fervor of earnestness which speaks volumes for the soul. In that secluded spot I had indeed found a lady, rather, a true woman. This was evident in every look and motion. There were no jewels on her hand, but a whole heart within it. She was not adorned in silks, but love and truth robed her whole being as gold and silver can never do.

We entered the house. Everything betokened refinement, industry and taste.

I soon learned that it was the home of a widow and her only child, a daughter, who was fast approaching that change usually denominated "death." That the gentleman with whom I had newly become acquainted, was the father of the widow lady, and that he had journeyed day and night about twelve hundred miles that he might greet once again in the earth-form his beloved grandchild and comfort his daughter.

The village was an old settlement—an honest, truthful place; and if any error was held as truth either in the political or theological creed of its inhabitants, it was more from ignorance than from willfulness. There was a school-house and two churches. One of the latter was of the old puritanic stamp, and looked tired of standing there, pointing its spire to some unexplored region above.

After a bounteous repast I was led into a little room where lay Minna.

She smiled sweetly as my gaze met her own, and I as once felt myself in the presence of a purely spiritual being. And yet I experienced no restraint; for, if indeed I was a stranger, that smile, and I shall never forget it, made me perfectly at home. She could not speak much; it exhausted her, it was wearisome. But, ah! she did talk in a language not of earth. Upon a snow white, tastily fringed pillow, her pale, emaciated head lay, while her full blue eyes cast inquiring glances around upon what, by many, would be deemed vacancy, but which to her was thronged with angel forms.

I had learned her history, her life, and I was truly thankful that the dear ones who guide and guard me had led me to the place, and thus enabled me to be a witness of a scene which would be to me a baptism from on high.

She had not "professed religion," but she had practiced it, and soon she was to receive the great reward. She had beheld the door of the great spiritual temple opened, and had heard a voice from within, saying, "Come up hither."

Minna had always worshipped in the great building not made with hands—Nature's fair cathedral—and now she was to pass up to its higher courts to join the myriad congregations in its holier worship.

Did she weep? Ah, no. Why should she weep? She would rather rejoice, for she knew in whom she trusted.

Did we mourn as we stood around her, and saw the chords which held her spirit sundered one by one?

Not so. Not so.

She beheld the path before her, and it was flooded with glorious light. There was no "dark valley" for her to pass through. No cold waves for her to buffet. She had made that valley luminous with acts of goodness, and dried up all the waters with the warmth of her love.

All that night we had watched the doors open and the angels beckon. Step by step the willing spirit had receded from its earthly tenement and neared its immortal home. We heard the soft footsteps of unseen attendants, and seemed to catch an occasional glimpse of their radiant forms.

Hour after hour passed, and yet she lingered.

"I see," said she, "my spirit home—beautiful—beautiful—beautiful! There is my father, my brother; and there is he to whom my young heart was plighted, but who passed on to the better land, waiting to join his hands with mine at an angel altar. They are there, all there. Yes, I see them—they smile on me—they are *all* there."

She paused. Heavenly joys illumined her countenance. There was a bliss too great for human utterance—too etherial to find expression on lips of flesh. She whispered "yes," as if in reply to some spirit with whom she was in converse, then turned to us and said:

"Yes, send for my old pastor that I may tell him of what I see. O send for him, that he may see my joy. He has turned away often and said I was deluded; has said angels did not come and talk with me and smooth my pillow; that I should be sorry when I came to die. O send for him, send for him, that he may see how a true spiritualist can die. No! not die, but pass the second birth—be born of the spirit."

A messenger was dispatched, who soon returned, accompanied by an aged clergyman. It was by him Minna had been baptised in infancy. He had closed her father's eyes when his spirit fled, and had followed to the grave the earthly form of her brother. He had taught her the religion of the past—had taught her that God was revengeful and subject to like passions as ourselves. She had been taught by him that unless she publicly united with the church she would fall into eternal darkness and despair when what he termed "the solemn hour of death" should come. He well knew that she lived a blameless life; that she fed the hungry, clothed the naked; that she visited the distressed, and had given many a cup of water to the thirsting around her. But notwithstanding all this, he told her it would avail nothing unless she had a change of heart.

And how should she "change?" To what better condition could she transfer her heart? She knew not; and night after night, through the silent hours, she revolved the question in her mind.—"How can I change for the better? Christ went about doing good. He trusted in God. He came to set us an example, that we might walk in his ways. He told us that these were the works God would have us do to find acceptance with him. He spoke not of any mysterious change—O, what a doctrine my pastor teaches."

"But then," thought she, "whom shall I obey, Jesus Christ or my pastor? On whom can I best rely, God or man?"

The problem that filled her mind for a time with gloomy apprehensions was at length solved. She determined upon following Christ's teachings independent of man's interpretations—and this she did through good report and through evil.

Soon after this the tidings reached her that angels were holding intercourse with men, and O, how glad those tidings were to her ears! Did she strive to prove it all a delusion? Did she join the church to cry against it, and obstinately deny as impossible what her reason and her bible told her soul was God's eternal truth?

O, no, she did not; but joyfully welcomed the truth, and became, if possible, more angelic than before. Some called her foolish; others insane. Some forsook and others neglected her, but she clung with ardent hope and faith to the glorious reality. Nothing could move her, for she saw that to a world, and a church even, sunken in materialism—to souls doubting immortality, and to mourners weeping over the graves of the dead, of whose fate they knew not, a great truth was being revealed; and she knew that she heard, and that they might hear the startling words, "The dead live—they are near you; you can talk with them and they with you."

O, fathomless was the joy of her soul, and the souls of all who accepted this truth. Death was indeed robbed of its terrors. The trembling, doubting, almost hopeless one became strong and lived a new life.

A few joined Minna in her new faith, and but a few. It required almost a martyr's courage to adopt it in the midst of church anathemas and public ridicule, yes those who bore the cross externally, as surely wore a crown within.

One night—it was a calm summer night—the moon shone brightly on every hill, Minna had a dream. She beheld herself borne away by two bright beings to a glorious home, where she was welcomed by all the dear friends who had left her on earth. She met them all, and there was, indeed, a joy unutterable and full of glory. They led her up higher, and yet to more distant realms, and opened to her sight more resplendent beauties; then some one whispered in her ear—"This is your spirit home, which you shall soon inherit." She awoke, and the spirit was no more; but all night its beauty dwelt in her mind, and her little room seemed full of holy beings, and vocal with sweet voices.

She never forgot it. How could she?

* * * * * * *

The pastor took her pale, thin hand into his own, and said—"My dear child, may God bless you."

Her eye was gently raised, and she replied, with the light of a soft smile radiating her face—"He does bless me. He blesses *all* his works."

The clergyman appeared to catch a truth from the word spoken. He was silent for a moment, during which Minna's face became unusually clear and lifelike.

"Hark!" she whispered. "Hark! a choir of angels is coming. I can just hear the music. They are more than I can number. But who is this that comes to bless my pastor? She says she is his mother, and she comes to bless him. She is tall, and graceful in appearance. She has a dark and speaking eye, and black hair. A sweet smile plays upon her features as she kisses a Bible, and extends it as if to give it as a parting gift to her son——"

"*My mother!* MY MORNING!" exclaimed the pastor, as he threw himself upon his knees at the bedside, and burying his face in his hands, gave vent in tears to the deep feelings of his soul. It was indeed his mother that Minna had described; and the last earthly act of that mother had been the presentation of a Bible to him, accompanied with a kiss, more than half a century before!

"The music is louder," said Minna. "See! they approach very near now. Don't you all hear it?"

We listened and we all heard it. The very air of the room was tremulous with its vibrations.

"Let me kiss you all," said she, "for father says I must now go. He has brought a chariot, so beautiful. Do not weep for me. I shall often, O, so often, come back to see and talk with you. My dear pastor your mother wishes me to tell you, as from her, that the angel faith is true. She wishes you to have faith and believe."

"I will;" was the earnest response.

"Now good-bye all," said she. "Mother, grandfather, pastor, and you, dear friend, good-bye! Welcome angel friends! Welcome, welcome eternal life! Welcome, wel—"

Minna had entered her chariot and gone.

I remained till the last joyous rite had been performed; and the good old pastor, at the grave, while tears of joy suffused his face, spoke of her joyous passage, and avowed his fixed belief in the ministration and manifestation of spirits.

We had no sad tears for that bridal—no dark habiliments in which to clothe our bodies. We only strewed white flowers upon the grave, and bade her sleep on.

"Sleep on!" Holy benediction to a life of active goodness. It sounded like the vesper bell on the undulating waves of an Italian sunset—the spiritual breathings of a departing day.

Sleep on. Yes, sleep, child of earth, now the inherited of Heaven. Sleep on. Spring shall bud for thee in sweetest fragrance. Summer shall blossom in beauty. Autumn shall scatter tinted leaves around, and winter shall deck in robes of spotless purity the little mound beneath which thy weary limbs so quietly repose.

And yet thou dost not sleep. Ah, no! it is only the temple that has fallen, its tenant has gone to a more glorious home. We watched thy breathing—fainter and fainter were the pulsations of the earth-life. The last came. It came—it passed away. We watched its flight until we saw the golden gates of the "New Jerusalem" open to receive it.

And when it entered we felt our earth-chains upon us. We realized that thou wert free and we were not. That thy feet could enter in while ours must wait until the glorious angel, the beauteous, God-commissioned one whom we call "Death," should release us from our captivity to flesh and blood.

Rest thee, Minna. May our end be like thine.

[From the San Francisco Golden Era.]

A Day Among the Whales in the Sea of Japan.

The sun had scarcely risen from its watery bed, far away amid the blue waves of the sea of Japan, tinting the horizon and the sea with its golden beams, when a shout from the mast-head was heard, "There she blows! there she blows!"

"Where away?" cried the captain.

"Three points off the lee-bow, sir," replied the man aloft.

"What does it look like?" inquired the captain.

"Right whale, sir—fin out—lies like a log," was the reply.

Our good skipper, who was a man of about forty, with a rough and barely-looking visage, orders the man at the helm to "keep her off a point;" meanwhile he suspends the spy-glass about his neck, and ascends the rigging for the purpose of getting a better view of the prize.

Now, our ship was a snug craft, of about five hundred tons burthen, and contained a crew that were unequaled in point of intelligence, energy and good nature. Led on as they were by bold and daring officers, but few of those monsters of the deep escaped the deadly lance if they came within killing distance. While the movements of the whales were watched from aloft, all the hands were called and preparations made for the chase. The boats were swung off the cranes; the harpoons and lances, spades, hatches, knife and bucket, water-keg, thole-pins and other paraphernalia for catching and killing whales, were placed in the boats. The ship was kept off, bearing down with a gentle breeze towards an old cow-whale and her calf, which lay basking in the warm rays of the morning sun. When within a half mile of them, the order was given to haul the main yard aback and lower away. The crew step nimbly about, all busile and confusion; the ropes rattle on the deck; yards and blocks squeak as they turn on their bolts, and now the sails press back upon the mast.

"Belay all and man the boats," shouts the mate. The boat-steerers or harpooners, are all ready in their respective boats, together with their mates, and as they strike the water and the tackles are cast off, the crew of each scramble down the chains of the ship and place themselves at their regular posts, as each man has a set duty to perform; the nature of that duty is determined by the place he occupies in the boat. Six men form a boat's crew, viz: a mate, boat-steerer and four regular oarsmen; the boat-steerer usually pulls an oar until the boat approaches near the whale they wish to attack, when he "peaks" his oar, and, standing up in the bow of the boat, grasps the harpoon and makes ready to fasten to the whale whenever the order is given by the mate. The mate, during the chase, steers the boat, but after the whale is struck or harpooned, he takes the bow and the boat-steerer the steering oar.

Four of our boats were now down, skimming over the waves, and gradually diverging from each other as we left the ship. Having arrived in the vicinity of where we saw them go down last, we peaked our oars, and waited impatiently for the whales to come up. All eyes were intently watching any unusual ripple in the water, not knowing precisely where they would rise; besides, there was a great rivalry existing between the boats' crews to see which would fasten to the most whales, as each crew received credit upon the ship's books for every whale she secured, and these books were examined by the owners after the return home of the ship; hence the eagerness to be the first to discover the whale as she broke water, in order to gain the advantage. Our suspense was not long.

She broke water within fifty yards of the first mate's boat. Every man sprang to his oar, dipping lightly, and exerting every muscle; the boat shot noiselessly and swiftly forward; but before citaer could reach a fastening distance the discovered us, and with a loud spout and a vicious sweep of her flukes darted away, while the foolish calf, which was quite young, mistaking the first mate's boat for its mother, rolled itself alongside, emitting a faint little spout, as it rooted its nose against the side of the boat.

"Shall I fasten to this little fellow?" asked the boat-steerer, as he stood hesitating with harpoon raised.

"Give it to him, George; secure the calf and the cow will not leave," replied the mate.

It seemed cruel to torture this unsuspecting and unsophisticated little creature, as he writhed in anguish, with a harpoon three feet in length driven into his body. Not being able to discriminate between friends and enemies, it lay beating the water with its flukes, without offering to fight or run, after the fashion of older whales.

Knowing that the cow would return to her calf, the mate payed out line and steered off at a suitable distance, while the other boats were endeavoring to harpoon her. Lashing the water with flukes and fins, making it white with foam, and spouting furiously—loud enough to be heard several miles—she darted off on a circular course towards her progeny, alternately diving under water, and swimming on the surface, till within a few yards of it, when she went down, and immediately came up directly under the calf, landing it on her back. She now struck away from the boats with incredible speed, imagining, perhaps, that her escape with her young was certain; but she was made aware of her mistake when she had run the full length of the slack-rope that had been payed out of the mate's boat, for her precious burthen was pulled from her back.

It seemed now as if her anger knew no bounds; with the suppleness of an eel, and the rapidity of thought, she swept her fluke from eye to eye; then raising it over her back, so as to nearly touch the top of her head, threw it back upon the water with astonishing force, in the meantime spouting most furiously. It is truly frightful to witness those ferocious and threatening attitudes, which seemed to evince so much wrath, disappointment and chagrin. A mingled feeling of awe, fear and insignificance came over me, as I beheld this mighty monster make its mad gestures. How easy it would have been for her, while in her dreadful anger, to have consigned us all to a watery grave! Fortunate, indeed, for man, their mortal enemy, that they know not their power!

Again she made another circuit, and as she came alongside the calf threw her fin over it, and hugging it to her side sped away the second time to make good her escape; but the distance of a few yards straightened the rope. However, nothing daunted, she kept on, taking the boat after her, the line having been made fast to the loggerhead of the boat. Seeing at length that she gained nothing in distance from her enemy, she relinquished her hold, and, with an ominous sweep with her flukes, went down.

The boats now formed nearly a circle, and each one prepared to give her a harpoon when she came up if there was an opportunity. As we were waiting I chanced to look down into the water by the side of the boat, and could just discern some object deep down. It rapidly grew more distinct and was apparently rising to the surface, but ere the word of warning could be given she had risen under us, striking the bottom of our frail boat a little forward of midships with her head, knocking a hole through the thin bottom boards, and throwing the bow oarsman some six or seven feet into the air. Fortunately he came down into the stern sheets of the boat, where we were all most unceremoniously piled by the unusual motion of our shattered craft. The whale now settled a little and the boat rested fairly on the water, but commenced filling rapidly, and ere we could thrust a coat or some loose garment into the breach, she had shot ahead about her length and thrown a corner of her flukes up into the bow, and elevating that portion of the boat to an angle of about thirty degrees, started off with the utmost speed.

We were promiscuously thrown into the stern of the boat, and the water rushed over us through the breach, while a cloud of vapor and foaming spray covered the boat. I must confess that among us by this time there were some pale lips and livid visages, or my visual organs deceived me; although there was one among our number who, I am inclined to believe, had no kind of appreciation of danger, and that self-citude for his personal safety was something which he knew nothing of. Even now he was not lacking in point of good humor and recklessness, for as we swept by one of the boats, the crew of which were struck with fear and astonishment at our singular and dangerous situation, he swung his hat and shouted at the top of his voice, "Here we go, boys, homeward bound, free passage—jump aboard!" This seemed to have the effect of breaking the spell somewhat, although we could not bring ourselves to the belief that it was all a joke. A distance of a quarter of a mile or so and our journey was accomplished.

On letting us down, a sweep to the right and left with her flukes, gave us nothing but the fragments of a wreck to bear us from the depths of the sea. Fortunately she left us there, for had she given one more with that powerful weapon, some, if not all of us, would then and there have ended our career. She now returned to her calf, which was dying from the effects of its wounds.

One of the boats hastened to our relief, and took us aboard the ship; in the meantime the young whale died and sank, and one of the remaining boats succeeded in fastening to the old one. After a severe struggle of about three hours she was made to spout blood, which was soon followed by the death struggle, a point of no small interest in the capture of whales.

Our prize was towed alongside the ship and made fast with stout ropes, ready for dissection on the morrow. Her length was about ninety feet, and the flukes from one corner to the other about eighteen feet, with the other portions of the body as large in proportion.

As we had furled the light sails and coiled up the last rope, the sun had sunk again into the blue waves of the sea of Japan.

"In Favor of the Hog!"

In the good old county of C——, State of Alabama, there lived one John Smith, who, unlike the remainder of his small family, was peculiarly wanting in a want of discrimination between his own things and those of other persons, or who, rather, was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum.*" Now, once on a time, the said John Smith, while laboring under a severe attack of the above mentioned disease, and being further impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went under the cover of night and feloniously took and carried away, from his neighbor's pen, a shoat valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P. for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven without a shadow of a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned with a verdict of "guilty of long stealin' in fust degree."

The Judge told them that their verdict was proper, except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what be meant by "*form.*" At last, old W. Jim Turner, who had been Justice of the Peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance and a sly wink, as much as to say—"Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict and returned to the Court-House. One after another they filed in, old Jim in the lead, and took their seats. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following:

We, the jearry, pasibaninously find the defendent gilty in the sum of 1 dollar a 1-2 in favor of the hog.

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 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7.—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.

"Delay all and man the boats," shouts the mate. The boat-steerers or harpooners, are all ready in their respective boats, together with their mates, and as they strike the water and the tackles are cast off, the crew of each scramble down the chains of the ship and place themselves at their regular posts, as each man has a set duty to perform; the nature of that duty is determined by the place he occupies in the boat. Six men form a boat's crew, viz: a mate, boat-steerer and four regular oarsmen; the boat-steerer usually pulls an oar until the boat approaches near the whale they wish to attack, when he "peaks" his oar, and, standing up in the bow of the boat, grasps the harpoon and makes ready to fasten to the whale whenever the order is given by the mate. The mate, during the chase, steers the boat, but after the whale is struck or harpooned, he takes the bow and the boat-steerer the steering oar.

Four of our boats were now down, skimming over the waves, and gradually diverging from each other as we left the ship. Having arrived in the vicinity of where we saw them go down last, we peaked our oars, and waited impatiently for the whales to come up. All eyes were intently watching any unusual ripple in the water, not knowing precisely where they would rise; besides, there was a great rivalry existing between the boats' crews to see which would fasten to the most whales, as each crew received credit upon the ship's books for every whale she secured, and these books were examined by the owners after the return home of the ship; hence the eagerness to be the first to discover the whale as she broke water, in order to gain the advantage. Our suspense was not long.

She broke water within fifty yards of the first mate's boat. Every man sprang to his oar, dipping lightly, and exerting every muscle; the boat shot noiselessly and swiftly forward; but before citaer could reach a fastening distance the discovered us, and with a loud spout and a vicious sweep of her flukes darted away, while the foolish calf, which was quite young, mistaking the first mate's boat for its mother, rolled itself alongside, emitting a faint little spout, as it rooted its nose against the side of the boat.

"Shall I fasten to this little fellow?" asked the boat-steerer, as he stood hesitating with harpoon raised.

"Give it to him, George; secure the calf and the cow will not leave," replied the mate.

It seemed cruel to torture this unsuspecting and unsophisticated little creature, as he writhed in anguish, with a harpoon three feet in length driven into his body. Not being able to discriminate between friends and enemies, it lay beating the water with its flukes, without offering to fight or run, after the fashion of older whales.

Knowing that the cow would return to her calf, the mate payed out line and steered off at a suitable distance, while the other boats were endeavoring to harpoon her. Lashing the water with flukes and fins, making it white with foam, and spouting furiously—loud enough to be heard several miles—she darted off on a circular course towards her progeny, alternately diving under water, and swimming on the surface, till within a few yards of it, when she went down, and immediately came up directly under the calf, landing it on her back. She now struck away from the boats with incredible speed, imagining, perhaps, that her escape with her young was certain; but she was made aware of her mistake when she had run the full length of the slack-rope that had been payed out of the mate's boat, for her precious burthen was pulled from her back.

It seemed now as if her anger knew no bounds; with the suppleness of an eel, and the rapidity of

and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Ladt 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.	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	15	17½
Ind India	13½	15½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	11
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 40	1 45
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
Bayou—ice	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11½
Havana, (Dutch Price Government Inferior to Middling)	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
Native	—	—
No. 1	—	—
CORN, ⅌ lb—		
Bladed	28	30
Shelling	30	31
Yellow meal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	20	27½
COTTAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Mobile	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 50	3 50
COAL, ⅌ bushel—		
Cannel	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORDS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Pine	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard		
Brown Sheetings, 34 to 7-8	05	7
" Sheetings, 4 to 4-4	08	12
Bleached Sheetings 3-4 to 7-8	04½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Lowell Sheetings	10	15
Brown Virginia "	06½	10½
Tickings, 3-4 to 4-4	08	18
Stripes and Checks	08½	18
Denims	09	12
Cottonades	20	35
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	13
Jeans, Kentucky	20	35
Linseys, Kentucky	18	22
" Eastern	—	—
DUCK, ⅌ bbl—		
Russia	—	—
Raven	—	—
Boston	10 00	16 50
Ravens, Nos. 1 to 10, ⅌ yard	—	—
American, Nos. 2 to 10,