New Orleans Daily Crescent.

KANE.

DIED FEBRUARY 14TH, 1857.

Alert, upon an old bastitic crag,
Which, sculped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag flutters alone;
And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced;
Fit type of him who, furnishing and gaunt,
Not with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the north.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth,
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb,
His own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from decorous quiet as he came;
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph. Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its hearty hand. The large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome; and from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
HONOR TO KANE!

In vain, in vain, beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Beat the toast circling, till the rafters rung
With the thrice-trippled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Brighter than aurora's fires in southern skies,
Paled and faded; and the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
He won the victory; but as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done,
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late, the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered berg that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a tropic zone,
And in the burning day
Wastes peak by peak away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated in a southern sea,
And melted into heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life!
We will not weep for him who died so well;
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his strife.
Such homage suits him well.
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell!

What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Pinioned amid the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow;
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey. The insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine; the despair
Urging to labor, perversely pursued.
Pall done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks; while dolefully behind
Glimmered the faded embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew.
The whispers of rebellion, faint and few
At first, but deepening every tide! they grew
Into black thoughts of murder—much the throng
Of listeners round the hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mightly will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrade's fate;
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those polar winters, dark and desolate.
Equal to every trial, every fate,
He stands, till spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore
Bearing their dying chief!

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who woed the knightly state.
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode doth chivalry hold
In all its annals; back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian knight, ELISHA KANE!

Clippings.

Since the progress of the race appears to be the great purpose of Providence, it becomes us all to venerate the future. We must be ready to sacrifice ourselves for the coming generation, as they in their turn must live for their posterity.

"How fortunate I am in meeting a rain-beau in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise, who happened along with an umbrella. "And I," said he gallantly, "am as much so as the poor Laplander when he has caught a reindeer."

A woman is either worth a great deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a fool to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one—but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

Relations trade the greatest liberties and give the least assistance. If a stranger cannot help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, keep away from me or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

A person was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

"Don't you remember old Towser, dear Kate—old old Towser, so shaggy and kind? How he used to play day and night by the gate, and seize interlopers behind?"

A gentleman, bragging of having killed a young panther whose tail was "three feet long," Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as that *tail* was long enough "not to be continued." Brown was a sly joker.

Cheerfully acknowledge merit in others, and in return you will always receive the kind consideration you desire. When you cannot consistently praise, by all means keep silent, unless there be a manifest wrong, deserving censure.

Things are queerly connected. A late statistician says, if all our old maids should marry, the manufacturers of single bedsteads would be utterly ruined.

Brown says that though "brevity is the soul of wit," it is "no joke" to be "short" on "change. Brown knows.

Men and women consume too much food and too little pure air; they take too much medicine and too little exercise.

A virtuous man, who has weathered the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish which lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

The old fogy who poked his head from "behind the times," had it knocked soundly by a "passing event."

The latest case of absence of mind is recorded of a lady about to "whip up" some eggs for sponge cake, who whipped the baby, and sang Watts' cradle hymn to the eggs.

The horse's motto may be thus defined: Down hill, spare me; up hill, indulge me; on the level, push me; in the stable, don't forget me.

Dr. Adam says, that one reason why the world is not reformed, is, because every man is bent on reforming others, and never at all thinks of his own ways as in need of mending.

Cowley, the poet, conceived love to be both a plea sure and a pain. He says—

A mighty pain it is,
And 'tis a pain that's pain to miss,
But of all pain, the greatest pain,
It is to love, but love in vain."

Such is the power of the mind, there is scarcely a passion which has not, by excess of action, terminated existence. Love has done it; anger has done it; grief has done it, and also joy. But there is one mental emotion, which, in our experience, never struck a fatal blow—this is hope. Hope, when well grounded, never created evil; it is a true anchor. The other passions may agitate the soul, as the angel of Bethesda's waters; but hope rather resembles the healing influence that angel left behind.

Each period of life requires special gifts and graces. Therefore, independently of the progress of character, persons shine particularly in one or another period, according to their natural temperaments and endowments. Those who most charm us in youth, do not always dispense the steady fragrance of good deeds in middle life; and our ideal of old age is always best satisfied by those who have passed unnoticed through the more active periods of life.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

Do a man great service, and you may make yourself perfectly easy that he will never speak a word about it.

The united ages of several jokes that met in a recent burlesque, amounted to not less than 1673 years, giving an average of 85 years to each joke.

The Indian Chief;

OR, THE TEST OF A MOTHER'S CONFIDENCE.

One of the first settlers in Western New York was Judge W——, who established himself in Whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy about four years old. You will recollect, the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W—— saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for, as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Oneida tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of a dozen miles, had not yet been to see him, nor could he ascertain the views and feelings of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came; Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter and little boy. The interview that followed was interesting. Upon its result the judge was convinced his security might depend, and he was therefore exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed his desire to settle in the country, to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians, and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said—"Brother, you ask much, and you promise much. What pledge can you give of your faith? The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian."

"I have put my life in your hands," said the Judge; "is not that an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed."

"So much is well," replied the chief; "the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him he will trust you. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer."

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and, running to the boy, who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and, pressing him to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W——. He knew that the success of their enterprise—of the lives of his family—depended on the decision of a moment.

"Stay, stay, my daughter," he said. "Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more dear to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him. He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our own roof."

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placed the boy on the knee of the chief, and, kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

We shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of the child calling on its mother for help. But the time wore slowly away, and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away; noon arrived; yet the sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W—— paced the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest towards the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tree-tops around, the eagle feathers of the chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief, his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and a fine beaver skin was on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a very happy meeting—too happy for us to describe.

"The white man has conquered," said the sachem; "hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship."

He was as good as his word, and Judge W—— lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

The First Daughter of Eve.

The soft, warm air scarcely stirred the leaves of the vine that clustered about the bower of Eve, as she lay with pale cheek and languid limbs, her first-born daughter resting upon her breast. Adam had led his sons to the field, that their sports might not disturb the repose of our first mother, and the low murmur of the tiny cascade, the monotonous hum of insects, and happy twitter of unfledged birds, all wooed her to slumber. Yet she slept not. She looked with a mother's deep, unutterable love upon the face of her babe, yet tears were in her eyes and anxiety upon her brow. Herself lovely in the perfection of the creator's workmanship—she still marvelled at the surprising beauty of her daughter. She looked into her dark liquid eyes, and drank deep from the fountains of maternal love. She pressed its small foot and hand to her lips; hugged it to her full heart, and felt again the bitterness of transgression. She thought of Paradise, whence she had expelled her children. She thought of generations to come who might curse her for their misery. She thought of the sweet beauty of the child on whom she had entailed sorrow, suffering and temptation. She felt it murmuring at the fountain of life while it stretched its little hand to her lips. She turned aside the thick leaves of the grape vine, and looked out upon the still, blue sky, over which scarcely moved the thin, white cloud. "My daughter," she faintly articulated, "thou knowest not the evil I have done thee. Let these bitter tears attest my penitence. Let me teach thee so to live that thou mayest obtain in another world the paradise thou hast lost in this by thy mother's guilt. Oh! my daughter, would that I alone might suffer—that the whole wrath of my offended creator might fall on my head, and thou and such as thou might escape."

The tears, the patience of Eve prevailed; a heavenly messenger was dispatched to console her, to lift her thoughts to better hopes and less gloomy anticipations. Since the sin of our first parents and their banishment from Paradise, these angel visits had been "few and far between," and our first mother hailed his approach with awe and pleasure. "Eve," kindly spake the divine visitant, "thy sorrow and thy fault were great. He yet careth for thee. I am sent to comfort thee. As thou didst disobey the command of God, death has been brought indeed upon thy posterity, but thy children may not curse thee. Thy daughters shall imitate thy patience, and secure the favor of Heaven. To each one shall be given a spirit capable of resisting temptation, and assimilating to that holiness from which thou hast departed. Though sin has entered the world by thy means, thy children will still have only their own sins to answer for, and may not justly reproach thee for their errors." "True, Lord," responded Eve, "but the altered sky, the hard earth that scarcely yields its treasures to Adam, and the changed nature of the animals that once meekly and kindly sported together, all tell me of my disobedience, and my daughter will turn her eyes upon me when suffering and trial come, and that look will reproach me as the cause. I am told that our children shall equal in number the leaves of the green wood, and the earth hereafter be peopled with beings like ourselves. I shrink to think on the mass of sorrow I have brought upon my daughters." She looked fondly on her babe, and timidly raised it towards the benificent being who paused before her bower. "When men shall become numerous, and there shall be many such as this fair babe, and frail being, may not their beauty—" She paused and looked anxiously up.

"Speak, Eve," said the messenger, "thy request shall be granted. I am sent to bestow upon thee whatever thou shalt ask for this, thy first-born daughter." "I scarcely know," resumed Eve, thus encouraged, "but I would ask for this first daughter of sorrow something to warn her even of the approach of sin; something that will whisper caution and speak of innocence and purity; something, Lord, that will remind her of Paradise." "Hast thou not all that, Eve, in the voice within—the voice of conscience?" Eve dropped her head upon her bosom. "But that monitor may be disregarded. My daughters may, like their unhappy mother, stifle its voice, and heedlessly neglect its warnings. I would have something that, when flattery would mislead, beauty bewilder, or passion lead astray, would outwardly, as it were, bid them take heed, warn them to sink from the very trail of the serpent whose insidious poison may corrupt and destroy. Hast thou nothing that will be to the innocent, the virtuous, like a second conscience, to cause them to shrink even from the *appearance* of evil?" The angel smiled, and answered our mother with kindness, and a look of heavenly satisfaction. "Most wisely hast thou petitioned, O, Eve. Thou hast asked blessings for thy posterity, not for thyself. Thy daughters shall bless thee for the gift thy prayer has obtained." The spirit departed. The gift he bestowed may be seen on the face of the maiden when she shrinks from the ear to admiring gaze; when the ear is listening to the tale of love or flattery; when, in the solitude of her own thoughts, she starts at her own imaginings; when she shrinks even from her own reflections in the secrecy of home or abroad; trembles at the intrusive touch of him who *should* be her guide—her protector from evil. That gift was the *blush*.

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken, is not all the more competent to sing "pieces."

Sailors who have followed the sea for years, say that they can tell when they are in the vicinity of Long Island—by the Sound.

A chap reading that Mexican files had been received in New York city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them. He is a brother of the man who inquired for a pound of Liverpool dates, received by one of the steamships.

A Second Pocahontas.

There is probably no single incident in the whole range of American history which is so familiar to every one as the story of Capt. Smith and Pocahontas. Thoroughly imbued with the romance of which the Elizabethan period was so replete, it has furnished a subject for the easel of the artist, the pen of the poet and the page of history, until it has become almost commonplace. The life of Smith, from its opening to its close was a continuous romance, and it is probable that had Pocahontas' magnanimity been exhibited in behalf of one of Smith's men in place of himself, her name would never have filled the niche it now occupies. This deduction is drawn from the fact that a similar incident, of more recent date, in which, however, the hero was but a private soldier, had only a local reputation, and will probably be new to most of our readers. It furnishes the material for a lengthy romance, equal in point of interest to any of Cooper's or Irving's, and it is somewhat surprising that it has not been used. But to the story.

It seems that at the famous defeat and rout of St. Clair's army, there were two young men belonging to the militia regiment which sustained the first shock of battle, named Howard and Fitz Gibbon. They were both wounded on the retreat of the regiment to the main body. Howard had received a ball on the instep, which had disabled him from running, and Fitz Gibbon had been struck by a tomahawk, which, although it did not seriously injure him, yet had the effect to stun him, and when he recovered his senses, he found himself bound and a prisoner with many others, among whom was Howard. In this situation they were compelled to be eye-witnesses of the orgies of the savages on their return from the pursuit of the retreating army, and they could readily imagine the horrid fate to which they had been reserved. They had been captured by the warriors of the Missangas tribe, and when the battle was over, and the Indians returned to their homes, they were taken to their village, where they were obliged to pass the ordeal of running the gauntlet, and received the brutal treatment usual upon such occasions. They were then conducted to a cabin adjoining the council-house, where they were left to darkness and their own sad forebodings.

The Council met on the eve of their return to deliberate upon the fate of their captives, and the decision was unanimous that they must die at the stake. The tribe had lost many braves, whose spirits could not enter the happy hunting grounds unless accompanied by the ghosts of white men, slain to avenge them; and when Sish-te-yong-tah, their chief, asked—"What say the Missauga braves? shall the white men die?" there was an universal "Ugh!" and their fate was sealed.

On the following morning preparations were made to carry out the decision of the Council, and at an early hour, the entire population of the town might be seen coming from all directions, and centering about the foot of a gigantic pine-oak, which had been cleared of its lower branches, and otherwise prepared for the part it was to perform in the coming ceremony. There was old men and maidens, young men and matronly squaws, incipient warriors in their gaudy paint, and old men with whitened locks and tottering limbs, all gathering about the fatal tree to take part in the sacrifice to the manes of their friends. At length the prisoners were brought forth—two sturdy, brave and fearless youths, whose span of life had not reached twenty summers. They were prepared for death by being stripped of all their clothing except a cloth about their loins, and were conducted by two warriors, while others formed a circle about them, with arms in their hands, ready to strike them down in case of an attempt to escape.

As they entered the circle which surrounded the tree, the human wall closed in and shut off every chance and hope of flight or rescue, and the victims looked around upon that assemblage in vain to discover the least spark of feeling or sympathy for their fate. Howard was the first selected for the ordeal. Feeling that no effort of his own could save his life, and that the only way to shorten his own sufferings was to submit in silence to his fate, he allowed no sigh to escape him, no useless pleading or vain repining to add to his enemies' triumph; but with a stoicism which would have done credit to an older and more experienced warrior, he permitted the savages to bind him with his back to the fatal tree. His arms were drawn behind him, a thong passed around them at the elbow, and tied securely, while his feet were fastened in such a manner to the roots, as to prevent all power of motion except to his head; this was left free. When thus prepared, the sports commenced by the young men, who, standing at a little distance, made a mark of his head, at which they threw their tomahawks, endeavoring to see how near it they could strike without hitting it, with the object of intimidating their victim, and wringing from his tortured spirit some evidence of fear or cowardice. Not a muscle quivered, however, under this severe test of his courage; and then came the old squaws, who stuck his flesh full of splinters, gashed him with knives, and adopted every diabolical device which their ingenuity could invent to torture without killing him; and finally, to close the scene, several Indians approached with flaming brands to light the funeral pile.

Already had the greedy flames caught the dry fagots which surrounded his victim, and were curling upward in serpentine wreaths, when a light and graceful form was seen to dart from the circle of dusky figures, throw itself upon the burning heap, and encircle within its arms the neck of the young man. 'Twas Oo-na-letah, the darling sister of the chief. Struck with sympathy for the sufferings she had witnessed, and horrified by the inhumanity exhibited by those about her, she nobly determined to save the prisoners or perish herself. The chief, astonished at this unexpected interposition, and horror stricken at the dangerous situation of his sister, was for the moment powerless; the next moment he was dashing the faggots right and left, extinguishing the flames which had caught her robes in their greedy embrace, and endeavored to tear her from her hold, but in vain. In the most pathetic tone she begged the life of the pale-faced youth. She pleaded with her brother for his sympathy; she expostulated and appealed to the warriors who surrounded her to spare the victim as they would be spared. As well might she appeal to the stern rock, or the spark-giving steel; and it was not until she had offered her entire wealth of furs and a sum of money that she induced them to forego their savage purpose, and free the prisoners from their impending fate. They were not allowed their liberty even then, but were adopted into the families of those who had lost their relatives, and remained in captivity until the treaty of Greenville freed all prisoners in the hands of the Indians.

The act is not less worthy of praise, however, and her name should be ranked with the brightest on history's page, and associated with Pocahontas and others, whose deeds have proved that the finest feelings of woman's nature are sometimes found among the forests' wilds as well as in the hearts of cities.

LOVE IN CHINA.—Meadows' History of the Chinese and their Rebellions, lately published in London, is the most philosophical work which has yet appeared on the Chinese. A chapter on love contains the following story:

A Chinese, who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain-range in Kwei-chou, in a spot quite inaccessible to the little-footed Chinese women. He trained the boy to worship the gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned woman to him, and always descended the mountain alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market-town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and pointing to three approaching objects cried—"Father, what are these things?" Look! look! what are they?" The father hastily answered, with the peremptory order—"Turn away your head, they are devils!" The son in some alarm turned away, noticing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from beneath their pans. He walked to the mountain-top in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his anxious and puzzled parent could get no satisfactory answer to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain—"Oh, father, that tallest devil—that tallest devil—father!"

CORK AND ITS USES.—Many persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak which grows wild in the southern countries of Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but, before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as is the case with the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and, being soaked for a considerable time in water, is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it can be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance that no efficient substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at the present day, with the exception of stoppers. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. Even in modern times cork was not generally used for stopples till about the seventeenth century, cement being used instead.

CURE FOR A TERRIBLE DISEASE.—A correspondent sends the following as a "cure for a terrible disease of the mouth, commonly called slander," which he thinks is calculated to touch the tongues of a good many persons. Like a good many patent medicines, if it does no good it may do no harm. *Recipe*—Take of "good nature" one ounce; of an herb called by the Indians "mind your own business," one ounce; mix this with a little "charity for others," and two or three sprigs of "keep your tongue between your teeth;" simmer them together in a vessel called "circumspection," for a short time, and it will be fit for use. *Application*—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably take place when you are in company with a species of animals called Gossips. When you feel a fit of it coming on take a tea-spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut until you get home, and you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle full about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

A Model Wife.

A pleasant little Florentine story reached me the other day. One of our famous American sculptors, residing in that delightful city—whither all the genius of England and America seems to tend—was one day seated in his studio at work on an Apollo—for which, by the way, he might stand as a model himself—when his attention was attracted by a tremendous tramping of horses in his court-yard. He looked out the window and beheld a magnificent carriage, with outriders, drawn up before his door. Presently a gentleman claimed admission to his studio, and announced himself as the Prince di B——. He came to give the sculptor a large commission. His daughter, who had been struck by some statues of the American that she had seen, wished to sit to him for her bust. She was then below in the carriage. Was the sculptor at leisure? Price was no object—all that was necessary was to gratify his daughter, who was an invalid.

The sculptor expressed his willingness to commence the work instantly, and the Prince, making a sign to his lackeys from the window, they proceeded to lift a lovely girl, who seemed about eighteen, out of the carriage, and bore her in their arms carefully up the stairs to the artist's studio. The sculptor could not repress a look of surprise at this curious mode of locomotion, particularly as the lady did not bear the slightest traces of illness in her countenance. The Prince interpreted his glance and replied to it.

"My daughter has been paralyzed in all her limbs," he said, "for the last two months. It is a sad thing. She has had all the medical aid in Florence, but without avail."

The sculptor looked again at the invalid. Nothing more beautiful in face or form could have dreamed by Phidias. A face like Cenci's before it was clouded with the memory of crime, masses of rich, luxurious auburn hair, framing a clear, pale face, with deep blue eyes swimming beneath a fringe of the silkiest black lashes. Through her delicate muslin robe the contour of a divinely moulded form was indicated, and when the young Signorina cast upon the sculptor a rapid glance, soft as starlight, piercing as electric fire, he felt his heart leap with a mysterious presage of some indefinable catastrophe.

She sat. The sculptor worked at his model like one inspired, and a pang struck his heart as the hour for her retiring came. The Prince and his lackeys bore her again down stairs in their arms. The carriage door closed on her, the horses swept through the gate. The sculptor did no more work that day.

To-morrow she was to come again. He lay awake all night dreaming of her. Then he would shudder and say to himself, "It is not love, but pity that I feel. She is a paralytic!"

The next day the same scene was repeated, with this difference, that the Prince having seen his daughter posed by the artist, excused himself on the plea of a business engagement, saying that he would return in time to conduct his daughter home. Poor girl, although the sculptor was a model as manly beauty, the hopeless nature of her condition was, in her father's opinion, a safeguard against any of the dangers which he might otherwise have anticipated. He left the room and drove away in his carriage.

A silence ensued. The sculptor dared not look at his model, but worked away on his clay image without raising his eyes. Still a silence. Then it seemed as if a slight rustle had filled the room. A small white hand stole across his mouth, and a burning kiss was printed on his forehead. With almost a shriek he leaped to his feet, and there, with blushes crimsoning her pale cheeks and alabaster neck, knelt the paralytic girl, with her beautiful eyes imploring pardon.

"I saw you a long time ago," she said, (an Italian woman, when she loves, knows no half measure,) "and I loved you. My father was very strict with me, I could not move without being watched. It was impossible for me to meet you or see you. I feigned paralysis. For two months I have scarcely moved. In his pity for my condition my father relaxed his surveillance of motions. He gratified every wish, and, as an invalid, I excited no suspicion by desiring to become your sister. I have said that I love you. If you do not return my love, I can only die."

What answer made the American? We need not inquire; only, when the Prince di B—— returned, he found nothing in the studio but a clay model of his paralytic daughter. The original was nowhere to be found.

A few days afterwards, in a small town of France, the Florentine princess sunk her nobility in the name of an American sculptor.

THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY.—A novel thus entitled has been written by a clever authoress. Might we opine what are the particular sorrows over which gentility uses its cambric handkerchief, we should enumerate the following:

A rich relation or showy neighbor dropping in to dinner when there is nothing in the house but putting on the table.

A stupid servant showing a visitor into the room where the family linen is basking before the fire for an airing.

Being caught at any needlework except embroidery.

Having plainly dressed people, with cottage bonnets and big umbrellas, shown into one's pew on Sunday.

Being seen in town when "all the world" is in the country.

Having it rumored that your jellies and creams, at a party, have been made at home.

Being caught by fashionable visitors at an early dinner.

If my pun-ish head was pun-ish-ed for every pun-ished, I should not have a puny-shed to hide my pun-ish'd head. Pin-is-hed.

Lying is the most consummate form of cowardice. He who uses a lie for refuge, betrays a woeful lack of faith in all things substantial, and places a miserable confidence in a shadow of what is not.

Time is the most precious, and yet the most brittle jewel we have. It is what every man bids largely for, when he wants it, but squanders it away when he gets it.

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 7,809—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Western 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, Truxillo's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Braly's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 5 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 7 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipahoa, Tonchalahi, 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, Ronquilo to Settlement and Burns Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

GALVESTON, SALCRIA, 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 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.
NOW BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	34c.	8c.
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
East India	13½	13½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	11
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 40	1 50
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	25 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. 11	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Braziers'	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	26	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
COAL, ⅌ bushel—		
Anthracite, Nos. 2 to 10, ⅌ yard	—	27
DYES, ⅌ lb—		
Logwood, Campeachy	18 00	20 00
" Honduras	18 00	18 00
Fustic, Tampico	10 00	15 00
Indigo, Guatemala	60	1 15
" Manilla	12	18
EGGS, ⅌ bbl	25 00	29 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		
Ohio, Cincinnati, superfine	—	5 25
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	—	—
St. Louis City	7 25	7 50
Extra	8 00	8