New Orleans Daily Crescent.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

The Northern Lady to her Southern Lover

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A voice came out of the South
Like a bird in the heart of June,
Breaking on diamond ledges of song
The golden billows of noon.

"I have drained from brim to lees
These sectored songs of thine,
Till I am flushed with the wine of love,
The blood of a life divine.

My heart is a rosy flame,
A glory within me lies,
Like the smile of the sun in a sea of fire,
In the valleys of Paradise!

Like the spicy winds that blow
From the islands of the blest,
Like the stars that climb the golden glow,
Of the royal-fronted West.

Her voice and her eyes to me,
And her whispered soul-delight,
Like the musical break of a summer sea,
Away in the solemn night."

I sat in my latticed house,
In the kingdom of snow and rime,
And heard the clang of the icy mail
In the battle of wine sublime.

And under them, mellow and low,
And over them, wild and sweet,
The voice came out of the rosy South,
And fell like a bird at my feet.

"Lo, my Beauty, I come,
Athirst for thy sweet embrace;
I pine for the light of unquenchable love
That shines in thine innocent face!"

I said: "Oh, wondrous voice!
Oh, soul of ethereal flame!
Beauty dwells in a house of state,
And love in a starry name.

And mine is a pallid face,
My heart is a broken lyre;
Go forth at the throne of a grander fame,
And worship, oh, soul of fire!"

Then over the rolling winds,
In the kingdom of snow and rime,
The voice came up with a grander swell,
And a rhythm of thought sublime:

"My love is no branded slave,
Bound down to a type of clay,
But the terrible strength of the victor's arm
That keepeth the world at bay!"

I passed through my latticed house
With a sorrowful voice of moan—
"Oh, he is too noble and good for me,
I must stay in the shadow alone!"

I turned and grappled my fate—
Oh, desolate fate of mine!
I dare not tread on the fatherless love,
That maketh my life divine!

Then over the hills of faith,
And under their arches old,
Sweet Hope flowed in and rose and throbbed
Like a billowy sea of gold!

And I sang, like the morning star,
To the spirit, who sang again,
Meshing the wings of the crystaline air
In the web of a sweet refrain.

The valleys are sad with cold,
The meadows are white with frost,
The Norland woods are silence-crowned,
For the beauty of summer's lost.

Come! come! come!
Though the seasons are wrapped in snows,
The meadows shall wave with the lillies of life,
And the desert shall blush like the rose.

Were I queen in a palace of ice
And a frozen heart were mine,
The odorous balm of thy bridal-kiss
Would mellow my blood like wine!

Come! come! come!
From the beautiful isles of the South
And crown the snow of a northern brow
With the kiss of a ripe red mouth!

As angel said in my sleep,
Unbarring the door of dreams—
Come up to the valleys of Paradise,
And drink of immortal streams!

But I turned from his clasping hand
And the flash of his starry crown;
I said—my love is a human love,
With the beauty of God o'er-blown!

The winds blow out of the pines
Like a river solemn and strong
Going down to a sorrowful sea;
With a musical sob and song.

Come! come! come!
These scintillant skies of ours
Shall blush with the blossom of perfect dawns,
Like an Eden of summer-flowers!"

And the sweet voice sang—"I come
From the purest climes afar,
Where the twilight beauty is paled away
By the wings of the evening star!"

The breath of heaven went by;
I felt his coming nigher!
And the awful veil in the heart of night
Burst into a bloom of fire!

I leaned from my palace-snows—
"By the kiss of thy ripe young mouth
I have broken into the crimson core
Of the gorgeous-fronted south!"

My palace shook and jarred
With the morning melodies,
The light swam in and drank the dark
In a flash of the dawning skies!

[From Nosh's Times and Messenger.]

SOMETHING RICH ABOUT THE MORMONS.—The veteran letter-writer of the above journal opens up a peculiar vein of sarcastic commentary on the Mormons. His letter is a running verbatim commentary upon an official statement, which was some weeks ago published, of the views and the miserable delusions which Brigham Young retails out to his deluded followers:

SAINT NICKALAS HOTEL, Jan. 7, '57.

Eddyters of the Sunday Times.—Doorin the last few days I hev had considabul conversation with a remarkabul smart old lady, who lately past sevin months near Salt Lake Sitty and understands to a dot the habits and customs of the poppylashun of that polygammous settlement, hevin carefully studied their sayins and dooins, and incummings and outgoings, all the time she squotted in that vicinity. I had heerd and red a power of stuff about the mormen and mormimmen and there consarns, before, but this venerable person has given me some new rinkles. The way Brigham Yung distributs his favers amungst his sixty-eight ribs is interestin and cridghul. All his better halves has separit kwarters, and every day he takes wun of em out from her own door in his carridge, and on thare return she washes herself in a bath flavored with aromatic cents, cums out as bloomin as a Batisheby, dresses herself to kill, and sets down with the mormen Solomon to an egsquisit banquet. In this way he runs thro the hul sixty-eight, takin each in her regular turn, and then begins agen at the opposite end to grab he left off. Brother Young has pursued the same rooteen for years, which proves there must be a plenty of pith in that wunderful elder. I think his plan is a trifel pleasenter and fairer than the insultin mode adopted in the harem of the grand seinor, whar his imperial hyness merely pitches his pocket hankecher at the feet of the lady he rekwires, as of yore was a washerwoman cum for dirty linning.

Yours allus, A DISGUSTED VOLUNTEER.

A STUBBORN STRIPLIN.—"Once upon a time" a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition which is doled out at this temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was "cute" on cyphering—thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services—accordingly, he threw his stalwart arms around the rosy damsel and gave her a sly but rousing smack which started the whole school. "Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red-hot warming pan, and looking as silly as a ninny. "Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line towards the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye, calculating how many strokes of his small ruler it would take to cover the large number of square inches it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now sir, if you say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of indignation. "Sorry! *No sir!* I am not. And I will do so again if I hev a chance. So put on old feller, just as hard as you like. By the jumpin Je-hosephat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry *at that*—by thunder I would!" [Boston Post.

Lossing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant girl, looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said, "The Professor is not at home." "O, very well," said Lossing, composedly, walking away, "I shall call again another time."

Neither men nor women become what they are intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

The Avalanche at Bareges.

HOW IT COMES DOWN.

In a long, narrow, bleak Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, an *etablissement des bains*, and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long irregular street, which is called Bareges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very center of Bareges. Of course the inhabitants of Bareges know this, expect it and are prepared for it. In the winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush, being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or baraques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares. There is something to a foreigner almost incredible and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down the valley in safety? the walk or ride in summer, to the *etablissement*, being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not, in fact, fifty other things? But nobody—the Bearnias of the mountains is familiar with the danger; he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and at all times the possible termination of it. Even in Bareges, where, as Pierre Palasson, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; and the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village, or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May of last year, the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the merchants began to erect their baraques. Thirteen were completed and others begun, when the weather changed and a snow storm came on. All that day it snowed, and in the evening the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to bury the whole village!" said the old men, who were standing in groups, consulting what was to be done.

"Well, well, the baraques must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it, this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated—each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen baraques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger. One consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions—and on the night in question there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind which precedes the avalanche. The snow is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself much about.

The evening wore into night, and nothing came of any one's expectations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat listening intently for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I feel quite certain they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and, as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of wind and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father, who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Bareges was at work; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow: among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun the work, as none as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. As midday they had reached the roof; and, hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe—Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house. I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house-door and groped about in the snow. There, lying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall, which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberge, at which some few had already been occupied since daybreak. The snow beneath which it was buried lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course, through the roof. The house was unharmed and all within it were safe. Jean Cahasse the auberguiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up!" So, he carries his watch to the window, intending to open the shutters, but he could not move them. He went down to the house-door; fast again, in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof, and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife, and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen, so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skeins of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat round the fire telling tales of past danger till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said—"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but doubless the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course, with much affection—tears and kisses and loud cries, and altogether, in the manner of men who suddenly became aware that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules, no lives were lost, and no further damage was done than some four or five stone houses leveled and all the wooden baraques swept away.

"It is nothing," said Pierre Palasson, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! to hear it come roaring down in summer, when the snows have melted in the mountains—rocks and stones, and trees and rivers of mud—one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately, the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before reaching Bareges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, however, we may fairly say the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come down at Bareges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, and with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those who are most affected by it (the inhabitants) think nothing of it.

"The neighbors are so near," they say, "and we all help one another. What would you have more!"

What, indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.

The lady who sends us this little incident has the best means of knowing it to be true. She says:

A certain mother, who shall be nameless, told her little girls they most not be hanging around and kissing the young gentlemen who visited the house; it was not becoming in them, and they might be troublesome. A few days afterward an old gentleman, a friend of the family, called, and while noticing the children, drew one of them to him, and offered to kiss the little thing. But no, she would have nothing of the sort, and when the gentleman was gone, the mother said:

"My dear, when a nice old gentleman like that offers to kiss a little girl like you, you should'nt put on such airs and refuse him. I was quite ashamed of your conduct."

"But, mother, you told us we mus'nt kiss the gentlemen," said Maggie.

"Maggie, there is a great difference between letting young men kiss you, and such old people as Mr. Vanable who just was out. When such persons offer to kiss you, it is to show their kind feelings, and you should take it as as a compliment and not act foolishly."

Maggie put on a very serious face, and after thinking on it awhile, replied, "Well, mother, if I have to kiss the gentlemen, I would a great deal rather kiss the young ones."

Children and fools speak the truth.

When Lieut. O'Brien, of the British navy, was blown up in the Edgar, he was put on the flag ship black and wet, and apologised to the Admiral thus: "I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, but I left the ship in such haste that I did'nt have time to change my dress."

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to a drowsy audience, "whilst that poor idiot," pointing to an idiot who stood staring at him, "is awake and attentive." "Perhaps," said the fool, "I would have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

NOT IN PRAYING COSTUME.—The Richmond Whig is responsible for the following profane story:

A few Sundays ago, a modest young gentleman of our acquaintance attended the morning service in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxuriously cushioned pew, and had hardly seated himself and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising to give her place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skillfully found the page, and with a sweet smile that set his heart a thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and in this posture perplexed her friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devoutness. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she looked up she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a furtive glance at her chesnuts, and was astonished to see her still on her knees. He looked closely, and saw that she was much affected, trembling in violent agitation, no doubt from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely. Her emotion became more violent; reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced with wonder and astonishment. After a minute the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and with her hand made an unmistakable beckon to our friend. He quickly moved along the pew towards her, and inclined his ear as she evidently wished to say something.

"Please help me, sir," she whispered, "my dress has caught, and I can't get up." A brief examination revealed the cause of the difficulty; the fair girl wore fashionable high heeled shoes; kneeling upon both knees these heels of course stuck out at right angles; and in this position the highest hoop of her new tangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled, the tighter was she bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically rendered, and when the next prayer was made she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew, thinking, no doubt, that she was not in *praying costume*.

CHINESE BRUTALITY.—The following are stated by an English paper to be the modes of execution and punishment in China. What can be more ferocious and inhuman? In the first place, there is the wooden cage, which consists of two large pieces of wood fitting into one another, and having three openings, into which the head, or the head and a hand, or the head and both hands, according to the severity of the sentence, are put. This punishment is so severe—for the wretch condemned to it has to sustain on his shoulders a weight of 200 lbs., without any possibility of relief—that it is certain death if inflicted for more than a very few days. Next comes beating with bamboo canes—a process which sometimes kills after fifteen blows. Then flaying, crushing limbs, and tearing out the tendons of the feet. Strangling and beheading are the capital punishment, to which may be added—though it is said, not often practiced—the penalty by which a criminal is placed between two boards, and sawed in two from head to foot. Starving to death is sometimes practiced, the culprit being buried in the earth up to the neck and there left to die; or he is fixed in the wooden cage, and fed with daily diminishing rations of rice till he dies on the last grain, as the horse on his last straw. In 1840, 4000 persons were beheaded in the province of Canton, out of a population of 900,000.

Mr. Meadows, the interpreter of the English Embassy in China in 1852, saw at Canton an execution which he afterwards described. The criminals were insurgents who had fallen into the hands of the Tartar officials. The place of execution was a low room, from which the heads of persons previously executed had not been removed. A fire of sandal-wood burnt before the shed where sat the mandarins who were to superintend the execution, and interposed its fragrancy between their nobility and the stench of the decomposing heads. The criminals were brought in, some borne in baskets and tumbled out on the ground, where they lay paralyzed with fear, or from the effects of torture inflicted during their trial and imprisonment. They were then placed in order in a kneeling position, with their faces towards the ground, a man standing behind each and grasping him tightly by his bound hands. Another, in case of resistance, seized the queue and pulled in the opposite direction, to keep the neck extended. All being thus prepared, the executioner came forward, a sabre his weapon, which he held with two hands, standing with his legs somewhat apart, ready for the work. In three minutes, thirty-three bodies were headless, all but the first completely severed with one blow. From one to another the executioner leaped, body and sword acting with the precision of a machine, and dealing a death-blow at every jump. One criminal remained, and for him a more awful death was appointed. He was a man of powerful frame, in the prime of life, and had surrendered himself to the officials to save his wife and family, who were in their hands, from the torture. They took and bound him to a wooden cross, fixed against the wall. The flesh was then cut from his forehead, breast and extremities—a horrible process, which occupied five minutes, and was yet rapidly performed. The unhappy man was then taken from the cross and beheaded.

HOW MICHIGAN CAME TO BE CALLED THE "WOLVERINE" STATE.—Job Calvera, a correspondent of the New York Sunday Courier, tells the following story of the manner in which the State of Michigan became nicknamed. We give it for what it is worth. Job says that Conrad Ten Eyck kept a tavern about ten miles from Detroit, in 1823, and many years after. But at the period we speak of a gay party, in the winter, resolved to have a sleigh-ride out to "*Coon's*," as he was called. Arrived out, they called for supper.

"Coon" being one of the early pioneers to the interior of the Territory, then inhabited by Indians, had bought of the natives, that very day, the carcass of a wolf for the sake of the skin, (no premiums were then offered for scalps.) Coon, who was given to his "trumps" in order to get up a supper, having nothing *fresh* on hand, bethought himself of the wolf in the barn. In due time the supper was ready, and the gentlemen were invited to "sit down and eat, and welcome to our table."—There was

"Venison" steak and "venison" fry,
"Venison" stew and "venison" pie.

After supper, the merits of the dishes were discussed, and many were the praises bestowed upon the catering of "mine host." Apple jack and smuggled brandy were likewise discussed until midnight, when the party ordered up their sleigh to depart. Just as they were about leaving, Coon asked the party to take a parting drink at the expense of the house.

"Gentlemen," said Coon, "you say you like the supper I have furnished you. Now allow me to say that you are henceforth to be known as the "Wolverine Party," the savory dishes you have partaken of are from the hams of a fine, fat young *wolf*, that I bought to-day of the Indians."

This announcement was received by the party as a good joke, and "glasses went round to keep it down."

HOW TO JUMP OFF THE CARS.—Unless you intend suicide, don't jump from the cars when in motion; but if you think you must, and won't be persuaded to behave like a sensible man, this is probably the way to do it: jump sidewise, as high as you can, and when in the air screw your legs up and send the head forward. You will strike the ground with that part of the body that is or should be cushioned by nature for the purpose, and you will roll away from the train in the manner of a wheel. Hands, to avoid the scratches, had better be in the trousers pocket. If you survive the operation, you will feel better, it is quite likely, than if you had blundered off without regard to the rules of science, and broken your neck or cracked the dome of thought. One experiment will probably satisfy you as to the convenience and comfort of this method of getting off the cars.

[Springfield Republican.

PLUCKY MRS. KEMBLE.—The Boston Traveler relates the following anecdote of the eccentric actress:

Judge Henry W. Bishop, of Lenox, had a very vicious horse, which, among other bad habits, had that of lying down with its rider, kicking and biting in a most violent way. So the Judge sold his horse, but not many days afterwards he was surprised to see him standing at the hotel door in Lenox, with a side-saddle upon his back. Having learned that Mrs. Kemble was proposing to ride him, the Judge felt it his duty to remonstrate with her. So he waited until she came down, and then informed her plainly as to the characteristics of the animal, and hoped she would not think of mounting him. "There's a great deal of difference between you and me, Mr. Bishop," said the lady. "When you are on the horse's back, he knows you are afraid of him; when I am on his back, he knows he is afraid of me."

A Raleigh correspondent tells a good joke that occurred in the House of Commons of the North Carolina Legislature. Some women (to be strictly Benfonian) of rather Cyprian habits, were mixed too freely, socially, with others of unblemished reputation in the gallery. The strange admixture of pitch and purity soon caught the practiced eye of the Speaker, who instantly ordered the Irish door keeper to separate the goats from the sheep. The Irishman started immediately on his mission, but the house was convulsed with laughter by the troubled phiz of Pat at the door, and the following announcement in round, rich brogue: "Mr. Speaker, I have informed the best of my ability to execute your order, but the divil tear my jacket, if I can tell the ladies from the decent women." Pat was excused from reporting further progress in the premises.

A SMALL DIFFERENCE.—A tri-weekly German paper, says a western exchange, published in this city called the Grad Aus, (straight out) announced a few days since that Dr. Kane had recently returned from the Artic region in search of the lost stermship Franklin. To this the Atlas (German Republican) replied that it never before heard that Sir John Franklin was a steamship! Shortly after, the Grad Aus had a long article, endeavoring to prove how mean the Atlas was in taking cognizance of such small mistakes, and wound up by saying that, as a matter of course, Franklin was not a steamship, but *merely a sailing vessel!*

There is a genius in Schenectady who, with skates, writes a four months' note on the ice with such perfection that in less than an hour the sun liquidates it.

Clippings.

There are two diseases that have never been known to prove fatal, viz: *Enlargement* of the heart and *Information* on the brain.

Why is a hungry boy, looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window, like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

"Matrimony," said a modern Benedict the other day, "produces remarkable revolutions. Here am I, for instance, in ten short months changed from a sighing lover to a loving sire."

An old lady desired her worse half to look into a barrel that stood in the corner, and tell her what he saw. The old gentleman looked and thus answered: O. I. C. U. R. M. T.

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack upon his "victualing department," by stabbing himself with a point of honor.

The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again.

When you "strike a balance," has balance a right to strike you?

Is the "three days' grace on business paper" in any way connected with the Three Graces?

FUTURE STATE.—An Irishman, who had been reduced to a mere shadow by a severe illness, was asked by his physician what he thought of a future state. "Ah! dochter," was the answer, "it makes no difference; yez ain't left enough of me for the devil to naturalize, no how."

Figures are the ornaments of speech, and ornaments lose effect by being set too thick.

Society, like silk, must be viewed in all situations, or its colors will deceive us.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, and no pleasure is so lasting.

Nothing great can be effected without trouble and labor.

The most sublime virtue is negative—it teaches us to do evil to no one.

A man without desire and without want is without invention and without reason.

Some people love to nurse a pet sorrow; it is so interesting to mope about the house and imagine yourself a victim. A touch of real calamity is the only cure for that whimsical complaint.

The attacks of the slanderer are like the bits of mud dashed on you by a passing cart. If you attempt to rub them off, you leave a stain; let them dry, and they are easily effaced.

They have a pig in Ohio so thoroughly educated that he has taken to music. They regulate his time by twisting his tail—the greater the twist the higher the notes.

The funny man of the Thibodaux Minerva pokes fun at Mr. Britsch, editor of the Lafourche Union, in the following style:

Why are the French editorials of the Tin Trumpet like a gentleman's unmentionables? Do you give it up? Because they are *Britsch's!*

Book vender to a young gent—"Buy a book, sir? Here's Eugene Aram, by Bulwer; only four shillings."

Humorous young gent—"What do I want that book for I am Mr. Bulwer himself."

Book vender (sarcastically)—"Well, here's the 'Women of Europe,' by Mrs. Ellis. You ain't Mrs. Ellis, are you?"

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "O," said he, "it's the most convenient thing in the world; for I have nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself!"

B., a medical man, says that those ladies who make it a business to trouble dry-goods clerks and never buy anything, ought to be called *counter irritants*.

Think before you speak, think before whom you speak, think what you speak.

The best time for a man to speak is when he has something to say; and silence often passes for sense.

Ideas differ in various parts of the world. *Par exemple*: In the rude districts of California, a "nice warm meal" is said to consist of two biscuits baked in pepper sauce! Simple—but not calculated to become popular, especially in this part of the world.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS OF STARS.—The New York Puritan says, "A little child of an acquaintance, who had just begun to talk, the other day said he thought, 'Heaven must be a very pretty place.' When asked why, he replied—alluding to the stars—'They have such pretty *nails* in the floor.'"

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—*First Boy*: "Say, Bill, then you're getting a dollar a week now?"

Second Boy: "Well, you might a knew that, by seein' all the fellers come soupin' around me, that wouldn't a noticed me when I was poor."

A little boy, upon whom his mother was inflicting personal chastisement, said: "Give two or three licks more, mother—I don't think I can behave well yet."

Many women are beloved without knowing it, but more women think they are beloved when they are not. They generally discover their mistake after marriage.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is with the heart. As falls the dew,
On every plant beneath the freshening sky,
So wisdom may be found on every page
That bears the impress of an earnest spirit,
Seeking the good, and true, and beautiful.

[*Anon.*

Not wholly can the heart unlearn
The lesson of its better hours,
Nor yet has Time's dull footsteps worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

[*J. C. Whittier.*

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 7,802—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 3 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, 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 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 Attala, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

OPELOUSAS MAIL—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

KEY WEST MAIL—Closes on the 12th and 26th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 6th and 22d of each month.

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

GALVESTON, SAGUIRIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Tuesday and Saturday at 4 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE.—Closes every other Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every other Monday at 2 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, pre-paid.

HAVANA MAIL—Closes, direct, on the 5th, 12th, 20th and 27th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on or about the 5th, 12th, 20th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c.; on Newspapers 2c.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Half Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance from the U. S. mailing office is—		
2500 miles or under	34c.	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
East India	18½	19½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	11
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 70	—
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
Rockhaven	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11
Havana, (fixed Prime Government Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	19½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	—
No. 2	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Bright	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
" yellow metal	26	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	26	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 50	3 00
COAL, ⅌ ton—		
Cannel	—	—
Western	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Velvet	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard		
Brown Sheetings, 3-4 to 7-8	06	7
" Sheetings, 4-4 to 6-4	08	12
Bleached Sheetings 3-4 to 7-8	08½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Lowell Osnaburgs	11	12
Brown Virginia	08½	10½
Tickings, 3-4 to 4-4	09	18
Stripes and Checks	08½	16
Denims	09	12
Yeomans	12½	25
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	15
Jeans, Kentucky	40	45
" Linseys, Kentucky	30	35
" " Western	18	22
DUCK, ⅌ bolt—		
Russia	—	—
Dublin	10 00	16 50
Ravens	—	—
American, Nos. 2 to 10, ⅌ yard	19	27
DYES, ⅌ pound—		
Logwood, Campeachy	18 00	30 00
" St. Domingo	18 00	14 00
Fustic, Tampico	15 00	15 00
Indigo, ⅌ lb	50	1 15
Madder	12	15
EGGS, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 50
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		