New Orleans Daily Crescent.

PRESS WHOR.

BY

OFFICE

The Castle of Sleep.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

I.

There is a sleep for all things:
On cell nights,
here is a folding of a million wings!
The purple honey-bees in gloomy woods,
The speckled butterflies and tiny broods
In dizzy poplar heights,
The wild wood roses in dressing, when a blush
Steals over them, and they, in pleasant hush,
Blow on some sealed darkness with the breath,
Blushing the crimson to deeper hue!
Its parted lips would seem as if could speak,
And tell what dreams of fadeale and love
Beaded its eyelids with a silver dew!
Would not those red-mouthed Peries tell a tale,
Could they but break, some mild mid-summer night,
Their cloyed silence, and delicious trap
Into melodious utterance? Who knows
What sombre ghosts, what visions of delight
Fill through their brains in the dim world of sleep?

II.

The world of sleep!
The beautiful old world,
Fringed up with rainbows, out of space and time,
The El Dorado! Fancy's fairy clime!
The dreamy Palestine of Pilgrim Thought!
The Lotus Garden, where the soul may lie
Lost in Elysium, while the music-moon
Of some unearthly river faintly caught,
Seems like the whisperings of angels blown
Upon Æolian harp-strings! And we change
Into a seeming something that is not!

III.

Princess of dreams and olden memories,
Queen of the Castle Sleep!
One who is weary with his tiresome days
Brings thee a soul that he would have thee keep
A captive in thy mystical domain,
Along with Puckfaedes and the grotesque train
That do inhabit slumber. Give his sight
Immortal shapes, and bring to him again
His People that went out into the night!
Throw him leaves and poppies in my breast!
The sleepy nade from misty Goodlands brought!
The flowers of Lethe! Then with viewless hand
Lead me into thy castle, in the land
Touched with all colors, like a burning West—
The Castle of Vision, where the feet of Thought,
Obliterating their own shadows, fall
Like muffled leaves, and yet not make a sound
In all the corridors! [illegible]
The hall sleeps in the belfry—from its tongue
A drowsy murmur dozes into the air
Like bees down I. Slumber in everywhere.
The rock's asleep, and in its dreaming, caves
And Silence mopes where nightingales have sung;
The Sirens lie in grotto cool and deep;
The fully-mouthed Naiads, lie asleep;
But I, in chilling twilight, stand and wait
On the portcullis, at thy castle gate,
Yearning to see the golden door of dreams
Turn on the noiseless hinges of a sleep!

[From the Young People's Illustrated Magazine.]

Three Times a Day.

"Adela, my darling! Adela!"

"She has gone out, grandpa."

"Gone out? with whom? Has she left me here alone with you, Julietta?"

"Little Mary is here, grandpa, playing with the dog; and Marianne is in the kitchen, getting dinner all ready."

This conversation was held between a little girl, about nine years old, and the Baron St. Andres, an old man of eighty. He was a knight of the order of St. Louis, and had received his knighthood and insignia from the hands of Louis the XVI, king of France. He was now, however, quite blind, and consequently almost helpless. Little Mary, a child of six years of age, made the third one of the party.

"Julietta," resumed the old man, after a short silence, "did your sister say anything to you when she went out?"

"Yes, grandpa," replied Julietta, "she said to me—take care that little Mary doesn't trouble grandpa, and if he wishes to go into the garden, give him your hand, and take care not to let him stumble over anything, because he can't see, poor grandpa! and God has given him to us, his children, to take care of him, and to obey him, and to make him as happy as we can. Oh, I know it all by heart, grandpa, because Adela tells it me three times a day; every time before she goes out."

"How! every time before she goes out? Does she often go out?" asked the old man, whose venerable brow seemed ruffled by some painful thought.

"Three times every day!" answered Julietta, in some surprise—"three times every day; once in the morning, before you come down, from 7 to 9 o'clock; another, from 11 till 1; and the third from 3 to 5, when you come asleep. You see, three times a day. Did you think I could do it oftener? Adela is so busy!"

"What o'clock is it now?" asked the Baron, rather sharply, doubtless with the hope of finding some discrepancy in Julietta's reckoning.

"It struck 1 just now," Julietta answered. "And here comes Adela; I hear the garden gate opening; and she is speaking to Mary and the dog. There! they come in now!"

Two few moments Adela entered. She was a young and lovely girl—so young, she seemed as if she had scarcely emerged from childhood, and yet so serious and so thoughtful was the expression of her countenance that the premature care of life had, as it were, blighted the flower of youth.

Adela!" said the old man, in a tone so sad and solemn that it brought the quick color to the young girl's face, "whence comes you? and what dreadfully fore-ment seized the child of Adela's, which she had avoided towards him, took it between both his own, gently stroked it, and at last said, in a mournful manner, "You are agitated, my child! you are troubled! you tremble! Whence comes you?"

The young girl did not reply.

Obtaining no answer, the Baron St. Andres continued, and the solemn accent with which he uttered each word, showed the sad feelings of his heart.

"In 1814 I was a widower, Adela, and of all my numerous family only one was left me, my sainted daughter, your mother. * * * * * Your father fell at Waterloo; you were then only twelve. Adela! Adela! what can I say? By all my past calamities—by my unceasing grief, by my gray hairs I entreat you tell me whence come you? Whither go you? Who thus secretly visits you?"

"My father," said Adela, "I am only 17 years old, it is true, and yet, young as I am, sorrow and care have already left their impress on my brow. Three years ago my mother died, yet that sad scene is still ever present to my mind, as vividly as if it had been but yesterday. I still hear the weak voice, regaining momentary strength, address me—'Adela,' she said, 'I leave you two daughters; be a mother to them. And my poor father, I entrust him to you. Guide the two first in their course through life, show them its thorns and its dangers—hide from the second everything that would pain him.' Such were her words, and I have tried to obey them. I go out three times a day, and that troubles you; but you do not consider that I am the mistress of a family—the housekeeper—and yet more, I have to take care of you all. Are not these duties enough to call me out three times a day? Have confidence in your Adela, my dear grandfather—trust in her!"

"That is all I desire; it is all my heart wishes, my daughter! Well, well, you have been out to-day—you will not go out again! Am I right? You do not answer, Adela."

Adela, as if she had not heard his last words, turned to Julietta and questioned her concerning the studies which she had to recite to her in the evening, and thus adroitly changed the conversation. She then remained for some time with the little party on the piazza, until Marianne summoned them to the dinner table. Notwithstanding her exertions to please and entertain her grandfather, she observed with pain that his mind was still troubled, and fearing that he would resume his attempts to dissuade her from again venturing out, she controlled her own feelings and chatted incessantly with the little ones—all the time, however, carefully administering to the old man's wants. As soon as the meal was finished she directed Julietta to lead her grandfather back to his seat on the piazza, while she herself remained, as if to attend to her household duties. At the end of half an hour Julietta saw her with her bonnet on her head and her gloves on her hands, walk quickly through the garden and pass out of the gate, which she closed behind her with the least possible noise. The old man's fine sense of hearing, however, had instantly detected, and, if we may so speak, had followed all the movements of his grand-daughter, and when the gate closed behind her he said, with a deep sigh, and as if speaking to himself:

"She has gone out again!"

Then probably to divert the solicitude which was tormenting him, he directed Julietta to go and tell the servant girl to take little Mary out for a walk, and added, "Bring with you when you come back, the newspaper that you will find on the table in the saloon, and come and read to me upon the public rejoicings of last week. That will amuse both you and me."

Julietta obeyed. A short time afterwards Marianne and Mary went out for their walk, and Julietta returned, and seating herself upon a stool near her grandfather's feet, began to read the article which he had mentioned. It was a very long one, and as she had to stop now and then to spell some of the longer and more difficult words, she had not quite finished it when several knocks on the garden gate were heard.

"There is no one to open it, grandpa," said the little girl, interrupting her reading.

"You must go, then," said the baron.

The garden gate was not low enough from the piazza to prevent the old man from hearing the following dialogue which took place between his niece and a lady—a stranger:

"Does not a young lady, a teacher of the piano, live here?" asked the latter.

"No, madam," Juliettareplied.

"It must be here, certainly, my dear? I had the exact direction which his grandfather gave me. She may be a boarder whom you do not know, my little one."

"In the whole house there is no one but my grandpa, who is blind," answered Julietta, in the impatient tone of a little girl who liked not her word to be doubted, "and Adela my oldest sister, and Marianne, the cook, and her husband, the gardner, and my little sister Mary, and the dog and I—and no one else. But sometimes a young lady comes here who teaches the piano, and perhaps she is the one you want to see."

"I wish to see Miss Adela St. Andre, who teaches the piano in the family of—"

"I never tell fibs, ma'am!" said Julietta, impatiently interrupting her; "my sister Adela is not a teacher of the piano. Don't you think that I ought to know?"

"Does the Baron St. Andres live here?" asked a young man, stopping also at the half-open gate.

"Yes, sir."

"Then certainly, the young lady for whom you are inquiring lives here, madam," he said to the lady who was questioning Julietta; "and doubtless the Baron St. Andres, whom I seek, is her grandfather." And to the intense surprise and even anger of Julietta, who still insisted that her sister was not a teacher of music, the young man made his way to the piazza, approached the blind father, and after having assured himself that he was speaking to the Baron St. Andres—"Baron, I have the pleasure of announcing to you that your pension is restored."

"Sir, sir! you must certainly have taken me for some one else," the Baron answered, his surprise almost as great as that of Julietta, "for my pension has never been taken from me. How then can you say, 'it is restored.'"

"The young man resumed, and it was evident that he was also greatly astonished:

"Are you not the Baron St. Andres, who served in the reign of Louis XV and Louis XVI, in the Vendean wars, who has lost five sons in the wars of the Empire?"

"Yes, sir," the Baron answered.

"Your grand-daughter—the young lady—Adela St. Andres—said she not give lessons on the piano in the house of the Minister of War—in fact to my sister?"

"Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" the old man exclaimed; "My pension lost! Adela! Three times a day! Oh, I entreat you, explain!"

"It is a very simple matter," the young man said; "but how can you be ignorant of all this? It is a fact that I have two sisters, and about a year ago, when they were seeking a teacher of music, your grand-daughter, the young lady, Adela, offered her services; she was recommended by the Contess de Bricourt, whose daughter she was also teaching. After some months had passed, knowing that I was in the war-office, and that I am the Minister's nephew, she told me that your pension had been discontinued for two years, and that no cause had been assigned for it, and she added, "neither a blind old man, nor a young girl like me, can take the necessary steps to learn the reason." "Make your mind easy on that point," I said to her, "I will take charge of that matter." I have fulfilled my promise, and now I have the pleasure of communicating to you the pleasing intelligence that orders have been given, not only for the restoration of your pension, but also for the payment of all arrears."

"Oh, Adela! noble and worthy girl!" exclaimed the old man, raising his sightless eyes to heaven; "oh, daughter! so unjustly accused—you have concealed all this from me—all—even the labor which your filial love induced you to undertake. Oh, where is she? Why does she not come? Go, go and seek her."

Julietta went out, as if for that purpose, and the Baron, gradually overcoming his emotion, related to the young man, and to the stranger lady, all that had passed that morning—his fears and his anxieties for his grand-daughter. The praise and the blessings which the old man lavished upon the absent Adela, met full sympathy from at least one of his hearers.

"Oh, Baron! my dear sir!" the young man said; "you do not know me; I am a stranger to you, but I will give you ample satisfaction concerning my family. I have long loved your grand-daughter; she does not reject me; give her to me, I implore you, for my wife!"

At this moment a cry of joy from Julietta announced the return of Adela. When the latter saw the two persons who were standing near her grandfather, she blushed deeply and hesitated in her approach; but the old man called her to him, and fondly embracing her, said, "Everything is discovered, you little rogue! and here is one who claims the right to be your husband and to separate you from me."

"He who claims that right," the still blushing girl answered, with a strange mingling of humility and firmness, "must also take upon him the charge of an old man and of two little ones, for whose welfare and happiness I am responsible in the eyes of God."

"All, all whom you love shall be most dearly welcomed, dearest lady."

Adela located her two sisters, and saw them happily married—she herself happily married, and none could wish a happier lot. The blind old Baron lived to an extreme age, and at length died in her arms, bequeathing her his last fond blessing.

A NEW FEATURE IN SPIRITUALISM.—*A Telegraph Line to the Spirit World.*—The Spiritual Age of last week quotes the following "illustration of spiritual intercourse," from a letter from E. G. Fuller, Esq., who resides at Cold Water, Michagan. The Age thinks that "such telegraphic dispatches have the effect to dispatch the doubters and to produce a great mortality among the skeptics:"

We have lately had—to me—a new phase of spiritual rapping. A Mr. Campbell, an experienced and excellent magnetic telegraph operator, lately visited a circle at the house of our friend, Mr. Bates, in this village. He was a profound sceptic, and went there out of curiosity. After seating himself at the table—to use his own language—"I sat quietly a few moments, listening to the sounds with a smile of contempt, thinking what fools men would make of themselves, when suddenly I was startled by a familiar signal. I read the sounds on the table the same as I am in the habit of reading the click of the instrument when in a telegraphic office. The first signals were 'News from New York!' loudly and distinctly repeated several times, until after partially recovering from my amazement, I answered the call in imitation of a telegraphic answer to such a call in a telegraph office.

Immediately there came a lengthy communication, with as much rapidity and accuracy as the most rapid operator can send one over the wires. It purported to be from a deceased friend, who in his life was an operator in a new office. This communication I answered and received several others in the same way during the evening. During this time no one in the room, except myself, knew what was going on. They supposed me to be playing with the spirits until I told them what the communications were."

These facts I got from Mr. Campbell's own lips and here relate them in his own words as near as I can recollect them. He says that since that time he has held almost daily intercourse with the same spirit, and has received such tests as precludes the possibility of his disbelieving that the communications came from a disembodied spirit.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY.—A singular occurrence took place, a short time since, at the locomotive works, illustrating the powerful effects of electricity. A locomotive was being moved from the manufactory to the central depot, and had arrived in the middle of the street, when suddenly all hands dropped the bars with which they were moving the machine, and fell back in amazement. Resuming them at the order of the man in charge, they applied them again to the wheels, and again fell back paralyzed the moment they touched the iron. The director of the job caught up one of the bars, and making a savage thrust planted it under a wheel, preparatory to giving a huge lift. No sooner had it touched, however, than he saw it fall from his grasp to the ground, as it had done in every case before. Such singular occurrences excited attention, and an examination was made as to the cause, when it was found that the locomotive, in passing under the telegraph line, had come in contact with a broken wire that hung sufficiently low to reach it. The whole mass of iron composing the locomotive had thus become charged with electricity, which had communicated itself to the bars that the men held in their hands, and caused the effect above described. The wire was removed and the difficulty obviated in a moment.

[Detroit Free Press.

"BARGAIN AND SALE."—Stephen H. Branch, whose eccentricities have excited so much remark in New York city, relates the following anecdote in the first number of the history of his life, lately published by himself:

Cornelius Snow, nicknamed Flop, called me names and I told my father that Flop Snow had called me names, and I meant to lick him for it, when my father effected a reconciliation by allowing Cornelius to call me Steve as long as I called him Flop. He had long been at the head of my class at school, and I had never been at the head, which mortified my father, who told me if I would get above Flop through good spelling he would give me a sixpence; I tried long and hard, but I couldn't do it; so on a very stormy day, while myself and Flop were the only boys of our spelling class at school, I told him that if he would make a mistake in spelling, and let me keep at the head until the school was over, I would give him three cents; Flop consented and broke down on beef, which he spelled *b-e-a-p-h-f-e*, for which the teacher boxed his ears and made him see ten thousand sparkling stars; I got sixpence from my father and gave Flop half of it. There was a full class next day, and down I went to the foot, my usual place; my father learned of my collusion with Flop and gave me a tremendous whipping.

ON THE PROPOSED NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.—The Right Reverened the Bishop (Smith) of Kentucky, being at the meeting of the British Bible Society, in London, made a speech, and, among other things, thus bore eloquent testimony against the proposed new version of the Scriptures:

I think the great mistake has been that they propose something more; they propose a new translation. That will not do at all. It will not do, it will not do. What we want is, not a new translation, but a revised translation. I stand here, reverend fathers and brethren, to implore you to be conservative in this matter, and dot allow a hand rudely and unfeelingly to be extended to touch the received translation. May it never be touched by a rude assailing hand, and, as the English language becomes the language of the world, may the worship of our Redeemer be uttered in the very words of the received translation of King James.

Most christians in this, as in the old country, we imagine, will agree with the Right Reverend Prelate.

Fontonelle was 98 years of age when a young lady asked him at what period of life men lost all taste for gallantry.

"Indeed," replied the old gentleman, "you must ask that question of some one older than myself."

A popular preacher received so many pairs of slippers from the female part of his congregation, that he got so fancy himself a centipede.

Poor Josephine.

FROM G. A. SALA'S JOURNEY DUE NORTH.

Poor Josephine's story was a very simple and a very sad one. She was the daughter of a French dancing-master, long settled in Russia, and a Russian subject. Her mother had been some French ballet-dancer, who had waltzed away from her obligations, and had pirouetted into an abnegation of her social ties. Such things happen. She was Madame Somebody at Palermo, while her husband was Monsieur Somebody-else at Moscow. He had gained enough money by his profession to send his daughter to France for her education, whence she returned (to her misfortune) young, beautiful and accomplished. Her father pleased himself with the notion that his Josephine must indubitably become the wife of some puissant seigneur; but unfortunately, in the midst of this dream he died. He, it is to be remembered, had been naturalized a Russian subject, and his child was one after him.

The girl, left alone and unfriended in this Gehenna of a country, fell. The dancing-master had dissipated all his economies of roubles, and she had no money. She went to St. Petersburg, having no money, in a caleche with eight horses, (it was before the railway time,) with a government padarozhna, or official permission to travel post, and a courier riding twenty versts ahead to secure relays of horses. M. de Sardanapalasoff, of the Empress's regiment of cuirassiers of the guard, took a magnificent apartment for her in the Italianskaia Oulitza; she had a caleche, a brougham, a country house—the very model of a Swiss chalet in the islands—saddle-horses, a gondola, with a velvet awning, white satin cushions, and a Persian carpet; a box at the Balanchoi Theater, and one at the French opera house; a lady's maid, a chasseur, a maitre d'hotel, a Danish dog nearly as large as a donkey—every luxury, in fact. M. de Sardanapalasoff gave some magnificent champagne banquets at her apartments. La Beresina, as the Muscovite Parisienne was called, was the reigning beauty of the demi-monde of St. Petersburg. A prince of the imperial blood positively came to one of the Beresina's petit soupers, and deigned to express his opinion that she was charming.

M. de Sardanapalasoff's mamma was the Princess Zenobiaschkin, and he was the most dutiful of sons; so, when she signified to him her maternal commands that he should obtain the imperial permission to travel for two years, and escort her to Paris, Italy, and the baths of Homburg, he hastened to comply with her mandates in the most filial manner. Some unjust constructions were, of course, put on this alacrity. Some envious persons declared that the Emperor himself had, through the medium of the Princess Zenobiaschkin, offered the alternative of foreign travel or the Chouseas to the young guardsman; and, of course, unfounded report having got abroad that M. de Sardanapalasoff, while on duty at the palace of Tsarskii-Selo, had been kicked in full uniform by a vindictive major of dragoons: the cause of the humiliating correction being alleged to be the detection of the Beresina's noble friend in the act of cheating at ecarte. Be it as it may, M. de Sardanapalasoff was desolated to part with the Beresina, but he did it; it must have affected him greatly to be obliged to sell off the whole of his (or her) splendid furniture—nay, so much of her own private jewelry as he could, by fraud or force, lay his hands upon. So much did it affect him, in fact, that he went off with the whole of the proceeds of the sale in his pocket, and left the Beresina without a friend in the world, and with scarcely a hundred roubles in her pocket.

Josephine (she had dropped the name of the Beresina now) did not float down that golden tide that runs over the sands of Shame in that great, salt, fathomless sea of tears, on which you shall descry no land on lee-bow, or weather-bow, save the headlands of Death. With a stern and strong determination to sin no more, she went to Moscow, where she had some acquaintance, if not friends. She was clever with her needle. She could embroider; she could make bonnets; she had both taste and talent. It was not long before she obtained employment in the shop of one of the most famous French milliners in Moscow.

For her misery she was still very beautiful. I have said that the fashionable milliners of Moscow are dealers in other wares than millinery. The buyers of those goods are the dissolute young nobles of the guard. Josephine might very soon have had another splendid suite of apartments, another chasseur, another lady's maid, had she so pleased; but the poor girl was sick of it, and was determined to be a milliner's workwoman all her life, rather than be a golden toy to be tossed aside when its attraction had worn out. She refused solicitation after solicitation, offer after offer, from the snuffy old French hag (there is nothing so bad as a bad Frenchwoman) into whose employ she had entered. This unprotected, outraged girl, declared that she would no longer remain in her service. She would go she said, that very instant, and rose to leave the work-room. The woman put out her arm to prevent her passing the threshold, and Josephine naturally pushed it away. This was all the milliner wanted.

"Very well, very well!" she said, "hear witness, mademoiselles all, this person—my *servant*, mind—has been guilty of insubordination and rebellion towards me, her mistress. We shall see! we shall see!"

She went that day and lodged a complaint against her workwoman at the police office. The girl was a Russian subject, and there was no help for her side on Heaven. She was arrested that afternoon and carried to the Siege, her mistress accompanying her. There in the bureau, she was asked certain questions, the milliner signed a paper and paid certain moneys to the side-major of police, and Josephine was led away by two of the grey-coats.

That same night, very late, a French hair-dresser settled in Moscow, who was crossing the Smith's Bridge on his way home, was fortunate enough to rescue a woman, who, without bonnet or shawl, was standing on the parapet of the bridge, and was just about to cast herself into the Moskva. There was luckily no boutonnik or watchman near, or it would have fared ill with both preserver and preserved. The kindly barber took this miserable woman, who could do nothing but sob and wail and ejaculate, "O, mother, mother!"—he took her to his home, and delivering her to his womankind, enjoined them to treat her with every care and solicitude. They told him, the next morning, that when they came to undress her they had found her, from the shoulder to the waist, one mass of bloody wheals. The police had simply done their infamous duty. The mother, her mistress, had a perfect right to order to be flogged; she had paid for the flogging; and the police had nothing further to do save to inflict. The unhappy creature had been beaten with rods, (willow canes split each into three) and in the phrensy of her agony and shame, had immediately after her liberation from the police den of fortune rushed to the river with the intention of committing suicide.

The hair-dresser, than whom a kinder-hearted seizer of ringlets never existed, would not allow this poor waif and stray to depart out of his house. Learning by degrees her unhappy story, he offered her an asylum, and treated her as one of his own children. She went on improving for a time; but, by degrees, she fell into a sable melancholy. When I saw her she had been mad for eighteen months.

A perfectly white, haggard, worn-out, spectral girl. A girl robbed from her coffin. An awful sight, with restless, traveling eyes, with a horrible head rocking backwards and forwards, with hands continually clasping and unclasping, with knees that (you could see beneath her drapery) continually sought each other, and then gave time to her feet, which beat the devil's tattoo incessantly. She had rich glossy hair, massed on each side of her head; her eyes were dark and lustrous; her teeth were gates of ivory; her form was slender and graceful; yet, had she been as hideous as the witch of Sycorax, as terrible as Medusa, she could not, with all her beauty, have impressed you with a greater sense of horror and back-shrinking. The girl was mad, of course. She was quite harmless, only rocking herself backwards and forwards, rolling those white eyes of hers, and (when she was unobserved) muttering something about her mother. She used to dine with us, and ply her knife and fork, and drink her weak wine and water with the best of sane people present; but, she always relapsed into the rocking and rolling, and the muttering about her mother, as we were sitting down to dominoes or lansquenet. Nobody took much notice of her. She sat by the fire-place, with her haggard face, and a tight-fitting black velvet dress; and she was spoken of, was alluded to as Cette pauvre Josephine.

SPLITTING ROCKS WITHOUT BLASTING.—Some French inventors have taken out a patent in England for splitting rocks by the generation of heat without causing an explosion. They used a substance composed of 100 parts of sulphur by weight, 100 of saltpetre, 50 of saw dust, 50 of horse manure, and 10 of common salt. The saltpetre and common salt are dissolved in hot water, to which four quarts of molasses are added, and the whole ingredients stirred until they are thoroughly incorporated together in one mass, which is then dried by a gentle heat in a room or by exposure to the sun, and is fit for use. It is tamped in the holes bored for blasting rock in the same manner as powder, and is ignited by a fuse. It does not cause an explosion upward like gunpowder, but generates a great heat which splits the rock.

"Charlie, my boy, why do you stand there?" said an over-anxious mother to her son, at a fashionable party, "go in and enjoy yourself. You look like a statue. There's Miss J., she's a splendid creature, plump as a ptarridge—shall I introduce you?" "No, I thank ye; I saw the lady in bathing at Nahant last summer. Excuse me."

Krautsalaat's wife has a great fancy for country life, and insists on keeping a hen in the back yard, as Hood says, "to furnish milk, butter and eggs" for the family. The other day she came to Krautsalaat in great trepidation. "My dear," said she, "the hen has commenced to set. I took the eggs away from her and she is setting now in one corner of the coal-bin, on an old axe-head." "Well, my dear," responded Krautsalaat, in his subdued billous way, "if the hen is setting upon an old axe-head, it seems quite likely she may hatch-it."

ONE WAY TO MOVE.—A nervous man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to. "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his'n."

THOUGHT HE WAS IN A RAILROAD CAR.—In churches sleepy-heads have always been numerous, but we never heard, till recently, of any one claiming "dead-head" exemption when the plate went round. One Sunday, when the "plate" was being passed in —— church, a gentleman said to the conductor, "Go on; I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"

FOUND.—The following was found in the street a few days since, accompanying a little bunch of glossy brown hair, which looked as if it had been pulled out with a fine-tooth comb:

Och, Biddy me darlint,
Here's a lock of me hair;
An' if there's a snart in't,
Deuce a bit do I care,
Any how!

I'm going off, Biddy,
To work on the track;
Ye can take it and kape it
Until I get back,
If you like!

MUTABILITY.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
Oh earth what changes hast thou seen;
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands—
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

(Tennyson.

Here is an old joke rendered into rhyme:

"These boots were never made for me;
They are too short by half,
I want them long enough, ye'd see,
To cover all the calf."

"Why, sir," said last, with stifled laugh,
"To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover all the calf
They must be six feet high."

VERY GRAPHIC INDEED.—The Home Journal makes the following report of a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert. Those familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance:

Hi lo-hove it, hi lo-hove it
And who-oo sha-hall da-hare
To boo chi-hi-hide me for lo-hoving
That o-ho-hold a-harm cha-hair!

LEARNING TO SMOKE.—At least two great men escaped the habit of smoking, as will be learned below: Tobacco, when inhaled for the first time, commonly produces sensations the nature of which, too well remembered by those who have endured them, may be best explained to others by likening them to the horrors of nausea on board ship in a storm, but with more complete prostration and painful uneasiness. In many cases one experiment is enough to produce unconquerable aversion to its ever being repeated. It had this result with Wellington, who once, and only once, smoked. On the evening of his first arrival from the Peninsula, at the inn at Portsmouth, he was induced to join the circle of smokers; but a few minutes sufficed to fix his hostility to what he always considered an odious habit. Napoleon's disgust was even more rapidly attained, though he indulged in tobacco in the form of snuff to an extent surpassed by few. It is Constant who tells of the Emperor once taking a fancy to smoke, for the purpose of trying a fine oriental pipe presented to him by a Turkish or Persian ambassador.

After being shown how to operate, he told Constant to light the pipe. I obeyed, and returned it to him in order; but scarcely had he drawn in a mouthful, when the smoke, which he knew not how to expel from his mouth, turned back into his palate, penetrated into his throat, and came out by the nose and blinded him. As soon as he recovered breath, he said, "Take that away from me—what abomination! Oh, the swine—my stomach turns!" "In fact," adds Constant, "he felt himself so annoyed for at least an hour, that he renounced forever the pleasure of a habit which he said was only fit to amuse sluggards." The majority of those who submit to a first trial are not thus wisely cautioned. It is usually in early boyhood that the trial is made, when the desire of appearing manly, and the shame of being despised by more hardened school-fellows, overcome the discomfort of persevering in the attempt to learn the coveted accomplishment. The system, by degrees, becomes accustomed to the disturbance, and the habit, painfully acquired, becomes a cherished indulgence. When the constitution is naturally good, the healthy exercise of the system counteracts the evil effects of the drug; but in delicate frames, or where indulgence is carried further than the strength can bear, the foundation is laid for serious disorders.

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she could get rid of a troublesome spirit.

"O, marry—marry him," he advised.

"Nay—I would see him hanged first."

"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he hangs himself."

An Irish gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island, indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician, the propriety of making a will in a country where people were so apt to die. The physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied: "By St. Patrick, madame, I wish you would tell me of a place where people do not die, and I will go and end my days there."

GREEN HAIR.—The Bulletin de Therapeutique contains the curious case of a worker in metals, who has wrought in copper only five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, has now turned to a decided green. Chemical analysis has proved that his hair contains a considerable quantity of acetate of copper, and it is to this circumstance that it owes its change of color.

A sportsman says that if a sportsman wishes to preserve his guns in good order, he will find nothing equal to mercurial ointment rubbed on the barrels and outside of the locks. "I have laid it on the ground three weeks at a time, and my rifle, etc., was as free from rust as the day I had it from the maker."

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 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 OIL COAST MAIL.—Supplying Labranche's, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrelli's, Trepand's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Bruly's Landing, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL, OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 9 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday at 12 M.; due same time.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Daily, except Sunday. Closes at 12 M.; due same hour.

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 1 P. M. Arrives daily (except Sunday) at 11 A. M.

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 1 P. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 6 P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka and Jackson, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson.

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

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

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

GALVESTON, SAURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Closes every Sunday and 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.
NOT 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	18	17½
East India	18½	18½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	10½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	1 35	1 40
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	9½	10½
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. I	—	—
No. II	—	—
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