New Orleans Daily Crescent.

The Comet of 1832.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

See, Heaven against us all sends out a comet!
We never can escape its fiery tail—
If feel the earth steady crumbling from it;
Too observatory's compass soon shall fail.
Good-bye the goods, when rolls away their table;
How few of these have got a *quantum suff?*
Fly to confess, and sinners, while you're able;
Let us have done; the world is old enough!

Ah, yes! poor cell, you making up and jumbling,
In topsy-turvy style, your nights and days,
And like a kite, with broken string, go tumbling,
And sinking lowly and turning sank always.
Spin through all space that has no paths or periods,
Jostle a star and smash yourself to snuff.
Or, say you quench it—there are others—myriads!
Let us have done; the world is old enough!

Are we not tired of base ambition's bubbles—
Of titled fools, grand nicknames, stars and strings,
Abuses, errors, rapines, wars and troubles—
Nations of lackeys and their lackey kings?*
And tired of all our plaster gods so brittle—
Tired of that promised future so far off?
For all such things the theater's too little;
Let us have done; the world is old enough!

The young folk say to me: The world keeps moving;
Each files away in silence at his chain;
The press shines out, and gas-light—so improving!
And steam-power makes a railroad of the main.
Wait twenty years, good sirs, and the egg is hatching
Now in the sun; we'll have the fruit thereof;
My friends, I've spent my thirty years in watching.
Let us have done; the world is old enough!

Not thus I spoke when life was in its hey-day,
And my heart beat with mingled joy and love.
Fair comet, I then said, follow bright and steady,
Thy happy pathway, traced in light above.
But now I'm old—am also scorned by beauty;
My songs are sung—my voice can only cough;
So come along, wild Comet—do your duty!
Let us have done; the world is old enough!

*Allusion to the Belgians.

[From the New York Sunday Times.

Requiem for Dr. Kane and his Ice-bound Bark.

BY LIEUT. HOLM, U. S. N.

"Man, amid ceaseless change, seeks the unchanging pole." (Schiller.

Let her rest!
She has nobly met her fate;
She has won the ocean-tide.
Let the Arctic claim his bride!
Widower Ice-Queen for his mate,
He is blest.

Let her rest!
Icy Ocean ope'd his arms:
With a smile unwonted found her.
And with wiles unwonted bound her;
For she calmed the wild alarms
Of his breast.

Let her rest.
For our master's lying lowly,
With life's duties bravely done!
And life's battle bravely won!
On an eve most calm and holy—
To the breast.

Both at rest!
In the icy land eternal,
We have left our ocean-bride—
Mourn we our more glorious pride,
Who, though toiled her climes most vernal,
Could not rest.

Not yet blest—
Till he made the goodly haven,
And life's stormy voyage was o'er!
Hath he now that blissful shore!
Anchored in life's bark of Aiden
He at rest.

DESERTION.

And thus through long—long years—but why
Call back the visions flown?
They parted as the wave glides on—
They died as stars go down.
I will not wake those thoughts again,
The hopes like meteor-glows—
What now, alas! are all to me?
Dreams! dreams of broken vows!

THE RUMMY.

His butter'd nose was more than rosy red;
With aching palsy shook his uncouth head;
His blearing, blood-shot eyes "stuck out a feet;"
His trembling knees the devil's "tattoo" beat;
Then, gath'ring all his strength, he made a pitch,
And landed, bleeding, in a dirty ditch.

A TALKING BIRD.—We find the following in the Boston Traveler:

We saw the talking bird Mino at his home in Tremont street, No. 74, a few days since, and were much astonished and pleased. It is difficult to give an adequate description of him. He is about the size of the American crow black-bird, although a little heavier. His length, from the tip of bill to the end of the tail feathers, is about twelve inches. He has a yellow bill one inch in length. His plumage is remarkably beautiful, when it glistens in the rays of the sun. It is a very rich variegated purple and green. The wings are nearly black, and white bars near the ends. The feathers on the head are very short, fine and thick, and resemble the richest gloss of dark velvet. He has a long and beautiful lappell of bright yellow extending from each side of the back of his head to the nape of his neck. There is also a small yellow oblong mark on each side of his head. His legs and claws are yellow. His tongue is long, pointed at the end, broad in the throat and flat, bears a resemblance to that of the parrot, which is round, short, and somewhat curved.

Mr. James Maun, the well-known taxidermist, informs us that the Mino birds, so called, are natives of Java, and that they are rare even in that island; moreover, that they seldom talk. They have a great appetite, and will eat voraciously cooked or raw meat, bread, potatoes, and fruit, although they appear to relish simple water and milk. Mr. Maun purchased a Mino bird some years ago, which could whistle and imitate different sounds, but it could not pronounce words.

The bird Mino, in Tremont street, the property of Mr. J. Chesley, has a fine tenor voice, and shows what truly may be termed intelligence. We have seen several persons looking admiringly at him, and have heard him say, in the most distinct manner, after he has gazed intently, apparently listening to the conversation, "My name is Mino." After waiting some time, as if expecting a compliment to be bestowed upon him, he has raised his beautiful head and proudly said, "Mino is a pretty bird." If no person offers any words of praise, he jumps about his large cages few times, turns his back to the astonished spectators, and indignantly and emphatically says, in a sharp tone, "Go away! go away!" He then gives a loud and hearty guffaw, exactly like the "ha-ha-ha!" of a human being. Of course every person laughs at the droll bird, and the droll bird laughs again, and says "Good morning." When he sees his admirers disperse, he tells them in the plainest language to "shut the door." If he is asked his name in an affectionate manner he will immediately reply, "My name is Mino; how do you do?" When he hears several persons conversing earnestly together, without taking any notice of him, he exclaims "What are you talking for?" The words are so distinctly spoken, and the sound so closely resembles a human voice, that one is really inclined to reply that it is none of your business. But Mino is polite, well educated, and very amusing, although he is vain and is fond of flattery.

SAY AMEN!—Larkin Moore was a half-crazy, wandering, lazy fellow, who used to amuse the people in and about Newburyport with his eccentricities and music; for Larkin had a store of old songs, hymns and snatches of melody, which he rendered in a plaintive voice to familiar airs, and entertain crowds that would gather round him. Many of these songs need only to be clothed in better words, and they would take their places among the verses that men would not willingly let die. For example, one of Larkin's songs sought the ear of a true poet, who dressed it up, and it now commences:

"A pilgrim climbed the mountain height,
Assailed by storm and snow."

Larkin went to church one Sunday while at Taunton, and parson Whitney was exercising his gifts, which were few and small. His sermons were noted for their great length and very little depth; for their want of thought and the preacher's want of energy; so that it often-times seemed as if he would come to the end if he had but spirits enough to bring himself to a stand still. Larkin walked up the aisle and took his seat about midway of the church. He listened longer than could have been expected of such a restless mind as his, while firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, and so on to seventhly, were severally announced and expatiated on, and then exclaimed the minister, "What shall I say more?"

"For mercy's sake," cried out Larkin, "*say amen!*"

"Put that man out!" said Mr. Whitney; but he was so put out himself that he did not resume his discourse.

FAMILY MANIFESTATIONS OF AFFECTION.—After the convention of "District Democrats" was over on Monday, the delegates left the Capitol in squads—each side chuckling at the result which secured victory to each. Without a series of resolutions to this effect, all hands repaired with convient dispatch to Lukes, the Harney House and other places of resort, where cooling beverages and other refreshments are generally to be found. It is no marvel that conflicting elements were brought together in this way, and that some noses were flattened and some heads cracked. We hear of several little affairs of this kind, but nothing more serious than "phlebotomy"—gentle and refreshing blood-letting.

[Baton Rouge Gazette, 17th.

A Western editor and his wife were walking out in the bright moonlight one evening. The wife was of an exceedingly poetical nature, and said to her mate: "Notice that moon: how bright, and calm, and beautiful." "Could'nt think of nothing it," returned the editor, "for anything less than the usual rates—a dollar and fifty cents for twelve lines."

A Lesson to a Scolding Mother.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret and scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it's not me in fault. I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie, seeing the effect of her words, hastened to enquire:

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I have been to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not too bad, you are a good mamma, only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, like I could not come near you as I can when you smile and are kind; and oh, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far I never can get back again."

"Oh, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so affect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck, and whispered:

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you when you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of scripture, "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

A FRENCH VERSION OF SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE.—"William Shakspeare" is the title of a new melo drama in six acts, which has been brought out at the Theater de la Porte St. Martin, at Paris. It represents the poet as a worthless libertine, who abandons his wife for an actress, yet as a most affectionate father; as a dreaming mystic, yet as a splendid swordsman; as absorbed in the production of his plays, yet finding time to dabble largely in politics; as the *protege*, the friend and the enemy of "Milord Essex;" as a statesman, who advises Queen Elizabeth in high matters of state, and as a play writer who accepts the Queen's *collaboration* in the writing of his plays; as an humble dependent on her Majesty, and yet, on occasion, lecturing her in terms of insolence which assuredly the lion-hearted Bess would have submitted to from no other human being. As to the Queen, it shows her at one moment displaying towards Essex the fawning fondness of a spaniel, and at another as flying into paroxysms of rage, and as abusing him with the coarseness of a fishwife for loving another. As to Essex, he is at one time represented as the magnanimous patron of the poet, and at another as basely seducing from him the woman he loves.

Then, mixed up with these personages, we have Queen Elizabeth's Prime Minister, Milord Winchester by name, who wants to bribe Shakspeare to write a play against Mary Stuart, to get up riots in London, to betray Essex and to do other sad things. Then we have "Tom Hathway," Shakspeare's brother-in-law, who, for some unknown reason, is always wanting to cut the poet's throat; and we are introduced to specimens of the English nobility in the persons of "Milord Brick" and "Milord Fastidious," who declare "Romeo and Juliett" pitiable trash, and get up a clique to hiss it and who afterwards try to run Shakspeare through the body for presuming to say that they treat his play unjustly. A full detail of that these people do through six mortal acts in which they figure, would be perfectly incomprehensible, for it is utterly incoherent and without rhyme or reason. Yet to see this farago of nonsense, crowds, we are told, go to the theater nightly. M. Ferdinand Dugue is the author of the piece. [Literary Gazette.

THE BUMBLE-BEE.—This little animal, bird or insect, as the reader chooses, is found in nearly all parts of the world, but attains its greatest size and beauty in the United States.

The eggs are deposited in small clumps of turf, in cellular form, in the fall of the year, and usually great numbers are found in one nest. In the fore part of the month of June, the heat of the sun is sufficient to animate these larvæ, and to cause them to come forth from their snug retreats. One peculiarity may be noticed in this insect, that—like some of our modern essayists on birds—he is the largest when he is first hatched; and the comparison holds good also in another respect, that his sting is very small and of little or no value either for offence or defence purposes. He is about an inch in length; has eyes, legs and a pair of wings, and is about as large as the "end of your thumb." Learned men have differed in regard to his name. Some arguing that he is an Humble, and others that he is a Bumble. I think, after hearing all the arguments, and on mature deliberation, that the Bumbles are ahead.

Some fancy to remember to find their retreats where their food (or honey, as it is facetiously called) is stored. The experienced Bumble hunter selects a fine meadow, and then goes slowly through it, stamping vigorously on all sods which are elevated above the surrounding fields. When he hears a very decided buzzing—or, as the hunter expresses it, when he "makes them pure"—he immediately prepares for action. The Bumbles sally forth in defence of their invaded territory, and are at once skin with a bunch of twigs or a wisp of straw, and the honey is then secured—that is, in theory, but in point of fact the hunter usually destroys or wastes it in his attack upon them. He is a very beautiful, harmless insect, and is classified by entomologists as of the genus *Orgbedrus Photogus*, which means tough-stinger.

[Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—The Philadelphia Bulletin says, that in opening Franklin street from Parish to Poplar, it was necessary to cut through a small grave yard belonging to St. John's M. E. Church. In so doing a grave was discovered with a head stone inscribed, "sacred to the memory of Samuel Howell, of Morris county, N. J., who died December 8th, 1829, aged 73 years. He was a patriot of the revolution." The stone attracted much attention and the circumstance made a deep impression of regret upon many, that the remains of an old veteran should be thus neglected. Accordingly the National Guards appointed a committee, and on Wednesday proceeded to remove the bones where they could rest in peace forever.

A couple of grave diggers were employed, and in a short time sufficient earth was thrown out to reveal the coffin. But the astonishment of the diggers and lookers-on may be imagined when the fact is stated that *the coffin was found to be upside down!* The half-decayed fragments of wood were removed from the grave, but not a vestige of mortality could be discovered. The truth was now made manifest. "Body snatchers" had visited the grave nearly thirty years ago, and after plundering the coffin of the corpse it contained, the wooden case was tumbled into the pit upside down—the earth was covered over it—the sorrowing friends of the deceased came and reared a stone to his memory over an empty grave, and the chest was not discovered for more than a quarter of a century afterwards.

DELAROCHE.—The paintings of the great artist Paul Delaroche, lately deceased, which were wanting at the Great Exhibition of 1855, have been reunited for a charitable object, and are now on exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts. An enormous number of visitors have rushed to see these works, for the most part unknown to the public, except by the engravings, which conveyed only enough of their beauties to excite the curiosity to see the originals. Paul Delaroche refused for a long time before his death to exhibit his works. When asked the reason one day by his colleague of the institute, M. Halevy, he replied: "I have in my secretary perhaps fifty letters from the most prominent men in Europe, nearly all running thus: 'Sir, I desire to possess a picture from your pencil. You will choose your own subject, make it the size you please. But the sooner the more agreeable.' Having thus enough of work for more than a century beyond the duration of my ordinary life, why should I expose myself to criticisms, to contestations, to depreciation? I have! everything that art can procure to one who has had the happiness to succeed, riches, renown, honors, and especially tranquility. Why should I risk compromising all that in delivering up my works to be criticised by the journals? It would be folly, and that is the reason I do not expose them."

A BIRD CALF.—A "fast" man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher.

"Do you believe," said he, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fatted calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or a female calf that was killed?"

"A female," promptly replied the other.

"How do you know that?"

"Because," said the preacher, looking quite quizzically at the interrogator, "because the male calf is now standing before me!"

Exit the "fast" man with a flea in his ear.

"Jimmy, are your folks all well?"

"Yes, ma'am, all but Sally Ann."

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"O, nothin' particular, only she had the hoopin' cough once, and she hain't never got over it. The cough ain't any account now, but she has the *hoop* deep rate."

A lieutenant in the service, by the name of Broom, was advanced to a captaincy, and naturally enough liked to hear himself addressed as Captain Broom. One of his friends persisted in calling him plain Broom, much to his annoyance, and one day having done so for the fortieth time, Broom said; "You will remember, sir, that I have a handle to my name." "Ah," said his tormentor, "so you have; well, Broom-handle, how are you?"

Another Discourse from the "Harp of a Thousand Strings."

THE HARD-SHELL BAPTIST PULPIT.

The following, together with the well known sermon on the "Harp of a Thousand Strings," is published in England as a veritable specimen of the pulpit oratory of the backwoods of the United States:

Beloved breethring, I'm the man what preached the sermon which has been printed in the papers from the tex, "And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperrits uv just men made perfeck." I mont as well say I don't take pride in things uv that sort, for in the language uv my tex for to day, I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly. Them is the words which you'll find in Genesee. I'm gwine to preach without notes, 'kase I can't rite, and 'kase I could'nt read it if I could. My notes are bank notes, of which I have a pocket full, and notes of hand, which I shall give to our squire to collect, when I gets back to Indianny—I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

This tex, my breethring, can be divided into three pieces—fust—second—third. Fust, I'm an orful sinner. That means you individually, not me personally. Thar ar more sins nor one. It's a sin to drink water and catch the ague whar a little spirit will keep you in good health—'tis a sin to steal, unless you "steal a while away"—'tis a sin to swear, unless you swear and sin not—'tis a sin to lie, unless you lie now and keep dark. Pride is sin. Sum is proud of their looks; now I ain't, though I've the gift and the grit to speak in. Sum is proud of their larnin; thank God I've none to be proud of—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

Second. "Chief among ten thousand." Thar is different kind of chiefs. Thar's the mischief, the chief of sinners and the Captain chief. The mischief means the Old Bey, what keeps the fire office below, and lets poor folks suffer in the cold here on airth. The chief of sinners means you, you wharf-rats, arter de-melons, amfibious animals, what live here about the canawl. Look at them ere hosses rise up in judgment agin you, high uv bone, low uv flesh, tuff hides and short memories; hear the crows cawing, for they know that war the canawl is thar will the crows be gathered. The Cayuga Chief is a feller what pitches into my frens the spirit-dealers, and my other frens, the State prison officers. He is one uv your cold water men who goes for the prohibition law what Governor Seymour vetoed. If twarnt Sunday I should hooray for Seymour—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether luvly.

Thirdly, "Altogether luvly." Different things is luvly. When my boat swims like a duck, I say she am luvly—when my wife gives me no certain lectures, (she has the gift of tongue as well as myself,) I say she am luvly—when the wind don't blow, and it don't rain, and it don't nothin, I say the day am luvly—for I'm the chief among ten thousand, and one altergether luvly.

In conclusion, breethring, if that big pile uv stuns was one stun what a big stun it would be, ef you my breethring were one bruther what a big bruther you'd be, and ef my big brother should fling that big stun into the canawl, what a great big splash that would make—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

My breethring, I want to give you notice there will be some carryings on at the place next Sunday afternoon at half past four, when I shall prove the doctrin that uv all the shells in the world the hard shells am the thickest and best—for I'm an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and the one altergether luvly.

I shall prove that book larnin ain't of no use, my breethring, that ritin sermons and getting a clergy for him is a sin that deserves indemnification—for I am an orful sinner, the chief among ten thousand, and one altergether luvly.

Breethring, let us liquor and then go hum, remembering the words of the profit. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

SUICIDES OF ENGLISH COMMANDERS.—The Bombay papers contain the details given in evidence at the inquests on Gen. Stalker, who shot himself in the camp of Bushire on the 14th of March, and on Com. Etheridge, who put an end to his existence. The Bombay Times says both these men should have been in Europe on sick leave, instead of directing operations in the gulf; in each instance the nervous system was entirely shattered by the climate. There is not the slightest shadow of a suspicion that any unpleasantness occurred between the General and Gen. Outeram. They were on good terms, and no alteration in his manner. He rose from the table, and having called on several of his staff, all of whom unhappily were out, proceeded to his tent. A pistol shot was heard in ten minutes afterwards, and the unhappy gentleman was found dead. Several of the officers testify to his nervous and undue apprehensions for the weather, and the Colonel asserts his strong belief that the explosion of the pistol was accidental. The verdict, however, was that the General destroyed himself in a fit of temporary insanity. In the case of Com. Ethridge, it was observed that he was suffering from a mental excitement of no ordinary kind—a too nice sense of honor kept him with the force when his state demanded that he should be invalided for a short time. On the night of his death he had been perusing over dispatches recently received. It would seem that tired, confused, sick and in despair, he at last placed the pistol at his head and destroyed himself. The dispatches were covered with his blood.

A CLEVER DECEPTION.—The Paris *Esb' Acte* has the following:

A very rich Neapolitan Prince recently remarked, in the shop of a dealer in curiosities, a superb Japan jar, five and a half feet high, and very large. He bargained for it, but the tradesman insisted on having 6,000 francs for it, whilst he was only willing to give 5,000 francs; "but," said he, "if you had the fellow to it its value would be infinitely greater." "No doubt, Excellenza; the value of the pair would be 15,000 francs." A few days ago the Neapolitan received a summons to return to his own country, and he went once more to try to obtain the jar. "I again offer 5,000 francs," said he. "I will not take less than 4,000 francs," answered the tradesman; "you leave to-morrow." "No matter, I will keep my jar."

The next day, as the Prince was superintending the packing up of his effects, a waiter of the hotel said, "Your Excellency would no doubt be glad to find the fellow of the Japan jar? Well, there is one in the Faubourg St. Germain." "Is it possible?" "It is quite certain." "Beppo, my carriage!" Arrived in the Faubourg, the Prince saw that the jar was precisely the same as the one he had bargained for. "Where did you get it?" he asked the tradesman who showed it. "At the sale of the Duchess de Montebello; there was a pair of them, but I was outbid for the other." Oh yes, I understand. And what do you ask?" "4,000 francs." "He does not know!" thought the Italian, "that the other jar is offered for sale in another part of Paris. I give him 4,000 francs for this, I can buy the other at the same price, and have for 8,000 francs what is worth 15,000 francs." He bought the jar at once, paid for it, and had it conveyed to his hotel. He then went to the other tradesman, and asked for the jar. He was told that the tradesman was out, and that the jar had been taken away. He returned the next day, but could not see the dealer; but he learned, subsequently, that the jar which he had purchased for 4,000 francs, was the very one he had offered 3,000 francs for, and that the waiter of the hotel had received 10 francs in return the Prince of the existence of the jar in the Faubourg St. Germain.

CAN THE DEAD WIN AT CARDS?—A very curious law case came recently into a German court, arising from the following circumstance:

A gentleman sat at a faro-table in the town of Kothen, Saxony, playing with the usual attention and silence. Several plays were made, and the cards which the gentleman continued unchangingly to put forward, won repeatedly. The gold pushed towards the winner by the *croupier*, however, was not drawn in by him, and after several more accumulations, made the pile inconveniently large, the keeper of the bank rather angrily requested the fortunate man to take in his money. With his eye fixed on his card, the player took no notice of the request.

"Draw in your gold!" was again uttered by several round the table.

No answer.

"Monsieur, you incommode the other players!" said the *croupier*.

The same motionless silence.

A person sitting next the offender took hold of his hand. It was stone cold. The winner was dead!

As the body was being removed, the *croupier* drew back the money he had shoved towards the dead player, alleging that the game based upon reciprocal engagement could not exist between the dead and the living. The heirs of the defunct presented themselves the day after, and claimed the money, declaring that the winner had regularly commenced and continued the game. The question was carried before the tribunal of Kothen, and will probably depend upon the evidence as to the point of time when the player ceased to live.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.—Elopements are not very common now-a-days, when women have become such very *dear* creatures that matrimony is getting too expensive. But we heard of a couple the other day who ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet, all Houlton crinoline, and tears. "Forgive, forgive me, dearest father," said the suppliant. "Forgive you!" said the old gentleman, "why, I'm only too glad to get rid of you; and I should have favored your wishes, if I had not known that you were so contrary, that if I'd encourage you in the least, you'd have refused the man of your heart. Your ill temper, extravagance and idleness, have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man, "and may you be happy!" "Plaasy the feelinks of the interesting young gentleman, on being thus assured, from the most competent judge in the world, that he had "caught a Tartar," and "married in haste to repent at leisure."

A writer wishes to know how Miss Boker that was, Mrs. Dean that is, and her husband can climb life's ladder together, seeing that one begins at the bottom and the other at the top.

Man is a wonderful creature to sup. He can supply, sup-plant, sup-plicate, sup-pose, sup-press, support, sup-sup and sup-on.

Two Thrilling Rattlesnake Stories.

The West India Island of Martinique is infested with rattlesnakes. I once knew a planter living in the interior of the island, whose hands were so overrun with those venomous reptiles that the greater part of his slaves deserted him, and sought refuge in the vast forests that cover the island. The only slaves that remained were a few that were in irons at the time of the flight of their companions, and were awaiting punishment for some misdemeanor, and those slaves who hoped to escape punishment by promising to devote themselves to the extermination of the snakes. Among the negroes in captivity was the named Pegu, who was condemned to receive three hundred strokes of the rattan. The hour for his punishment arrived. His master came forth to witness the bloody scene. Pegu was standing near the whipping block, awaiting the moment when his hands and feet should be fastened to it, when he perceived a rattlesnake gliding towards him through the grass. He did not stir.

The rapid death following the serpent's bite was preferable to the lingering one which he felt awaited him under the overseer's cane. The serpent coiled itself ready to strike, when at this moment the planter caught the peculiar sound of the rattle, and leaped terror-stricken on one side. The snake, attracted by the motion, changed his intention, and fancying that the planter was about to attack him, glided rapidly towards the unhappy man, who, paralyzed with fear, remained rooted to the ground. Pegu, seeing his master's peril, leaped forward, and catching the snake's tail with one hand, caught him by the neck with the other, and after a quarter of an hour's compression, succeeded in choking him. An hour afterward Pegu received his three hundred lashes, and died that night under the punishment. Such is gratitude in Martinique!

A most affecting incident happened in this same Island while I was staying there, passing most of my time in the forests, or with that wild race of cattle-hunters known as Bucaniers. A fine, athletic negro named Golo, belonging to a rich planter who lived thirty miles from St. Pierre, was desperately enamored of a pretty mulatto named Juanita, living on the next plantation. But Juanita was a coquette and cruel, as coquettes generally are. Having a slight tinge of white blood in her, she looked down from an exalted height upon poor Golo, who was as black—blacker, in fact, than the ink with which I am writing. She treated him shamefully, giving him an ounce of hope and a ton of bad treatment. Still Golo did not despair, but pressed his suit on every opportunity.

At last Juanita, finding her lover so pertinacious that he must either be finally rejected or accepted, told him one day that she had a passion for rattlesnakes' tails. That she valued them in proportion to their length; but that as yet she had not been able to get a tail with contained twelve rings. Now if he brought her a tail of twelve rings, she would be his. Golo's heart sank, but still he determined to undertake his dangerous task. What was there he would not peril to gain Juanita? Day after day Golo, with a burning brand of pine wood in one hand and a short sabre in the other, traversed the forests, listening for the ominous rattling of the snakes. In point of numbers his success was prodigious; for there is no better method of killing the rattlesnake than the one Golo adopted—thrusting the burning torch in his face, and, as he detests fire, he is easily decapitated in the moment of his confusion.

Nevertheless, Golo could not find a single tail with twelve rings on it. He had some with eight, nine, and even one which had eleven; but when he laid this last before Juanita, she was still incredulous, and declared that even eleven and a half would not content her. At last one day, when almost despairing of success, as Golo was crossing an open space, his ear was caught by a particularly sonorous rattle. He stopped, and perceived an enormous rattlesnake gliding towards him. Its eyes were glowing with an intense fire—its bifurcated tongue was agitated with an inconceivable rapidity of motion. The gray and yellow scales on its head and back glistened with a changeful luster, and on its tail were the rings on which light was playing. Golo felt that the hour was come when he should either win Juanita or perish.

The size and whole appearance of the snake convinced him that he had twelve or more rings in his tail, and he awaited his approach with a beating heart. The snake came gliding on, and when within three feet, coiled himself for a spring. Golo seized the opportunity, and dashing his torch into the animal's jaws, severed the head from the body at a single blow.

It was with a throb of delight that he discovered, on stooping down to examine his prize, thirteen rings in his snake's tail. While he was separating them from the carcass, he felt a slight pricking sensation in his heel. Turning quickly round, he discovered to his horror that he had placed his foot on the snake's severed head, in which the muscular action still continued, and that, all lifeless as it was, it had bitten him!

Golo now knew that he was a dead man, and his sole object was to see Juanita before he expired. Catching up his prize, which he had purchased with his life, he rushed across the field with the speed of despair. Every moment he felt the poison working more fatally in his veins, until at last, swollen, breathless, speechless, and frothing at the lips, he rushed into Juanita's presence. He could no longer articulate, but holding out to her the thirteen rattles in his swollen hand, and fixing on her one last look of devotion, he rolled on the floor at her feet, and after a few gasps breathed his last.

"Well my lad, where are you traveling this stormy weather alone?" asked an inquisitive landlord in the North of Vermont during the last war, of a small lad whose father was engaged in smuggling, and had sent him, young as he was, with an important message in advance of the party.

"Going to draw my pension," he replied.

"Pension!" echoed the astonished landlord, "what does so small a boy as you draw a pension for?"

"Minding my own business and letting that of others alone?"

A lady complaining of whiskers and moustaches, declared: "It is one of the fashions I invariably set my face against."

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 the P. O. 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 6 A. M.; Pascagoula on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL—ROUTE 7,860—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL—Supplying Labranche's, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcaud'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, Ronquilo Settlement and Burras Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 7 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 8 A. M.

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

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

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 14th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 11th and 25th. Postage, 10 cents per half ounce; Newspapers 2 cents each, 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.
FOR 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	10½
Northern		
BRAN, ⅌ ton	1 35	1 40
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
Rogdiller	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11
Havana, Good Prime Government		
Inferior to Middling	10	11
Java		12½
Laguayra		11½
St. Domingo		
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1		
No. 11		
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Russets	28	30
Sheathing	30	31
Yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
Nantuckets		
Tallow		
Adamantine	20	22
Star	26	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	15
Tarred American	14	15
Rosin		
CORN MEAL, ⅌