New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Machine Poetry.

Come, Simon, give the pivots a good oiling—I want the machine to slide slick as grease. Set the cylinder to a smooth, easy-running measure, and turn steady. But a subject? Suppose we fix before us—not "a dagger"—but

THE ATLANTIC PASTORAL.

Breezes bland, so gently blowing,
Golden sunlight, gladly glowing,
Silvery streams and sparkling fountains,
Emerald hills and blue-capped mountains,
Pastoral pasture, spotted meadow,
Landscape speckled with shoal and shadow,
Birds in azure blithely singing,
Flowers fair around up-springing,
Budding, blooming,
Earth perfuming,
All excite my gentle muse.
Where the fleecy flocks are feeding,
Playful lambkins lively leap,
While the peasant boy's proceeding
With his pen to salt the sheep—
And a patched-up pair of shoes.
Lots of nannies crying, "ma!"
Caring not a straw for pa.
How they make their mammies beh,
Bounding, bouncing, "by the jolly!"
Not like the peasant boy's proceeding
Lazy pulling, "by the day."
Little nannies,
They are Annies,
They are Robertis, they are Fanny's;
But when they get in be old sheep—
[Wishes that screws Simon slick and quick]
Then they are Sally's and Chester—
Half's score, methinks, or so—
Skip like rabbits o'er the pasture,
Never rooting where they go.
Pretty piggies,
Hoots! big as
Lumps of chalk, or balls of snow!
Calves, just loosed from stable-prison,
Cut their capers in the sun;
Little Jimmy calls them "his'n,"
As they cook their tails and run.
Ducks and geese, their feathers trimming,
All preparing for a swimming,
Quack and gabble by the pool;
Chickens peck to stack the posies,
Honeysuckles and wild roses
Red as any drunkard's nose is—
As they wend their way to school.
Lovely lassy!
Little lady,
Sleek and "easy!"
O, how glad I
Sure would feel—if the worst I a daddy!

Hold up, Simon—that will do. There is considerable sound in all that; and if it only had a little sense in it, it might possibly pass for *sound* sense.

"Thus would I Die."

THE RUTHERAN.

I'd die when Love's entrancing spell
O'er soul and sense resistless fell;
I'd gaze on woman's winning sweetness,
I'd strain the Arab courser's fleetness;
And in that moment's fond delight,
Or in that wild delirious flight,
At once I'd vanish into light!

THE FEMALE EPICUREAN.

I'd die with my mind and my intellect bright,
With my lip brimming full, and my eye flashing light;
When excitement's wild fever runs burning and high
In the blaze that it kindled, I'd fearlessly die.
I'd die in the morning of youth's glorious day,
Nor wait for the evening of age's decay;
I'd fall in the flush of my womanhood's bloom,
In the pride of my freshness descend to the tomb.

THE STOIC.

I'd die in some sequestered dell,
Where no intruder stood to tell
The anguish of the parting strife,
Or mark the cry of vanquished life.
The lip of woman should not press
My chilly brow with fond caress;
Her gentle beauty how'ring near
Might rob my manhood of a tear.

THE WARRIOR.

Oh! let me fall where gallant foemen die,
Where the wild war-shout rends the vaulted sky;
There, on the field of battle proudly lying,
War's savage joy absorbs the sense of dying.
Yes, 'midst the strife of thousands let me perish,
Far from the home my heart's affections cherish—
Far from the loved. Let not a woman's tear
Bathe the bright lustre of the warrior's bier.
Thus would I die, in manhood's generous day,
In health and strength, untouched by slow decay.
With hand and sword, and heart uplifted high—
In one aspiring moment bravely die.

THE CHRISTIAN.

Thy will be done! the Christian soldier cries—
In peace or war to God my spirit flies;
Age at his throne, from earthly pains is free,
Claims the best palm of immortality.

A Wife who was once a Pickpocket.

Oh, when I snatched the tender kiss,
Or some such trifle, when I courted,
You said, indeed, that *love was bliss*;
But never owned you were *transported!*

Or, when my suit I first preferred,
To bring your coldness to repentance—
Before I stammered out a *word*,
How could I dream you'd heard a *sentence!*

Or, when, with all the warmth of youth,
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already *past conviction!* [Hoon.

A Western poet has decided against the idea of the destruction of the Union, in the following lines, composed "just one hour by a Connecticut clock:

What! hoist this glorious Union up,
And get the drain' trigger—
Just for a thundering parcel of
Emancipated niggers?
The eagle of America,
That flew across the seas,
And throw'd the bloody British Lion
Kar slam upon his knees;
Say, shall we reed him lim' from lim'
Will wing wun way and wun t'other;
An' every separit pin fether
A flying at each other?
It can be did?

The Prince came in and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his mouth the rummer,
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
When he pronounced it summer.

As polished steel receives a stain
Even from drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.
The rust eats in, and oft we find
That naught which we can do
To cleanse the metal of the mind,
The brightness will renew.

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undeaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but as the gilded sepulchres; its passions, they are toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no foot-steps of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendors forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glory will never waste, for there is the ever present God. Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE UMBRELLAS.—The Boston Traveler glorifies an umbrella owned and carried by a gentleman twenty-seven years. But this is modern, compared with what we can show him in Salem. One gentleman, whose health we trust will soon permit him again to carry abroad the time-honored parapluie, has an umbrella, still in good order, which he has used on all proper occasions for forty-seven years. He imported it from Liverpool in 1810, and it has been serviceable during all the intervening period. Another venerable gentleman brought into our office yesterday an umbrella which he imported from India, as an "adventure," in the year 1817, and which cost him five rupees, or two dollars and a half. It is so large that he use has generally been reserved for rainy Sundays, when it has sheltered two persons. It has still its original covering of India silk, and looks as if it might last through another forty years, with as fair usage as it has had heretofore. [Salem Gazette.

Reuchlin, an Austrian sage, was once detained in an inn when it was raining very heavily, and, of course, had a book with him. The rain had driven into the common room a large number of persons who were making a great noise. To quiet them Reuchlin called for a piece of chalk and drew with it a circle on the table before which he was sitting. Within the circle he then drew a cross, and also within it, of the right side of the cross, he placed, with great solemnity, he placed a cup of water, on the left he stuck a knife upright; then placing the book—a Hebrew one—within the mysterious circle, he began to read, and the spectators who had gathered around him, with their mouths agape, patiently waited for the consequence of the conjuration. The result was that he finished the chapter he was reading without being distressed even by a whisper of disturbance.

"Sambo, what you get dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday?" "How do you know I had a watch?" "Case I seed de chain hang out in front." "Go way! Suppose you seen baiter round my neck, you think dar's horse inside of me?"

[A friend of ours, fascinated with the literature o the New York Sunday papers, and in particular with the numerous tales and sketches of New Orleans that figure therein, has become literarily inclined, and gone to story-writing himself. He has furnished us with the following, written as nearly as possible in the New York style, and made up of the incidents most in vogue with the story-writers up that way. He requests us to say, that if any of the down-east *sneaklies* should wish to secure his services as a contributor, he has lots of brains on hand and will write cheap.—EDS. CRESCENT.]

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LOST AND FOUND:
OR,
THE BEAUTIFUL QUADROON!

A True Story of New Orleans Life.

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

I.—A SUNSET SCENE.

'Twas evening—a balmy June evening—in New Orleans, the gay metropolis of the Sunny South. The red-crested waves of the Gulf, rolling lazily in from the setting sun, lashed the pebbly beach in front of the city, and rocked the fleet of vessels anchored in the offing—a picturesque medley of smoking steamers, cotton-laden merchantmen, fillibuster cruisers, African slavers, and Castilian fishing smacks. In the far distance, to the east, might be seen the glittering mosques and minarets of Algiers, distinctly defined against the deep blue of the still more distant hills of Opelousas. To the west the watery expanse was relieved by the Candelabra Islands, interrupting but beautifying the hazy view of somnificous Mobile. The scene, in short, was such as to gladden the poetic eye, and saturate the soul with a soft, sweet melancholy.

Nor were the sounds that greeted the ear less soothing in effect than the view of the surrounding scenery. A sharp melodious twang came from the flocks of birds that flocked the blue vault above—the gallinippers, a species of pelican peculiar to Louisiana—whilst the deep choral roar of the alligators, in Massasip Bayou and Lake Gretna, was pleasantly relieved by the sharp cracking of the rifles and pistols of the merchants, lawyers, and other denizens of the city, settling up their daily disagreements on Pontchartrain Ridge, after the peculiar fashion of the tropics. The streets of the city presented their wonted lively aspect. Here might be seen a foot-race between a Senator and a Gypsian, with cowhides and pistols switching and popping—there a rough-and-tumble combat between an Alderman and a boot-black, with the ladies applauding from the balconies—over yonder a ring-fight between a judge and a steamboat engineer—whilst the boys in crowds were pelting houses with stones and bricks, in different directions, and the dogs yelping and scrambling about in promiscuous piles.

It was, in short, a summer evening in New Orleans.

II.—EULALIE.

In the old Moorish quarter of the city stood a large mansion, or castle, so to speak; with high walls and grated windows, which repelled alike the inquisitive gaze of the populace, and the occasional bullets that came whizzing along from the neighboring affrays and duels. Within, however, all was a Paradise. All that wealth could procure or taste devise, was here concentrated, as if by the magic of a genie.

In the center of the tesselated court-yard arose the silvery spray of a fountain, giving life to the little rainbows above, and sustenance to the eels and pollywogs that wiggled in the marble basin below. From the surrounding terrace a grove of tropical trees and plants dispensed their fragrance and shade in the most voluptuous sweetness—the towering pine-apple, the wide-spreading magnolia, the white blossomed live-oak and the stately lemon, with a thick lacework of pumpkin and cocoa-nut vines netting them together and dangling their golden fruit in the evening breeze.

In the midst of this luxury specially dwelt its soul, Eulalie—the beautiful quadroon Eulalie—a slender, dark-eyed, tawny-skinned, etherial being, whose sweetness reveled halo-like around her, overpowering even that of the flower-laden garden and grove around her. Dressed in a loose oriental costume, which revealed the exquisite contour of her matchless form, and reclining on a cushion of gold-embroidered velvet, at the brink of the marble basin, the beautiful maiden amused herself by alternately caressing and feeding a golden macaw, which sat perched upon one of her lovely shoulders, whilst with her delicate pink-nailed toes she plashed the water in the basin, and sported with the pollywogs. Behind her stood a sable African girl, of a dark black color, fanning her in mute and respectful silence with an enormous turkey-tail plume.

"Bobo!" issued from between Eulalie's ruby-set pearls.

"Yes, missus!" and the African bent over to her.

"Has he come yet, Bobo?" asked the seraphic voice.

"No, missus!" was the response.

"Then go and call in that organ-grinder that I hear; and, Bobo, go to aunty at the corner, and bring me some pop-corn candy and a bottle of nigger beer."

"Yes, missus!" and Bobo went.

III.—THE GAMING SALOON.

In a gorgeously gilt-mirrored and Turkey-carpeted saloon, in the European quarter of the city, were assembled a promiscuous assemblage of lawyers, judges editors, merchants, planters, and preachers, deeply absorbed in the game called Pharaoh. The tables were musical with the chink of gold and the rattling of the ivory checks; but voices there were none, the players being too much absorbed in their hazardous pastime to give utterance to their feelings in speech.

At one of the tables there was but one player; but so desperate was his game, that a large crowd of spectators hemmed him in, scarcely less interested than himself. He was a stout-built, sinewy man, of herculean frame and graceful shape, clad in the rich costume of the South. His face expressed the most reckless and determined iron will—the glance of his dark eye never failed to make those quail upon whom it fell—a profusion of disheveled raven locks clustered about his deeply-knit brow—a shaggy moustache partially concealed the scornful curl of his lip—whilst a bullet-hole in one of his cheeks, and a sabercut over one of his eyes, gave him a look so sinister and peculiar, that the beholder admired whilst he shuddered.

He played alone, because no one had ever been found bold enough to dispute what he claimed as his right, to have a whole table to himself; and well might he be respected; for he was no less a personage than Don Antonio Alphonsas de la Ding Dong, the last of the illustrious line of the Barons of Tuckipaw, and the most fearful and deadly duellist that ever lived.

"Change?" said the keeper of the table, taking up, with trembling fingers, a bank-check which the Don, with a muttered malediction, had staked on one of the cards.

"Caitiff, no!" he thundered; "I go the whole hundred thousand on the jack!"

The dealer, white as a sheet, dealt out the cards. The first jack was his! and he tossed the check over upon the heap of gold and bills which he had previously won of the luckless Don. The excitement of the beholders was now intense—they were pale and breathless, like so many marble statues, in their anxiety as to what would follow.

"'Tis well!" exclaimed the Don, through his set teeth, looking around at the crowd with a bitter smile; "That is all I have in bank just at present," he continued; "but I have one more stake, if you'll take it!"

"What is it?" asked the keeper.

"My girl Eulalie—the quadroon Eulalie, that I bought at the St. Louis Arcade last Sunday, for a hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Eulalie, Eulalie!" exclaimed a voice in the crowd, as of some one shot with a sudden pang.

The Don, the gamester, and the spectators, started at the exclamation, and looked around for the speaker, but failed to find him.

"I take the stake!" said the dealer, with white lips.

The Don drew from his breast a package of papers, from which he selected the deed of sale of Eulalie, and tossed it on the ace. Again, amidst the most appalling silence, the dealer dealt. The first ace was his!!

The Don rose with a fearful oath, and the dealer fainted. The crowd got out of the way, apprehending blood—all but one, a slender, beardless, blue-eyed, fair-haired youth, delicate almost as a maiden, who walked up to the Don and looked him right straight in the eye.

"Who are you that dare thus stand in the way of me?" asked the duellist, in a voice that might have made the hills shake.

"Nobody!" replied the youth quietly, with a smile, folding his arms across his breast, and meeting the Don's fearful frown with a meteoric flash of his pale-blue eye; "a mere nobody! a stranger in town! But I have a *little* to say about this girl Eulalie!"

It was he who had startled the crowd, upon the Don's first mention of the beautiful quadroon!

IV.—THE TRAGEDY.

For a moment the Don was silent. A fierce joy lit up his countenance—one of those fearful smiles that never failed to portend somebody's death. The spectators remained appalled and breathless, and fearful of giving offence by leaving.

"Pitiful stripling!" at length exclaimed the Don; "that for thy impertinence!" and he essayed to tweak the youth's nose. But with the quickness of lightning, the youth fended off the arm of the giant, twisted his finger in his moustache, slung him around him in a circle, kicked him under the knee, and laid him sprawling and foaming on the floor.

"Know you now," exclaimed the youth, in a voice that rang like a death-bell, and with a distinct blaze of pale fire shooting from each of his blue eyes, "that I am the eater of fire-eaters—that I am Jack Chawbones of Arkansaw, the son of Fate! And I claim the girl Eulalie by the right of might!"

"Aha!" exclaimed the Don, livid with rage, having regained his feet—"I am Fate himself! and never, pitiful caitiff, shall you leave this room alive! What are your weapons?"

"Anything, from a toothpick to a cannon!" replied the youth, with a cool, deadly smile.

It happened that neither were armed; and, upon inquiry, the only weapon to be had was the solitary horse-pistol of the game-keeper, who sat livid and trembling behind his table.

"Now," thundered the Don, "we'll cut for the pistol, and the loser shall take his stand and welcome death!"

"Agreed!" said the youth, "and as I hate child's play, let the loser take the muzzle of the pistol in his mouth."

"'Tis well," said the Don, picking up the cards from the Pharaoh table and shuffling them. "Stripling, cut! the highest wins."

The youth cut the cards and showed an ace! The Don cut and showed an ace also!

"Again!" he bellowed hoarsely, shuffling the cards once more. It might now be seen that the Don betrayed some symptoms of a superstitious fear, whilst the youth became more cool, collected, and statue-like than ever. Again the cards were cut. The youth raised a seven, and the Don a dence!

"If you have prayers to say," said the youth, picking up and cocking the pistol, "I'll give you time."

"I have lived a devil," said the Don, with livid lips, "and, by Satan, I'll die one!" Saying which, he raised his moustache and assisted the youth in placing the muzzle of the pistol between his teeth.

The awful moment had come. "Ask for your life, dog," said the youth, "and you shall have it!"

"Never!" snarled the Don, fiercely. There was in the next instant a loud report, a cloud of smoke, a heavy fall on the floor—and when the smoke cleared away, the brains, teeth, and hair of the last of the Barons of Tuckipaw were scattered all over the saloon.

The youth took from the lifeless trunk the packet of papers to which we have before alluded; then, turning to the gamekeeper, he said—

"Restore to me the wealth you have taken from this man, or, by heaven, you shall accompany him on his journey to purgatory!"

The keeper instantly handed to him all he had won of the Don—gold, bills, check, and Eulalie's bill of sale; saying at the same time—

"I am willing to pay you besides, for ridding this saloon of a man who has been its terror for years!"

"I slay for the love of slaying—not for filthy lucre!" replied the youth, turning on his heel and leaving the saloon.

V.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"Has he come yet, Bobo?" asked the beautiful quadroon, now reclining on a Turkish divan, in a chamber garnished with the most fabulous magnificence, lit up with a soft prismatic light, and sweetened with the fumes of burning frankincense.

"No, missus!" said Bobo.

"Yes, Eulalie, he *has* come!" said a tender but manly voice; and the fair-haired youth who slew the Don issued from the silken drapery and threw himself at her feet.

"Nay, start not, Eulalie! hear me!" and the youth looked so harmless and imploring, that Eulalie permitted him to remain.

"Know, Eulalie, that I have been searching after thee for years! When an infant, I was left with the Cherokee Indians by my father, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I never saw afterwards; but three years ago I received a letter from him, charging me, in the event of his not writing to me again, to search for his other child—a sister whom I had never seen, who was stolen away from him in her infancy. Six months since, upon information given in my father's letter, I got track of my sister—learned that she was a quadroon—and finally heard that she was to be sold at auction by her bankrupt possesser. On the wings of the wind I flew to the city, but the sale had taken place, and I despaired of finding her. But to-night, by the favor of heaven," he continued, rising in his enthusiasm, "I met the owner of my sister in a gaming saloon, where, despoiled of all his wealth, he put her up for his last stake. I interfered—I slew him—killed him very dead—and here I am! Eulalie, thou art my long-lost sister, and I thy brother!"

Need we dwell upon the rapture of a re-union like this? Long and sweet was the communion of the brother and sister. But at length Eulalie spoke.

"Since thou art my brother," she said, "tell me of my father, whom I never saw nor heard of. Does he still live?"

"Alas! Eulalie, I know not. I only know that he was wealthy—that he was the last of the Barons of Tuckipaw, and went by the name of Don Antonio Alphonsas de la Ding Dong."

"Oh, merciful heavens!" screamed Eulalie; and she fainted. Her brother, startled beyond measure, soon revived her, with appliances that were at hand, and the assistance of Bobo.

"Now tell me, sister," he said, "why this alarm? What means this strange agitation?"

"Oh," she sobbed, "wretched children that we are! Oh, brother, my master was my father, and I knew it not—nor did he! And yon, unhappy boy, have killed our father! Oh, heavens, what will become of us!"

The youth mused awhile. "Well, well!" he at length said; "I understand his bravery now. No man but my father could have met death as he did. Peace to his ashes! It was Fate that killed him—not I!"

VI.—CONCLUSION.

Next day the young man bade his beautiful sister an affectionate adieu, and left for California. The day after that, the Don's property was seized and confiscated to his debts; and Eulalie, having possessed herself of all evidences of her slavery, destroyed them, and left the house free, but penniless. In due time she got over her grief at the death of her father and the loss of her brother; and now, any pleasant summer evening, she may be seen selling flowers along Canal and St. Charles Avenues.

BE POLITE.—It is said that George McDuffie was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by its ears while his mother milked the cow, and a gentleman passing by, said, "Good evening, my little son;" George returned, "Good evening, sir," with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said, "Why didn't you pull off your hat, my little man?" George answered, "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will pull off my hat to you." George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother, "Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world." The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and let him take charge of her son.

POSTHUMOUS PRACTICAL JOKE.—Old Mr. Scrudge dies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to Emily Woodbine, the belle of the village, beloved by Harry Honeysuckle, and loving him in return, an annuity of ten thousand a year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried; the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marriage, to go to the Asylum for Idiots. [Punch.

CURE FOR A FELON.—To remove a felon from the body politic the most approved remedy is to apply a sulphur ligature around the neck of the felon after placing it on a platform of convenient elevation. Attach the other end of the cord to a stout limb or joist overhead, and then remove the platform.

Clippings

The end of all argument—"You're another."

God made Washington childless that a nation might call him father.

Let virtue and truth be your guide, and not pleasure and interest.

A coat cut at the elbow may be buttoned over a generous breast.

Benevolence of disposition and decision of character united, make a man a blessing to the circle in which he moves.

He who means to do well without doing what he means until the arrival of some favorable opportunity, will never do it at all.

Meaning to do, and not doing, is just the same as determining not to do and saying so, only it is not quite so honest.

A true history of the needle would be a tale of manifold horrors—of sighs, groans, tears, emaciation, broken hearts and premature deaths.

A boy at a recent examination in an English school was asked who discovered America? "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he did'nt answer—Yankee Doodle!"

Can a new watch with a second hand be called a second-hand watch?

There is a place in which one may always find happiness—in the dictionary.

What is the shape of a kiss? "Round I suppose." "Not exacly; it is a-lip-tical."

Infidelity kindles no holy enthusiasm, and the glories of the world are tame and common-place in the presence of such scenes of moral grandeur as the annals of martyrdom exhibit.

Young men who believe in Christianity, and are consequently influenced by its principles of morality, are kept from many evils, vices, and sorrows, into which the careless and the immoral fall.

"Lola Montes," said Bemus, "is pure innocence." "Yes," replied May Lee, "she is *pure in-no-sense.*"

A little wretch who had for the first time in his life heard the scripture story of Elijah and the bears, sat down on the door step until an old man went by, when he called out, of course, "Go up, old bald head!" Then dodging as quickly as he could within the door, he called out, "Now bring on your bears!"

If a man should set out calling everything by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

When Dr. H. and lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend:

"These two are just equal to one highwayman."

"Why?" was the response.

"Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life.*"

An Albany editor thinks his property in that city would have been carried away by the late flood had it not been for the heavy mortgages on it.

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
From 1st June, to 1st November, 1857.

OFFICE HOURS—Week Days, from 8 A. M. to 6 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 10½ A. M. for prepaid letters, at 11 A. M. for prepaid foreign letters.

LAKE BOAT MAIL BY MOBILE BOATS—Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, at 10½ A. M.

BY STEAMBOAT CREOLE—For Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 A. M., and on Saturdays at 3 P. M.; and on Fridays at 3 P. M. for Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City and Biloxi. Pascagoula at 10½ on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL.—ROUTE 7,808—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, Points 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, New Carthage and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. 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 Bienvenue, English Turn, Pointe-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Rouquille Settlement and Burns Settlement. Closes on Saturday at 9 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 first and third Thursday of each month at 7 A. M. Due every first and third Monday at 4 P. M.

VERA CRUZ AND TAMPICO.—Supplying all Mexico. Closes on the 1st and 15th of each month at 7 A. M. Due on the 10th and 24th. 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:

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL.—Supplying McCutcheon's, St. Charles, Taylor's, Bonnet Carre, Edgard's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Tureaud's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Bruly's Land'g, Baton Rouge, (and inter'r) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M., and Mondays at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. M.

COVINGTON MAIL OR LAKE MAIL.—Closes on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, by 10½ A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

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

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

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

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

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 7 A. M. Due daily at 2½ P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipahoa, Ponchatula, Osyka, Magnolia, Summit, Brookhaven, Jackson and Vicksburg, 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 6½ A. M. Due Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays by 6 P. M.

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.	4c.
Over 2500 miles	44c.	6c.
When received in the United States, and the distance to the offices 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 South Pacific: Letters, 34c.; papers, 6c.

☞ 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.

☞ Postage to Peru: Letters, 22c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to Bogota (New Granada): Letters, 18c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to China, New South Wales, Sandwich Islands, via San Francisco: 10c., prepaid.

☞ The postage to places on the West coast of South America, via Panama, is: On each single letter, 34 cents; and on each newspaper, 6 cents, when sent; and 18 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. R. E. MCHATTON, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES
CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	15	17
East India	13½	13¾
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8¾	10½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	85	90
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—Cargo	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	—
No. II	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Sheathing	38	39
Bottom	30	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	25	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	16
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 50	3 50
COAL, ⅌ ton—		
Cannel	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Sweet	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Velvet	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard		
Brown Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	05	7
" Sheetings, 4-4 to 6-4	08	12
Bleached Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	04½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Lowell Osnaburgs	06½	12
Brown Virginia	06½	10½
Tickings, 3-4 to 4-4	09	18
Stripes and Checks	08½	16
Denims	09	12
Cottonades	25	125c
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	15
Jeans, Kentucky	40	45
Linseys, Kentucky	30	35
" Eastern	18	22
DUCK, ⅌ bolt—		
Russia	—	—
English	10 00	18 50
Ravens	—	—
American, Nos. 2 to 10, ⅌ yard	19	27
DYES, ⅌ ton—		
Logwood, Campeachy	18 00	20 00
" St. Domingo	13 00	14 00
Fustic, Tampico	16 00	18 00
Tuckiu, ⅌ lb	50	1 15
Madder	12	18
EGGS, ⅌ bbl	27 00	29 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		
Ohio, etc., superfine	6 15	6 25
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	—	—
St. Louis City	—	6 75
Extra	7 00	8 62½
Fine	9 00	9 75
FEATHERS, ⅌ lb—		
Prime Mixed	—	—
FEASERD, ⅌ dozen	50	—
FISH—		
Cod, ⅌ box	1 00	1 10
Mackerel, No. 1, ⅌ bbl	17 00	20 00
" No. 2	9 00	12 00
" No. 3	8 00	9 00
Herring, ⅌ box	50	80
FRUIT, ⅌ box—		
Prunes	—	—
Raisins, MR	—	4 00
" London Layers	4 25	4 50
" O	—	—
Lemons	2 50	3 00
Oranges	2 50	—
Figs, Smyrna, ⅌ lb	7½	8½
Currants, Zante	—	—
Almonds, soft shell	11	14
" hard shell	05½	06½
GRAIN, ⅌ bushel—		
Wheat	—	—
Oats	—	58
Corn, in sacks, ⅌ bbl	—	—
" shelled, ⅌ bushel	70	85
GUNPOWDER, ⅌ keg	—	—
Common	4 00	—
Sporting	7 00	—
GLASS, ⅌ box of 50 feet		
American, 8 by 10	1 65	1 80
10 by 12	1 80	1 90
12 by 18	2 40	2 60
GUNNY BAGS	11½	13½
HEMP, ⅌ ton—		
Western, water-rotted	—	—
" dew-rotted	—	142 50
" hackled	—	—
HAY, ⅌ ton	00 00	28 00
HIDES, ⅌ lb—		
Western Mules and Mexican Flint	20	21
Dry-salted Mexican	—	—
Wet-salted, heavy	9½	10½
Dry, common	16	18½
Kip and Calf	—	—
LEAD, ⅌ 100 lb—		
Pig	—	7 25
Bar, ⅌ lb	08	08½
Sheet	08½	09
LIME, ⅌ bbl	—	44
Western	1 50	1 [illegible]
Thomaston	—	—
MOLASSES, ⅌ gallon—		
In the City	—	—
On Plantation	—	—
NAILS, ⅌ lb		
40@20d	—	04½
NAVAL STORES—		
Lodo Tar, ⅌ bbl	1 30	3 25
Pitch	—	2 00
Rosin	2 00	4 00
Spirits Turpentine, ⅌ gallon	—	42
Varnish, bright	—	25
OILS, ⅌ gallon—		
Lard	1 10	1 15
Linseed	95	1 10
Sperm, winter	2 60	2 75
Sperm, fall	2 50	1 60
Sperm, summer	—	1 20
Whale, refined	94	1 00
Castor	1 10	1 20
Olive, in casks	—	—
Fe. Boxed, 12 bottles	7 00	—
Tanners', ⅌ bbl	12 00	5 25
OIL CAKE, ⅌ ton	00	25 00
PICKLES, ⅌ bbl—		