New Orleans Daily Crescent.

[From the Louisville Journal.

At the Nightfall.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

I muse alone in the fading light
Where the mournful winds forever
Sweep down from the film old hills of night,
Like the wail of a haunted river.

Alone! by the grave of a buried love,
The ghostly mist is parted
Where the slant shine faint in the blue above,
Like the smile of the broken-hearted.

The living turn from my fond embrace,
As if no love were needed;
The tears I wept on thy young dead face
Were never more unheeded,

Then my wild prayer for peace unwon—
One pure affection only,
One faithful heart to lean upon,
When life is sad and lonely.

Thy low grassy roof, my glorious dead,
Is bright with the butter-cup's blossom,
And the night-blooming roses burn dimly and red
On the green sod that covers thy bosom.

Thy pale hands are folded, oh beautiful saint,
Like lily-beds chilly and dew-wet,
And the smile on thy lip is as solemn and faint
As the beams of a noriand sunset.

The angel that won thee a long time ago
To the shore of the glorious immortals,
In the sphere of the star land shall wed us, I know,
When I pass through the beautiful portals.

[From the Louisville Journal.

That Picture.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Dimly remembered—ah, that haunting smile!
When—where? Yes it is all as poets tell—
Our spirit dwelt in Paradise erewhile!
And I should know this pictured glory well.

'Tis *not* a dream—I've seen that face in Heaven!
Perchance it wore a brighter beauty there;
Yet, to these charms as much of light is given
As clouded memory to the earth may bear.

The starry spells deep in those glorious eyes,
The lip, the brow, the—something over all—
I've known and *loved* these far beyond the skies!
And now they hold me in restless thrall.

Lonely, so lonely—I have wondered long
And sought for some ideal shape above
All earthly things, and sighed that, mid the throng
Moved none, not one that I could ever love.

But now, in mercy, tell me where is *she?*
From whom thy canvas caught such splendor?
Speak!
Alas, alas! thou smilest mourafully;
I read thy answer on thy changing cheek.

Gone to his heaven again! In separate spheres
We both must dwell so long—so lonely too;
Well, I will worship here with sighs and tears
Till called to meet him past yon boundless blue.

FABLE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put:
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut.

GREATNESS.

But to the generous still improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boundless as now descends the silent dew;
To him this long review of ordered life
Is inward rapture only to be felt. [Thomson.

LONELINESS.

A lost man, 'wildered on the dreary sea,
When loneliness hath somewhat touch'd his brain,
Doth shriek and shrink beneath the watching sky,
Which hour by hour more plainly doth express
The features of a deadly enemy.—ALEK. SMITH.

THE SETTING SUN.

The dying sun
Stood like a stag at bay, and, lifting up
A flashing face upon the flaming clouds
That follow'd in his track, with one brave bound
Doth indeed darkness. [Fletcher.

LONG FACES.

"Wear not long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, were as undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape of bombazine."

VIRTUOUS EXAMPLE.

As one lamp kindled may convey
To thousands more a living ray;
So one man's virtues may create,
Like kindled lamps, a virtuous state.

"OFF MIT HIS HEAD."—A breathlessly excited individual, says a late number of the San Francisco Morning Call, rushed into the police office yesterday and inquired for the chief.

"What do you want of him?" inquired an impassive officer.

"I vants," said he, with a Teutonic accent, "I vants ein baper to kill a tam fog vat bites me in te leg."

"Ah, you wish an order of execution issued against a vicious canine," said the officer.

"No, I tousant vant no such ting. I vants a baper to tell me to kill te tam bup. He pites my leg so bad I have got the hydrophope, and will kill him or I gouldn't tink."

"Ah, now I see," said the impressive temperament; "you require authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal."

"Mein Got, no—dat ish not what I vants. I vants te Jeaf to give me license to kill te tog. I vant's him to make me baper so ven I kills te tog he can nicht go inter de bolice court and swear against me."

"The dog?"

"Nein—not te tog—be man vot owns te tog. You see if I kills him—"

"What, the man?"

"Nein—te tog. Und de man sues me fur de brice of te tog, den I vants der law on mine side, d'yes see?"

"Oh yes!" said the officer, who was quietly chuckling at the caution evinced by the German, and intent on exhausting his patience, "then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so the animal may not again attack you."

"No, no! Got for tam, you gits everything by the tail," cried lager beer, who began to think the officer was quizzing him. "I dink you vant to make chokes of me. Tunder and blitzen! I vants absolutse not chokes. I vants to cut te tam fog's head off, and if shustice will not give me a baper, I cuts his head off anyhow."

And the lover of sour-krout started to leave the hall, but meeting the "Jeaf of Bolice" at the door, he conversed with him in the German dialect, made known his wants and received an order to execute the vicious animal.

As he was going out he met the impassive officer. "All right?" he inquired.

"Yah, all right. I goes straight off to te ower of te tog and kills him."

"What, the owner?"

"No, te tog. You make tam fool of yourself by saying tog ven I means man, and how shall I mean man you say tog. Now your gone to ter tayle!" and the German incontinently hurried away to mete out vengeance to the animal.

NZGRO WIT.—Judge Barke, of South Carolina, rode on horseback from circuit to circuit, accompanied by a servant, who was directed to keep close behind him, while he meditated as pleased himself by the way. Jogging along in this way, on one occasion, the servant pressed up too near to the horse which he rode, and which happened to be an ill-natured brute, and the consequence was that the horse kicked the negro on the leg, who, observing that it had not interrupted his master's study, sprang off his horse, and picking up a stone, threw it at the beast, which it unluckily missed and took effect between the Judge's shoulders. The instant the negro saw what had been done, he fell in the road with his hand clasped around his leg, and cryed out in apparent agony; as soon as the Judge could straighten himself, he turned around and said to the prostrate negro, "Stephen, child, what ails you?" "Lor, massa!" was the reply, "your horse just now kicked me on the leg and almost broke it." "Well, child," said the Judge, "he just now kicked me between the shoulders, and almost broke my back, too."

WON'T SWALLOW HIM.—The Pointe Coupee Echo, instigated and influenced by the evil spirit of insubordination, has drawn upon its head all the torments and miseries ever ready to be poured out upon refractory children who won't do as they are told to do. The Echo not having the maternal wrath of old mother Democracy before its eyes, has committed the ungracious sacrilege of hauling down the name of Thomas Green Davidson and asking him to withdraw from the canvass. This violation of Democratic propriety, according to the dicta of "Old Ironclad," (Col. Robertson, Democratic candidate for Auditor of Public Accounts,) makes the Echo a Know-Nothing.

Well, we are glad to see them coming over by degrees. There will be no telling how many more will be made Know-Nothing. We daily look for the accession of the Delphian Democrat and kindred revolters. [Baton Rouge Sugar Planter, 18th inst.

Two Ways of Telling a Story.

TO BE READ ONLY BY UNCIVIL BOYS.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all of the same school, got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a large and splendid one, drawn by six grey horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school-room, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give him an account of their trip and its incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "Oh, Sir! there was one little circumstance that I had nearly forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road. Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snowballs and a good hurrah. They produced a right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the shingy old pony started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

"With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against the loaded team, and I believe almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about the sleigh ride, too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

His sight and hearing are somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth, of his manhood and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed and even terrified by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he could not gather them up and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's troubles there rushed by him with loud shouts a large party of boys in a sleigh, drawn by six horses. "Turn out, turn out, old fellow! Give us the road, old boy! What will you take for your pony, old daddy? Look it, frozen nose! What's the price of oats?" were the various cries that met his ears.

"'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the grand sleigh, with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous cheers from the boys that were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

A short distance brought him to his journey's end—the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that *old fellow*, and *old boy*, (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach,) that *old daddy*, and *old frozen nose*, was your master's father!"

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

The Beggar Boy.

"Get away with you, you dirty old beggar boy. I'd like to know what right you have to look over the fence at our flowers?" The speaker was a little boy not more than eleven years old, and though people sometimes called it handsome, his face looked very harsh and disagreeable just then.

He stood in a beautiful garden, just in the suburbs of the city; and it was June time, and the tulips were opening themselves to the sunshine. O, it was a great joy to look at them as they bowed gracefully to the light with their necks of crimson, of yellow, and carnation. The beds flanked either side of the path that curved around a small arbor, where the young grape clusters that lay hidden among the large leaves, wrote a beautiful prophecy for the autumn.

A white paling ran in front of the garden, and over this the little beggar boy so rudely addressed, was leaning. He was very lean, very dirty, very ragged. I am afraid you would have turned away in disgust from so repulsive a spectacle, and yet God and the angels loved him!

He was looking with all his soul in his eyes on the beautiful blossoms, as they swayed to and fro in the summer wind, until his heart softened while he leaned his arm on the fence railing, and forgot everything in that long absorbed gaze! Ah! it was seldom the beggar boy saw anything that was either very good or beautiful, and it was sad his dream should have such a rude awakening.

The blood rushed up to his face, and a glance full of evil and defiance flashed into his eyes. But before the boy could retort, a little girl sprang out from the arbor and looked eagerly from one child to the other. She was very fair with soft hazel eyes, over which drooped long shining lashes. Rich curls hung over her almost bare white shoulders; and her lips were the color of the crimson tulip blossoms.

"How could you speak so cross to the boy, Hinton?" she asked, with a tone of sad reproach quivering through the sweetness of her voice. "I'm sure it doesn't do us any harm to have him look at the flowers if he likes."

"Well, Helen," urged her brother, slightly mollified and ashamed, "I don't like to have beggars gaping over the fence. It looks so low."

"Now that's a notion of yours, Hinton. I'm sure if the flowers can do anybody any good, we ought to be very glad. Little boy," (and the child turned to the beggar boy and addressed him as courteously as though he had been a prince) "I'll pick you some of the tulips, if you'll wait a moment."

"Helen, I do believe you're the funniest girl that ever lived!" ejaculated the child's brother, as he turned away, and with a low whistle sauntered down the path, feeling very uncomfortable; for he considered was a stronger reproof to him than any words could have been.

Helen plucked one of each specimen of the tulips, and there was a great variety of these, and gave them to the child. His face brightened as he received them and thanked her.

O, the little girl had dropped a "pearl of great price" into the black, turbid billows of the boy's life, and the after years would bring it up, beautiful and fair again.

Twelve years had passed. The little blue-eyed girl had grown into a tall, graceful woman. One bright June afternoon she walked with her husband through the garden, for she was on a visit to her parents. The place was little changed, and the tulips opened their lips of crimson and gold to the sunshine, just as they had twelve years before. Suddenly they observed a young man in a workman's overalls, leaning over the fence, his eyes following eagerly from the beautiful flowers to herself. He had a frank pleasant countenance, and there was something in his manner that interested the gentleman and lady.

"Look here, Edward," said she, "I'll pluck some of the flowers. It always does me good to see people admiring them;" and then releasing her husband's arm, she approached the paling (and the smile round her lips was very like the old, child one,) saying, "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked a moment very earnestly into the fair, sweet face.

"Twelve years ago this very month," he said in a voice deep and yet tremulous with feeling, "I stood here, leaning on this railing, a dirty, ragged little beggar boy; and you asked me this very question. Twelve years ago you placed the bright flowers in my hands, and they made me a new boy, aye, and they made a man of me, too. Your face has been a light, ma'am, all along the dark hours of my life, and this day that little beggar boy can stand on the old place and say to you, though he's an humble and hard-working man, yet, thank God, he's an honest one."

Tear-drops trembled like morning dew on the shining lashes of the girl, as she turned to her husband, who had joined her, and listened in absorbed astonishment to the workman's words. "God," said she, "put it into my child heart to do that little deed of kindness, and see now how very great is the reward he has given me."

And the setting sun poured a flood of rich purple light over the group that stood there, over the workman in his blue overalls, over the lady with her golden hair, and over the proud looking gentleman at her side. Although it was a picture for a painter, the angels who looked down on it from heaven saw something more than a picture there.

LITTLE GIRLS.—There is something inexpressibly sweet in little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little flowers, diamond dewdrops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts, and heartless coquettes!

A man in Wisconsin, who unfortunately had his nose pulled last week, makes bitter complaints of the matter in the Madison papers. He don't attempt to show, however, that his nose did'nt have a "fair shake."

"I say, Mr. Druggist, mother wants a bottle of flea powder, quicker nor lightnin." "There it is, my lad." "Now tell me, old hoss, how much for a load, and what size shoot does it take? So long!"

FRAGMENT.—Scene, artist's studio.

Artist—(Employing agreeable conversation to catch animated expression of sitter)—" Did you see anything of Ary Scheffer, when you were in Paris?"

Sitter—" Nary Scheffer."

Robert Emmet and his Love.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet.

A young girl stood at the castle gate, and desired admittance into the dungeon.

She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with a downcast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow, in the days of boyhood, had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of the chains sounded like a death-knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, perchance, as is held in heaven only, when we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body—he spoke of by-gone days, the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to his memory from the days of his childhood; and, though the world might pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, he prayed she should still cling to him when all others should forget.

Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing the tears from his eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned and their eyes met—they could say farewell! The door swung upon its heavy hinges and they parted forever. Now, not forever; is there not a Heaven?

At sunrise next morning he suffered gloriously, a martyr to his country and liberty.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of their fair band.

'Twas in the land of Italy; it was a gorgeous time of sunset in Italy. What a magnificent scene! A pale, emaciated girl lay upon the bed of death. Oh! it was hard to die far from her home in this beautiful land where flowers bloom perennial, and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no; her star has set; the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When dies have been formed on earth—close breaking ties—what is more heartrending and agonizing to the spirits than to find, at last, the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing flowret." Enough: she died the betrothed of Robert Emmett—the lovely Sarah Curran. Italy contains her last remains; its flowers breath their fragrance over the grave, and the lulling notes of the shepherd's flute sound a requiem to her memory.

Pioneer Panther Hunting.

Of all the wild beasts which inhabit the western forests none are more the hunter's dread than the panther. Their sly, stealthy, cat-like tread, scarcely making any rustle among the dry leaves, their frightful spring, and the certainty of securing their victim in their long, knife-like claws, has assigned them a place in the west similar to that occupied by the lion in the forests of Africa.

They have not, to be sure, the strength of the bear nor the prowling nature of the wolf, but what they lack in strength they make up in quickness of motion and terrific fierceness of attack. While the bear is getting ready for a hug, the panther will tear his victim to pieces. The scream of the panther, like the battle of the western serpent, is a sound that never fails to create a tremor in the nerves of the bravest backwoodsman, and when once he is heard at a settlement, it creates as much excitement as the presence of a rabid dog would in a village.

They attack almost all kinds of beasts, but generally they have a preference for the deer, elk and buffalo. Large as the latter animal is, it falls a victim to the panther's deadly spring. When, from some overhanging cliff, or the branches of a tree, it springs upon the buffalo, striking its claws deep into the flesh, there is no escape; for its claws are so sharp and strong that they penetrate the bark of the hardest tree, enabling them to ascend with the fleetness of a cat. The affrighted animal may plunge into the thicket and endeavor to shake off the terrible foe, but it is of no avail; the panther, grappling the neck, soon extracts the lifeblood, and the victim fails. In their native wildness they were as fearless as they were ferocious, until the hunter's deadly rifle taught them the power of man. They will, notwithstanding, when confident of success, attack a man, although they will run from a dog—not because they fear him, for with one stroke of their paw they could put a stop to his chase and silence his barking forever—but because of the proximity of the hunter with his rifle.

The following narrative is from a pioneer hunter of Kentucky, who is said to have killed the last buffalo in the cane-brakes of that State:

I was living on a branch of the Bigbone, called Panther Run. It was a year after I had been with Gen. Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk and butcher knife in my belt, as customary; and, scouring about the woods, I came to a thick piece of brush—in short, a perfect thicket of hoop poles. I discovered by the sound that some dreadful howling and scuffling was going on, apparently within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept on until I found myself within twenty steps of two male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting and yelling, like a couple of tom cats, only much louder, as you may guess.

At last one of them seemed to have actually killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This was what I had been waiting for, and while the other one was swinging forward and backward over him in triumph, I blazed away; but owing to his singular motion I shot him through the bulge of the ribs; a little too far back to kill him instantly. They are very hard to kill. But he made one prodigious bound through the brush and cleared himself out of sight, the place where we were being quite broken as well as sliding. I then walked up to him, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him when he made one spring to his feet and fastened upon my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several very deep wounds. I was uncommonly active as well as stout in those days, and feared neither man nor metal in a scuffle; but I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him for dear life.

So we tusseled away, and the ground being sliding, and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling, we gradually worked down the hill till I was forced against a log, and we both came to the ground, I inside and the panther outside, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. Ripping away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last, to my great rejoicing. I got to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had dropped in the early part of the scuffle, got it and ran home. I gathered the neighbors with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one which I had knifed was dying, and the one that I had shot was making an effort to climb a tree to the height of eight feet, when he fell and was speedily dispatched. Next day I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a saddler in Lexington for two dollars apiece. You may depend that I never got into such a grip again with a panther.

COMMODORE STEVENS AND HIS HORSE POWHATTAN.—Some twenty years ago the late Mr. Stevens imported a bay gelding, called the Powhattan. He bought him through an agent in London, and gave for him $2000. After he had him a week, the groom one morning said:

"Commodore, that d——d Powhattan has kicked all the boarding from the stable behind where he stands."

"He has, eh? Well, hitch him up before my heavy sulky, and I'll take that vice out of him in short metre."

The groom hitched up Powhattan and drove him up to the door in a few moments. The Commodore got in, when Powhattan laid down on his belly. Commodore introduced a shifting raw hide on his hams, when with one kick the bottom of the sulky was strewn through and the Commodore badly bruised. Commodore said nothing, but ordered Powhattan put up. A week after, finding that nothing could be done with that animal, he offered him for sale. Here is a copy of the advertisement, which I find in a file of the Herald, of Sept. 1813. It has never been in print since:

For Sale—The bay Powhattan. He was sired by his father *and dammed by the man that last owned him.* He is true in all kinds of harness, in riding it and make him prance. Terms—whatever he'll bring. Parties approving stand will get the greatest bargain. Inquire of Mr. Stevens' groom, etc.

A colossal sailor, full of whisky, went into the Boston Bethel, one day last winter. The day was cold outside, but in the air of the chapel was hot, and being crammed with poor people in all stages of dirt, its air was not pleasant. This state of things produced visible effects upon the drunken sailor. He became quamish, and disposed to vomit, and being jammed up among the crowd, and unable to get away, his face was twisted into strange contortions, the sweat poured from his face and he became very pale. The preacher noted these changes, and attributed them to the sermon, and all at once, turning to the sailor, exclaimed: "Brother Mariner, how shall we help you?" "Bara a rag," was the sententious reply.

CURIOSITIES.—Whiskers from the cat that was let out of the bag.

The fringe to a cobweb curtain.

A coffin for the dead of night.

A vaccination from leaded matter.

Shavings from the planing of a form.

A bullet from a shooting stick.

Order from a foul case.

The rope with which Jacob lifted up his voice.

A few stitches taken by a tailor in a coat of paint.

A little perfume from the flower of the army.

A minute quantity of jelly made from the current of the Mississippi.

A few soaked logs from the drift of a discourse.

A thimble full of steel dust supposed to have been made when Macbeth filed his mind.

A leaf from the tree of knowledge.

A gentleman of color had a severe attack of the rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He doctored it and nursed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a stroke of his fists over it, exclaimed: "Ache away, den, ole feller, ache away. I shan't do nuffin for yer; dis child can stan' it as long as you can. So ache away."

Clippings.

DISTURBERS OF PUBLIC HARMONY.

Encore! Encore!
Oh what a bore
To hear a set of beobles roar
At concerts, one
Song being done,
The prelude to the next begun!
O ye unwise!
Cease those encores,
Which from sad want of taste arise;
Devoid of brains,
Orchestral strains
You drown—the dence requite your pains!

Matrimonial fruit baskets is now the polite name for cradles.

Modesty is a jewel which addeth much to animated calico.

To make pantaloons last—make the coat and vest first.

ROMAN CEMENT.—The French Army: for it has been sticking in Rome now ever so long, and the Pope finds it impossible to remove it. [Punch.

A French wit said to a man who was exceedingly fat, that nature only made him to show how far the human skin would stretch without breaking.

A WISE PRECAUTION.—Sir Benjamin Hall has directed that the dimensions of the new reception room at St. James' shall be calculated not by linear, but by crino-linear measurement. [Punch.

A writer in Putnam's Magazine proposes to make sour apples sweet, by manuring the trees with molasses!

A jilted chemist finds love to be composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame and two of affection.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it—what is the dawn without the dew? The smile is rendered by the tear precious above the smile itself.

There is a lady in Boston who is habitually so sleepy that her curiosity cannot be awakened.

Here is a good domestic toast—may your coffee and slanders against you ever be the same—without any grounds.

Wisdom is to my knowledge what the hand of the surgeon is to the instrument he employs.

Regard the interests of others, as well as your own.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

The highest premium for meanness has been awarded to the anonymous letter.

Adam Good has a bell foundry in Buffalo. Pious people are scandalized by slowly reading his sign—A dam Good Bell Foundry.

☞ "Have you blasted hopes?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am, but I have a blasted toothache."

☞ "Paps, have guns got legs!"

"No."

"How do they kick, then?"

"With their breeches, my son!"

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, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, Supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport, Marshall, 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, Romquilin Settlement and Boisé 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 PORTS 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 Landg, 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 time.

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

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

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

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 7 A. M. Due daily at 2½ P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, 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 all the distance by sea.		
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 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 5 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 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. R. P. MCHATTON, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	14	17
East India	14	15½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	10¾
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	90	95
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 00
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	10	11¼
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12¾
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	—
No. 11	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Brazier	28	29
Sheathing	29	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, Low Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	25	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 50	3 50
COAL, ⅌ ton—		
Cannel	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Velvet	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard		
Brown Sheetings, 3-4 to 7-8	05	7
" Sheetings, 9-4 to 6-4	09	12
Bleached Shirtings, 3-4 to 7-8	06½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Lowell Osnaburgs	10	12
Brown Virginia	08½	10½
Tickings, 7-8 to 4-4	09	18
Stripes and Checks	08½	18
Denims	09	12
Cottonades	12½	25
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	15
Jeans, Kentucky	30	45
Linseys, Kentucky	30	35
" Eastern	18	22
DUCK, ⅌ bbl—		
Russia	—	—
English	10 00	16 50
Raven	—	—
American, Nos. 2 to 10, ⅌ yard	19	27
DYES, ⅌ tun—		
Logwood, Campeachy	18 00	20 00
" St. Domingo	13 00	14 00
Fustic, Tampico	10 00	15 00
Indigo, ⅌ lb	1 00	1 15
Madder " "	12	15
Soda, ⅌ lb	2 00	2 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		
Ohio, etc., superfine	6 75	—
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	—	—
St. Louis, "	7 —	7 10
Extra	7 50	9 —
Family	6 25	6 50
FEATHERS, ⅌ lb	—	—
FLAXSEED, ⅌ bushel	50	—
FISH—		
Cod, ⅌ box	1 00	1 10
Mackerel, No. 1, ⅌ bbl	12 00	20 00
" No. 2	9 00	12 00