New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Land of the South.

BY HON. A. B. MEEK.

Land of the South!—Imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam—
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!

Thy rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequaled to the sea—
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
Yet not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thine azure dome—
Sweet Sunny South!—I cling to thee—
Thou art my native home.

I've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song—
On Helvyn's hills, proud and sublime,
Where Nature's wonders throng—
By Tempe's classic, sun-lit streams,
Where gods of old did roam,
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou, my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than Nature ever gave—
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave—
For science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome—
These, these endear thee to my heart—
My own loved native home!

And "Heaven's best gift to man" is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls—
Life's sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them—
Where'er their footsteps roam—
How can I, then, while loving them,
Not love my native home?

Land of the South!—Imperial land!
Then here's a health to thee!
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
May'st thou be blest and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam,
But should it come, there's one will die
To save his native home!

Lines in a Son's Bible.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come—
When she who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
The holiest for her son;
And from the gift of God above,
She chose a goodly one!
She chose her best loved boy
The source of life and light and joy.

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne.
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—*remember, boy!*

For the Daily Crescent.

HOW LIZZIE GREEN CUT HER EYE-TEETH.

A SCHOOL-GIRL STORY.

My dictum is, that girls are devilish. They may be widely different in point of *physique*, dress, and manners and customs, according to the necessities and traditions of the particular spot of earth upon which destiny may have located them; but, as a general rule, girls are devilish the wide world over. It therefore follows that the girls of New Orleans are as devilish as the rest of girl-kind. I do not propose, however, to argue the matter. I expect to prove it by illustration. And my illustration shall contain, let me observe, considerably more of truth than poetry.

It matters not at what particular time, or in what particular district of our goodly city, the thing took place; but it began one pleasant spring afternoon, when our heroines were on their way home from school. Lizzie Green was a pupil of the graduating class; a rather plain miss, but the possessor of a pair of melting blue eyes, and that much of general attractiveness which ever belongs to the halcyon era of "sweet sixteen." Jennie Sharp was an assistant teacher; a beautiful and coquettish creature of Lizzie's age, whose sparkling black eye, wavy hair, cherry lip, and general piquancy of appearance, captivated every masculine goose that came near her. They were talking about the last party, at which Jennie had been the belle, and Lizzie one of the most unobserved of the wall-flowers.

"It's of no use talking, Jennie," said Lizzie, in a complaining tone, "but I'll never go to another party that you're at. You know I'm your fast friend, and love you dearly, but I can't keep a beau while you're about. I've had several within a year past, but they all left me to run after you, and after you'd fling 'em, they'd be too proud to come back to me. You know it's so, Jennie, and I don't want to go into company with you any more."

"Why, bless me, Lizzie," responded Jennie, "how foolish you talk! If it is as you complain, I can't help it, can I? Do I try to cut you out? Can I keep the young men from leaving you and running after me, if they feel like it? I'm sure I don't ask 'em to do it."

"Oh, no, dear Jennie, I don't blame *you* at all; but then nature has made us so different, you see, and when this difference becomes apparent in company, I can't help feeling very miserable. No, Jennie, I don't blame you at all, but I won't go in company with you any more."

Jennie began to feel settled. Not at Lizzie's words, but at the tinge of bitterness with which they were uttered. "Lizzie," she said, "you should'nt talk so. You know that so far from trying to rob you of your beaux, I have tried to help you to several."

"Yes, your cast-off ones."

"Now, Lizzie, that's unkind; I shall be angry with you directly. I don't want more than three or four beaux, you know, and because I won't have all the rest that want to wring, in they're cast off, are they? Wasn't it only last week that I brought two young men round to your house, and then left them there with you, pretending I had to go home on account of the tooth-ache?"

"Yes, Jennie, but what was the good of it? In a minute after you left Mr. Slim took his hat and left, with many apologies, and soon after that Mr. Flinch followed suit, saying he would be pleased to call again, with my permission; since which I haven't seen or heard of either."

"Well, goodness gracious, Lizzie, could I help that? I did all I could, I'm sure, and what more could you expect? I can't help it if you *are* ugly."

"Well, you need'nt be so *mean* about it, Jennie—"

"I'll be just as I please about it, and what's more, if I feel like it, I'll call the beaux I can, I don't care *who* they belong to! You need'nt talk, I don't want to hear any more!"

Here the girls reached the parting corner, they resided on opposite sides of the same block—and each went to her home feeling that she had been grievously and wantonly offended by the other. Lizzie, being very tender-hearted, soon felt that she had acted wrong, and longed to call on Jennie and "make up" before sleeping that night. Jennie, on the contrary, was fortified by a spice of girlish wickedness, and thought only of obtaining satisfaction. "The girl's a regular fool," she said to herself, "she's dying to love somebody, and I think I'll fix her off."

Next day, when they met at school, Lizzie flung her arms round Jennie's neck and kissed her and cried, and begged her pardon and carried on at a great rate. Jennie was not hard-hearted enough to repel these powerful advances; but a certain stiffness in her manner, and peculiarity in her smile, might have told a sharper perception than Lizzie's that all was not quite right.

On the following Sunday Jennie sent one of the morning papers round to Lizzie, with the information that her name figured in the letter list. Lizzie saw her name and wondered. "Bless me! a letter for me! I wonder who it can be from? I'm certain there's no other girl of my name in town! Well, well!" And Lizzie knew no rest until next morning, when, having taken the letter from the office with her own hand, and tripped to school in a tremor of excitement, she broke the seal and read and re-read its contents a dozen times over. Oh, it was such a letter! She was all in a flutter, and didn't know what to do about it; so, when school let out, she made a confidant of Jennie, as of yore, and asked her to read the letter, which she placed in her hand. Jennie, nibbling her lips, read as follows:

"Miss Green—I hope you will pardon the boldness of a perfect stranger in thus addressing you, but I have, unknown to yourself, gazed upon you several times, and now desire most earnestly to make your acquaintance. I have ascertained your name and residence, but, alas! have not been able to find a friend who could bless me with an introduction. I am a young man of respectability, that neither you nor your family could object to upon acquaintance. All I ask at present is, that I may make myself known to you some of these pleasant evenings, while you are sitting at your door, and that you will let me know, by a smile or otherwise, whether it will be worth my while to push for a further acquaintance. But I will not discover myself to you until I know whether you will permit such a boldness. Assuring you that my feelings are perfectly sincere and honorable, I beg the favor of an answer through the post-office. I am yours, most devotedly, GEORGE SPARKS."

"Well, Jennie, what do you think of it?" asked Lizzie, who had watched her intently while reading the letter.

"I think it's a funny way for a man to introduce himself," replied Jennie, "but then such things have been done before. What do you intend to do about it?"

"I don't know, Jennie—what would you do, if you got such a letter?"

Jennie considered awhile. "I think I would answer it, Lizzie. I'd have a look at the fellow, anyhow. The letter looks and reads as if written by a gentleman, and he can't take any advantage of you if you conduct yourself properly. There can be no harm in letting him show himself. Yes, Lizzie, I'd answer it."

"But, la me, Jennie, I would'nt know what to say! It's such a funny piece of business! Suppose you write an answer and let me copy it—will you?"

"I think you'd better do it yourself, Lizzie; still, if you want me to, I'll show you the kind of an answer I'd send. Come round to my room, and we'll fix it up. Hurrah for you, Lizzie! Another beau caught! Now, Lizzie, if you lose this one, I hope you'll not blame me for it!"

"No, I won't, Jennie—but I have'nt got him yet!"

"Never fear that, Lizzie!"

The two girls were soon in Jennie's room, and, after any quantity of foolery, and scribbling on a slate, and arguing, and rubbing out, and scribbling again, the following was agreed upon as the proper answer to send:

"Mr. Sparks—although I have not the remotest idea who you are, the tone of your letter assures me that I can have nothing to fear in permitting you to introduce yourself as you propose. But please bear in mind that I grant your request simply as a favor to yourself, not from any curiosity on my part; also, that if you should forget yourself and prove impertinent, I have plenty of gentlemen friends to appeal to. Yours, E. G."

Lizzie copied it off carefully; got Jennie to revise the spelling; enclosed it in a dainty envelope; and wrote "George Sparks, Esq.," in a most enticing hand thereon.

"Well, now, this is a rich business, is'nt it?" exclaimed Lizzie, dropping the letter in her bosom and hugging Jennie in the impulsiveness of her feelings.

"Yes, it's rather funny, Lizzie—but then there's no harm in it, and I hope you'll catch Mr. Sparks, and hold on to him. After what's passed between us, Lizzie, it'll do my heart good to see you have a good beau!"

And Lizzie ran around home. Any one who could have heard Jennie tittering, and seen her dancing about her room after Lizzie left, would have set her down for a merry devil of the first water.

Next morning Lizzie stole to the post-office and left her letter. On the morning following that she received an answer. It had been pushed under the front door during the night, and picked up by the servant girl, who brought it to her. It read as follows:

"Dear Miss Green—I am a thousand times obliged to you for your kindness. I shall pass your house about sundown this evening, and, if I miss seeing you, every pleasant evening until I succeed. I wear a blue figured vest and carry an ivory-headed sword-cane; will also have the tip of a white handkerchief sticking from the breast-pocket of my coat. Dear young lady, I am all anxiety and impatience to see you, for I feel assured that my suit will not be in vain.

Yours, most devotedly, GEORGE."

Lizzie of course showed this reply to Jennie as soon as they met at school; and a great chaffer they had over it. Jennie gave her friend any quantity of advice as to how to how to prepare herself for the complete conquest of the unknown; and asked leave to come around at sundown and sit at the door with her. Lizzie objected, frankly telling her that she feared her superior beauty would lure Sparks away from her as it had lured her other beaux. But Jennie promised to make herself look ugly; said she would wear her hair plain, and put on an old calico, and so forth, and finally obtained permission to come around and "see the fun," as she termed it.

Poor Lizzie! That evening she sat at the door in the most seemingly accidental manner in the world; pretending to see nobody, but scanning every comer of the male gender at a distance of squares. Jennie was with her, playing the hypocrite as usual, and revelling in an ecstasy of secret enjoyment. It shone to some extent in her flushed cheek and tell-tale eye; but Lizzie was too much absorbed in tender expectation to notice it.

Of course, no Sparks came along. Sundry young gentlemen who passed, however, wondered at the manner in which Lizzie glanced at them; not suspecting that their canes caused it all; for Lizzie was in that state of mind that either a cane, or a blue figured vest, or a white handkerchief, alone, was enough to cause her heart to palpitate; much less all three together. Lizzie went to bed rather down hearted that night. The next day being fair, she made sure that the enamored Sparks would show himself; and with the advice and consent of her confidant, Jennie, fixed herself up with extra care, and embellished the doorstep in the evening; Jennie being with her, of course, and luxuriating upon her suspense.

"It's strange he don't come," said Lizzie, as she walked round home with Jennie after dark. Jennie consoled her with all sorts of probabilities, and, after a good, long sober talk, Lizzie went home.

Next morning she hurried round to Jennie's room in order to have a good chat with her before starting to school. She had had a wonderful dream, that she wanted Jennie to interpret for her. Running up stairs to Jennie's room, unheralded, as she had often done before, she found it vacant; but Jennie's writing-desk lay open; and, glancing over its outspread contents, as few girls, under the circumstances, could have helped doing, discovered the very letter she had written to George Sparks! and a copy of the answer she had received from him!! And another letter began, in Spark's hand, beginning with "Dear Miss Green," and apologizing for not coming by her house according to promise, with a positive promise not to miss the next time!!!

Oh, what treachery! Indignant, humiliated, and feeling guilty, she fled lightly down stairs, hearing Jennie's voice in the yard. As no one had seen her enter, she stole out, ran round home, and got too sick to go to school that day. Her first spasm of grief and humiliation over, she began concocting plans of revenge. By getting mad publicly at Jennie and blowing her up, she would only let the story out, and expose herself to general ridicule. That would'nt do. She would pay her in her own coin; that was the idea. But how? So she set her wits to work.

Jennie, missing her at school, went round to see her in the evening, and played the hypocrite better than ever. There was a change in Lizzie's manner toward her—a lack of the impulsiveness and outgushing confidence that generally characterized her; but that she attributed to the sickness of hope deferred. After the usual chaffer about the mysterious Sparks—Lizzie, for reasons of her own, now humoring the humbuggery—and any quantity of friendly consolation, Jennie went home.

"Oh, how can a girl be so mean?" thought Lizzie, to herself; "but never mind—I'll scratch her good; see if I don't."

Early on the following morning, Lizzie went to writing letters. She did'nt need Jennie's advice this time. They were all written alike, and signed "Jennie Sharp," in a very fair counterfeit of the said Jennie's chirography. They were five in number, and this was what they all contained:

"Mr.——: I think you have been unnecessarily distant of late. I may have given you offence, but I am not aware of having done so; and this is to inform you that if you feel disposed to honor me with your visits, I shall be pleased to see you, any evening you can make it convenient to call. I shall be at home this evening. Please do not mention this note to me, but when you come, act as if you came at your own bidding.

"Yours, truly, JENNIE SHARP."

One of these she directed to the young man who had popped the question seven times to Jennie, and met with seven refusals, in consequence of which he had made seven distinct threats to commit suicide. No. 2 she directed to the young man who met Jennie at a ball, danced with her once, and did'nt dance with anybody else for pure love of her. No. 3 to the young man who was sacked because he represented himself as one of a clothing firm, when he was only a clerk of the said firm. No. 4 to the widower that got his discharge for walking Jennie home from a ball, instead of hiring a carriage for her. And No. 5 to the cousin who was driven off for his audacity in coming to see her with a check shirt on.

While Lizzie was up to all this, the servant-girl brought up to her Mr. Sparks' last letter, which she had seen at Jennie's room the day before. "Never mind," she remarked complacently to herself, "I'll fix you, my very dear friend." A negro boy, bribed to secrecy, was made to carry the letters to their several destinations, one at a time, for fear of mistakes; being directed to slip them under the doors or toss them in at the windows, without being observed, if possible; and if caught, to say that Miss Jennie sent him. This the darkey did, and came off without detection.

That evening Lizzie fixed herself in the doorway as usual; having shown Sparks' last letter to Jennie at school, just as she did the others. Having undertaken to play the hypocrite, she succeeded in it rather better than Jennie. Jennie, as usual, went round to sit with her, and feast upon her foolish expectancy. She had not been there long, when her little sister came round to inform her that a gentleman had called at the house, and was waiting for her. She started for home, and Lizzie, saying she had given up seeing Sparks, proposed to go along with her; to which Jennie willingly assented.

Reaching home and entering the parlor, Jennie was astonished and vexed upon discovering that her visitor was the hateful old question-popper, dressed to death, and smiling like an alligator. Seeing Lizzie, he said, shaking hands with both, "It is such a pleasant evening, Miss Sharp, that I could not resist the temptation of paying you one more visit."

"I'm sorry for that," said the indignant Jennie "for I had sincerely hoped never to see your face again. I hope you will make your visit as short as possible sir, for, to tell the truth plainly, I hate the very sight of you!"

"Certainly, miss," he said, coloring up; "I meant no offence. I wish you a good evening." And he backed out.

"Well, that's a nice way to treat a visitor, I declare!" exclaimed Lizzie.

"You know, Lizzie, that he's perfectly insupportable. I don't see what ever possessed him to call, after the way I cut him the last time he wanted me to marry him."

Ting-a-ling! goes the door-bell! And in glides the member of the clothing firm, looking as killing as a German prince. "Ah, good evening, ladies," he said, laying his hat and gloves on the table; "I'm delighted to see you looking so well! It's a charming evening, is'nt it?"

"No!" snapped Jennie; "it's a horrible evening, and your presence makes it twice as bad! I wish you'd leave, Mr. Denim!"

"Oh, no, not so soon!" he said, good humoredly, supposing Jennie was merely exercising a little coquettish badinage upon him; "no, not just yet a bit!"

"Mr. Denim!" she exclaimed, standing before him in a tremble—"I'm not joking, I assure you! I want you to leave! I don't see how you could be so impudent as"—

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" went the door-bell again, and the dapper youth, Mr. Limber, who had been slaughtered at the ball, added himself to the party, in all his glory. Seeing Mr. Denim, and not being offered an introduction to that gentleman, he subsided quietly into a corner; being not a little surprised at Miss Jennie's silent and haughty reception of him. He finally concluded that Jennie was settled by Mr. Denim's presence, and so opened a chat with Lizzie, with the intention of outstaying his rival. That individual, meantime, continued to persecute Jennie with all sorts of gallant small talk; she rocking herself in her chair, biting her fan, and speaking only once in a while in wicked monosyllables. Her indignation had passed its climax, and she was now endeavoring to unravel the extraordinary coincidence, of all the men she hated coming too see her on the same evening, and that, too, after she had cut each and every one of them dead. Whilst thus wondering with herself, the door-bell rang for the fourth time.

The new-comer was the man she hated above every body else in the world—her rough cousin, Tom Lignum. Her indignation again rose to its highest pitch. She bade farewell to all constraint, and "let herself out."

"So you had to come poking in too, had you? It was all that was wanting, to drive me distracted; and now I mean to ask you, Mr. Lignum, and you other gentlemen too, what brought you all here to-night, after I had given you all to understand that I never wanted to see you again? Will you be so good as to tell me, any of you?"

The gentlemen were, of course, somewhat astonished; but Mr. Denim, supposing Miss Jenny was simply playing a part for some purpose or other, responded, smilingly:

"I came, Miss Jenny, because it was a pleasant evening—because I have spent many pleasant evenings with you—and because I did'nt wish to let a pleasant acquaintance die out."

"And I," followed Mr. Limber, "because I never dreamt I would give offence—but I'm ready to travel, if my company ain't wanted!"

"And I," said Cousin Tom, "came because you sent me this note!" Here he pulled a billet-doux from his pocket and displayed it, adding, "and you may bet your life I'd never have come but for your urgent invitation!"

Jenny grabbed the note, looked at it, and declared it a forgery, of the meanest and cruelest kind. "I never sent this to you! I never send notes to any body!"

"You don't, miss?" exclaimed Mr. Denim; "I may as well state, then, that I came here by a written invitation from you! See, here it is!"

"And so did I!" exclaimed Mr. Limber in his turn. "Bless us, it's a queer business, ain't it?"

Miss Jennie declared that some miserable wretch had been making fools of them all; and after getting rid of the three gentlemen, upon a proper understanding, she attacked Lizzie.

"This is all your work, Lizzie—all your work—no one could have done it but you! How could you be so infernally mean?"

"Yes, I *did* do it!" said Lizzie, smilingly, but with a high color in her face; "but I did it because I could'nt help it. I made the acquaintance of that Mr. Sparks, at last; and as he is a capital letter-writer, and gave me some rather powerful lessons, I thought I would display my education for your benefit!"

"What do you mean, Lizzie?"

"Why, I mean that I found you out, and I have paid you off just as you deserved. I'm even with you now, Miss Sharp! I was a *Sofi*, but you've made a *Hard* of me now!"

Jennie, feeling herself outdone, got very mad, cried, and quarreled with Lizzie at a great rate; Lizzie defending and justifying herself with all proper spirit. Whilst they were quarreling, the door-bell rang a fifth time, and in marched the widower who had received one of the invitations! That was the climax of Jennie's troubles, and the climax likewise of Lizzie's triumph. As soon as Mr. Heavy had made himself at home, Lizzie left, saying, with mock affection, "I don't like to intrude, Jenny, so I'll leave. I hope you'll have a pleasant time of it. Good evening!"

Jennie soon dismissed the widower, after letting him know that he came upon no invitation of hers. As soon as he had left, she locked the door, clogged the bell-wire, and retired to her chamber, a remarkably fine specimen of a used up school-teacher. She determined to cut Lizzie's acquaintance forever; but next morning she thought better of it. Lizzie might tell the story, even at her own expense, if crowded too hard; so she lost no time in making friends with her; and as long as Miss Jennie remained a school-teacher, she never put a pen to anything, so far as was known, except her pupils' writing lessons.

Lizzie, for all her difficulty in getting a beau, is now married and a mother; whilst the coquettish, devilish Jennie is still single—though she could have married her pick at any time, had she felt inclined.

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." Lord Ellenborough, in a very mild tone, said, "My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you a great injustice."

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS CLUB.—A Gossiping Club is said to have been formed down east for the purpose of more effectually ascertaining the business of other people generally. It has already attained a large membership, and promises to become a flourishing institution. The following are some of its rules:

Any member of the society who shall be convicted of knowing more of his own business than of any other's, shall be expelled from the society without a hearing.

No member shall sit down to his own table until he has ascertained to a certainty what his neighbors within three doors of each side of his house shall have to eat; whether they have paid for the same, and, if not, if they expect to.

Every member who shall see two or three persons engaged in conversation shall place himself between them until he has heard all they have to say, and report the same accordingly.

Every gentleman visiting a young lady more than twice, shall circulate the news that they are going to be married, and said members are required to report all manner of things about the lady to the gentleman. This will break up matches, and afford much gossip.

CIGAR JOKE.—The Springfield Republican tells a story of a coal dealer and an insurance officer who were conversing, when the latter suggested cigars, and jocularly offered to pay if the coal dealer Mr. P., would get them. "Agreed," was the word, and Mr. P. received ten cents, went off and bought a couple of cigars. Mr. F., the insurance man, sat still in his chair, received his cigar, and after puffing and squeezing and punching, remarked that P. had better look with the cigar he was puffing freely away upon him had fallen to his own lot. "I should'nt wonder," replied P., "*for I gave eight cents for mine and only two for yours!*"

In the neighborhood of Quimber, Brittany, a very singular custom prevails. A widower wears his hat in such a way as to bring the corner right over the forehead, probably for the purpose of showing that his life has been overshadowed. The married man wears it so that the corner is over his back, perhaps as signifying that he can only look back for happiness, which with him is memory. The "jolly bachelor" causes the corner to come jauntily over the right or left ear, which may mean that he is open for proposals. When a widower or bachelor there makes an offer of himself, he must say to the lady, "take my hat." It may be that there is some satire in the thing, which foreigners cannot easily understand.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—Mrs. Colonel Latter, a bigoted believer in the limited liability of human happiness, and the certain damnation of all, except some fifty or sixty of her own peculiar clique, was endeavoring to hook into Jerrold the "limited capacity" the "Five Points" of Calvinism. When she came to that of Reprobation, she said it meant, in a few words, the doctrine "that every man was *born to be damned*," on which the outraged Christianity of the listener relieved itself by saying, "Then, had I known it, *I'd be damned if I would have been born.*" The fair theologian always considered Jerrold as decidedly in for a warm berth.

An honest farmer being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper, "Because," said he, "my father when he died left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

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—Day 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 7,809—Supplying Baton Rouge, Natchez, Vicksburg, Lake Providence, Grand Lake, Worthington, Greenville, Columbia, Napoleon and Little Rock, Helena, Memphis, Randolph, New Madrid, Hickman, Columbus, Cairo and St. Louis. Closes daily at 3 P. M. Due daily by 5 P. M.

VICKSBURG MAIL—Supplying Donaldsonville, Plaquemine, Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, St. Francisville, Pointe Coupee, Morganza, Red River Landing, (supplying Alexandria, Grand Ecore, Natchitoches, Shreveport and Eastern Texas,) Fort Adams, Natchez, Waterproof, Rodney, St. Joseph, Grand Gulf, Ashwood, Warrenton, 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, Ronquillo Settlement and Buras 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 3 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 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 Aulite, Independence, Tangipahoa, Pondatalla, 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 officer 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, 31c.; 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. H. McHATTON, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	14	17
East India	13½	14½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	8½	10½
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	90	95
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English-dry	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio, fair	10	11½
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	12½
Laguayra	—	11½
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. I	—	—
No. II	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Brazier's	28	30
Sheathing	29	31
" yellow metal	26	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	25	27½
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	14	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 80	3 00
COTTON, ⅌ ton—		
Cuba	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
CORKS, ⅌ 1,000—		
Spanish	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard—		
Brown Sheetings, 3-4 to 7-8	05	7
" Shirtings, 4-4 to 6-4	08	12
Bleached Sheetings 3-4 to 7-8	04½	10½
" Shirtings 4-4	06	12
Brown Lawns, Osnaburgs	10	12
Brown Virginia	08½	10½
Pickings, 3-4 to 4-4	12½	16
Striped and Checks	08½	16
Denims	09	12
Cottonades	12½	25
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	15
Jeans, Kentucky	40	55
Linseys, Kentucky	30	35
" Eastern	18	22
DUCK, ⅌ bolt—		
Russia	—	—
English	10 00	16 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	10 00	15 00
Indigo, ⅌ lb	50	1 15
Madder	12	15
EGGS, ⅌ bbl	2 00	20 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		
Ohio, etc., superfine	—	—
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	—	—
St. Louis City	2 75	—
Extra	2 50	—
Fine	2 25	6 25
FRAIRIES, ⅌ ⅌	—	—
FLAXSEED, ⅌ bushel	80	—
FISH—		
Cod, ⅌ box	1 00	1 10
Mackerel, No. 1, ⅌ bbl	17 00	20 00
" No. 2	9 00	12 00
" No. 3	6 00	9 00
Herring, ⅌ box	50	80
FRUIT, ⅌ box—		
Prunes	—	—
Raisins, M.R.	—	4 00
" London Layers	4 25	4 50
"	—	—
Lemons	2 50	6 00
Oranges	2 50	—
Figs, fancy, ⅌ lb	7½	8½
Currants, Zante	—	—
Almonds, soft shell	17	18
" hard shell	05½	06½
GRAIN, ⅌ bushel—		
Wheat	1 30	1 41
Oats	55	60
Corn, in ear, ⅌ bbl	—	—
Corn, shelled, ⅌ bushel	75	80
Beans, ⅌ bbl	—	—
GUNPOWDER, ⅌ keg	—	—
Common	4 00	—
GLASS, ⅌ box of 50 feet	7 00	—
American, 8 by 10	1 65	1 80
10 by 12	1 80	1 90
12 by 18	2 40	2 60
GUNNY BAGS	12½	14½
HEMP, ⅌ ton—		
Western, water-rotted	—	—
" dew-rotted	—	142 50
" hackled	—	—
HAY, ⅌ ton	24 00	26 00
HIDES, ⅌ lb—		
West India and Mexican Slaughtered	24½	—
Dry-salted Mexican	—	—
Wet-salted, heavy	08½	10½
Dry, country	16½	17
Kip and Calf	—	—
LEAD, ⅌ 100 lb—		
Pig	—	7 25
Bar, ⅌ lb	08	08½
Sheet	08½	09
LIME, ⅌ bbl—		
Western	—	—
Rockland	—	—
MOLASSES, ⅌ gallon—		
In the City	—	—
Cuba, in hogsheads	—	—
NAILS, ⅌ lb—		
Cut, all sizes	—	04½
NAVAL STORES—		
Lake Tar, ⅌ bbl	1 50	2 25
Pitch	—	2 00
Rosin	2 00	2 50
Spirits Turpentine, ⅌ gallon	50	—
OILS, ⅌ gallon—		
Lard	1 30	1 37½
Linseed	60	1 15
Sperm, winter	2 00	2 10
Sperm, fall	1 50	1 60
Boneset, summer	—	1 20
Wh