New Orleans Daily Crescent.

The Doomed Man.

BY REV. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D.

There is a time, we know not when—
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
Which crosses every path.
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die;
To die as if by stealth—
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly, a mark;
Unseen by man, for man as yet,
Is blind, and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's course below,
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He feels—he knows that all is well,
And every fear is calmed—
He lives—he dies—he wakes in Hell,
Not only doomed—but damned.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
By which our paths are crossed,
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does Hope end, and where begin
The confines of Despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called 'to-day' repent,
And harden not your heart."

The Hoosier and the Salt Pile.

BY DANFORTH MARBLE.

"I'm sorry," says Dan, as he knocked the ashes from his regalia, as he sat in a small crowd over a glass of sherry, at Florence's, New York, one evening, "I'm sorry that the stages are disappearing so rapidly. I never enjoyed traveling so well as in the slow coaches. I've made a good many passages over the Alleghanies, and across Ohio, from Cleveland to Columbus and Cincinnati, all over the South; down East and up North, in stages, and I generally had a good time.

"When I passed over from Cleveland to Cincinnati the last time, in the stage, I met a queer crowd—such a corps, such a time you never did see. I never was better amused in my life. We had a good team—spanking horses, and one of the drivers you read of. Well, these were nine 'insiders,' and I don't believe there ever was a stage full of Christians ever started before so chock full of music.

"There was a beautiful young lady going to one of the Cincinnati academies; next to her sat a Jew pedler—for Cowes and a market; wedging him in was a dandy blood, with jewelry and chains around his breast and neck—enough to hang him. There was myself and an old gentleman, with large spectacles, gold-headed cane, and a jolly, soldering-iron looking nose; by him was a circus-rider, whose breath was enough to breed yellow fever, and could be felt just as easy as cotton velvet. A cross old woman came next, whose look would have given any reasonable man the double-breasted blues before breakfast; alongside of her was a rale backwood preacher, with the biggest and ugliest mouth ever got up since the flood. He was flanked by the low comedian of the party, an Indiana hoosier, 'gwine down to get an army contract' to supply the forces then in Mexico with beef.

"We rolled along for some time, nobody seeming inclined to 'open.' The old aunty sat bolt upright, looking crab-apples and persimmons at the hoosier and the preacher, the young lady dropped the green curtain of her bonnet over her pretty face and leaned back in her seat to nod and dream over lapodilas and jonnies, pantalettes and poetry; the old gentleman, proprietor of the Rotchpo spec, looked out at the 'country' and the scenery; the gambler fell off into a doze, and the circus cover followed suit, leaving the preacher and me vis-a-vis, and saying nothing to nobody. 'Indiana,' he stuck his mug out of the window and criticised the cattle we now and then passed. I was wishing somebody would give the conversation a start, when 'Indiana' made it broke out.

"'This sain't no great stock country,' says he to the old gentleman with the cane.

"'No, sir,' says the old gentleman. 'There's very little grass in the range, the range is pretty much worn out.'

"Then there was nothing said again for some time. Bimeby the hoosier opened again—

"'I'll be the d——d if I ever saw such forsimmon trees and turkey-buzzards I ever did see!'

"The old gentleman with the cane did'nt say nothing, and the preacher gave a long groan. The young lady smiled through her veil, and the old lady snapped her eyes and looked sideways at the speaker.

"'Don't make much beef here, I reckon,' says the hoosier.

"'No,' says the gentleman.

"'Well, I don't see how in h—ll they all manage to get along in a country what that ain't no ranges, and they don't make beef. A man ain't considered worth a cuss in Indiany what hasn't got his brand on a hundred head.'

"'This is a great beef country, I believe,' says the old gentleman.

"'Well, sir, it aint anything else. A man that's got sense enough to foller his own cow-bell with ain't in no danger of starvin. I'm gwine down to Orleans to see if I can't get a contract out of Uncle Sam, to feed the boys what's been licks'n them infernal Mexicans so badly. I spose you've seed them cussed lies what's been in the papers about the Indiany boys at Buny Nisty.'

"I've read some accounts of the battle," says the old gentleman, "that didn't give a very flattering account of the conduct of some of our troops."

"With that, the Indiany man went into a full explanation of the affair, and, gittin warmed up as he went along, began to act like he had seen more than twenty-a-dozen campaigns himself. The old preacher listened to him with evident signs of displeasure, twistin' and groanin' till he couldn't stand it no longer.

"'My friend,' says he 'you must excuse me, but your conversation would be a great deal more interesting to me—and I'm sure would please the company much better—if you would'nt swear so terribly. It's very wrong to swear, and I hope you'll have respect for our feelin', if you hain' no respect for your Maker.

"'If the hoosier had been struck with thunder and lightnin', he couldn't have been more completely tuck aback. He sat thunder struck right in the middle of what he was sayin', and looked at the preacher, white his face got as red as fire.

"'Swearin', says the old preacher, 'is a terrible bad practice, and there ain't no use in it, no how. The Bible says, swear not at all, and I s'pose you know the commandments about swearin'.

"The old lady sort of brightened up—the preacher was her 'book of a many' the old fellow set up the 'nose' and case let off a few lumps I ah emphs; but 'Indiany' kept shady, he appeared to be *cowed down*.

"'I know,' says the preacher, 'that's great many people swear without thinkin', and some people don't believe the Bible.'

"And then he went on to preach a regular sermon agin swearing, and to quote scripture like he had the whole Bible by heart. In the course of his argument, he undertook to prove the Scriptures to be true, and told us all about the miracles and prophecies, and their fulfillment. The old gentleman with the cane took part in the conversation, and the hoosier listened without ever opening his head.

"'Yes just heard a gentleman,' says the preacher, 'that's been to the Holy Land, and went over the Bible country. It's astonishin' to hear what wonderful things he has seen. He was at Sodom and Gomorrow, and seen the place what Lot's wife fell'

"'Ah!' says the old gentleman with the cane.

"'Yes,' says the preacher, 'he went to the very spot; and what's the most remarkable thing of it all he saw the pillar of salt what she was turned into.'

"'Is it possible!' says the old gentleman.

"'Yes, sir, he seen the salt, standin' thar to this day.'

"'What!' says the hoosier, 'real genewine good salt?'

"'Yes, sir, a pillar of salt, just as it was when that wicked woman was punished for her disobedience.'

"All but the hoosier, who was smoking in the corner of the coach, looked at the preacher—the hoosier with an expression of countenance that plainly told that his mind was powerfully convicted of an important fact.

"'Right out in the open air?' he asked.

"'Yes, standin' right in the open field, whar she fell.'

"'Well, sir,' says Indiany, 'all I've got to say is, *if she'd dropped in our parts, the cattle would have licked up afore sundown!*'

"The preacher raised both his hands at such an irreverent remark, and the old gentleman laughed himself into a fit of asthmatics, what he did'nt get over till he came to the next change of horses. The hoosier had played the mischief with the gravity of the whole party; even the old maid had to put her handkerchief to her face, and the young lady's eyes were filled with tears for half an hour afterwards. The old preacher hadn't another word to say on the subject; but whenever we came to any place, or met any body on the road, the circus man nursed 'the thingumajig by sayinng, what was the price of salt?'"

NOW'S THE TIME!—Now's the time for those who wish to fit up their houses or go to housekeeping on a splendid scale to call at Isaac Jones' store, No. 27 Royal street, to choose out a magnificent stock of French furniture, lufrecins, carpets, china, porcelain, etc., at a very great reduction for cash. See the advertisement about it.

FOR ST. LOUIS.—The regular packet Crescent City, Capt. Young, leaves for St. Louis this evening, at 5 o'clock. Morris, Bell, Buchanan & Co., are the agents.

Storming the Bastion.

BY CHAS. READE.

"This won't do, comrade. I must go. I shall attack from your position. So I shall go down the line and bring the men up. Meantime, pick up my detachment. Give me a good spice of veterans. I shall get one word with you before we go out. God bless you!"

"God bless you, Raynal!"

The moment Raynal was gone, Camille beckoned a lieutenant to him, and ordered half the brigade to form in a strong column on both sides of Death's Alley.

His eye fell upon Private Dard.

"Come here!" said he.

Dard came and saluted.

"Have you anybody at Beaurepaire that would be sorry if you were killed?"

"Yes, Colonel—Jacintha, that used to make your broth, Colonel."

"Take this line to Colonel Raynal. You will find him with the 12th Brigade."

He wrote a few lines in pencil, folded them, and Dard went off with them, little thinking that the Colonel of his brigade was taking the trouble to save his life, because he came from Beaulepaire. Colonel Dujardin then went into his tent, and closed the aperture, and took the good book the priest had given him, and prayed humbly, and forgave all the world.

Then he sat down, his head in his hands, and thought of his child, and how hard it was he must die and never see him. One sad sob at this—one only.

Then he lighted a candle and sealed up his orders of valor, and wrote a line begging that they might be sent to his sister. He also sealed up his purse and left a memorandum that the contents should be given to disabled soldiers of his brigade upon their being invalided.

Then he took out Josephine's letter.

"Poor coward," he said, "let me not be unkind. See I burn your letter, lest it should be found, and disturb the peace you prize so highly. I, too, shall soon be at peace, thank God." He lighted it and dropped it on the ground; it burned slowly away. He eyed it despairingly. "Ay! you perish, last record of an unhappy love; and as you pass away, so I am going—my soul to my Creator, my body to dust—ay, poor letter, even so passes away my life, wasted by generals not fit to command a corporals guard—my hopes of glory and my dreams of love—it all ends to-day, at nine and twenty."

He put his white handkerchief to his eyes. Jasmine had given it to him. He cried a little, not at dying but at seeing his life thrown away.

When he had done crying, he put his white handkerchief in his bosom, and the whole man was transformed beyond language to express. Powder does not change more when it catches fire. He rose that moment, and went like a flash of lightning out of the tent. The next, he came down like a falcon between the lines of the strong column to Death's Alley.

"Attention!" cried the sergeants—"the Colonel!"

There was a dead silence, for the bare sight of that erect and inspired figure made the man's bosoms thrill with the certainty of great deeds to come; the light of battle was in his eye. No longer the moody Colonel, but a thunderbolt of war, red hot, and waiting to be launched.

"Officers, sergeants and soldiers, a word with you!"

"LaCroix—! Attention!"

"Do you know what passed here five minutes ago?"

"The attack of the bastion was settled!" cried a Captain.

"It was!—and who was to lead the assault, do you know that?"

"No!"

"A Colonel from Egypt."

A groan from the men.

"With detachments from other brigades."

"Ah!"—an angry roar.

Colonel Dujardin walked quickly down between the two lines, looking with his fiery eye into the men's eyes on his right. Then he came back on the other side, and as he went, he lighted those men's eyes with his own. It was a touch passing along a line of ready gaslights.

"The work to do?" he cried in a voice like a clarion, (it fired the hearts as his eye had fired the eyes)—"the triumph to strangers! Our fatigues and our losses have not gained the brigade the honor of going out at those fellows that have killed so many of our comrades."

A fierce groan from the men.

"What! shall the colors of another brigade and not ours fly from that bastion this afternoon?"

"No! no!" in a roar like thunder.

"Ah! you are of my mind. Attention! the attack is fixed for 5 o'clock. Suppose you and I were to carry the bastion ten minutes before the Colonel from Egypt can bring his men upon the ground?"

A fierce roar of joy and laughter; the strange laughter of veterans and born irritables.

"That was a question I put to your hearts—your answer?"

The answer was a yell of exulting assent, but it was half drowned by another response, the thunder of the impatient drums, and the rattle of fixing bayonets.

The Colonel told off a party to the battery.

"Reset the guns at the top tier. Fire at my signal, and keep firing over our heads, till you see our colors on the place."

He then darted to the head of the column, which instantly formed behind him in the center of Death's Alley.

"The colors! No hand but mine shall hold them to-day."

They were instantly brought to him, his left hand shook them free in the afternoon sun.

A deep murmur of joy from the old hands at the new unwonted sight. Out flashed the sword like steel lightning. He waved it towards the battery.

Bang! bang! bang! bang! went the cannon, and the smoke rolled over the trenches. At the same moment up went the colors waving, and the Colonel's clarion voice pealed high above all—

"Twenty-fourth demi-brigade—FORWARD!"

They went so swiftly out of the trenches that they were not seen through their own smoke until they had run some sixty yards. No sooner were they seen coming on like devils, than two thousand muskets were leveled at them from all the Prussian lines. It was not a rattle of small arms, it was a crash, and the men fell fast; but in a moment they were seen to spread out like a fan, and when the fan closed again, it had encircled the bastion. It was a French attack. Ours swarmed at it in front like bees part swept around the glacis and flanked it. They were seen to fall in numbers, shot down from the battlements, but new living took the place of the dead; and the fight ranged evenly there. Where are the colors? Towards the rear. There the Colonel and a hundred men are fighting hand to hand with the Prussians, who have charged out at the back doors of the bastion. Success there, and the bastion must fall—both sides knew this.

All in a moment the colors disappeared. There was a groan from the French line. No! there they were again, and close under the bastion.

And now in front the attack was so hot that often the Prussian gunners were seen to jump down, driven from their posts; and the next moment a fierce hurrah from the rear told that the French had won some great advantage there. The fire slackening, told a similar tale, and presently down came the Prussian flagstaff. That might be an accident. A few moments of thirsting expectation, and up went the colors of the 24th brigade upon the Bastion St. Andre.

The whole French army raised a shout that rent the sky, and their cannon began to play on the Prussian lines, and between the bastion and the nearest fort to prevent a recapture.

Then shot from the earth a cubic acre of fire where lost the bastion was seen; it carried up a heavy mountain of red and black smoke that looked solid as marble. There was a heavy, sullen, tremulous explosion, that muffled out the sound of the cannon, and paralyzed the French and Prussian gunners' hands, and checked the very beating of their hearts. Thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder were in that awful explosion.

War itself held its breath, and both armies, like peaceful spectators, stood wonder-struck, terror-struck. Great hell seemed to have burst through the earth's crust, and to be rushing at heaven. Huge stones, cannon, corpses, and limbs of soldiers were seen driven or falling through the smoke. Some of these last came quite clear of the ruins, aye, into the French and Prussian lines, that even the veterans put their hands to their eyes. Raynal felt something spatter on him from the sky! it was blood—a comrade purchased. Old war! war!

The smoke cleared. When a moment before the great bastion stood and fought, was a monstrous pile of blackened bloody stones and timbers, with dismounted cannon sticking up here and there.

And rent and crushed to atoms beneath the smoking mass, lay the relics of the gallant brigade and their victorious colors.

CHISELING.—A writer in the Home Journal thinks that mental activity tends to keep the body young: "We were speaking of a handsome man the other evening, and I was wondering why K—— had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was so famous. Oh it's because he never did anything, said H——, he never worked, thought, or suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features if you want handsome middle-aged men." Since writing that remark, I have been on the watch at the theater, opera, and other places, to see whether it is generally true—and it is. A handsome man, who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his face lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design."

FURNITURE WORTH LOOKING AT.—If you would see some furniture really worth looking at—furniture which you may buy without fear of after regrets by fashion or caprice, in respect to false economy or bad taste in your purchasing—just take a walk out the short note of Canal street some fine afternoon, and when you get opposite Nos. 171 and 173, and see the name of Wm. H. Stewart on the door-post, step and look in. Mr. Stewart will charge you nothing for the looking; on the contrary, he will take you through his magnificent establishment and tell you the prices all prominent; so that if you have any desire of buying at all, you will find him your man. You will see that he has everything in the furniture line that can be crammed into any kind of a house. Read his card in another column.

LADIES' AUCTION.—An assortment of rich goods will be offered at auction by L. A. Levy, jr., auctioneer, at 10 o'clock this morning, at 165 Camp street. Ladies will find it to their interest to attend the sale.

A Curious Document.

Washington, as everybody knows, was very methodical; and he was particular to have matters about which a dispute might arise "put into writing." The article below is copied from one of his "papers," and is both characteristic and amusing. It is an agreement with his gardener, who, it appears, was in the habit of getting "tight."

"Articles of agreement made this twelfth day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, by and between George Washington, Esq., of the Parish of Truro, in the county of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on one part, and Philip Bater, gardener, on the other. Witness, that the said Philip Bater, for and in consideration of the covenants herein hereafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year as a gardener, and that he will during the said time, conduct himself soberly, diligently and honestly—that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a gardener to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on times hereafter mentioned.

"In consideration of these things being well and truly performed on the part of said Philip Bater, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quality of provisions as he has heretofore had, and likewise, annually, a decent suit of clothes, befitting a man in his station; to consist of coat, vest and breeches as working jacket and trowsers, a hat, bumskyns, two shirts, three shirts; three check do.; two linen pocket handkerchiefs; two pair of linen overhauls; as many pair of shoes as are necessary for him; four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days, a draught in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon.

"For the true and faithful performance of all and each part of these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

his
PHILIP × BATER.
mark.

Witness, GEORGE WASHINGTON.
GEORGE A. WASHINGTON.
TOBIAS LEAR.

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—In this connection it may be well to add the close of a letter from Washington to one of his overseers. The "temperance cause," as such, had not been heard of in the days of Washington; he was a "moderate drinker," but he was "down on" intemperance. Here is the way he talks to his overseer:

"I shall not close this letter without exhorting you to refrain from spirituous liquors; they will prove your ruin if you do not. Consider how little a drunken man differs from a beast; the latter is not endowed with reason, the former deprives himself of it; and when that is the case, actions base, abusive and disturbing every one around him; nor is this all, nor, as it respects himself, the worst of it. By degrees it renders a person feeble, and not only unable to serve others, but to help himself; and being an act of his own, he falls from a state of usefulness into contempt, and at length suffers, if not perishes, in penury and wretchedness.

"Don't let this be your case. Show yourself more of a man and a Christian than to yield to so intolerable a vice, which cannot, I am certain, (to the greatest lover of liquor) give more pleasure to sip in the poison, (for it is no better) than the consequence of it in bad behavior at the moment, and the serious evils produced by it afterwards, must give pain. I am your friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Sir," said an irascible man, excited by a theological argument, to his opposite neighbor, who had differed from him. "Sir, I believe you are either a deist or an atheist." "Wrong, sir," was the reply, "I am a dentist."

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.
WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
From 1st November, to 1st June, 1858.

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 2½ P. M. for prepaid letters, at 3 P. M. for prepaid foreign letters.

LAKE COAST MAIL.—Port Pike, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M., and on Thursdays at 8 A. M.; Pascagoula Tuesdays and Saturdays at 3 P. M.

CAIRO MAIL.—ROUTE 7,800—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 M. L.—Supplying Bienvenue, English Turn, Pointe-a-la-Hache, Grand Prairie, Jesuit's Bend, Bonquillo 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 6½ A. M. Due every Monday and Friday at 6 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 TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE. On letters 10c; on Newspapers 2c.

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, Bayou Sorrel, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Lobdell's Store, Port Hudson, Hermitage, Waterloo, and St. Francisville, (and interior.) Closes on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 A. M., and Mondays at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday by 8 A. 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.

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

LAFAYETTE MAIL.—Closes daily (except Sunday) at 11 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 3½ P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Pontchatula, Oqyka, 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.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE ATLANTIC COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, via HAVANA. Closes on the 5th and 20th; due on or about the 12th and 28th of each month. POSTAGE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE, as follows:

BRITISH POSSESSIONS.	Half Ounce Letter.	Newspaper.
When the distance from the U. S. mailing of fice 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	24c.	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 VANDIEMAN'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 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 Calleton and Oregon is 10 cents, prepaid. On newspapers, etc., the domestic rates apply. S. E. MARKS, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES,

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	12	14
East India	14	14½
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	7	8¼
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	50	65
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	9	11
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	—
Laguayra	—	—
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—	—	—
No. 1	—	—
No. 11	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Brazier'	28	29
Sheathing	30	31
" yellow metal	25	27
CANDLES, ⅌ lb—		
Sperm, New Bedford	36	38
" Nantucket	—	—
Tallow	—	—
Adamantine	—	—
Star	18	20
CORDAGE, ⅌ lb—		
Manilla	17	18
Tarred American	14	15
Russia	—	—
CORN MEAL, ⅌ bbl	2 80	3 00
COAL, ⅌ ton—		
Cannel	—	—
Western, ⅌ bbl	2 00	2 15
CIDER, ⅌ bbl—		
Northern	1 00	3 00
COTTON, ⅌ lb—		
Velvet	1 50	2 75
DOMESTIC GOODS, ⅌ yard—		
Brown Sheetings, 3-4 to 7-8	06	7
" Shirtings, 4-4 to 5-4	08	12
Bleached Shirtings 3-4 to 7-8	04½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	12
Brown Lowell Osnaburgs	10	12
Brown Virginia	06½	10½
Tickings, 5-4 to 8-4	08	25
Stripes and Checks	08½	16
Denims	09	22
Cottonades	12½	25
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	03	15
Jeans, Kentucky	40	45
Linseys, Kentucky	30	35
" Western	18	22
DUCK, ⅌ bolt—		
Russia	—	—
English	16 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	7	8
Quercitron, ⅌ bbl	—	11 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl.		
Ohio, etc., superfine	4 25	4 50
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	4 30	4 50
St. Louis City	—	4 40
Extra	5 00	5 50
Fine	3 70	3 75
FEATHERS, ⅌ lb	—	—
FLAXSEED, ⅌ tierce	—	—
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	50
FRUIT, ⅌ box—		
Prunes	—	2 25
Raisins, M8	—	2 50
" London Layers	2 45	2 50
" Cluster	—	—
Lemons	3 00	3 75
Oranges	2 50	—
Figs, drum, ⅌ lb	5	—
Currants, Zante	—	—
Almonds, soft shell	20	21
" hard shell	06½	06½
GRAIN, ⅌ bushel—		
Wheat	90	1 12
Oats	42	45
Corn, in ear, ⅌ bbl	—	—
" shelled, ⅌ bushel	48	50
Beans, white	1 25	—
GUNPOWDER, ⅌ keg—		
Common	4 00	—
Sporting	7 00	—
GLASS, ⅌ box of 50 feet		
American, 8 by 10	1 85	1 80
" 10 by 12	1 80	1 90
" 12 by 18	2 40	2 00
GUNNY BAGS	10	12½
HEMP, ⅌ ton—		
Western, water-rotted	—	—
" dew-rotted	—	142 00
" hackled	00	00
HAY, ⅌ ton	16 00	17 50
HIDES, ⅌ lb—		
West Indies and Mexican Flint	14	15
Dry-salted Mexican	—	—
Wet-salted, heavy	5	5½
Dry, country	10	12
Kip and Calf	—	—
LEAD, ⅌ 100 lb—		
Pig	—	7 25
Bar, ⅌ lb	06	06½
Shot, Chilled	06½	09
LIME, ⅌ bbl	—	—
Western	—	—
Rockland	—	—
MOLASSES, ⅌ gallon—		
In the City	24	28
On Plantations	—	—
NAILS, ⅌ lb—		
4d@20d	4	04½
NAVAL STORES—		
Lake Tar, ⅌ bbl	1 50	2 25
Pitch	—	2 50
Rosin	1 50	3 00
Spirits Turpentine, ⅌ gallon	49	50
Turpentine, bright	20	25
OILS, ⅌ gallon—		
Lard	80	90
Linseed	1 35	1 40
Sperm, winter	1 25	1 40
Sperm, fall	—	—
Sperm, crude	—	—
Whale, refined	94	96
Castor	1 10	1 20
Olive, in cases	—	—
Fr. Basket, 12 bottles	5 00	—
Tanners' ⅌ bbl	—	—
OIL CAKE, ⅌ ton	—	—
PROVISIONS, ⅌ bbl—		
Beef—Mess, Northern	—	—
" Prime, Northern	15 00	16 00
" ⅌ tierce	8 50	8 75
" India Mess, ⅌ tierce	—	—
" Prime Mess	14 00	14 50
" Prime, ⅌ bbl	8 00	12 00
" Ham	—	8 50
" Cargo	—	—
" Dried, ⅌ lb	07½	—
" Tongues, ⅌ bbl	—	—
Pork—Clear, ⅌ bbl	—	—
" Mess	17 26	17 75
" Prime	15 25	15 50
" Prime,	—	14 00
" Prime Mess	—	—
" Hogwood, ⅌ lb	—	—
Bacon—Hams, ⅌ lb	9	12½
" Canvassed	—	—
" Sides	—	10
" Shoulders	7	7¼
Lard	11½	13
Butter—Dairies	—	—
" Western	12	16
Cheese—American	8½	12½
Potatoes, ⅌ bbl	—	—
Onions, ⅌ bbl	—	—
RICE, ⅌ lb—		
Carolina	3½	4½
SPICES, ⅌ lb—		
Cassia	36	40
Cloves	18	20
Ginger	06	22
Ginger, ground	16	18
Nutmegs	1 00	1 25
Pepper	11½	1 15
Pimento	10	12
SUGAR, ⅌ lb—		
Louisiana, in the city	—	10½
" Plantation	6½	7¼
Havana, white	—	—
" yellow	—	—
" brown	—	—
Leaf, Boston and Philadelphia	—	—
" Louisiana	—	—
Clarified	—	—
SALT, ⅌ sack—		
Liverpool, fine	—	—
" from store	1 10	1 10
" coarse, cargo	75	—
" from store	90	95
Turk's Island, etc., ⅌ bushel	—	—
SALTPETRE, ⅌ lb	10	—
Refined	—	—
SHEETINGS, ⅌ piece—		
British style	10 00	—
" brown	5 50	—
STEEL, ⅌ lb—		
Cast	—	—
English blistered	18	19
American	11	15
German	06½	06½
SOAP, ⅌ lb—	10	12
Northern, extra No. 1	08	—
" No. 2	06½	08
" No. 3	02½	07
SPIRITS, ⅌ gallon—	—	08
Brandy, Champagne	4 65	—
" Burgundy	3 00	10 00
" American	55	3 50
Gin, Holland	1 80	2 00
" American	40	1 50
Rum, Jamaica	1 65	—
" New England	—	—
" New Orleans	22	24
Whisky, rectified	18	20
" common	17½	—
Alcohol	35	—
SKINS, ⅌ piece—		
Buffalo	2 00	—
Bear	75	3 00
Deer, shaved, ⅌ lb	—	1 00
" in hair	24	—
Fox, gray	10	25
SHOT, ⅌ bag—	—	2 00
American	2 25	—
All sizes, ⅌ 25 lb	2 00	2 50
TOBACCO, ⅌ lb—	—	2 10
Choice and Cigar Leaf	—	—
Fine	—	—
Fair	—	—
Common	—	—
Manufactured	—	—
TALLOW, ⅌ lb	10	10½

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