New Orleans Daily Crescent.

Mary Walton.

Mary Walton! Mary Walton!
Tell me, tell me, where is she—
Is she playing with the children
On the daisy-sprinkled lea—
Gathering flowers,
From the bowers—
Where can Mary Walton be?

Go and seek her by the river—
Bending o'er the lilies fair,
Wading in the crystal waters—
See if you can find her there—
She is straying—
Long is staying—
See if Mary Walton's there?

He thee to the blue-waved ocean,
Seek her on the pebbly strand—
Gath'ring tiny shells and sea-weed
In her chubby baby hand,
Step ye gently—
Seek intently—
Little footprints in the sand.

Little children hasten thither—
Thro' the dingle, o'er the lea—
Seek her on the hill and mountain—
Lead her gently home to me—
Little fairy—
Laughing Mary—
Little ones she'll come with thee.

And they sped—those little children—
Lightly footed o'er the sand—
Sought her in the shadowy valley,
Sought her on the pebbly strand—
"Did ye find her—
Did ye find her—
Gently to your little band?"

"Mary Walton! yes, we found her—
Sleeping 'neath a hillock lone—
Blue-eyed daisies watching o'er her,
And her name upon a stone—
Pointing Heavenward,
Ever Heavenward—
There has Mary Walton flown!"

Charles the Twelfth in Love.

BY MARCELINE DESBORDES VALMORE.

"Would you like to be a queen, Christine?" This was the question addressed by an old man, whose sunken eyes were fixed upon a chess-board, of which the obsession were scattered here and there—and testified to a long lesson at chess playing—which had wearied out the patience of his pretty daughter.

"Queen of Hearts?" asked the graceful child, without lifting up her head, which was supported by a rich cushion of black velvet, on which sat also a frightful little bull-dog, which she loved to distraction.

"Queen of Hearts, my child! that empire is yours already," replied the minister, who always laid aside his gravity in the presence of the giddy Christine. His eyes were caressing. He played meanwhile with a magnificent snuff-box, garnished with large diamonds, the present and the portrait of a very homely king. "But," continued he, and still in a tone of affected indifference, "is that your only ambition?"

"Why should I extend my sovereignty any further? I have more subjects than I know how to govern."

"Oh, oh! I should not have thought, my dear, that you had *subjects*. You are prudent enough not to encourage their homage, eh?"

"Really, replied Christine, trifling with the little bull-dog, which had began to snap his teeth, "I am under no obligations to them for the homage which is my due. There is only one in the world whose love excites my tenderest gratitude."

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden became clouded.

"Who is that person, Christine?"

Christine blushed, looked at her father with charming embarrassment, and redoubled her caresses of her snappish little bull-dog. The count, in a sterner tone repeated his question.

"What is the name of this person, Christine?"

"Whom should it be, dear father, but Adolphe de Hesse, your handsome nephew?"

"You have not, then, sold us to contract an engagement with that boy?"

"Boy!—he is eighteen years old—father! He is my oldest friend; I study with him; I cannot remember when I began to love him, it was so long ago."

"This is all folly—you were educated together at your aunt's—it is simply a sort of fraternal love."

"Not at all! I should be very sorry if Adolphe were my brother!"

"I have done all I can to serve him. He is without fortune, he has nothing to depend upon but his commission and my bounty."

"Your bounty is very great—most noble lord! and he is brave and magnanimous; as for me, when I found out how much handsomer his eyes had grown since he was sent to Paris, I felt better in child than many who are much richer; I did not trouble myself about his lack of wealth."

"My daughter—you must forget him," said the count, passing his arm affectionately round Christine's waist as she sat at his feet.

"My dear father—I cannot even try to forget, for I do not know how to begin—besides, you love him too—"

"Not enough to make him my bride."

"He would be your heir, in spite of everything—were I his father."

The minister looked fixedly at the fresh and youthful face of his daughter, as if to read her very soul; and the terror lest she should inherit her dad made upon his brow—disappeared like lightning.

"I see nothing here but life," said he, tapping Christine's forehead. "That being the case, I shall busy myself in marrying you off—you naughty girl."

"And you will make us the most miserable creatures in the world," answered Christine, whose black eyes sparkled through her tears.

"My poor child—you have been thoroughly spoiled! I have given you too much license and liberty. You are asking what is impossible. Be reasonable; and to amuse you a little longer—your aunt shall present you at court. You will see many fine sights. You will become acquainted with our brave young King . . . . . you will be reasonable!"

"The king is a rude monarch!" cried Christine, rising with impatience. "I do not wish to see him—every one says that he hates women!"

"That is a calumny—he is in love with one."

"Is she handsome?"

"As handsome and wicked as yourself."

"As myself? * * * * The count began to laugh, Christine's penetration awoke—for she answered after a moment's thought—"I have not even seen him."

"But he has seen you and he says * * *"

"What does he say—dear father?"

"What does it matter what a monster, a womanhater says?"

"Ah! ah!—but he is a king. What does he say—tell me; what can he say? I want to know, dear father! Do tell me, that is a good father."

But the minister had made up his mind to be silent—and neither the entries or the caresses lavished upon him by Christine, could extract one word more.

"Apropos!" interrupted he suddenly, as if remembering something which he had nearly forgotten to mention; "I shall bring an officer home to take supper with you! Receive him politely—and with deference. I intend that he shall be your husband."

"I won't have him!" cried Christine, running after her father as he left the room—"if I cannot have my soldier, I will die an old maid!"

"Love grant thy prayer, fair cousin!" said Adolphe de Hesse, coming from behind the long curtains of red damask, where he had been concealed for the last quarter of an hour. "It is sweet to play the spy to hear one's cause pleaded by such an advocate as thou art—though in so desperate a cause."

"Desperate!—how mean you?—the battle is half gained. My father's anger is like the summer shower upon the grass, a single ray of the sun causes it all to evaporate; do you not know that, Adolphe? I beg you to do not sigh so, do not cross your arms and look up to the ceiling with that solemn air; I do not feel like sighing myself, I want to be amused. I wish there was a ball to-night! Well! well! love will lead the orchestra, and we will dance gayly on our wedding night!"

"You hope too much, Christine; I know your father better than you do. Oh! my beloved," continued Adolphe, looking at her beauty with a sort of terror, "you will not have the courage to refuse the magnificent plaything which he wishes to give you in exchange for your cousin's ardent and devoted love."

Christine, in her turn, looked at her lover earnestly and her eyes filled with tears; but as she could not endure a serious thought for more than an instant, she pretended to be angry.

"You do not think me destined to swell the list of faithful lovers, it seems, in spite of the last proof which you have managed to procure of my good faith by spying."

"Dry your tears, Christine, I am not stoic enough to need such eloquence as theirs."

"Why did you make me cry?" said Christine, smiling at the same time, "was it not for the childish pleasure of drying my tears by your warm kisses? or are you really jealous of some imaginary rival? Who may it be? That antidote to tender emotions, Count Ericson, perhaps?"

"Ericson does not please you—well, that pleases me; he is not richer than I am, I imagine; but, Christine, what are you sighing for now—your father will bring you a new admirer this evening, and I shall be forgotten.

"You deserve to be forgotten, for saying so, for offending me with your suspicions; but you are my cousin, and I forgive you this once," said she, patting Adolphe's hands, which she held, upon her curling locks.

"Do you *really* love me, Christine?"

"I have told you so a hundred times, ungrateful one! you must be almost stunned at hearing anything repeated so many times."

"It is always delightfully new to me."

"Well, we love each other that is certain; but as my father will not give his consent to our union, we must wait."

"But if he never consents—"

"Never! do you fear that?"

"Christine, alas, I do!"

"Well, then I shall always remain as I am; happiness never results from an act of disobedience."

"I think as you do. * * * And you are so happy now."

"To be sure I am. Do I not see you every day? What better could we wish?"

Adolphe looked thoughtfully at the object of his passion, without answering at first, then he sighed heavily and said:

"I think you are amazingly prudent."

"I do not wish to wound a father's heart."

"But you do not care for wounding mine."

"Adolphe, if I never become your wife with my father's consent, I shall always remain single, but this is the extent of all I can promise you."

The young soldier's face grew sad, he walked hastily across the room—stopping now and then to look at the lovely tyrant who held him so carelessly in her chains. Christine tried to look extremely grave; but two beautiful dimples, which adorned her lovely mouth, were on the point of appearing with that joyous laugh which was so natural to her. Adolphe's heart did not beat so gayly; he was a jealous lover, whose imagination saw in Christine a treasure guarded by two dragons ready to devour love itself; namely, ambition and avarice.

Ignorant of her father's designs, confiding in the affection of a beloved parent, the innocent daughter of a crafty father still saw now no cloud in the future; she was, on the contrary, very much amused at her lover's pouting. Adolphe's eyes flashed fire, but he did not dare complain again; reflection oppressed him, and, almost beside himself, he was unwilling to be able to struggle against his cruel thoughts, he still feared to disturb Christine's happiness, and he revenged himself for not being able to find fault with her by taking himself to task.

"I have been very foolish," cried he, "I deserve all that has happened to me. By heaven! to have allowed an absurd passion to get the mastery of me. Come! there must be an end to this! I shall not repay your father the debt of gratitude which I owe him by robbing him of his only child; adieu, Christine! I am going to rejoin my regiment. I count upon the ill-fortune of war to ease my troubles—you will think with some little regret of the dead!"

His voice was broken. Christine uttered a cry, and her tears burst forth abundantly; for, Adolphe was kneeling at her feet, and begging her pardon. His warlike resolution had melted away like dew before the sun, and the young lovers parted more in love than ever.

Christine would not have liked to die of love, on the contrary, she wished to live for its sake, and to be violently separated from the object of a sincere and early affection, would have embittered her life with a sad and ineffaceable impression. But this could not be, they would be always near each other—but in spite of her lover's grief, some strange attraction led her to her mirror. She remembered her father's orders concerning the supper to be given that evening to some new friend, and consulted his wishes by adding to her toilet every ornament which could please a father who felt the greatest pride in the beauty of his child. When she entered the room, which had been heated and perfumed according to her orders, and where supper was prepared with a degree of magnificence not often seen even at the house of the opulent minister, she chose upon the solitary guest an object of beauty sufficiently dazzling to merit the homage of a whole court.

Nothing could exceed Christine's anger and astonishment, when, instead of the distinguished stranger whom she had expected to strike dumb with her charms, she beheld, in the person who rose awkwardly at her appearance to conduct her to table, the odious Ericson, the object of her greatest aversion and the despised butt of her malicious sarcasms.

"What made my father amuse himself thus at my expense?" thought she to herself, looking sidelong at the detested face. "It is really that creature," thought she, stifling a sigh and an inconvenient wish to laugh which incommoded her at the same time. "What does that ugly captain come here for, with his china blue eyes and his hair in such boyish-looking curls?"

Her dislike did not exaggerate the portrait which she was drawing in her own mind of the tall, gaunt and inelegant young man who stood before her, with his large, aquiline nose, his ruddy cheeks, and with a rude stare in his soldier eyes, which seemed to devour the charms of the proud and sensitive girl. Such was, indeed, the picture of the individual who had for some weeks been the most constant visitor at the prime minister's house, and who was often closeted with him by the hour. In vain did Christine try to spair at having wasted her delicious toilet—resign herself to listening to his rude gallantry and hearing his vulgar admiration; the warlike machine world have remained a week before her without uttering a single compliment. The only manifestation which he made of the admiration which he felt was loud laughter at his own stupid words. Christine, restrained by her respect for her father, seemed to seek some door through which to disappear and spare herself the *ennui*, mingled with indignation, which the presence of such a suitor caused her to feel. Her heart, filled by a pleasing image, and irritated at the presumption of this ugly rival, bounded angrily within her. She felt ready to exclaim, "Count Ericson! merciful heavens! Count Ericson!"

And, as if the insupportable Ericson had been aware of these hostile reflections, he attempted to display all his powers, and make some way in the good graces of the silent lady, by asking her abruptly:

"What is your opinion of Alexander the Great?" Christine could not help laughing in the face of her guest.

"I never think about Alexander the Great at all," answered she. "I remember that, when I was reading about him, however, I was as much afraid of him as of a madman.

Ericson began vehemently to defend the most remarkable courage ever admired by the world.

"If he had been as prodigiously wise, as he was prodigiously courageous, he would have learned to govern himself before undertaking to master the world."

Ericson blushed to the roots of his frizzled red hair, and answered angrily, "Can a woman penetrate the secret of the noble fever which leads a man of courage into a thousand dangers and makes him despise life with all its insipid joys, to merit the crown of immortal renown?"

"No," replied Christine, with simplicity, "I have no such feger, and no sympathy with destroyers. If I thirsted for celebrity, it would be the fame of having acquired the blessings of those among whom my life was passed. Yes, my dear father!" continued she, without heeding a warning look from the latter, "I should rather that such should live to bless me than to die cursing me. It is frightful to think of these slayers of men. Do not speak of them, sir, but let us pray heaven to deliver the earth from them all."

"Child!" murmured the tortured minister, filling Ericson's glass, and trying to attract his attention. "To the glory of Alexander, Count."

"Well said!" cried the warrior, quenching his anger in a glass of delicious wine. "Come, little savage! to the glory of Alexander!" and he struck Christine's glass so violently as to shatter it to pieces.

"I have no thirst for such glory," repied the saucy girl. "I will not drink to one of those malevolent phenomena who hide a tiger's skin under the roya mantle."

"My lord! my lord!" interrupted the courtier, frightened at the rising anger of his guest, whose eyes glittered like the blade of a dagger. "Can the sallies of a young girl wound your feelings? She is pleased only with her little dog, which she suffers to bite her with impunity and tear her fingers, which are as weak as an infant's—see!" continued the minister carelessly, seeing the soldier's anger diminish at the sight of the child-like hand which he held under his rough moustache. "Her warlike knowledge is limited to the march of a game of chess; that narrow sphere is her field of battle," continued he, approaching the table where he had caused to be placed a set of chess men, (for chess was Ericson's favorite game.) "She fights the general so courageously, that even an old soldier like myself finds some honor in bringing down her womanish pride."

Nothing, to all appearance, could be better calculated to compose the ruffled dignity of the uncouth Ericson, than the prospect of a game at chess; for, turning to the capricious and laughing child, he challenged her to play a game with him, with more courtesy than she had supposed him capable of showing.

"But—if I beat you?" said she gayly.

"It will not be at chess alone that you are my conquerer, fair and wicked one!" answered he, looking her directly in the face and pressing her hand so hard as to make her exclaim. Christine blushed and cast down her eyes, not without having given a disdainful glance at the awkward soldier—but the ice was broken, the butterfly had emerged from the chrysalis—he met her proud look with another look as if he doubted her sincerity.

"There is more fire in the automaton than I had supposed," thought Christine in confusion, "and my father is forcing me to play a hazardous game." * * * She hid her blushing cheek with one hand—fixed her eyes immovably on the chess board, determined, in a fierce fit of obstinacy, to play as badly as possible to mortify her proud adversary. But this was a superfluous precaution. The little field of battle trembled under Ericson's shaking hand, and he could scarcely tell one piece from another, and played every way but the right one; his ill-judged attacks were so easy to repel that the new learner, with the innocent joy of unexpected success, cried out "Checkmated by the queen!"

"Cruel one!" answered the count, striking with his fist in the midst of the board, which blow made the men fall in all directions, "do you wish to make the king your slave?"

"But I do not prevent him from running away!" answered Christine, astonished at such rudeness, and stupified by the calmness of her father, who was observing all this with an indulgent smile. "It is impossible now to distinguish the game," continued she, trying to set up the king, queen and knights, which were all mixed together.

"Do not try! do not try!" cried Ericson, pushing the chess board over so that it fell on the floor. "The game is decided—you have check-mated me completely."

Then suddenly, and as if ashamed of his violence and of the power which so trifling an occurrence had over him, he went out with the most dejected air imaginable—knocking his sword against his legs and swearing internally at his own awkwardness, and at the love which caused it.

"He will not come back, I hope!" said Christine, seeing her father return again after having disappeared with Ericson, whose footsteps he had followed as if he had been the most agreeable guest imaginable.

"You are mistaken, my dear," answered the minister, who seemed delighted; "he is anxious to return, and is inconsolable at not having spent to better advantage the enchanting evening he owes to you."

"Enchanting—what! is it thus that he speaks?" answered Christine with astonishment. "Oh! father, I feel I know not how!" interrupted she, seeing her father laughing at a moment when she would have preferred his reproaches. "It is to try me, is it not, that you make me believe that such a man presumes to aspire to my love? I think he is more in love with Alexander than with me, and he has chosen wisely!"

"His enthusiasm is praiseworthy in a warrior of nineteen years of age, whose savage nature you are taming. He is in great distress, which should be very flattering to a young mad-cap like you—but you should put limits to your waywardness—do you hear me, my dear? He is brave, rich, and nobly born—what would you have more?"

"I would have my cousin!" answered Christine, with spirit, "my brave Adolphe; much braver than he is, I am sure, and as honorable born as you are, my noble parent."

"Go rest that wilful little head," said her father, kissing her forehead, and pray God for your father's glory."

Christine prayed fervently, and with all her heart, for the paternal glory, after which she prayed with equal fervor for Adolphe's happiness, which she did not consider to be distinct from her own.

She was, for several days, too much occupied in tormenting the lover whom she adored, to take thought of the one whom she detested so frankly. Meanwhile, Adolphe, prouder than Christine, because he was poor, was unwilling to play any longer the slavish part allotted him by his mistress. He had the great courage to absent himself from her abode, leaving Christine in consternation, thinking that she was given up by her cousin to her richer suitor; and when he re-appeared, during short visits, received somewhat coldly by his uncle, who was frozen by diplomacy, he kept himself so far aloof from Christine, who was now in a fit of the pouts, that she saw no other way to recover repose and Adolphe, than by putting an end forever to the audacious pretensions of the count.

One morning, when she wished, perhaps even more ardently than Ericson himself, to be left alone with him, after having followed her father with her eyes as the end of a long gallery, through which he disappeared under pretext of an important dispatch to be expedited, she waited with anxiety for him to speak, to repulse his addresses so effectually as to be rid of him at once. In vain. The thoughtful suitor seemed to have lost his voice. Christine was dying with impatience.

"I dreamed of you, last night," said she, in order to excite a decisive quarrel. "I hope that you in futurenot will have the presumption to trouble my slumbers by your presence. I thought you very impertinent daring to disturb my dreams."

"I had a dream, too," answered Ericson, confusedly, for he had only understood the first phrase of this saucy sally. "I dreamed that you looked at me with a smile, and for a long time—and I was happy."

"It was a false dream," answered she, with a ferocious simplicity; "I know better, waking or sleeping, on whom to bestow my smiles."

"How did I happen to appear then in *your* dreams?" asked the Count, with a surprise which Christine thought very stupid.

"In a nightmare as intolerable as your presence when awake."

"Saucy girl! teach me to make love to you," cried Ericson, imprinting a kiss on lips which were purple with anger.

This freedom, which Christine could not endure, was repaid by a box on the ear, so prompt and so fierce, that the offender, rubbing his scarlet cheek, was astonished that such a blow could have been given by fingers *as weak as an infant's*. A bomb would have surprised him less.

"Your father has deceived me," said he, after a long silence, and in a stern voice, "he led me to believe that you did not receive my visits with indifference."

"My father does not know much about such matters," answered Christine, with courageous indignation, "or he would never have introduced his daughter to so rude a young man. As for the rest, he told you the truth—for you are not an object of *indifference* to me; Count Ericson, do you hear; you cannot be that—"

Here Adolphe, who was again playing the spy, drew back at these words, and then burst hurriedly in upon an interview which was maddening him with jealousy.

"Who are you?" demanded Ericson, savagely, and with such an air of authority that Christine would have liked to have seen him well beaten for it.

"A soldier!" answered Adolphe, between his shut teeth, drawing his sword and throwing it on the table: "a soldier wounded in the honor of his country, and who is willing to die to defend it."

"We are friends, then," answered Ericson, extending his hand.

"We are rivals," answered Adolphe, drawing back.

"Christine loves you, then?"

"She has said so. Such is the result of faith placed in a young girl. You are not the object of her indifference, and I yield you my place with her."

"To whom?" cried Christine, in horror, with tears n her eyes.

"To the King!" answered Adolphe, going towards the door in despair.

Christine fell into a chair, and hid her face in her hands.

"Remain here!" cried Charles the Twelfth, in a thundering voice.

The young man obeyed, biting his lips so that the blood came to them.

"I have seen you," continued the King; "but never in this house.

"It has been forbidden me since you have come into it."

"I have seen you somewhere. Your name?"

"Adolphe de Hesse, son of a brave officer, who died fighting for you. He left me misery and his widow's tears."

"Who told you that I was not Ericson?"

"My eyes—for I recognized you also."

Charles the Twelth, approaching the young soldier, whose eyes glittered like a panther's, was struck by a sudden recollection.

"Where did you get that scar on the left temple?"

"At Narva, sire, where, with a handful of men, your majesty defied the Russian army."

"You say truly," cried Charles, wild with joy, as if he smelt the smoke of battle. Then flinging his arms around Adolphe's neck, and pointing to the scar, "you need no other passport than this—even to fight against me—as I dare say you would like to do—for, on the day you speak of, I learned as you did, the soldier's part and man's true dignity. By the thousand bombs which fell about us—give me your hand, my brother—for we have been baptized in blood together!"

Charles the Twelfth appeared at this moment as grand as a war fortress. Then suddenly turning to the young girl, whose curiosity had suppressed her tears, he said to her with graceful gaiety—

"By my sword, Christine, I am a fickle suitor, one blow from your hand has set to flight all the loves that had betrayed me. Speak as frankly as you act. Do you love this brave young man?"

"Irreconvarably, sire."

"What prevents your marriage?"

"Count Ericson's proposal, which my father has been threatening me with."

"Oh, oh! I see into things, now," said Charles smiling. "The King will forgive the blow which was meant for the courtier. Christine," added he, resuming his tone of command, "your father refuses to give you to him the object of your preference; you shall marry him, nevertheless, *since I will it.* Admit that if I was your nightmare as a lover, I am your friend as a King."

"I confess it, on my knees, answered the proud girl, kneeling with her happy cousin, Charles bending over the blushing Christine, united their hands with rough kindness, and imprinted upon the brow of Christine a last homage which his lips ever offered to woman.

"Does your majesty forgive me?" asked the trembling culprit; "if I had known it was the King, I should not have boxed your ears so hard."

"I revenge myself thus," Christine. Then," added he, with a feeling of ineffable sadness, "my only mistress shall be the goddess of battle, and she shall crown me amid shouts of victory!"

He caused his minister to sign, that evening, a contract of marriage; not that of Count Ericson—although signed by Charles the Twelth. Two days afterwards he was present at the sumptuous wedding of Christine and Adolphe de Hesse, who wore noble orders, and the minister alone, who smiled, notwithstanding, found the reality less royal than his dreams.

DISCOVERY OF ABORIGINAL REMAINS.—The Sidney (Ohio) Journal publishes the following letter:

Newport, Ohio, May 28, 1858.—*Mr. Editor*: A short time ago some workmen were digging a cellar on the place of H. Wolhaver, about one and a half miles from this place, and exhumed a human skeleton. The bones were in excellent preservation, and with them were several medals and small silver coins. By a further examination, a few days after, they discovered a sort of ancient mausoleum, about nineteen feet long by nine feet wide. The walls were of cobble stones, and about two feet thick. The bodies (except the first, which was in a sitting posture) were placed parallel with each other directly across the grave, and were in an oblique position, with the heads toward the East. They were laid with the right side downward, the right hand over the heart, and the left, with the index finger extended pointing toward the setting sun, and the faces turned slightly upward. Around the neck of each skeleton, as it was exhumed, was found a chain of beautiful workmanship, about three feet long, which, with one exception, were of highly tempered steel.

The one excepted was of silver. At the ends of these were several oval-shaped medals, and near the center of each was an oblate spheroid of the purest silver, weighing about twelve ounces. The ends of these were curiously joined together around the neck by little bands of silver. Near each of these ancient relics was found a spear about nine feet in length, which, with bows and arrows, were all the weapons found. These appear to have been saturated with some substance for a preservative, which has discovered the earth near them; the same substance appears to have been used to preserve the bodies.

There were also found a number of silver coins of various sizes, but so much corroded that the characters upon them cannot be deciphered, if we except the date upon two or three of them, which is 1341. It was at first thought to be 1541, but upon closer inspection is found to be the former. It is said by some that the letters "s p a n" are to be seen upon them, but they are so nearly erased that I cannot distinguish them with any certainty, therefore I shall not venture an opinion.

The skeletons are nearly of a uniform hight, which is about six feet. A SUBSCRIBER.

Queen Victoria has received a present of eighty Arabian horses from the Sultan. It is said the stud is to be under the management of Mr. Barey.

NEW ORLEANS WHOLESALE CURRENT PRICES.

CAREFULLY CORRECTED EVERY WEEK.

	From	To
BAGGING, ⅌ yard—		
Kentucky	12	14
East India	14½	15
BALE ROPE, ⅌ lb—		
Kentucky	6	7
Northern	—	—
BRAN, ⅌ 100 lb	55	60
BRICKS, per 1,000—		
Lake	10 00	12 00
English—fire	21 00	22 50
COFFEE, ⅌ lb—		
Rio	—	9½ — 11¼
Havana, Good Prime Government	—	—
" Inferior to Middling	—	—
Java	—	—
Laguayra	—	—
St. Domingo	—	—
CHOCOLATE, ⅌ lb—		
No. 1	—	—
No. 11	—	—
COPPER, ⅌ lb—		
Brazier's	28	30
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 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	5½	7
" Sheetings, 4-4 to 6-4	08	12
Bleached Sheetings 3-4 to 7-8	6½	10½
" Sheetings 4-4	09	15
Brown Linen Osnaburgs	10	12
Brown Virginia	08½	10½
Tickings, 3-4 to 4-4	09	18
Stripes and Checks	08½	16
Denims	09	12
Cottonades	12½	25
Satinets	25	75
Calico Prints	05	08
Jeans, Kentucky	40	45
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 50	15 00
Indigo, ⅌ lb	50	1 15
Madder	7	8
EGGS, ⅌ bbl	—	11 00
FLOUR, ⅌ bbl—		
Ohio, etc., superfine	—	4 40
Illinois and Missouri, Superfine	—	4 50
St. Louis City	4 50	4 62½
Extra	5 00	5 50
Fine	3 00	3 50
FEATHERS, ⅌ lb	—	—
FLAXSEED, ⅌ bushel	—	—
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	60
FRUIT, ⅌ box—		
Raisins, M.	—	—
" Layers	2 25	3 00
" London Layers	2 45	3 50
Figs	5	8
Lemons	3 00	3 75
Oranges	2 50	—
Fig, drum, ⅌ lb	5	—
Currants, Zante	—	—
Almonds, soft shell	20	21
" hard shell	05½	06½
GRAIN, ⅌ bushel—		
Wheat	90	1 00
Oats	50	55
Corn, in ear, ⅌ bbl	—	—
" shelled, ⅌ bushel	60	70
Rents, ⅌ bbl	—	7 25
GUNPOWDER, ⅌ keg—		
Common	4 00	—
Sporting	7 00	—
GLASS, ⅌ box of 50 feet		
American, 8 by 10	1 65	1 80
" 10 by 12	1 80	1 90
" 12 by 18	2 40	2 50
GUNNY BAGS	9	13½
HEMP, ⅌ ton—		
Western, water-rotted	—	—
" dew-rotted	—	—
" hackled	—	—
HAY, ⅌ ton	17 00	19 00
HIDES, ⅌ lb—		
West Indies and Mexican Pilot	16	18
Dry-salted Mexican	—	—
Wet salted, heavy	5½	6½
Dry, country	10	12½
Kip and Calf	—	—
LEAD, ⅌ 100 lb—		
Pig	—	7 25
Bar, ⅌ lb	08	08½
Sheet	08½	09
LIME, ⅌ bbl		
Western	—	—
Thomaston	1 50	—
MOLASSES, ⅌ gallon—		
In the City	20	27
On Plantation	—	—
NAILS, ⅌ lb—		
4d@20d	4	04½
NAVAL STORES—		
Lake Tar, ⅌ bbl	1 50	2 25
Pitch	—	3 00
Rosin	1 50	5 00
Spirits Turpentine, ⅌ gallon	45	48
Varnish, bright	20	25
OILS, ⅌ gallon—		
Lard	50	85
Linseed	52	—
Sperm, winter	1 25	1 40
Sperm, fall	—	—
Sperm, summer	—	—
Whale, refined	84	86
Castor	1 10	1 20
Olive, in casks	—	—
Neatsfoot, in bottles	5 00	—
Tanners', ⅌ bbl	—	—
OIL CAKE, ⅌ ton	—	—
PROVISIONS, ⅌ lb—		
Beef—Mess, Northern	—	—
" Western	14 00	16 00
" Prime	8 00	8 50
" India Mess, ⅌ tierce	—	—
" Prime Mess	14 00	14 50
" Prime, ⅌ bbl	8 00	8 50
" Ham	6 50	6 50
" Cargo	—	—
Pork—Mess, ⅌ bbl	07½	—
" Prime	—	—
" Clear, ⅌ bbl	—	—
" Mess	16 00	16 50
" M. O.	—	—
" Prime	13 25	—
" Prime Mess	—	—
" Hoground, ⅌ lb	—	—
Bacon—Hams, ⅌ lb	9	12
" Canvassed	—	—
" Sides	8½	9
" Shoulders	6	6½
Lard	11½	—
Butter—Goshen	—	—
" Western	10	14
Cheese—American	8½	12½
" Pine Apple	—	—
Potatoes, ⅌ bbl	—	—
RICE, ⅌ lb—		
Carolina	5½	—
SPICES, ⅌ lb—		
Cassia	36	—
Cloves	19	40
Ginger	05	22
Ginger, ground	10	06½
Nutmegs	1 05	1 25
Pepper	11½	12
Pimento	10	12
SUGAR, ⅌ lb—		
Louisiana, in the city	2½	3½
" on Plantation	—	—
Havana, white	—	—
" yellow	—	—
" brown	—	—
Loaf, Boston and Philadelphia	—	—
Crushed	—	—
Clarified	—	—
SALT, ⅌ sack—		
Liverpool, fine	—	—
" from store	1 05	1 00
" coarse, cargo	60	70
" from store	75	80
Turk's Island, etc., ⅌ bushel	—	—
SALTPETRE, ⅌ lb—		
Refined	—	—
SHINGLES, ⅌ piece—		
Rounds white	—	16 00
" brown	3 50	—
STEEL, ⅌ lb—		
Cast	—	—
English blistered	18	19
Swedes, ⅌ 100 lb	11	—
German	09	09½
SOAP, ⅌ lb—	10	12
Northern, extra No. 1	—	—
" No. 1	08	09
" No. 2	05½	07
SPIRITS, ⅌ gallon—		05
Brandy, Champagne	4 65	—
" Bordeaux	3 00	10 00
" American	1 25	3 50
Gin, Holland	1 25	1 60
" American	1 40	1 50
Rum, Jamaica, proof	1 60	—
" New England	—	1 50
Whisky, rectified	22	24
" common	21	21
Alcohol	35	37½
SKINS, ⅌ dozen—		
Buffalo	2 00	—
Bear	75	3 00
Deer, shaved, ⅌ lb	—	1 50
" in hair	24	—
Fox, gray	10	38
SHOT, ⅌ bag—		
American	2 25	—
All sizes, ⅌ 25 lb	2 00	2 50
TOBACCO, ⅌ lb—		2 10
Chaice and Cigar Leaf	—	—
Fine	—	—
Fair	—	—
Common	—	—
Inferior	—	—
TALLOW, ⅌ lb	—	10

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SOUTHERN BANK.

STATE OF LOUISIANA—CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

BE IT KNOWN, that on this first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-second;

In conformity with the Act No. 241 of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to allow the Shares of the Capital Stock of the Southern Bank," approved on the eighteenth March last (1858), and also in conformity with the fifth section of another Act of said Legislature, entitled "An Act to establish a general system of Free Banking in the State of Louisiana," approved on the fifte