New Orleans Daily Crescent.

The Last Witch.

They burnt their last witch in Connecticut
About a century and a half ago;
Then made a school-house of her forlorn hut,
And gave a pitying sweet brier leave to grow
Above her thankless ashes; and they put
A certified description of the show
Between two weeping willows, craped with black
On the last page of that year's almanac.

Some warning, and well-meant remarks were made
Upon the subject by the weekly printers;
The people murmured at the taxes laid
To pay for journeymen and pitch-pine splinters;
And the sad story made the rose-leaf fade
Upon young listeners' cheeks for several winters.
When told at fire-side eyes by those who saw
Executed—the lady and the law.

HALLECK.

No!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—
No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
No traveling at all—no locomotion,
No taking of the way—no notion—
"No go"—by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

The Last Days of Salem Witchcraft.

BY PERIWINKLE.

On the afternoon of a clear, bright winter day in a comfortable mansion on the outskirts of the town of Salem, the master of the house—a fine looking, middled aged man, with a frank, open English countenance—stood before the great blazing fire on the hearth, buttoning his coat and drawing on his mittens, preparatory to setting out on some errand abroad. His wife, a comely matron, seated in a high backed chair near the hearth, had been enumerating several new cases of witchcraft and demoniac possession that had occurred in the immediate neighborhood; (this was in 1692). The good woman seemed to feel a little piqued by the incredulity expressed on his countenance, and his comments when she had concluded were not exactly calculated to allay this feeling.

"Pooh! pooh!" said he; "I tell you, wife, I don't believe in witchcraft, and if I chance to fall in with one of these reputed witches this afternoon, we will drink confusion to Cotton Mather in something that I'll warrant to be as much a familiar spirit, and here he slapped his coat pocket, where nestled a flask of choice liquor.

"And I tell you, John Stanley," said the good wife, pitching her voice in a key just a semi-tone above that which is termed silvery. "Here, I would beg leave to state, for the benefit of my experienced readers, that whenever a woman brings an offending husband before the bar of her displeasure, or in other words lectures him, she usually commences by sounding the culprit's name in full, in obedience to a custom observed from time immemorial, which seems at the first view to have been originally borrowed from courts of law, but, as matrimony is the elder institution, I conjecture that the indebtedness is on the other side.

"I tell you," said the worthy dame, "that the events occurring in this very town, are as deserving subjects of conversation and belief as those stories of English fairies that you are so fond of telling to the children around the fire in the evening. And I should'nt be surprised," she continued, "if some evil befel you this day, as a punishment of your levity in speaking as you have."

John Stanley was a prudent man, and the subject in question was of small importance, so he made no reply, but having completed his preparations, he stepped out of the door, and on to the great icicled that stood ready and waiting during his brief stay, along the road towards a piece of wood about a mile distant, from whence he was to bring a load of fuel. There had been a heavy fall of snow a few days previous, and it now lay in huge billowy drifts and fantastic wreaths on the cleared field, while the keen north wind swept light particles that glittered in the sunshine in blinding grains across the road. Yet the keen north wind only seemed to bence the sinews of stalwart John Stanley, and to blow a ruddier tint of health over his bold countenance, and as it scattered its jewels on his curling locks it seemed rather to be some good fairy showering down diamonds and pearls. But the snow jewels that lay on his chestnut hair were mockery to the sparkling fancies and bright memories that danced through his brain, for the north wind brought him thoughts of dear old England, and dreams of Christmas games, and blazing yule logs, and the mistletoe bough—of May-day dances, and waving elms, and stately parks, and summer landscapes, crowned with the sunlight's golden glory. It whispered in his ear the tones he loved to hear, the low warbling at the dawn of birds that nested beneath the eave of his childhood's home, and the sound of the peaceful Sabbath bell pealing out from the tower of the old ivy-covered church in his native village. Surely the north wind was a good fairy!

Ah, mused Stanley, I'm afraid I was sad dog when I grew up, and when my father bade his wayward son choose between disinheritance, or being consigned to the care of his gaunt Puritan uncle, and I decided on the latter, it was the first time in my life that I manifested wisdom. And who would have thought," he continued, "twenty years ago, the wild, rollicking John Stanley could become the staid, thriving colonist, held in respect and esteem by his Puritan townsmen, although they do pitch upon him sometimes, when he happens to let slip a line from 'that profane player man,' as they term Will Shakspeare. Perhaps," he mused, "the key to the mystery may be found in the fact of my having taken to wife a certain demure maiden who has been a faithful helpmate through all the years of our wedded life, and whose gentle influence transformed my reckless nature and made me what I am. Yes, it has been Madel's work, God bless her! And I am an ungrateful rascal," thought John Stanley, "if I do not feel richer than an Emperor, when I think of her and our dear children—my household treasures."

"Diamonds and pearls," screamed the north wind; "diamonds and pearls! O, ho! I'm your good fairy!"

Stanley had now reached a point in the road where a lane diverged from it, leading into the depth of the wood, when just as he turned his team into this path he heard a harsh, shrill voice call out—"stop, John Stanley."

The person addressed checked his oxen, and looked around for the speaker. Presently there emerged from the thick bushes on the side of the road the figure of an old Indian woman, wrapped in a tattered red blanket with an old slouched hat on her head.

Stanley recognized in this personage one who had for some time lain under suspicion of being a witch, but who had hitherto eluded apprehension.

"Well, said Stanley, "what do you want with me?"

"I want liquor!" said the hag; "liquor to warm this old body that your talking men have driven out to perish; liquor to give me strength to curse your white race of robbers and murderers!"

Here was Stanley fairly entrapped, and he began to cast about for some excuse for not fulfilling his rash vow of hobnobbing with the powers of darkness, but upon a more practical view of the case he came to the conclusion, from the appearance of the old crone, that she had already been supplied with sufficient stimulus for his laudable purpose which she avowed in the latter clause of her remark, so he intimated as much, at the same time starting up his team, to cut short further discourse. As he cast a look back, he saw the old woman standing in the middle of the road with her hand raised menacingly, and he heard her yell after him—"I'll make you sorry, John Stanley!"

Perhaps there might have been some superstition lurking in his breast, for he felt relieved when a turn in the road shut him from her sight.

Arrived at his destination, Stanley proceeded at once to his task of loading up, but from some cause, whether the gloom of the forest, or the melancholy sounds of the wind, sighing in the sombre pines, or from some dim foreboding of impending evil, it is impossible to say, but certain it is, he began to be unusually depressed in mind, and more than once in the course of his work he applied himself to his flask, which became lighter in proportion as the load on his sled grew heavier. At last, having completed his task, and feeling somewhat fatigued, he seated himself upon the top of his load and commenced his homeward course. It was now twilight, and as Stanley slowly urged his way through the wood, there was something so favorable to reflection in the solitude and the deepening gloom, that his mind involuntarily recurred to wild tales of Scandinavian fairy deities, that he had read of in his youth, and it was while occupied with such thoughts that he suddenly observed, with a start of unpleasant surprise, to say the least, direct in the path before him, the figure of the old Indian witch.

To add to his astonishment his cattle immediately came to a halt, nor could the utmost exertions with his stick induce them to light a lock. At last the witch slowly raised her hand, with the shrivelled forefinger pointing upwards, whereupon the oxen rising up, stood erect upon their hinder feet. By this time Stanley felt his courage giving away, and he began to fumble in his memory for a passage of scripture, but, as in some cases where life is in extreme peril, events of childhood are presented to the mind with almost vivid distinctness, so Stanley's memory, skipping over the goodly text he had often heard expounded, was rummaging among odds and ends of verses, conned many years before.

"Avoid thee, witch!" he exclaimed at last, in a tone, however, more expressive of entreaty than command.

The old woman, without heeding this exercism, commenced a whirling motion with her upraised hand, and immediately the oxen began to spin round, talking with them the load of wood and its proprietor. Round and round, faster and faster, they flew, and Stanley seemed for a second so to be in a maelstrom of horns, hoofs, sticks of wood and ox sleds, and then a violent shock bereft him of sense.

When he returned to consciousness, he found himself lying at the foot of a lofty pine, through whose branches the wind swept, making it shudder and moan, and toss its arms wildly, like one vexed by an evil spirit. Raising himself into a sitting posture and looking round, he became aware of the presence of a company of strange beings, in the form of dwarfs, about a foot high, arrayed in fantastic costumes, of which no two were alike in color; and as they came crowding around him upon his showing signs of returning animation, he noticed that they all wore queer little masks.

"Do him no harm," said one who appeared to be a leading spirit among these imps, and who was distinguished from the others by a tall red feather in his cap; "do him no harm—he can quote our Will upon occasion, and an accomplishment so unique in this land should commend him to our favor, were he the grimmest Puritan that ever presided at the drowning of a witch. So, take courage, friend," he continued, addressing Stanley in a manner that seemed odd enough in view of the relative size of the parties. "Can't give us more of the same text?"

"I think so," said Stanley, who now felt like seeing the adventure through:

"'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray—'"

"Bravo!" shouted the imp, while a faint sound of applause arose from the diminutive audience.

"Prithee, friend," said he of the feather, "how can't thou by such lore?"

"Oh," said Stanley, with a dash of self-complacency in his manner, "I was a player once in my younger days."

"A player!" said the dwarf, interrogatively.

"Yes, a—a strolling player."

"Oh!" said the imp, drily, and "Oh!" echoed the audience in exactly the same tone.

"Associate mates," said the dwarf after a pause, turning to his companions, "permit me to express the conviction that this gent is a complete tile." (The signification of these last two mystical words Stanley was never able to ascertain.) "And further to propose, that in order to entertain our guest in a befitting manner, we make him King of the Revels. Does this meet your approval?"

"Yes, yes," chirped a chorus of tiny voices. "Hurrah for King John!"

"Very well," said the dwarf, turning to Stanley; "will your majesty please wink?"

His majesty complied, and immediately found himself seated in a sylvan chair, formed of the roots of a prostrate tree, that had apparently lain in that position a long time, for the trunk and branches were entirely concealed from view by thick shrubs covered with fragrant blossoms while that part that formed the seat and back was overspread with moss of various tints, and from a projecting point above, a vine rich with clusters of honeysuckle flowers descended in heavy masses on either side, over the twisted projections that served for arms.

From this lofty portain Stanly peered out curiously and found himself alone in a strange place. Instead of gloomy pines and spectral branches he was surrounded by beauteous elms with graceful drooping branches, and feathery foliage, while the show had given place to a carpet of emerald turf, embroidered with white star flowers and purple bells and violets. The light which illuminated this grove seemed to come from beneath instead of above, for although it displayed objects within a few feet of the ground with the utmost distinctness, it seemed to fade away and become lost among the foliage that roofed the spot.

As Stanley sat inhaling the soft, balmy air, heavy with perfume, and gazing down a long vista of sylvan beauty that opened before him, he beheld approaching a diminutive train, that he had no great difficulty in recognizing as the company he had met with shortly before, although the appearance of the individuals comprising it was essentially changed. They had laid aside their masks, and the males of the party, (for there was an equal number of both sexes present), were all attired alike, in a court dress, consisting of a green coat embroidered with gold, a white satin waistcoat slowly richly embroidered, and gold knee breeches, with white stockings and jewled buckles in shoes. In addition to this, each one wore a cap of black velvet, adorned with a white plume, secured by an emerald clasp. The females were arrayed in robes of green silk spangled with diamonds, and wore on their fossil fillets of emeralds. These parade dresses Stanley observed as the train approached and formed a semicircle within a few feet of him; and as one of the number, whom he surmised to be the former spokesman, stepped forward, the truth flashed upon his mind, and he thus addressed him—

"Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or thou art a spirit of no common rank
Call'd Robin Goodfellow, are you not he?"

"Thou speak'st right," said the dwarf, "and permit me to add, your prime minister for this occasion; has your Majesty any commands?"

"Truly," said Stanley, entering into the spirit of the jest, "methinks, after the fatigues of the forest, a cup would not be amiss."

"Ho, page!" cried the little minister, "bring his majesty a dewdrop!" and immediately a tiny page appeared with a massive silver salver, which, by the way, was an English sixpence, and upon it the smallest crystal goblet that was ever dreamed of. Stanley took off his mittens very gravely, and stooped down to take the offering, which he had no sooner touched than it became a tall beaker, containing at least a pint of liquor, that he quaffed with evident satisfaction.

"What name does this dew bear, my pretty page?" said the new monarch, condescendingly.

"Mountain dew," was the reply.

"Ah," said the King, smiling graciously, "we have heard of that liquor before. And now," he continued, addressing his minister, "it is our pleasure to sup. Can the royal larder furnish a roasted fowl?"

"Truly, yes," said the elf. "Here, a humming bird for his Majesty!"

Immediately there stood before the Royal seat a round table covered with a snowy cloth of marvelous texture, upon which the humming bird being placed, expanded into a goodly sized fowl as ever furnished a Thanksgiving dinner.

"Is there naught else your Majesty desires?" said the attentive minister, after ample justice had been done to the poultry.

"Pastry," suggested the King, laying down a bone he had just finished off.

"Certainly," said the elf. "A buttercup this way!"

"It is our desire," said the monarch, "that our buttercup be of sufficient dimensions to feed our humming bird."

"Of that your Majesty shall judge," said the dwarf, pointing to a yellow flower on the table, which every moment become more and more like a pumpkin pie.

The royal hunger being at length appeased, the table sunk slowly down, and Stanley followed it with his eyes until it became a mushroom at his feet, when the minister again addressed him—

"Is it your pleasure that the dancing commence?"

"A goodly suggestion," replied the King; "and hark, hark ye! we would condescend to open the ball in person, provided a partner could be found who possessed the magnificent property of our wands."

The dwarf laid his forefinger alongside his nose in a significant manner, and intimated in the most delicate terms, that although his Majesty was a totally well favored man, yet there were some circles in which he must utterly despair of ever being admitted, from which remark Stanley inferred that fairies are not altogether free from mortal jealousy. As Stanley, in the character of a spectator, watched the beauteous dames mingling in the dance, and his eye delighted with the sheen of silk, the waving of plumes, and the flash of jewels lingering on the joyous groups, one by one the figures vanished, and he was alone with his elfin minister.

"The hour of your abdication is at hand," said the latter, "and it only remains for me to give you an explanation of your adventure. Know, then, that my companions and myself, falling under the displeasure of the shrewish Titania, were banished to New England, where, for want of other amusement, we have introduced the practice of witchcraft among the sober Puritans, ourselves assisting disguised as imps. And a merry dance we have led this staid people, although," he added, somewhat regretful, "with more serious consequences than we anticipated, for human passions need but slight assistance from the supernatural world to work evil. But in a few days the people will recover from this delusion, for the spell is removed, and as our term of banishment expires tonight, we shall return. We belong to other lands and to the past, and the world in its onward march will leave behind the toys that amused its childhood."

"Yes, we belong to the past," he repeated sadly, "and our race will be forgotten; but for man, the fairy land lies in the future. Look," he said, pointing to an opening in the grove, and Stanley beheld, passing like a mighty panorama, the vision of a new world. He saw pile of commerce, into whose laps vessels from every clime poured the treasures of the earth; he beheld magnificent cities, crowded with beautiful dwellings, and adorned with lofty spires and halls of legislation, and temples of justice. He looked at the distant wilderness, and lo! as he gazed, new cities, towns and villages arose, and fields of waving grain pursued the retreating forest. As he gazed upon the homes of millions of free and happy people, and heard the hum of industry throughout the land, as he beheld fugitives from old worn-out despotisms, thronging through the open gates, and heard the welcome that greeted them, strange emotions stirred within his breast—tears of joy suffused his eyes, and tremblingly he turned to ask the name of this blessed country.

But his companion had disappeared. And now darkness closed around him, a nimbness crept over his frame, and he gradually slid into a state of insensibility.

"Here he is! here he is!" exclaimed a voice, "Bring the lanterns this way! Quick! Take that loff of his breast! Carefully now!" and John Stanley was borne on the strong arms of friends to his dwelling.

It seems that Mrs. Stanley, upon seeing the oxen come home without their master, had immediately collected the neighbors and sent them in search of her husband, whom they found lying in the forest half dead from the effects of cold and the injuries he had received. Many days elapsed before Stanley was able to tell the story to his wondering townsmen. By this time, however, the delusion that possessed men's minds had passed away "like a dream of the night," and consequently he was never called to account his adventure before a court. And although there are not wanting in these days matter-of-fact persons to attribute this affair to hard drinking and careless driving, I dismiss this impertinent suggestion with a wave of my pen, and request the kind reader to join with the good people of that period, in the belief that the experience of John Stanley was the Last Case of Salem Witchcraft.

STA ISAAC NEWTON'S TASTE FOR FARMING.—When Newton had reached his fifteenth year, he was called from the school at Grantham to take charge of his mother's farm. He was thus frequently sent to Grantham market, says Timbs, to dispose of grain and other agricultural produce which, however, he generally left to an old farm servant who accompanied him, and Newton made his way to the garret of the house in which he had lived, to amuse himself with a parcel of old books left there; and afterwards he would entrench himself on the wayside between Woolsthorpe and Grantham, devouring some favorite author till his companion's return from market. And when his mother sent him into the fields to watch the sheep and cattle, he would perch himself under a tree with a book in his hand, or shape models with his knife, or watch the movements of an undershot water-wheel. One of the earliest scientific experiments which Newton made was in 1658, on the day of the great storm, when Cromwell died, and when he himself had just entered his sixteenth year. Newton's mother was now convinced that her son was not destined to be a farmer; and this, with his uncle finding him under a hedge, occupied in the solution of a mathematical problem, led to his being again sent to Grantham school, and then to Trinity College, Cambridge, which thence became the real birthplace of Newton's genius.

THE DISAPPOINTED DOG.—We mentioned a few days since, a quadruped in this city, who, like some of his biped brethren, was given to indulging in cocktails whenever he could get somebody to treat him. We are compelled to say that Rover, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his master, is getting to be rather of the tommer order. He is given to watching around the saloons until he sees a party go in to drink, and then goes in himself and "rings in" for a drink. He does not confine himself to the beverage referred to above, but takes anything of an exhilarating character. Rover will run all night with most any liberal company, but never got tight but once, and then he acted like a very absurd and unreasonable dog, as he was. He can drink any party with ordinary heads blind drunk, and walk off on his four trotters in a salutorious condition. Rover is a fine looking fellow, of large size, part mastiff and part hound, and is very smart, and, with the exception of the little weakness of which we have spoken, well behaved. [Stockton Republican.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says that two ladies at a late Kentucky fair, dressed so much lower even than the standard, that all the infants present, stretched out their arms and cried out after them!

Schedule of Mails.

NEW ORLEANS POST-OFFICE.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

From 1st November, 1858, to 1st June, 1859

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, and at 3 P. M. for prepaid foreign letters; except on Sunday, when the mails will be closed at 11 A. M. Supplying Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian on Wednesdays and Fridays.

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

ROUTE 8,166—New Orleans to Memphis—Supplying Baton Rouge, Red River Landing, Natchez, Vicksburg, Delta, Prairie Providence, Grand Lake, Ark.; Greenville, Miss.; Columbia, Ark.; Gaster's Landing, Napoleon, Helena and Memphis. Closes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 3 P. M. Due on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M.

ROUTE 7,819—To Gainesville, Miss.—Leaves New Orleans every Friday at 7 A. M. Due every Saturday at 4 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 Carlisle and Vicksburg. Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 P. M. Due on Monday, Thursday and Friday at 10 A. M.

ST. FRANCISVILLE OR COAST MAIL.—Supplying McCutchon's, St. Charles, Taylor's, Grande Pointe, Bonnet Carre, Edward's, Vacherie, Bringier's, Cantrell's, Turcaud's, Donaldsonville, (and interior) New River, Bayou Goula, Iberville, Plaquemine, Manchac, Bealy's Landg, Baton Rouge, (and interior) Cobbell's Grove, 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 9 A. M. Arrives on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 4 P. M.

JEFFERSON CITY MAIL.—Closes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8½ A. M. Due same days at 1 P. M.

ALGIERS MAIL.—Twice daily. Closes at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. Due 10 A. M. and 5 P. M.

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

CARROLLTON MAIL.—Closes daily at 10 A. M. Due 1 P. M.

OSYKA MAIL.—Closes daily at 8½ P. M. Due daily at 7 P. M. Supplies Amite, Independence, Tangipaho, Ponchatula, Osyka, Jackson, Canton and Vicksburg, Miss., and counties North and East of Jackson; St. Louis, Cairo, Chicago, and offices in the Northwestern States, supplied via Memphis; Arkansas mails via Vicksburg daily, Memphis, Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Knoxville, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

OPELOUSAS MAIL.—(Per New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad)—Supplies all the Attakapas parishes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Closes daily at 6 A. M. Due daily at 6 P. 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 Burns Settlement Balize and Southwest Pass. Closes on Saturday at 9 A. M. Due on Tuesday at 11 P. M.

GALVESTON, SALURIA, INDIANOLA AND PORT LAVACA.—Via the River—Closes every Sunday and Thursday at 7 A. M. Due every Sunday and Tuesday by 1 P. M. Via Brazos City—Closes on Wednesday and Saturday at 9½ A. M. Due on Monday and Thursday at 6 P. M. Via Brashear City to Sabine City and Galveston—Closes on Monday at 6½ A. M. Due on Friday at 6 P. M.

BRAZOS SANTIAGO, POINT ISABEL, BROWNSVILLE AND RIO GRANDE, via INDIANOLA—Closes on first and third Friday of each month at 7 A. M. Due every third and first week of each month at 4 P. M.

HAVANA MAIL.—Closes 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.

ROUTE 8,152—New Orleans to San Francisco, via Tehuantepec—Leaves on the 12th and 27th, due on the 5th and 20th of each month.

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. sending office is—		
2500 miles or under	10c.	2c.
Over 2500 miles	20c.	2c.
NOT BRITISH POSSESSIONS.		
When the distance is 500 miles or under	12c.	4c.
2500 miles or under	24c.	6c.
When over 2500 miles, and 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 GRANADA, 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 8 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 postages; via the New York, by private ships, 5 cents, prepaid.

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

☞ Postage to Bogota (New Granada:) Letters, 16c.; papers, 6c.

☞ Postage to China, New South Wales, Sandwich Islands, via San Francisco: 16c., prepaid.

☞ The postage to Panama 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 Granada direct is 10 cents single rate, and 2 cents each newspaper; and to the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Van Diemen'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.

S. F. MARKS, P. M.

NEW ORLEANS, November 1, 1858.

COMPTROLLER—OFFICIAL.

COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, City of New Orleans, July 7, 1858.

RESOLVED, That the Comptroller be, and he is hereby authorized and required, to give notice, by a circular addressed to the official journal, that in accordance with the ninth section of ordinance No. 1442, approved March 8, 1858, the Council will proceed to sell, at the city orders advertised under section fifty of an order from the Comptroller, in accordance with the ordinance referred to.

(Signed) E. L. TRACY,
President Board of Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) J. H. BLACK,
President Board of Aldermen.

Approved April 28, 1858.
(Signed) JOHN L. LEWIS, Mayor.

The attention of the officers of the city and of the public is respectfully called to the foregoing resolution.

T. THRARD,
Comptroller City of New Orleans.

1916 tf

STREET COMR—OFFICIAL

FIRST DISTRICT POUND.—Was brought to the First District Pound on Dryades street, between Julia and third streets, as estray—

One black horse pony, about 11 hands high, with a white star or scar on the forehead.

Was sold at public auction at sunset on the day of the seizure, for the expenses thereon and costs, will be sold at public auction at said depot, on SATURDAY, November 20, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

New Orleans, November 16, 1858.

C. O. FLECHIER, Street Commissioner.

Registered November 16, 1858.

T. THRARD, Comptroller.

EPAVE DU PREMIER DISTRICT.—Il a été conduit au dépôt des épaves du Premier District, rue Dryades, entre les rues Julia et third, comme épave—

Un poulain cheval, d'environ 11 mains de haut, avec une tache en étoile blanche sur le front.

Il a été observé que personne n'a réclamé dans les frais et les frais payés, il sera vendu à l'enchère publique au dit dépôt, le MARDI, 30 novembre 1858, à 10 heures, A. M.

C. O. FLECHIER, Commissaire des rues.

Nouvelle-Orléans, 16 novembre, 1858. n17 22 29

SECOND DISTRICT POUND.—Was brought to the Second District Pound, on Derbigny street, between St. Ann and Main streets, as estray—

One black cow, with crop-off, open and right ear marked swallow fork, and left ear underbit, branded D on the right hip, no other visible marks.

One white and black spotted ox, with a collar, and a white star on the forehead.

One white and black spotted cow, with white spots and rope round the neck.

One white ox, with a collar, and right ear cropped and split.

One steer, white and brown in color, with collar.

Which it not claimed within ten days and the expenses thereon and costs, will be sold at public auction, on said pound, on SATURDAY, November 20, 1858, at 12 o'clock, M.

New Orleans, November 8, 1858.

C. O. FLECHIER, Street Commissioner.

Registered November 8, 1858.

T. J. HITSELBERGER, Deputy Comptroller.

EPAVE DU DEUXIEME DISTRICT.—Il a été conduit au dépôt des Epaves du Deuxième District, rue Dryades, entre les rues Laurel et Josephine, comme épave—

Une jument noire, d'environ 15 mains de haut, avec une étoile de derrière, chaque jambe de derrière blanche, sans marques ni fers.

Une petite jument noire, d'environ 12½ mains de haut, ayant une tache à son cou, le jarret gauche de derrière blanche, et les deux jambes de derrière blanches, sans autres marques visibles.

Un cheval gris, avec un collier, et selle, et selle de derrière.

Un cheval gris, avec un collier, et selle, et selle de derrière et croupe.

Un cheval gris, blanc et brune, avec un collier.

Si elles ne sont réclamées dans les dix jours et les frais payés, elles seront vendues à l'enchère publique au dit dépôt, le SAMEDI, 20 novembre, 1858, à 10 heures, A. M.

C. O. FLECHIER, Commissaire des rues.

Nouvelle-Orléans, 8 novembre, 1858. n9 22 29

THIRD DISTRICT POUND.—Was brought to the Third District Pound, corner of Old and Good Children streets, as estray—

One black horse pony, about 11 hands high, with a white star or scar on the forehead.

Was sold at public auction at said depot, on SATURDAY, November 20, 1858, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

New Orleans, November 16, 1858.

C. O. FLECHIER, Street Commissioner.

Registered November 16, 1858.

T. THRARD, Comptroller.

EPAVE DU TROISIEME DISTRICT.—Il a été conduit au dépôt des Epaves du Troisième District, coin des rues Close et Bons Enfants, comme épave—

Une vache rouge avec veau, ayant une marque visible sur la oreille droite, l'autre oreille coupée en chaque côté et un fer sur la croupe.

Une vache jaune avec veau, ayant une marque visible sur la oreille droite, l'autre oreille coupée en chaque côté et un fer sur la croupe.

Si les dits animaux ne sont pas réclamés dans six jours et les frais payés, ils seront vendus à l'enchère publique, au dit dépôt, LUNDI, 22 novembre, 1858, à 10 heures, A. M.

C. O. FLECHIER, Commissaire des rues.

Nouvelle-Orléans, 9 novembre, 1858. n10 22 29

FOURTH DISTRICT POUND.—Was brought to the Fourth District Pound on Josephine street, between Carondelet and Camp streets, as estrays—

One red cow, no ear marks.

One black cow, with a star in the face, and a white star on the forehead, no ear marks.

One black ox, with a collar, or rope and chain.

One yellow ox, with a collar, and right ear cropped and split.

One steer, white and brown in color, with collar.

Which if not claimed within ten days and the expenses thereon and costs, will be sold at public auction, on said pound, on SATURDAY, November 20, 1858, at 12 o'clock, M.

New Orleans, November 8, 1858.

C. O. FLECHIER, Street Commissioner.

Registered November 8, 1858.

T. J. HITSELBERGER, Deputy Comptroller.

EPAVE DU QUATRIEME DISTRICT.—Il a été conduit au dépôt des Epaves du Quatrième District, rue Jackson entre les rues Laurel et Josephine, comme épave—

Une vache rouge, avec veau, ayant une étoile blanche, et un trou de chaque oreille.

Un cheval noir, jambes de derrière blanches, sans marques ni fers.

Une petite jument noire, d'environ 12½ mains de haut, ayant une tache à son cou, le jarret gauche de derrière blanche, et les deux jambes de derrière blanches, sans autres marques visibles.

Un cheval gris, avec un collier, et selle de derrière.

Un cheval gris, blanc et brune, avec un collier.

Si elles ne sont réclamées dans six jours et les frais payés, elles seront vendues à l'enchère publique, au dit dépôt, le SAMEDI, 27 novembre, 1858, à 10 heures, A. M.

C. O. FLECHIER, Commissaire des rues.

Nouvelle-Orléans, 15 novembre, 1858. n16 22 29

SECOND DISTRICT POUND.—Was brought to the Second District Pound, on Derbigny street, between St. Ann and Main streets, as estray—

One black colt, about 14 hands high, with both hind feet shod, branded ⊐ on both thighs, no other visible marks.

Was sold at public auction, on said pound, on SATURDAY, November 20, 1858, at 12 o'clock, M.

New Orleans, November 15, 1858.

C. O. FLECHIER, Street Commissioner.

Registered November 15, 1858.

T. J. HITSELBERGER, Deputy Comptroller.

EPAVE DU QUATRIEME DISTRICT.—Il a été conduit au dépôt des Epaves du Quatrième District, rue Jackson entre les rues Laurel et Josephine, comme épave—

Une petite jument noire, d'environ 12½ mains de haut, ayant une tache à son cou, le jarret gauche de derrière blanche, et les deux jambes de derrière blanches, sans autres marques visibles.

Un cheval gris, avec un collier, et selle de derrière.

Un cheval gris, blanc et brune, avec un collier.

Si elles ne sont réclamées dans six jours et les frais payés, elles seront vendues à l'enchère publique, au dit dépôt, le SAMEDI, 27 novembre, 1858, à 10 heures, A. M.

C. O. FLECHIER, Commissaire des rues.

Nouvelle-Orléans, 15 novembre, 1858. n16 22 29

POLICE JAIL—OFFICIAL.

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 20th of October, the black boy CHARLES, belonging to Mr. G. W. Jerry, who lives at Jerry's Depot on the Jackson Railroad. He is five feet five inches high, and has a scar below the right eye.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

E. PLANCHARD,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered November 2, 1858.

T. J. HITSELBERGER, Deputy Comptroller.

n3 12s

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 21st of October, the black girl EMMA. She says she belongs to Mr. Alexander Orgain, who lives in the Parish of Ascension. She is five feet two inches high, and has a scar on the forehead.

The owner will call and claim his property according to law.

E. PLANCHARD,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered November 2, 1858.

T. J. HITSELBERGER, Deputy Comptroller.

n3 12s

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 20th of October, the black girl CAROLINE. She says she belongs to Mr. J. M. Hardy, who lives in Bienville parish, Louisiana. She is five feet five inches high, and has a scar on the back of her left ear, and has a mole on her neck.

The owner will call and claim her property according to law.

E. PLANCHARD,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 27, 1858.

HENRY BUREL,
Clerk of Committee.

o28 12s

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 20th of October, the black girl ELIZABETH. She says she belongs to Mr. Gordon Hardy, who lives in Bienville parish, Louisiana. She is five feet one inch in height.

The owner will call and claim her property according to law.

E. PLANCHARD,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 23, 1858.

HENRY BUREL,
Clerk of Committee.

o27 12s

WAS brought to the City Police Jail on the 22d of October, the black girl ELIZABETH. She says she belongs to Mr. Calvin Kelly, who lives in Plaquemine, Parish of Iberville, La. She is five feet seven and a half inches high, and has a scar on the forehead, and one between the eyes.

The owner will call and claim her property according to law.

E. PLANCHARD,
Keeper of City Police Jail.

Registered October 23, 1858.

HENRY BUREL,
Clerk of Committee.

o26 12s

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

AUBERT, E. L., CITY HAT STORE, CORNER St. Charles and Common streets.

APTKENS, J. S., IMPORTER AND DEALER IN Hardware, Cutlery, Stoves, Fire Grates, Paints, Oils, etc., No. 21 Tchoupitoulas street.

BOWLES & JUDSON, CHINA, CROCKERY AND Home Furnishing Goods, No. 42 Camp street.

BLOCKER, JAMES Y., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, New Orleans.
☞ Office—No. 26 Commercial Place. 1627 1y

BAXTER, LOVELL & CO., SHIPPING MERchants, corner of Carondelet and Common streets.

BENTHUYSEN, LEWIS & CO., DEALERS IN Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, No. 16 Canal street.

BOGERT, G. C. & Co., SHIP AGENTS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 72 Camp street.

BRIDGER, R. D., ATTORNEY AT LAW, COLUMbia, La., will practice in the parishes of Caldwell, Claiborne and Franklin. jaly 15*

FROM, W. CONVERSE. WM. F. CONVERSE, JR.
CONVERSE & CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN WINES, TOBACCO AND CIGARS, No. 72 Gravier street, New Orleans. 1873 1y

COLEMAN, BRITTON & WITHERS, COT. ton Factors and Commission Merchants, 43 Union street. jy