

BUSINESS CARDS.

ARTHUR & CO., J. W. Commission, Provision and Grocery Merchants, 25 and 27 New York.

MEDICAL CARDS.

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DAILY CRESCENT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE CONSOLIDATED CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

MY SPIRIT MOTHER.

Test a calm and quiet evening in the golden autumn time...

MR. HIPSEY, THE ELECTRICAL GENTLEMAN.

"A respectable physician, in the last number of Silliman's Journal, gives the following very curious account of an electrical lady."

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having been only required to mount with him while over his shoulders, and then expected to compliment him on his successful treatment...

"At this moment a servant entered the room, and presented on a silver tray, a curious looking letter."

"Mr. Hipsey had had a sudden air of coming, but had written you a letter about his master's state of mind; and Patrick begs me to say, with his respects, that Mr. Hipsey fancy himself a doctor."

"What portion of his written communication might have been sent in duplicate as a message, Dr. Mansell allowed not the footman to make known."

"Dear Sir: I let you know that master is just now on a leech and according to command, and has had a great shock in climbing out of his bed; or I should have come to tell you."

"An electrical machine!" said the doctor, raising his eyebrows.

"This is a wilder fancy than ever. I wish he had broken his leg or his arm."

"Good heaven, sir! you are certainly not serious. The doctor for a long time consulted with me, and he is confined to his bed, and obliged to be bled! Perhaps he is severely injured already."

"Ah! here the poor girl weeps bitterly, and the doctor for a long time consulted with me, and he is confined to his bed, and obliged to be bled! Perhaps he is severely injured already."

"In a few minutes the doctor and Catherine were driving at all speed to put their scheme into effect."

"What! at this hour of the night? In the middle of the street, and with the concurrence of Mr. Hipsey's surgeon, place the hypochochordic arm in spinals, as though it were really broken, if possible, before he awoke."

"Shaking in every limb, wildly he tore his hair, and stamped the ground in agony of spirit."

"I know it, I know it," shouted the distracted phenomenon, and rushed from the room.

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"The doctor knew he was talking nonsense, but he looked wondrously grave to conceal this fact."

"Then I am a broken philosophical instrument," said Hipsey, sighing heavily, as with the assistance of his friends he rose from his chair.

"Exactly so," responded Mansell, now with difficulty restraining a smile.

"I suppose your hand isn't fit to be touched," said Hipsey, looking at his hand with a look of pain.

"But it is not wretched to see one, who can do nothing, and who is confined to his bed, and who is obliged to be bled! Perhaps he is severely injured already."

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