New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1860.

## SPRING IN THE NORTHERN LAND.

BY JAMES GILMORE LYONS.

Hark to the voice, and load the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving Southern lands afar
The Sun wakes up our Northern clime;
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every wailing shore,
And, foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street.
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When Earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of his radiant skies:—
Look then on Night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The mouth at ease of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest;
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sees before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere;
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
"Look up, O man! and trust in God."

### Waterloo and Vinegar Hill.

(Correspondence of Dublin Nation.)

PARIS, January 25, 1860.

Many a stately old *militaire* is to be seen in the streets of Paris, with white moustache and the small red ribbon on his breast; but there is one of these war-worn ancients whom I wish I could bring vividly before the eyes of your readers, for a reason which will presently appear. Walking on some of these bright winter days along the avenue of the Champs Elysees, you may see a tall figure, the splendid ruin of a soldier d'elite bearing himself still erect under the weight of eighty winters. Aged as he is, the impression which his aspect gives you is not that of feeble venerableness. The grey eye is keen and proud; the thin face bronzed and worn by war and weather, and the whole bearing of that antique Roman head, give the idea, not of decrepitude, but of a certain dashing gallantry. The features are very fine and delicately cut, with the undefinable thoroughbred look, mobile and plastic to every impulse of feeling, of merriment, resentment, benignant kindliness, as they could have been even in the flush of his golden youth. For in truth he is of those rare beings who never grow old; and though he should fill up his century of years, he will not be venerable. You perceive that he has the cross of an Officer of the Legion of Honor; and twined with the rosette of that order is the chocolate-colored ribbon of the St. Helena Medal—a decoration which our Anglo-Saxon brethern do not adore.

An old officer, then, of Napoleonic Grand. His rank is that of *chef de bataillon*, equivalent to that of Colonel in the British service; and for all present purposes it will do well enough to call him Col. X——. He has marched over half Europe, and stood full often at the head of his regiment on "the rough edge of battle;" served in Spain, in Germany, in Italy, in Greece, and at Flushing against the Walcheren expedition; so that I suppose he has well won his decorations and appointments.

In all this there is nothing extraordinary. Five hundred French officers, now living, have done all this; and wait when so inclined, in the Champs Elysées—for old heroes, too, with fire still glowing under the grey ashes that strew their heads, and a spirit full of light yet, in any stirring cause—such as the cause you and I wot of.

Nevertheless, if you knew all, you would gaze still more earnestly on the face of Col. X——than on that of any of his compeers; for in truth he is the last link that connects our enlightened (but rather shabby) generation with yet older and more terrible scenes than those in which he won his crosses. Other and earlier memories cloud at times his clear grey eyes; and through and beyond the battle smoke and thunder of all Napoleonic fields, he has a vision of the pikemen of New Ross, and hears the fierce hurrah of Oulart Hill.

That is to say, this Col. X——, before he served under Napoleon the First, served under Father John Murphy. He was but a youngster of eighteen, when two of his uncles, gentlemen of Wexford county, were shot down in cold blood at their own doors by a detachment of the "Ancient Britons," lest they might have perhaps been implicated in the United Irish Society, or would, could or should be thereafter implicated. Bands of the peasantry, whose houses had been burned down, were ranging the hills, and at length, in desperation, under Father Murphy and the tall youngster, now Col. X——, they went to meet the Wexford militia cavalry on their march; barricaded the road before them and behind, went in on them with pikes and forks—and one of the captains, one observer and one sergeant, escaped alive to tell the tale that the rebels were up. Shortly after, on Oulart Hill, the insurgents stood ranged, with a common mearing ditch in front, waiting the assault of several regiments advancing to attack them. The regiment of North Cork militia led the assault, and arrived first on the brow of the hill, when the light-limbed pikeman, with the same young X——in their front, leaped the ditch, and swept down on the North Cork in a tempest of steel. The men were fresh, the pikes were thirsty. The soldiers would have run if they could; but those agile mountaineers, long of wind and unembarrassed by knapsack, were upon them in a few strides; and the North Cork militia, being suddenly abolished, disappeared from all army-lists and muster of "effectives" from that day.

Throughout all the campaign of those few but bloody weeks, Col. X——had his share both in victory and in defeat. He and his men were beaten at Arklow; but on the other hand he had the gratification of destroying General Walpole's force. Again, he unhappily missed the righteous sacrifice and crowning mercy of Ballyellis, where those atrocious "Ancient Britons," basest and bloodiest of Cornhampton's banditti, were piked to the last bandit. At Vinegar Hill he led a band of pikemen, and through that long and disastrous day helped to keep the last stronghold of the insurrection against a British army of twenty thousand men. When all was lost, he joined Holt amongst the Wicklow mountains, and kept the banner of the cause flying to the last. In fact it was not until, by the failure of Emmett's attempt, Ireland was ruined and lost for that generation, that he entered the French service in the Irish legion.

Dr. Cumming on the "Signs of the Times."—Dr. Cumming has been stating his opinion at Leeds respecting the great events which, according to his interpretation of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, are looming in the future. He said the year 1867 seemed to end 6,000 years of the world's history, and from the earliest periods onward it had been the almost universal belief that the six days of creation were typical of those 6,000 years, and that the seventh day of creation, or the Sabbath, was typical of the millenial rest of 1,000 years. But they would say that, supposing this were so, they were at this moment over 140 years short of the 6,000 years. It was a remarkable fact, however, that the ablest chronologists, irrespective of all prophetic theories, had shown that a mistake of upwards of 100 years had been made in calculating the chronology of the world, and that the year 1860 of the Christian era began not from the year 4004 of the world's history, but in the year 4138, and that the year of Christ's birth was five years before that, or in 4133. If his premises were just, then they were at that moment within seven years of the exhaustion of the 6,000 years; so that if 1867 was to be the termination of this economy, they had arrived at the Saturday evening of the world's long and dreary week. If this were so, it was a magnificent thought that there were some in that assembly who would never die. They were just plunging into days such as they had never before seen; an European war was looming, more dreadful than that through which they had recently passed, and when these things happened it would be seen that the sentiments he had uttered were not the dreams of fanaticism, but the words of soberness and truth.

The Splendid Photographic and Daguerreotyped Work turned out by Messrs. Anderson & Blessing has gained their great establishment, at 61 Camp street, a high and richly deserved reputation throughout the country. None but the best artists are employed, and consequently nothing is ever sent out which can detract from the name and fame of the concern. Their pictures are complete in every point, and their prices are reasonable, for the great advertisement of Messrs. A. & B.

Furniture! Furniture!!—Rich and elegant dinner and tea services, curtain and furniture goods, mirrors, plated ware, super cut glass and ornamented wares are advertised by P. Mallard for sale at his establishment, Nos. 35 Royal and 37 Bienville street. The latest French style of furniture, consisting of rosewood and mahogany bedroom, parlor, library and dining room sets; fancy goods, such as porcelain and bisque statuettes, vases, chandeliers, etc.; decorated dinner and tea sets, cut glass services, plated ware, waiters, castors, liquor stands, etc., etc., are offered to purchasers at moderate rates, in order to lessen his immense stock before his departure for Europe. Prompt attention will be paid to country orders.

### Attila; or, the Invasion of Gaul by the Huns.

The Harpers are about to publish the first volume of Godwin's History of France, and the following extract is from the proof sheets. In order to understand the historial allusions, it should be premised, perhaps, that Gaul had been some centuries in possession of Rome, but that it was now occupied by several German or Barbaric nations, Goths, Franks and Burgunds, which were partly in alliance with the empire and partly in hostility. The Ætius spoken of in the extract was the Master of Militia or Generalissimo of the Roman empire:

During the ten years that ensued Gaul enjoyed a comparative tranquility. If Spain were wrenched from the Roman dominion by the restless Suevi (A. D. 439-449); if the island of Britain, after a brief but shadowed independence under its native chiefs, was also torn from her grasp forever by the intrepid Saxon (A. D. 445), the head and center of the western prefecture remained, amid the dislocations of the time, breathless and calm.

It would appear as if this anxiety portended the bursting of a heavier tempest. For fifty years or more a feeling of awe and expectation had followed the movements of the Huns, who hovered like a sullen cloud on the confines of either empire. Ferocious and sanguinary monsters, whom the barbaric superstitions began of the embrace of demons with the witches of the desert, they were equally detested as friends and enemies. Their great leader, Rous, long a patron of Ætius, having died in A. D. 441, he left his sceptre to his nephews, Attila and Bredia, or rather to Attila, who, soon thereafter, compassing the murder of his colleague and brother, reigned alone. He was a man of that indomitable and imperious will which seems created only to make the world afraid. Combining, with a matchless mastery of character, the divided tribes of his race under a single and absolute command, and pushing their conquests with a marvelous fertility of warlike resource through all surrounding races, till his domain extended from the Black Sea to the Baltic, he became the universal terror of Europe. With the empires at first he negotiated and chicaned, to mask with profounder dissimulation the ulterior purposes of his ambition; but, when his hour came, he knew well both where and how to strike. The solicitations and the purposes of Genserik; his hatred of the Wisigoths, ancient but fugitive subjects; civil dissensions among the Franks of Gaul, one of whose factions besought his assistance; and his pretended claims to the hand of the Princess Honoria, who in a moment of fantastic passion had sent him her troth, combined in presenting motives which directed his march upon the Western Empire, and upon its weakest and most defenceless part, the distracted Gallic province.

In the winter of the year 450, with a force of five hundred thousand men, he began to move forward from his wild Danubian fastnesses to the banks of the Rhine. By the beginning of March, in the following year, he had reached the fords of that separating stream. His motly throng, embracing representatives of nearly every race in Europe—the black Kazar, the tattooed Gelon, the stalwart Bugian, the Herul, crazy with labor, and the Bellonote and the Neuri, who have left their names alone to history—had gathered other varieties of savagery upon its passage. The Quad and the Marcomme of the Carpathian Hills, mingled with the Suab of the Black Forest and the outcast Frank of the Northern dunes. All the wild valor that for five hundred years had threatened civilization seemed to be confounded in one impulsive mass. Amid the rolling boulders of the ice, and the trunks of trees torn from the Hercynian woods, they crossed the river, near the confluence of the Moselle.

Attila, installing himself for a moment in the ancient capital of Treves, summoned Gaul to surrender in the magnilloquent tones of an Oriental sovereign. The debilitated Roman garrisons fled even before he advanced; the federate barbarians, half sympathising in his career, offered but an ineffectual resistance, while the poor provincials, disarmed by Roman policy, disgusted by Roman oppression, debased by Roman vices, stood in doubt whether he might the more properly be regarded as an enemy or a deliverer. But the smoke of a hundred burning villages, the ruins of the fairest cities—Augst, Strasburg, Mentz, Metz, Worms, Tongres, Arras—speedily convinced them that the stranger was indeed a foe. The consternated multitudes fled to the fortresses of the towns, to the caves of the mountains, to the waves of the sea. Alone the heroic and pious bishops of the church rose superior to the paralyzing terrors of the panic. Arrayed in their magnificent robes, and chanting their solemn and imposing paslms, they would often place themselves at the head of their timorous flocks, and with prayers and threatenings arrest, if not roll back, the irresistible tide.

Yet these were ineffective obstacles, and the invasion spread from Jura to the ocean, and from the Bomme to the Loire. The city of Orleans, which commanded the passage of the Loire into Southern Gaul—memorable on that account in many a Roman campaign, and destined to become still more memorable for the exploits of the inspired Jeanne Darc—was the last object of attack and defence. Besieged by Attila with the bulk and flower of his forces, it was held for five weeks by a few sturdy and desperate citizens, under the lead of the good St. Aguan, amid the combined miseries of war, pestilence and famine. But when the last scintillations of hope had expired—when the Huns had effected a breach and begun the carnage, faith rather than eyesight discerned from the topmost tower the distant approaches of the succoring army of Ætius. Behind the clouds of dust it saw the glittering eagles of the legions and the waving standards of the Goths.

Ætius, who had occupied the interval of his absence from Gaul in strenuous labors for the defense of Sicily and Italy against Genserik, was not deceived by the pretences of Attila in respect to the real objects of his westward movement; but he could not disturbish the peninsula of troops, nor yet collect with ease another army among the allies and federates of the province. A party of the Franks and the lettic colonists alone responded to his summons. The Alans were in open revolt, the Burgunds sulky, and the Wisigoths, though eager to encounter Attila, unwilling to quit their own frontiers. This general reluctance drove him almost to despair. At length, by painful entreaties, aided by the eloquence of the polished Arverntian noble Avitus, who undertook a mission to Theodorik, the Goths were induced to move. Once on foot, however, their example stimulated the zeal of the Brehons of the Alps, of the Salian-Franks and their long-haired leader Merowig, of the Burgunds of King Gunther, of the Ripuarians of the Rhine, and of the remoter Bretons of the seacoasts. A mass as multifarious almost as that of Attila met in the camp of the Roman chief. It brought a seasonable succor to Orleans, and, after a fierce and bloody struggle, forced the proud king of the Huns to beat an ill-concealed retreat.

The immense army of Attila, consisting chiefly of cavalry, withdrew with precipitation along the Roman road which led from Orleans to Sens, and thence to Troyes, and did not rally until it had reached the broad plains which stretch before the village of Chalons. There pitching its tents and drawing up its wagons, it was scarcely entrenched before the pursuing forces of Ætius began their castrametations on the same fields.

The night that followed was a night of awakening suspense and dreadful preparation. Attila himself, buried in the depths of his tent, was sleepless and depressed. The reverses he had suffered before Orleans and the privations endured by his troops on their march, had lessened his habitual confidence in himself and in them. A Christian hermit, moreover, dragged as a captive in his train, had aroused his superstitious fears by a strange and prophetic salutation. "Attila, scourge of God, hammer of the world," he said, "know that heaven is about to break the instrument of its vengeance!" In his gloom, he called his savage and fantastic crew of conjurors about him, to dispel, by their mystic rites, the fatal foreboding of the priest. "Then," says Thierry, "was enacted a scene which has found no parallel in the history of Europe. Under that Tartar tent, by the lurid blaze of torches, in the midst of France, a council was held of all the dread superstitions of the barbaric world." The dark mummery was unpropitious; Attila was told that he would fall; and yet, when he heard also that the chief of the enemy would be slain, supposing the prediction to refer to Ætius, his soul recovered its composure, and his will its wonted energy.

By the ninth hour of the next day a million of men, many of them brothers by race and lineage, were involved in the decisive conflict. It was a battle, says the old Gothic chronicler, "fierce, multiform, terrible, obstinate; such a battle and such a slaughter as the world had never seen, and will never see again. The little stream (the Vesle) which traversed the field, almost dry till then, was swollen beyond its banks by the blood which mingled with the water." When night drew on, the carnage was still continued, and far into the darkness was heard the shock of bewildered steeds, the clash of indiscriminating swords. Theoderik, the brave King of the Wisigoths, was trampled to death by his own troops; Ætius himself was separated from his command; friend and foe were madly jumbled together in the confused mob of battle; and, as the combatants at last retired for the night, they retired in utter unconsciousness as to who were victors, who vanquished.

Victor uterque fuit, victus uterque fuit.

The morning sun rose upon a plain heaped, it is said, with more than two hundred thousand corpses. Neither leader, each aware of his own loss, but not of that of the enemy, ceasayed to renew the combat. The opposing forces glared sullenly upon each other, but made no motion of attack. Only in the midst of the silence, the Wisigoths sought mournfully for the body of their chief, which they found beneath the mounds of the slain, and buried with loud howls and lamentations on the field of glory. Yet doubtful as the victory seemed, it was, in reality, for Attila a defeat; for, in his position, anything short of a grand success was a failure. On the other hand, the triumph of Ætius, even if it had been more decided, was a triumph of his barbaric allies, who were recently his enemies, and might become so again at any moment. As Attila recoiled toward the Rhine, therefore, Ætius, instead of pursuing him, contrived, by various pretexts, to disperse his doubtful host. But the falling empire was stayed; the Roman rhetors coruscated once more with congratulatory metaphors; and Christian Europe, rescued from an impending heathenism, shouted joyful hosannas to the Lord.

Rome had been respited, not delivered; Attila had been discomfited, not vanquished, and the chief of the Huns, after regaining his home, laden with booty, prepared for another campaign. Early the next spring he crossed the Julian Alps into Italy. Delaying a while in the siege of Aquilea, whose inhabitants, flying to the islands of the Adriatic coast, laid the foundation of the romantic city of Venice, he successively ravaged Milan, Brescia, Mantua, Padua, and other cities. Rome was merely threatened and spared. Why, we cannot say; it may have been the recollected forces of Ætius, or it may have been the prayers and entreaties of the Pope St. Leo, as the legends allege, which caused him to return to his Danubian retreats; but he left the metropolis unmolested. Perhaps he hoped to glut a bitterer revenge, or to find a readier as well as richer prey in the eastern capital. If so, he was not destined to enjoy the fruits of his schemes. On his arrival at his forest capital, while celebrating, with more than barbaric pomp, his marriage with Ildico, he was found dead in the nuptial bed. The splendid empire which his genius had reared did not long survive him: his sons and his generals soon became embroiled in deadly wars; his German vassals revolted, and the power of his race dwindled away. Yet, brief as his career had been, such was the awe, the fear and the admiration that he had everywhere inspired, that his name pervaded and glorified the traditions of every European nation. Sometimes as a terrible personification of destruction, the "Scourge of God," sometimes as the venerable patriarch and founder of states, and sometimes even as a holy Christian apostle, he hovered for centuries in the imaginations of the Roman, the German and the Hungarian people, more a stupendous myth than a historical personage.

### Size of the Universe.

In some articles in reference to the extraordinary splendor of the heavens at this season of the year, we gave a running description of what may be seen of a night by any one disposed to look up for an hour or two, confining ourselves for the most part to facts within the range of the unassisted eye. We propose in this, the last article on the subject, to give the reader something of an idea of the revelations of modern astronomy in reference to the size of the universe whose myriad glories nightly pass over the heads of millions of people utterly unmindful of them.

It may be well to remark that the universe of John Locke and Lord Bacon—that is, the matter which they looked upon as constituting the universe—did not occupy a space larger than what we now know is comprehended within the limits of the sun. A sphere of eight or nine hundred thousand miles in diameter would have enclosed the visible heavens, according to the views of philosophers who flourished scarcely more than one hundred years ago. And somewhere in the writings of one of the great men just mentioned there is a passage which is intended to put a quietus upon the notion that the universe is limitless in its extent.

We shall now, in our own way, attempt to develop the idea of an endless universe.

Since the earth has been the abiding place of man, it has, according to tradition, made in round numbers say six thousand revolutions round the sun. Each of these revolutions comprises the circumference of a circle about four hundred millions of miles in length. The six thousand revolutions would then make about two thousand billions of miles. If, instead of proceeding around the sun, the earth, at the date of man, had shoved off in a straight line towards the nearest of the fixed stars, it would have accomplished in the whole six thousand years, comprehended between that and the present time, only one-tenth part of the entire distance, though moving at the rate of about twelve hundred thousand miles in a day. Thus the apparent diameter of a star towards which it would have approached would have increased only one-tenth part of itself, a difference not perceptible, except with the aid of instruments of the most delicate construction. Fifty-four thousand years would be still required in which to accomplish the distance.

It is evident that the motion of the earth is altogether too slow to be successfully used in presenting a proper idea of this vast distance. We will call in the aid of the force which moves so rapidly over the wires of the telegraph.

According to some recent investigations in reference to the velocity of the electric current over the wires of the telegraph, 16,000 miles per second has been fixed upon as the rate of motion. Suppose now, that a telegraph communication could be made with the beautiful star of Sirius. At this rate of motion it would require about one hundred years to transmit a message and receive a reply. This is ample time enough for three generations of men to elect Presidents in. If, however, we should decide upon forming a line of communication with the nebula of Orion instead of Sirius, the time it would require in which to say "good morning" to a friend who might reside in that mysterious cluster, and receive an answer, would amount to not less than three hundred and sixty thousand years. If the line is transferred to the outermost star visible to the "eye of astronomy," the years in which a message might be transmitted would be represented by millions, perhaps billions.

### A Life Sketch.

The feuilletonist of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, in his Chronique de New York, says:

Last Tuesday there was a fete at one of the houses in New York most celebrated for the perfect elegance and distinguished taste which pre sides at its balls. In an interval of the dance, my attention was attracted by a young star of the season, who was just making her *entree*. The groups of talkers opened to allow her to pass, but there was a delay of a moment before she could reach the mistress of the house. At that moment chance brought her in contact with an elegant woman who has shone for some time in society, and shines there still; but some of the rose-leaves in the chaplet of her bellehip have been scattered by the too hasty finger of time. One of the two was a delicate flower of spring; the other a gay autumn flower. The latter bent toward the former; the mature woman regarded the young girl. Oh, Balzac, great analyst of feminine nature, why could you not have seen that look! Long, attentive, scrutinizing—it embraced its entire object from head to foot; not a curve in the form, not a line of the shoulders, not a feature of the face, not a fold of the dress, escaped it; it darted back like reflective lightning over a past reign; it interrogated the future about a reign that was just commencing.

They say that when death extends a hand of violence over us, in the plenitude of our faculties, nature, by a last effort, condenses, in a moment, all our past history; our last sensation is a tableau of an entire life. There was something like this in the look of which chance gave me the secret. Good heavens! how many things a woman can compromise in a single glance! But to do this she must have had a career; no young girl could procure anything like it. I have alluded to death. Where is it not? This very evening, if it was not at the dance, it was separated from it only by a wall. It could hear the gay music as it watched by the pillow, where it was not compelled to wait many hours. When the orchestra ceased at the ball, the dying groans in the neighboring mansion were heard no longer; and the life of Capt. D—— was extinguished at the same time with the chandeliers of the fete. Thus goes the world. Joy elbows grief; death mingles itself with life; the funeral succeeds the ball, again the funeral, for among those who assisted at the interment were there not some found the same evening at one of the most brilliant fetes of the season in Union Square?

The Speed of Sound.—The following suggestive article is from the Lancaster Express:

Sound travels at the rate of only 1142 feet per second. Everybody has noticed how long the sound of distant thunder is in reaching the ear after the flash is seen. The other night, we watched, from an open window, the successive flashes of the cannon fired for Col. Forney's election, and from the interval elapsing between seeing the flash and hearing the report, calculated the very spot where it was located. But a most remarkable and interesting fact bearing upon this subject has been developed in the testimony given before the Coroner's investigation into the late boiler explosion at Brooklyn. One of the most intelligent witnesses testified as follows:

"I had got opposite to the door leading to the stiffening room, and *the first I knew* the bricks fell all around me; Coleman was lying beside me, and I thought he was killed; *I got up and heard the sound of the explosion;* it sounded like a clap of thunder, and shook the very building."

Another witness testified that he stood at the door of the plank room, a short distance off, and "*saw a boiler fly;* a man asked what that was, and *I got out of the door* as quick as possible." He escaped unhurt, having had time enough, after seeing the sundering of the boiler, to get out of the way of the crash and wreck which followed.

Considering the near proximity of these buildings, being really one establishment, this is the most striking illustration of the advantage which may be gained by the use of the eye over the ear which has ever come to our notice. Had Mr. Hall depended upon his ear for the signal of danger, he would likely have lost his life.

The Shirts and Furnishing Goods of Mr. S. N. Moesty, corner Canal and Royal streets, need no praise. All the community know their excellence by heart, and know, also, how reasonable are the prices which the great shirt dealer puts upon his goods. He elsewhere gives a score of good and sufficient reasons why every shirt wearer should purchase his linen at his store.

Sloat & Co's. New Sewing Machines.—Among the many sewing machine candidates for public favor those of Sloat & Co's. new patent elliptic style are not behind hand in the race. They possess many and important excellencies, and all the different makes are for sale at No. 90 Camp street. See advertisements.

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.. FR. DRAP D'ETE ..
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FRENCH BATISTE ..
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GREY TWEEDS .. ..
FANCY LINEN DRILL ..
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COLORED .. .. ..

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New Orleans,

OPPOSITE THE PICAYUNE OFFICE

We beg leave to inform our numerous patrons and the public, that we have removed from 154 Canal street to the above named commodious building, which we have fitted and furnished in a suitable style, with the

Largest Sky-Light in the City,

A LARGE RECEPTION ROOM for the Public,

A SPLENDID PARLOR AND DRESSING-ROOM,

Exclusively for Ladies, and

A LARGE STUDIO for our Painters,

Together with all the necessary rooms and conveniences for the execution of

EVERY SIZE AND STYLE

—OF—

Miniatures and Portraits known to the art

—From—

THE SMALLEST LOCKET

—To—

FULL LENGTH LIFE SIZE ON CANVAS IN OIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS, Life Size, made by the new SOLAR CAMERA PROCESS.
PHOTOGRAPHS on Visiting Cards, by the hundred.
PHOTOGRAPHS, all intermediate sizes.
PHOTOGRAPHS, all sizes, untouched.
PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Oil Colors.
PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Water Colors.
PHOTOGRAPHS Painted in Pastel Colors.
PHOTOGRAPHS Touched in India Ink.
PHOTOGRAPHS Copied from old Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, Paintings, Drawings, etc., and finished in any style.
PHOTOGRAPHS taken in Groups of Families.
PHOTOGRAPHS taken of Buildings in any part of the city.
DAGUERREOTYPES taken in all their beauty and perfection.
DAGUERREOTYPES taken of deceased persons in any part of the city.
AMBROTYPES taken on a new and improved plan upon metallic plates, thereby obviating the danger of breaking.
AMBROTYPES transferred to Paper or Leather, letter size, for mailing.

—Also—

ANY, EVERY AND ALL STYLES

—Of—

Miniatures and Portraits,

Too numerous to enumerate here,

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

—In—

EVERY DESCRIPTION

—Of—

Ambrotype, Daguerreotype, and Photographic Materials,

APPARATUS AND CHEMICALS,

At the Lowest Market Prices.

Orders solicited and filled promptly.

ANDERSON & BLESSING,

No. 61 Camp street.

G. N. MORISON & CO.

G. N. MORISON. G. E. G. HARVEY.

G. N. MORISON & CO., WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, and dealers in Paints, Oils, Glass, Dye Stuffs, etc.

No. 12 Magazine street, New Orleans.

Having received a new and extensive stock of fresh DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, etc., etc., respectfully inform Merchants, Planters and Physicians that they are prepared to supply them with every article in the Drug line they may require, all of the purest quality, at as reasonable prices as they can be purchased in the city. Among the articles already on hand and coming in store are the following:

3000 ounces Sulphate Quinine, French and American;
200 pounds Blue Mass, English and American;
200 pounds Colomel, English and American;
200 pounds Mercurial Ointment;
300 pounds Honduras Sarsaparilla;
150 pounds best Turkey Opium;
100 ozs. Sul. and Acetate Morphine;
25 ounces Otto Rose;
20 casks Sal Soda;
100 kegs, Sup. Ch. Soda;
10 kegs Ger. Blue Wash;
20 bbls. Cirrumus, light;
5 cases Indigo, Car. and Manilla;
10 casks Pot and Pearlash;
50 packages Saleratus;
52 bbls. pure Castor Oil;
25 demijohns Spt. Nitre;
25 bbls. Alcohol;
40 bbls. Copperas;
20 bbls. Epsom Salts;
10 bbls. Flour Sulphur;
10 bbls. Roll Sulphur;
2 bales Senna, East India and Alexandria;
2000 pounds Gum Arabic, select, fine and sorts;
25 carboys Sulp. Nitric and Muriatic Acid;
25 jars Cach Ammonia;
25 carboys Aq. Ammonia;
300 pounds Acetic Acid;
1000 pounds Tartaric Acid;
200 ozs. Tannic Acid;
20 kegs Pearl Barly
150 kegs Turkey Opium;
1000 lbs. Arrow Root, Amer.;
500 lbs. Arrow Root, Bermuda;
200 pounds Assafoetida, in cans;
200 pounds Balsam Capaiba;
5 bbls. Black Lead;
10 bbls. Ginger Root;
10 bbls. Refined Camphor;
80 boxes Castile Soap;
500 bbls. Cayenne Pepper;
10 gross Copaiba Capsules;
3 casks Chloride Lime;
200 pounds Chloroform, P. and W.;
10 bbls. Cream Tartar;
2000 pounds Ext. Logwood;
1600 gallons Copal Varnish;
2 bbls. Uva Ursi;
2 bbls. Gum Myrrh;
3 bbls. Valerian Root
10 bbls. Tapioca;
2 bbls. Sugar Lead, white;
5 bbls Scotch Snuff, in bladders;
200 dos. Garrett's Scotch Snuff;
100 doz. Lorillard's Macaboy Snuff;
200 doz. Rosma's Macaboy and Scotch Snuff;
400 pounds White Wax;
100 pounds Dover Powders;
1600 ¾ assorted Herbs;
25 kegs Refined Saltpetre;
5 cases British Lancet, superior article;
20 cases Cooper's Isinglass;
5 bales Hops;
100 pounds Iodine Potash;
300 ounces Nitrate Silver;
2 cases Manna Flake and Sorts;
20 cans Magnesia, Cal., English;
5 cases Magnesia, Carb;
10 cases Ref. Borax;
25 lbs. Oil of Bergamot
50 lbs. Oil Peppermint;
50 pounds Aniseed;
20 pounds Oil Cloves;
25 pounds Oil Cedar;
10 pounds Oil Cubeb;
20 pounds Oil Black Pepper;
50 pounds Oil Almonds;
2 gross Shoemaker's Plasters;
10 gross Seidlitz Powders;
16 gross Soda Powders;
30 gross Sugar of Lemons;
16 gross Yeast Powders;
5 cases Liquorice, Calab. and Sicily;
500 doz. Great Southern Mustard;
1 cask Gentian Root;
2 bales Liquorice Root;
10 kegs Tamarinds, fresh;
2 casks Bay Rum, pure;
25 doz. Bay Rum, pure;
5 cases Pearl Sago;
2000 pounds Madder;
5 casks French Lime Juice;
200 lbs. Powdered Cantharides;
20 bbls. Reg. Vecitian Red;
20 bbls. Spanish Brown;
15 bbls. Mineral Paint;
20 bbls. Whiting;
20 bbls. Paris White;
10 bbls. Glue;
20 bbls. Lampblack;
5 bbls. Pumice Stone;
1 bbl. Powdered Sandstone;
5 bbls. Putty, in bladders.

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| White Lead; | Chrome Yellow; |
| Vermilion; | Chrome Green; |
| Prussia Blue; | Paris Green; |
| Dutch Pink; | Yellow Ochre; |
| Red Lead; | Sienna B. and G.; |
| Turkey Umber; | Vandyke Brown; |
| Drop Black; | Black Paint; |
| Patent Dryers; | Lithage; |
| Copal Varnish; | Linseed Oil; |
| Coach Varnish; | Spirits Turpentine; |
| Japan and White Copal; | Tanners' Oil; |
| White Damar Varnish; | Neatsfoot Oil; |
| Black Leather; | Machinery Oil; |
| Shellac Shellac; | Lard Oil; |
| Paint Brushes; | Whale Oil; |

1000 boxes Window Glass, French and American;
Whitewash Brushes; Paint Brushes;
Ointment Jars, blue and white;
Shoe Blacking; Bed Pans, metal and earthen;
Black Writing Ink; Syringes, large assortment;
Cotton Brokers' Ink; Trusses, large assortment;
Gold Leaf; Mrs. Bell's Supporters;
Dentists' Gold Foil; Apothecaries' Scales;
Glaziers' Diamonds; Apothecaries' Powder Boxes;
Medicine Chests; Pill Boxes, wood and paper;
Medical Saddle Bags; Bootjacks;
Physicians' Cases; Tooth Forceps;
Amputating Instruments; Tooth and Spring Lancets;
Pocket Cases; Bougies and Catheters;
Cupping Glasses; Nipple Glasses;
Fleagerty's Improved Breast Pumps;
Breast Glasses; Waters' Breast Cups;

Perfumery, etc.

Cologne Water, German and American;
Rama's Extracts;
Lubin's Extracts for Handkerchiefs;
Wright's Extracts for Handkerchiefs;
Flavoring Extracts;
Colgate's Soaps;
Fine Soaps;
Shaving Creams;
Lily White;
Liquid Glue;
Puff Boxes;
Hair Brushes;
Tooth Brushes;
Cloth Brushes;
Lyon's Kalliaron;
Buffalo Dressing Combs;
Horn Dressing Combs;
Fine Ivory Combs;
Razor Strops;
"Sharing Brushes;
Transparent Soap Balls;
Barry's Tricopherous;
Hazel's Kraeve Soap;
Taylor's Pencina Soap, Lowe's Brown Windsor Soap;
Persian Lotion; Chinese Powder;
Byron's Brown Windsor Soap;
Hazel's Chain Balls; Charcoal Tooth Paste;
Dr. Lacroix's Tooth Specific;
Cold Cream;
Wright's Odontine;
French and American Pomades;
Vermin Poison;
Vinaigre Roses;
Rose Lip Salve;
Saponaceous Compound.

Patent Medicines, etc.

FAHNESTOCK'S Vermifuge;
McLANE'S Vermifuge;
WINER'S Vermifuge;
TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla;
BULLE'S Sarsaparilla;
SANDS Sarsaparilla;
MORRISON'S Sarsaparilla;
HOOFLAND'S German Bitters;
MOFFAT'S Phœnix Bitters;
STOUGHTON'S Bitters;
TALLY-HO Bitters;
KLITP'S Worm Plums;
BRYAN'S Pulmonic Wafers;
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral;
WISTAR'S Balsam Wild Cherry;
DAVIS' Wild Cherry and Tar;
ROGER'S Liverwort Tar;
COD LIVER OIL, Hedgeman, Clark & Co.;
COD LIVER OIL, Rushtons;
COD LIVER OIL, Barrett's;
HASTING'S Syrup of Naples;
QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY;
OSGOOD'S Cholagogue
THOMPSON'S Eye-Water
RIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills;
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