New Orleans Daily Crescent.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1860.

[Written for the New Orleans Crescent.]

INVITATION.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

Come to me, Sleep!
Thy silent seal upon my forehead set;
Weave o'er mine eyelids thy mysterious net;
Bring me oblivion without regret—
Teach memory to forget!

Come to me, Sleep!
Shut out the glaring grievances of day;
Thy soothing hand upon my sore heart lay,
Close to the bank where Death's cold waters play.
Guide and lead me safe away.

Come to me, Sleep!
For me the vitiens of thy dreamland paint;
Hush on my lips each wearisome complaint;
Break from my soul the shackles of restraint;
Cheer the spirit prone to faint.

Come to me, Sleep!
Shut out visible outside the world's great gate;
And on I know again my mortal state,
Teach me to fearless face my frowning fate—
Bravely to watch and wait.

TO PYRRHA.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

From Horace.

Ah! Pyrrha—tell me, whose the happy lot
To sigh thee on a couch of lavish rose—
Who, bathed in odorous dews, in his fond arm enclose
Thee, in some happy grot?

For whom dost wave in of golden-gloried hair
Dost thou entwine in cunning carelessness?
Alas, poor boy! Who thee, in fond belief, caresses,
Deeming thee wholly fair!

How oft shall he thy fickleness bemoan,
When fair to fool shall change—and he, unskilful
In plotage, beholds—with tempests wildly willful—
The happy calm o'erthrown!

He, who now hopes that thou wilt ever prove
All void of care, and full of fond endearing,
Knows not that varies more than zephyrs ever veering,
The fickle breath of love.

Ah! hapless he, to whom, like seas untried,
Thee seemest fair! That my sea-going's ended
My votive tablet proves to those dark gods suspended,
Who o'er the waves preside.

Three Old Men.

Petratsch Bartan was born in Kofrock, Hungary, in 1597, and died in 1724. He was a peasant in indigent circumstances; lived in his native place for one hundred and eighty years; had descendants to the fifth generation; and though his eyes became dim, he retained his faculties to the last, and had a son at the time of his decease, aged 97 years, born of his third wife. He was a member of the Greek Church; was at all times strictly abstemious in his diet, save that once every day for a few generations, with the milk and leven cakes, which constituted his sole food, he took a glass of brandy. The age of this poor peasant exceeded that of the patriarch Isaac five years, of Abraham ten; and that of Nabor, Abraham's grandfather, thirty-seven years.

The second of our "oldest inhabitants" was one Henry Jenkins. He was a laborer, and born in Yorkshire, England, in 1501, and died in 1670. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and often swam in a river long after he was 100 years old.

The third "gentleman of the old school" was Thomas Parr. He was born at Shropshire, England, in 1483, and died in 1635. He was a husbandman by occupation, and when one hundred and thirty years old, was still able to thresh his own corn. His diet for about a century consisted chiefly of corn bread and cheese, washed down with beer, milk and whey, and he was in the habit of getting out of his bed at midnight for the purpose of enjoying a repast. He was twice married, first when he was in his eighteenth year, and again when one hundred and twenty-two years of age. A short time before his death, he was induced to visit London, where he was treated with great respect; but having partaken too freely of the rich food and wines, there laid before him, he there sickened and died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His body was examined by the famous Harvey, who expressed the opinion that but for experiencing a change of air and diet, Thomas Parr would have attained a still greater degree. Although his sight and memory had failed him to some extent, for several years before he died, yet he had his hearing and apprehension up to the last hour.

THE QUAKER CAPTAIN.—At the time of the Revolutionary war, when it was very dangerous for a merchant ship to venture to sea, a Quaker, who lived in Philadelphia, had a ship, which was loaded with a very valuable cargo, and he was very anxious to have it transported to Boston. Having engaged his crew, and taken care to get a mate on whom he could depend to manage the ship, our friend set sail for Boston. After being at sea six or eight hours, the mate espied an English privateer in chase, and fast coming up with them. He informed his Quaker commander of the appearance of the English craft, and of the danger of his ship.

"What will they do?" asked our friend.

"I shall fight the rascal," said the mate.

"Oh, no, I should advise thee not to fight. But thee must do as thee pleases; I shall go below."

The commander accordingly went below, and soon heard the clashing of musketry and the shouting of the combatants, and notwithstanding his friendly disposition, began to be interested for the safety of his property. He soon stuck his head up the companion way to see how the battle was progressing, and saw the English commander swinging his hat and cheering on his men. Our hero could stand this no longer, and, stepping back, he loaded his gun and soon made his appearance again. Taking good aim at the British captain, he fired, "dropped" him, and again retreated. Soon after, finding that the victory was turning on the side of the Yankee, he came on deck, and stepping up to the mate, said:

"Has thee seen anything of that little noisy fellow lately that was making such a fuss, after I went below?"

"No," says the mate, "he has been pretty still since you shot him!!"

Our friend justified himself in quieting a noisy fellow, and arrived safely with his ship and cargo, but thought the mate did wrong to fight.

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend asked her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. She replied that "it was difficult for her to determine, as they were such *killing* creatures."

Dogs are said to "speak with their tails." Would it not be proper to call a short-tailed dog a "stump orator?"

FINE FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.—Messrs. Norris, Magill & Co., fashionable clothiers, corner of Camp and Common streets, under City Hotel, are duly on hand with a recherché and elegant assortment of fashionable spring styles of clothing for dress and business, being alike novel and excellent in cut, make and fabric. Among the novelties, we may mention the "Kossuth business suits," which is something so neat and appropriate that, doubtless, they will "go like hot cakes" with those who exercise a proper amount of taste in selecting their attire. The assortment of fine shirts, manufactured by themselves, offered by these dealers, is of the most superior description, as all who may examine will be convinced. Indeed, if one wants to be fashionably and neatly attired, from top to toe, all that he has to do is to call at this store, and confidingly place himself in the hands of Mr. Magill, the popular resident partner, or of our genial and tasteful young friend, B. T. Walshe, lately attached to the house, and he may rest satisfied that he will walk out of that store one of the best dressed men in New Orleans, both as to appearance and comfort. They know what is good for him, even if he doesn't know himself, and he may trust to them. See advertisement.

ALL SORTS OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.—We ask the attention of the trade and of readers generally to the several advertisements this morning published by Messrs Baughman, Lewis & Co., 116 Canal street. Their tenor indicates that these extensively operating and enterprising dealers are crowding business as usual, forcing heavy sales of their fine quality goods by putting them down to prices which induce every shrewd dealer and consumer to purchase. The lady customer will find that the articles she needs for personal wear are put at figures as reasonable with reference to selling rates in the retail trade, as dealers will find that the rates of large purchasers are in comparison with general wholesale operations, and the large and small buyer alike can purchase to their satisfaction.

EXCHANGE ON EUROPE, WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.—Messrs. C. Cavaroc & Co., 116 Royal street, importers and wholesale dealers, offer for sale exchange on over twenty cities of France, all sorts of foreign wines, cordials and liqueurs, sardines, preserved fruit, demijohns, bottles, castile soap, etc. We direct the attention of the trade to the advertisement of Messrs. C. C. & Co.

SILKS AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION.—Mr. Todd's advertisement offers the greatest inducement to ladies to call and examine his stock of silks, now selling out, according to his annual custom, at greatly reduced prices.

ARTISTIC.—If one wants to be handed down to posterity embalmed in an exact likeness, sign up in all the graceful perfection of his outer self, in an absolute counterfeit, executed in the most excellent and finished style of daguerreotype or photographic art, let him call at the splendid establishment of Masure, Anderson & Blessing, 81 Camp street, and his wishes will be accomplished to an ideal in the briefest possible space of time. See the advertisement in this paper.

[Written for the New Orleans Daily Crescent.]

MADAME MERCER'S HAIRDRESSER.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

"I have heard you wonder," said our guest Madame Mercer, "at my having grey hair at my time of life. But it was just as white twenty years ago, and I was then a young girl."

We expressed our astonishment, adding that Marie, her twin sister, still retained the jetty locks of early youth.

"True," she answered, "yet it was through sister Marie that I lost mine; but I will tell you all about it."

She drew her easy chair closer to the grate, shook back her silver curls and began:

"It was just such a night as this; wild and stormy, twenty years ago, that sister Marie and myself sat in our little back parlor at home alone. We lived then in a long, low stone house, which I believe is still standing, in the vicinity of Fishkill village, N. Y. Mother had already been dead several years, and father was a confirmed invalid; so that young as we were, we had learned to be more self-reliant than many women are at my present age. With the assistance of an old negress named Lois, who in our palmy days had been mother's body servant, and who, though manumitted, still retained her place as servant in the family, we kept house, received our friends, who were numerous, as is generally the case where a family shows an independent spirit and no desire to use their friends, entertained our suitors, for Marie and I each had our admirers, and attended scrupulously to all of father's wants. On that particular evening, Marie and I were talking of poor Guy DeWitt, who had been madly in love with my sister, but could inspire no reciprocal passion in her breast. She never encouraged him from the very first; and often when we were going home from church or from a party, places where in country towns young girls are always sure to find escorts, she used to wink at me to exchange places with her if Guy was at her side, and as we were so exactly alike that poor mother herself could not distinguish us save by lifting Marie's hair from her forehead, where was an almost imperceptible freckle which had not been given me; of course it was very easy, as we also dressed exactly alike, to deceive our village beaus, who oftentimes poured their confidences, in this way, into ears they never intended should hear them.

Wearied at last of Guy's persecuting attentions, Marie forbade him the house; telling him that if he could not be a friend without being a lover, they must meet no more. Twice after this he found opportunity to urge his suit; and when he found Marie firm in her rejection of him, and that his suit was hopeless, he went incurably crazy. The event had surprised and grieved us both deeply; and talking of it that night, I told her I held her guiltless, and believed the whole community did the same, of ever deluding Guy with false hopes.

We were interrupted in the conversation by the postman's horn; for the mail in those days was carried by a man on horeback who distributed his few letters and papers at the doors of those to whom they were addressed, or placed them in little wooden boxes put up on posts at the meeting of cross-roads. Father, we knew, would send us a letter by this post. He had been gone a week; a friend living in the neighborhood of Lake Mahopac, not then the fashionable resort of the present day, having induced him to go and try the air of his quiet mountain home.

When we read the letter which the dripping postman had sent in by Lois, we were greatly troubled. It was written not by father himself, but by his friend. It stated that father had not been benefitted by his change of air and was sinking rapidly. Unable to return home himself, one or both of us must come at once to him, the critical state of his health admitting no delay on our part. He advised us, however, by no means to undertake the jaunt alone, but to provide ourselves with a proper escort.

We decided to send at once and take our places in to-morrow's stage, but upon communicating our news to Lois, she fell to weeping and groaning and passed into such a state of nervous excitement that it became imperative for one of us to remain with her. This, it was finally decided, should be Marie.

I had never traveled alone, but this time there was no alternative. The road between Mahopac and Fishkill was then but little traveled, and at this season of the year was almost impassible. In fact, it was a rare thing for a stage to be run there, there being no regular line established upon that route. It was only when passengers enough arrived at Poughkeepsie who wished to go on to Mahopac, that there was any inducement to put on an "*extra*." So it was an "extra," with yellow body and black wheels, that drew up at our door next morning, and kissing Marie as I shook the hand of Lois, I went out to take my place. A man sat on the box with the driver, and as I approached, looked down at me very earnestly; but he was muffled to the very eyes, so that I did not believe him to be any of my acquaintances. I was engaged to Mr. Mercer at this time; and our marriage was only being deferred in hopes of father's restoration to health. I wrote to him before leaving, telling him of my proposed jaunt, and that I would be glad, if possible, to have him come up from New York and meet me at Mahopac.

I think it was the wildest day I ever saw on which I left home; the wind blew boisterously, and the only interruption to the continued rain was now and then a snow squall, so blinding and benumbing the driver was obliged to stop when it occurred, turn the carriage partially around so as not to face the gust, and wait until it passed. There was but one person inside the stage beside myself—an old gentlemen, who, though hale and hearty, looked as though he had seen his three score years and ten. He told me, as we ploughed our way through the miry road, over slippery mountains and valleys overflowed, that he was in search of a lunatic grandson, whom he had been most devotedly attached to since the young man's boyhood. He had become of late, from causes known only to the family, hopelessly deranged; and though placed under constant guard, had managed to elude the vigilance of his keepers and defy pursuit.

"I am the only member of the family that can do anything with him," continued the old gentleman, "and for a whole week I have been trying to get on his track. Yesterday I was told at Poughkeepsie that a young man answering his description had left there on foot, declaring it to be his intention to visit Lake Mahopac; but, every one said, 'he could not have been your grandson, inasmuch as he was perfectly sane.' 'I drank with him,' said one, 'and know it to be so;' 'I smoked with him an hour or more, and never talked with a more rational man,' said a second; 'I roomed with him at the hotel, and would as soon doubt my own sanity as his,' cried a third; but their very refutations were proofs conclusive to me, for I knew Guy's ways too well."

I started at the name of Guy; still I thought it a mere coincidence that this old gentleman should have a crazed grandson Guy, and Marie should have a crazed lover of the same name.

While we talked, night had been swiftly coming on, and the driver stopped his horses to tell us that it would be tempting fate to proceed any further on our journey to-day; that the mountain roads were infested by bands of desperate men; that he would not be able to see his way; that his horses were tired out, and our only alternative was to put up for the night at the Pine Tavern, about two miles further on. There was no alternative, and the old gentleman and myself said what the driver knew we would have to say, "Very well, let it be so."

Just as our John cracked his whip as a signal to the jaded beasts to go ahead, there burst such a frightful yell from the tips of our outside passenger, that the blood chilled in our veins. The next instant he had leaped from the box, and thrusting his head through the carriage window, gave us a look of cunning wickedness I never shall forget, then darted like a squirrel down the mountain side and disappeared. The old gentleman leaned wildly out in the vain hope of giving chase; I leaned back in the carriage and shivered from head to foot. The old man recognized his crazy grandson—I had seen Marie's demented lover. It would have been absurd and useless for my fellow-passenger to have stopped in that wild mountain pass, to pursue a cunning lunatic, that dark and stormy night. He felt it to be so, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

It was candlelight when we reached the Pine Tavern, and the gloomy trees from which it derived its name, nodded like hearse plumes at us as we walked up the wet path leading from the fence to the door. I never felt so lonely; never had such a dread of being alone in all my life. This lonely out of the way house! The absence of all women from the place!—the landlord's wife having gone to attend a sick child—the mourning wind and pelting rain, all sent such a spirit of desolation over me, that it was the greatest effort that enabled me to keep from crying bitterly. I could not bear to leave the old man who had accompanied me—he seemed, in some sort, a protector, and I sat talking to him as late as I could think of anything to talk about. Then I took my sputtering tallow candle and followed mine host up a winding stairs, through several dreary passages to a cheerless looking room; which I was sure must be in the wing of the house. There was no carpet on the floor, only one chair in the room, a small stand and the bed.

"The rest of the house is all torn up, or we wouldn't put you way off here," said my guide, "we'd just begun the fall cleaning when this long rain came on and put a stop to it. However, you're as safe here as can be, and I hope you'll sleep well."

He went away, and with him went my last spark of courage. I trembled with fear, but locked my door, put the stand and table against it, looked under the bed and out of the window, which had no fastening but a small wooden button, placed over the lower sash. This window opened upon a shed, which, in the darkness, seemed too high to be reached from the ground; and, resolved to believe it was, I drew the curtain, placed my candle at the foot of the bed, hoping it would burn for the rest of the night—then throw myself down without undressing, and fell asleep.

Something awakened me. What it was I could not tell, but it seemed like a cold breath upon my face. I turned my gaze at once toward the window. It was closed, but the bottom of the curtain was outside, and the sash shut down upon it. I knew it had been opened. With the wild, terrified leap my heart gave at this discovery, I saw wet footprints on the bare floor—a man's footprints—leading from the window to my bedside, then passing on toward the head of my couch. Listening, I heard some one breathing in the room, and summoning all my courage, I raised my head and looked around. Quietly seated in the only chair the room contained, and which I had so carefully braced against the door, sat Guy DeWitt—a large knife unsheathed and lying on his knee, while in his hand he held the key of my room!

"It is useless to scream," he said, advancing toward me, looking as sane as ever, save a wildness in the eyes; "no one could hear you, and, besides, I would have plenty of time to silence you forever before help could reach you, even if you could be heard."

He rose, and approached me.

"You have refused to be my wife, Marie," he said, "and I have made a vow that you shall belong to no one else. The Fates aid me. They put me on the same road with you—in the same stage with you; they threw this knife in my way, and told me to kill you. I shall do it, Marie—I shall do it, but not just now." He drew my head suddenly back, and laid the cold steel flatways against my throat.

"Cooling to the blood, isn't it?" he said, releasing me. In an instant I had stilled my fluttering heart, and placed myself before him. I thought if I could catch and fix his eye I could avert the fearful doom hanging over me. He caught me by the wrist with a grasp of iron, and flung me on my knees before him.

"I am not Marie," I said imploringly; "look at me, Guy—I swear to you I am not Marie!"

"I have knelt thus to you many times," he said, in that deep, calm tone, more fearful than frenzy, and without paying the slightest heed to my words. "I knelt in vain; but you are mine now, Marie—mine, mine, and we will die together. Our blood shall flow out in one stream; our hearts shall grow cold in the same hour, the same hour, the same hour!"

His voice rose to a shriek as he ceased speaking; and bending down, he caught me to his bosom and kissed me wildly.

"We are dying, Marie, we are dying! send out your last sigh on this breast, on this heart which has worshipped you, worshipped you!"

He caught the gleaming blade and aimed at my breast. At that instant I caught his eye, and looking steadily into it, I said:

"Wait, Guy; wait. There is plenty of time; if we must die so soon, let us die like man and woman who dare look Death in the face. Let us talk awhile of the happy days of old, Guy, before you doubted me—before I distrusted you."

His eye softened; and leading me with him, he began to pace up and down the room. I had with me a small flask of wine which father usually carried, and a powerful anodyne which our physician had ordered to quiet the invalid in his most violent paroxysms of pain. My whole hope of life turned now upon inducing him to drink of the wine, which Marie had thrust into my satchel at the last moment. I seized a cup from the table, and first pouring in a heavy dose of the sleeping draught, filled it partly with wine.

"Let me see you drink to those old times, Guy," I said, in my gentlest manner; "you used to like a cup from Marie's hand, take it from her now for the last time."

"But you must join me," he answered, glancing half suspiciously at the cup.

"I will," I replied, trying to conceal my trembling eagerness, "see, there is none in the flask—drink, that I may have the cup." He seemed to doubt me no longer, and tossing off the liquor at a draught, held out the cup for me to fill for myself.

I poured out a small quantity and drank it. "Now, Guy, let us kneel and pray to be forgiven for rushing thus unbidden out of life."

"I will sit here," he said, sitting down on the side of the bed, "do you kneel at my feet, Marie, and pray for both." I did not dare disobey, and as he bent my head upon his knee, he raised my hair and laid the sharp edge of the knife against my neck. "Be ready, Marie, to go," he said, "at whatever point of your prayer I think fit to send you hence."

"I will," I answered; and there, at the madman's knee, with his deadly weapon lying cold against my neck, threatening to pierce it every instant, I began to pray. God himself, I believe, taught me what to say that night; for paralysed with horror, I could not of my own will have uttered the words that enchained the maniac's ear, from one long moment to another, till the hand that held my head bent down released its hold, and his deep, regular breathing told me he was asleep.

Softly I rose to my feet, took my key from his loosened grasp, the knife from his hand, and stole from the room. It took but a little while to rouse the inkeeper and apprise the old gentleman of the whereabouts of his grandson. The lunatic was secured, and the next morning, at the first glance at myself in the glass as I went to comb my hair, I fainted away. Fright had been my hairdresser during that terrible night, and powdered my black hair till it was snow white for evermore.

I am a firm believer in special Providence, in the efficacy of prayer, in salvation by perfect faith.

There was a long pause after Madam Mercer ceased speaking, then some one said, "Did you not grieve over the loss of your beautiful hair?"

"No; after the first surprised shock I thought little of it. It seemed, too, to make no difference with Mr. Mercer, and when I reached Mahopac my father's eyes were closed upon this world for all time; so he never knew it. I am old enough now to be gray, and, to tell the truth, am proud of my white curls. It grieved Marie more than any one, but I told her we could always be easily distinguished now, and that I was well pleased with my hair, though I had had a horrible hairdresser.

Jonathan said he had two good reasons for talking to himself. In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man, in the next place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk.

J. WRIGHT & CO.

MEDICAL.....MEDICAL.....MEDICAL.

WINER'S CANADIAN VERMIFUGE

SAVES THE CHILDREN.

This is the only sure remedy against Worms in the human frame—things that are so fatal and destructive to children.

Save the Children!

Let mothers be timely warned, and not allow these child murderers to remain in the systems of their offspring. Remember that

WINER'S CANADIAN VERMIFUGE

will at once and for ever banish the reptiles, and the young will be saved. Think of this.

Colonel Vasser, of Mississippi, in a letter to J. W. Vesey, Esq., of the Aberdeen Conservative, thus winds up his communication on the value of this medicine to his own family: "My experience has convinced me that, in the experiment I have made with Winer's Canadian Vermifuge, it is due to suffering humanity, as well as to the manufacturer of the medicine, to make public the result of my observations.

"[Signed] W. H. VASSER."

The Vermifuge is for sale, wholesale and retail, by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
21 and 151 Chartres street,
Sole Proprietors.

THE CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

Has universally supplanted all other ointments and healing applications, in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, wherever introduced; and its intrinsic merit is the true secret of its success in all cutaneous affections, whether the cause be accident or disease.

Burns and Scalds

Are instantly relieved of their anguish, pain and inflammation by a timely application of this marvelous healer, and the flesh is renewed as if by a charm, no blemish or scar remaining.

The Friend of the Nursery.

Children are frequent sufferers from external injuries, especially from field and camphene explosions, therefore every mother should have this healing preparation constantly at hand. It heals sore breasts, and quickly removes the Tetter, or Ringworm, so prevalent in children.

To Travelers by Sea and Land.

The machinist, the traveler, and every other individual whose lot in life throws him within the chance of accident from explosion, fire or collision, should bear in mind that this Magic Extractor is his best and only friend. It is both portable and cheap, and should ever be his companion, as a friend in need. There are thousands of living witnesses to testify to its marvelous virtue, who owe their sound limbs and muscles to its saving efficacy.

The following are a few of the leading diseases to which DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR is a preventive, as well as a cure:

Burns, Bruises,
Boils, Broken Breasts,
Bites of Reptiles, Cancer,
Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands,
Chilblains, Cramp,
Contracted Cords, Chafes,
Diseases of the Skin, Erysipelas,
Fistula, Frost Bites,
Fever Sores, Felons,
Glandular Diseases,
Mercurial Sores,
Pains generally,
Pimples, Piles,
Poison, Rheumatism,
Rashes, Sores of all kinds,
Shot Wounds, Scrofula,
Scurvy, Scalds, Scurf,
Scald Heads, Sprains,
Small Pox, Tumors,
Tetter, Ulcers,
Venereal Sores, etc., etc.

Sold at the principal depots, 14 Broadway, New York, and 21 and 151 Chartres street, New Orleans, by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
General Agents.

It can also be obtained of all respectable druggists and merchants throughout the United States and Canadas.

DR. OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOGUE

—CURES—

Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Enlargement of the Liver, Enlargement of the Spleen, and all the various forms of BILIOUS DISEASES.

The invaluable medicine was prepared from an extensive practice of several years in a bilious climate, and is never known to fail curing Fever and Ague, or any of the diseases above named.

Those who are suffering from affections of this kind, as also those who have become invalids from their effects upon the constitution, will find the INDIA CHOLAGOGUE a most invaluable remedy for purifying the blood, and thoroughly cleansing from the system the morbid effects of a bilious climate.

The wonderful effects of Cholagogue in eradicating bile from the human system can only explain its extraordinary agency in the speedy, thorough and permanent cure of Fever and Ague, and the various grades of intermittent and remittent fevers.

It has been tested in thousands of cases, and is pronounced by all who have used it, one of the greatest Fever and Ague remedies extant.

Be sure and ask for Dr. OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOGUE, as there are many counterfeits offered for sale.

For sale in New Orleans, wholesale and retail, at proprietor's prices, by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
21 and 151 Chartres street,
General Agents.

REAL SCHEIDAM SCHNAPPS.

VANDEVEER'S

REDICATED GIN, or GENUINE SCHEIDAM SCHNAPPS,

A pure article of Holland Gin,

A wholesome beverage, and an invaluable FAMILY MEDICINE, particularly beneficial in all cases of

DYSENTERY
DYSPEPSIA,
DIARRHEA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT,
FEVERS,
etc., etc., etc.

It is highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians throughout the States as an excellent and agreeable alterative, and admitted to effectually cure all diseases of the Urinary Organs, etc., and is peculiarly adapted to the use of females and children.

As no other article has been offered that is justly entitled to the name of the

Real Scheidam Schnapps,

he public are cautioned to purchase none but the genuine article called

VANDEVEER'S MEDICATED GIN;

—OR—

Real Scheidam Schnapps.

Each bottle will bear the signature of the proprietor, and none other is genuine without it.

For sale in New Orleans, wholesale and retail, at proprietor's prices by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
21 and 151 Chartres street.

DR. WRIGHT'S

CELEBRATED REJUVENATING ELIXIR,

—Prepared—

On the strictest Pharmaceutica Principles, by one of the ablest Chemists of the age, for the cure of

General Debility,
Mental and Physical Depression,
Imbecility,
Determination of Blood to the Head,
Confused Ideas,
Hysteria,
General Irritability,
Restlessness and
Sleeplessness at Night,
Absence of Muscular Efficiency,
Loss of Appetite,
Dyspepsia,
Emaciation,
Low Spirits,
Disorganization of the
Organs of Generation,
Palpitation of the Heart,

For sale in New Orleans, wholesale and retail, by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
21 and 151 Chartres street,
Sole Proprietors.

DR. DAVIS'

COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY AND TAR

Under its influence the most dangerous cough is removed, spitting of blood is prevented, the breathing is rendered soft and easy, and the unfortunate sufferer is soon restored from the awful condition of Consumption to a healthy and comfortable existence.

For sale in New Orleans, wholesale and Retail, by

J. WRIGHT & CO.,
21 and 151 Chartres street,
Sole agents for the South.

DEATH ON RATS AND ROACHES.

WILSON'S GENUINE RAT AND ROACH DESTROYER, guaranteed to be the most safe and effective agent ever used for the destruction of these troublesome vermin.

Be sure and ask for WILSON'S RAT AND ROACH DESTROYER, as there are many spurious articles offered for sale.

For sale by J. WRIGHT & CO.,
Jel 6mAW 21 and 151 Chartres street.

G. N. MORISON & CO.

G. N. MORRISON. G. S. 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:

2000 ounces Sulphate Quinine, French and American;
200 pounds Blue Mass, English and American;
200 pounds Calomel, English and American;
200 pounds Mercurial Ointment;
800 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. Cheese, 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 Carb Ammonia;
25 carboys Aq. Ammonia;
300 pounds Acetic Acid;
1000 pounds Tartaric Acid;
200 ozs. Tannic Acid;
20 kegs Pearl Barly
120 kegs Turkey Opium;
1000 lbs. Arrow Root, Amer.;
500 lbs. Arrow Root, Bermuda;
200 pounds Assafœtida, in cans;
200 pounds Balsam Capaiba;
5 bbls. Black Lead;
10 bbls. Ginger Root;
10 bbls. Refined Camphor;
60 boxes Castile Soap;
600 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;
1000 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 doz. Garrette Scotch Snuff;
100 doz. Lorillard's Maccaboy Snuff;
200 doz. Rooms's Maccaboy and Scotch Snuff;
400 pounds White Wax;
100 pounds Dover Powders;
1000 ℔ assorted Herbs;
50 kegs Refined Saltpetre;
5 cases British Lustre, 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 Cubebs;
20 pounds Oil Black Pepper;
50 pounds Oil Almonds;
5 gross Shoemaker's Plasters;
16 gross Seidlitz Powders;
10 gross Soda Powders;
20 gross Sugar of Lemons;
10 gross Yeast Powders;
5 cases Liquorice, Calab. and Sicily;
600 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. Eng. Vermilion Red;
20 bbls. Spanish Brown;
15 bbls. Mineral Paint;
20 bbls. Whiting;
20 bbls. Paris White;
10 bbls. Chalk;
20 bbls. Lampblack;
5 bbls. Pumice Stone;
1 bbl. Powdered Scamstone;
5 bbls. Putty, in bladders.

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;	Litharge;
Copal Varnish;	Linseed Oil;
Coach Varnish;	Spirits Turpentine;
Japan and White Copal;	Tanners' Oil;
White Damar Varnish;	Neatsfoot Oil;
Black Leather;	Machinery Oil;
Asphaltum;	Lard Oil;
Paint Brushes;	Whale Oil;

1000 boxes Window Glass, French and American;
Whitewash Brushes; Paint Brushes;
Ottaman Jars, blue and white;
Blue Blacking; Red Paint, mineral and earthen;
Black Writing Ink; Syringes, large assortment;
Corkscrews; Ink Stands, large assortment;
Gold Leaf; Mrs. Butt's Sugar Shears;
Dentists' Gold Foil; Apothecaries' Scales;
Gladiators' Diamonds; Apothecaries' Boxes;
Medicine Chests; Half Boxes, wood and paper;
Medical Saddle Bags; Scarificators;
Physicians' Gauge; Tooth Forceps;
Amputating Instruments; Thumb and Spring Lancets;
Pocket Cases; Bougies and Catheters;
Cupping Glasses; Nipple Glasses;
Flagerly's Improved Breast Pumps;
Breast Glasses; Waters' Breast Cups;

Perfumery, etc.

Cologne Water, German and American;
Bazin's Extracts;
Wright's Extracts for Handkerchiefs;
Flavoring Extracts;
Colgate's Soaps;
Fine Soaps;
Shaving Creams;
Lily White;
Liquid Glue;
Full Boxes;
Hair Brushes;
Tooth Brushes;
Cloth Brushes;
Lyon's Katharion;
Buffalo Dressing Combs;
Horn Dressing Combs;
Fine Ivory Combs;
Razor Strops;
Shaving Brushes;
Transparent Soap, India;
Barry's Tricopherous;
Hagan's Extract Soap;
Taylor's Genuine Soap, Lowe's Brown Windsor Soap;
Persian Lotion; Chinese Powder;
Byrnes' Uncut Window Soap;
Hauel's Chalk Balls; Charcoal Tooth Pastel;
Dr. Lourie's Tooth Specific;
Cold Cream;
Wright's Odontine;
French and American Pomades;
Vermin Poison;
Vinaigre Rose;
Rose Lip Salve;
Superoxcous Compound.

Patent Medicines, etc.

FAHNESTOCK'S Vermifuge;
McLANE'S Vermifuge;
WINER'S Vermifuge;
TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla;
BULL'S Sarsaparilla;
SANDS' Sarsaparilla;
MORRISON'S Sarsaparilla;
HOOFLAND'S German Bitters;
MOFFAT'S Phœnix Bitters;
STOUGHTON'S Bitters;
TALLY-HO Bitters;
KLIFT'S Worm Plums;
BATAN'S Pulmonic Wafers;
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral;
WISTAR'S Balsam Wild Cherry;
DAVIS' Wild Cherry and Tar;
ROGER'S Liverwort Tar;
COD LIVER OIL, Bedgeman, Clark & Co.;
COD LIVER OIL, Rushtons;
COD LIVER OIL, Burnett's;
HASTINGS' Syrup of Naples;
QUERU'S COD LIVER OIL JELLY
OSGOOD'S Cholagogue
THOMPSON'S Rye-Water
WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills;
CHAMPION'S Fever and Ague Pills;
SAFFINGTON'S Fever and Ague Pills;
SPENCER'S Vegetable Pills;
LEE'S and COOK'S Pills;
JAYNE'S Sanative Pills;
BRANDRETH'S Pills;
MOFFAT'S Pills;
McLANE'S Pills;
BULL'S Tonic Pills;
SPEER'S Febrifuge;
THORN'S Extract;
RADWAY'S Ready Relief;
RADWAY'S Sarsaparilla;
BROWN'S Essence of Ginger;
McMUN'S Elixir of Opium;
ARCHER'S Liniment;
TARRANT'S Aperient;
DALLEY'S Pain Extractor;
DAVIS' Pain Killer;
MUSTANG Liniment;
McALLISTER'S Ointment;
GRAY'S Ointment;
DR. MORSE'S Invigorating Cordial;
LUCINA Cordial;
JUNO Cordial;
DR. BEARNETHY'S Detergent;
DALEY'S Carminative;
INFALLIBLE Cholera Remedy;
KENDALL'S Cholera Syrup;
ALEXANDER'S Trikobuphe;
HARRISON'S Hair Dye;
BACHELOR'S Hair Dye
PHALON'S Hair Dye;
JAYNE'S Hair Tonic;
CHRISTADORO'S Hair Dye;
WOLFE'S Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps;
WATERS' Indelible Ink;
PAPSON'S Indelible Ink;
RIDDER'S Indelible Ink;
WRIGHT'S Evasive Liquid;
100 pounds GUM DROPS, assorted;
500 " JUJUBE PASTE.
PURE BRANDY, PORT and SHERRY WINES, for medicinal purposes, constantly on hand.

☞ Merchants, Planters and Physicians' orders respectfully solicited. Every article guaranteed fresh and genuine.

G. N. MORISON & CO.,
1 tf 12 Magazine street.

F. STRINGER & CO.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

F. STRINGER & CO.,

35.....Camp Street.....35

Are now receiving their supplies of

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

—Suitable for—

Spring and Summer Wear.

NEW STYLES OF

OFFICE,
BUSINESS, AND
SAC COATS, in—
SILK MIXED CASSIMERE.
FRENCH BATISTE ..