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TERMS.
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 Attorney at Law, and commissioner to take testimony for Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, New York, Mississippi, Massachusetts, Missouri, Arkansas, and every other State in the Union, corner of Camp and Common streets, (opposite the City Hotel), New Orleans.

DOGAN, DONOVAN & Co.,
 Cotton Factors, No. 59 Carondelet street, Union Row, New Orleans.

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 Cotton and Sugar Factors, No. 8 Customhouse street, between Chartres and Old Market streets, New Orleans.

THOMAS MINTYRE,
 General Collector, No. 38 Camp street, New Orleans. Bills collected in any part of the city or vicinity, and the proceeds immediately remitted. Refer to Dr. Warren Stone, Dr. Boyer, and L. C. Dillard, Esq., agents.

THOMAS L. WHITE,
 No. 105 Canal street, (second door below the Mechanics and Trades Bank), New Orleans. Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of Hardware, Cutlery, and Stationery.

J. West, Practical Dentist,
 112 St. Charles street, near the corner of Poydras, would respectfully inform ladies and gentlemen visiting New Orleans that he performs all operations on the teeth, in a most skillful and satisfactory manner.

C. FLINT & JONES,
 Wholesale and retail dealers in fashionable cabinet FURNITURE, Chairs, tables, sofas, and other articles, New Orleans, No. 46 and 48, No. 1855.

NEW FURNITURE STORE,
 No. 171 and 173 Canal street, New Orleans. The undersigned having opened a large and splendid assortment of new Furniture, and families on the most liberal terms.

DR. DAVID'S
 Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar. This great Remedy for Pectoral and Pulmonary Diseases stands unrivaled in America, and has the most effectual curative of those most formidable complaints now known to the civilized world.

Spitting of Blood.
 This frightful symptom of approaching consumption is speedily checked and prevented by the use of Dr. David's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry & Tar, which heals the affected membrane, and restores the vital organs, the Lungs, to a sound and healthy condition.

Pain in the Side.
 This distressing symptom of consumption arises from inflammation of the lungs, or membranes called the Pleura, or from Bronchial affection of the air passages, in either case it is a very dangerous indication of disease. The cause of this symptom should be removed at once, and nothing can possibly effect that object so speedily and happily as Dr. David's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry & Tar.

New Orleans & Texas U. S. Mail Line.
 Every Sunday and Thursday.
 LOUISIANA, Captain W. H. Talbot, JOHN LAWRENCE, PERSEVERANCE, Capt. Henry Place, CHARLES MORGAN, Capt. J. Y. Lawless. One of the fastest and most commodious will leave for Galveston, Indiana and Matagorda Bay every Sunday and Thursday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., punctually.

W. A. BROADWELL & Co.,
 (Successors to A. J. Wright & Co.) COMMISSEIERS-MERCHANTS, No. 120 Gravier street, New Orleans. We shall give special attention to executing orders for family and plantation supplies, and to the collection and remittance of money.

CONVERSE & Co.,
 And dealers in Western Produce, Corner of Fulton and Canal streets, and corner of Common and New Levee streets. (Opposite the Steamboat Landing), New Orleans. HAVE constantly for sale the most selected and desirable articles, such as Flour, Wheat, Corn, &c., at the lowest prices.

H. P. BUCKLEY,
 8 Camp street, (Late Young & Co.) Watchmaker, Jeweller & Silversmith. Importer of fine Watches for the most celebrated makers of England and Switzerland, made to his own order expressly in heavy cases (gold and silver), and warranted standard for years.

House Furnishing Goods,
 Nos. 73 & 75 C. St. New Orleans. DETERMINED to reduce our stock of Goods, we will hereafter sell at Lower Prices than has ever before been offered in this city. Those in want of the following articles will do well to call early.

Water Colours,
 Newman's, Reeves & Son's, Osborne's, JUST received a large stock of the above Colours, in cakes and in many and new shades, with lock and key, also, German Colours, in cakes and boxes, a fine assortment.

LEEDS' FOUNDRY,
 CORNER OF DELORD & POUCHER STREETS, NEW ORLEANS. Is prepared to furnish vertical and horizontal Steam Engines, Sugar Mills, Vacuum Pans, Sugar Kettles, Clarifiers, Filters, steam and horse power Draining Machines, Saw Mills, Gin Gearing, Iron Columns and Frames for building Bridges, and other Machinery, &c., &c., and all machinery required for the South.

Patent Circular Saw Mills,
 THE subscriber, agent for Lee & Leavitt, Cincinnati, offers for sale their Saw Mills, with the improved head blocks, enabling one man to move the mill on the ways with ease and with the greatest accuracy. The mill is of cast iron, and makes a better work than mills with the usual screw-head blocks.

Phila. Saddlery Warehouse,
 (Sign of the Golden Head.) No. 6 Magazine, near Canal street, NEW ORLEANS. Dealers in Saddlery, Harness and Carriage Trunks, Leather Materials and Findings of all kinds, English and Continental. Saddlery, Hardware, Whips, Tin Ware and Brushes. MILITARY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.

TEXAS ANGLE,
 Texas agent, the City Hotel. HAS just received from New York and Havana Havana Regatta, a large supply of genuine Texas Angles, and other Fish Hooks, Hooks and Preserves; Hungarian Table and Dessert Wines, guaranteed to contain no alcohol; Pure Brandy; Canned Candies; Candied Meerschaum and other Pipes; Pipe-stems; Turkish and other Smoking Tobacco; Chewing Tobacco; every description of West India Fruits, &c., &c.

McFarland's Ploughs,
 We are agents for the above famous Ploughs, and have now on hand a large supply. For sale by E. & L. JACOBS, Jan 23

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PAPER AND STATIONERY WAREHOUSE,
 No. 53 and 55 Common street, New Orleans. E. B. STEVENS & Co. INVITE the attention of merchants and others visiting New Orleans, to their extensive stock of Printing, Writing and Wrapping Papers, BLANK BOOKS, PLAYING CARDS, INKS, &c., which for variety and extent cannot be surpassed by any other house, and are offered at the lowest prices.

J. WATERMAN & BROTHER,
 HARDWARE MERCHANTS, Corner of Common and Magazine streets, New Orleans. Have on hand and are daily receiving a large and complete assortment of domestic articles, a general assortment of articles, comprising in part as follows:

Drugs, Medicines, &c.
 THE subscriber has just received a large and fresh stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, &c., would respectfully notify all country merchants, planters and physicians that every thing in my line will be sold at very small advance for cash, or on credit.

NEW HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE,
 W. I. HODGSON, No. 188 CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS. HAS taken advantage of the past summer, and has his spacious store enlarged and fitted up in a most elegant and convenient manner, and taken great pains in choosing his many supplies from the northern and western manufacturers, and is of the opinion, that he can suit the requirements in the way of household furniture, from his stock. He has a most complete assortment of Silver Plated Ware, Britannia Ware, Hollow Ware, Plated Tin, and plain Tin Ware, Iron Ware, Embossed Ware, Wooden Ware, Willow Ware, Brushes, Brooms, &c., &c.

COOKING STOVES AND RANGES,
 consists of the largest and most extensive assortment ever introduced in the south. He deals in oils of all kinds, turpentine, kerosene, and kerosene, and burning fluid. Also, Office and Parlour Mantels and Grates of every description and price. Also, extra bakets, fenders, ash-trays, blowers, pans, &c., of all sizes and materials, and at the lowest prices.

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Fortune-Telling.
 Not one of us girls believed in it, oh, no! and yet we were determined to hear what the old witch would say. 'You must knock, Kate,' whispered Ella, as we reached the door.

'I won't,' I answered, stoutly, but as the rest all drew back, I advanced and gave a timid rap. The door opened instantly, and we saw, not exactly the sylph on our imagination had conjured up, but a woman who looked enough like the witch of Endor to have been her twin sister. 'You may laugh, but I saw the old lady once, at an exhibition of wax figures.'

'Walk in,' she said, in a voice that sounded to us very hollow and ghostly indeed. We looked at each other, and shyly obeyed. 'Sit down,' she muttered, waving her hand toward a row of wooden chairs that stood against the wall. I could hardly keep from laughing at her solemn manner, and I saw that Ella, who, by the way, is a sister of mine, was in much the same condition. However, I have more command over my risible faculties than she has, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the old witch frown as her silvery laugh ran through the room.

Laura Bell looked frightened, and cousin Mary was absolutely shuddering. 'Endor' pretended not to notice them, and busied herself in putting together a few dirty cards that lay scattered on the floor. 'Then she turned to Laura, and asked her if she came to have her fortune told. She was answered in the affirmative, and opening a side door, which none of us had noticed, she motioned Laura to follow her. The poor girl looked at me imploringly, and starting to my feet, I asked the old witch if I might go with her, thinking all the time how strange it was that I, the youngest of the troop, should be endowed with such superior courage.

'Not if you wish your fortune told,' she answered, solemnly. I immediately disclaimed any such intention, told her I only came with the other girls for the sport of the thing, and at last gained an ungracious assent. Following our guide, we entered a room so cheerless and desolate that one might almost believe every ray of natural light was shut out forever, and the tallow candle that burned dimly upon a low shelf, served only to heighten the mystery of dark corners and cupboards. I felt Laura's hand tremble in mine. I looked at her, and she was colorless as marble.

'Laura,' I whispered, 'you do not fear her prophecies? Come, let us go home—you are not well, your hand is as cold as ice.' 'Wait, Kitty, wait,' she answered, earnestly, 'my heart burns like fire, if my hands are cold. Don't leave me, she gasped my dress tightly. I felt strangely, and the old witch's voice rang in my ear like a knell. 'You are surely,' she continued, 'I am the voice of fate. Give heed to my words, for I can read your very heart and soul—your past and future.'

'Involuntarily I uttered an impatient "pshaw," but Laura looked at me again, imploringly, and I said nothing. The sylph continued, 'You have loved one, and the object of that love is lost.' Fearfully I gazed into Laura's eyes, as the image of Will Stanley, as I saw him last, rose up before me. She was pale, very pale.

'Go on,' she whispered hoarsely. The woman raised her head. 'But you will love again—do you not see? "Xero,"' whispered Laura, and an unnatural glow, for a moment, succeeded the pallor of her cheek—it was gone, and she leaned against me for support. 'You will wed another, and you will have bitter cause to regret that you ever did so. Your life will be long and weary. Is it enough?' questioned the woman, she glanced at Laura's slightly changing features.

'Too much,' I answered, almost angrily, as I drew the half fainting girl from the room. Ella and Mary had been consulting together, and were full of courage when we entered. 'Are you ready to ask a woman, who had followed us to the door, "Yes," they answered, "which shall come first?" 'You may come together,' she replied, 'for so will your fortunes be.'

Gaily whispering to each other, they entered the fatal door, while I sat in the dim November twilight, waiting, with Laura's head upon my shoulder. She was weeping bitterly, and my own unbelief had been terribly shaken. Oh, I knew how well she had loved poor Will Stanley, and how their faith had been plighted when she was almost a child. Her gentle heart was yet bowed beneath its first, great sorrow, and the fortune-teller's hand had probed the wound most tenderly, without bringing a shadow of hope to soften the pain it indicated. Will Stanley left her when she was but sixteen, for a few months absence. Four years had passed since then. For three, she had worn mourning in memory of the lost one—not so deep as that which shrouded her young heart. Could she love again? Something seemed to whisper "yes"—it was strange, this woman's power.

In about half an hour Mary and Ella returned, but the woman did not come with them. Silently they laid some money on the table, and we all left the cottage together. I saw they were in no mood to answer questions, and we walked home slowly and in perfect silence.

The next day, as Laura and cousin Mary were preparing to go home, I laughingly asked Ella to tell me, and to my surprise Mary did the same. They never told me, and never even smiled when the subject was mentioned. But Laura's secret was mine, and I determined to watch it closely.

Six years have passed since our visit to the fortune-teller, and I, the wild, careless girl of fifteen summers, have been transformed, oh, so strangely, into a sober, thinking woman—no longer a dreamer, would you learn the fulfillment of the Prophecies?

Cousin Mary had long been resting beneath the church yard mound. Her young heart soon found its mate. 'They were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided.' Her chosen one sleeps beside her, and on the smooth stone above them are traced these words: 'Herbert and Mary.' Close to the turf, on the very edge of the marble, is a name, 'Ella,' showing whose hand raised that token to their memory.

And she is sitting here beside me, that sweet sister of mine, with a dimpled cherub in her arms, given to her keeping by our dear Mary. And I know by her tearful eye and quivering lip, that she is tracing in little Herbert's face the image of his lost father. Ella, dear sister, you are not the first who has loved not wisely, but too well. I am thinking of the sylph's cottage, and of the fulfilled prophecies. Yes, Ella's fortune and cousin Mary's have been strangely woven together. She visits their grave daily, with little Herbert at her side. For his sake she will be always what she is now—nobody's Ella but our own.

To see her walking by his side, a living statue of despair, and then to watch her pale cheeks glow, and the joy-light sparkle for a moment in her eyes, when the loved one of other years comes before her vision, comes, alas! too late to redeem the past and yet he is blameless, and on her head this weight of woe must rest. And the demon beside her rejoices in her misery, and strives to crush her still further down in the depths of despair. Oh, to see all this, and to know that she must still live on, when life is weary to her spirit as a twice-told tale—poor Laura! my heart bleeds for her.

And what if I am to be Will Stanley's bride? It is Laura's wish, she has prayed me to accept his entreaties, though I withstood them long. I could forgive him for loving Laura first, but I could not forget that she loved him still. But she has told me that could she choose for him, I would be her choice above all others.

And we are to be married to-morrow, and Laura will be here. Oh, how willingly would I give up my place at his side, could the past be all forgotten, and Laura stand there as of old. Dear Laura! it cannot be, but I may wish it for your sake.

And when I stand proudly at Will's dear side, Will, so much older and wiser than I, Laura's pale face will seem to glide between us, and I shall weep even in the midst of my joy.

MISS LILLY AND HER PUPIL.—My father was a farmer, a practical man, who always had good crops and stock as the country produced. He wished his children to be educated well, so far as the stone school house of the district afforded facilities. It pleased him to see them stand at the head of the spelling class, and to hear that they wrote the best hand in school. He was one of the trustees of the district and was very particular in selecting teachers, so that it came to be understood, if captain Humphreys was pleased, this was at once a passport to the favor of the whole district. A man was employed to teach the school in winter, when large boys and girls were in attendance, and a woman filled the post in summer. To the former four dollars a week were paid with a murmur, but the latter one dollar was considered ample compensation. My father was usually a just and benevolent man, but like many others, he had never thought of the injustice done to woman in the small compensation allowed her.

When I was in my tenth year, full of fun and frolic, a perfect hater of fractions and syntax, and in enmity with teachers in general, there came to teach our summer school a delicate looking girl who could not number more than seven years. Her fair face, deep blue eyes, and clustering auburn curls, her soft manner and graceful movements, at once won the admiration of the little girls, who treated her with the most gentle affection. My father was usually a just and benevolent man, but like many others, he had never thought of the injustice done to woman in the small compensation allowed her.

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ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR.—The war in the east, like all wars that have preceded it, has been accompanied with an immense expenditure of blood and money, and it will long ere the nations engaged in it will recover entirely from its effects. Thousands of the best and bravest soldiers of Europe have been killed, millions of money have been expended, fertile fields have been trodden down by the iron feet of war, leaving no harvest to be gathered in except the harvest of death; and whole towns, which art and science had combined to make beautiful in peace and formidable in war, have crumbled into dust beneath the rude shock of the conflict. But, notwithstanding all these evils, the war has been productive of some beneficial results, prominent among which is the change wrought by it in the internal affairs of Turkey. That country, as is well known, has ever been the stronghold of the Mahomedan faith, and such has always been the prejudice existing there against the Christians that heretofore they have been excluded from all participation in the affairs of the state and from the enjoyment of many of the rights and privileges accorded to those professing the Mahomedan religion. The Christian world will rejoice that these restrictions are to be removed, and the Christian subject of the porte will be placed on an equal footing with the Mahomedan. In consequence of the demands of Russia, with the assent of England and France, the sultan has recently given his sanction to a reform bill embodying the rights and privileges of Christians under the jurisdiction of the Porte, which has been sent to Paris in order that it may be annexed to the general treaty of peace. We will give a few of the headings of this reform bill, in order that our readers may form some idea of the concessions granted to the Christians, and the progress which has been made in liberal principles in that hitherto bigoted and night country. By this treaty ancient ecclesiastical privileges are guaranteed to the Greek and Armenian churches; the patriarchate are deprived of temporal and judicial power; all religions are tolerated; persecution or punishment on account of change of religion is abolished. Christians are admitted to state offices; civil tribunals for the Turkish Christians are established; Christians may join the army and receive military honors; the Franks may possess real estate in Turkey. Christians are to be represented in the council of state; direct taxation is introduced, and a credit bank for commerce is introduced.

These reformatory measures will be of great benefit to Turkey, as Abdul Medjid, the enlightened and liberal minded sultan well knew when he sanctioned them. By removing the disabilities heretofore imposed upon Christians, thousands of foreigners will no doubt be attracted to that country by its fertility and advantageous position for commerce, and the lazy drone of a Turk will be supplanted by the energetic and enterprising American, Englishman, or Frenchman. With such an improvement in her population, Turkey is sure to rise in the scale of nations. [Com. Bul.]

CURIOUSITIES OF THE CENSUS.—While the leading reviews of Great Britain have contained many able and curious articles relating to the recent census of that kingdom, the elaborate and valuable facts contained in the compilation of the seventh U. S. census prepared by Mr. De Bow, and published by order of the senate, does not appear to excite the attention of writers of the class corresponding to those whose labors abroad have elicited so much comment from the English public. With a desire rather to direct attention to De Bow's statistical view of the United States than to furnish anything like an extended review of the work itself, we propose to treat the returns in similar style to that which the British census received in the Household Words.

Out of the 1,626 counties in the United States in 1850, 490 had been created or altered in the seven years; in 1850, in 64 the males greatly predominate; in 155 the slaves, and in 7 the foreign-born. In 441 counties there were few or no foreigners, and in 20 the native and foreign population were about equal. In 1,023 counties there were slaves; in 192 no free colored persons. The number of people to a dwelling in New York city averaged more than 13, in Boston nearly 9; in New Orleans 6; in Richmond about 5. It is estimated that one-fourth part of the people in the country reside in villages, towns and cities.

In the year 1800, exclusive of the army and navy, there were 3,805 in the employment of the federal government; in 1854 the number was 35,456, a nine-fold increase—the population having increased about five-fold.

The German journals have given some tables which prove that the distance between the earth and sun is increasing annually, and argue from it that the increasing humidity of our summers and the loss of fertility by the earth, are to be attributed solely to this circumstance.

No credit has heretofore been given to traditions of ancient Egyptians and Chinese, according to which these people formerly said the sun's disc was almost four times as large as we now see it, for they estimated the apparent diameter of the sun as double of what it is seen to us daily.

It is however, we pay attention to the continued diminution of the apparent diameter of the sun, according to the best observations of several centuries, we must suppose that the ancients were not mistaken in the estimates they have transmitted to us.

In the course of six thousand years from the present time, they assume that the distance will be so great that only an eighth part of the warmth which we enjoy from the sun will be communicated to the earth, and it will then be covered with eternal ice in the same manner as we now see the plains of the north, where the elephant formerly lived, and have neither any spring or autumn.

The Albany Journal states that Louis Napoleon, in 1853, conceived the idea that it would be practicable to compress four so as to diminish the bulk, and in that way facilitate its transportation, and yet not injure its quality. In July of that year, an experiment was made by his command to test his views. Flour, subjected to a hydraulic pressure of 300 tons, was reduced in volume more 24 per cent. On close examination, it was found to possess all the qualities it had previous to its violent treatment. It was then packed in casks, and manufactured from the same wheat, but not reduced, was sealed up. In October thereafter, several boxes containing both kinds of flour were opened and examined. The pressed was pronounced to be the best. Twelve months after this, in October, 1854, another examination took place, and with the same result. The two kinds were then kneaded into loaves and baked. The pressed flour made the best bread. In March, 1855, more of the zinc boxes were opened, and on examination the loose flour showed moldiness, while the pressed was sweet and retained all its qualities.—Made into bread, the same differences were observable.

No man knows what torpid snakes may lie coiled in some secret corner of his heart, waiting for a summer of fostering circumstances to spring into life.

The editor of the Norfolk Herald approves of Gov. Wise's suggestion to raise a fund from the oyster beds of Virginia. The tax proposed, one cent per bushel, would only be five per cent. ad valorem at 20 cents per bushel. The oyster catchers readily obtain from fifty to seventy cents per bushel, and this would reduce the average to less than two per cent. The Herald says:

As the governor's statistics, forth his residence in the heart of oysterdom, and perfect familiarity with those bivalves, their natural history, seed, breed and generation, from his youth up to the present time, may be taken for granted to be as nearly correct as possible, even we are astonished at their rapid reproduction, and still more at the immensity of the quantity annually taken from their native rocks and mud bottoms, and sold at highly remunerative prices, to satisfy the cravings of multitudes in all parts of the Union. That the State has so long refrained from drawing a revenue from this source is no reason why she should decline doing so now; and a quarter of a million of dollars drawn from the pockets of the people in the shape of taxes, when it might with so much facility be drawn from the oyster beds, which are public property, would leave the legislature without excuse for not readily laying hold of the governor's recommendation.

CAT ISLAND CLAIMS.—In the future history of this great State of unprincipled speculators, the above must certainly pass into a settled byword for every bold-faced and transparent swindle, to be hereafter perpetrated on the people of the "Isham claims." Let each citizen examine into this matter for himself, and if he finds what we are about to say in reference to Cat Island untrue, then let him pronounce us a liar unconditionally and damn us every truthful consideration hereafter.

Cat Island is a strip of alluvial land located above Bayou Sara, in the parish of West Feliciana, and bordering on the Mississippi. It is called an island, from the fact that the highlands skirt it on the east, and at their base a stream of water, coming from the hills and the river, surrounds it at times, and save the immediate bank of the river, it has heretofore been frequently under water at high stages of the river. The whole area of Cat Island is set down at 37,103 acres, of which about 15,404 acres to the State under the donation from congress. This last was taken up by speculators as soon as the design of "reclaiming" it became known. Suppose the whole 15,404 acres taken at \$125 per acre, it would amount to \$1,925,450. A board of swamp land commissioners were appointed in violation of the constitution which declares emphatically that they shall be elected, and Mr. D. C. Jenkins, then one of the editors of the Democratic Advocate—before having acquired a residence in the district—was appointed one of the commissioners for the first district, in which the aforesaid Cat Island is located.

Mr. Jenkins went to work, and contracted for \$76,939 42 of work to be done to reclaim this \$19,455 worth of worthless land, and contemplated a further appropriation of public money for the same Cat Island to make up the bill of costs to \$110,000. This was done with the fact staring the commissioners in the face, that his district was only entitled by appropriation to \$65,625, and the illegal act of 1854 under which the board was unconstitutionally organized, expressly says that no contract shall be entered into beyond the amount appropriated. In the face of these facts, with the contractors pleading ignorance of the law, a bill has been introduced into the legislature by "great municipal tribune of the State" represented by the "great democratic party" appropriating \$32,000 more to go into the hands of speculators, as all the balance of the swamp land fund has gone. This too, after the matter was fully and freely discussed on Tuesday, and settled by some few democrats throwing off the usual shackles of party and voting conscientiously.