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J. P. BENJAMIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 49 Canal street, New Orleans. Will also practice in the supreme court of the United States, Washington.

C. ROSELUY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Canal-house street, New Orleans.

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W. A. B. MURRAY, J. & MURRAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, No. 100 Canal street, New Orleans.

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Love and Money. Ems is a charming place. It lies about twelve miles to the southeast of Coblenz, in the valley of the Lahn—

"Indeed! somebody, then, has been up stairs since I have been asleep." "No, Monsieur."

"Are you sure?" "Quite sure, Monsieur."

"Now speak the truth, Bertha; some one has been here; you are paid to deny it. Only tell me who it is, and I will give you double for your information."

"Indeed, there has not been a soul. Does Monsieur miss anything from his apartment? Shall I send for the gens-d'armes?"

The count looked searchingly in the girl's face. She looked wholly sincere and truthful. He tried every means yet—adroit questions, insinuations, bribes, sudden accusations—but in vain.

"Puzzled, troubled, bewildered, our young friend dismissed her, believing, in spite of his surprise, the truth of what she stated. He locked the door and counted the money. Ten thousand florins! not a groschen more or less!"

Well, it was there, but whence it came remained a mystery. "A mystery clear themselves up in time," said he, as he locked the money up in his bureau.

He tried not to think of it, but it was so strange a thing that he could not prevent it from running in his head. It even kept him awake at night, and took away his appetite by day.

About eight days from the date of its occurrence, he awoke, as before, thinking of Emma, and not at all of the money, when lo! there it was again. The table was once more covered with glittering gold!

He had locked the door—could it be opened from without by a skeleton key? He had a bolt fixed within that very day. Honest Albert von Steinhilber! he took as much pains against fortune as others do against robbery!

Two days later, however, his invisible benefactor came again, notwithstanding all his precautions; and this time he found himself forty thousand florins richer!

He had no visitors, no friends in Ems; he started like a guilty man, and threw an overcoat hastily upon the table, so as to conceal the gold.

"Indeed, no. It is a pleasure—delight—!" He was so agitated that he forgot his visitor was standing, and sat down; but he rose up again directly.

"And he pulled his hat on fiercely, folded his arms and strode out of the room, taking the road to his lodging with so dismal an air that the people of the streets turned and looked at him, saying, 'He has lost money—we saw him coming out of the gaming rooms.'"

"Lost money?" muttered he to himself, as he went into his garret and locked the door, "lost money, indeed! I wish I had any to lose."

And poor Albert von Steinhilber fell asleep, lamenting that the age of fairies and gnomes had passed away.

His sleep was long and dreamless—for young men, in spite of love and poetry can sleep pleasantly. He woke somewhat later than he had intended, rubbed his eyes, yawned, looked lazily at his watch, laid down again, once more opened his eyes, and at last sprang valiantly out of bed.

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He was still dreaming? Is it an hallucination? Can he be mad? No, it is real, true, wonderful! There upon the table lies a brilliant heap of golden pieces, hard, ringing, real golden pieces, and he turns them over, weighs them in his hands, lets them drop through his fingers to test the evidence of his senses.

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He was stupefied with amazement. He counted it, and he told over 44,000 florins.

"You have come again to tell me that I am a gambler!" he exclaimed, despairingly, as he pointed to the gold, and leaned his head listlessly upon his hands.

"I say it, my young friend, because I saw it," replied the baron; "but at the same time I come to entreat your pardon for having accused you of it. You have played without knowing it; you have gambled, and yet you are no gambler."

"Yes," interrupted the physician, "for some-nanibulists often perform the very actions which they detest. But it is with you a mere functional derangement—not a settled habit—and I can easily cure you. But, perhaps," he added, smiling, "you do not wish to lose so profitable a malady. You may become a millionaire!"

"Ah, doctor!" cried the count. "I place myself in your hands; cure me, I entreat you."

"Well, well, there is time enough for that," said the baron: "first of all, shake hands, and let us be friends."

"I have a horror of play," replied the involuntary gambler, "and I shall instantly retire to the bank all that I have won. See here, altogether, 130,000 florins!"

"Take my advice, Albert," said the baron, "and do no such thing. Suppose that in your sleep you had lost 130,000 florins; do you think the bank would have restored it to you? No; no; no; you must restore the money to the bank!"

History has not recorded the lover's reply; at all events, he quitted Ems that same day in company with the baron Von Hohendorf and his pretty daughter. The prescriptions of the learned physician have, it is said, already effected a cure, and the Frankfort Journal of last week announces the approaching marriage of Mile. Von Hohendorf with Albert, count of Steinhilber.

HYPOCRISY OF SPIRITUALISM.—Dr. Fehle, the masculine appendage of Cora Hatch, the celebrated advocate of woman's rights, spirit rapper and blundered generalism of the cognate mania of the day, gives the following statement of his "experience" in the immorality and humbug of spiritualism. Sensible people, and particularly we of the south, always had a wholesome and prophetic horror of the iniquitous tendency of these false and demoralizing doctrines.

"The most damning iniquities are everywhere perpetrated in spiritual circles, a very small percentage of which ever comes to public attention. I care not whether it be spiritual or mundane, the facts exist, and should demand the attention and just condemnation of an intelligent community. Look at the iniquities which have been committed within the past two weeks in this city, and that too, by spiritual mediums, who claim to be controlled by angels. It is worse than useless to talk to the spiritualists against this condition of things, for they who occupy the highest position among them, are aiding and abetting in all classes of iniquities which prevail among them. The abrogation of marriage, bigamy, accompanied by robbery, theft, rapes, are all chargeable to spiritualism. I most solemnly affirm that I do not believe that there has, during the past five hundred years, arisen any class of people who were guilty of so great a variety of crimes and indecencies as the spiritualists of America."

For a long time I was swallowed up in its whirlpool of excitement, and comparatively paid but little attention to its evil tendency, for that much good might result from the opening of the avenues of spiritual intercourse. But during the past eight months I have devoted my attention to a critical investigation of its moral, social and religious bearing, and I stand appalled before the revelations of its awful and damning realities, and would flee from its influence as I would from the miasma which would destroy both soul and body. Spiritualism and prostitution, with a rejection of Christianity, are twin sisters, which every where go hand in hand. With but little inquiry, I have been able to count up over seventy mediums, most of whom have wholly abandoned their conjugal relations, others living with their paramours, called 'affinities,' others in promiscuous adultery, and still others exchanged partners. Old men and women, who have passed the meridian of life, are not unfrequently the victims of this hallucination. Many of the mediums lose all sense of obligations, and yield to whatever influence may for the time be brought to bear upon them. Their pledges, the integrity of their oaths, are no more reliable than the shifting breezes of the whirlwind, for they are made to yield to the powers which for the time control them."

A FORGOTTEN MAN.—A man endowed with an extraordinary capacity of forgetfulness, was tried a short time ago, at Paris, for vagabondage. He gave his name as Augustus Lessive, and believed he was born at Burges. As he had forgotten his age, the registry of births in that city, 1812 to 1822, was consulted, but only one person of the name of Lessive had been born there during that time, and that was a girl. "Are you sure your name is Lessive?" asked the judge.

"Well, I thought it was, but may be isn't." "Are you confident you were born in Burges?" "Well, I always supposed I was, but I shouldn't wonder if it were somewhere else."

"Where does your family live at present?" "I don't know; I've forgotten."

"Can you remember ever having seen your father and mother?" "I can't recollect, to save myself; sometimes I think I have, and then again I think I haven't."

"What trade do you follow?" "Well, I'm either a tailor or a cooper, and for the life of me I can't tell which; at any rate, I'm either one or the other."

A SHOWER OF FISH.—A correspondent of the London Times states, that on Friday, the 11th of February, there fell at Mountain Ash, Glamorganshire, about 9 o'clock a. m., in and about Mr. Nixon, a heavy shower of rain and small fish. The largest specimen measured about four inches in length. It is supposed that two different species of fish descended on this point, however, the public generally dissagree. At the time, it was blowing a very stiff gale from the south. Several of the fish are preserved in fresh water, five of which I have this day seen. They seem to thrive well. The tail and fins are of a bright white color. Some persons attempting to preserve a few in salt and water, and the effect is stated to have been almost instantaneous death. It was not observed at the time that any fish fell in any other part of the neighborhood.

The health of bishop Soule is becoming, it is said, very feeble.