THE POSSUM'S TAIL.

[Scribner.]

Go 'way, fiddle!—folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin',
Keep silence fur yo' betters—don't you heah the banjo talkin'?
About the 'possum's tail, she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!—
About the ha'r what isn't dar, an' why the ha'r is missin':

I gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' lemn—
ah tuk the *Herald*, an' he red the ribber sumn—
he sot his hands to work a-cl'arin' timber-tches,
wed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de smah "Natchez."

ah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' shawin';
oah didn't min' 'em—knowin' whut wuz ine to happen;
rty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' bea's—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin,' it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt, an' sebral head o' Jarsey catt e—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heerd de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain;—it came so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

she kep' a-sailin', an' a-sailin', *an'* a-sailin';
n got his dander up, an' like to bruk de lin'—
pints hissed—de painters yelled—tell, what d all de fussin',
a'da't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' cussin'.

Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on packet,
nesome in de barber shop, an' c'u'dn' stan' racket;
for to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some od an' bent it,
n he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz rented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' apron;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble for to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long, an' thick an' strong—des fit for banjo stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as wash-day-dinner graces,
An sorted ob 'em by de size, frum little E's to basses.

rung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz Nebber min' de wedder'—
oun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all to-edder.
went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called s figgers—
am he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest niggers!

ence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's t de slightes' showin'
y h'ar at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
ari's, too, dat nigger's ways—his people neb-er los' um—
har you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' 'possum!

E MOST CAUTIOUS OF LOVERS.

rs on Which a Breach of Promise Suit Could Hardly be Based.

ople may talk as much as they ie about the exquisite diplomatic of Gortschakoff or Bismarck in a correspondence, but there has been rrespondence going on during the week between a young lady who near Union Park and a clerk in a ry goods store in Chicago, which, ct and fertility of resource, would t, were it fully known, the admira- of all Europe and America. He has paying the young lady very marked tion for the last ten months, and, as would like to take a wedding trip to East next summer, or else enter her for breach of promise before the ts take their vacation, she wants to y up things. Accordingly she be- writing letters to him, aided by her tionate brother, who is studying he law; and he, being of a suspi- dispositon, is giving him guarded es. Last Saturday week she wrote im as follows:

TURDAY, May 5.—*Dearest Howard:* ma will not be in this evening. I be at home after 7:30, and am d I shall be terribly lonesome if no calls. Ever yours, ADA.

hen the young man got this he ted and said to himself laconically, t much she doesn't," and wrote :

ear Miss Ada—I regret that your ected mother will be absent, as I intended to call this evening to see r health had improved. Your note, ever, reassures me. You speak of y lonesome. Ah, I know too well eeling; but in company of our be- authors, Milton, Shakespeare, ny Taylor, Watts, and all those im- al friends who are never from home never out of temper, how can you nesome?"

en the young woman read this as "company of our beloved," she felt r triumphant, but at the next word owed her beautiful head on her s and burst into tears, saying: just as mean as old get out." Her er Algernon read it reflectively aid: "He demurs; we must join and plead to the jurisdiction. is a deep serpent, sis: he doesn't his sting upon his sleeve; but I'll him." Then she dried her tears rote:

was unkind of you not to come ght, but Ferdinand was here and until 11. He is such a darling ; I just dote upon him. But don't ous. The Sabbath bells are ring- eetly. Do you not love the mel- usic of the bells? At night I often dreams seem to hear the chiming ll—you must know which one."

re," said the brother, "I guess got him. If he answers that in a wo lines long, Wirt Dexter could e him from $10,000 damages."

clerk read it, sat down thought- nd replied:

n't be jealous.' Why should I? iendship is never selfish; and, ll circumstances, no matter how rt we may be, or how different in life, I shall be your friend. and is, indeed, a noble fellow, rthy of your love. When is it to t?

—I cannot say I do like the r I like to sleep late on Sunday gs. The bell you say you hear t must be the alarm bell on ake street engine-house. As you now it, for I often used to hear I boarded over on Warren ave-

oung man did not conclude this ithout some misgivings, "be- said he to himself, "as he read gh draft, "it looks a little bit oo plain to be artistic. It might be construed that I was trying to beg off. Then, too, I don't quite like the beginning. 'Why should I?' seems as if I was so confident of her love that I couldn't be jealous. Well, I'll change it." So he sent the letter, and when she received it the girl had a fit of dry hysterics, and said: "Algernon, you must redress your sister's wrongs. You must imbrue your hands——." Then she wept again.

"I don't know," said the brother, doubtfully; "he's bigger'n I am, and tossing about pieces of calico and boxes of thread and playing the counter with a set of parallel bars is powerful in developing the muscle. He's a brazen, fiery serpent, and I always said he was, but if you will go on nursing brazen serpents in your bosom you must expect them to turn again and rend you. He must have a counsel learned in the law to advise him; besides, he has taken an impression of his letter in a copying-press. He is a three-ply traitor. Perhaps, though, we can scoop 'him yet," and so they tried, and after a session of three hours produced the following ultimatum:

"How funny your last letter was! Congratulating *me* on my engagement to Ferdinand! The idea! Who better than yourself knows where my affections are unalterably placed? Won't you come up to-night? Pa and ma will be at home, and *they* will be glad to see you."

"That's pretty good, I guess," she said, "and italicising that 'they' will make the jury think that all our allusions to the old people were put in to be interpreted the other way. I guess, young man, that'll make you sick."

It did, too, for awhile, for when the young man got the letter he read it over backward and forward, and whistled soft copious selections from thirty-five standard operas before he saw his way clear to an answer. "Yes," he said bitterly, "her pa and ma will be at home, but the old man'll go up stairs at a quarter to eight, and the old woman'll go out and tell the servant about putting the dry codfish to soak, and forget to come back—oh, I know the old frauds like a book. Bully, I'll take a witness with me. That's it!" So he sat down and wrote:

"Thank your parents for promising to be at home, and tell your respected mother that I shall expect her to teach me whist. And so Ferdinand isn't the happy man; who is? I was just beginning to think that I might, when we knew each other better, come to be a hopeless adorer of yours, but it seems I am to have no chance. You can't have told me whom the groom expectant is to be, or I should surely have remembered."

The poor girl did not find much consolation in this; but as she had her parents well drilled in their part, she looked forward hopefully to the night, being pretty sure that she could keep him there pretty late, make the weakness of her eyes an excuse for turning down the gas, "then," said she, "my word will be as good as his before a jury with marriagable daughters." When the bell rang at 7:35 she started up with a beating heart; and when he entered with a companion and said: "I have made bold to bring my friend, Mr. St. ——," she screamed wildly, "Lost! lost!" and fell fainting to the floor. That is how the matter stands at present. The young man thinks that he turned her position very neatly in his last letter, and placed it on record that up to that time he hadn't been paying any attentions to her. As for the future, that must look out for itself.

A Fox-Hunt on the Old Plantation.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

The scourge that swept slavery into the deep sea of the past gave the death-blow to one of the peculiar outgrowths of that institution. The results that made slavery impossible blotted from the Southern social system the patriarchal—we had almost written feudal—establishment known as the old plantation. Nourished into life by slavery, it soon became one of the features of Southern civilization—a peculiar feature, indeed, and one which for many years exerted a powerful influence throughout the world. It was a cheerful feature of Southern society, and it is not to be doubted that its demolition has been more deeply deplored by our people than all the other results of the war put together. What days they were—those days on the old plantation! How vividly you remember the slightest incident! How picturesque the panorama that passes before your mind's eye! There was the fox-hunt planned for the especial benefit of Miss Carrie de Compton, the belle of Rockville. You remember lying in a state between dreaming and waking as Aunt Patience, fat and cheery—heaven rest the good old negro's soul!—comes into your room with much ado, bearing a steaming cup of coffee. "Well, I declar' ter grashus, ef dat chile ain't layin' dar yit! Git outen dat bed dis minit! How you gwine ter ketch foxes under dat bolster? Git up from dar! Dat young gal done bin up too long to talk 'bout!" You remember what an impression the fair Carrie made upon you in her trim riding-habit, and how, when with one dainty hand holding the gathered folds of her skirt, she stooped to caress your favorite hound Flora, you lost your heart utterly. It is all indelibly impressed upon your memory—the ride to Sir Reynard's range, the casting about of the hounds, the sudden burst of canine melody as the fox gets up right in the midst of the pack, the hard ride at the heels of the hounds for a few moments, and then the sudden inspiration on your part that it would be well to guide the fair De Compton to a point near which the fox (an old customer of yours) would surely pass. You remember how you vainly endeavored to convince your skeptical charge that the slight, dark shadow stealing across the hillside not a quarter of a mile away was the veritable fox the dogs were after; how your whole frame tingled with delight when the soul-stirring music of the hounds was borne to your ears on the crisp breeze of the morning, and what a thrill came over you as the pack burst into view running with heads up and tails down—your Flora far to the front and flying like a meteor!

A Strange Story.

A sanguinary bull dog in the San Francisco dog show became so excited by his surroundings that nobody dared go near him. His food was poked to him with a long stick, and a strong railing was put up to keep spectators at a safe distance. He growled and showed his teeth whenever anybody looked at him, and was generally an object of terror. Consequently the people were horrified when a little girl crawled under the railing, and approaching the brute said, coaxingly, "Nice doggy; nice doggy!" Her mother screamed and fainted. A valorous fellow took off his coat and prepared for a rescue. She coolly patted the dog, saying, "What's the matter, doggy? What makes 'oo growl so?" The dog furiously fixed his teeth in her dress, but her fearlessness seemed to cow him, and he slunk back from her. She suffered no harm except from the suddenness with which she was yanked out of the enclosure.

The newest thing in weddings took place at Aurelia, a town on the Iowa division of the Illinois Central Railroad, a few days ago. The conductor of a freight train, W. H. Reynolds, stopped his train, jumped off, went into the depot, was married to Miss Jennie Denio, who was in waiting with her friends, placed his bride in the caboose and started his train again. The arrangements were so complete, the knot so swiftly tied and the bride and groom so self-contained that none of the train men had any suspicion of what had occurred.—[Rock Island (Ill.) Weekly Union.

New American Sewing Machine, 185 Canal street.

DOWN WITH HELL.

THE SERMON THAT IS CONVULSING LONDON.

Canon Farrar on the Doctrine of Endless Punishment—He Rejects It on the Authority of the Fathers, and Claims that it is Not the Doctrine of the Church.

[London Christian World, Nov. 23.]

Dr. Farrar, Canon of Westminister, and author of the most popular "Life of Christ" of our time—read and admired of late years in thousands of Christian families—has been preaching at the Abbey on subjects relating to the future life. Both last Sunday and Sunday week the minster was crowded with people to listen to these discourses. The throng was so great that many had to stand throughout the services.

In his first discourse, based upon I Peter, iv, 6, Dr. Farrar discussed the subject of the future punishment of the ungodly. In reply to questions which he assumed his audience to be asking, and which he said they had the fullest right to ask, and which it was the bounden duty of ministers of the Gospel, as far as possible, to answer, he, for one, in all deep humility, yet always asking God for fearless courage and perfect honesty, would try to give such answers as he could. If it were but the fragments of an answer, it was because he believed it was God's will that no other should be possible. Those who took loose conjectures for established certainties, those who cared more for authority than for reason and conscience, those who pretended to dignify with the name of Scriptural argument inferences out of the narrow aperture of single texts, those who talked with the glib self-complacency of an ignorance which calls itself knowledge, as though they had been admitted into what, with unconscious blasphemy, they called the Council Chamber of the Trinity—they, perhaps, might speak readily of fire and brimstone, and might feel the consolatory glow of a personal security as they dilate upon the awfulness and finality of the sufferings of the damned. But those whose faith must have a broader basis than hollow representations, than the ambiguousness of opposing texts; those who grieve over the dark shadows flung by human theologians over God's light; those who believed that reason and conscience and experience—no less than the Scripture—are no less the books of God, and that they, too, must have a direct voice in these great decisions, they would not be so ready to snatch God's thunder into wretched and feeble hands. They would lay their mouths in the dust rather than make sad the hearts which God has not made sad. They would take into account the grand principles which dominate through Scripture, no less than its isolated expressions; and, undeterred by the base and feeble notion that virtue would be impossible without the horrors of an endless hell, they would declare their trust that even after death, through the infinite mercy of the loving Father, the dead would be alive again, and multitudes, at any rate, of the lost be found.

After this eloquent introduction the preacher proceeded to state what, after years of thought on the subject, he believed, and what he knew to be the belief of multitudes, and of yearly-increasing multitudes, of the wisest and most learned in the Church. Proceeding to examine the subject in detail, he first set forth the popular notions of hell, to be found in the early theologians—in Dante, in Milton and in Shakespeare, citing some of the most terrific passages descriptive of endless torture. Happily, the thoughts and hearts of men were often far gentler and nobler than their creeds, customs and traditions. It was only when these topics were treated by narrow-minded and loveless hearts that they were seen in all their intolerable ghastliness. He knew of nothing so calculated to make the whole soul revolt with loathing from every doctrine of religion as the easy complacency with which some cheerfully accept the belief that they are living and moving in the midst of millions doomed irreversibly to everlasting perdition. No language could be stern enough to reprobate the manner in which many elder brothers of the Prodigal had turned God's Gospel of plenteous redemption into anathemas and all but universal perdition. If we were not unaffected when the destitute perish with hunger, or the dying agonize in pain, was there any human being worthy of the dignity of a human being who did not revolt and sicken at the notion of a world of worm and flame? If St. Paul again and again flung from him, with a "God forbid," the conclusions of an apparently irresistible logic, we surely, who had no irresistible logic against us in this matter, but only in great part spiritual selfishness and impenetrable traditions, do we not, in the high name of outraged conscience, of humanity—nay, in the far higher name of the God who loves us, of the Saviour who died for us, of the Holy Ghost who enlightens us—do we not hurl from us representations of a doctrine so horrible that every nerve and fibre of our intellectual, moral and spiritual life revolts at it? Ignorance may, if it will, make a fetish of such a doctrine; pharisaism may write it broad under its phylacteries; hatred may inscribe it, instead of holiness, to the Lord; but here, in the presence of so many living, and in this vast mausoleum of the glorious dead—here, amid the silent memorials of the men of fame and the fathers who begat us, of whom many, though not saints, were yet noble, though erring men, and whom, though they and we alike shall certainly suffer, and suffer bitterly, both here and hereafter, the penalty of unrepented sin, we cannot and will not think of as condemned to unutterable tortures by irreversible decrees. "I repudiate," exclaimed the preacher, "these crude and ghastly travestles of the holy and awful will of God. I arraign them as mercilessly ignorant. I impeach them as a falsehood against Christ's universal and absolute redemption. I denounce them as a blasphemy against God's exceeding and eternal love. More acceptable, I am very sure, than the rigid and most uncompromising orthodoxy of all the Pharisees who have ever judged their brethren since the time began—more acceptable by far to Him who, on the cross, prayed for His murderers, and who died that they might live—more acceptable, I say, than the delight which amid a deluge of ruin hugs the plank on which alone itself is saved, would be the noble and trembling piety which made St. Paul declare himself ready to be anathema from Christ for the sake of his brethren, which made Moses cry to God at Sinai, 'Oh! this people have sinned a great sin; yet now if Thou wilt forgive their sin, and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy Book which Thou hast written.'"

Dr. Farrar very earnestly asked his hearers to believe that he spoke not with natural passion, but with the most accurate theological precision when he said that though texts might be quoted which gave *prima facie* plausibility to such modes of teaching, yet, to say nothing of the fact that the light of love which God Himself has kindled within us, recoiled from them, those texts are in the first place alien to the broad, unifying principles of Scripture; that, in the next place, they are founded on interpretations demonstrably groundless; and, in the third place, that for every one so quoted two can be adduced on the other side. There was an old, sensible, admitted rule of theology that phrases which belong to metaphor, to imagery, to poetry, to emotion, are not to be formulated into necessary dogmas, or crystalized into rigid creeds. If this rule be used to test them, nine-tenths of the phrases on which these views are built fall utterly to the ground. But even were it otherwise, once more, in the name of Christian light and Christian liberty; once more, in the name of Christ's promised spirit, he protested against the ignorant tyranny of the isolated texts, which had ever been the curse of Christian truth, the glory of narrow intellects, and the cause of the worst errors of the worst days of the most corrupted church. Ignorance had engraved texts upon her sword, oppression had carved them upon her pillars, cruelty had tied texts upon her fagots, and ignorance, again, had set knowledge at defiance with texts woven on her flag.

If this awful doctrine had to be decided by texts, then the original language must be appealed to, and interpreted in its proper and historical significance. They would have to be interpreted not in that sense which makes them convey a thousand notions which did not originally belong to them. "Now I ask you," continued the preacher, very solemnly, "where would be the popular teaching about hell if we calmly and deliberately erased from our English Bibles the three words, 'Damnation,' 'hell,' and 'everlasting?' Yet I say unhesitatingly—I say, claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge—I say, with the calmest and most unflinching sense of responsibility—I say, standing here in the sight of God and of my Savior, and, it may be, of the angels and the spirits of the dead—that not one of those ought to stand any longer in our English Bibles; and that being, in our present acceptation of them, simply mistranslations, they most unquestionably will not stand in the revised version of the Bible if the revisers have understood their duty."

After explaining the original meaning of the words, he closed by saying that finding, neither in Scripture nor anywhere, anything to prove that the fate of every man is at death irrevocably determined, he shook off the hideous incubus of atrocious conceptions attached by false theology to the doctrine of final retribution. But neither could he speak dogmatically on the other side. He could not preach the certainty of what was called Universalism—that all will finally be saved—though that doctrine did, indeed, derive much support from many passages of Scripture, and had been held by some of the early Fathers. Neither could he accept the spreading belief in conditional immortality. His belief was fixed upon the living God, and his answer to the question, What is the fate of dead sinners? was, with Thomas Erskine, that we are lost here as much as there, and that Christ came to seek and to save the lost. His hope was that the vast majority of the lost would at length be found.

If any hardened sinner, shamefully loving his sin and despising the long-suffering of the Saviour, trifled with that doctrine, it was at his own deep and awful peril; but to those longing and anxious souls who were striving to creep nearer to the light, he would say: Have faith in God. There is hope for you—hope for you, even if death overtake you before the final victory is won. "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him, for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hand shall be given to him." But say, also, as Christ's own apostles said, that there shall be a restitution of all things; that God willeth not that any should perish; that Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be the Lord both of the dead and the living; that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; and that the day shall come when all things shall be subdued unto Him, that God may be all in all.

Salt-Water Drinkers.

A foreign medical journal prints the following account of salt-water drinkers, taken from an account of a voyage to the Oceanic Islands by Mr. Jouan, a ship's captain, and sent by him to a medical man at Caen. These remarkable people are met with on the madreporic *atolls* of the Pacific, such as the Paumoton Islands, where there are neither brooks nor springs, and where the wells which have been dug yield only brackish water. The vegetation is limited to a few cocoanut trees, of which the milk with sea water, constitutes the only drink of the natives. It is a question how men can live when constantly using a liquid of which all bathers, who have perforce swallowed a few drops, know the disagreeable qualities. Is it an effect of habit, or a natural disposition, or characteristic of race? It is inexplicable; the fact, however, is affirmed by the majority of navigators who have visited those distant shores. Cook and Laperouse both mention it, and more recently Dupetit-Thouars has described the inhabitants of Easter Island as true amphibia, drinking sea water without feeling any inconvenience from it. Mr. Jouan concludes his observations on the drinking of sea water by a fact which he asserts to have seen at the beginning of his sea-faring career, in 1838, while going to Mexico. At that time, he writes, steam navigation had not yet freed ships from the influences of calms and head winds. There were no distilling apparatus, so that in long voyages it was necessary to be careful with the water, and in his ship, with the number on board nearly doubled by some troops they had to convey, and the prospect of not finding any water on the way, since they were only going to blockade the coast without communicating with the shore, they were specially parsimonious in its use. Some sailors, consequently, began to drink sea-water, but were soon obliged to leave it off. One man only persevered until the ship arrived at Mexico, when it was revictualed with fresh water, brought at great expense from Havana. This man never complained of the sea-water; the only difference remarked in him was that he became more and more yellow.

We would like to know why it is that a young man can sit down, heave a sigh or two about the size of a cider barrel and then dash off a dozen pages to some angel of about seventeen year old plumage, but when he begins to write to his mother he can scratch himself bald-headed and then not get over a page and a half.—[Glasgow (Ky.) Times.

There was a whole sermon in the brief confession of Col. Tom Stanege, who was recently executed in Arkansas for murdering his aunt and another woman. "It was my intention," he said, "to murder and rob men as long as I could escape detection. After I had fully enjoyed myself it was my purpose to reform and do better."—[Alleghany Mail.

"If those women," remarks an exchange, speaking of a troupe of Thompsonian dancers, "think this is August, they are very much mistaken."

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My ART GALLERY is a place of free resort, and the public is invited to visit it at pleasure.
de16 tf

CHAS. LACOUME,
Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealer,
53 ST. CHARLES STREET,
Near Gravier street, New Orleans, La.
Sole Agent
For Goldsborough, Forster & Co.'s celebrated BAKER RYE, and W. W. Johnson & Co.'s OLD KELLAR BOURBON. Both of above Whiskies are distilled expressly for C. LACOUME; also, have on hand numerous other brands of fine goods.
Bar, grocery and family trade supplied.
Also, proprietor of
St. Charles Bar and Billiard Rooms,
Under St. Charles Hotel.
BRANCH BARS,
1½ Carondelet street—1¼ Bourbon street.
And dealer in all sorts of BILLIARD GOODS and TRIMMINGS. oc10 3m

MEDICAL NOTICE.
DR. W. BILLE, Specialist for all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases and Female Diseases has just returned from Europe. Office, 154 Canal street, between Baronne and Carondelet streets, up stairs. Nervous Debility, Weakness, either caused by abuse or age, ALWAYS cured in a short time. Private Diseases treated after a new, sure and quick method. Female Diseases treated with greatest success.
Dr. Bille's reputation as a skilled and successful physician is already years ago established in New Orleans and vicinity, and he has cured hundreds of cases here which other physicians had failed to benefit, which is well known to the public. Dr. Bille is a graduate from one of the best colleges in Europe, and was for years assistant physician to Prof. Ricord, Paris. Consultations and correspondence strictly confidential. Charges moderate. 154 Canal street.
DR. W. BILLE 154 Canal street. de9 tf

LEWIS' PREPARATION
of Fine Cast Steel to the Sulphuretted Dust.
Those having used and tested the value of this compound, are respectfully informed that it can be had at the Drug Store of I. L. LYON and many other druggists of this city.
To the uninitiated and skeptical I will say that, in placing it before the public, I have deviated from the whole conclave of inventors "of the surest and best anti-bilious medicines," etc. I allude to their invariable secresy of ingredients. The usual and only other mode in producing Sulphuretted Iron is by the hydrogen process, where it is made by hundreds of pounds for the commerce of the world, and is not to be depended on, as it contains too great a proportion of carbon (charcoal), which cannot be avoided in the process of their manufacturing it.
This Sulphuret of Refined Steel is the pure sulphuret of steel, having not a particle of foreign matter in its combination. It is made by hand.
Those eminent professors of chemistry and physicians of France, together with the United States Dispensatory, state that the great object in administering Iron is to get the greatest quantity into the gastric juice of the stomach, as it is intendad to renovate and purify the blood, and its known value as a tonic.
my4 W. T. L.

JAMES LINGAN.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
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Wine Company.
DRY CATAWBA, PORT
SHERRY, SWEET CATAWBA,
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IN WOOD AND IN GLASS.
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These Wines are better and cheaper than foreign importations. They have been analyzed by the experienced chemist and Professor of Chemistry in the University of Louisiana, Dr. Joseph Jones, who pronounces them free from impurities, and recommends their use for medicinal purposes.
SHROPSHIRE & CO.,
18 SOUTH PETERS ST.
no11 SOLE SOUTHERN AGENTS.

WINES, BRANDIES, ETC.,
For the Holidays.
Especial attention is directed to the large and select stock of
JOHN TURPIN,
IMPORTER,
153.....Common street.....153
Who has always on hand a full supply of
Brandies, Whiskies, Port & Sherry Wines,
BYASS' LONDON STOUT.
Devonish Pale Ale and John Jeffrey & Co.'s Edinburg Ales,
For which he was the old time agent.
The business is continued—Mr. Turpin being dead—in the same name and style for account of Mrs. TURPIN. de2 tf

PURE KENTUCKY WHISKIES.
We are the manufacturers' agents in this city, for the sale and distribution of the celebrated
J. A. MILLER CHICKEN COCK
Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, made at Paris, Bourbon county, Kentucky, so well known to the trade generally, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Their perfect manufacture, from carefully selected grains, pure properties, superior cooperage and rapid improvement constantly, make these whiskies the most desirable and profitable to buyers, dealers and consumers generally.
It is our aim to protect the trade; hence our sales will be made at wholesale only, and the celebrated well known J. A. MILLER CHICKEN COCK Kentucky Whiskies can be obtained at retail and wholesale from most of New Orleans grocers and dealers.
MILLER, DOLHONDE & CO.,
de12 2m 68, 70 and 72 Tchoupitoulas street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
To Parties Afflicted with Chronic Diseases, Declared to be Incurable.
All cases abandoned by the physicians will be given
GRATUITOUS CONSULTATIONS.
The rich man will pay his money only after having been cured, and the poor man will be treated, attended to and cured for nothing, by
D. J. BEAU,
Chemist and Professor of Phrenology, from Paris,
Who can be seen every day from 8 o'clock in the morning to 4 o'clock in the evening, at
No. 43 BOURBON STREET.
The success which he has obtained by means of his fortifying and invigorating remedies, and by attending personally to patients, is well-known. He has cured, and is ready to prove, in the towns bordering upon the Mississippi, many persons abandoned by physicians and confined to their beds for many years. Many ladies, as well as gentlemen, have, under his care, recovered health and the freshness of youth.
His new system of treatment is unequaled and sovereign in all cases of apparent apoplexy, rheumatism, dyspepsia, neuralgia, hemorrhage, general debility, leucorrhea, stricture, diseases of the womb, fever, diseases of the eyes and sickness of the stomach, persistent and rebellious syphilitic action, and all these chronic diseases, which, in the Southern climate, strike afflicted parties and bring them down to the grave by gradual and excruciating agony.
N. B.—His treatment excludes all remedies that have for a basis arsenic, mercury and quinine, which usually cause the loss of the teeth, the weakening of all the organs, and leaves the patient in a state of prostration, by acting injuriously upon all his faculties, and very often giving him a disease which he did not have.
Phrenological science alone has the power of pointing out the symptoms that characterize diseases and discover all the phases of existence. It takes its data only from profound study. It does not surprise—it astonishes, and by the light of its truth the consulting patient knows that he can be cured and the way he is going.
Phrenological Consultations at the office, $5; at domicil, $10. no27 1m

OFFICE "CONVEYANCE RECORD,"
No. 16 St. Charles Street,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
The undersigned respectfully announce to the public that they are prepared to furnish a complete Chain of Title or list of Transfers of Real Estate in New Orleans, back to original grant or purchase, when required; also full Abstract of each transfer in the chain; thus securing to parties purchasing Real Estate or investing in Mortgages perfect security from fraudulent or defective titles. The method of indexing our "Conveyance Record," peculiar to our system, enables us to give information immediately.
Attorneys, Notaries, Auctioneers, Land Agents, Surveyors, and all parties interested in Titles to Real Estate, are invited to call and examine our "Record."
de1 3m L. J. DODGE & CO.

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FALLING SICKNESS,
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Price, for large box, $3, or four boxes for $10, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express C. O. D. Address,
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