AMERICAN REPUBLICAN, AND BALTIMORE DAILY CLIPPER.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

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☞THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN & BALTIMORE CLIPPER is furnished to subscribers, by careful carriers, at only *six and a quarter cents* per week—payable to the Carriers only, at the end of each week.

The Clipper will also be sent, by mail, to distant subscribers, at the rate of *Four Dollars* per year—payable, always, in advance.

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☞THE WEEKLY CLIPPER, a large Family Newspaper, containing all the select matter of the daily, is published every Saturday morning, at the low price of $1.00 per annum.

☞All papers sent by mail, are *discontinued* the day on which the advance payment expires.

[From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.]

EMMA MASON.

A TALE OF BLIGHTED HOPE.

By Lucy Hamilton.

(CONCLUDED.)

Mrs. Thornton, after this had continued for some months, came to see me, and expostulated with all the tenderness of a mother, upon the impropriety of the life I was leading, and informed me of the reports that were slanderously in circulation injurious to my honor. This filled me with alarm and indignation. I could bear any thing else. Dear Kate was indignant. She threw her arms around my neck, fell upon her knees, and implored me, by the most heart-moving appeals, to save myself.

"It is not meet," she concluded, "that the lovely, the talented, the wealthy, the admired Emma Mason should sacrifice herself to the selfishness of one whose conduct has proved himself unworthy of her.

Her appeals had weight, and excited indignation against Tracey. And when next he came I informed him of what had been said, and told him that we must part. I had resolved on it. He replied that all was false that had been reported to me, and vowed that he would shield me from dishonor at the risk of his life.

"Then why do you not make one fate, one future ours," I rejoined—resolved now boldly to put him to the test. He turned pale, arose, and paced the floor for some time in silence; then suddenly stopping, he turned to me, and said:

"Because I love you too much to deceive you. Oh, Emma, dear Emma," he continued falling upon his knees before me, "dare I presume on your love, to tell you a truth that it maddens my brain to think of for an instant. Swear to forgive and pity me, and you shall then know the whole of my wretchedness.

I gave the promise required, and he continued:

"You ask me why I do not make you mine? I answer that it is the only hope upon which I live. At the same time, I own that I cannot make you my wife because I am bound to another."

"You, Henry! you, the husband of another!" I exclaimed, gazing wildly at him. "Good God, then, what have you sought to make me?"

"Listen to me!" he said: "The wife whom I detest has long been in ill-health. I thought that death would soon absolve me from my ties. I never loved her, and to save my father from dishonor consented to marry her. I lived with her for six months, then fled, in disquiet, to this country, leaving her under the protection of my father, who now enjoys the wealth I sacrificed myself for. We had one son. I hurry over this history, for I must not allude to it again. The mother is a quiet, gentle creature, but every way distasteful to me. You are the only woman who has ever inspired me with love"

I felt myself fainting. He sprang towards me, and when I recovered, found myself lying on a sofa and he chafing my hands. I lay motionless some moments, endeavoring to collect my thoughts. There was but one course for me to pursue, and that was determined upon at once. I arose, sat upright on the sofa, and motioned Tracey to be seated. Then calmly thanking him for the sincerity he had, for the first time, manifested, I told him that I would never see him again; that he must leave me instantly; and if he did not wish my scorn and detestation, he must forever avoid my presence,—but that he must first return every note he had ever received from me.

I arose, uttered an eternal farewell, and held out my hand to him. He seized it, pressed it to his heart and to his lips, then rushed, in his impetuous manner, from the house.

I stood, firmly erect, in the presence of the servant summoned to receive my commands, and it was not until I found myself in my own chamber that I allowed myself to give way to my emotions. Great Heaven! What desolation was mine; the idol whom I had worshipped for years was discarded, and the horrible reality was before me. An image of vice and deformity must displace the sweet fancies that had long made my happiness. "Man!" I exclaimed, "what have I done that thou shouldst so curse me!" The more I reflected on all, the less excuse could I find for the conduct that had been pursued. He might, I thought, have sought my friendship, and the knowledge of his ties would have protected me from danger. But, it was plain that he had sought my honor, and it was not until he felt his victim secure that he hazarded the disclosure of the truth.

The excitement I underwent made me ill, and it was well that it did, or reason would have been forever destroyed. For weeks I raved in wild delirium, and life was despaired of; but a naturally good constitution, triumphed over disease, at last; and I slowly recovered my mental and bodily health.

But another change had taken place in my character. My former weakness seemed to have been violently uprooted from my bosom, and although happiness had gone along with the rest—tranquility and resignation to the will of God, were left in their stead.

Mrs. Thornton and her neice were near me always, and their warm and delicate sympathy preserved me from despair. The first use I made of my returning consciousness was to arrange, with the assistance of my lawyers, my affairs, and to settle a sufficiency upon Mrs. Thornton and Kate to enable them to live independently, and to give up for charitable purposes a large portion of my fortune. I would henceforward live to make others happy, to fulfil the requirements of religion and virtue; and retire as much from the frivolously busy world as possible.

The resolution I had taken, not to see Tracey, was unalterable. He sent to inquire after me during my illness repeatedly, and had even urged to see me, but his request had been indignantly refused by Mrs. Thornton, who knew all that had happened.

One evening, however, sometime after my recovery, a letter was brought me from him, insisting on an interview, before leaving America, forever. He said that life and death depended upon my compliance with his request. He did not speak of love, but of sorrow and contrition for the past. Notwithstanding my many injuries, momentary feelings inclined me to a compliance with his wishes; but, indignant virtue rebelled and triumphed over such weakness; and I determined to write to him, and end all hope, at once. Towards the evening of next day I despatched the following:

"Mr. Tracey:

"I did not think that you, who had done me such inexplicable wrong, would now stoop to add open insult to injury; for in such light must I view all your attempts to renew an interview with one whose honor and happiness you knowingly and willingly attempted to blast forever. In the hope that we had forever parted, I have, until now, spared you all reproaches. But, what think you of me, sir, when you suppose me capable of enduring again your presence, knowing, as I do, that you have sought my degradation. You have practised upon my credulity, my inexperience, my susceptibility of feeling, and thereby induced me to render you the homage due to exalted worth. But the mantle of virtue, assumed to hide the deformity of vice, has fallen from you, and I would be criminal in my own estimation, if I did not shrink from the reality now presented to my view.

I tremble at the abyss to which your daring love was continually dragging me. You knew that I had not one wish or feeling that did not incline to virtue, and yet, you remorselessly planned the destruction of my temporal and eternal peace. Go, it is not fit that I should say more to you. Return to your home, and perform the duties which no honorable mind can, under any circumstances, excuse himself from performing, and thus entitle yourself to my pardon for the wrongs you meditated.—Know that no act of devotion, however unparalleled, that did not ennoble him who performed it, would meet with the slightest consideration from one whose sympathies are with the noble, the pure and the good. Enough, you have proved my weakness, but you also know my strength. Depart in peace. I have escaped your snare, and can forbear to curse. Pity is now the only feeling that I have for you—pity for a weakness that I cannot share.

Farewell! I wish you well, but never presume to address me again; if you do, your letter shall be returned unopened.

EMMA MASON.

I was sincere in what I wrote, and took care never to meet with Tracey. He soon after left the country, and my first intimation of it was a packet of notes returned through the Post office; the envelope merely containing these words.

"I submit to my fate, and depart in peace to do your bidding. God bless you. Farewell—but not forever. HENRY TRACEY."

CHAPTER III.

Years passed on. Still, with all my boasted strength, and my many advantages, life was only a struggle to endure. I had been deceived in one who seemed born to redeem his race. I could not love again, and my heart was far more desolate than when it sighed for a feeling that I was unconscious of. I loved my kind, but it was the love of charity, not that which springs from sympathy. There was no happiness for me in common with the rest of my kind. I might triumph in the performance of duty, exult in my success in making others happy, but I still mocked at the idea of being happy myself.

What was the worst, I had no longer an ideal of existing worth to worship; for that had been applied to one, faulty and erring, who had displaced it forever from my mind; and this was the unpardonable injury he had done. I could no longer with firm faith cling to any one in life that could sustain me.

"Oh man!" often in the bitterness of my heart, I exclaimed, "had'st thou done aught but prove thyself capable of the little meanness of long continued duplicity, by apeing so well the virtues which alone could have entitled you to my admiration, I would not now be haunted by doubt of all things that seem fair and good to the eye. I might have learned, too, a lesson of good from you; and not all evil would have been thy influence."

I was alone one morning with my faithful friend, whose love still clung to and cheered despondency, when a visitor was announced who desired to see me below, and what was my surprise on entering the drawing room, to find Henry Tracey leaning faint and almost too much agitated to stand, against the mantel piece. He advanced not, and I stood as if rivetted to the spot, without power to move or to speak.

"Pardon me," at last he spoke, "I will not ask a welcome. I have come to see you once more. Five years have not chilled the ardor of my feelings, and, free and unincumbered by earthly bonds, I come again to offer the love that has known no change, and to make honorable reparation for the past."

The spell that had bound me for years was broken, and a torrent of mingled emotions swept over me, such as I had believed crushed forever. But, though my frame shook with their force, I gave no further evidence of their existence.

Seating myself, I motioned him to do so likewise, and, in answer to my inquiries, he informed me that his wife had been dead a year, that he had performed all his duties to her, and that she had breathed her last blessing his name.

"But," continued he, "my love for you has been my only crime, and years of suffering and of self-imposed duties have in some measure atoned for all. I did not wed from choice, else had I been faithful—but you will forgive."

Interrupting him, I exclaimed, "Talk not to me of love again. Thou camest in my morning of life, when soaring, thoughts rose high, while the lips breathed only of love, and the heart was all grateful joy, to cast the dark mantle of fear, distrust and gloom, over each fair prospect promised to the eye of hope.—And again thou comest to lay claim to the wreck which thou canst not rebuild. Back, back, destroyer," I exclaimed, a rush of old recollections crowding upon me, "thou shalt not console,—and horrid fear is the only feeling thou canst now inspire. Can you give me back the trust without which it were folly to talk of love? Hope no return from me to the feelings I had hoped were conquered. You can never be to me what you have been. You might as well attempt to awaken love in the dead. Leave me to my own heart's desolation."

He threw himself upon his knees, and with all the eloquence of poetry and of passion urged his claims for my love. I felt for him, but could not forgive. I would at that moment have embraced death rather than become his wife.

He saw me determined, and was in despair. Life, he said, was hateful to him, unsustained by the hope he had long lived upon, and he cared not how soon it ended. He was about to leave me abruptly, with dark threats of putting an end to his existence. But, laying my hand on his arm to detain him for a minute, I said, in a firm, calm voice:

"Listen to me, Henry Tracey. Do you think me weak enough to suppose that I am answerable for your sins and your follies, and would be justifiable in dooming myself to a wretched existence with one who had proved himself indifferent to my honor, to prevent any evil that you may meditate to yourself or others?"

"Forgive me," he said, seizing my hand; "my fate is hopeless. I must forego the passion of love."

"Resign it," I replied; "never speak of it again, and we can be friends. Let us part, in peace—friends. Love is a folly that I am now wise enough to disregard. May you learn to disregard it also. Farewell."

I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips and departed, and from that hour I never saw him again. Within a year after that he was no more.

Poor victim of passion, I have wept thy fate although I refused to console thee living.—Trusting that we may meet in a better world, to which I feel myself fast hastening, I would leave behind a brief record of my life, in the hope that it may serve to warn others of the folly of suffering passion to triumph over principle, or weakly surrendering themselves to another's guidance, expecting to realize all their bright dreams of bliss through these means.—The Christian's hope is all that sustains me now. Youth, talent, beauty, wealth, are of themselves vain; and, unless united with a high, ruling, moral, benevolent purpose, are of no worth either to society or their possessor.

[Correspondence of the American Republican.]

ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 16, 1844.

Messrs. EDITORS:—Since you have raised the "American Republican" flag, every person seems eager to look into your paper; many have subscribed, and all, without distinction of party, inquire for it. It is all the rage here.—I wish you success, believing that you assume the position upon principle, and a pure love of country.

There is nothing of general interest stirring in this city. The whigs are all abash, and the democrats deport themselves, under their victory, with becoming propriety.

It is understood that we are to lose our esteemed fellow-townsman, Thomas S. Alexander, Esq. He is to take up his future residence in Baltimore city. Aside from politics, he is beloved by all here, and his loss will be much regretted. None stands fairer in this community as a lawyer, and he will prove an ornament to his profession at the Baltimore bar.

The beautiful residence occupied by Mr. Alexander, upon the State House Circle, has been purchased by Wm. P. Preston, Esq., of your city, and strong hopes are entertained that he will make this city his future residence; but, I have reason to believe, Mr. P. will not take up his permanent abode here. The property purchased is one of the most desirable locations in the city; it was formerly the residence of the late Dr. Ridgely, and under its recent proprietorship has undergone such improvements, both in the fine mansion and enclosures, as to render it surpassingly fine.

Our institutions of education are in a flourishing condition. St. John's College, under its present management, possesses superior advantages, and numbers scholars from various and distant parts of the union. The Public School system has proved beneficial; but owing to the frequent changes of teachers, has been somewhat neglected. Mr. Schley, formerly of Georgetown, D. C., has been superseded within a few days past by the appointment of Mr. J. J. Nicholson, a young man of some merit, and fair promise.

Many beautiful buildings have been erected recently, by gentlemen of wealth, who have sought an abode here, both for comfort and health. There is but little doing, however, in the way of business. More anon. R.

BISHOP ONDERDONK OF NEW YORK. Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, has published another letter, addressed to the clergy and people of his diocese. It is as follows:

Brethren—The object of the threats to which I referred in my recent letter to you, has been in a measure accomplished. After several weeks given to dilligent hunting up of causes of accusation against me, a few specifications, all assigned to years gone by, have been deemed sufficient to warrant the further and more formal investigation of a trial. Your Bishop, therefore, is now the subject of a canonical presentment.

My humble trust, through Christ, in Him of whom the inspired word saith, "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance will behold the thing that is JUST;" affords me a consolation, support, and confidence, for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful.

Never, dear brethren, could I, with clearer conscience, and never with purer and more heartfelt devotion, than now, minister among you. In my present position, however, an avoidance of public ministrations may be reasonably expected. I submit. For the present I suspend all public services. Believe me, however, on that very account, my prayers in your behalf will be the more frequent and earnest. This is a privilege and consolation of which, thank God, my enemies cannot deprive me; and that I shall be the subject of your faithful fervent prayers is an assurance full of comfort to the heart of Your affectionate pastor,

BENJ. T. ONDERDONK,
Bishop of New York.

New York, Nov. 11, 1844.

We are informed, says the Express, that the charges against the Bishop are numerous, and that the canonical presentment is of a marked and important character.

EMIGRANTS. Six hundred and thirty passengers from Europe, arrived at New York on Wednesday.

ELECTION RETURNS.

TENNESSEE—*Extraordinary close contest.* The latest, and only intelligence from this state by last night's mail, is embraced in the following letter to the editor of the Louisville Journal, from Mr. Norvel, editor of the Nashville Whig, and dated Sunday night, Oct. 10.

Dear Sir—The East Tennessee and Western mails to-night complete the returns from the State, except from Lauderdale and Fentress, two very small counties, one in the West, the other in Middle Tennessee. The closeness of the vote is without a parallel, save in the case of Pennsylvania in 1840. But we have the State. I have gone carefully over the figures, and I make our majority 272; taking the old vote in the two counties (one whig and the other democrat) referred to. The Western district returns are carefully corrected, and the Middle Tennessee returns I am pretty sure will not vary 50 votes from the official report, when made up.

Our opponents figure out majorities varying from 30 to 50, after claiming a gain, for which they have no authority, of 128 in Fentress, where they have but 111 whig voters to gain upon, and the population has not varied materially in the last six years. They do not claim this, however, with any confidence.

C. C. NORVELL.

P. S. The Fentress gain claimed by the democrats was an *estimate.* The dem. editor from Knoxville, just in, *thinks* it will be 50 to 75 gain in that county. A whig acquaintance who saw the Sheriff of Fentress to-day at Lebanon, understood from him the vote was about the same as for Governor. C. C. N.

LOUISIANA—*Another close contest.* The New Orleans papers, received last night, contain returns from 27 parishes, bnt so conflicting as to leave the result doubtful. According to the Picayune the majorities stand as follows:

Clay, ...	2422
Polk, ...	1942
	480

The Tropic, whig, makes Clay's majority in the same parishes 724, and claims the state by a small majority, provided the remaining parishes do as well as the whigs expect. The democratic papers, on the other hand, confidently claim the State for Polk.

The whig loss, in these parishes, is 2861 on the vote of 1840, when Harrison carried the state by 3680. There are 17 parishes to be heard from.

NORTH CAROLINA. Returns from all the counties but Hyde, show the following result:

Clay	33,630
Polk	29,647
Clay's majority	3,983

Showing a whig gain since the Governor's election, of 1,144. Hyde county gave a whig majority of 212 at the Governor's election.

VERMONT. Returns from about one third of the State show a whig gain over the last election. The majority for the Clay ticket will be at least 4000 over both the other tickets, and 12,000 over the Democratic ticket.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Polk's majority in this State, over Clay, is 9,230; over both Clay and Birney 5,114.

INDIANA. The Louisville Journal makes Polk's majority 1045 so far as ascertained.

KENTUCKY. The Louisville Journal publishes returns from 48 counties which give Clay 9,371 majority. In the same counties in August the Whig majority was 5,245—Clay's gain 4,126.

MISSOURI. We have a number of returns from this State, but as there is no doubt that it has gone for Mr. Polk, by a large majority, we omit them.

MISSISSIPPI. This State has also gone for Mr. Polk by an increased majority.

RHODE ISLAND. The following is the official vote in this State for President:

	Clay.	Polk.
Providence,	3751	3192
Newport,	1229	473
Washington,	967	712
Bristol,	589	109
Kent,	786	361
	7322	4847

Clay's majority 2475. In 1840, Harrison's majority was 1982.

A MAN LASHED IN THE NAVY YARD. Thursday morning, says the Philadelphia Sun, a young American sailor, born in the city of Philadelphia, named John Turle, was strung up on board the receiving ship at the Navy Yard, and had twelve lashes laid on his bare back with the cats. This is the first case that has taken place in the Philadelphia Navy Yard for about 5 years. It appears that a few days ago he entertained some shipmates, and when he returned to the yard, he had some words with Mr. Smith, who is hired to oversee the laborers, the nature of which was very trifling. Mr. Smith reported him to head quarters, and Com. Reed ordered him to receive the above mentioned lashing with the cats. The young man is a son of a grey haired old sailor named Ebenezer Turle, who has been in the U. S. service for 35 years—and who fought under Com. Stewart, in the capture of several of the enemy's vessels. Mr. Smith arrived in this country about 9 years ago, and was among the enemies to this country at the time the young man's father fought for it. Smith is employed as "boss laborer" in our yard, an office which, according to the laws of the Navy in such cases, is certainly novel. The young sailor, after being lashed as we have described, asked for his discharge, which was given to him shortly after. His back was most horribly disfigured.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.
FARE REDUCED.
DAILY LINE TO THE SOUTH.
By the Balt. Steam Packet Co's superior Steam Boats
GEORGIA, Capt. COFFEY,
HERALD, Capt. RUSSELL—and
JEWESS, Capt. SUTTON,
Carrying the great Central U. S. Mail, via the Chesapeake Bay and Roanoke Rail Road to Weldon, Wilmington, and Charleston, S.C., and by the James River superb Steamboats to City Point and Richmond, Va.
SCHEDULE:
Leaving the lower end of Spear's wharf, Baltimore, DAILY, (except Sunday,) at 4 o'clock, P. M. in one of the above Boats.
Arriving at Portsmouth and Norfolk next morning in time to connect with the cars for Weldon, (to Charleston,) and the James River boats for City Point and Richmond, arriving in the evening—connecting at Richmond with the Line by Lynchburg to the west.
Returning, the above boats leave Norfolk and Portsmouth every morning (except Sunday,) in time to connect the same day with the evening line to Philadelphia.
REDUCED FARE:
And with a determination to be as low as any other passenger line.

Passage between Baltimore, Norfolk, & Portsmouth,		$6	meals in bay boat included.
do	do	Baltimore & Weldon, 9	
do	do	City Point & Richmond, 6	
do	do	Charleston, S. C. 21	
do	do	Lynchburg and to White Sulphur Springs, at lowest rates	

☞The ease and comfort by this line, no loss of sleep, and but few changes, will induce the travellers to take this route.

☞Passengers by this line will please hand their checks to an Agent in the cars, or to the Norfolk Steamboat Porter, (Norfolk boat label on his hat,) in the ticket office yard, who will attend to their baggage.

o2 T. SHEPPARD, Agent.

GREAT REDUCTION OF FARE,
AND INCREASED ACCOMMODATION.

In consequence of the liberal support with which the BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON STAGE LINE has met, the Proprietors have determined to increase their stock, and will, until further notice, run THREE comfortable and expeditious nine Passenger Coaches daily, in each direction, between Washington and Baltimore.

They have also made arrangements with the Steamboat and Rail Road Companies, South of Washington, by which the fare will be reduced to the following extremely low rates, viz:

For through tickets from Baltimore to		Richmond,	$5.00
do	do	do Petersburg,	5.50
do	do	do Weldon,	7.50
do	do	do Charleston,	19.50
Fare between Baltimore and Washington,			1.50

As the Coaches will leave Baltimore immediately on the arrival of the Cars from Philadelphia, and leave Washington immediately on the arrival of the Steamboat from the South, and perform the trip in *five hours*, passengers will reach Baltimore or Washington nearly or quite as early by this conveyance as by the Railroad Line, and will be set down, free of extra charges, at all the principal Hotels, or any other reasonable distance in the city.

Passengers by this Line are delivered on board the Steamboat at Washington, free of any extra charge, and reach Richmond or any point south of it, at the same time, and at *two dollars and fifty cents less fare*, than by the Rail Road line.

The public may rely on skillful and accommodating drivers, and every attention to their comfort. For seats, or further information, apply at the Stage Office, opposite the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Depot, Pratt st., next door to the Green House, and two doors west of Whitman's Hotel.

au29-tf JACOB PETERS & CO.

"OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY."
FARE REDUCED.
NEW STEAMBOAT LINE TO PHILADELPHIA, VIA CHESAPEAKE AND DELAWARE CANAL, DAILY (SUNDAYS excepted,) at 7½ o'clk, A. M.
FARE ONLY $1.50.

The only real Opposition Line between Baltimore and Philadelphia, leaves the wharf, corner of Light and Pratt streets, EVERY MORNING, (except Sunday,) at 7½ o'clock, per splendid Steamer NAPOLEON, Capt. Ross, to Chesapeake City, thence 14 miles through the Canal to Delaware City, in first class Packet Boats, commanded by gentlemanly and experienced Captains, and thence by the splendid Steamer PIONEER, Capt. Bilderback, and arrive in Philadelphia early the same evening.

The public are assured that (notwithstanding the false reports in circulation, of this line having been stopped,) it is, and will be continued, and no exertion spared to give comfort and speed to passengers. The only change that has been made is in placing the Steamboat PIONEER on this line in the stead of the Steamboat Portsmouth, because of a popular Prejudice (justly founded) against this last named boat. Mr. Rees has been all along and still is the Agent, in Philadelphia, of the only Opposition Line.

LOOK OUT FOR IMPOSITION! The *Portsmouth Line* is run by a "Monopolizing Campany" for the purpose of putting down the regular opposition. If you wish to keep the fare reduced from $1 to $1.50, go by the Steamer NAPOLEON, and no other. The accommodations by this line are warranted to be equal to any running.

The Line by NAPOLEON and PIONEER was commenced in June, by the individual enterprize of our own city and Philadelphia, and it is hoped that a generous public will sustain it against the *Portsmouth Line* lately started, and run (there is good reason to believe) by the Railroad Company's agent.

GEORGE A. RAWLINGS, Agent.
☞Office, Light, above Pratt-st. n9

OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY.
FARE REDUCED.
NEW STEAMBOAT LINE TO PHILADELPHIA.

The proprietors of this Line have purchased those large, safe and commodious Steamers, so well known to the citizens of Baltimore and the travelling community generally, viz:

The "MARYLAND, Capt. LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.
The "OSIRIS," " JOHN D. TURNER.

And on the Delaware River, that safe and comfortable Steamer "PORTSMOUTH," Capt. JAS. DEVOE.

NEW PASSENGER BARGES, fitted up in elegant style, have been placed on the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

Will leave Pratt street wharf, near Light-st. every morning, at 7½ o'clock, (except Sundays,) and arriving in Philadelphia early in the evening. ☞Several hours in advance of the steamer Napoleon or Ericsson Line.

Passage.. ....$1.50.

☞Passengers landed or taken off at Ford's Landing. This route will be continued until the closing of the navigation by Ice, and resumed at its opening in the Spring.

R. M. HILL, Agent,
Office No. 123 Pratt street,
o29-tf Corner of Grant street, (up stairs.)

ADAMS & CO'S PACKAGE EXPRESS
AND FORWARDING HOUSE.

A. & Co. respectfully give notice, that they are prepared to forward Goods by their EXPRESSES, to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and all the Eastern towns, at Mail speed and moderate rates. Our prices will be found not to exceed those of the Freight lines, whilst we give much greater despatch. Merchants, ordering goods to be forwarded by our Express, can send their orders thro' us free of charge.

☞ADAMS & CO., in connection with WILMER & SMITH, of Liverpool, are enabled to forward goods to all parts of England and the Continent.

ADAMS & CO., No. 7 Light street, Balt.
do. 85 Chesnut street, Philad.
do. 7 Wall street, New York.
se26-eo2m do. 9 Court street, Boston.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS OF MERCHANDIZE PER THE ERICSSON LINE.

J. B. PECK & THOS. CLYDE having disposed of their interest in the Ericsson Steamboat Line, shippers are requested to consign their goods, to be forwarded, to the Agents of the Line, to insure their safety and despatch.

EDWARD G. HARRIS, Agent,
No. 3 Light-st. wharf, Balt. Md.
A. GROVES, Jr., Agent,
o4-tf No. 19 South Wharves, Philad.

BOOTS AND SHOES. 200 cases such as men's kip, thick, calf, grain and seal BOOTS; men's thick, kip, and split BROGANS; boys' thick and kip BROGANS; children's kip and grain Bootees; women's and misses Leather BOOTS, Buskins and Welts. For sale by

TURNER, WHEELWRIGHE & MUDGE,
n13 2 S. Charles street.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,
NORTH FREDERICK STREET,

ON the right hand side going from Baltimore-st., two doors from the corner—where may be obtained most speedy remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, pain in the Loins, affections of the Kidneys, and every Symptom of a secret Disease.

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE, IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAYS.

ATTENDANCE from 7 in the MORNING TILL 10 at NIGHT.

DR. JOHNSTON,

A member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Licentiate of the Apothecary's Hall, London, and Graduate from one of the first colleges in the United States, may be consulted in all diseases incident to the human frame, but more especially in all cases of a

CERTAIN DISEASE.

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend him, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horrid disease make their appearance, such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the skin bones and arms, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing on with frightful rapidity, till at last the palate of the mouth or the bones of the nose fall in and the victim of this awful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings, by sending him to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." To such, therefore, Dr. JOHNSTON pledges himself to preserve the most inviolable secrecy; and, from his extensive practice in the first hospitals of Europe and America he can confidently recommend a safe and speedy cure to the unfortunate victim of this horrid disease.

TAKE NOTICE. Those persons who have injured their constitutions by a certain practice, speedily cured.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS on the Eye, such as for Squinting, Cataract, &c. Also those for Deformity of the Limb, such as Club Foot, &c., performed on the Poor *free of charge.*

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

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☞Advice to the Poor GRATIS. o28

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Wire Ribbon; Whale Bones; Eyelet Rings
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English Galloons; Union do.; Boot Cord and Bobins
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Silk Shirts and Drawers; Cotton and Woollen do.
Merino do. do.; Gentlemen's half Hose
Kid Gloves; linen and silk do.; woollen & Merino do.
Cotton Gloves; English Hosiery; German do.
Domestic Hosiery; Silk and Thread Mitts
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