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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 $1:50 per annum.

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

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Gives still to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at even-tide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds and growing grass
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty, then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over its golden cham.
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured the deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like the stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

PART I.

It was a mild autumnal evening in 1813.—The sun had just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of the forest, in what was *then* called the Far West. Jack Frost, that inimitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, from the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the coat of many colors, as if determined to have at least one grand display, before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nestling birds from its embowered recesses carolled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rude chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small clearing, in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were, a hardy New England pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter.—The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father at clearing, breaking, and cropping. The members of this humble family were amongst the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented; and had it not been for the difficulty of paying for the land they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question, they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without interrupted their meal and conversation. Lee, the head of the family, answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested accommodation for himself and his tired animal until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one of the boys soon found himself comfortably seated by the fireside of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated his name and history.

The guest, Henry Flowrence, was a native and a merchant of one of our Eastern cities.—He was wealthy, and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundred dollars in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence, in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the East ain't the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion I can grow with it, and when I die, leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years, last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! *first rate*, so far; but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The shiners are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afeared sometimes, I'll have to give up the land, and all I've earned these last two years are paid towards it. But never mind, we must have troubles, or else we wouldn't know what we *could* do, if we tried."

These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up in his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer upon his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well, I *do* once in a while feel something like it; but then, *it'll all come out right*,—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "we've all got to work harder! I tell you, if we don't, we'll get no fodder!"

"I reckon we can do our share!" resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply—

"Money aint the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality."

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods on the opposite side of the clearing, and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice,

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah! The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land-Office, to keep, till I came to town! He's gone back to the East, but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him, some day!"

"God bless him!" ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheeks.

"God bless him!" shouted the boys as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

PART II.

Seventeen years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axes of the settlers; the little cattle-path, winding through the woods from house to house, has been superseded, by the well raised turnpike and county road, the little clearing has expanded into a well improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot where, but a few years ago, stood the humble Public of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of yon beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine, comfortable, farm-house!—Look, too, at that bursting barn, back of it, with the glistening icicles, hanging from its projecting eves—for it is winter;—and at the sleek, well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm south side, leisurely chewing their cud undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uproar of the greedy swine, contending over their potations of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are! and how thrifty appears yon large orchard, although winter has hung icicles, where summer would have had leaves and fruit! How beautifully the starlight shines upon the frozen surface of that little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow!—But come! 't is Christmas time and we will find good cheer at the farm-house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

Ah! a gathering! We have happened in at the right time! These twenty or thirty young people are guests;—this is a merry making, and truly they seem determined upon *making merry!* Now supper is ready, and they are leaving the sitting-room for the spacious kitchen where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meats of every kind await them, while pertly pies, cakes, dough-nuts, sauce, honey, and home-made preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at them.

That hale old man with a few gray hairs at the head of the table, is our old acquaintance Lee;—'Squire Lee now—so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife, and that beautiful girl, with black eyes, and long dark tresses freely hanging down, upon her round, white shoulders, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who when we last knew her, was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows, are her brothers, William, the eldest, and James,—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago.

But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting room.

Now for the good old game of blind man's buff—they are unanimous and are soon involved in the chapter of accidents—such as making the blind man fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps, some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the outstretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains *do* venture to object to having her bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards his elevated seat by the fire-place, he good humoredly gives the order to form cotillion; regardless, all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the more bashful young men; as in obedience they sidle up, with half averted face; thumbing their coats at the expense of their button holes, each to his appropriate flame, asking her to become his partner, in the next dance.

Jerry looks down from his seat with a complacent smile, as the couples arrange themselves; then, with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a few premonitory scrapes, by way of incantation, he launches forth upon the undulating waves of a regular dancing melody. All is mirth and gaiety, as the dance proceeds; and some of the rustic beaux, forgetting, as they become excited, their former bashfulness, venture occasionally to give an extra flourish, or a more complicated wing.

Thus passed the evening. The guests had done full justice to themselves and their entertainers, and now it was time to depart for their several homes. The ceremony was at length accomplished, after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm house was again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chinning in with the merry sleighbells had but just died away, when the family of Lee were disturbed by cries from without, proceeding from James, who had but just returned, after gallanting home, the mistress of his heart, who lived at a small distance from the farm-house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him, leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic stoop, supporting the body of a young man from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried inquiries, to which James could only reply that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger lying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to a momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than merely to thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a warm comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat when the grey light of breaking dawn stealing through the half opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the objects in the room, while the sickly flame of the dying candle fitfully flared in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick, nervous breathing, broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half-opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long dark hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if striving to account for the strange resemblance, which he fancied he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumbers of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in a chain that bound him to other days, yet Lee could not solve the mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on vacancy. The next moment he was calm: but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phrenzied imagination, he stretched forth his arms beseechingly, and shrieked—

"Oh! hope, hope!—money and friends—money and friends—money and friends and *hope!* Despair and death! ha! ha! well you fight, which shall have me! but death shall conquer!"

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

"'Tis bitter, bitter cold! well, ha! ha! ha! this clean white snow-bank makes a fine deathbed!—and then that's good, I have this world's charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace."

He paused a moment, gasping for breath; then, less wildly, in a more melancholy tone he continued;

"Houseless, moneyless, friendless—has Edward Florence come to this? Has—"

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained; "can this be true?—the son of our benefactor thus deserted?"

"My father! mother! but I forget you are dead, so you can't help me! no, no—I'll die here by the road-side."

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed upon the son of him who had been their best friend.

"Thank God, he has been directed to our roof!" at length fervently ejaculated the wife. "He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude!"

"May heaven restore him!" said the husband. "Amen!" sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive debility indicated that weeks would elapse before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his sufferings that affectionate solicitude could do.—Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bedside; and when, during his convalescence, the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tedium of the leaden-footed moments. What wonder, then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other?

Edward Florence indeed felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel; for in his loneliness and desolation sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before, death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in his business prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West, the few acres of land left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money; sickness came upon him; and on the verge of despair and death, he was rescued by the son of him whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we cannot forbear a single glance more.

Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year has elapsed, and finds him in possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away; the fences surround fields of waving grain; a cottage, neatly built, smiles from the midst of the little grove, just back from the high road—and—shall we look in? The village clergyman, as he joins the hand of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the frequently-spoken words of the old farmer,—Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

A HEARTLESS PERSECUTOR.

The following affecting sketch comes to us in the hand-writing of a correspondent in Boston, to whose pen our readers have been indebted for many a pleasant communication.—We call upon our friend for *the name* of the prosecutor in the case referred to. We desire to assist in handing it down to perpetual infamy: "There are scenes occurring almost daily in our Police Court that are well worthy of more than a passing record, if but for the glimpses they give us of poor humanity under some of its more melancholy phases. A week or two since, I happened to be present when an Irish woman was brought before one of our police justices on a charge of stealing. She was young, had a pleasing and rather handsome countenance, was clad very tidily, and altogether looked like one who had seen better days, and still in poverty preserved some of the pride of that more happy period. In her arms she held a little boy of some three or four years, with a profusion of light curly hair clustering about his temples, but whose pale check and sunken and lustrous eyes told too plainly that Disease and pinching Want had, even thus early, marked him for their own. The mother was charged with stealing bread from the door of a grocer. The complainant, a hard-featured, shrewd-looking man, with a long nose, and sharp, restless eye, was called to the stand.—He told a straight-forward, circumstantial story, the substance of which was, that his baker was in the habit of leaving bread for him at the shop-door before it was opened in the morning. For several days past he had missed part of it; sometimes a whole roll, sometimes more, and once only *part* of a roll. In order to put a stop to these depredations on his property, he one morning lay in wait for the trespasser; when, about daylight, he saw the prisoner come out of her miserable under-ground abode, leading her sickly boy by the hand. Pressing by where the witness was concealed, she stopped at his door, took up a roll, and breaking it in two pieces, gave one to her boy, and restored the other to its place. She then turned back, when the complainant seized, and hurried her immediately to the watch-house; taking care, in the mean time, to snatch from the half famished boy the moiety of the loaf he was so eagerly devouring. The witness here produced the piece of bread, and pointed to the marks of the child's teeth, in part corroboration of his testimony. After hearing the story, the judge turned to the woman, and asked her if she had any thing to say in denial of the truth of the charge. 'Nothing, nothing, your honor,' replied the poor woman, laying her face on her boy's head, and straining him to her bosom, while her body swayed to and fro in the agony of grief. 'I am guilty, guilty! But it was not for meself I took it. Ah, Sir! I'm a poor lone woman, and work hard when I can get work. But for the last ten days I have had nothing to do, and my money was all gone; and since yesterday morning we had n't had a morsel to eat. I am used to it meself, but I *could n't* hear little Dennis cry for bread and not give it to him!' The Judge was evidently touched at the woman's distress, and, turning to the complainant asked him if, under the circumstances, he should persist in the prosecution. 'If,' said he, 'you will withdraw your complaint, it will be performing an act of mercy which I should be very glad to second.' Vain appeal! Though the eye of every man in court was fixed upon the prosecutor with looks that pleaded for his victim, no emotion stirred the repose of his hard and selfish features. He kept no account with Mercy. The right of property had been violated, in his eyes the most sacred of human rights, and he claimed the penalty of the law. 'This is a cruel case,' said the Judge; 'and really, I feel loth to punish this poor woman for an act so venial, crime though it be in the eye of the law. But although this plaintiff might have pursued a very different course, without doing any injury to the cause of justice, or impairing in the least degree whatever title he may have to the love and respect of his fellow-men, still *my* duty in the case is imperative; the law allows me no discretion. I would it were otherwise. Put her down for one month in the House of Correction, Mr. Clerk.' 'Oh, Dennis!' exclaimed the poor woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as she strained her boy still closer to her bosom, and bathed him with tears; what 'll you do *now*, my poor child, when you've no mother to look after you, and keep you from harm's way?' 'Do n't grieve yourself about *that*, Mrs. McGinnis,' said one of her own country-women, who had hitherto stood in the back ground, but now came forward, and took the prisoner by the hand; 'do n't grieve for the likes of that, Ma'am; *I'll* take care of your boy; and while I've a *petaty* in the pot, he shall have his mouthful.' 'God bless you!' exclaimed the mother, wringing the woman's hand; 'may the Holy Virgin smile on you!' 'Come, step along, Ma'am,' said the officer, as he put the mittimus in his pocket; 'do n't stand growling here; the cart is waiting for you.' The woman slowly and mechanically obeyed, followed by little Dennis, with one hand clasped in that of his new friend, and the other pulling at the skirts of his mother's dress. Arrived at the outer door, the little fellow was resigned 'with many tears' to the care of his kind protector; the mother went slowly and droopingly down the steps, without again lifting her head, or looking back upon her half-weeping, half-wondering boy; and in a moment more she was seated in the covered hearse like a wagon that was to carry her across the 'bridge of sighs' to the felon's home."

HISTORICAL SOCIETY. At the June meeting of the N. Y. Historical Society, held at the University on the Tuesday evening, a letter was read from John Quincy Adams in behalf of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on the subject of a new name for the United States. The Society preferred the name of Columbia. A letter was also read from Ex-Gov. Seward. He regrets that the country had not been named Washington. Wm. Gilmore Simms wrote that he would like to see a new name adopted, but thought it impracticable.

A YEAR OF SUMMERS. A voyage of pleasure round the World, is advertised in Hamburg, to leave that city on the 15th August.—The route has been so arranged as to secure a ontinual summer to the voyagers.

THE DENTIST NOT GONE YET!

DR. LEACH, opposite St. Paul's Church, North Charles street, continues to perform all operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical DENTISTRY, and has facilities which enable him to insert Artificial Teeth *cheaper* than can be done at any other place, and warranted equal to any, and to give satisfaction, or no pay required. Call and *see*! The best Pearlain Teeth and purest Gold used in all cases. Extracting Teeth or broken Fangs, without injuring the jaw or much pain. (day or evening,) 25 cts. m16-d

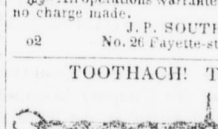
THE TEETH! THE TEETH!!

The subscriber tenders his thanks for the liberal patronage he has received since his residence in Baltimore, and continues to perform all operations in DENTAL SURGERY (embracing the latest improvements in the science) at *one-third less* than the usual rates. He invites those who are afflicted with bad Teeth to give him an early call. The high charges heretofore established having precluded many from submitting their Teeth to Dental operations, an opportunity is now offered to all to have their Teeth put in good order, as the charges shall suit all who may favor him with a call.

☞All operations warranted to prove beneficial, or no charge made.

J. P. SOUTHCOMB, Dentist,
o2 No. 26 Fayette-st., 3d door from North.

TOOTHACH! TOOTHACH!!



This aggravating pain can be cured in a few minutes without pain or inconvenience, so that it may be filled and rendered a valuable tooth for life, thereby obviating the pain and danger of having it extracted, by DR STINSON, 51 HANOVER STREET, 5 doors above Pratt, who guarantees a permanent cure in all cases. Also, Fileing, Scaling, Plugging, regulating or remedying the irregularities of Children's Teeth.

Dr. S. will insert ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a full set, in the latest and most approved manner. He has paid particular attention to this branch of the profession, and warrants his operations to give perfect satisfaction in all cases. Those troubled with teeth that have been improperly inserted or requiring new sets, would do well to call as early as possible, as delays generally add obstacles to the operation. Persons doing so may rely on being treated in a skilful manner and at prices that cannot fail to please.

Dr. S. has an article for filling teeth that are too much decayed to be plugged with gold, which will render them serviceable and durable. This article is entirely unlike the cements now in use, as it never tarnishes or changes color.

☞All operations performed in the most desirable manner, and at very reasonable charges. Office hours from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. ap4

PASSAGE TO PHILADELPHIA ONE DOLLAR—BERTHS FREE.

BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA STEAMBOAT COMPANY, via Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. The new and splendid steamers ROB'T. STOCKTON and EXPRESS, will leave the wharf (No. 3 Light street) alternately every afternoon (Sundays excepted) at 3 o'clock, and arrive in Philadelphia in time to connect with the lines going North.

☞These Boats are new, and have superior state rooms and berths capable of accommodating 70 passengers, for whose comfort and convenience every exertion will be used.

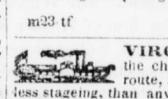
No transhipment of passengers or baggage.

Returning will leave Philadelphia at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Meals 25 cents. Freights 10 cents per 100 lbs.

For freight or passage apply at the office.

E. G. HARRIS, Agent,
m23 tf No. 3 Light street wharf.



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Leaving Baltimore daily at 4 o'clock, P. M. (except Sundays,) in GEORGIA, Capt. Coffee, and HERALD, Capt. Russell. Arrive at Norfolk next morning at 6 o'clock, A. M., thence immediately to Richmond by the steamboat CURTIS PECK, Capt. Davis, or JEWESS, Capt. Sutton, arriving there by 4 o'clock, P. M., thence at 5 o'clock in Canal Boats to Lynchburg in 32 hours, thence by Stages (in day time,) via the Natural Bridge to the Springs. Through the whole route from Baltimore in 4 days, without any fatigue, so requisite to invalids.

Fare from Baltimore (not Washington as so ingeniously inserted by the upper route,) to White Sulphur Springs	$17
Meals and lodging included on Boats to Lynchburg, which if paid (as is the case on the other boats) would be	4
Leaving the passage through only	$13

☞Tickets procured at Baltimore Steam Packets' Office, Spear's wharf, Baltimore. Apply to

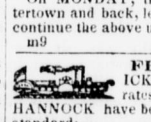
m23d T. SHEPPARD, Agent.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE and EASTON. The steamer MARYLAND having undergone a thorough repair, and a very handsome improvement, both in hull and machinery, will resume her regular route to the above places, commencing on TUESDAY NEXT, 18th inst. She will leave Baltimore from the lower end of Dugan's wharf at 7 o'clock on every TUESDAY and FRIDAY thereafter, for Annapolis, Cambridge and Easton, leaving Easton on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, by way of Cambridge and Annapolis to Baltimore.

FOR CHESTERTOWN and CENTREVILLE

On MONDAY, the 17th inst. she will go to Chestertown and back, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, and continue the above until further notice. Passage $1.

m9 LEMUEL G. TAYLOR.



FREIGHTS TO FREDERICKSBURG, VA., REDUCED. The rates of freight per steamer RAPPAHANNOCK have been *reduced* to the following low standard:—

On pipes of gin, brandy, &c.	$2 00
hhds. whiskey, sugar, molasses, &c.	1 50
large crates earthenware, &c.	1 50
small do do	1 00
bbls. flour, whiskey, &c.	25
bags coffee, pepper, &c.	20
boxes soap, candles, &c.	12½
dry goods, in boxes and bales, per cubic foot	8

All other articles in proportion—a full and enumerated list of which may be had at the office.

☞Special contracts for heavy lots of freights will be made. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. S. M. SHOEMAKER, Agent,

m17-d Office Hughes' Quay.

NEW GOODS.

AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Lawns; Balzarines
Berages and Silks
Alpacas and Bombazines
Light col'd Cashmeres & Mouseline de Laines
Lace and Plaid Muslin
Cambric and Jaconet do.

SHAWLS.

Silk, Cashmere
Mouseline de Laine and Thibet Wool Shawls.
Plain and Embro'd Linen Cambric HDKFS.

CLOTHS.

Black, blue black, blue, green, brown and mixed CLOTHS.

CASSIMERES.

Black, blue black, blue, mixed, fancy striped & Plaid Cassimeres.

TWEEDS,

Light and dark colors.
GAMBROONS, DRILLINGS, and SUMMER CLOTHS.

VESTINGS—Silk, Satin, Marseilles, Buff, Cashmarets and other Vestings, plain and fancy.

Irish, French and German LINENS.

Bleached and unbleached MUSLINS; Bed Ticking; Mariners' Shirting, Penit'y Plaids, Checks, &c. &c.

☞Persons wishing to supply themselves with Goods at LOW PRICES will do well to call at the Agency Store, No. 77 BALTIMORE STREET, 2nd door below Tripolett's alley.

ap14-3m LUTHER J. COX.

BONNETS! BONNETS! NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.

JAMES COBURN, at 193, just above Light st., has got the best assortment of Spring BONNETS, and is selling them cheaper than any concern in the city of Baltimore. Ladies, if you desire to get a good fresh and fashionable article, call and examine for yourselves. Don't be humbugged by people telling you that Coburn has moved away, and all that sort of thing, to get his custom, and prevent you from doing well for yourselves. ap30

RUSSIA SKINS—1 bale very large and shave just received and for sale by

TURNER, WHEELWRIGHT & MUDGE,
ap21 2 south Charles street.

SECRET DISEASE

CURED IN FROM 1 TO 3 DAYS or NO CHARGE MADE. Apply to *DR. JOHNSTON* of the LOCK HOSPITAL, North Frederick street, Two Doors from Baltimore street, where may be obtained the most speedy remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, pain in the Loins, affections of the Kidneys, and every other symptom of

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

How terrific is even the contemplation of the ravages of this disease, when from neglect to consult a skilful physician, or from ignorant and improper treatment, the constitutional symptoms make their appearance—the throat becomes ulcerated, the nose diseased, nocturnal pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, the bones affected, blotches on the head, face and extremities, progressing on with frightful rapidity till at last the palate of the mouth is distroyed, the bones of the nose decay and fall in; the victim of this horrid disease become an object of pity, until the last scene of the drama winds up and death drops the curtain by hurrying the unhappy patient to an untimely tomb.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Those whose constitutions have been injured by a certain pernicious practice may be soon restored to perfect health by applying to Dr. Johnson, either personally or by letter. Dr. J. has seen cases that were sufficient to appal the heart and harrow up the soul of all who were not used to the observation of such terrible sights.

Should this meet the eye of any who are suffering from the above affection, let them fly immediately to Dr. Johnston, who stands ready to relieve them; and from his extensive practice in the first Hospitals of Europe and America, he guarantees a speedy cure, no matter how bad the case may be.

It is proper here to observe that Dr. JOHNSTON is not at present engaged in the practice of medicine through pecuniary necessity—he having, by the decease of a relative, fallen heir to a fortune—but thro' an ardent desire to benefit his suffering fellow creatures, to pour like the good Samaritan, oil into their wounds, and particularly to relieve those who suffer from a disease for which the world feels no pity.—Again it must be remembered that the object of Dr. Johnston in offering his services for the relief of the miseries of mankind, is not through pecuniary necessity. Hence no charge will in any case be made unless the Patient is 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*.

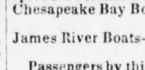
SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

Take notice, on the right hand side of N. Frederick street, going from Baltimore street, 2 doors from the corner. Observe the name.

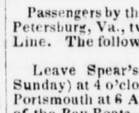
☞Advice to the Poor GRATIS.

All LETTERS must be PAID. f19

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,	12.50
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 Steam boat 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 this 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.

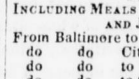
au29-tf JACOB PETERS & CO

GREAT CENTRAL MAIL ROUTE.

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

FARE REDUCED TO THE SOUTH.

Via NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH, City Point, Petersburg, Va, Weldon and Wilmington, N. C., to Charleston, S. C. and thence to New Orleans. Also to Raleigh or Fayetteville, N. C., by the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad. Also to Richmond per James River Boats, and thence to Lynchburg and White Sulphur Springs.



The Chesapeake Bay and James River Boat Lines respectfully inform the travelling public that their Lines are now in good order, and composed of the following splendid Steamboats:

Chesapeake Bay Boats—GEORGIA, Capt. COFFEY.
HERALD, Capt. RUSSELL.
James River Boats—JEWESS, Capt. SUTTON.
CURTIS PECK, Capt. DAVIS.

Passengers by this Line are informed that they reach Petersburg, Va., two hours in advance of any other Line. The following is the

SCHEDULE:

Leave Spear's wharf, Baltimore, daily (except Sunday) at 4 o'clock, P. M., arrive at Norfolk and Portsmouth at 6 A. M. Leave Norfolk on the arrival of the Bay Boats—arrive at City Point at 12 M., and Petersburg at 1 P. M. Leave Petersburg at 3 P. M., arrive at Weldon at 9¼ P. M. Leave Weldon at 10 P. M., arrive at Wilmington at 12 M., and Charleston, S. C. next morning. The River Boats will reach Richmond, Va. about 3 o'clock, P. M.

Passengers for Blackwater, Edenton, Plymouth and Newbern, N. C. are informed that the cars are still running in connection with the steamboat Fox at Blackwater, to carry passengers to the above named places.

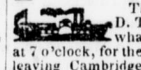
FARE REDUCED,

INCLUDING MEALS ON BOARD THE CHESAPEAKE BAY AND JAMES RIVER BOATS.

From Baltimore	to Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.		$6
do	do	City Point, Petersburg or Richm'd,	6
do	do	to Weldon, N. C.	9
do	do	to Charleston, S. C.	21

ap17-tf T. SHEPPARD, Agent,

FOR ANNAPOLIS, EASTON AND CAMBRIDGE.



The steamer OSIRIS, Capt. JOHN D. TURNER, will leave Commerce-st. wharf, every FRIDAY MORNING at 7 o'clock, for the above places and return next day, leaving Cambridge every SATURDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, and Easton at 8½ o'clock, for Annapolis and Baltimore.

Passage to Annapolis.....75 CENTS.
" to Easton or Cambridge.....$1.50.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, WEST RIVER, Wye Landing, St. Michael's and Easton, (via Miles River Ferry to Easton.) Will leave Commerce-st. wharf, every MONDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock; and return next day, leaving Miles River Ferry every Tuesday Morning, at 7 o'clock; St Michael's, 7½; Wye Landing 8½; West River 11½, for Annapolis and Baltimore.

Passage to Annapolis.....75 Cents.
" to West River.....$1.00.
" to Wye, St. Michael's, or Ferry, 1.50.

FOR CENTREVILLE AND CHESTERTOWN Leaves Commerce street wharf every WEDNESDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, and return the same day, touching at Corsica at 10½ o'clock, and Chester at 12 o'clock, for Baltimore. Passage $1.

FOR ANNAPOLIS AND WEST RIVER. Leaves Commerce street wharf every THURSDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, and returns same day, leaving West River at 11½ o'clock, for Annapolis and Baltimore.

Passage to Ann