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[For the American Republican.]

THOUGHTS AT TWILIGHT.

Oh! is not evening beautiful—the sun
Like a proud conqueror with his gorgeous train
Has swept in glory by—his bright race run,
And lingers now upon the western main.
One radiant cloud alone is soaring high,
Like some proud barque, with silver sails unfurl'd,
Floating majestic through the sapphire sky,
Freighted with dew-gems for the slumbering world.

Look!—softly starting from the azure plain,
Comes the pale regent of the realms of space,
The Vesper Star—a queen without her train—
An angel wanderer seeking for his place.
What art thou, lovely one, what can'st thou be?
A home of light, a haven of the blest?
A glorious island in the star-lit sea?
We think thou art a world—here must we rest.
But tell—oh! tell me, sweetly beaming star,
Who are the dwellers in thy radiant sphere?
Do they, like us, in thy bright world afar,
Know disappointment's pang and sorrow's tear?
Had *they* an Eden—*they* a blissful home,
Where man, immortal one, all sinless trod—
Where kindred seraphs deigned at eve to roam,
And the leaves trembled with the voice of God?
Have they too fallen from their high estate?
Has Death, the King of Terrors, entered *there?*
Do they, like us, a second coming wait,
With Hope's light pinions waving o'er Despair?

What are the scenes that mark thy far-off sphere?
Has War's red ensign floated in thy breeze,
And fearful conflict spread its panic there,
O'er thy ensanguined plains and heaving seas?
And has the quick blinding flash,
Fiercely magnificent, lit up *thy* sky?
And the loud echoing crash
Roared through thy trembling hills in dread reply?
Has Pestilence, with all his hideous band,
Stalk'd there at noonday in his blasting power?
And has the wail been heard throughout thy land,
When Death's stern angel scourged at midnight hour?
Oh! thou dost seem too fair, too bright a spot,
When to thy realm on Fancy's wing I roam,
To know the bitterness of mortal lot,
Or feel the sorrows of our darkened home—
Or art thou, as some fancy, the abode
Of spirits freed from earth, and things of clay,
Where they await the summons of their God—
The trumpet summons of the final day?
Can this be true?—and they, *my* kindred dead,
Do they now roam those fields of light afar?
Can I be gazing where their footsteps tread
Mid far infinity—that twinkling star!
What is their state?—perchance they catch the notes,
Struck, where the white robed hosts have their abode?
Perchance e'en *now* the echoed cadence floats,
Of harp strings, swept before the throne of God!
And can they mark from rea ms so far and free,
The scene from which their ransom'd souls have flown?
Oh! no, oh! no—I would not ye *could* see,
All once so glad, now desolate, and lone.
Adieu, bright star—Roll on, oh! stately clouds;
Veil in your mist each softly trembling beam—
Night's sable mantle Nature's face enshrouds;
Come back, my soul—awaken from thy dream.

MARGARET.

A SHARK STORY.

"Heartless villain!" I shrieked out, in the torture of my disappointment, "may ——— reward your inhumanity?" The crew answered my prayer with a coarse, low laugh; and the cook asked me through a speaking trumpet, "If I wasn't afraid of catching cold"—the black rascal! It was now time to strip, for my knees felt the cool tide, and the wind dying away, left a heavy swell, that swayed and shook the box upon which I was standing, so that I had occasionally to stoop and paddle with my hands against the water in order to preserve my perpendicular. The setting sun sent his almost horizontal streams of fire across the dark waters, making them gloomy and terrific by the contrast of his amble and purple glories. Something glided by me in the water, and then made a sudden halt. I looked upon the black mass, and as my eyes ran along its dark outline I saw with horror that it was a shark—the identical monster out of whose mouth I had just broken my hook. He was fishing now for me, and was evidently only waiting for the tides to rise high enough above the rocks to glut at once his hunger and revenge. As the water continued to rise above my knees, he seemed to grow more hungry and familiar. At last he made a desperate dash, and approached within an inch of my legs, turned upon his back and opened his huge jaws for an attack. With desperate strength I thrust the end of my rod violently at his mouth; and the brass head, ringing against his teeth, threw him back into the deep current, and I lost sight of him entirely. This, however, was but a momentary repulse; for in the next minute he was close behind my back, and pulling at the skirts of my fustian coat, which hung dripping into the water. I leaned forward hastily and endeavored to extricate myself from the dangerous grasp; but the monster's teeth were too firmly set, and in his immense strength nearly drew me over. So down flew my rod, and off went my jacket, devoted peace offerings to my voracious visitor. In an instant the waves all around me were lashed with froth and foam. No sooner was my poor old sporting friend drawn under the surface, than it was fought for by a dozen enormous combatants!

The battle raged upon every side. High black fins rushed now here, now there, and long strong tales scattered sleet and froth, and brine was thrown up in jets, and eddied, and curled, and fell, and swelled, like a whirlpool in Hellgate. Of no long duration, however, was this fishy tourney. It seemed soon to be discovered that the prize contended for contained nothing edible but cheese and crackers, and no flesh, and as its mutilated fragments came to the surface, the waves subsided into their former smooth condition. Not till then did I experience the real terrors of my situation. As I looked around me to see what had become of the robbers, I counted one, two, three—yes, up to twelve successively, of the largest sharks I ever saw, floating in a circle around me, like divergent rays, all mathematically equi-distant from the rock, and from each other; each perfectly motionless, and with gloating, fiery eye, fixed full and fierce upon me. Basilisks and rattle-snakes, how the fire of their steady eyes entered into my heart! I was the centre of a circle, whose radii were sharks! I was the unsprung, or rather unchewed game, at which a pack of hunting sea dogs were making a dead point! There was one fellow that kept within the circumference of the circle. He seemed to be a sort of captain or leader of the band, or rather he acted as the coroner for the inquisition that was summoned to sit on and eat up my body. He glided round and about, and would every now and then stop and touch his nose against some of his comrades, and seemed to consult or give instructions as to the time or mode of operations. Occasionally he would skull himself towards me, and examine the condition of my flesh, and then again glide back and rejoin the troop, and flap his tail and have another confabulation. The old rascal had, no doubt, been out in the highways and byways, and collected this company of his friends and kin fish, and invited them to supper. I must confess that, horribly as I felt, I could not help but think of a tea party of demure old maids, sitting in a solemn circle, with their skinny hands in their laps, licking their expecting lips, while their hostess bustles about in the important functions of her preparations. With what an eye have I seen such appurtenances of humanity survey the location and adjustment of some especial condiment, which is about to be submitted to criticism and consumption.

My sensations began now to be most exquisite indeed; but I will not attempt to describe them. I was neither hot nor cold, frightened nor composed; but I had a combination of all kinds of feelings and emotions. The present, past, future, heaven, earth, my father and mother, a little girl I knew once, and the sharks, were all confusedly mixed up together, and swelled my crazy brain almost to bursting. I cried and laughed, and shouted and screamed for Tim Titus. In a fit of most wise madness, I opened my broad-bladed fishing-knife, and waved it around my head with an air of defiance. As the tide continued to rise, my extravagance of madness mounted. At one time I became persuaded that my tide-waiters were reasonable beings, who might be talked into mercy and humanity, if a body only could hit upon the right text. So I bowed and gesticulated, and threw out my hands, and talked to them as friends and brothers, members of my family, cousins, uncles, aunts, people waiting to have their bills paid. I scolded them as my servants, I abused them as duns: I implored them as jurymen, sitting on the question of my life; I congratulated and flattered them as my comrades upon some glorious enterprise. I sang and ranted to them, now as an acter in a playhouse, and now as an elder in a camp-meeting, in one moment roaring—

"On the cold flinty rock I will lay down my head;"

and in the next, giving out to my attentive hearers, for singing, a hymn of Dr. Watts', admirably appropriate to the occasion:

"On slippery rocks I see them stand,
While fiery billows roll below."

* * * * * * *

"Ha! ha! ha!"—and I broke out in a fit of most horrible laughter, as I thought of the mince-meat particles of my lacerated jacket. In the meantime the water had got well up towards my shoulders, and while I was shaking and vibrating upon my uncertain foothold, I felt the cold nose of the captain of the band snubbing against my side. Desperately, and without any definite object, I struck at one of his eyes, and by some singular fortune, cut it out clean from the socket. The shark darted back and halted. In an instant hope and reason came to my relief, and it occurred to me that if I could only blind the monster I might yet escape. Accordingly I stood ready for the next attack. The loss of an eye did not seem to effect him much, for after shaking his head once or twice, he came up to me again; and when he was about half an inch off, turned his back. This was the critical moment. With more unaccountable presence of mind, I laid hold of his nose with my left hand, and with my right I scoped out the remaining organ of vision. He opened his big mouth, and champed his long teeth at me in despair. But it was all over with him. I raised my right foot and gave him a hard shove, and he glided off in deep water, and went to the bottom.

Well, gentlemen, I suppose you'd think it a hard story, but it's none the less a fact, that I served every remaining one of those nineteen sharks in the same fashion. They all came up to me, one by one, regularly and in order, and I scooped their eyes out, and gave them a shove, and they went off into deep water, just like so many lambs. By the time I had scooped out and blinded a couple of dozen of them, they began to seem so scarce that I thought I would swim for the island, and fight the rest for fun on the way; but just then, Tim Titus hove in sight, and it had got to be almost dark, and I concluded to get on board and rest myself.

BEACON RACE COURSE—*Great Foot Match and Hurdle Race.* On Monday afternoon two exciting matches came off over the Beacon course, of which the New York Morning News gives the following account:

The Five Mile Foot race came off first, for a purse of $400—$75 to the second in the race.

The following pedestrians came up to the scratch, and toed the mark for the start:—Wm Barlow, Wm. Jackson, the American Deer, the Iroquois Indian, C. Desmond, Wm. Fowle, Peter Hutchinson, and E. Kennedy.

At the word, off they started, the Deer darting ahead like the fleet and beautiful animal after which he was named—the Indian followed close on his heels up the first quarter, but fell off a trifle on the half; Barlow followed him close, and Desmond and Fowle went on behind. They came in as follows: Jackson, Barlow, Desmond, Fowle, and Hutchinson, the three first named a short distance apart.—It was evident that the Indian and Barlow would not stand out the race. Kennedy stopped. Time, 4.55.

The second mile the Deer gained tremendously upon his competitors, and came in at a rattling pace, nearly half a quarter ahead—Desmond next, Indian next, Fowle and Hutchinson next. The Deer ran splendidly and looked very fresh, but the Indian gave evidence of being dead beat; Barlow was "no where," and "stepped." Time, 5.15.

The third mile Jackson came in nearly a quarter ahead, and it was evident that he had everything his own way, and did not hurry himself. The remaining men were evidently only contending for the second purse. They came in—Desmond, Fowle, and Hutchinson; Indian stopped. Time, 5.37.

The fourth mile the same result—Jackson coming in about 350 yards or more ahead, followed by Desmond and Fowle. Time, 5 46.

The fifth and final mile, Jackson was so far ahead that he felt perfectly easy, and upon reaching the third quarter pole he stopped and walked some distance, then trotted on again, stopped and walked, and then, with a final brush, came rattling up to the stand, in first rate order. Desmond and Fowle made a very pretty brush down the last quarter stretch, and Desmond coming in ahead took the second purse. Time of last mile 6:06. Whole time 27:39. All the men ran naked, with the exception of short drawers and thin shoes. Jackson is a queer built man, about 25 years old, and not far from 5 feet high—legs rather long in proportion to his body, and shoulders somewhat drooping forward. His gait is easy, and rapid of course, and he appears to take the very best care of himself. Gildersleeve must look to his laurels at the ten mile race.

The next, and the great feature of the day was the Hurdle race, for a purse of $400 to the first horse, and $100 to the second. Distance one mile and a quarter and repeat—four hurdles in each heat. The hurdles were a frame work, rather heavy, and about 3 feet ten inches in height, with a large, heavy bar on the top. From these a hedge fence ran to the side of the course. There was to be no distancing in the race, and any horse entered could be ridden in by any jockey. For this there were three nags entered—Mr. C. Duchesney, of Montreal, entered b. g Hops; Oscar Sweatland, late of Fort Gibson, ch. g Snip, and Alfred Conover, Snakey Heyson, a bay horse, we believe. The riders were to carry 168 pounds weight. The two first named rode their own horses, and Conover's was mounted by John Mason, brother of the celebrated English rider, James Mason, who, it was thought, would "give 'em *sonse.*"

The start was deferred beyond time, in consequence of the delay usual in making weight, &c., but at last the horses and men were started for the starting post. The excitement waxed stronger and stronger, and betting was quite lively. At last off they started, Hops taking the lead, closely followed by Snip and Snakey nearly abreast. They approach the first hurdle—over goes Snip in splendid style—on come the others—over they go nearly abreast; when, sad to relate, just as the shouts of applause were upon the lips of the spectators, Mason's horse struck the ground, threw her rider off the near side, and falling upon him, rolled and crushed him to the earth. A general shout of horror rent the air, and he was immediately surrounded and taken off the course and kindly attended to. He was bled by a physician, and after some time recovered, but for a considerable space of time it was thought he would never rise again. He was very badly hurt—severely bruised in the head and neck; some of the small bones in the left arm broken, and probably some internal injury.

Of course the attention of the mass was almost immediately fixed upon the running horses and not the dying man. On they sped—Hops cleared the hurdles in beautiful order ahead of Snip, who, however, did nobly.—Hops was some distance ahead at the last hurdle, and performed the mile and a quarter in 3.01. Some person mounted Conover's horse and rode him over the hurdles with difficulty.

At the second heat, a rare looking fellow presented himself to ride Snakey, and was made up to weight and started off with Snip and Hops for the post. Off they start again—Hops ahead and Snip close on her heels, but where is Snakey—oh! he has taken a new kink into his head and is pegging away round the wrong side of the course, and soon we see his rider thrown over his head and the horse trotting along in the field. But to return—Hops clears the first two hurdles in fine style, and Snip is in for a share—he leaves him—they are abreast—now Hops passes him again and dashes over the third hurdle. Snip takes the 3rd, but striking at a sort of half-stake pitches his rider on his head and trots along alone. Hops' rider finding he was master of the field pulled up into a trot at the three quarter pole and kept him in that gait till they reached the hurdle, when with a vigorous cut of the whip and dash of the spurs, over he went and came rattling in in 4.29, amid the shouts and huzzas of the spectators. Sweatland succeeded in catching Snip again, and rode him up to the last hurdle, at which he made a dead bolt directly against the field fence, but did not throw his daring rider, who brought him to it again, and took him over in gallant style. Duchesney is a bold, daring and dashing rider, and has a firm and elegant seat. Sweatland, too, sits his horse well, and is equally bold and daring.

ANOTHER STATEMENT. The following letter is addressed to the editor of the the U. S. Gazette:—

Sir:—Much as I deplore the publicity which has injudiciously been given to a matter entirely of a private nature, I feel compelled, in consequence of a letter from James Booth, esq., to you which was published in your paper of the 7th inst., to request of you, inasmuch as you have given publicity to the note of Judge Booth, to insert the accompanying certificate from the Rev. P. Reilly—which I hope will at once set the matter at rest in the public mind.

Your ob't servant,
WILLIAM CHASE BARNEY.

Philadelphia, July 8th, 1845.

I do hereby certify, that on the 20th of June, 1845, Wm. Chase Barney and Elizabeth Booth, (accompanied by Samuel Chase Barney) applied to be united in the bonds of matrimony, that having ascertained that the lady was over 22 years of age, and having received her full and deliberate assent to the obligations of the matrimonial contract, and the parties respectively having expressed the matrimonial consent in the English language, in the terms usual on such occasions, I performed the ceremony of marriage in the English language, between the said Wm. Chase Barney and Elizabeth Booth, in presence of the said Samuel Chase Barney.

P. REILLY,
Pastor of St. Peter's Church.

Wilmington, Del., July 8th, 1845.

A MAN KILLED. We learn that two men, Jesse Moore and a man named Spencer, entered into a controversy, on Sunday last, near Phœnixville, Chester county, Pa., as to their relative powers, and finally went out to wrestle, which resulted in a fight, and terminated in the death of Moore. Spencer was secured and taken to prison in Westchester.

THE LONDON MISSION. Mr. McLane will leave the United States by the steamer of the 16th inst. for London.

POSTSCRIPT

BY LAST NIGHT'S SOUTHERN MAIL.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION!

Dreadful Steamboat Explosion!—Great Loss of Life!—Destruction of the Marquette. A most terrible steamboat explosion occurred at New Orleans on the 1st, the melancholy particulars of which we gather from the Bee and Picayune.

As the steamer Marquette, Capt. E. A. Turpin, bound to Cincinnati, was leaving the Levee, at the foot of Gravier street, both of her boilers bursted, with a tremendous report, tearing into fragments her boiler deck and cabin as far aft as the wheel house, on the larbord side, and throwing her chimney into the river, and blowing into the air her boilers and every thing above them, and killing and wounding between 30 and 40 of the passengers and crew. Immediately after the explosion, the boat sunk to her guards at the bow, and over the floor of the ladies' cabin at the stern.

At the moment of the explosion, Capt. Turpin had just given the word to go-ahead, and was walking aft on the hurricane deck to see that her stern was clear, when after one or two revolutions of the wheels he was thrown about 10 feet in the air, and fell on the deck about the same distance aft, escaping with a slight bruise on the leg. The pilot at the wheel, Mr. Ostander, was blown, it is stated over 100 feet in the air, and fell upon the deck of the steamer Yazoo City, lying alongside, at the Levee, dislocating one of his hip joints.

The number of persons standing on the boiler deck is variously estimated at from 10 to 15, among whom were several cabin passengers—they were all blown to the height of 150 or 200 feet in the air, some with their limbs rent asunder, and all of them falling into the river, without exhibiting any signs of life, and sinking to the bottom instantly. The clerk and bar-keeper were in their rooms, which were blown overboard—their bodies have not yet been discovered.

The number of deck passengers and of the crew killed, wounded and missing, is, as near as we can ascertain, between 25 and 35. The scene presented on the lower deck was of the most heart-rending description. In one place laid a body with a head severed from it; another with both legs torn off above the knees; some with frighful wounds and gashes upon their heads and limbs—others without scarcely a particle of skin upon their bodies, from the effects of the steam and scalding water.

A lad of some 15 years of age, was thrown upon the Levee with both legs broken and badly scalded. A deck hand, by the name of Jas. Coleman, was also thrown upon the Levee with both legs blown off, and expired in a few minutes.

As soon as practicable, boats were taken along side of the wreck and the surviving passengers brought on shore, and the wounded sufferers sent to the Charity Hospital.

The following, as far as we could learn, is a list of those dead, missing and wounded:

DEAD.

Samuel Hays, first engineer, (died upon arrival at the Hospital.

James Coleman, deck hand, (both legs blown off.)

A white man, (name unknown,) whose head was completely severed from his body.

A man, (name unknown) who died on his way to the Hospital.

A deck hand, name unknown.

MISSING:

J. F. Dee, clerk, and John Orrick, bar-keeper, both from Greensborough, Ala.

—— Pawell, pilot, and

—— Hazzard, second engineer.

SCALDED AND WOUNDED:

William B. Daniels, of Massachusetts, very badly scalded.

John Hazet, Providence, (R. I.) leg broken and badly scalded.

John N. Lee, of N. York, badly scalded.

John L. Dernans, ribs broken and badly scalded.

Andrew Froy, (carpenter,) New Orleans, wife and two children. Froy was wounded on the head, though not dangerously, his wife wounded in the arm and slightly scalded, and both the children badly scalded.

Christopher Gueydan, of France, slightly scalded.

Francois Laglaise, of France, wounded in the head—not dangerously.

Bernard Osborne, (boy,) of Indiana, badly scalded.

John Grayham, (boy,) leg broken and badly scalded—dangerous.

John Milton, of New Albany, Indiana, badly scalded.

Wm. Ramsay, of Alabama, wounded on the head and slightly scalded.

Neal Harkins, of Ireland, severely hurt on the shoulder.

Hannibal, third engineer, (slave of Captain Turpin,) severely scalded.

Three persons, whose names are unknown, were badly scalded.

The above wounded were conveyed to the Charity Hospital—the greater portion of them are not expected to recover.

Mrs. McCord, Miss Lydia Page, Miss Sarah Smith and Mrs. Harriet Cook, all of Mobile; and Mrs. Elmira Lacy, of Cincinnati, cabin passengers, escaped uninjured.

The Marquette was a two boiler boat, and had been running during the past winter from Mobile up the Alabama river, in the cotton trade. She was about a year old and her boilers were supplied with "Evans' Patent Safety Valves." Her owners, Capt. Turpin and Capt. Thomas Adams, state that she is not injured in her hull.

The only freight on board was a few barrels of tar and casks of liquor.

The wreck, which, from its buoyancy floated, was towed across to the ship yard last evening, by the steamers South Western and Geneva.

The Coroner, last evening, held an inquest, at the yard of the Baronne-st. Prison, upon the bodies of James Coleman and a man, (name unknown,) two of the victims of this disastrous accident.

The Picayune says—A Mrs. Decker, and her child about nine months old, of these passengers, are known to be lost—too well known by her only son, whom she had come from New York to see, and who, in accents of wild despair, blended with deep filial feeling, proclaimed aloud his bereavement. He had just bade her farewell, and was yet standing on the wharf to obtain a last sight of her, when the explosion took place. Half crazed he jumped into the river, buffeted the water with frantic strength, and called aloud his parent's name with the vain hope that she might yet hear him But she was where no human aid could reach her! The scene was heart-rending beyond the power of language, and we have learned that the young man has since attempted to drown himself in the very bitterness and insanity of his despair.

A MASTODON. The Newark Advertiser says that an entire Mastodon skeleton has just been completed in that city, from the bones recently found in a small pond on the top of a mountain near Hackettstown, Warren county. It measures 22 feet in length, about 11 feet high, and 16 feet in girth. From the the fact that the bones of six of the huge animals were found embedded together in the deposite of a pond on the highest grounds of the State, evidently of different ages, from the calf up, the proprietors conjecture that they perished there in the Flood. One of the skeletons crumbled to pieces when first exposed to the air; parts of the other five are preserved. The one that has been carefully put together is very nearly perfect, and presents a striking idea of the huge dimensions of that great monster of the animal world, which probably became extinct in the general Deluge.

HEMP. Maysville, in Kentucky, is becoming an important hemp market. The total receipts of the article there during the first half of the present year amounted to 3,500 tons.—One house in Maysville, shipped a few days since on board two steamboats, 938 bales of hemp.

OLD FASHIONED MAN. An English paper states that an individual attends church at Spalding regularly, wearing a coat that has seen forty years service, a pair of shoes on his feet which he has worn fifteen years, and a hat of the age of seventeen years.

COFFINS AT AUCTION. Some Yankee who had made up a lot of coffins, expecting an unusual number of deaths during last winter in Hartford, Conn., has been disappointed and he sold them at auction a few days since. The bidding was not animated—nobody was in the spirit for such a speculation—ten dollar coffins sold for one.

STATE OF THINGS AT BUENOS AYRES. It appears by the British Packet of the 3d of May, that the British government have determined to settle the affairs in the Rio Plata. To begin, Com. Purvis has been recalled, and Rear Admiral Inglefield appointed to the command of the squadron.

SECRETARY OF LEGATION. It appears that Gansevoort Melville, of N. York, and not J. Randolph Clay, has been selected as the Secretary of Legation to England, under Mr. McLane.

MURDER IN HARTFORD. A man was picked up in the river at Hartford, on Sunday morning, named Whitney, from Cabotville, Mass., who, it is thought, has been murdered. A man named White has been arrested, charged with the crime.

WISCONSIN. The Democratic Territorial Convention which assembled at Madison on the 26th ult, nominated the Hon. Morgan L. Martin, of the county of Brown, as the candidate for the delegacy to succeed Gov. Dodge.

GREAT SPEED. On Thursday last the steamboat Cohansey arrived at Philadelphia from Bridgeton, New Jersey, a distance of about 100 miles, in the space of six hours.

MURDERER ARRESTED. Soloman Kenday has been arrested in New York, on the charge of murdering Mrs. Mary Ann Coddington, of 98 Pitt st., by throwing her overboard from a small boat.

PHŒNIX BANK CASE. Wm. Wyman was arraigned before the Court at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday. He gave bonds in the sum of $50,000 for his appearance for trial in Lowell in October.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION. On the Fourth, 2300 children from Springfield, Mass., took the cars and proceeded to Chester, where the day was spent in the most rational manner, by a pic nic in the woods.

CONVICTION FOR ARSON. Andrew Anderson was tried in Philadelphia, on Tuesday, for wilfully setting fire to the Bible Christians' Church, in Charlotte-st., Kensington.

NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE. The New Hampshire Legislature adjourned on Thursday morning, July 3d, at half past 6 o'clock, A. M. after a session of 30 days, during which time they passed 60 acts, 34 resolutions and one address—in all 95.

SING SING PRISON, NEW YORK. The whole number of convicts in the two prisons is 906; males 834, females 72.

YANKEE SHOWER BATHS!
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jy1

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CURED IN FROM 1 TO 3 DAYS or NO CHARGE MADE. Apply to DR. JOHNST ON 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 destroyed, 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. f15

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 9½ 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 9 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,	8
do	do	to Weldon, N. C.	9
do	do	to Charleston, S. C.	21

apl7-tf T. SHEPPARD, Agent,

SEA BATHING,
AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

This well known, delightful and healthy establishment has been much improved by extensive buildings, Bath House, &c., so as to accommodate a large number of visiters. In order to induce all who are disposed to visit this superior *Emporium of Health*, and pleasure recreation, the BALTIMORE STEAM PACKET COMPANY have put the passage and fare, there and back, at a very low price, by their superior Steamboats

GEORGIA, Capt. COFFEE, and
HERALD, Capt. RUSSELL,

Leaving Baltimore on alternate days (except Sundays) at 4 o'clock, P. M.; will land and take off passengers daily at Old Point Comfort, on their trips to Norfolk and back to Baltimore.

Passage and fare to Old Point, only $6
Passage and fare to Old Point and back to Balt. 8
☞ Return Tickets must be endorsed by the Hotel-keeper, to ensure passage up by either boat.

je6-d T. SHEPPARD, Agent.

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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 Packet Office, Spear's wharf, Baltimore. Apply to
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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 Annapolis 75 cts. To West River $1.

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