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THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN & BALTIMORE DAILY CLIPPER is printed for subscribers, at the office of the publishers, at No. 134 Baltimore street, at the rate of *four dollars per year*—*payable in advance*. The *Clipper* will also be sent, by mail, to distant subscribers, at the rate of *four dollars per year*—*payable 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.
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THE SWEET TO DREAM.
The sweet to dream:—Then comes of other years
Come streaming over us with a shadowy cast,
Till in the distance still more bright appears,
Each moment past!
The sweet to dream! Then voices long since hushed
In death's eternal sleep, speak again;
And come to glad the heart so lone and crushed
With a faint strain.
The sweet to dream! Fall off the wanderer's rest
Is brightened by a vision of his home,
Who vows, while to his own each lip is prest,
No more to roam!
The sweet to dream! The prisoner man of crime
Is once more joyous, innocent and free!
But drops, when awakened by some midnight chime,
With a faint strain.
Mysterious sleep! While wrapt in thy embrace
The weary frame reposes, busy thought,
With each the whirlwind's speed, o'er time and space
Hath many treasures brought.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.
By H. MATTHEW.
"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."
A few weeks ago I was strolling through the suburbs of—, I was willing to one of the most painful and extraordinary scenes that ever came under my notice. I reached a gloomy and deserted part of the town, where I observed a small brick house standing alone on an open space or lot. It was removed several hundred yards from any other building. A narrow street passed along by the door; as I continued my way I observed a young woman with rather a pleasing exterior, coming at full speed in an opposite direction. She was closely pursued by a young man of respectable appearance, who followed her into the house. She was evidently much frightened, while he, by the fiendish expression of his countenance, was resolved on some brutal or desperate act. Scarcely had they disappeared, when a succession of screams were heard, and an elderly woman hurried into the street, exclaiming in an Irish accent—
"He's murtherin my daughter! he's murtherin my daughter!"
I rushed immediately into the house: there indeed was the young woman stretched upon the floor; the brutal wretch had planted his knee upon her chest, and was beating her most unmercifully. With one blow I leveled him to the dust. She arose from her feet, but being much exhausted, she threw herself upon a chair.
"Don't hurt him," said she in a voice of entreaty, "don't hurt him—he is my husband."
The ruffian thus amiable designated soon recovered; he did not offer me any violence; on the contrary, he shrank abashed into a corner of the room, without uttering a syllable.
"What do you mean by this conduct," I inquired.
"The woman I have beaten," said he, with the accent, in a slight degree, of an Irishman, "is my wife—and I'll tell you the God's truth about it. You must know, sir, that we were married only six months ago, and never were there a happier pair than Rose and myself—for she was a jewel of a girl—and when I came home at night she would receive me with open arms, and I thought there was no one else could love half so well as her poor Vernon—but"
and he paused to wipe away the large drops of perspiration which had collected upon his brow, "but she has deceived me, she has been false to me."
"False to you?" interrupted his wife, springing suddenly to her feet with a look of scorn and indignation. "False to you, Vernon? No, never, as there is God to judge me."
"Peace, peace!" returned her husband; "you may speak, Rose, when I have finished. The gentleman asks why I have hited my hand to a woman, and I must answer the question—Well, sir," he continued, turning to me, "I had a reason to be suspicious of my wife, and it made a devil of me. There was no lamp-light in her eyes; she slept neither night nor day, and the blood in his veins was hot, burning, and a stream of fire. And the cause of all this, sir, was a young man who came into the neighborhood to live. He was considered handsome, and generally admired by the women. It was reported that my wife was in the habit of meeting the young stranger in private. I charged her with it, but she denied it, and said it was a slander invented by the neighbors to injure her, and I—fool that I was—I believed it; but still I was not satisfied—that is, there was a doubt upon my mind, and as I lay in bed one night there was something whispered that my wife was guilty, and I got up and felt for my knife, but as I held the blade over her, the thought struck me that she might, after all, be innocent, and then it occurred to me what a dreadful thing it would be to murder my poor Rose, wicked as she might be; and so I stretched myself again upon the bed, without closing my eyes the living night. Well, sir, my suspicions are confirmed now. As I was returning home a few moments ago, I accidentally discovered Rose and the young man standing among a cluster of trees, just back of the house there, and—heaven and earth! I saw it with my own eyes—he took her by the hand and several times kissed her. I stole through the long grass and weeds as softly as I could, for I intended to kill them both on the spot, but they saw me and fled, Rose to the house and the young man to the fields."

The husband here paused, as if anxious to hear what his wife would say in reply. By this time she was calm and subdued, and had sunk almost insensate in her chair. Her dark eyes were filled with tears—so silent and sorrowful did she appear—at length she raised them to her husband's face with an expression of the keenest anguish.
"Your words are true," said she, in a plaintive tone, "but I am not yet to be condemned. The young man you speak of—it would be useless longer to conceal the truth—the young man is dear to me, very dear; and as she speaks the brow of her husband darkened, and

he involuntarily clenched his fists. "Vernon," she continued, without appearing to notice his violent emotions—"do you remember that you once had a brother secretly murdered?"
"I do," was the quick response.
"I do," was the quick response.
"How often have I heard you swear, Vernon," added the wife, "that you would be the death of the assassin, if he were ever to cross your path?"
"And may the devil blast me if I would not," replied the infuriated husband.
"Then the blood of a precious youth would be upon your hands," said she warmly.—"Listen to me, Vernon. The secret of your brother's death is in my possession; and I knew it not until after we were married. And what could I do but make you happy, if it was in my power to do so? No, no! I did not wish to make you a murderer, and see you strung upon the gallows; I had grief enough to weigh upon me without that, and so I kept the secret. But I must out with it now; the time has come when the mystery must be explained. The murderer, if so harsh a term must be used, is a noble and high-spirited youth. He struck down his adversary in the heat of passion, as your self would have done, Vernon; but when he saw the rash act, when he found that he had deprived a fellow-being of life, he shed the tears of bitterness; ay, and he fled, that he might avoid a felon's death. But he has returned now, just returned, and he is whoose lips you saw pressed to mine, for it was a parting—a farewell kiss."
The husband could no longer control his anger, and giving vent to expressions which we cannot repeat, demanded of his wife if she was base enough to confess her guilt.
"Hear me," said Rose, in a firm, resolute voice. "You must know who the young man is."
"A fiend! a devil!" cried Vernon. "Is it not so?"
"Swear that you will offer him no harm," entreated the wife, wringing her hands in fear and anguish.
"That would be perjury," answered the husband.
"You will not murder him!" wildly exclaimed the wife. "No, no; I think you will not, Vernon, only swear!"
"If it was to prove your innocence, Rose, I would swear to any thing."
"It is to prove my innocence," added the wife, in an earnest and impassioned tone, "only swear."
"I do!"
"Know you, then," said Rose, with a tremulous voice, "that the young man is my brother?"
"Your brother?" repeated he, in a quick, animated tone.
"Ay, and tell me if there was pollution in his touch? No, no, Vernon—I know you will forgive him. I betrayed him; but it was that you might not think me a wanton."
Shakespeare, as every body is probably aware, discourses of jealousy as
"The green-eyed monster which doth make
The neat it feeds on."
Such is the monster we have endeavored to delineate; and it is to be hoped that the reader will not dismiss our story, without reflecting that it contains a moral.

THE FUGITIVES FROM THE WAXHAW.
The Union of Friday publishes a very interesting paper from a gentleman of North Carolina, whom it vouches for as a gentleman of high intelligence and taste, relating some conversations about revolutionary men and things, with an old lady of that State, aged eighty-five, who is called "Aunt Suzy." The following extract will sufficiently recommend itself to our readers without further preface:
Upon one occasion, when she was indisposed, I recommended the use of rice boiled in milk, as a diet well adapted to her age and complaint. At the same time, mentioned an anecdote I had heard—that when General Jackson was in Philadelphia, he sat down with a large company to a sumptuous dinner provided for him, and occasioned some surprise and delay by unexpectedly asking for boiled rice and milk.
From this observation I derived the following account of
THE FUGITIVES FROM THE WAXHAW.
"The Jacksons!" cried the old lady; "oh! I mind And his mother, well; and I have no doubt he would mind me, too!"
"He and his mother, (Aunt Betty, we called her—her name was Elizabeth,) her sister and brother-in-law, (John McKamy,) and a black girl, named Charlotte, with several horses, fled before the British, from the Waxhaws, and came to reside at my father's house. They told us they just come in to stay under our roof; and we just told them to stay.
"My husband was in arms; and we all foregathered at my father's for convenience. And Jackson and his mother came up from the Waxhaws about six weeks before the British came to Charlotte. The old woman lamented very much, every now and then, about things being left in such desolation at home. She acknowledged she did think of the leeks and onion of Egypt!
"She was a fresh-looking, fair-haired, very conversive old Irish lady, at a dreadful enmity with the Indians! I thought her eldest son was killed by them. They did lament about their son and brother. They took great spells of mourning about him. And was her youngest child. He was a tall young fellow, about eleven or twelve years of age. He was a lank, leaning-forward fellow, tall of his age, and a poor, gripy-looking fellow; but with a large forehead, and big eyes. He never was pretty, but there was something very agreeable about him. I thought him a mighty good boy—very cheerful, observing, and trying to improve.
"And was dressed in homespun, like we all were. They did go in coarse fare during the revolution, but, indeed, one man then, was worth two men now, generally speaking."
"They were beautiful, unfeared men; but there are some much more ignorant now!"
"I would have broke my heart if I had not known how to read. It is a terrible loss not to know how to read. It is a comfort to me this day, as it was then."
"And was an independent boy in his manner, and had good sense. I considered he would make a fine man then."
"But, dear me! I have heard stories enough of Ande Jackson to fill a book; but I never liked to believe them, for he was a good boy! and very fond of his mother!"
"His mother could not be idle. She could spin flax beautiful. We had no cotton then."

She was the busiest that could be, as if she was working for wages; but there was no price no charge, either upon work or victuals in those days.
"Every one did whatever they could turn their hand to. She spun us heddle-yarn for weaving cloth, and the best and finest I ever saw."
"They were very anxious about home—I mean she was. He never fretted—was quite happy, like another boy. His mother moaned about home, as any other old body would; but, while she, she would be very cheerful."
"It was a time of great trials."
"She did think a dreadful deal of that son Ande, who was her all!"
"Ande and I tended the farm. His mother allowed him to work at every thing he would, and he was very willing."
"We had a large new field, just cleared, planted in corn and pumpkins. Ande and I had the greatest time to keep up the fences, to keep the hogs out."
"For the horsemen—the flying infantry, as they were called—were always riding about, and would throw down the fences, without ever stopping to put them up again."
"They would never go round a road—being always in a hurry!"
"Ande would cut up pumpkins and feed that cow; and he liked to look at her eating! We fed her beautifully, and she gave plenty of milk."
"The Jacksons had rode up on horses that were kept in a back pasture field, well out of sight."
"Ande made hoes and arrows, and shot birds about. There were many birds about in those days—snipes, partridges, and wild turkeys. He had a great idea of some military business."
"I like to see a big forehead and large eyes when I want to see a martial man."
"Ande could not well be idle. He used to carry my baby about, and nurse it bravely. He was very willing to do so."
"It was in peach and water melon time they were here. We got a good deal of support out of the corn field. We were well off. We were not very nice. Our wants were not so many, and were the easier supplied."
"We had continental and convention money plenty; but it was very light. Some of the big folks issued their own paper for small sums, for change, payable in one year; but a great deal of it never came back to be paid. People were not anxious about money. Money was a small matter in those days. Nothing attracted their attention but liberty. That was their whole object."
"My biggest brothers had gone to the war. My husband was in the army; and I had my first baby in my arms. My mother was heavy footed at the time—far gone with her last infant; but she could take care of my child."
"Ande and I spread flax, watered, and gathered it. We had no cotton at all. He and I packed away the flax in the loft."
"The people hid all their boys, for fear the British would take them off. The men were all gone to the army; and even the women into remote settlements, to be out of the way of the British—such a character had come from the lower country of their outrageous acts."
"I had no idea of going away. I never was afraid, thank God! My mother was too heavy-footed to go, and I had to stay with her."
"But the British were often sore belied, in my notion. It was the tories did the most mischief."
"The Hessians were exactly heathens! The British told them they must fight to the death; for, if the Americans took them prisoners, they would eat them!"
"But it must be said, to the credit of the Americans, they never abused a prisoner yet—unless it was now and then to tar and feather a Tory. This neither broke their bones, nor scalded their heads, but kept them busy getting it off them; and I thought no harm of that at all."
"The Jacksons got round and went home behind the British, as they came to Charlotte."

Aunt Suzy lives in the very field from which she and "Ande" gathered the pumpkins.—There is not a pane of glass in her log cabin; and in all weather, when she is at home, one of the doors is open. She is active, frugal, and happy, and takes a hearty interest in everything of public or private importance.
In her costume, she exhibits the character of the olden time. The made in which she laces up her dress behind, to avoid the mud, is more attractive to me than a permanent bustle. There is honesty in the patch of her scarlet petticoat, and thrift in the way in which the gown is drawn through the pocket holes. The walls and shelves of her house are ornamented with dresses of her own making; and the only approach to change I observed was a stamped border upon one of her flannel under dresses, which she laughed at, and said had been done to encourage some wandering calico printer!
The pig sheaved from the snow storm has grown up to be a greedy sow; and, as the old lady was carrying a piggion of swill through the bars, the impatient creature knocked her down, and seriously injured her. But her constitution is so good, she recovered rapidly, and she thinks some even begrudge her good health.—Children take to her intuitively, and no greater treat can be offered to mine than a visit to Aunt Suzy.

THE FISHERIES. The Salem Gazette says, Fish are remarkably plenty in that vicinity, and large quantities are daily taken by amateur sportsmen, as well as by the regular fishermen. Mackerel, in particular, were never so plenty this season of the year. A Boston party on the afternoon of July 4th, at Swampscott, caught in three hours, by four ladies, 90 mackerel, by two gentlemen 660 do.; besides four haddock, 2 rock cod, 3 pollocks, 1 sculpin—760 in the whole. The Gloucester Telegraph states that for a few days past, the harbor of that place has been filled with mackerel, and on Monday about four hundred barrels, it is estimated, were taken in seines, vessels, boats and on the wharves. Upward of a hundred barrels were taken in a seine at one haul.

NAVAL. The U. S. schr. On-ka-hye, Lt. Com. Sinclair, from Chagres, via Cartagena, Vera Cruz, and Havana, six days from the latter, was towed up from Hampton Roads on Monday morning by the U. S. steamer Engineer.

DICKINSON COLLEGE. At the annual commencement of Dickinson College, held on Thursday, July 10th, 1845, the following degrees were conferred:
The degree of A. B. upon Wm. Dowland Agnew, John Hays Blair, John Carson, James Wallace Duncan, Joseph Dwyer, Jas. R. Finch, George Willis Foulke, James Hiddle Gordon, John Gracey, Samuel Henry Griffith, Robert Miller Henderson, David Knox, Robt. Samuel Macley, John McClure, Joseph Bonson McEnally, John Horace Stevens, Charles Henderson Stinson, Isaac Newton Umer—Members of the Senior Class of 1845.
The degree of A. M. in course, was conferred upon Alex. Bevin Anderson, Richd. Ridgely Butte, Benj. F. Brooke, Jonathan E. Brinker, William Rufus Crorey, John R. Pattison, Charles P. Wilkins.
The Board also elected Spencer F. Baird, A. M., Professor of Natural History and Curator of the Museum. Mr. Baird is a graduate of the College, and has devoted himself with great success to the subjects belonging to the departments which he is to fill.
The following gentlemen were chosen to fill vacancies in the Board of Trustees, viz: Rev. Dr. Durbin, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Hay, Esq. of Winslow, N. J.; Rev. S. A. Roszel, of Baltimore; J. Armistead Carter, Esq., of London county, Va.; David Creamer, Esq., of Baltimore, and Thomas Brown, Esq., of Georgetown, D. C.

Measures will be taken during the ensuing year for the erection of a new and commodious building for the Library, Society Halls, and Museum. The next session of the College will commence on the 10th of September.
CONVENTION AT MEMPHIS. A convention of delegates from Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Illinois and Western Pennsylvania, assembled at Memphis, Tenn., on the 4th inst., to take into consideration the affairs of the Western and South Western States, but in consequence of there being but a partial attendance of delegates, an adjournment took place until the 12th of November next. Committees were appointed on the following subjects to report at the adjourned meeting:
1. On the Military and Naval resources of the Mississippi Valley, and its ability to sustain a Steam Military Machine.
2. On the improvement of the Ohio river; and on the subject of a Free Canal at the falls of Ohio.
3. On the improvement of the Mississippi river and its tributaries.
4. On the Western National Army.
5. On a National Canal, to connect the Mississippi with the Northern Lakes.
6. On Mail Routes on the Western rivers.
7. On a Military Road through the Public Lands in the South West.
8. On reclaiming the submerged grounds along the margins of the Western rivers.
9. On the growth of Cotton.
10. On Manufacturing at the South.
11. On the completion of the Railroad from Charleston to Memphis.
The Committee on the 2d resolution are T. J. Bigham and Josiah King, of Pittsburgh; Jas. Hall, of Cincinnati; Chas. M. Strader, of Louisville, and Faxon, of New Albany.

GOVERNMENT POSTAGE. The postage bill of the Department at Washington, for nine days, was \$15,724 25 cents, paid upon \$6,048 lbs. 13 oz. of matter. This large sum, says the Union, charged to the Department during the first nine days of this month, is exclusive of the voluminous correspondence of the Post Master General, and the three Assistant Post Master Generals, and the Auditor. According to the new law, the department falls upon the Treasury of the United States for the means of payment, in case its revenue falls short.

FIRE AT PITTSBURG. We learn from the Pittsburg Chronicle that a fire broke out about 12 o'clock on Saturday, in a carpenter's shop on Wylie street, the property of Mr. Shore.—Before the progress of the flames could be arrested, they had communicated to a frame dwelling adjoining, occupied by two families. The shop was entirely consumed; the dwelling nearly so. The fire originated through the carelessness of one of the workmen, in throwing a match with which he had lighted a cigar, among some shavings. Mr. Shore's loss is estimated at \$200.

SET 'EM UP. The New York Spirit of the Times says: "A queer game, who designates himself as the 'Boston Squibb,' and answers to no well known questions, made a roll at the intellectual game of ten-pins, that takes the wind out of the sails of 'the Javelin;' and shakes the whole frame of 'York's Tall Son.' He made 9 on the first, a spare on the second, then 8 ten strikes, with 8 on his last ball. The count stands thus—9—29—59—89—119—149—179—209—239—267."

HAY. The crop of grass in the most part of Washington Co. Md., says the Odd Fellow, was exceedingly short this year. Most of the farmers did not make as much as they needed for their own consumption, and consequently those depending upon the market will be disappointed. It is selling, (by those who chanced to have it for sale,) at 9 and 11 dollars per ton.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED. Two men named Hanna and Walker, were arrested at Cadiz, in Harrison county, Ohio, a few days since, charged with passing three dollar counterfeit notes on the bank of Louisville, Ky.

SUN STRUCK. A mason at work on a building in New York, on Monday, fell dead from the effects of the heat of the sun. A driver of one of the Broadway omnibuses also fell senseless from the same cause, but soon recovered.

FIRE AT PHILADELPHIA. The soap and chandler establishment of Daniel Mackin, in Sixth st., with about 7000 pounds of soap, was consumed on Sunday night. Loss \$10,000, and no insurance.

OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY. THREE O'CLOCK LINE TO PHILADELPHIA. SUPPLY PASSENGERS TO PHILADELPHIA. ONLY ONE DOLLAR. ROUND TRIP \$1.00. Leave at 3 o'clock, P.M. Baltimore. Arrive at 3 o'clock, P.M. Philadelphia. Meas 25 cents. No charge for baggage. Through without change of cars or baggage.
The new and splendid steamboats ROBERT F. STOCKTON, Capt. Layman, and EXPRESS, Capt. Winkler, will leave No. 3 Light street wharf alternately EVERY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, arriving at Philadelphia morning in time to connect with the New York Line. For freight or passage apply to E. G. HARRIS, Agent, No. 3 Light st. wharf.

SEA BATHING—FOR CAPE MAY. BALTIMORE AND PHILADELPHIA STEAMBOAT COMPANY. On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3 o'clock, P.M. from No. 3 LIGHT STREET WHARF, connecting with steamer Napoleon, the following morning, arriving at Cape May at 6 o'clock, A.M.
Passengers leaving on Saturday, at 3 o'clock, P.M. will take the Boat at Philadelphia, on Monday morning at 6 o'clock, A.M.
The new and splendid Steamer NAPOLEON has been fitted up with a comfortable cabin for sea service, having a new boiler placed below, which is not the case with any other boat running to the Cape, and especially for this route. The services of an experienced Pilot have been secured, and no exertion will be spared to give comfort to passengers.
For passage, apply to E. G. HARRIS, Agent, No. 3 Light street.

GREAT REDUCTION OF FARE. AN 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 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 extent: Through tickets from Baltimore to Richmond, \$5.00 do do do Petersburg, 5.50 do do do do Weldon, 5.50 do do do do Norfolk, 6.00 do do do do New Orleans, 15.50
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 Cars from the South, and perform the trip in 4 or 5 days, passengers will reach Baltimore or Washington nearly or quite as early by this conveyance as by the Railroad, 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 Steamer at Washington, free of any extra charge, and reach Richmond or any point south of it, 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 further information, apply at the Stage Office, opposite the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Depot, Pratt-street, near the Green House, and two doors west of Whittam's Hotel. JACOB PETERS & CO. ap29-17

BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHY EXCURSION TO NORFOLK, OLD POINT COMFORT, CAPE HENRY AND BACK TO BALTIMORE. By the Baltimore Steam Packet Company's superior and comfortable steamboat GEORGIA, Capt. COFFEY, and HERALD, Capt. Russell, leaving Baltimore every FRIDAY, at 4 o'clock, P.M. and return Monday following, leaving Norfolk every FRIDAY, at 4 o'clock, P.M. and return Baltimore every Saturday afternoon, on an excursion to Cape Henry, and may be left at Old Point Comfort, where the Baltimore boat will call for them on Monday afternoon for Baltimore.
As this excursion is so beneficial to invalids by getting the sea breeze and advantage of salt water baths, many who cannot leave their homes for a short time, will find this trip of much advantage.
Fare and fare for the round trip will be made at a moderate price by applying to J. SHEPPARD, Agent, No. 3 Light street.

FOR WHITE HAVEN AND PONGTEAGUE. (Accommodating Steamboat.) Superior and comfortable steamboat THOMAS JEFFERSON, Capt. ROBERT M. HILL, will leave the INTER-CITY PRATT and Light street wharves on THURSDAY MORNING NEXT, at 4 o'clock, for the above places, touching at White Haven both going and returning, and reaching Pongteague early on the same evening. Returning she will leave the latter wharf on the following Saturday, at 8 o'clock, A.M., for Baltimore.
Fare and fare for the round trip will be made at a moderate price by applying to J. SHEPPARD, Agent, No. 3 Light street.

FOR CHESTERTOWN AND CENTREVILLE. The steamer MA MONDAY MORNING will leave Baltimore on every MONDAY MORNING, at 6 o'clock, for the above places, starting from the lower end of Dugan's wharf, and return in the afternoon.
Persons having business in Centreville will have ample time to accomplish it, and return in the boat the same day. And all persons going over and returning the same trip, will only be charged \$1.
L. G. TAYLOR, Master.

FOR ANNAPOLIS, CAMBRIDGE, BRIDGE AND EASTON. The fine steamer MARYLAND will leave Baltimore on every THURSDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 7 o'clock, for the places above named, starting from the lower end of Dugan's wharf, and return on Wednesdays and Saturdays. L. G. TAYLOR.

WEEK AT THE PRICES. The Auction Goods, and now offers great inducements to buyers. Large White Spreads only \$1.25. Barges at 12 cents, a very cheap lot. Calicoes 61, 10 and 12; Muscadin de Laines 16 cents. Damaged Muslin 4 cts. yard; Boys' wear only 12 cts. Black Cambric 61, 8 and 10 cts. Corded Stripes 37 cts. Parasols \$1 to \$1.50. Sun Shades 27 and 30 cts. Linen Towels, 3 for 25; fine light Kid Gloves, 25 and 37 cts. 7-4 1/2 Cotton Spread Cloth only 25 cents. Bonnet Ribbons at 25, 30 and 40 cents yard. Pongee Silk Hdkts only 37 cts. and 40 cts. Pins 5c. Boys' Pocket Hdkts 6 cts.; yard wide Muslins 6c. And many other bargains at the same prices.
HAYWARDS CHEAP STORE. No. 25 Howard st., 3d door from Fayette.

JELLY STRAINERS. Families making Currant and other Jellies at this season, would do well to have one of my Jelly strainers, which are the most convenient articles for that purpose that can be had. No. 335 Baltimore street, second Tin store above Howard-st.

TRAVELLING DRESSES. We have just received an assortment of articles for Travelling Dresses, viz: ALPACAS, superines, greens, slates, lawn, drab, &c. Grey Pongee; brownies 4 1/2 Brown Linen; French Merinos; plain Mouslines, &c. A lot of cheap Waxed Plaid, for bathing dresses. Silk Oil Cloth, for Caps. A large lot of large heavy WOOLEN SHAWLS (cheap) for travelling. Beautiful new style Chemisets; French Collars, &c. Towel Sticks, Muslin Goggles, &c. HAMILTON BROTHER & CO. 303 Baltimore street.

FANS. We have on hand an assortment of Paper Folding FANS, which we will sell low for close. FRED'K FIOREY & SONS, 290 Baltimore street.

SECRET DISEASE CURED IN FROM 1 TO 3 DAYS OR NO CHARGE. A CERTAIN DISEASE OF THE LOCK HOSPITAL, North Frederick street, Two Doors from Baltimore street, where may be obtained the most speedy remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Stinking Urine, Whites, Hemorrhoids, affections of the Kidneys, and every other symptom of A CERTAIN DISEASE.
How terrible is even the contemplation of the ravages of this disease, when from neglect to consult a skillful physician, or from ignorant and improper treatment, 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 face, and extraneous progress 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 draws 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 long considered incurable, and has harrowed 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 by immediately to Dr. Johnson, who stands ready to relieve them and from his extensive practice in the first Hospital of Europe and America, he guarantees a speedy cure, no matter how bad the case may be. Dr. JOHNSON 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, and through an ardent desire to benefit his fellow creatures, to pour into the good Samaritan, oil into their wounds, and particularly to relieve those who suffer from a disease for which the world feels no pity.—It is proper here to observe that Dr. JOHNSON 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, and through an ardent desire to benefit his fellow creatures, to pour into the good Samaritan, oil into their wounds, and particularly to relieve those who suffer from a disease for which the world feels no pity.—It is proper here to observe that Dr. JOHNSON 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, and through an ardent 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