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[For the Baltimore Clipper.]  
**OCTOBER MUSINGS.**

BY SAMUEL H. ELLIS.  
The days are melancholy now,  
There's sadness in the sky,  
And the breeze, ere waftings heard,  
Of flowers doomed to die.  
The little hills, that wore a crown,  
Of gladness, on each brow,  
Looking so cheerful, and so green,  
Have lost their freshness now.  
How desolate the wood will be,  
When every bird has fled,  
And leaves that once had hues so bright,  
Lie in the valley dead.  
We'll tread the broad, deep aisles and hear,  
The woodman's axe resound  
Bringing with blows, the monarch oak,  
All trophies to the ground.  
The bonny redrears from the hedge,  
Sings still at dawn of day,  
Her tales of love, as sweetly now,  
As when the wood was gay.  
Her plaintive voice, oft woo's us back;  
Like some bewitching strain,  
To happier days, that never can  
Return to us again.  
The dahlia too, so fine and proud,  
Now with its golden crests,  
Must shortly feel, the cold winds blow  
And wither with the frost.  
So earthly hopes, all dazzling fair,  
They gild the heart with cheer,  
Shine for a while, bright as a star,  
Then quickly disappear.  
But there's a gem, that time nor change,  
One single hue can brighten,  
The sea-shell come and go, it still  
Shines on, with pure light.  
Religion—it fits the soul with love,  
From founts that never dry,  
And leads it wings, of perfume too,  
To flutter through the sky.  
Fountain Place, 1846.

**FURTHER NEWS FROM THE ARMY.**

**INTERESTING LETTER FROM CAPT. STEWART'S COMPANY—GALLANT DEEDS PERFORMED BY THE BALTIMOREANS—LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED, &c.**

The following interesting letter is from an intelligent officer attached to Capt. Stewart's company, and gives some particulars of events not heretofore known.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Clipper.]

MONTEREY, Mexico, Sept. 29, 1846.

Gentlemen:—After a march of 17 days from Camargo, General Taylor's former headquarters, the American Army came within sight of Monterey on the 19th. The highly picturesque appearance of the city, situated as it is, at the base of a chain of mountains reaching to the clouds, almost perpendicularly in its rear, and flanking it on its right and left with defences, heretofore considered impregnable, was heightened by the many stories so fondly uttered by every patriotic "Mexicano," of the bravery of its former defenders, and when within a mile of its five forts, its Bishops Palace and Cathedral, armed with heavy ordnance, we understood that our Commander in Chief came very near being killed by the first discharge of heavy round shot. The countenances of our men brightened up, believing that we were immediately to engage our long sought enemy. Our Commander in Chief, however, immediately ordered a counter-march, and we retired about three miles from the city, over a level plain, and encamped.

Sunday night, the 20th, our Battalion, in company with others, were ordered down near the city to cover our men engaged in erecting batteries for our mortars, and which duty was promptly performed without serious difficulty. In the mean time, a Mexican had been taken under very suspicious circumstances, and who feigned intoxication. Prompt and energetic means were immediately taken to gain information from him, when strange to say, considering himself "extreme," and valuing his head more than his country, he promised to lead the American Army, by a secret passage, to the rear of the town. Judge of the enemy's alarm and surprise to find General Worth with two Brigades, early Monday morning, the ever memorable 21st of September, attacking them in the rear by the Satillo road, while the great body of the American Army were assaulting them at every point in an opposite direction.

Our little Battalion were ordered to approach the city at the South east or lower end, defended by three forts, a ten-yard armed equally formidable, a distillery dotted with Infantry, Riflemen, and four pounders, while the yards were crammed with lancers. The word "charge" was given after we had stood their fire about five minutes, and onward we rushed with a shout that rankled the foe, for he poured into and over us a constant stream of bomb, round shot, canister, grape, musket balls and esquettes. We could see the large shot plainly, and kept a bright look out for them, rushing on to the fort like devils, without any support from Artillery whatever, some even without bayonets, rushing up to walls fifteen to twenty feet high and five foot thick, with a ditch around them ten or fifteen feet deep.— Soon to our surprise, when within a few feet of the fort, and when many of our men and others had been wounded, we heard "Battalion by the right-flank and file-left" away we rushed between two forts into the teeth of another down town, every house and street of which was barricaded and fortified.

Our Battalion Colour Sergeant had the good right arm, which clasped the Stars and Stripes, shot away. The orderly of C company had his head blow fifty or fifty feet high in the air, and many a brave fellow either bit the dust or now bears honorable marks of his prowess on that day upon his person. Twice we charged down town—Col. Watson, with the most undaunted bravery, leading on and encouraging his men, was repeatedly urged to be more prudent, but no, his eye beaming with patriotic enthusiasm, his bosom swelling with pride, as

he glanced at his men, his arm extended sword in hand, pointing to the enemy, he refused to retire from town until we had made two ineffectual charges on the "placa" and other parts of the town. Then the 3d Infantry and Artillery had all retired in a rapid retreat, and I do not think there was more than ten feet of the lane that was not dotted with blood. I was at the Colonel's side several times during the day, although in the "molee," regulars, Baltimoreans, Tennesseans and Mississippians and the brave sons of Ohio, had all been mixed in one general Brigade, horse, foot and dragoons, trying to cut each other.

The Colonel turned to me, and said with a smile of triumph, as we were about to charge again on the first fort taken from the enemy, "Who will dare say hereafter, volunteers cannot be depended on in any fight?" He fell soon afterwards mortally wounded, and died in three minutes, without uttering a word, and lies buried with two others, near the south-eastern fort. Capt. Boyd was reported to have fallen early in the action, but I saw him and Captain Kenly afterwards, urging their men and others into action with the greatest bravery; and although it was impossible for any particular commander to keep any number of his own men together in a pell mell charge upon a town, yet the presence and bravery of our commissioned officers encouraged them, and aided materially, in bringing the action to a glorious issue.

The gallant Capt. Stewart, notwithstanding the serious illness, from which he had scarcely recovered, left him very weak, rushed into the very jaws of death, and coolly and unwaveringly encouraged those around him, to remember they were Americans, and when the retreat had been sounded, and the lancers turned out to charge the retreating Americans and lance their wounded, he made a brilliant stand with some of his own men and a number of Kentuckians, killing an officer with his own hand, and causing the balance of the murdering villains to make for their stone walls. On the death of Col. Watson, (having been mainly instrumental in raising the battalion), seniority, he took command of the battalion, every captain having requested Gen. Taylor to appoint him in writing. At a meeting of the officers next day, however, strange to say, four officers, all of company E, Capt. Kenly wished to have a Colonel of the regular army appointed over them. The other twenty officers loudly remonstrated against such an act of injustice and most unaccountable preference after the proceedings of the former day, and threatened to throw up their commissions, if such an idea was seriously entertained. Governor Pratt will not respond to the unanimous wishes of the officers and men, with the above exception, by forwarding his commission. Captain Bronaugh's company, from Washington, was camp guard, and Lieut. Owen, with 12 men, on picket guard. Consequently, these brave fellows had to be lookers on in Venice, very much to their disappointment. The enemy fought us four days and nights, until General Worth had actually charged into the gardens of several of the most beautiful residences in the city, immediately under the cover of the forts—Ampudia's summer hacienda among them. Fort after fort, castle after castle fell, until at last, the enemy, driven to his black fort, an immense structure, invulnerable and bomb-proof, and the "placa," hoisted the white flag. Late that night he capitulated, upon terms "becoming that gallant defence made of the city and the liberal policy of our government."

We were more scared, when we saw what we had been contending against, than on the day of battle. A lively sense of gratitude to God seems to pervade our entire battalion, for the wonderful preservation of their lives.—Some of our men were taken prisoners—among the number, W. P. Alexander, a private in company A, was supposed to have been buried for two days, when he was found wounded in the leg, in the Mexican hospital, where he had received the kindest attention. I am very sorry to say, amputation above the knee has been deemed necessary, but he is doing well. Several of our brave fellows are wanting in arms and legs, and others badly wounded.—Malcolm Wilson was slightly wounded by a musket ball in the arm, and William Lee in the abdomen. Joseph Files and Albert Hart each lost an arm. The latter was our color-sergeant, and bore the flag presented Captain Stewart by the ladies of Baltimore. The orderly whose head was blown such a distance up in the air, was named Truscott, and belonged to Capt. Waters' company, from the District of Columbia. Robert Caples received a ball in the groin, which was subsequently taken out of the back. It is feared he will die. All not on the list as wounded escaped unhurt. Our men behaved well, with very few exceptions, which will be duly black-balled. Please forward your paper, directed to me, care of Col. James E. Stewart, Baltimore Battalion, American Army of Occupation, Mexico.

[Wesley.]

LETTER FROM THE CHESAPEAKE RIFLEMEN—SERGEANT HENNING KILLED—FOUR OTHERS WOUNDED.

The following letter is from Capt. Boyd, of the Chesapeake Riflemen, and shows the loss of his fine company sustained.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Clipper.]

CAMP NEAR MONTEREY, Sept. 26, 1846.

Thank God I am alive and well, after having participated in one of the greatest battles that was ever fought. The battle began on the 20th, and lasted until yesterday. Our men fought like tigers, and so did the Mexicans, but the latter did not fight hard enough—and they have now learned that such chaps as Taylor, Worth, Watson, &c., can't be beat. The enemy had seven large forts, and each street was a fortification. They had in their army something like 15,000 men—and we had, according to the highest estimate, say seven thousand! and yet we flogged them soundly, and take my word for it, we'll do it more severely next time.

We approached Monterey on Saturday last, and found them in such strong positions that we retired and lay encamped until Sunday night. We then, under cover of the night, drew near and planted a mortar for throwing bombs—and for its protection lay out there all night. In the morning all hands came out in front of the town. In the mean time Gen. Taylor sent Gen. Worth to attack them on their flank. About 10 o'clock on Monday morning the attack became general. Col. Watson led us to the onset in gallant, soldier-like style.—Our first attempt was against one of the forts,

and we were in a fair way to capture it, when the order came to charge into the city. Our noble Colonel immediately obeyed—marched us from the fort and led bravely on to the city. The men under my command, noble, whole-souled fellows, followed in beautiful style, determined to do or die, amid the hottest fire under which man ever lived. It beggars all description. Many brave soldiers saw and felt, but none can describe it in all its terrors.

We succeeded in causing a panic in the town, but found the place too well defended to justify perseverance in that direction. We were then marched against one of the forts, led bravely on by our gallant Colonel, who was killed in the charge. The General in command ordered us to retire beyond the reach of the enemy's cannon—where we remained the rest of the day.

The loss of the Chesapeake was one killed, Sergeant Henning, and four wounded. I myself received not a scratch. On my way to camp that night I met a man who was sent for me with a tent and three poles to bring me in, but thank God I did not need them. Some one had reported that they saw me fall, but of course it was not true.

The next day the fighting was principally with Artillery, during which Gen. Worth distinguished himself by taking a very strong fort, and the day after was very much the same. Gen. Worth sent a flag to know if they would suspend hostilities one hour for burying the dead. They refused, and the battle began more furiously than ever, and was kept up all day. At night we were all glad enough to find time for rest and for paying kind attention to the wounded.

After the renewal of hostilities, in the morning, the enemy sent us for time to let their women and children get out of the town, but were refused. At night an officer called to see Gen. Taylor with an offer to evacuate the city—taking with them their arms and other property.—The General, of course, declined acceding to their request. They then invited him to an interview with Ampudia. He went escorted by Col. May's Dragoons, and about midnight returned to camp, having agreed for the evacuation of the town, and an armistice of eight weeks.

Compliment to the Baltimore Volunteers. The following letter, paying a high compliment to the Baltimore Volunteers, and dated Monterey, Sept. 27, is addressed to the Union:

You have, no doubt, had official information some days, relating to the battles of the 21st, 22d, and 23d instant; and, without attempting to say any more of the bloody conflict, I consider it due to Lieut. Taylor, of company B, under the command of Capt. Piper, of the Baltimore volunteers, to say that his conduct, during the three days' fight, was brave and gallant, and that he is the gentleman that recovered the dead body of our brave Lt. Col. Watson, under the heavy fire of the enemy. Today Gen. Twigg met the officers of our battalion, and conferred the honor of colonel commanding the battalion, on Capt. James E. Stewart, of Baltimore city, it being due to him as the senior captain; as also a reward of merit for his conduct during the struggle. General Twigg also stated in our presence, that the Baltimore battalion throughout had acted as brave and noble a part in the three days' struggle as any troops in the American Army.

I am, dear Sir, yours, very respectfully,  
K. BRONAUGH, Capt. Com. C.

Reports Contradicted. The Union, referring to the various reports received from the army, says:

A report has gone out, that the army at Monterey was in want of ammunition. We understand that this was not the case; and we understand it from the officer who has just arrived from the camp. The War Department, has, we are informed, issued an enormous amount of munitions of war—not less than 16,000 rounds of ammunition for field and siege guns, and over 6,000,000 cartridges for small arms.

We learn that, besides their own supplies, our army took, on the 21st and 22d ultimo, a large quantity of ammunition from the enemy. But, of course, all these matters will be embraced in the official despatches, which we shall hasten to lay before our readers the moment they can arrive.

MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER. The Louisville papers publish extracts from a letter from this officer, who was wounded in the leg at Monterey, by a musket ball, which entered below the knee, ranged round the bone, and passed out on the opposite side. He states that his regiment of 1000 had about 250 killed and wounded. The Louisville Journal, in referring to the slanders uttered against this officer, says:

Gen. Butler had express orders to make the charge which he did make, and he performed the hazardous duty with his characteristic chivalry.

Unquestionably Gen. Butler is somewhat reckless where only his own personal safety is concerned, but no officer, if we are rightly informed, is more regardless of the lives of the men entrusted to his charge. He leads his fellows unflinchingly into all necessary perils, but into no other. We were never proud of him as a representative of Kentucky politics in Washington city, but we are proud of him as a representative of Kentucky chivalry in the battle-fields of Mexico. He will bear the banners of his State in honor wherever his military duties may call him, and she will take pleasure in rewarding him for all the glory he may bring to her, with public dinners, with triumphal processions—in short, with anything or everything except political office. To obtain that at her hands, he will have to turn Whig.

MARYLAND HEROES—High Compliment.—The New Orleans Commercial Times has the following notice of the "Old Maryland Line":

Maryland Heroes. The "Old Maryland Line" is extinct, so far as the pages of history go, but the present is still rich with incidents, which show that its name is held dear, and that the generation succeeding them, is worthy all the praise it received. The lamented Ringgold was a Baltimorean, and received at the hands of weeping relatives, and troops of admiring friends, the honors which were due him after a glorious death in the cause of his country. Col. Watson, another brave man, was a Baltimorean; and he has shed upon the crest of the

plain militia an undying renown. Randolph Rigdely, another of the Marylanders, who distinguished himself so much at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, was again conspicuous at Monterey. Having found a 12-pounder in one of the forts taken from the Mexicans, he erected a platform for it in the fort, and turned it upon the enemy with the most destructive effect. Capt. Rigdely, after pointing the gun himself, was observed constantly to mount the platform with a spy-glass and watch the effect of each ball, and manifested the greatest enthusiasm and delight when his shot told well among the enemy. Capt. R. is said to have no superior, as artillery, in the Army. We never tire in reading the accounts of heroic acts in our little army—and we hope these things interest, also, all our readers.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

PRESSED INTO THE SERVICE.

"Mr. Tar!" said the Recorder yesterday morning, as if he was anxious to ascertain whether there was any individual of that name present, and if so that he would like to take a small observation of the person bearing such an odious name. No one rose to the summons, but the Recorder seeing a police officer telegraphing a red faced weather beaten tar, in one end of the box, with hair enough around his face for at least a baker's dozen of stage boatswains, inquired what the man's name was.

"John Hull, your honor," said the sailor, rising and slapping his tarpuin down on the railing. "John Hull, your honor, and may I be introduced for the first time in my life to the bo'sins cat if Jack Hull was ever ashamed of his name in whatever port he was brought to an anchor. Hull's name, sir, as I do stand by in the roughest sort of a gale, or the greatest calm as ever put old Bor's assler."

"He told us his name was John Tar, last night, sir," said the officer.

"Did your honor ever see such a spoony of a land lubber as that? Why he wouldn't know the difference 'twixt the figure-head of a seventy-four and the captain's clerk. Jack Tar, you land lubber, you. An' so I am a Jack tar, and doesn't ever mean to sail under any other colors so long as there's a vessel in the Navy with the old stars and stripes streamin' over her."

"You're in the Navy, then?" inquired the Recorder.

"No, your honor, I'm out on it, although I keeps on the logs of the old Uncle Sam; coz, as soon as ever I get out of this ere ship, I'm goin' to make a straight walk and 'list for another cruise, an' maybe yet you'll hear of old Jack Hull as one of the chaps as fell in the attack on some of them ere Mexican ports in the Gulf. That's what I'm arter. I've been a workin' all my life, and now I wants to have a little amusement in the way of o'baterrin' down that ere Castle or somethin' o' the sort."

"You've been at sea sometime, have you?" said the Recorder.

"I should say I had, your honor. The first think I ever seed was the flash of a big gun in 1812, for I was born on the old Constitution in the midst of the action with the Guerriere. My father used to be called 'old John'—Lord bless him! He was sent to Davy Jones' by a grape shot, an' I was christened 'John Hull,' for the captain that was, the old commodore now—Lord bless his old soul!"

"But how came you here, John? you shouldn't be seen in such a place," said the Recorder.

"Well, sir, said Hull, looking down, 'I do feel just about as small as a middy that has been mastedead; but what's done can't be helped. You see, I'd taken a stiff allowance of grog aboard, and was boating and tacking about larboard and starboard, when I gen a lee lurch an' I fetched up agin a chap with a tarpaulin on his nod. 'Why didn't you put your helm hard a-port?' said I, 'do you think a first-rate's going to look out for all such small craft as you?' 'None of your slang,' says he, 'who the blue blazes are you?' says I, 'for I won't hadn't got my land legs on ezactly. I'm a watchman,' said he. 'You are, are you?' says I. 'Well, if it's your watch you ought to be triced up and have a round dozen for not keepin' out of the way.' Well, you see, one word fitched on another an' I hauled off 'an gin him a broadside, but on account o' the grog my guns wasn't heavy shotted an' they didn't cripple the enemy; but he barred me with a bit of a handspike he had in his hand and brought me a lick that made me see more lights than were ever hoisted at the peaks of the craft aloft in the sky; an' that's all as I recollect till I found myself up yonder there, hard and fast among this set of scurvy craft alongside here in this ere chicken coop."

"You intend to go to sea again?" inquired the Recorder.

"Aye, aye, your honor; an' I'm only sorry as I ever left the old Baritan and Captain Jack, for I expect when the Commodore wakes up in the Gulf he'll make up for lost time, an' as Government's give 'em a touch of the old Perry blood, I want to let 'em have a small chance of old Hull."

"Well," said the Recorder, "I suspect you have been punished enough for your frolic, and I shall let you go this time upon your paying your jail fees."

"Thank your honor," said the sailor, joyfully, "I shan't forget it; and if you ever hear John Hull has been cut in two by a Mexican shot, just think that my last words will be a blessing on your head for letting me die in defence of my ship and country." The sailor paid his fees, and wanted every body to go out and take a horn; but as nobody accepted his generous offer, he threw down a quarter eagle, saying: "Give these poor miserable chaps something to drink there," pointing to the prisoners in the box, "and let me advise you, comrades, to leave off drinking and join the temperance society."

THE GALE AT HAVANA. Captain Winsor, of the ship Sunbeam, at New Orleans, reports having spoken on the 13th inst. 30 miles East of Key West, the U. S. schr Flirt, from Vera Cruz bound to Norfolk. Commander Sinclair informed Captain Winsor that the hurricane of the 11th instant, was very severe in Havana, in which harbor some 50 sail of vessels were lost. Captain Win or did not learn from the Flirt whether the city of Havana had sustained any damage, or any part of the island had suffered from the gale.

THE GALE AT KEY WEST. The Union publishes an official account of the late terrible gale at Key West, which confirms generally the statement we gave on Saturday. A correspondent of the Charleston Evening News gives the following list of the persons who were drowned:

Mr. and Mrs. Elzouird, son Martin Elzouird and two children; Mr. and Mrs. John Buchany and two children; F. Mabrats and wife, and two children, M. Mabrats and Rosa, at the Light House at Sand Key; Capt. Appleby; Mrs. Williams and son Thomas; Mrs. Haris and adopted daughter.

Crew of schr. Lafayette, consisting of three men, vessel sunk at the Fort. Mr. Martin slave Drysdale of St. Augustine, a boy slave, and a young boy, adopted son of Mr. Johnson; A. Wilson, ship carpenter on board sloop Frankford, vessel capsized; Mateo, a Spaniard struck while swimming; a white infant, name unknown.

Tony, a slave of A. Patterson, killed by falling off roof; Gains, slave of St. Augustine; a slave of Wm. Curry and three children. Many of our citizens have been injured by falling of slates, timber, &c.

MORE TROOPS. The Philadelphia Inquirer learns from a gentleman just returned from Washington, that the government has determined to issue a requisition for more troops, from the States that have not yet furnished their proportion. The requisition will be made in the course of a few days.

QUERY. Where did the fault-finding editor of the Clipper get the official vote on Biennial Sessions? Please give us a categorical answer.—Annopolis Republican.

Certainly. Stole it from you, in return for what we still contend you did pilfer from our columns. We are even with you now, and are determined not to be behind.

TOBACCO FOR FRANCE. The French government is out in the American papers with their advertisement for proposals to supply the royal factories with tobacco. They require of the crop of 1846 from the United States 8,050,000 kilograms, and from Hungary and other places 3,000,000 kilograms; in all, 11,050,000 kilograms, or 24,420,500 lbs.

MISS DIX. The Columbus correspondent of the Zanesville Courier states that Miss Dix, the celebrated philanthropist, lies dangerously ill at the Lunatic Asylum.

SAD ACCIDENT. Edward O. Knowles, a lad about 12 years of age, son of Wm. C. Knowles, of Surry, Me, was killed on Friday morning in the blacksmith's shop of Stephen Pillsbury, 2nd street, South Boston, in the following singular manner:—he was standing some ten to twelve feet from an anvil where two men were forging a piece of iron, and one of the sledges missing the iron, struck on the anvil and a small splinter was broken off which flew off striking the lad in the thigh, cutting the main artery, so that he bled to death in about 10 minutes.

RESIGNED. John Fforest, Esq. has resigned the office of postmaster at Ellicott's Mills finding it inconvenient to give it attention. His successor has not been appointed.

INTERESTING TO BACHELORS.—A western paper says, "a man down East has invented a machine to renovate old bachelors. Out of a good sized fat, gray old bachelor, he can make quite a decent young man and have enough left to make two small puppies, a pair of leather breeches, and a kittle of soft soap."

PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The 6th annual exhibition of this society took place at Upper Marlboro, last week, and was fully attended. We notice that Messrs. R. Sinclair & Co. of this city, obtained a premium for the best set of implements for the cultivation of tobacco, and a certificate of the society for the second best plough exhibited.

AMFUDIA. A letter from Monterey says,— "The cowardice of Ampudia is now established beyond a doubt. So careful was he of his person that it is said he never once left his house when any firing was going on."

MAINE ELECTION. The Boston Atlas contains the returns from all the Districts in Maine which voted for members of the Legislature, on Monday last. So far, the House stands 61 whigs, 53 democrats.

A NEW PLAY. At the Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, they are playing "The Siege of Monterey," with Mr. Scott as "Old Rough and Ready."

PRESENTATION. The committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Baltimore, to present to Mr. John Hall, of the Indian Queen Hotel, Wilmington, Del., a silver pitcher and salver, as a token of their grateful remembrance for the self-sacrificing humanity displayed by him towards Mr. James Cooke, a Baltimorean, who died in his hotel of the small pox sometime last winter, performed that pleasing duty on Tuesday last.

DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT. A little child, named Knott, was burned to death in Georgetown, on Thursday evening. The mother was severely burnt in endeavoring to save her child.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA. George H. Hickman, of Cumberland, Maryland; and Dan'l Smith, of Union Town, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, Commissioners for their respective States, to take depositions, acknowledgements for deeds, &c.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL. WHERE you may obtain the most speedy remedy for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, also those peculiar affections which arise from a certain practice of medicine, which if not cured renders marriage impossible, and in the end destroys both mind and body. This remedy will also cure Impotency, and every symptom of a SEVERE DYSURIA.

A CURE WARRANTED, OR NO CHARGE MADE IN FROM ONE TO TWO DAYS. Office No. 1 NORTH FRIDELPHICK STREET, on the right hand side going from Baltimore-st. 2nd door from the corner—right opposite the Police office.

Be particular in observing the name out at door and window, or you will mistake the place.

DR. JOHNSTON,

a distinguished graduate from one of the first Colleges in the United States, which may be seen by his Diploma; also a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and Licentiate of the Apothecary's Hall, London; and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the first hospitals of Europe and America, viz: those of London, Paris and Philadelphia, may be consulted on all diseases, but more particularly on the following:

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

It is a melancholy fact, that thousands fall victims to this horrid disease, owing to the unskillfulness of men, who by the use of that deadly poison, mercury, ruin the constitution, and either send the unfortunate sufferer to an untimely grave, or else make the residue of his life miserable.

GONORRHOEA AND GLEET CURED, by the most speedy and the most pleasant remedy known to any other physician. It requires no restraint of diet, or abstinence from business—it is mild, safe and efficacious, eradicating every symptom of this affection, without causing other diseases, such as Stricture and Affections of the Bladder and Prostate Glands, which impudently and ignorantly create their noxious drugs and filthy injections.

STRICTURES—where there is a partial suppression of urine, accompanied with uneasiness in the parts, or a frequent desire to urinate, it is called a Stricture. Yet this disease may exist, and none of these symptoms be perceptible, or if at all, they are so slight as to pass unnoticed; hence, we find thousands laboring under this affection who are entirely unconscious of its existence, until it has advanced to the last stage, when the system becomes deranged, particularly the stomach, inducing symptoms of dyspepsia; also, a depression of the mind, peculiar fits of melancholy, &c. &c. which may end in some dreadful disease of the nerves, and will either cause a premature death or else make the rest of life miserable. To such per cases, Dr. Johnston offers a most speedy remedy, that can be obtained in the United States.

Read Dr. J.'s Treatise on Venereal, &c. etc.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE

Young men who are seduced by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions, or at school—the effects of which are nightly felt even when asleep, and if not cured render marriage impossible, and destroy both mind and body.

What a pity that a young man, the hope of his country, and the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all the prospects and enjoyments of life by the consequences of a disease, which is so common, and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

Should reflect that a sound and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view—the pleasures are few, and the pains are many, and filled with the melancholy reflections of the happiness of another being blighted with our own.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.

Dr. J. addresses young men and all who have injured themselves by private & improper indulgences, IMPOTENCY—WEAKNESS OF THE GENITAL ORGANS.

Loss of virile power is a grievous affliction, and is paid by those who give a loose rein to their passions. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful effects that may ensue. Although impotency occurs from many causes, deposits in the ureters, gravel, and from numerous other causes, yet the abuse of the sexual organs, by excessive venery or self-pollution; particularly the latter is the more frequent cause of it. Now that which understands the anatomy will pretend to deny that the power of procreating the species is lost sooner by those who practice the solitary vice than by the prudent. Besides, by premature impotence the digestive functions are deranged, and the physical and mental powers weakened by a too frequent use of the great excitement of the genital organs. Parents and guardians are often misled, with respect to the causes of sources of disease in their sons and wards, who often do they need to be told, the wasting of the frame, idiocy, madness, palsy, tremor, the heart, indigestion, derangement of the nervous system, cough and symptoms, indicating consumption, when the truth is, that they have been caused by indulgence in a pernicious, though alluring practice, destructive to both mind and body.

INVOLUNTARY SEMINAL EMISSIONS.

Of this distressing disease, which is the common result of the above mentioned secret habit, but a very brief description for many reasons can be given. The complaint comes on gradually. It begins by a too hasty discharge of semen is copious and passionate dreams. Such emissions being too hasty, have no power, while the erections are impotent, feeble and soon over. As the disorder grows worse, the discharges or emissions become more easily excited and frequent, often brought on by insensibility, or by merely touching the penis, or by a slight caress, the emissions take place without any pleasure and without erection, and in this debilitated and sensitive state of the organs the direful effects of pollution so ominous to health, take place day and night. Pale, emaciated, and weak, the unhappy victim of artificial gratification complains of pain in the head and back, has a languid look, dimness of sight, flushing of the face when spoken to, loss of spirits, and a vague dread of something, often starting with terror at a sudden sight or sound. He also loathes society, from an innate sense of shame, and feels a dislike to all bodily and mental exertion.—Distressed, and his mind fixed upon his miseries, he daily searches every source for promises, relief, Ashamed to make known his situation to his friends, or those who by education, study and practical knowledge, are able to relieve him, he applies to the ignorant and designing who flatter him of his health, leave him to sigh over his galling disappointment; the last scene of the drama winds up with main, cataplectic, dropsy of some terrible disease of the nerves, or the death dropsy, the curtain falls on the unhappy patient to an untimely tomb, where his friends too ignorant of the real cause.

ALL SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED.

N. B. Let no false delicacy prevent you, but apply immediately either personally or by letter.

ALL LETTERS MUST BE POST PAID.