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[From the New Haven Courier.]

THE STORM-KING'S SONG.

Vith an angry scowl and a fearful cry;
inging out o'er the heavens loud and long,
he Storm-King rode in his might through the sky,
nd shrieked, as he flew, this frantic song:

I have burst the bond—once more I am free!
o long have I still and sluggish lain;
I'll hie me way o'er land and o'er sea—
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

I fling o'er the sky my raven black wing;
I hurl at the earth my lightnings amain;
nd I'll howl in my glee till the heavens shall ring,
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

I'll dash in my wrath at the mountain's head,
s it piereeth the clouds in defiance so vain;
nd I'll tear the old oaks from their forest-bed—
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

hen out o'er the sullen old ocean I'll ride;
I'll curl the crests of the slumbering main;
nd I'll stir the dark depths of its shore-beating tide,
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

he billows I'll lash till they kiss the dark sky,
nd I'll break them as fine as the driving rain;
hen on in my robe of pale foam I'll fly—
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

Vith a riven mast and a tattered sail,
ee yon foundering ship as she labors in vain:
nd list! on the wind comes the mariner's wail—
urrah! I am free—I am free again!

a ha! Of the sea and the land I am king!
ace more extends o'er the wide world my reign;
nd still in my glee this song will I sing—
urrah! I am free—I am free again!"

[From the Philadelphia Sun.]

PARTICULARS OF THE EXECUTION OF SAMUEL JACKSON.

U. S. FRIGATE CUMBERLAND,
OFF THE ISLAND SAN ANTONIO LIZARDO,
Near Vera Cruz, Sept. 20, 1846.

Gentlemen:—I sit down for the purpose of again penning a letter to you. From the state of my feelings at present you will not find it in such a mirthful tone as my preceding one, for I have since then been the unwilling spectator of a scene which will never be effaced from my memory while life and conscience remain with me. God grant that I may never behold a repetition of the like again. I informed you in my last that a Court Martial had been convened on board the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Marys, commanded by Capt. John L. Saunders, for the trial of one of the seamen composing the crew under his command, named Samuel Jackson, charged with striking one of the Lieutenants, and I also stated that the accused had been found guilty by the Court, (the punishment by the laws of the navy for striking an officer is death.) I gave as my opinion that in all probility he would receive two or three hundred lashes. I did not enter into particulars concerning the cause of and extent of the assault. I was, however, convinced that a severe punishment would be inflicted on the offender, but God knows, that not a thought of his dreadful and untimely fate once entered my mind.—Since matters have turned out so contrary to every one's thoughts, I will state the particulars as far as I can glean them. I have endeavored to get the *truth*, for the matter is no fit one for misrepresentation. I would not be surprised if this letter would be perused by other eyes previous to your receiving it, or its leaving this ship, still I stand under no fear—yet persecution may be the effect of it. Still no man shall ever trammel the right I possess of freely expressing my sentiments on a subject which I think will yet undergo a strict investigation.

The charges against the unfortunate man were as follows:

1st. Raising a weapon against his superior officer while in the execution of his office.

2d. Striking his superior officer while in the execution of the duties of his office.

3d. Treating with contempt his superior officer, being in the execution of the duties of his office.

4th. Uttering mutinous and seditious words.

On these charges he was tried. Acquitted on the 1st, and found guilty on the 2d, 3d and 4th, and sentenced by the Court to be hung at such time and place as Commodore Conner should direct. The occasion of the wretched man getting involved in such crimes is enveloped in so much mystery by conflicting reports on board our ship, that I cannot with accurary state the circumstances as they happened. Of one thing, however, I feel convinced, no man in his sane mind, without laboring under great excitement, caused by foul provocation, could so far set at defiance, the strict laws of the navy, in regard to assaulting an officer. The laws are read too often to allow the prescribed punishment to slip from his memory. And I say the cause was, and must have been most provoking to have made Jackson act as he did. Some of the accounts state that Lieutenant Taylor (the officer assaulted) persecuted him in every way imaginable, and that he called him by every opprobrious epithet, &c. Of one thing I am credibly informed, this same Lieutenant had procured him a flogging a short time previous, and for some trifling offence. At the moment previous to the assault being committed, he had placed his name on the report, and declared his intention of having the operation repeated. Jackson struck him—was arrested, tried, condemned as I have told you, *and has been hung!*

The Commodore approved of the sentence of the Court Martial, and directed in a general order, that the said Samuel Jackson, (seaman) should be hung on board of, and at the fore yard arm, of the U. S. sloop St. Mary's, on the 17th day of September, between the hours of 10, a. m. and meridian. This sentence was read to the poor fellow on Sunday, the 13th inst., and to us on the 14th, and also to the crews of every vessel present, belonging to the squadron. The orders accompanying the sentence issued by the Commodora were, "That no work should be done on that day, no boats leave the ships without his particular order to that effect, and that the crews of each and every vessel should be mustered on deck when a yellow flag should be hoisted at the fore royal mast head of the St. Mary's, and to remain on deck until the flag should be hauled down.—These orders sounded ominous, yet still hope remained.

On the 16th, the day previous to the execution, preparations for the event progressed—the condemned was measured for his coffin, which was made. His grave, also, was dug on the Island of Lizardo. The fatal whip was rove at the larboard fore yard arm, and the trap or fall put up on the side of the ship. Still, in spite of all these melancholy preparations, hope was still cherished. For myself, I felt assured that the ceremony would extend to the affixing even of the cap and rope, and then will come the reprieve. These were my thoughts. Our chaplain, F. W. Taylor, a man much esteemed and respected by the crew of the whole squadron, but more so by us, who have the opportunity of seeing him so much, and knowing the kindness of his feelings and urbanity of disposition—attended on the prisoner night and day—faithful and constant.

The morning of the 17th dawned upon us, and a more beautiful day I have not beheld, since being on this station. Clear, bright and pleasant, with a cool breeze from the northward and westward. All work, as by order, was suspended. No boats passed and repassed, as usual between the vessels. A melancholy stillness reigned over the scene. The crews of each ship dressed in clean white frocks and pants, awaited the call to muster. From the larboard yard arm of the St. Mary's, hung the rope destined to carry a human being into eternity. To the starboard end of the yard arm, to which the rope was extended, was suspended a canvass bag, containing shot, to about three hundred pounds weight. On the larboard side, under the noose, was placed the trap or fall. At 10 30, all hands by the shrill whistle and hoarse voice of the boatswain, were called to muster. I looked out of a port—the yellow flag fluttered at the mast head of the St. Mary's. All hands were speedily on deck, and the offiers of each vessel mustered in uniform on the poop of their ships. At 11 A. M., a signal to "*prepare for execution,*" was made from this ship, and a movement was seen on board the St. Mary's. Presently after, the marines ascended the poop of that ship, and were perceived to load their muskets, and in a few moments after, the prisoner stood on the trap and under the rope. Now it was, that each man in the squadron could almost hear his neighbor's heart beat. He was dressed in white, and accompanied by our Chaplain. The bag containing the shot was hoisted to the yard-arm, and after a short space of time the rope and cap were affixed, and the condemned's arms pinioned. Thus he stood. Again the signal arose from us. "*Are you prepared?*" The answering pendant arose from the St. Mary's, it implied, "*We Are!*" It was now, that with a throbbing heart, and strained gaze, my eyes were directed from the unhappy man, between whom and eternity, but a step intervened, to our poop.—Again signals arose. *A reprieve!* I could almost have shouted in my excitement. Gracious God! the roar of a cannon from the St. Mary's and at the yard-arm the body of poor Jackson! Our last signal had been "*Execute the Sentence!*"

Gentlemen there is no use in my endeavoring to express my feelings. I cannot find words to do so. Indeed, language would be impossible to portray them. A suppressed and stifled groan, arose to each man's lips as he surveyed the corpse swinging in the wind. Like the lightning's flash, he was launched into eternity.—The gun which was fired contained a ball—this knocked away the trap—severed the stop of the weight suspended at the yard—down it came—and he he ascended with such velocity, that his body swung over the yard and back again. No struggle marked his exit from life; and before the smoke of the gun ascended, he was dead. Since then I have heard that his *head was crushed* by coming in contact with the block—*his neck, back, and one of his legs broken!*

He remained hanging until half past twelve o'clock—some difficulty being experienced in getting the body down, in consequence of the rope being jammed.

At 12, the yellow flag was lowered, and the crew piped to dinner. Not much food was consumed. The sight we had just witnessed had taken away all appetite, and engrossed each man's thoughts. I tried to read—sleep—write. It was no use—I could do neither.—His body was taken down, and during the afternoon conveyed in a boat to the Island, and there buried.

Many were the endeavors, I am told, made by different officers, to procure a commutation of the sentence, from the Commodore. But all to no purpose—he was inflexible—and now has that on his mind which I would not have for the wealth of kingdoms—unmerited and cruel punishment of a foully provoked and high spirited man.

I am not in a place or situation to express my mind, as I long to do. I contend that, amongst the variety composing the crew of a man-of war, formed of all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest grade, (for a sailor's jacket sometimes covers the back of those nurtured in affluence and luxury, as well as the degraded outcast)—amongst so many, I admit that severe examples are necessary; but I also say, that nine cases out of ten of insubordination and crime on ship board, are caused by bad treatment by the officers towards the men under their command. A brute creature even—and on no higher scale do some officers consider their crew—can distinguish good from bad treatment. The laws and regulations of the navy are good, and if enforced as rigidly in regard to officers' misdemeanors as to the men, it would tend greatly to improve the condition of our naval force. For instance, a man is caught intoxicated, and a dozen lashes with the cats on the bare back, in presence of the whole ship's company, is sure to be the consequence—a most degrading punishment—to me, death would be preferable. At the same time, an officer with the charge of the safety of a ship and crew can indulge in his "bibbing" propensities, roll, tumble, and wallow about decks with impunity, sleep on duty, and commit various other excesses, and naught is said about it, provided it does not reach the commanding officer's ears, and if it does, he is *suspended from duty for a few days*, for no other purpose, as I can see, than to allow him to *recover from his "spree."*—Again: a man provoked by ill treatment, in a fit of uncontrolable excitement, strikes the officer who thus incites him to the act—he is arrested, a long string of charges made against him, tried, condemned, and *hung like a dog!* the officer struck scarcely showing a bruise! A poor devil who has unwittingly stretched his weary and watch-worn limbs on the sacred precincts of the half-deck, is saluted by *a kick* from an officer, *which totally ruins him for life.* The man is hurried to the hospital, where he is left. The officer pleads ill health, and is furloughed home without so much as a reprimand. Thus things work. Do you call this "justice?" Can you think that the illustrious "heads of the people," are aware of these transactions? They cannot surely be. As for myself, although I have it rather easy here, barring the authoritative commands, which sound strange in the ears of one who has never before been spoken to in such tones, I would not enter into the U. States service again, on any consideration. So much am I embittered against it, that if I was almost confident of a ship being bound direct to heaven, and a free wind blowing, I would not enter. Before this, my first cruise, I considered "*life on board a man-of-war,*" as a romantic series of adventures—now, I could exclaim, with Jack Marlingspike—"a hell, a perfect hell!"

As I before said, so many reports are afloat here, concerning the dead man, that I am afraid to give utterance to them, for fear of their proving untrue. It appears that the name he went by, of Jackson, was, as is called by sailors, a "*Purser's name,*" or an assumed one. This is very probable, for two-thirds of the men composing the crew of a man-of-war, have different names each cruise they make. It is also said, he belongs to *Philadelphia*, where his parents, and also a wife, and a child resides. Our chaplain I hear has a letter written to them which he has promised to have delivered. I have said enough on this subject I suppose to tire your patience, so I will e'en conclude, with my permission, if you see fit, of publicly announcing these details in full, for of *the truth* no one need be ashamed.

Yours,
"RATLIN."

LATEST NEWS!

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM MONTEREY—ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE MEXICAN LOSS—EVERY THING QUIET—SANTA ANNA AT SAN LUIS POTOSI—PROCLAMATION OF AMPUDIA—ASSASSINATIONS AT MONTEREY—TEXAN REVENGE—HEALTH OF THE TROOPS—THE CONTEMPLATED DUELS SETTLED, &c.

The steamship Neptune, Capt Lewis, arrived at N. Orleans, on the 29th ult., with dates from Galveston to the 27th. She brought over Dr. Conrad and Lt. Nichols, of the U. States Army, Lt. Reid of the Texas Rangers, and Lt. Price, of the Mississippi volunteers. The latter is the gentleman so often reported to have been murdered by the Mexicans. The Neptune also brought over 41 discharged volunteers. We copy the following from the N. O. Bulletin and Bee:

From gentlemen who came on the Palmetto, we learn that the accounts by the McKim left matters at Monterey and all along the line, precisely in the situation they were at the last advices, except that some of the volunteers ordered from the lower Rio Grande, had arrived at Camargo.

It was rumored that Santa Anna had arrived at San Luis Potosi with a force variously estimated at from 15,000 to 25,000 men, and that he was on his way to Saltillo. Our informant, however, states that there was nothing positive known at Monterey concerning the movements of the Mexican army.

The McKim was to have left Galveston on Wednesday. She has on board about 300 discharged volunteers, among whom were the chief part of Capt. Shiver's company of Texas and Mississippi volunteers.

Col. Bailey Peyton, Gen. A. S. Johnson and Mr. Kendall, of the Picayune, are passengers on her. The Florida has on board, 160 discharged volunteers.

We are happy to learn that the contemplated duels between Colonels Marshall and Peyton, and Captains Musson and Shivers, had been prevented by an honorable adjustment of the difficulties between the parties.

Great complaint is made at Galveston of the irregularity of the mails between New Orleans and that city. The papers are chiefly occupied with the canvass for members of Congress.

There is little news from the army. Things were in *statu quo* at the last accounts. Gen. Taylor was in tranquil possession of Monterey, awaiting advices from the Government. Of course nothing was known of the determination to terminate the armistice, and the first information on the subject obtained by the officers of the Army who came passengers in the Palmetto.

The Delta has obtained the subjoined intelligence from some of the officers who arrived in the Neptune, and who left Monterey on the 12th ult:

There are various reports floating about the camp at Monterey respecting the movements of the Mexican army, but nothing authentic or definite.

The following is the disposition of the army at Monterey: Gen. Worth's division, with which is Blanchard's company of Louisiana Volunteers, attached to the 7th Regiment, garrisons the city. The 1st, 3d and 4th Regiments, and the brigade of Artillery, with Gen. Taylor's staff, are encamped about four miles north of the city. The Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia Volunteers are encamped a mile still further north of the city.

But few of the citizens remained in Monterey after its evacuation by the Mexicans, and but few of those who left have yet returned.

The prevalent opinion in camp was, that there would be no more fighting, for Ampudia actually had assured the deputation who arranged the terms of the armistice with him, that commissioners from the U. States to treat of a peace was received by the Mexican government. They are, however, of this long before now disabused, for our Camargo correspondent says that the bearer of despatches from Washington to Gen. Taylor, had passed that Post.

The number of our men killed and wounded, so far as ascertained, is 571. Many of the wounded, were dying. Wherever a bone was touched it was found difficult to effect a recovery of the patient. The number of killed and wounded on the side of the Mexicans is believed to be about 1200. Several incidents of interest were related to us, which we have not time to note now. There was no hand to hand fighting. The volunteers, when inside the city, exposed themselves as little as possible in the streets. They would enter a house at the extreme end of a street and fight their way from house to house—now on the roof and now in the interior—using the rifle with deadly effect all the time, and this accounts for the greater loss of their enemy. To their credit be it said, they never, in any instance, we are informed, resorted to plunder.

With such terror had they inspired the Mexicans, that when the order to cease firing was given preparatory to the consultation for a truce, and for some time before it, resistance to them had almost entirely ceased, and the fort or citidel that remained in the possession of the enemy was outside the city and could not annoy them if in possession of it. Hence the dissatisfaction expressed by some in camp at the terms of the armistice, or indeed at any armistice at all. Having done so much and gone so far they wished to go "the whole figure." At what sacrifice they did so may be known when we state that out of three hundred and fifty chivalric Tennesseans, who went into the field the first day, one hundred and seventeen of them were killed and wounded, and of three hundred and thirty or forty Mississippians, same day, sixty-seven brave fellows fell.

The Mexican regular forces in the engagements were 8,000. Judging from the number of irregulars found killed, this branch of the enemy must have been very strong.

The Texan forces are all disbanded.

The following interesting items we gather from the Picayune:

The health of the troops at Monterey was much better than it had been on the Rio Grande.

The fortifications in the city were garrisoned by the regular troops.

Gen. Taylor's camp was about three miles this side of Monterey.

The last accounts from General Ampudia and his army left them beyond Saltillo on their march towards San Luis Potosi, at which point it was rumored that Santa Anna had arrived at the head of 13,000 men, and daily expecting reinforcements.

The Georgia regiment was the only reinforcement which had reached Monterey at the time our informants left. Orders had been received, it was understood, by the other regiments stationed on the Rio Grande to move towards headquarters. The Kentucky and Tennessee mounted regiments had not yet reached Matamoras.

The people of Monterey who had left about the time of the siege were gradually returning. They had begun to exhibit friendly feelings towards the Americans, interchanges of visits not being rare among both parties.

There had been affrays between the citizens of Monterey and texan Rangers, which resulted, first, in the assassination of a Texan volunteer, and then, by way of revenge, in the killing of eleven Mexicans by the comrades of the slain. General Taylor, to prevent similar recurrences, had ordered an efficient guard to be distributed through the city.

Lieut. Col. McClung was rapidly recovering from the effects of his wounds. One of the officers of his regiment informs us that the gallant Colonel was the first man that showed himself on the first fort stormed by General Taylor's division, and that he received his wounds whilst waving his sword aloft and cheering on his men, shouting "victory!" The musket ball struck him on his left hand whilst holding his scabbard to his hip, and cut off two of his fingers, glancing from the scabbard, and entering his abdomen, fracturing into its course, the bone above the hip joint.

We feel bound to state further, from the evidence furnished us, that General Taylor's coolness and sound judgment throughout the terrible three days was remarked by every one engaged, and that his intrepidity was such, he being in the thickest of the fight, and always where the balls fell fastest, that his escape was deemed miraculous. He still preserves the same noble feelings; and stands ready to go where his government may order him, or the services of his country may call him, whether at the head of five, or twenty thousand men.

Gen. Ampudia has issued another proclamation since his retreat from Monterey, calling upon the Mexicans to flock to his standard to repel the invaders of their soil. *His excuse*, in the proclamation, for defeat at Monterey, and the surrender of that city to our troops, is A WANT OF AMMUNITION!! The utter falsity of this statement is well known, for any quantity of ammunition was found at Monterey after the capitulation.

We extract the following from a letter in the New Orleans Delta, dated Camargo, October 10th:

My last contained a correct and full statement of the battle at Monterey, together with the loss in killed and wounded on our side; the correct number of the enemy is not, as yet, fully ascertained—some say, particularly the officers of our forces, that their loss in killed and wounded must certainly be some two or three thousand—others again, four thousand.

Col. Belknap, together with some thirty Rangers, from Monterey, have just arrived, all in good spirits.

Our army is now in *statu quo*, till the armistice expires. Our force now in this place is estimated at about four thousand, ready for orders—more are coming here. Ordnance, provisions and supplies are going forward continually—from which I judge there is a chance for a winter campaign at Monterey—some think to the contrary. A "hasty" messenger passed through this place, from Washington, to Gen. Taylor, the purport of which is not not known here as yet by the knowing ones.—Some think a negotiation is going on, and others that a prompt prosecution of the war is ordered. Whichever it may be we shall soon know.

The Picayune contains a letter from Mr. Kendall, dated Galveston, October 27th, from which we take the following:

The McKim and Florida, propellors, are both in port here from Brazos Island. The former came in, with her machinery out of order, three days since, and having been prepared will sail to-morrow: the Florida experienced head weather, and was obliged to put in for water. She, as well as the McKim, was crowded with sick and discharged volunteers, several dying on the passage up. If anything is needed it is a comfortable Government transport on which which to send home the sick and disabled soldiers.

From Monterey to Matamoras, among both Americans and Mexicans, a great deal of sickness prevails—chills and fevers and intermitting fevers. I have come in for more than a full share of both, but am now on the mend.—I regret to state that two able officers died here last night and are to be buried this afternoon—Col. Wm. Fisher, who commanded the noted Mier expedition, and Capt. Francis S. Early, who commanded the Washington company of Texas Rangers at the battles of Monterey.—The former had just married a young and accomplished wife; the latter was hourly expecting his family to meet him at this place.

The U. S. steamer Spitfire, Capt. Tatnall, arrived at Brazos Island on the 19th inst. from Chagres. She had on board Capt. Wm. C. Nichleson, Lieut. Leigh and Passed Midshipman Duer, U. S. N., who had all been sent down to Chagres with despatches for the Pacific squadron. They are now on their way to New Orleans on the McKim. The news from California, brought by these gentlemen, has doubtless been anticipated by the arrival of Com. Sloat.

I am glad to see that at length our Government is to prosecute the war against Mexico with some show of reason and vigor. Recall Gen. Wool from his nonsensical and Quixotic expedition to Chihuahua, order him to join Gen. Taylor and help out in the operations against Satillo and San Luis, and the eyes of the Mexican rulers will soon be opened. All that will be wanting will be the subjugation of Tampico, and the establishment of depots of provisions on the road between that and San Luis, to throw all of Northern Mexico completely into our power.

A correspondent of the Commercial Times at Monterey, noticing the suspension of hostilities while the articles for a surrender of the town were being drawn up—the Texan Rangers at the time lying on the roofs of the houses, anxious for and expecting a renewal of hostilities every moment—says:

During this suspense, Capt. Cheshire, a private of Capt. McCulloch's company, a brave and gallant old warrior of Texas, was heard to exclaim, "look here boys, do you see those two *Mexes* on the corner of the house, opposite me? Well, don't none of you shoot at them, they are my *game*—there's plenty all around for you." Thus hour after hour passed away, every one having picked out his *man*, until 5 p. m., when we received the news of the surrender, and the conditions. At first, a burst of indignation and angry discontent was manifested, on every side. No loud huzza rent the air, at our triumph over the enemy.

The same correspondent, speaking of the surrender of the town, says:

Many of the Mexican officers called on Gen. Worth, among whom were Don Francisco Bena, who commanded at the Obis Pado, or Bishop's Palace, Gen. Ortiga, Col. Marino, and others. While drinking with these gentlemen upon this occasion, Gen. Ortiga gave the following toast, at whose pronouns, *we* and *our*, I could not help but smile. He said, "I drink to the perpetual peace of the two Republics, and may we hereafter ever be as brothers joined in one cause, and let us show to foreign nations the greatness of our power, while the valor of our arms shall teach all Europe that we can defy them."

I had occasion to go on a matter of business with several of our officers, to call on General Ampudia; we found his quarters finely furnished, his tables loaded with fruit, wine and cigars, while, in an adjoining apartment, were seen several women gaudily dressed. On our presentation to him he merely bowed, standing with his hands in his breeches, with a white jacket on, and an unlit cigar in his mouth, and asked what we wanted, without even extending to us the courtesy of a seat, much less to partake of the viands on his sumptuous table. He was evidently drunk, and no doubt had been, from appearances, beastly so, the night before. He is a large man of full six feet, inclined to corpulency, with little shrewd, cunning black eyes, indicative of deceit, intrigue and libertinism; he wore an imperial, with a tuft of beard on his chin. There was nothing in his manners prepossessing or pleasing, but, on the contrary, you become disgusted with the man, and feel he is a villain, a tyrant, and a coward. And this great Mexican General, I am confidently told, was once a common *drayman* in the streets of Havana.

QUITE A MISTAKE. The New York police were, on Thursday, put upon the *qui vive* by an announcement in one of the morning papers, that a carpet bag containing $100,000 had lately been stolen from one of Adams' Express wagons in Boston. From reliable information it has been ascertained that the bag alluded to was only a bag of buttons and shirt collars!

SAD ACCIDENT. Mr. Nelson Fox, a young man about 22 years of age, who resided in Nelson county, (Va.,) near Greenfield, was shot by the accidental discharge of his gun. He died in a few minutes.

FIRES IN NEW YORK. The ship store of Fasche & Co., the passenger office of J. Herdman, the stores of Mr. Copeland, J. Henry, and Hussey & Murray, in South street New York, were either destroyed by fire or greatly damaged by water on Thursday night. The silk store of Dibble & Richardson, in Pearl st. was consumed the same night.

HESSIAN FLY. The Elkton Whig states that this insect is committing depredations upon the wheat in Cecil county. Since the rain of the past week, the wheat, which looked bad before, has brightened up wonderfully, and many fields appear quite green.

THE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC. A public meeting, called by the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati, was held in that city on Friday, and a committee was appointed to draft a memorial to Congress in favor of Mr. Whitney's plan. That gentleman was present and addressed the meeting.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Seminal Weakness, pain in the Loins, affections of the Kidneys; also those peculiar affections which arise from *a certain practice of youth*, and 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

SECRET DISEASE.

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

Office No. 1 *NORTH FREDERICK 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 on the 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

A CERTAIN DISEASE.

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

It is a melancholy fact, that thousands fall victim 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.

GONORRHŒA AND GLEET CURED, by the most speedy and the most pleasant remedy known to any other physician. It requires no restraint of diet, or hindrance 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 PROSTRATE GLAND, which impyrics and quacks so often create their noxious drugs and filthy infections.

STRICTURES—when there is a partial suppression of urine, accompanied with uneasiness in the parts, or a frequent desire to make water, it is called *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 it—such persons become weak in the parts, seldom *have children*, and in the later stages of this complaint are incapable of enjoying *Marriage*—their systems become deranged, particularly the stomach, inducing symptoms of dyspepsia; also affections 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 persons, Dr. JOHNSTON offers the most speedy remedy that can be obtained in the *United States*.

☞Read Dr. J.'s Treatics on Veneral, etc. etc.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Young men who have injured themselves 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 renders marriage impossible, and destroys 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 deviating from the path of nature 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 connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pilgrimage, the prospect hourly darkens to the view—the mind becomes shadowed with despair, and filled with the melancholy reflection, that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

CONSTITUTIONAL DEBILITY.

Dr. J. addresses young men and all who have injured themselves by private & improper indulgences.

IMPOTENCE—WEAKNESS OF THE GENITAL ORGANS.

Loss of virile power is the penalty most frequently paid by those who give a loose rein or license 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 stricture, deposites in the urine, 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 who that understands the subject 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 and too great excitement of the genital organs. Parents and guardians are often misled, with respect to the causes or sources of disease in their sons and wards. How often do they ascribe to other causes the wasting of the frame, idiotcy, madness, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, derangement of the nervous system, cough and symptoms, indicating consumption, when the truth is that they have been caused by indulging 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 here. The complaint comes on gradually. It begins by a too hasty discharge of semen in copulative and passionate dreams. Such emissions being too hasty, have no power, while the erections are feeble, imperfect and soon over. As the disorder grows worse, the discharges or emissions become more easily excited and frequent, often brought on by lascivious ideas, or by merely touching the part. In this deplorable case, 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 ruinous 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, lowness of spirits, and a vague dread of something, often starting with terror at a sudden sight or sound. He also loaths 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 slyly searches every source that 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 filch him of his pecuniary substance, and instead of restoring him to health, leave him to sigh over his galling disappointment; the last scene of the drama winds up with mania, catalepsy, epilepsy or some terrible disease of the nerves and death drops the curtain, hurrying the unhappy patient to an untimely tomb, where his friends totally 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.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED.

☞Advice to the Poor GRATIS.

TAKE NOTICE. DR. JOHNSTON has had a greater practice in the above affections than any physician in the U. S. He also possesses an advantage over all others, from the fact of his having studied in the great Hospitals of both Europe and this country, viz: those of England, France, Spain, Russia, Denmark, &c., and the Hospitals of Philadelphia. Thousands in Baltimore can testify that he cured them after every other means had failed. Innumerable certificates could be given, but delicacy prevents it—for *what man of respectability* would like his name exposed—*none*—besides there are so many persons without knowledge or character who advertise these things with false names that alone would injure any