AMERICAN REPUBLICAN, AND BALTIMORE DAILY CLIPPER.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, BY BULL & TUTTLE, No. 134 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, Md.

VOLUME. XV.—N . 122 TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1846 PRICE ONE CENT

☞THE AMERICAN REPUBLICAN & BALTIMORE CLIPPER is furnished to subscribers by careful carriers, at only *six and a quarter cents* per week, payable to the Carriers only, at the end of each week. The Clipper will also be sent, by mail, to distant subscribers, at the rate of *Four Dollars* per year, payable, always, in advance.

RETES OF ADVERTISING:

1 square,	1 time,	$0.50	1 square,	1 month,		$4.00
1 do	2 do	0.75	1 do	2 do		7.00
1 do	3 do	1 00	1 do	3 do		10,00
1 do	1 week,	1.75	1 do	6 do		16.00
1 do	2 do	2.75	1 do	1 year,		30.00

Ten lines or less make a square—if an advertisement exceeds ten lines, the price will be in proportion.

All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.

☞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 per annum.

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

[From the Mobile Herald and Tribune]

THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENT O'ER THE LOSS OF HIS CROP.

Bab luck to the hour that the crop of potaties,
Took the sickness and died—och! sorrow is me,
Their green tops all withered, and the dear roots all blighted,
And ne'er a one left in the orchard for me,
Oh! that fruit I delight in, our stay, hope and comfort,
That made every heart leap with joy in our cot,
When Judy arranged them on nate wooden platers,
Smoking and bursting right fresh from the pot.

Adieu, beautiful blossoms that waved so luxuriantly,
And yielded a fragrance more grateful to me,
Than the blossoming corn or the sweet scented orange,
That comes from strange lands far over the sea;
I'll praise ye *Potaties* and tell of your beauties,
Though now, alas! withered, and blasted and dead,
How ye shone like the snow drap, and glistened like silver,
Inviting the poor to sit down and be fed.

They may tell us *corn male* is more sweet and unctious—
It is false or is true, I for one little care,
Just set down before me a dish of potaties.
There is nothing on earth half so sweet I declare;
Many and deep are the griefs that come o'er thee,
"Erin my country," but greater than all—
Is the loss, the great loss of our crop of potaties,
And now we are left with—just nothing at all.

Mc.

[For the Baltimore Clipper.]

TOWN AND COUNNRY.

A few days ago, I called on a friend who had lately taken up his residence in the city. He came from a remote and secluded village, and having an interesting groupe of youngsters about him, I thought I would amuse myself for an hour or two with the impressions which the novel and busy scenes of town seemed to make on their minds.

"How do you like the city?" said I, to a sweet little rosy-cheeked girl of about sixteen, as she sat at the window with her eyes fixed on a man who was walking some twenty feet in advance of a cart loaded with coal, ringing a bell all the time, with a sort of machine-like motion, as if he were totally unconscious of the part he contributed to the eternal and unearthly din of the human hive around him; his horse meantime following mechanically at a pace as slow and with a demeanor as grave as that of a canting hypocrite on thanksgiving day. Without turning her eye from the object of its gaze, she burst into a hearty fit of laughter; but suddenly inferring from my silence that I was surprised at her conduct, she composed herself to reply.

"I like it as well as I expected, so far," said she. "But really there are so many things hourly occurring under my eye, so new to me, and, to one unaccustomed to them as I am, so ludicrous, that I feel a constant inclination to laugh. Now look at that fellow; was ever so serious a mood worn by any body not engaged in meditation upon his chances in a future world? He looks as profound as if the destinies of an empire hung upon his deliberations, or as if he were preaching repentance to stiff-necked sinners by the dark warnings he carries in his countenance and his cart: and his horse too, not less staid in his deportment, moves along in obedience to his master's beck, imploring some kind hand at every step, to rid him of his burden. See that dingy looking African, with hands as black as the cartman's coal, with a tin bucket in his hand, bellowing out in the face of every one that passes him, "hosh! shuck hosh!" or some such inuritable ejaculation, to let the citizens know that he sells oysters. Who gives encouragement to such traffic? Can you eat his oysters? Why, we of the country are so particular about our mode of preparing them for the table that, from the moment they come from their native element, they are not allowed to be touched save by the nice, clean hand of the cook. But here you have them from the dear knows where, opened the dear knows how, and mixed up with the dear knows what."

"Oh!" said I, "you are certainly too nice.—We must take things on trust. Let us presume that every thing is right unless we can detect the wrong. It is folly to worry ourselves with imagining evils, while we are beset by so many real ones. Have you been to market?"

"No."

"Have you seen the milk-woman?"

"Yes, what of her?" she inquired.

"Nothing," said I, "to my knowledge. But there are other things white as well as milk; and that liquid which you consider so great a luxury in the country, may be a filthy compound in the hands of the city vender. A little chalk and water would multiply quarts wonderfully.

My innocent little colloquist was struck utterly dumb at the suggestion. "Only to think," she seemed to want to exclaim, "for a month past I have been the victim of that old hag's artifice."

"Well," said she, when sufficiently recovered to speak, "no more milk for me."

"You are fond of sausage, are you not," I inquired.

"I eat it sometimes."

"That is a compound, you know, and the consumer is not consulted by the manufacturer as to the kind or quality of the ingredients — How do you know that sty-pigs are the only animals that fall victims to that luxury?"

"No more sausage," she exclaimed.

"Bread, my dear, how about that?"

"Oh, no more of this if you please!" she entreated. "I find I shall be run off of the bill-of-fare and die of starvation in the midst of plenty."

I said no more for some minutes. But her unsophisticated remarks brought something of a train of thought upon me. How ignorant to be sure these simple children of nature are of the complicated wheel-work of city life!—They rise at dawn with the first scream of chanticleers; set themselves to work to prepare their morning repast, and enjoy it with the consciousness that the rude hand of no mercenary caterer has defiled it. In solitude and silence the day passes away—its loveliness uninterrupted by the rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs. Trade is no bye-word with them. They live on the bounties of God as vouchsafed to them through mother Earth, and thank him for the blessings they enjoy without any other intermediate agency. The melancholy monotony from the forest is the only sound that meets their ear at night, and unlike the hoarse cry of the watchman, it tells them not of the flight of time, nor warns them of the duty which crime imposes on society of appointing these vigils. "Can you sleep," I inquired.

"O! yes, now; but not at first. For a week after we got here I heard every hour of the night, bawled out by a stentorian voice that would have rung for miles in the forest of my native district. Not only did the noise itself disturb my slumbers, but the unusical cadence attempted by the performer touched my nerves and I could not forbear laughing. 'Its pa-hast one o'cl-uck!' Why is this? Is it not presumed that the citizens are asleep when their lives and property require a sentry? And what individual wishes to be told the time of night when he is asleep? You people must sleep, as well as keep your banks and shops open, by the hour. Is sleep a matter of traffic? Pa says every thing here not only costs money, but is taxed. I suppose dreams bear a high price and are valued like the work of a mechanic, according to the time occupied in putting them together."

"You are a little sharp, Miss," replied I. But you seem to mistake every thing with us urbanites. The watch are required to let each other know that every one is attending to his duty; and the crying of the hour answers the purpose of a universal signal. The 'musical cadence' you speak of gives it the effect of a serenade, and I am sure such pretty ears as yours would scarcely revolt at any sound uttered with a good intention, however harsh the performance might be to one whose taste has been cultivated under the hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, and the boding tone of the whip-poor-will."

"O, mercy on me. But the sounds you speak of are melancholy, and to the ear of the sentimentalist they are actually sweet. What, to contemplate nature in her loneliness—to watch the pale moon as she rolls through the sky—to mark out the hosts of heaven in the various figures of men and beasts, into which the ancient mind has grouped them, and at the same time to listen to the voices that sound from the far-off wilds! what can be more delicious? Then contrast them with the rumble-cum-tumble-tumble tumble of your vain and glittering pomp, or of your greedy and grasping avarice, or with the whiss, whiss, whiss of your 'n—ll in harness,' as a countryman of mine called a locomotive engine—that creature of common-place existence which drives all poetry from the imagination, and nearly all knowledge from the understanding, in its unwearied subserviency to your animal appetites and passions. Let me likewise say, that the owl is not placed as a guard over our lives; nor does the whip-poor-will tell us that he is interposed between ourselves and the midnight marauder. They carry with them none of the associations of a dark and deep-rooted depravity. But here amidst your refinement and your vaunted civilization, one must be constantly reminded of it by the schemes instituted to prevent or detect crime."

All this was said with a sweet little smile playing on her countenance, meaning of course that she was not exactly in earnest; but that if one were disposed to be in earnest such arguments might be used. Perceiving that I took her meaning she resumed with a more serious air.

"I came to the city to be pleased, and I know I will be after I become accustomed to its usages. There are advantages here I wish to enjoy. Your schools can finish my education. Your music can perfect me in that art. Your society can refine me for the world; and your endless sources of amusement can enable me to pass away a leisure hour pleasantly. I can see mankind here as it is, not as we of the country are in the habit of imagining it should be. My delusions will be dispelled by the reality; and reality after all, is all that is practically useful. Your ladies too are prettier than they can possibly be in the country, and your gentlemen take more pains with their personal elegance."

"Yes; but," said I, jocosely, "are you sure that the ladies' beauty is as natural here as it is in the country? May not art contribute something to the symmetry of their figures and to the rose-like tints of their cheeks. Are you aware that these prattling lips you see on the street sometimes derive their coral beauties from vermilion, and the *ivory* teeth with which they show in such bewitching contrast, may be porcelain; and furthermore, that the ringlets which flow so gracefully about and over paint and porcelain, may be the only surviving remnants of some angelic being now in the tomb?"

"Dear bless us, no; it can't be possible, surely," she exclaimed.

"O, no!" said I. "It is not true of course." But such things are said. They are scandals, and I as a Baltimore bachelor pronounce them to be so. I only speak of them as possible, and likewise to show you that beauty may be suspected, upon bare possibilities of fraud."

"Well," she rejoined, "I am glad to hear of these mystic arts. I myself may have occasion to be schooled in them some time or other. Oh my, this fashion!"

"Now don't pretend to say that these things are all mysteries, to you, Miss ——, for if the surmises of your neighbors be correct, in your delectable little village of six houses, you are already an adept in some of the arts referred to." This I said with an air of triumph, and the poor little creature looked as if she were vanquished from sheer terror.

"What!" she exclaimed, her eyes dilating to such a degree as to exhibit the entire orb of jet of which they were made. "What! our neighbors speak so of me!"

"Yes," said I. "And now since you are somewhat inclined to laugh at us city folks, suppose I give you some of my experience whilst I tarried at your father's last summer.—You will then be able to compare town and country, or if you please, life in a city and life in a village. I had not been there twenty-four hours before I heard scandals uttered of your whole family. Whilst I sat in the tavern porch on the morning after my arrival, you passed on the other side of the road, and some one of the loungers remarking that you were a very pretty little girl, "yes" replied the landlord, with a sort of cur-dog expression of countenance, the belt of his pantaloons protruding like the torrid zone on an artificial globe, whilst his utmost muscular effort seemed to be limited to the motion of his lips and tongue, and the sum of his intelligence, to the darker shades in his neighbor's character:—"yes, but rouge will spoil her complexion; what a pity!"

"Rouge! she don't rouge," said I.

"Oh yes!" said he, "I heard Slackwater, the pedlar, say, in fact he told *me*, that she bought rouge of him. And that is not all;—her teeth are nearly all false." "Yes and her hair too," added his barkeeper, in a voice that seemed the very echo of his superior's, which superior thereupon cast a look of great complacency upon his faithful minion.

"What can make her lips so red?" inquired a little fellow sitting at the far end of the porch, in a squeaking tone, his nose the while as rubicund as a pickled beet and not unlike that root in its proportions.

"Reflection from your proboscis, I take it," replied the village wit. "They say you are in love with her, as you fall in love with every pretty face; and I guess you want to make her's the more beautiful by poking your own blushes into it."

"Where does she get bran?" inquired the landlord, alluding, I suppose, to the means ladies adopt for giving grace to the swelling points of their figure.

"Oh, no! wadding."

"Oh, no! rags," exclaimed several voices in quick succession.

Here my young lady seemed so overwhelmed with an impression of absurding that she burst into an immoderate laugh. She probably thought I was quizzing her as she did not deign to reply. But so it was—true, all uttered with a sort of idiotic smirk on their faces; but nevertheless true. I went into a store hard by and there I found the landlord and his party the subject of the bitterest vituperation—into a mechanic's shop and the worthy artisan was pouring out the viol of his wrath on the whole fraternity, his parson in the bargain—into the Doctor's office and from Esculapius I gathered the biography of every man, woman and child, both white and negro, in the village from infancy to the time then being, during the narrating of which, the few feeble virtues that could be discerned glimmering amid the darkness of general personal character, were greatly extolled, while all aberrations from the village moral standard, were piteously deplored. And here is village life, thought I. News they get once a week and after it becomes unreadable from sheer age. A letter on an average once a fortnight. Books, they have none; nor do they appear to want any, for they have not cultivated a taste for reading and of course would not read if they had the library of the Capitol. Then what are they to do to fill the eternal void the mind must feel if not engaged? Gossip, and each other's weak points must be the subject of it. This is the fault of all small villages, where every one individual is known to every other. In the city the very multitude and its density produces a different condition of things. . . . . But this will not do. I must talk a little more with my fair one.

"Let me see now if your cheek is not painted," said I, putting my finger on it at the same time, as if to rub off the paint. Instead of the hue being diminished, it assumed a scarlet redness. The mischievous thing in the mean time caught me by a pair of enormous whiskers which had been the objects of my tenderest solicitude during three month's cultivation, and inflicted as summary a punishment upon me for my impertinence as Judge Lynch ever devised for one of his victims. I did not scream, for that would have been incompatible with the dignity of a bachelor. But I groaned, for it was impossible to help it. She released me in a short time, and that, O, horrible to relate, only to gain a chance for her tongue!

"And now, Mr. Bachelor," said she, "I suppose you perceive that the beauties of our respective cheeks are natural. I am sure yours are, or you would not have winced as you did under the tug I gave them. Perfectly natural, and how elegantly defined by your barber!—How gracefully those points verge towards the corners of your mouth—planted there by nature, like the dense growth of a valley, to hide the superfluous moisture that issues from the fountain above! And those mustaches and that tuft; how beautifully emblematic they are of the two emotions, hope and despair! Hope in the shape of the mustache rides triumphantly above the vortex wherein is engulphed many a living thing, particularly, I suspect, the poor, unresisting oyster about the reasonable hour of 10 P. M., while despair, round as the shield of the vanquished Hector, sinks beneath its resistless whirl!"

"The village folks, sir, wear long beards frequently; but not to beautify their persons, as you do. It is probably because they either can't help it, or because they think it useless to try to be very handsome when they have to labor. Their whole appearance, however, is in unison. If they permit the coarse, ugly hair of their chins and cheeks to grow, they likewise cover their backs with the unrefined clothing nature has provided for the sheep, and they therefore look all of a piece. Man thus in a primitive state is not a repulsive being. His very roughness is in character with his sex; and we delicate females are inclined to like him the better for it, because he then looks more like our protector. You gentlemen of the city have a different way of doing things. The indigenous growth of your chin is brought into contrast with the exotic of which your coats are made, and you give generous aries the decided advantage, by refining his covering in every manner of process of which it is susceptible. Were I a fine gentleman, it strikes me forcibly that I should not seek a competition with so humble a quadruped, nor place myself in a situation to suffer by a comparison. If I looked smooth at all, I would try and smooth my face, as well as wear a smooth coat and cravat, and not labor to improve upon the coarseness of primitive barbarism without improving in all the particulars suggested by modern civilization. Keep your mustaches and tuft, nevertheless. I have some sort of a faint idea that as it is fashionable, it is right; and I am sure I should be the last to denounce them as the badges of fools, or of any body but wise men, whilst you wear them; and there being so many like you does not argue that the multitude lack wisdom."

Thus she spoke, and I quit her; not to visit her again until city influences shall begin their work of polish on her susceptible mind. She is beyond doubt highly gifted, and in the course of time must be known to the literary public as a writer of poetry. The bias which her mind has taken, and which is obvious throughout this paper, has been received through the force of education. The doctrines of a sound morality have been constantly inculcated upon her, and next to the precepts of the Bible, in which she has been carefully instructed, the grandeur of Nature has been regularly appealed to, to strengthen them. It is therefore, I have no doubt, that she is always inclined to ridicule the peculiarities of artificial and conventional life. Who she is, you will doubtless know hereafter.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION—*Loss of Thirty Lives!*—A slip from the New Orleans Picayune, which should have been received on Sunday night, informs us of a terrible steamboat accident which occurred on the 21st instant, about seven miles below Natchez, in the bend of the river, by which some twenty or thirty lives were lost and a great number of persons were severely scalded.

The steamboat Sultana, bound down the river, came in contact with the steamboat Maria, bound up, striking her just forward of the wheel-house, and by the violence of the shock broke the connexion-pipe of the Maria, by which between twenty-five and thirty deck hands and deck passengers were scalded, many of them so severely that there was no prospect of their recovery.

The Maria sunk to within about two feet of her cabin floor within five minutes after the collision, drowning between twenty-five and thirty persons who were on the lower deck. The cabin passengers were all saved.

The New Orleans Tropic has some additional particulars of the accident from which we copy the following:

The boilers of the Maria were knocked off their stands, severing the connecting pipes, filling the space between the lower deck and cabin floor with steam and boiling water, scalding nearly all those persons in that portion of the boat aft of the boiler, consisting of the deck hands and some few deck passengers.—The only person known to be lost or injured in the upper cabbin was Mr. James P. Darst, the principal clerk of the boat, who, at the time of the collision, was standing at his desk in the office, sorting out some letters for delivery at Natchez. As soon as the boats struck, and before the effects of the shock were known, he sprung into the Social Hall and cried out to the passengers "not to be alarmed," and returned to his office to secure his books; after that time he was not seen, and it is supposed that he must have been crushed and fell through the floor, the office being entirely destroyed, and the deck forced into the Social Hall. The third engineer is also missing, and, no doubt, is buried amid the ruins of the lower deck. The crew of the boat numbered fifty-two; of these, only 9 could be mustered within three hours after the collision, at which time we left the wreck, who had escaped uninjured. These were principally the firemen and sailors on duty. About twenty are missing and must have perished immediately. Twenty-one were rescued, but all so dreadfully scalded that there are no hopes of their recovery, with the exception of the third cook, a man of color.

CONNOR, THE AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN. The Philadelphia Keystone, in a notice of the successful engagement of this talented actor at the Arch st. Theatre, in that city, pays him the following deservedly high tribute:

He stands first among the fine actors of the age, although this truth may sound strange to some persons who idolize *any thing* that is foreign, and go into strong convulsions at a wandering fiddler, or a vagrant torturer of the piano. But Conner is emphatically a great actor. His personal appearance fits him for the higher walks of the drama; his face is susceptible of the finest and most impassioned phazes of expression. To a thorough knowledge of the mechanical portion of the drama, he adds a vigorous enunciation, a delicate perception, and a refined taste. It is true, he is not altogether, rant and brawn and muscle, in his acting, but in those parts of the drama which demand *intellect*, he stands pre-eminent. We have witnessed his late delineations of the most difficult characters of Shakspeare, and must confess our surprise, at the ease and nerve with which he embodied the thought of Hamlet, the mingled ambition and remorse of Macbeth, the paternal agony of Lear. Nor did he fail in Kotzebue's Stranger—his Claude Melnotte, was a fresh, startling, vigorous production, full of new and beautiful points.

THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY. We are indebted to the New Orleans Picayune for an extra containing a graphic and highly interesting account of the part taken by Gen. Worth's division in the capture of Monterey, written by one of its accomplished editors, Mr. Kendall, who participated in the stirring scenes of that glorious achievement. The details are given with great minuteness, and are written in a captivating style—the whole being accompanied with a beautiful map, engraved expressly for the Picayune.

ACCIDENT. A man, by the name of Marshall, had one of his hands badly shattered, three fingers of which were torn entirely off, and his face burned by the accidental discharge of his gun, while duck shooting on the Susquehanna river, near Perryville, on Thursday last. Jacob S. Ergood, Jr., of Havre-de-Grace, was drowned in the Susquehanna last week while gunning.

PRISON DISCIPLINE. The Montreal Herald says, that at the Penitentiary at Kingston, 150 lashes are administered daily, or 54,750 annually; that these statements have produced much excitement, and that all parties demand an investigation.

NEW DAILY LINE TO BELAIR, CHURCHVILLE AND HARFORD FURNACE, via Perrymansville, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. Passengers leave the Depot, Pratt st., EVERY MORNING, (except Sundays) in the cars at 9 o'clock, for Perrymansville; thence by Stage, arriving at Bel Air by one o'clock.

Fare from Baltimore to Harford Furnace		75
" " "	Churchville	$1.00
" " "	Bel Air	1 00

☞Tickets must be procured at the office before taking seats in the cars. jy8 tf

THE RAVAGES OF CONSUMPTION RENDERED HARMLESS.

DR. J. WILSON BARING'S COMPOUND LUNG SYRUP OF NAPHTHA!

☞A positive cure for Tuberculous Consumption, Asthma, Decline, Bronchial Affections, and all evil results which arise from protracted cold or sudden exposure. Prepared by J. Wilson Baring, M. D., No. 36 Alfred Place, Bedford Square, Westminster, London.

DR. J. WILSON BARING, TO THE WORLD.

In offering to the public my Syrup of Naphtha, I do so under a firm conviction of its improvement on the simple Syrup of Naphtha, and a feeling of duty, that in possessing a remedy so rare and truly valuable, no matter how much good might result from its application in private practice, its results would be comparatively limited to what they might be by placing it in such a position that every person who is afflicted, and cannot make personal application, can procure my plan of treating Consumption without applying to me in person.

CASE OF DECLINE.

Sarah Powman, seamstress, residing at 88 Dean street ætat. 18, applied to me September 24, 1844, and stated to me that she had lost three brothers from consumption, and had suffered much from cough and pain in the breast for the last two winters, which she thought greatly aggravated from having to sew for her living; about three weeks before applying to me took fresh cold from carrying home her work on a rainy night, since which period she rapidly lost flesh; had at the time of applying to me but little expectoration and complained much of an extreme sense of uneasiness after eating; I gave her a bottle of my Lung Syrup of Naptha and told her after she had taken it to call and see me, or if she should become worse while taking it to call immediately on feeling weaker; called again October 1st; her appearance much improved; cough easier; expectoration profuse and accompanied with minute globules of tubercle; treatment continued.

Oct. 7.—Patient called again; still improved in appearance, had gained five pounds since the 24th of September; could sew two hours longer in the day than before without inconvenience; bowels inclined to costiveness; prescribed one of the aperient pills every other night, and Lung Syrup continued.

Oct. 15.—Appetite, health, and strength improving; cough trifling, also pain in the breast gone; treatment continued.

Nov. 5.—Cough entirely disappeared; expectoration exceedingly trifling; percussion yields the natural sound on both sides; respiratory murmur remarkably good; had taken since she commenced eight bottles of my Lung Syrup.

CASE OF ASTHMA.

John Willowby, perfumer, 42 Hatton Garden, London, aetat 47, came to me and stated that he had been afflicted with an asthmatic affection since he was 22 years of age, and despaired of ever being cured; prescribed him a dose of my Lung Syrup of Naphtha every night before going to bed; objected at first to using my Syrup, as he had tried for a length of time before the Syrup of Naphtha, which always relieved his asthma, but after ten days use would cause costiveness and bring on piles; after explaining that my Lung Syrup was prepared with an express view for asthma as well as consumption, and that by taking the pills the same as prescribed in the foregoing case of Samuel Mallory, he would avoid costiveness; took one bottle of my Syrup in the course of seven days; breathing entirely relieved and bowels perfectly free; continued the use of the Lung Syrup of Naphtha for another week, when every symptom had disappeared; two weeks after this the patient contracted fresh cold and was threatened with a severe attack; the Naphtha was again prescribed, and in three days the symptoms were entirely removed.

CASE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Richard Macden, living at 54 Threadneedle street, by trade a stone mason, ætat. 42, called to see me January 21, 1845, and requested me to prescribe for him. Symptoms:—Severe flitting pains in the stomach, and a dull heavy pain the left side; pain during the night between his shoulders; bowels costive, with attacks of diarrhœa at intervals of four weeks, during the costive state of his bowels had a dry hacking cough, which ceased during their state of relaxation, but as soon as the diarrhœa was checked, the cough came back again; had been gradually losing flesh for the last twelve months, and had become so emaciated for four months previous as not to be able to work at his trade.

Sounded his lungs with the stethoscope, and found them in a perfectly healthy condition; prescribed for him the following pill.

RECIPE—Mass. Hyar. half a drachm; Polv. Scillæ one scruple; Pulv. Digitalis ten grains; Ext. Hyoscyami ten grains; M. Ft. pilulæ xii; directed one pill three times a day.

January 7th—Had taken the twelve pills; symptoms aggravated, with indications of salivation; changed the course of treatment, and gave him the following:

RECIPE—Syr. Sarsap. Comp one pint; Sol. Hyd. Ferri two ounces; misce. Directed a table spoonful of the mixture morning and night.

January 20th—Had taken 26 doses of the above syrup; much improved in strength, but pain in the side and breast unabated; cough rather increased; treatment continued.

January 27th—Cough becoming more troublesome every day; first symptoms the same as last; prescribed my Lung Syrup of Naphtha in doses of a table spoonful three times a day.

February 4th—Coughing confined principally to the day time, and pain in the stomach much reduced; pain in the left side and shoulders same as usual; treatment continued.

February 10th—Cough easier, with profuse expectoration; pain changed from the left side to the breast; and pain in the shoulders much diminished, Naphtha continued.

February 18th.—Pain in the breast gone, stomach stronger, with less pain; bowels more regular; had a slight attack of diarrhœa on the 16th, which was checked by taking one double dose of the Syrup; cough very trifling; increased in strength and weight since using the Naphtha.

February 28th.—Cough entirely gone; is sufficiently strong to work six hours per day at his trade.

March 15th.—Every symptom of pain disappeared; feels as strong and healthy as at any period for ten years; Naptha discontinued.

CASE OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

Elizabeth Rawdon, wife of John Rawdon, residing in Piccadilly, sent for me to come and see her at her house; called there December 26th, 1843, when she made the following statement of facts to me; ever since her marriage she has been subject to palpitation of the heart accompanied at times with diarrhœa, and in winter when exposed to the least change of atmosphere she would be seized with a dry hacking cough which she was then suffering from; I prescribed the Syrup of Naphtha and directed her to continue its use for several weeks and that in the mean time I would call; called Jan. 4, 1844, and found her much stronger; palpitation greatly subsided; could walk up and down stairs without an attack which she could not do two weeks before; treatment continued.

January 20.—Every symptom of palpitation had subsided and was not reproduced by the most violent exercises.

I have also used my Lung Syrup of Naphtha in a variety of cases such as whooping cough, croup, spitting of blood, pains in the limbs and joints resulting from cold and lowness of spirits, and have always found its effects so highly valuable as to warrant me in recommending it for the above diseases in all cases.

In nearly all the patients who have applied to me, I have found upon enquiry, that many among the most serious were the result of the most trivial colds neglected. Few persons know the serious consequences that a neglected cough, sore throat, or bronchitis will entail. When cold is first contracted it is a very easy matter to cure it, but after it has proceeded and gained a mastery over the system, until the discovery of the Naphtha there was no hope for it.

For sale by the following Agents.

JOHN MOORE, 114 Baltimore street, Baltimore.
—— SOTHRON Georgetown, D.C.
J. R. PIERPOINT, Alexandria, D. C.
J. CALLAN & CO., Washington, D. C.

Price 3s. 6d., STAMP INCLUDED [American price $1 per bottle, or $10 per dozen.]

N. B.—Persons in the country remitting any amount of money (post paid) to the Agent, will have the Syrup sent to their direction; and where a dozen is ordered, no charge will be made for packing or box. ☞No letter taken from the post office unless post paid.☜ no6-eow2m

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,

WHERE may be obtained the most speedy remedy for Gonorrhœ, 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 and 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 no 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 impurics and quacks so often create their noxious drugs and filthy injections.

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 Treatise 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 commite 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. None 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 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 symtoms, 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 the 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 fleece him of his pecuniary substance, and instead of restoring him to health, leave him to sigh over his baffling 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. Unquestionable references could be given, but delicacy prevents it—for what man of respectability would like his name exposed—besides there are so many persons without knowledge of character who advertise these things with false names, that none would read it.