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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAY EXCEPTED, At the Tribune Buildings, corner of Spruce and Nassau-streets, opposite the City Hall,

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☞ All Advertisements inserted in this paper appear both in the Morning and the Evening edition.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
is published every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY mornings. Price $4 per annum. Two copies for $5.00.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
A VERY LARGE PAPER FOR THE COUNTRY,
is published every SATURDAY MORNING, at the low price of $2 per annum, in advance. 10 copies for $15, or 20 copies for $30.

THE TRIBUNE.

Asylum for Discharged Female Convicts.

The ladies of the Prison Association have been, for some time, engaged in the endeavor to procure funds for establishing this asylum. They have met, thus far, with little success; but, touched by the position of several women, who, on receiving their discharge, were anxiously waiting in hope there would be means provided to save them from return to their former suffering and polluted life, they have taken a house and begun their good work in faith that Heaven must take heed that such an enterprise may not fail, and touch the hearts of men to aid it.

They have taken a house and secured the superintendence of an excellent woman. There are already six women under her care. But this house is unprovided with furniture or the means of securing food for body and mind to these unfortunates during the brief novitiate which gives them so much to earn and unlearn.

The object is to lend a helping hand to the many who show a desire of reformation, but have hitherto been inevitably repelled into infamy by the lack of friends to procure them honest employment, and a temporary refuge till it can be procured. Efforts will be made to instruct them how to break up bad habits and begin a healthy course for body and mind.

The house has in it scarcely any thing; it is a true Lazarus establishment, asking for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. Old furniture would be acceptable clothes, books that are no longer needed by their owners.

Such a statement we make in appealing to the poor, though they are, usually, the most generous. Not that they are, originally, better than the rich, but circumstances have fitted them to appreciate the miseries, the trials, the wrongs, that beset those a little lower down than themselves. But we have seen too many instances where those who were educated in luxury would cast aside with eagerness the sloth and selfishness that cause when once awakened to better things, not to hope in appealing to the rich also.

And to all we appeal. To the poor, who will know how to sympathize with those who are not only poor but degraded, diseased, likely to be hurried onward to a shameful, hopeless death. To the rich, to equalize the advantages of which they have received more than their share. To men, to atone for the wrongs inflicted by men on that "weaker sex," who should, they say, be soft, confiding, dependent on them for protection. To women, to feel for those who have not been guarded either by social influence or inward strength from that first mistake which the opinion of the world makes irrevocable for women alone. Since their danger is so great, their fall so terrible, let mercies be multiplied when there is a chance of that partial restoration which society at present permits.

In New York we have come little into contact with that class of society who have a surplus of leisure at command; but in other cities we have found in that class many, some men, more women, who wanted only a decided object and clear light to fill the noble office of disinterested educators and guardians to their less fortunate fellows. It has been our happiness, in not a few instances, by merely appraising such persons of what was to be done, to rouse that generous spirit which relieved themselves from ennui, dejection, and a gradual ossification of the whole system, into a thoughtful, sympathetic and beneficent existence. Such no doubt are near us here, if we could but know it. A poet writes thus of the cities:

"Cities of proud hotels,
Houses of rich and great,
A stack of smoking chimneys,
A roof of frozen slate.
It cannot conquer folly,
Time and space conquering steam,
And the light-outspeeding telegraph
Bears nothing on its beam.

"The politics are base,
The letters do not cheer,
And 't is far in the deeps of history
The voice that speaketh clear;
Trade and the streets ensnare us,
Our bodies are weak and worn,
We plot and corrupt each other,
And we despoil the unborn.

"Yet there in the parlor sits
Some figure of noble guise,
Our angel in a stranger's form,
Or woman's pleading eyes;
Or only a flashing sunbeam
In at the window pane,
Or music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain."

These pleading eyes, these angels in a stranger's form we meet or seem to meet as we pass through the thoroughfares of this great city. We do not know their names or homes. We cannot go to those still and sheltered homes and tell them the tales, that would be sure to awaken the heart to a deep and active interest in this matter. But should these words meet their eyes, we would say, Have you entertained your leisure hours with the Mysteries of Paris or the pathetic story of Violet Woodville? Then you have some idea how innocence worthy of the brightest planet may be betrayed by want, or by the most generous tenderness; how the energies of a noble reformation may be hidden beneath the ashes of a long burning, as in the case of La Louve. You must have felt that yourselves are not better, only more protected children of God than these. Do you want to link these fictions, which have made you weep, with facts around you where your pity might be of use? Go to the Penitentiary at Blackwell's Island. You may be repelled by seeing those who are in health, while at work together, keeping up one another's careless spirit and effrontery by bad association. But see them in the hospital where the worn features of the sick show the sad ruins of past loveliness, past gentleness. See in the eyes of the nurses the woman's spirit still, so kindly, so inspiring. See those little girls huddled in a corner, their neglected dress and hair contrasting with some ribbon of cherished finery held fast in a childish hand. Think what "sweet seventeen" was to you, and what it is to them, and see if you do not wish to aid in any enterprise that gives them a chance of better days. We assume no higher claim for this enterprise. The dreadful social malady which creates the need of it is one that imperatively demands deep-searching preventive measures; it is beyond cure. But, here and there, some precious soul may be saved from unwilling sin, unutterable woe. Is not the hope to save, here and there one, worthy of great and persistent exertion and sacrifice?

Although Hood's poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," has been inserted once before in this paper, we are anxious to make use of it again, as more touching and forcible than any thing that has been or is likely to be written on this subject. We think that many will be willing to give much time, thought, hope and money to save even one from falling from this ✱

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently, and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her,
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family.—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or, was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light,
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless, by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled,—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it:
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Love in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care:
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour;
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Donations will be received by the following Ladies, who constitute the Executive Committee:

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ANOTHER MONSTER UNEARTHED.—Dr. Albert C. Kock, the discoverer, in 1840, of the bones of the great *Missourium* of Missouri, has recently unearthed, in Washington county, Alabama, a very nearly complete skeleton of a most colossal and terrible reptile, that may be justly termed the king of the kings of reptiles. Its length *is one hundred and four feet*—the solid portions of the vertebræ are from 14 to 18 inches in length, and from 8 to 12 inches in diameter, each averaging 75 pounds in weight. Its greatly elongated jaws are armed with not less than forty incisors or cutting teeth, four canine teeth or fangs, and eight molars or grinders. These teeth all fit into each other when the jaws are closed, and it is clear that the animal was of the carnivorous nature. The eyes were evidently large, and were prominently situated on the forehead, giving the animal the power of keeping a constant and vigorous watch for its prey. The body had members attached resembling paddles or fins, which in proportion to the size of the animal were small, and were doubtless intended to propel the body of this enormous creature through the waters of those large rivers and seas, which it inhabited or frequented. Each of these paddles or fins is composed of 21 bones, which form, in union, seven freely articulating joints. The ribs are of a very peculiar shape, and exceedingly numerous. They are three times the thickness at the lower that they are at the superior extremity. This is, in substance, the Doctor's description of his prize, which he has removed to Mobile. Where is Barnum?

HARDSCRABBLE.—This is the name of an agricultural settlement, on the waters of the Arkansas river, near the base of the Rocky Mountains. It consists of about 25 families of trappers and hunters, who have built houses and devoted themselves to agriculture. They all have Indian wives of the Snake tribe, they being much preferred to the Indians of the plains, who are nearest to them. They raise considerable quantities of corn, which they trade to the Indians for furs, robes and other articles. The Indians parch the corn and bruise and pound it into meal in skin bags and then make bread out of it. The settlers in Hardscrabble have no mills except a few indifferent hand mills, with which they grind corn for their own use. These men are very expert riflemen, well practised in Indian usages and warfare, and consider themselves fully competent to defend themselves against all the Indian tribes of that region, if they should be attacked by them. They live a rough, hard, romantic life, but are hospitable to those who visit them, or pass through their settlement. [St. Louis New Era.

SMART BOY.—"Jim—if you don't behave yourself I'll give you a good whipping."

"Well, ma, I wish you would, for I'll be hanged if you've ever given any lickin, that I called *good*, yet.

A Trip from Cincinnati to Cleveland and Detroit—Columbus—Asylums—State Prison.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CLEVELAND, June 9, 1845.

Mr. GREELEY: I have just ended a week's dusty ride through the interior of Ohio. The frost and drouth have done a terrible work to every kind of grain, grass and fruit; the wheat fields look as though they had been burned over, the leaves on many of the fruit and forest trees are sear and yellow, and the meadows are crisp and short as the stubble left after the harvest season. In every town where I stopped, I heard but one complaint, one prayer, and that was for rain! The farmers in some sections are re-planting and sowing their fields, and there is a general fear and prophecy of small crops through the State this fall. The same evil has extended itself to portions of Kentucky and Michigan, and the latter State can least bear such a calamity, as wheat is the principal staple on which she depends.

There is a deal of talk concerning the projected railroad from Cincinnati to Cleveland. So far as travelers are concerned it is most desirable, but to the many pleasant villages which it must intersect, it will be little less than ruin. But every body is mad for it, and have it of course they will, and when the villages see that the two points where it begins and ends enjoy all the advantages of it, they will repent too late urging its construction. Our route from Cincinnati led us through Dayton, Springfield, Columbus, Mount Vernon and Wooster, over excellent roads generally, especially the Cumberland portion, from Springfield to Columbus. DAYTON is called the finest town in the State: has about 8,000 inhabitants, fine water privileges, and several large flouring and other mills, and has a canal intersecting the Miami to Cincinnati, a distance of fifty miles.— At the village of Miami, seven miles from Dayton, is one of the largest Indian Mounds in the West, covering several acres at the base, and rising over a hundred feet in hight. Springfield, thirty miles from Dayton, is a beautiful village of 3,000 inhabitants, with good water power, and a flouring mill that can turn out 150 barrels per day. Within sight of the hotel where I stopped are two more of these remarkable vestiges of another race of rude but mighty people. They seem scarcely known to the villagers living near them, but want a treat for the curious! Here we came to the National road, over which we traveled to Columbus, forty five miles. This road is raised on an average from four to six feet. Macadamized, and almost perfectly straight and level. Just before reaching Columbus, you cross a prairie of perhaps 2,000 acres, cut up into most beautiful farms, and covered with luxuriant grains.

COLUMBUS is a large and fast growing place, well located for a Capital, and has generally abundance of water in the Scioto river for all manufacturing purposes. It has the largest and finest hotel, when finished, in Ohio; its dwellings are neat, some of them elegant, and it boasts of three of the finest Charity buildings in the whole country. They are Asylums for the Insane, for the Blind, and the Deaf and Dumb—beside it has all the advantages, if there are any, of the State Penitentiary, a large and magnificent structure, built of grey stone.— Through the kindness of Col. Patterson I was shown through the entire building. It has a much finer appearance than the Sing Sing Prison, and its cells, numbering over six hundred, are large, airy and clean, and I suppose as *comfortable* as any prison cells. There are confined here at present 456 convicts, mostly horse thieves, burglars and forgers, the larger part of whom appeared to be young men. About 250 of them are under contract to a Mr. Hayden, who also employs a large number at Auburn; he is a manufacturer of saddle frames and harness ware. In one department he casts his iron work; in another bakes it until it is malleable as wrought iron; in another his machinery is made, and in others the wood-work is cut out and finished. The convicts all labor under contracts, some at blacksmithing, some at flour and other barrels, and some at tailoring and carpet-weaving. In one of the rooms I saw a newly invented machine for weaving coach-webbing; one man is able to tend four machines, and each machine weaves 150 yards per day. I never could see why the State does not employ its own convicts, and appropriate the profits—for such there must be or speculators would not venture there—toward building and supporting its charitable institutions. Certainly it is no worse for the State to make money in that way than to let others do it with her means.

A visit to a prison is a thing for bitter reflections and sad after-memories. I recollect seeing among the convicts at Columbus, an old man, sentenced for life for shooting his brother, who in a drunken brawl had plucked his eye out. There, half blind, he stood at his work, a work which commences with the first blush of dawn and ends only with twilight; and there he must stand while life is left, cursed and desolate; wife and children, for such he had, pilgrims in the wide world that was all light and loveliness until he was shut from it and them by a crime committed in a moment of drunken madness. In another part of the prison I saw a convict lately become insane; with an old crooked wire he seemed measuring some problem, perhaps the eternity that is compressed into a man's life when he sees only two points of retreat or escape, impenetrable walls and death! And there was such a contrast between the outside and inside of the prison, as appeared almost created to highten the misery of those condemned to stone cells and chains. Inside, all is smoke and toil—an interminable clangor of hammers and saws—a creaking of engines—sweat pouring from dark and dusty brows! Without, a garden of rare, delicate flowers; roses odorous with the breath and light of heaven; little pansies peering up from their beds coronoted with dew; and wild, rank green ivy, such as climbs about the oak where the winds are freest; and of all this, no smile, no fragrance for the toiling and branded within. O blood-crimsoned and steel-clovered crime! Canst thou not sate thyself on the field where murder and rapine have been legalized by time? Must thou still crouch among peasant cottages, thrusting thy hand to the hearths and altars of society where every day thought should be of good, every night dream of beauty?

The State House at Columbus is a poor miserable affair, but the base has been laid a long time for a new one on a large and most magnificent scale.— The stoppage of its erection was caused by a woman, and is only another instance of the power she has exercised in seducing and thwarting man, ever since that unfortunate adventure in the garden! It is a curious story, and runs thus: A lady of Ohio, perhaps Columbus, married a Mr. F——, of New Orleans, son of F——, surgeon to Gen. Jackson in the last war. He became incensed at her mother and forbade her his house, but while absent at a dinner party one day, the daughter sent for her mother, and F—— returning unaware to them, being excited with wine, stabbed her to the heart. He was sentenced to be hung, which was afterward commuted to [illegible] in the chain gang at Orleans for life. The [illegible] returned to Columbus, obtained a divorce, married another Mr. F——, a wealthy man [illegible] of a party in the Ohio Legislature. His [illegible] at a large figure for a time, but by an act of [illegible] bad taste, shocked the good ladies of Columbus, and they slighted her at once. She vowed [illegible], and like a true woman accomplished it by [illegible] her husband, and the party he led to stop [illegible] building of the State House, by withholding appropriations. That happened years ago, and until last winter the good people of Ohio have not been able to resuscitate the measure, and the huge piles of stones and mortar have stood there in the very centre of the city, surrounded by a high wooden fence, a monument of a woman's revenge. This was told me by one of the most intelligent citizens of the place. Last Winter the Legislature succeeded in making an appropriation to open a quarry some miles from the city, and construct a Railroad from the quarry to the prison, which is a step toward building up their stricken State House.

From Columbus I took stage to Cleveland direct. The country is more hilly in this than any other section of the State. We passed Mount Vernon at a distance of forty miles from Columbus; it is a neat business village, but much affected by the drouth. Three miles from Vernon is Kenyon College, under care of Bishop Chase. A small brook, I am told, runs by the College, formerly called "Owl Creek," but like the goose pond at Washington, dignified to a "Tiber," it has been named "Gambia River," and the Western Couplet now runs thus:

"And Gambia's gentle waters lave
The base of Kenyon's College walls!"

WOOSTER, the next town on our route, is a dull, spiritless place, and would hardly be known but for its bank. Fourteen miles from Cleveland we passed the village of STRONGVILLE, numbering only *twenty-six* houses, with four churches, standing like so many war-ships—God save the country!

Just at sunset we came in sight of CLEVELAND, and of life and business once more! The best view of Cleveland that I have found, is from the top of the Franklin Hotel, where I am stopping. From this point you can see every part, and the city, of hardly twenty years' growth, with its 12,000 inhabitants, seven churches, fine streets, avenues, and public squares, and some of the most elegant dwellings in all the West, lies spread like a panorama before you. All is life and excitement—the steam and sailing craft dance in the river, and on the lake—buildings are going up in every direction—a dozen steam mills puff like infant thunders, and all the ways and by-ways throng with busy, moving men. You cannot be mistaken about Cleveland; its locality, its every appearance indicates great future growth. The foundation of a large and splendid hotel is just being laid above the Franklin House, which at present bears the palm. There is more business here than amusement, yet I found two bands of Bell-Ringers and Ole Bull in the market. The new band of Ringers, on finding the Originals at Cleveland, left for Buffalo directly. Quite a war is being raised between the parties, and the "imitators," have issued a card stating that their character is commended by the Clergy of Albany—Selah!

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

I have just been to, and returned from Detroit. Detroit, lying on the Detroit river, 20 miles above Malden, where it empties into Lake Erie, has a most delightful and even location. The city looks even larger than Cleveland, but it lacks the business character! There is too, a great mixture of hovels, with fine buildings, and some of its streets are very dirty. It has eight churches, three of them Roman Catholic, and a Catholic Cathedral just going up. Three miles below the city, a large fort is being constructed. The Iron Steamer Michigan lies in the river ready for action. Water is brought into the city from a hydraulic in the river. Detroit is estimated to have a population of from 15 to 20,000. Should the crops of the State do well, Detroit and Michigan will flourish, if not, this will be a hard year. But I have run my sheet out—adieu. C. D. S.

☞ Great Sale of Short-Horned Cattle.—The subscriber will sell, by Public Auction, at his place near Albany, on Wednesday, the 25th day of June, at 10 o'clock A. M. his entire herd of pure-bred and imported SHORT-HORNED DURHAM CATTLE, consisting of about nine animals: Bulls, Cows and Heifers. Catalogues and more full notice may be seen in the May No. of the Albany Cultivator, and New-York American Agriculturist.

Title sale will be positive and without reservation, except in relation to three or four individuals, to which the subscriber will claim the privilege of bidding, openly and with others, not on account of any peculiar merit, but that he may not necessarily get out of the nucleus of a stock which, in kind, he thinks more highly of than any other, and which in quality he feels confident in saying cannot be surpassed, and that too for prices a little more than nominal, (as the case may be,) compared with the cost of these, or prospectively, with others, even if others as good of their kind could be had.—Mount Hope, near Albany, May 28th, 1845.
my29 to Je25 lawtoJe30 (2) E. P. PRENTICE.

☞ Canal from Wolf River to Memphis.—By order of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the Town of Memphis, Tennessee, I do hereby advertise for proposals to construct a Canal from Wolf River to the City of Memphis, a distance of Eleven Miles. Said Canal will be laid out in sections of one mile each, and sealed proposals for its construction will be received until the 20th day of July next; the work to be paid for in the Bonds of the Corporation, having Twenty Years to run, with interest payable semi-annually at Philadelphia.

The Corporation is out of debt and has a revenue which has increased 40 per cent. per annum for the last four years, and now amounts to about twenty-five (25,000) thousand dollars a year.

Operators wishing to contract are invited to come and examine the ground, when all the information desired will be furnished. J. J. FINLEY, Mayor of Memphis, Tenn.
Memphis, 5th April, 1845. ad tjy20o8

☞ Water Cure.—Dr. SHEW gives advice on the new System at 65 Barclay-street (entrance at present 65.) Patients with Chronic Diseases are treated at New Lebanon Springs, Columbia Co. N. Y. situated 25 miles E. of Albany and 7 miles W. of Pittsfield, Mass. Dr. S. will spend portions of the Summer season at this place.

The Water-Cure Journal and Teacher of Health, Joel Shew, M. D. Editor, Campbell & Wadsworth, Publishers, can be obtained of Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, 160 Nassau-street, New-York City where orders will be received for their numbers at this place. Terms: $1 per volume of 24 numbers, in advance. my31

Job Printing and Book Binding.

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Miscellaneous.

MRS. E. KIDDER'S

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY AND DIARRHŒA CORDIAL.—This Cordial has long been established in Boston, and throughout New-England generally, as a perfect remedy for all the above complaints. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands have been cured speedily from long protracted DIARRHŒA's by this CORDIAL. Many the Mariners whose lives have been rescued from the ravages of CHOLERA at *Calcutta*, and other places in the East, by this CORDIAL. It is now offered to the public, wholesale and retail, at No. 83 Chatham-st; also, at Dailey's Medical Office, No. 102 Nassau-st.
N. B.—A liberal discount to those who purchase by the dozen. je17 1m 1st p.

$200 REWARD!—Whereas, Mr. Charles Whitson, Proprietor of the Yorkville Line of Stages, has lately lost several horses which it is supposed were poisoned by some person or persons: And whereas, the safety of the Public requires the detection and conviction of the villain or villains concerned therein: We the undersigned, offer 200 Dollars reward in addition to the reward heretofore offered, for the detection and conviction of all or any of the person or persons who have poisoned, or been concerned in poisoning, all or any of said horses. JOHN MURPHY,
Proprietor of the Harlem Line.
THO'S MURPHY,
Proprietor of the Astoria Line.
New-York, June 16, 1845. je17 1w*

$3,000 REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the following sums of Money—or in proportion to the amount recovered—which was stolen from the Barge Clinton, of Poughkeepsie, at the foot of Murray-street, between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M. on Monday, the 7th instant, or on the passage to Poughkeepsie, viz:
$10,000 of the bills of the Merchants' Exchange Bank, New-York.
$3,237 of the bills of the Bank of Poughkeepsie.
$12,300 of the bills of the Farmers' and Manufacturers' Bank of Poughkeepsie.
$306 of the bills of various other Banks.
E. P. BENJAMIN, Cashier of the Farmers' and Manufacturers' Bank, Poughkeepsie.
R. NORTH, Cashier of the Bank of Poughkeepsie.
Any information may be given to the Merchants' Exchange Bank, New-York. ap18

HARLEM STAGES.—From 25 Chatham-st. to Harlem for 10 cents, to Yorkville for 6 cents, starting each way every 20 minutes from 6 A. M. to 8 P. M. with a stage each way at 9 P. M. and up (from Bowery) at 11 P. M. This is the cheapest stage-riding in the world, and citizens will find a ride to Harlem pleasant and healthful. Fare on Sundays 12½ cents for any distance. Good stages and willing horses. J. MURPHY, 25 Chatham-st. je14 1ly

LAW NOTICE.—H. OGDEN IRVING, Counsellor at Law, has formed a law partnership with Frederic Cunningham, formerly of Poughkeepsie, under the style of IRVING & CUNNINGHAM. They have opened an office at Tarrytown, Westchester county, and will also practice in Rockland, Orange and Putnam counties and in New York City. They are permitted to refer to
Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co.,
Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Auburn.
B. Davis Noxon, Esq., Syracuse.
Dated Tarrytown, June 14, 1845. J17 3t*

DAVID SANDS & CO. CHEMISTS AND APOTHECARIES, 77 East Broadway, corner Market-st. have constantly on hand,
SEIDLITZ AND SODA POWDERS, of a superior quality, manufactured from the best materials and put up in the neatest style, and warranted extra weight.
COLOGNE WATER, of a superior quality, by the pint, quart or gallon; also, the genuine Farina Cologne, direct from Germany.
BERMUDA ARROW-ROOT, of a superior quality, warranted pure.
COLD-PRESSED CASTOR OIL, perfectly sweet, in bottles of various sizes for family use.
DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING—Warranted genuine.
SARATOGA WATERS fresh from the different Springs, viz: Congress, Union, Pavilion and Iodine, constantly on hand. je17

STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE.—4 feet stroke, 12 inch Cylinder, entirely new and made on the most approved plans; built by the Mattewan Co. Apply to LEONARD, HONE & NICOLL, No. 9 Pine-st. je17 2w*

GREAT SAVING TO MERCHANTS and Business Men.—Principal advantages derived from the use of Francis' Celebrated Manifold Writer. A copy of any document may be kept without any additional trouble to the writer, and without the necessity of using either an inkstand or pen.
The immense saving of time and satisfaction of having an exact copy of what is written, should recommend the Manifold Writer to the favorable notice of business men generally.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, Manufacturing Stationers, je17 2w 77 Maiden Lane.

KERSEYS & LINSEYS.—100 Bales 3-4 and 4-4 Plain Linseys, 100 Cases heavy cable cord Kerseys from the Mallory Mills, a very superior article, for sale by McCURDY, ALDRICH & SPENCER, je13 67 Exchange Place.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA:

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

As a mild aperient, antiseptic and tonic, it contains the three most useful properties of medicine. It purges, purifies and restores. Scrofula, Cancer, Leprosy, all Ulcers and Scrofulous Sores, all diseases of the Skin, and all internal disorders not organic, but springing from a diseased circulation, give way before its hygeian influence.

Diseases having their origin in an impure state of the blood and fluids generally will be speedily and effectually removed by this invaluable medicine as its operation is peculiar, and consists in removing the cause to disease by entering into the circulation and passing through the general system.

The following letters furnish additional testimony of the intrinsic virtues of the Sarsaparilla: They speak for themselves.

NEW-YORK, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James M'Connell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.
Yours very truly, SARAH M'INTYRE.
240 Delancy-street, New-York.

BINGHAMPTON, Oct. 17, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: I have been affected with Scrofula for nine years past. It appeared in various forms from its commencement, but did not break out in ulcers, until about four years ago a large swelling appeared on my arm. I had it lanced, it then commenced eating, and continued to eat until the fleshy part of my arm, from my elbow to near my shoulder, was nearly all ulcers; it then broke out on both sides of my neck, and extended to my face. I had a number of ulcers on my ancle and bottoms of my feet. My sufferings seemed almost intolerable. The most of the time I have been under the care of Physicians, have taken Iodine, Swaim's Panacea, and other preparations—and I had nearly despaired of getting cured when I was advised by Mr. Rex. to try your Sarsaparilla. My sores assumed a more healthy appearance, and I flattered myself with the idea that I should be well again. I have now taken Eighteen Bottles of your medicine, my sores are all healed, and my general health is better than it has been before for nine years, and I ascribe my cure to the efficiency of your Sarsaparilla: had I known its virtues years ago, I should have been saved much severe suffering, and a disfigured face, and my husband would have been saved great expense. (Signed)
CYNTHIA TUPPER.

I cheerfully testify to the truth of the above statement of my wife. MASON TUPPER.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 79 Fulton-street, New-York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5.

☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. je12 1m

ASK THE SUFFERER

FROM ASTHMA what has relieved him in such a short time from his difficulty of breathing, Cough and Suffocation? He will tell you it was "FOLGER'S OLOSAONIAN, or All-Healing Balsam." Ask the Consumptive what has alayed his Cough, removed the pain in his side and chest, checked its night sweats and placed the rose of health upon his cheek? He will tell you FOLGER'S OLOSAONIAN or ALL-HEALING BALSAM.

Ask your friends if they know of anything that will so speedily cure a long and tedious Cough, Raising of Blood, Bronchitis, Dyspeptic Consumption, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Diseases of the Throat, as Folger's Olosaonian? and they will tell you—No. There never yet has been a remedy introduced to public notice which has been productive of so much good in so short a space of time, and I'll tell you the following

ASTONISHING CURES.

WM. BOND, the celebrated Boston cracker baker, 93 Nassau-street, Brooklyn, states that his wife has been afflicted with Asthma for 36 years, which could not find permanent relief from the best medical advice which New-York and Brooklyn could produce, was induced to try this great remedy. She is now nearly well. His daughter who was suffering from the same disease, tried it and was also cured by it. Mrs. Bond is now so well that she is able to rise from her bed early in the morning and attend to her usual duties through the day without any annoyance from her distressing malady.

HENRY JACKSON, 15th-street, near the Catholic Cemetery, came to the store for the purpose of obtaining a bottle of the Olosaonian, having been afflicted with Asthma for more than 10 years, and was so exhausted on his arrival that he could not speak. He purchased a bottle and rode home. Four days afterward he walked from his residence to the office without fatigue, a distance of over two miles, to tell of the wonderful effect which he had experienced from using about one half of one bottle.

CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

Mr. COSTOUT, 35 White-street, was so low in the month of December last, that he was given up by his physician. His friends entertained no hope of his recovery. He was persuaded to try the Olosaonian, and to his surprise it has so far restored him to health that he is now able to walk about the streets.

Mrs. Attree, the wife of Wm. H. Attree, James Harman, Esq., and George W. Hays, Esq., can all bear testimony from their own experience of the healing properties of this Great Remedy in Consumption of the Lungs.

SPITTING BLOOD.

Mrs. THOMPSON, 352 Monroe-street, who had been troubled for a great length of time by a severe cough, and raised quantities of blood, was relieved by one bottle of the Olosaonian, and declares it the greatest remedy in the world.

DENNIS KELLY, 26 Water-street, was also relieved from the same complaint, although he was very much reduced when he commenced taking it, having been under the care of his physician during the past winter. Although he coughed constantly and was very much troubled with night sweats, two bottles of the remedy enabled him to return to his daily work. He was entirely relieved.

David Henderson, 60 Laight-st., Geo. W. Burnett, formerly of Newark, N. J. Henry Lisbon, 199 Rivington-st., and numerous other persons have been speedily and permanently cured of the same complaint by this remedy.

THE ARRAY OF NAMES,

which could be produced of persons