

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE... Public Sale... at the highest bidder...

1100 ACRES... More or less. There is a first rate... Dwelling House upon the premises...

TERMS OF SALE... The purchaser will be required to pay \$3000 within thirty days from the day of sale...

WILLIAM BRYAN, Merchant Tailor... HAS just received a handsome assortment of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTS...

FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE... THE Congressional Globe, which we commenced publishing at the last Session of Congress, will be published in the same form...

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Printed and Published by JONAS GREEN, at the Brick Building on the Public Circle.

JOHN E. HOWARD, Attorney at Law, Annapolis, Maryland, Office in West Street.

PROSPECTUS For Publishing in the City of Baltimore a Weekly Paper under the title of THE WEEKLY BALTIMORE REPUBLICAN.

The solicitation of several of our friends in this city, and applications of others from the different counties of the state, who have concluded on issuing a weekly edition of our paper...

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Farmers Bank of Maryland, March 25th, 1893. THE President and Directors of the Farmers Bank of Maryland have declared a dividend of two AND A HALF per cent on the stock of the said Bank for six months ending on the 31st instant...

By order, SAM. MAYNARD, Cash'r. March 26.—Sw R The Gazette and American, Baltimore, will publish the above as 3w.

NOTICE. WAS committed to my custody as a Runaway on the 13th March inst. a Negro Man who calls himself HENRY JOHNSON, and says he is free, and was raised in Baltimore...

R. WELCH, of Ben. Shiff, A. A. County. April 2. 3

PROSPECTUS. THE Subscriber proposes to publish, in Upper Marlboro', Prince George's county, Maryland, a weekly journal, to be called THE BULLETIN.

In undertaking to supply this acknowledged desideratum to the populous and intelligent district in which the subscriber has the fortune to reside, his hope of ultimate success finds not its origin in augurings of temperance, but proceeds from the eminent advantages of its location.

The Editor proposes to adapt his paper to the wishes of those by whom he is immediately surrounded, and among whom he must naturally find a majority of his patrons.

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POETRY. From the Irish Magazine. SONG OF THE IRISH PEASANT'S WIFE.

Come, Patrick, clear up the stories in your brow; You were kind to me once—will you frown on me now? Shall the storm scold me when from heaven it departs, And the cold from without finds its way to our hearts? No, Patrick, no, surely the wisest weather Is easily borne—while we bear it together.

From the Keizerbocker. JEW MERCHANT AND HIS DAUGHTER. The old man closed his iron box, Led bond and parchment by, And bolts were drawn and bars and locks Shut out the fresh air sky.

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It was in the fatal hall, amid the gay and mirthful, that I first met her, surrounded by the light-hearted ones of earth, yet standing among them as not being of them.

Had I arrived but one day sooner, the cup of bitterness might have been turned away from the lips of the young and lovely being, whose affections were still only mine.

Two years passed away before I returned to the birth-place of my first hopes. My stay was brief; yet ere I again left, I once more beheld Gertrude—and for the first time, I saw her husband.

Lonely in heart, and desolate in feeling I once more became a wanderer, and many wild vicissitudes were mine ere I again returned to the home of my youth.

By the rose time which played fitfully on that matchless cheek at my approach, the tremulous lighting up of her azure eye, when I met its glance, and the soft half-hushed one when I addressed her, by all this I knew that I was beloved, deeply, fondly, and holily.

But time did not long continue to shake diamonds from his glittering wing, for soon, too soon, alas! did that dream which had been nursed in rainbow like beauty, pass away, leaving only the trace of its having been—for when I sought the hand of her I had so worshipped, I was told that Gertrude Finlay was a prize too high for one so portionless as myself.

I left the bright creature of my dreams, and went forth to a distant though not foreign land, in search of that wealth by which I alone could claim her as my own.

I need not say that fortune favoured such exertions as mine, for I strained every nerve, and redoubled every effort for the completion of my wishes; and I was successful.

And I found her, but alas! too late for me! for on that very day, she had been led to the altar, as the bride of another.

Could it be that the gentle girl I so fondly cherished, had been unfaithful to him whose life was scarcely more than one long thought of her? Not this could not be—some fatal mistake was in the way.

to her sick factory. Then in the privacy of high wrought feelings and wounded pride, he yielded to the tiresome solicitations of those around her, and gave her hand to one whose heart could never own a husband.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New-Yorker. GERTRUDE FINLAY.

THE PAST.—The busy past—with how much of the sound of it come like a spell over the spirit, awakening the many mournful chords of feeling which dwell in the depths of the human heart!

To me the past is fraught with recollections both pleasant and mournful. It is pleasant when the moonlight hues of memory sweetly linger amid the bright days of boyhood, for then the beautiful track of that happy past is again flung before me—its tasselled canopy is once more spread, and for the moment the sunny flowers of life seem again wreathed in bloom around my brow.

But there is one recollection of the past, which though sorrow often than joy ever mingles with it, yet is treasured, and loved and missed over. It is the remembrance of one, who, like a solitary flower, once bloomed in the desert of my heart, and who shone, like a bright peculiar star, amid the darkness of my spirit's loneliness.

MODE OF EXTRACTING WAX FROM HONEY COMB.

Have on the fire an open vessel of boiling water, and standing by fire an open vessel of cold water; put the comb close tied in a canvas bag, into the boiling water, and repeatedly squeeze it down with a stick or large wooden spoon; the wax will come through the bag, and swim on the top of the water; skim it off and put it in the vessel of cold water; by repeatedly squeezing the bag and skimming every particle of wax which is obtained when compressed on the cold water, it may be taken off and melted and cast into moulds, of any convenient shape for sale.—Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine.

DEVOTED GIRL. In that beautiful land of the blessed, amid the sainted ones of paradise, I shall again meet thee! In that undying clime, where the glorious flowers of affection bud and blossom in perpetual freshness; where no change of fortune and circumstance can mar the communion of spirits—here shall we meet and be forever gloriously reunited.

Devoted girl! In that beautiful land of the blessed, amid the sainted ones of paradise, I shall again meet thee! In that undying clime, where the glorious flowers of affection bud and blossom in perpetual freshness; where no change of fortune and circumstance can mar the communion of spirits—here shall we meet and be forever gloriously reunited.