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VOL. III. NO. 123.] FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1841. [PRICE ONE CENT.

For the Baltimore Clipper.

HE COMES NOT.—By Leone.

He comes not, and in vain I list the sound
Of every passing footstep as they bound,
With spring elastic—soon in distance lost,
Unconscious of the pain its echoes cost,
As, fading on the ear, it faintly dies,
And buoyant cheri-hed hope now prostrate lies;
But soon again impulse to hope is given,
And, swift as meteor through the expanse of heav'n,
It lights the bosom, cheers its flickering rays,
And tunes the minstrel's harp to songs of praise.
He comes not—don thou stand in beauty bright,
Already anxious for the coming fight;
Does no soft thoughts of home e'er cross thy breast,
Or fears for one by sorrow deep oppress?
To gain a name, ambition fired the thought,
And now in deadly combat thou art brought.
For Texian honor thou may'st bleed and die,
I would not chide, nor would I have thee fly,
Pursue thy bright career, nor recreant prove,
Thou shalt retain a mother's cherished love,
But when the onset shall begin, and thou
Shalt dash the gathering drops from off thy brow,
Bound to thy steed for action swift prepare,
While warlike bugle notes float on the air,
Unsheath the glittering steel which decks thy side,
The border's dread, but the light dragoon's pride,
Recall the valor of the youth who won
Thy admiration, and hath urged thee on
To this dread hour, in which thou must await
With dauntless spirit, thy approaching fate;
Be it then good or ill, be thou resigned,
Give a thought, save of duty, to the wind—
Except the first, let it to God be given,
For thy protection angels leave their heav'n.
But, should thy breath escape on Texian borders,
Make one request e'en of the fierce marauders,
Plant on the breast the cross that I have worn,
Inscribed thereon—"Rudolph hath nobly done."

From the New Orleans Picayune.

MULLINAVAT RACES.

A STORY OF THE WIDOW HOGAN'S COW.

The following story was told a few evenings since by an Emerald, to one of his companions, the latter of whom is something of a turfman, and had that day been to the Louisiana Course and witnessed a very interesting race which he was bragging about.

"Arrah, be aisy Pat wid yer sthories iv yer great races wid Sary Bladen an' Grey Medoc, an' Boston an' Gano, an' all the rist iv yer nags an' crathurs, whin all iv thim would be nothing at all, at, kimpared wid the racing animals iv ould Ireland, that'll run their two mile an' three quarthers in half the time, an' thin tosh off a glassh av whiskey wid the company. Shtop a bit till I light me pipe, an' I'll inform ye iv a race that'll bate this counthry or anny other.

"Ye see the boys iv Mullinavat had jist returned from the Limerick races, whin what should inter their hids but to mek up a race jist to plaze the girls an' be way iv making a little shport; but there was no race horses to be had, no, the divil a one. Well, in consequince iv having med all the arrangemints widout thinkin' iv the horses at all at all, the boys were foorced to tek Larry O'Dorrity's ould lame horse, an' the Widdy Hogan's cow. Och! that was the cow for ye; sure, she'd outrin the divil an' all his imps in the bargin anny day, an' there wasn't a sowl in Mullinavat, nor twinty miles to the back iv that, barrin' the Widdy Hogan, could come up wid her. Well, the performanshis iv the day begun wid a fut race iv a quarther iv a mile hate, which was beauthifully contisted betwane Pat M'Guire an' Micky Coggins the shoemaker, an' no doubt but Micky would iv won, if Pat hadn't run agin him jist afther they shtarted, which Micky resinted and shtruck Pat a blow unther the lug, an' thin kem three rounds aich, fair play, the last av which settled poor Micky intirely. Thin the fut race being ovver, the piper shtruck up the 'Sprig iv Shillelah,' as a signil for shtartin', an' off they wint, Larry mounted on his ould baste an' the Widdy Hogan ashtride the cow, wid all the boys iv Mullinavat a rinnin' afther thim for the bare life. Fat' an' be jaibers! but the bitting rin high that time. 'Twinty to one on the Widdy.'—'Done,' siz the praisht. 'I'll wager yees a tin mouth ould pig agin a couple iv murphies on the horse,' sed Barney Maloney. 'Done,' siz Pat McGuire. Mane time away they wint amidst the shouts iv the boys. 'Och, whack! go it Widdy.' 'Dou't be bate by a cow, Larry,' an' so on, till the cow, catching a sight iv the horse passing her, (for the ould crathur had his lame leg greased an' put in orther, and wint shmart,) shtuck her tail in the air an' med at him full tilt, an' bet him a blow that sint him an' Larry, one be the other, nate an' comforthable on the grass, whilst the Widdy kep on till the ind iv the coorse, an' thin kem shport. The boys pilted the ould horse wid turf, an' Larry pilted it back at thim; an' wid that they pilted one another till it was all, Phililoo! Tarrinages! Shtand clare! Away wint turf, an' murphies, an' shillelahs; off wint hoss, an' bang wint shillelahs on the hids, an' mathurs wint to a great height whin the girls interfered; the ould piper shtarted a jig, an' from fightin' they all wint to dancin.' The boys brooched a barrel iv whiskey, and a naiter shindy niver occurred in Mullinavat from the time iv Methuselum to this day; and the Widdy ivery year, immediately afther the Limerick races, kapes up the *anniversary iv the ould cow.*"

From the Springfield (Illinois) Courier.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE WEST.

There is no portion of the world that abounds more in antiquities than the Western portion of the United States; and many of them are of a nature calculated to awaken the most curious conjectures.

On our prairies are mounds and small eminences of various kinds, that seem to have been raised by the hand of art; and many remains have been dug from the earth that show that those who inhabited this country before us, of whose history we have no account, possessed, to some extent, a knowledge of the arts.

In some instances, there has been dug from the earth regular made and burned brick; and in one instance, have been found the remains of a walled city—walled with brick, which would not only indicate that those who once inhabited it understood the art of making brick, but were in fear of aggressions from other tribes and nations.

There has been dug up, on the Illinois river, lately, what appeared to be the remains of an ancient blacksmith shop. A few days since, a friend of ours handed us in an account of some pieces of ware that were dug on his farm, in this county, which bore the marks of great antiquity.

What remains hidden under the fertile soil of Illinois is yet to be found out by the curiosity and perseverance of the more enterprising. While Columbus was philosophising upon the existence of this continent—while he was beating out into the vast waters beyond which it was not known that the foot of civilized or barbarous man had ever trod—while he even discovered this continent—while the Pilgrim Fathers were landing upon the rock at Plymouth, and were fitting themselves homes, thinking that beyond them was naught but the Red man—there might have been, in the Far West, a nation of people, whose history has not been handed down to us, and who possessed, as we have before stated, a degree of civilization. The appearance of the soil and earth, for some distance below the surface, seems to indicate that there has been a great change in the external appearance of this portion of country.

In this city we have seen petrified substances, that have been dug up, at the depth of twenty feet below the surface. It will be borne in mind that Springfield is not near any large stream that would justify the conclusion that this is alluvial earth, any more than any other part of our prairies; and from the appearance of the whole country, we are led to believe that nearly the whole surface of our prairie country has been formed or changed by some mighty movement in the great river of the West—the Mississippi.

Providential Escape. The late storm in the Bosphorus surprised a small Turkish kaick, rowed by one man, on its way from a village in the Bosphorus to Constantinople. The night was coming on, and the kaickgee was using all diligence to get quickly into port, as the inky blackness of the clouds to windward spoke of tempest and danger. "The more haste the less speed," is a proverb of which he was destined to learn the truth by experience, for, tugging away too hastily, one of his oars broke. His passengers, who were three women and one child of three years old, became alarmed as they saw that the frail bark was on the wing of the rising hurricane, being rapidly borne out to sea! They gave a shriek of despair—but who heard them? Luckily the boatman was a man of nerve, and he told them to remain quiet and fear nothing. He then unshipped his remaining oar, and by using it as a rudder, first on one side and then on the other, as the case might require, he kept his fragile boat in exactly the same direction as the wind and the giant waves. All his skill was required, for had he shipped one sea it would have been a hundred fold more than was required to send the whole party into eternity. In a few instants they were in the Marmora, nothing being visible but the drifting snow, the flying spray, and the crested billows. It became dark; with the darkness the gale increased to a hurricane, the sea ran every moment higher, and the boat seemed to be constantly followed by one mighty wave, ever ready to swallow them up.

Time can never be measured under such circumstances, but hour after hour must have passed: seeing how nobly the kaick and kaickgee behaved, the passengers began to hope that, if they could survive the cold, they might outlive the hurricane. At first they had some faint expectation of making one of the Prince's Islands; but the snow was so thick they saw them not; indeed, they had been borne away in a more northerly direction. The night, the storm, and the light bark, still sped on; the child, wrapped up in its mother's cloak, slept, though the wind whistled and howled, the waters hissed and roared; and on they darted, the boatman ever and anon dipping in his oar to keep his craft steady. At last, towards morning, the snow ceased, and they perceived land ahead at no great distance. Here the skill of the kaickgee became more needful than ever. After having accomplished in safety such a frightful navigation, he was not a man to throw himself on the rocks in despair and perish. He kept to sea until he spied a small headland, behind which he steered his tiny bark. In an instant all were ashore; they found a house, gained admission, and were told that they were at the island of Imrali, at a distance of nearly 40 miles from Constantinople. The party were nearly dead with cold, but in dry clothes, before a cheerful fire, and a good breakfast, they forgot their sufferings, and united in rendering thanks to the Almighty for their providential escape.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

Latest from Florida. The steamer Gen. Clinch, Capt. Brooks, arrived at Savannah on the 30th ult., from Florida. The Savannah Georgian says:

Gen. Read with two hundred men, is scouring the country between the Suwannee and the Ocilla. Eight or ten Indians have been captured or killed we are not certain which. The object is to search out and break up if possible, all their hiding places and encampments.

We have seen a letter from St. Augustine, which states that the prospect of closing the war is fairer than it has been at any time since its commencement.

The Editors of the Savannah Republican have received from their correspondent the following information:

The news from Florida is on the whole of a gratifying nature; the Indians continuing to come in at the various posts. Col. Riley, of whose ability and efficiency I need not again speak, has just returned from a scout to the head waters of the Ochlewaha. While out, he struck an Indian trail, and after following it for several days, much of the time waist deep in the water, his advanced scouts discovered the Indians in large numbers. The column was instantly halted, and portions of it thrown out right and left, and rushing upon the camp on all sides, completely surprised and captured the whole party numbering over one hundred. They proved to be the band of Coosa-Tustenuggee who, as they said, were collected together for the purpose of surrendering themselves to Gen. Armistead, at Tampa Bay, and exhibiting a pass from the General. Col. Riley was compelled after achieving by far the greatest victory during the war, to suffer them to go about their business.—Whether they will in reality go in, remains to be seen. Many condemn the course of the General in bitter terms, but as he is certainly accomplishing more with speeches and presents than has been done with coercive measures, I think him deserving of all praise. It will cost $20,000,000 to drive them out, if it can be done at all; and I suppose the tenth part of that sum would buy them all. But what is much better, is to do what I understand the Government is now endeavoring to accomplish, viz: to give them the South end of the Peninsula and buy their friendship by that which will always succeed, kindness and justice.

New York. The following is from the N. York Commercial Advertiser, and is a capital hit at the extravagance of the councils of that city. We believe that members are allowed no compensation, but are permitted to have refreshments at the expense of the city. This would seem to be by no means an economical arrangement, as their honors appear to labour under prodigious hunger and thirst. We sincerely hope that our reverenced city legislators will not adopt the N. York system—or if they do, we shall move that they hold their sessions in Temperance Hall, the moment it is created.

"Corporation Expenditures—We have before us a return of contingent expenditures for the past year, apparently made under the auspices of our conscript fathers, some of the items of which are rather curious. For example, we find set down $4,267 77, 'refreshments for members of Common Council and committees,' which strikes us as a pretty large figure for oysters and brandy and water; 'coach hire' $1,118 87; 'ditto dinner to Gov. Seward,' $115;—what a stupendous appetite the Gov. must have to eat up so much cash at one dinner? Again, 'segars for members of Common Council,' $1,355! Almost $1,400 of the citizens' taxes pulled away in a very disagreeable smoke! 'Coffee, tea, and sugar,' $165 03; after burning their mouth with such a quantity of tobacco smoke, the worthy aldermen would need copious draughts of something; but it seems to us that cold water would have been more agreeable as well as wholesome. 'Executing death warrant on E. Coleman,' $352 19; we had no idea that it cost so much to hang a man. 'Chandeliers and girandoles,' $2,500. Too much to be thrown away on toys. 'A basket of Champagne,' $12; that went with the segars probably.—Michael Kent for loss of time bringing box of cloths,' $15; pretty good pay for a single act of porterage. 'Soap,' $17 50; whence it may be inferred that some dirty work is done in the Council Chamber sometimes.—'Spring water,' $21; that must be for washing, of course for it is not to be supposed that alderman drink water, when they pay so much for 'refreshments.' 'Washing table cloths,' $18; that must be for the suppers.—'Reception of Vice-President,' $1,251 12.—What under the sun did they do with him at such an expense. Tablets and pocket books for members of Common Council,' $189.—Does the city find them also in pocket combs and handkerchiefs? It might as well."

For the Baltimore Clipper.

The time has now arrived when it becomes the duty of every free and honest hearted citizen of our exalted republic to speak out in tones of thunder his disapprobation of the course about to be pursued by a certain noisy clique, who are now assembling as speedily as possible at the seat of the general government.

Their chief aim and ruling desire is, to sacrifice every clerk in the public offices at Washington, thereby producing an amount of misery not easily conceivable. They seem, by their *words* and *actions*, to be lost to all the finer feelings of the human heart. They care not how many poor fathers, mothers and little babes they may sacrifice on the altar of their iniquitous passions, so they can secure a profitable share of the spoils.

From the knowledge I possess of the true mark of our very worthy and generous minded President elect, I am bold in saying, that a system of proscription expected and called for by a set of *spoils-men*, will not be tolerated; but rather they will be sent home with this admonition—*that the love of country alone prompted the good people of this nation to say, as with one voice, that William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, should be President of his whole country, and not a part thereof.*

Mark me well, and if I prove a false prophet in this particular, then say that Jupiter never ruled in a council of gods.

None but the noisy "babbling echos" will be removed, and they richly deserve it.

The cabinet of President Harrison will be composed of men of sterling worth and tried integrity—men before whom "proscriptionists" would not dare to stand—the very sound of this remnant of barbarity will be buried by the more exalted and refined policy of men who have a higher aim than the destruction of sparrows by forty-four pounders. Jupiter.

Arkansas Game.—*The Last Story Yet.* A dialogue something like the following took place at a wood pile in Arkansas a few days since, between the barkeeper of a steamboat and a "native" of the State. The "Rackinsaw" man had a "pint companion" or "tickler" with him which he wanted filled with whiskey.

"Fine country here, sir," said the barkeeper handing the Arkansas man back his flask.

"Rather fine, that's a fact," retorted the native—"Plenty of cotton wood in these diggins, sharp axes, *and* no favors asked."

"Capital hunting round here, I s'pose," continued the barkeeper.

"Well it is," retorted the native.

"It looks so," continued the barkeeper, "but what is your principal *game?*"

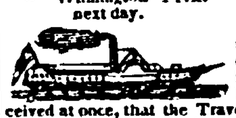
"Well, generally *poker*, but occasionally we get up a touch of *seven-up* or *loo*, jest as it suits the majority.

"You'll do," said the barkeeper, "*and here's your change,*" at the same time handing the native a deck of cards.—*N. O. Picayune.*

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
GREAT SOUTHERN
UNITED STATES MAIL LINE,
DAILY TO THE SOUTH.
The ONLY LINE carrying the GREAT MAIL, and the only DAILY LINE.

TRAVELLERS FOR THE SOUTH, are informed that, by taking the Cars at Baltimore for Washington at 4 P. M., they proceed, via Washington, Fredericksburg, Richmond, Petersburg, Weldon, and Wilmington, N. C. to CHARLESTON, S. C., reaching Charleston the *second morning* after leaving Baltimore, and one day in advance of the Bay Line—the Companies on the route being bound by the Postmaster General to make the following quick Schedule:

Leave	Philadelphia	8 A.M.	reach	Baltimore	2 P.M.
"	Baltimore	4 P.M.	"	Washington	6 P.M.
"	Washington	5 A.M.	"	Fredk'sburg	12 M.
"	Fred'ksburg	12 M.	"	Richmond	5 P.M.
"	Richmond	5 P.M.	"	Petersburg	7 P.M.
"	Petersburg	7 P.M.	"	Weldon	1 A.M.
"	Weldon	1 A.M.	"	Wilmington	1 P.M.
"	Wilmington	1 P.M.	"	Charleston at 5 the next day.	



As this Line carries the Great Mail, (which cannot be delayed,) and is almost entirely a Rail-Road Line, it will be perceived at once, that the Traveller, unless in some extraordinary contingency, is *sure of a connection throughout*, whilst it is evident that Fogs! Rough Weather!! and Storms!!! must often occasion delay in a Route, more than two-thirds of which is by the Bay—the traveller being also subjected to Sea-sickness, and incurring unnecessary risk, from Boats being urged to the top of their speed, to compete with the more DIRECT ISLAND ROUTE.

☞ The above line will be found not only the most certain and expeditious, but the most attractive, as it passes through the Seat of Government, and in sight of Mount Vernon by daylight, and through Fredericksburg, Richmond, and Petersburg, the largest and most flourishing towns in Virginia. It is also cheaper to Richmond, and as cheap as the Bay route to Weldon: and travellers have no expense or trouble with their Baggage.

☞ This is much the nearest, quickest, and cheapest route to the interior of Virginia, North and South Carolina—at Petersburg, Va. commences the route by way of Raleigh, N. C.—145 miles of Rail Road from Petersburg to that city. Stage Lines branch off from Raleigh Rail Road to the old Piedmont Line, to Milton, Danville, &c., and to Knoxville, (Tenn.)

☞ *This is the only Daily Line to Richmond and Petersburg.*

☞ Passengers for the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road pay through to Petersburg, Va. For further information and Through Tickets, apply at the office of
STOCKTON, FALLS & CO.
Adjoining the Philadelphia Rail Road Office,
d12-tf Pratt street, Baltimore.

TO OUR PATRONS AND OTHERS.
READ AND BE NOT HUMBUGGED.

The friends and old customers of the subscribers will please to bear in mind that we do not, nor do we intend selling HATS in the Maryland Arcade again, and if any of our patrons are not aware of our removal, and should again visit there with a desire to purchase a Hat of KEEVIL'S Manufacture, they will be deceived, as we have no connexion with any concern whatever, excepting our only establishment, No. 66½ BALTIMORE STREET, where, by unremitting attention to business, and manufacture of our Hats, we hope to merit a continuance of the liberal support of the public. Our prices are well known, and are as follows: Fine Russia Hats for $3.50, of the same quality as those selling elsewhere for $5. Also, beautiful Silk Hats on Russia bodies for only $2 50, actually worth $4. We make our own Hats and warrant them to be first rate, at KEVIL'S well known Store, No. 66½ Baltimore street, opposite Tripolett's alley, between Gay and Holliday-sts. So call in for first rate

HATS!
HATS!!
HATS!!!
HATS!!!!
HATS!!!!!

Wearers of Hats, this is no humbug or puff, the fact of the subscriber's being their own Manufacturers, who perform most of the labor with their own hands, and being at a low rent, their economical habits of living, and cash system of doing business, are sufficient reasons for their being enabled to sell at such unprecedented low prices—and knowing, from experience, as they do, that small profits and quick returns are most advantageous in the end—don't forget to call at
W. H. KEEVIL & CO'S,
No. 66½ Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolett's alley,
And 4 doors W. of Bool's well known Auction Store.
d15-tmh10

WILLIAM H. KIMBALL & CO.
No. 145 BALTIMORE STREET,
MERCHANT TAILORS, and DEALERS in Broad Cloths; Cassimeres; Vestings; Beaver and Pilot Cloths; Cassinets; Flannels; 100 doz. black, white, and colored Hosiery; Handkerchiefs; Shirts; Drawers; Worsteds; Neck Stocks; Scarfs; Collars; Bosoms; Suspenders, &c. &c.

Also, a large and extensive assortment of ready-made Clothing, consisting of Dress and Frock Coats; Pantaloons; Vests, and Over Coats—which will be sold at the lowest possible prices for cash. ja8

DRESS BOOTS—at $3.50 and $4.50.

W. L. McCAULEY, Inventor of the Pegged Cork Sole BOOTS, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has made arrangements with John Davies, No. 6 N. Gay street, to sell his BOOTS and SHOES, which is warranted for neatness and durability, not to be surpassed by any made in this city. Persons wanting 1 or 2 dozens can be supplied at the shortest notice, with BOOTS that are warranted to fit—a reduction in price by the dozen. Gentlemen would do well to call and examine. Work made to order at the same price. ja26-3m

HANCE'S COMPOUND MEDICATED HOREHOUND CANDY—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c. This remedy is particularly useful for children, as it is as pleasant as a common Candy.

The ingredients are horehound, wild cherry, elecampane, liquorice root, seneka root, slippery elm, Iceland moss, and boneset. Adults, who have a severe cough, should use the SYRUP in conjunction with this.

Price 25 and 50 cents.

For sale by SETH S. HANCE, corner Charles and Pratt streets; Parr & Graham, corner of Baltimore and Eutaw streets; and by William Taylor, office Brother Jonathan, 12 North st. d12 v

COTTON FACTORY—For Sale or Rent.

FOR Manufacturing Cotton WADDING & LAPS. The Machinery of the above Factory is propelled by a first rate Four horse Steam Engine. I will sell for cash, or on a liberal credit on approved endorsed notes. This is a rare chance for an industrious person with a small capital—the Factory is well established, and has a good run of customers—possession can be had in March. Inquire of T. W. BETTON,
d22-tf No. 151½ Baltimore street.

FOR HIRE, by the year, a smart Colored BOY, about 13 years old. Apply at the City Intelligence Office, corner of Baltimore and Frederick-sts. ja26