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TERMS OF THE PAPER—To subscribers, 81¼ CENTS per week, payable to the Carriers, to whom alone they are responsible, at the end of each week.

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VOL. III. NO. 145.] WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1841. [PRICE ONE CENT.

For the Baltimore Clipper.

REMINISCENCES.

Days of childhood, scenes of pleasure,
Recollection brings to view;
Fai hful memory loves to treasure
Every spot my childhood knew.
O'er each verdant hill, and mountain,
Ling'ring by she fain would dwell;
Sipping from each gushing fountain,
Sporting on each flow'ry dell.

Rambling through green wood and valley,
Bathing in the silvery tide;
Thence o'er fields, behold her daily;
Or o'er the frozen mill-pond glide.
Sadly now I see her musing,
'Round some lov'd one's grass-clad tomb;
With her tears the turf suffusing,
From affection's sacred womb.

Thus the blended past comes o'er me,
Like a pleasant evening's dream;
All its glowing scenes before me,
Beautiful as ever seem.
By-gone hours of bliss revealing,
Hours that rolled in pleasure's train;
Sweet rememb'rance o'er me stealing,
Brings back many a scene again.

Those bright hours the past has numbered,
Never more can they return;
Friends that childhood's path encumbered,
Only now in memory burn.
Would those scenes could be reacted,
Golden hours again appear;
Would my life had been contracted,
To sweet childhood's gay career.

Baltimore, Feb. 27, 1841. G. W. M.

From the Amaranth.

COLONEL NATHAN COLE.

BY CALEB CLAMBAKE.

"You see," said the Colonel, stretching his legs to their utmost length, and performing all the little *et-ceteras* connected with a hearty yawn, "I hadn't no notion of bein' elected no-how you could fix it, but Major Stokes said it was as easy as natur', so takin' his advice, on election mornin' I got a small kag of whiskey, and two tin ladles. The Major stationed himself right by its side, and invited my friends to help themselves jest as soon as they had voted. There wa'nt much opposition to me, and I reckon I went in nigh unanimous."

"You have had some experience in that way before," said I. "If I mistake not you were at Camp Dupont."

"Oh! yes! you see afore I took to farmin' in this portion of the people's [illegible], I lived in Connecticut, that is when I was to hum. But I had some business in Philadelphy, during the last war, and jest at that time the rumor was that the British war a comin' up to the city. All the folks leavnmost war goin' to Camp Dupont, and I volunteered to go tew.

"We had a leetle about the slickest troops, and about the cu-test officers, you ever did see. There was Colonel Biddle, who'd been in the reg'lar army, with an eye like a hawk, and there was Colonel Raguet, and besides that Colonel Browne, who bein' a lawyer, and in the habit of cross-questionin' witnesses, had got an eye not much behind Biddle's, in pint of power. It wa'nt for its brightness nyther, for it wa'nt very bright—but it had a dead kind of a coldness that seemed to push like a bagonet right into your bosom.

"We had a great time fixin' up tents, and gittin' under disciplin rightly, and a good many curious incident happened, mind I tell ye. Our tent would hold five inside, and one in the outer riggin'. Now sleeping outside of a damp night, aint exactly what its cracked up to be, and as there war jest five on us in mess we had arranged it rale comfortable. One night, however, Sergeant Jones comes down to us and says he—'I've got another chap for you, and he'll be along here to sleep presently.' We were in the darndest pucker you ever did see, but there wa'nt no use grumblin', and about bed-time along came our new comrade.

"We had fixed on our line of proceedin' long afore he come, and so we asked him to take a drink, and make himself to hum. He took a swig out of our canteens, and we took a swig out of his'n, and so we got as thick as thieves.—D'rectly ses I to him, ses I. 'Being' as how you're a stranger, we wont cast lots for the 'rangement of beds to-night. You'll take my inside place, and I the out.' He gur a host of thanks, which I received with an air of conscious generosity, and when he stopped talkin' I shoved in my oar agin. Says I, oh! there's one thing, I'd amost forgot to tell you. Joe Lukens that lies next to you is apt to have very dangerous fits in the night, and growls and bites considerably.—You'll find the bucket o' water right opposite to you, and you must watch out to give him a drink. You'd better let him have it as quick as possible, for he's pretty violent when he gits a fit on, and if he don't git what he wants, he bites like blazes.

"'I think,' ses he, 'I'd rayther sleep outside.' 'Bless me, no!' says I, 'I couldn't think of givin' a stranger the wust bunk in the tent, 'taint soldier-like.' Arter a great deal of blatherin' of one kind or other, we all got to bed. But it wa'nt to sleep by a long chalk. We laid there patiently awaitin' for the man with the fits, and a listenin' to the breathin' of our new comrade half kept in. D'rectly Joe Lukens began to move, 'Nigh-urr-urr-ugh!' said he. Our neighbor snatched the ladle half-filled from the bucket.—Joe suck'd the water from it greedy, and then fell back apparently recovered. Our comrad now slicked himself down to sleep thinkin' all over, but he hadn't closed his eyes afore Joe began a growlin agin. Up he rises, and another ladle full of water travelled down Joe's gull-t.—This kind o' work went along several times, till all parties begin to git tired of it, and Joe thought he'd end it with a touch of tragedy. So jest arter the chap had got asleep el verly, he did commence the most savage growlin' you ever did hear tell on. His next-door neighbor waked right up, and raisin' himself on his middle listened. Bymeby the noises come thicker and thicker—when all at once Joe bobbed his head forred, and made a trial to bite. The way the chap did skect was raly awful. He made one jump, head on eend and split right out of the tent door.—'Mercy on me,' says he, comin' to where I lay, and wipin' the sweat off his forehead with his coat sleeve, 'do let me have your berth. You can stand that fellow, perhaps, but darn my skin if I can.' 'But,' says I, "its mighty bad sleepin' out here.' 'Never mind,' ses he, 'I wouldn't stay inside for a week's furlough.' 'At last I changed placed with him, and slept warm and comfortable the hull night. Next mornin' our friend got quartered somewhere else, and we didn't see no more of him 'ceptin on parade.

"Well, we expected to have a real nice time. Every body was filled with patriotic ardor, and all that kind of thing. But, somehow or other, we hadn't been settled down a week afore the hull lot on us got as sulky as cats."

"How did that happen?" inquired I.

"That's a leetle tew hard for me. I rayther guess it was 'couse the strings of disciplin' were pulled tew tight. People had'nt ben used to bein' snubbed about, and they thought their officers should'nt oughter to use 'em in that way. Nobody didn't do nothin' but grumble. 'We know jest as much,' says they, 'about military affairs as any officers. Who made the pesky critters so wise?' In short, every fellow was so well contented with himself, that if the ginerals had taken and sot two clarks to take down the names of them that was rale contented, and them that know'd everthin', the consequence would have been this. Whoever attended to the fust branch or department wouldn't a scarcely had his pen siled, but the last critter would a worn his'n down to the stump* Joc! fill my glass with that mixtur', it is fust rate, raly."

*This idea is taken from a fable of Krasickir.—*Author.*

"Hang it! where did you get the receipt for this?" exclaimed I, taking at the same time my segar from its resting-place, and suffering the smoke to curl from the corners of my mouth, upwards and outwards, like a bunch of white silk floating in the air—"its not the worst of drink any how. You must write it out for me. I like to encourage domestic manufactures, especially in regard to luxuries."

"Talkin' of domestic manufactur's minds me of Deacon Stokes' champaigne factory, down to Wallinford. The Deacon does make the slickest I ever did see, and all out of crab-apple cider tew. It's said to be superior to any imported.—He manufactures other wines tew; and I'm told by competent judges, that this Madeira is more genuine than if it war brought from the Island."

"And now to my own story. You see I used, whenever I could git liberty, to slip out to the neighborin' farm-houses to look arter the gals. You [illegible] in them parts. Among the rest on 'em was one called Kitty Lang. She was jest about as slick a one as you'd see anywhere—tall, rosy-cheeked, and lively—could clear five feet at a jump.—None of your city gals with pale, sallow faces, corsitted up till the critters look like wasps! the untasty things! I wonder how the Venus in the Museum would look with whalebones around her. Oh, git out!

"Kitty and I soon scraped up acquaintance; for in them days I used to be a spry chap, and a reg'lar snorter among the gals. For a quiltin' or a huskin' or anythin' of that kind, I went ahead of all the chaps about; and at a cut and shuffle or a breakdown, I did shy the shirt collar of all natur'. Kitty had a lot of fellers a runnin' arter her, but there wa'nt none on 'em she'd touch with a ten-foot pole. Nobody thought I had a chance, but I guess I showed 'em. It minded me of a parcel of boys a playing shinney. Arter about forty or fifty chasin' the ball, an' every one thinkin' he'd git a knock at it, some little chap'll snap it, holloa out 'Poods!' and then give it a knock, sendin' it clear to hum. I beat the hull on 'em hollow, come in A—number one.

"The other chaps got mighty wrothy. Some on 'em talked of lickin' me like blazes, but others agin said it twa'nt of any use, for she wa'nt worth takin' any trouble for. This minded me of our old nigger help, February Iceberg. He was tarnation fond of 'possum. I 'spose there wa'nt nothin' anywhere that he liked as much as a right fat 'possum, and one day, a goin' through the woods, he caught one asleep. He staked him down, slit the critter's nose and brought him hum. He made a great to do about it, and arter havin' him cooked, invited all the niggers in the neighborhood to a kind of blowout. Somebody or other stole the 'possum, however, and when they come to look for it, 'twant there. Feb, as we all called him, though his right name was February in full, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and looked blacker than ever. At last, he bust right out. 'There's one thing, bless the stars, can be said. Its jest as well he's stolen as not, for all the doctors do say, that 'possums mighty unhealty!'"

"Something," interrupted I, "like my teacher. Poor old fellow! he's dead now. When I was a shaver about fifteen, I used to write rhymes and all that kind of thing. Well, my tutor had a confounded pretty sister. Egad! the blood tingles through my face now, old as I am. She was rather short, perhaps too stout—but her lips—Jove! what a pair. Ripe, rich, and pulpy, they seemed as if they'd burst from the skin that held them in. Well, you see, I wrote a despairing sonnet to her charms, and alluded a little harshly to her brother. He saw it, and though I was a great favorite with him before, I lost *caste*. Sometime after, my father asked him how I succeeded in my studies. Hang me! if he didn't tell him I wasn't fit for anything except a blacksmith. Sour grapes! you see that he couldn't make me like him. But go on. How did you make out with the lady?

"Well, I was jest goin' tew tell it, if you hadn't stopped me. Your interruptions twist and turn my story, till it's as full of ups and downs and stickin's-fast, as a clay pike in Franklin county.

"There was one rival I had, who was the doctor o' the neighborhood. He hadn't oughter hen one, however. If his father had made him a carver it would have been much better. He might have made many a handsome wooden head, whereas he only showed one ugly one to his friends and relatives. I see'd him one evenin' when I'd got a leave of absence, a footin' it like all natur' down to my gal's father's. I was a goin' there myself, but I fetched a full halt, countermarched and entered camp agin. Thinks I, I'll give the poor devil a chance. I couldn't git out of camp agin for more than a week, and about three days ater the time I speak of, who should I see comin' straight to our tent but Doctor Walters.

"'How de dew, Mr. Sherman!' says he. 'How de dew?' says I. 'Pretty well,' says he, 'how are you?' 'why,' says I, 'I keep as well as common. How's Miss Kitty?' 'Oh! hang her!' says he, 'she's a tattlin' forward minx.' 'La!' says I, 'dew tell. How you talk. You aint in rale airnest, are you?' 'If you don't say anythin' about it,' says he, 'I'll tell you what she said about you.' 'Well,' says I, 'out with it!'

"So he up and told the most tarnation lot o' stuff you ever did hearn tell on. *He* said, that *she* said, that I was desput mad in love. Well thinks I, I am a leetle. She said, that I'd written several pieces of rhyme to her, with my name at bottom, and her'n a' top. 'Well,' says I, right out, 'that is a darned lie anyhow. If I ever did write any, and I won't say whether I did, or not, I never put my name and her'n both—and if I had, she's a tarnal mean critter to show 'em. Darn her pictur', says I agin, gittin' right wrothy, 'I wouldn't have her of a gift. Look at her sister, the sickly lookin' thing. I guess she's jest of the same natur'.' 'And,' says he, 'she said she wouldn't have nothin' to do with you. She never gave you any encouragement.' 'She what?' says I, 'well, this beats ginger beer all hollow. She didn't, didn't she? Why the almighty lyin' critter. The conceited thing. To be sure she didn't say she ever liked me; but if looks and actions, sich as nobody with any gumption could mistake, didn't tell a plain tale, why darn me! use me up for saggage meat! Never mind! I'll fix her!' After a few more words, we parted: I went my way, and he went his'n.

"After a few days I got leave of absence, and I streaked, straight on one eend like a second-hand flash of lightnin' to old Mister Langs. In I walks, and there was Kitty, her sister and another gal. I saw that they were monstrous cold. I wondered why, for I thought *that* thing oughter come from me. Directly out bust Kitty, like a steam-ingin' lettin' off its surplus. She told me, that I'd said she was this, and she was that, that she did 'tother first and then the other arterwards. I was struck all in a heap, and raly didn't know what to say till I thought about the Doctor. "Hallo! thinks I, I know now at whose hullsale and retail factory this thunder storm was made, and I can fix it at once. So I related the hull matter jest as it stood, and mentioned what had ben told to me. Well, she denied her share without any reservation, and seemed about half-satisfied with mine. 'But did you [illegible] parted."

"No! the tarnal critter. I found out that she said arterwards that she believed the doctor's story before mine, and as I thought that was raypher insultin' I never put my foot on that quarter of the big farm agin. The best of the joke, however, was, that this very critter of a doctor had put mischief with his lies atween her sister and her old man, jest afore their marriage, and was known for several scrapes of the like natur'."

"Why didn't you cowhide the doctor?" asked I.

"Him! Why it would have ben ten and sixpence thrown away. He wasn't worth it; and as for 'em both, one the convicted liar, and the 'tother is jest as bad;—because the receiver's as bad as the theif, the best thing to be done with them was to give 'em the silent contempt they deserved."

"Well said, well said!" rejoined I, "the slanderer, the mean tattler, who, retailing conversation adds to what he obtains till it is swelled from a pigmy to a giant, is the loathsome toad among men. Capable alone of secreting venom, he loves the dark dampness, the nooks and crannies. When he approaches the light, he terrifies the timid, but is despised and scorned by the honest of heart. The thief may steal from necessity, the murderer may become so through unguarded passions, the incendiary may be incited by revenge, but the one we speak of has no excuse. Classed if a man with the seducer, and if a woman with the harlot, the name is a byword, and the reputation a curse."

"Them's my sentiments, to a vulgar fraction!" said the Colonel. "Hand me a cigar, and push that chair forred so I can roost my shanks on its back. We all have our troubles and I believe if we were to count our ages by the happy days we git, there wouldn't be many on us over a year old!"

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN PORTO RICO. By an arrival at New York on Sunday, from Porto Rico, we learn that the town of Mayaguez, in that island, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 30th of January. We understand that six hundred houses were destroyed, and that the loss is estimated at from two to four millions of dollars. We were unable to ascertain any further particulars.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE BY A BRITISH CRUIZER. A letter received by the editor of the Salem Observer, states that the brig Cherokee, Captain Webb, of that port, was overhauled by her Britannic Majesty's brig of war Curfew, and after a full examination of the Cherokee's papers, her hatches were torn open, under pretence of searching for slaves!

SEDUCTION. A wretch named Isaac Shepperd was arrested in Philadelphia for having caused the ruin of an interesting young girl, the daughter of a respectable citizen of Southwark.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

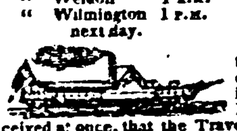
C. T. HINCKLEY, having established himself in the above business at the CLIPPER OFFICE, No. 7 N. GAY STREET, respectfully offers his service to the public, for the execution of any orders with which he may be favored.

☞—All commands performed with neatness and celerity. He invites those who may wish to be assured of his ability, to call as above and examine specimens. fe3-tf

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.	



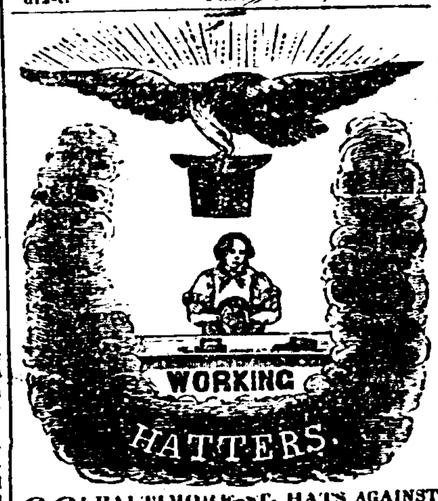
As this Line carries the Great Mail, (which cannot be delayed,) and is almost entirely a Rail-Road Line, it will be perceived at once, that the Traveller, unless in some extraordinary contingency, is *sure of a connection through out*, whilst it is evident that Fogs, Rough Weather!! and Storms!!! must 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.



66½ BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WORLD. No! Not all the World *but the World of Humbugs!!* Call at our Store and we will prove that we sell the cheapest Hats in Baltimore, in point of Beauty, Durability, and Fashion. Our prices are well known, and are as follows: Splendid Fashionable Russia Hats for $3.50, of the same quality as those selling elsewhere for $5. Also, fine fashionable Silk Hats at $2.50, warranted on Russia bodies, and generally selling elsewhere for $4 or no sale. And our old customers will please bear in mind that the well known KEEVIL removed from the Maryland Arcade some six months ago. So come one and all to 66½ Baltimore street, between Gay and Holliday-sts. for good and cheap Hats. Don't forget now!
W. H. KEEVIL & CO'S,
No. 66½ Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolett's alley,
And 4 doors W. of Boel's well known Auction Store.
fe17-tmh10

THE MARYLAND ARCADE
Against the WORLD for CHEAP HATS!

THE Subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally, that he has now on hand a large and general assortment of HATS of his own make, which he is determined to sell low for cash. His prices are uncommonly low for the quality of the Hat: Splendid Russia Hats at $3.50; fine Short Nap Silk Hats, made on Russia bodies, warranted water-proof, for only $2.50; Fur Hats, from 1.50 to $3.00; Clipt Nutre Hats $4; Clipt Beaver Hats 1.50; White Russia Hats, at from 2.50 to $3.50. He would invite the public to call and examine his Hats, or he is confident there is no Hats in the city to compare to his at the above prices. All Hats purchased of me will be ironed over and put in shape free of charge.
fe4 3m* POLYDORE E RILEY.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GAY-ST CHAIR WARE ROOMS, would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand, a very splendid assortment of Parlour and other CHAIRS, comprising Mahogany, Maple, Walnut, and a variety of imitation wood colours. They would request persons, disposed to purchase, to give them a call, as their assortment is not surpassed if equalled by any establishment in the city.

They would also inform Shipping Merchants that they have on hand a large assortment of Cane and Rush-back KNOCK DOWN, suitable for the Western or South American market, among which is a large proportion of very rich colored white tops—all of which they are willing to sell on the most accommodating terms. sel-tf A. & J. B. MATHIOT.

JOB PRINTING.
BY BULL & TUTTLE,
(Practical Letter Press Printers,)
No. 7 N. Gay st. (old Chronicle Office

THE proprietors of the above Printing Establishment beg leave to inform the public, that they are extensively prepared to execute any and every description of Fancy or Plain JOB PRINTING, in the neatest and most fashionable style of workmanship, and on terms suitable to the times.

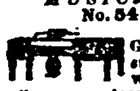
THEY WILL PRINT TO ORDER,

Catalogues,	Handbills,
Notes and Checks,	Circulars,
Enamelled Cards,	Small Notes,
Bills of Lading,	Election Tickets,
Commercial Blanks,	Large Posting Bills, &c.

Together with Fancy Printing, for framing, &c.

☞—Orders for JOB PRINTING, left at the offices of the "Baltimore Clipper," will receive prompt attention and be executed on terms as reasonable as the same description of work can be done elsewhere.

C. H. EISENBRANT,
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
No. 54 BALTIMORE STREET,



Has received by late arrivals from Germany, France, & England, a large supply of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, which will be sold, wholesale and retail; on very pleasing terms, viz:

From Germany—Mahogany and Rosewood PIANO FORTES, manufactured by the celebrated Ernst Rosenkrantz. These Instruments are warranted to be of excellent tone and workmanship, and are the finest imported from said factory.

From France—Rose and Satin-wood Guitars; Violins, No. 10 to 30; silver-mounted Flutes, with 8, 6, and 4 keys; B. C. E flat and F. Clarionets; Valve Ophiclydes; Valve French Horns; Trombones; Trumpets; Cornopeons; Accordeons, with 8, 10, 12, and 21 keys.

From London—Kent Bugles, with all the improvements; Cornopeons, made by Chas. Pace, who made Mr. James Deems' Cornopeon—said Instruments were ordered two years ago.

From Rome—A fresh supply of Violin Strings, warranted to be the very finest quality, 4 length and four threads. ap18-ly

CASH FOR NEGROES. The highest cash prices will at all times be given for Negroes of both sexes, that are slaves for life, and good titles. My office is in Pratt street, between Sharp and Howard streets, and opposite to the Repository—where I or my agent can be seen at all times. All persons, having Negroes to sell, would do well to see me before they dispose of them, as I am always buying and forwarding to the New Orleans market. I will also receive and keep Negroes at twenty-five cents each, per day, and forward them to any Southern port, at the request of the owner. My establishment is large, comfortable and airy, and all above ground; and kept in complete order, with a large yard for exercise; and is the strongest and most splendid building of the kind in the United States. And as the character of my house and yard is so completely established, for strength, comfort and cleanliness, and it being a place where I keep all my own, I will not be accountable, for the future, for any escapes of any kind from my establishment.
mh3-dtf HOPE H. SLATTER.

LIME! LIME!! LIME!!!
THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have on hand, and intend keeping a constant supply of superior Alum and Bottom LIME, (burned in a conical kiln, so highly recommended by our State Geologist, Professor Ducatel,) and that they are prepared to sell the same at the kiln at 33 1-3 cents for cash, for first quality. As our object is to furnish a first rate article at the lowest possible price, we respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.
We have also on hand, about 5,000 bushels Oyster Shell and Air Slacked ALUM LIME, which we will sell on favorable terms, for farming purposes.
HUGH DOWLING & SON,
Corner of Britain and Madison-sts., Balt.
☞—Orders sent from any part of the United States, for Lime, for building or agricultural purposes, immediately attended to. je15

THE EVERGREEN, for March, received at No. 12 North-st. The contents are—
Old St. Paul.
Master Humphrey's Clock—by Boz.
Thomas Crammer.
Stanley Thorn—by the author of George St. George Julian.
Forms of the past—by Park Benjamin.
George St. George Julian, the Prince—by the author of Stanley Thorn.
The Tower of London—A Historical Romance—by W. H. Ainsworth.
The Pilgrim's Rock—by Amelia. mh1

THE NEW WORLD of Saturday, Feb. 27th, contains Master Humphrey's Clock; Ten Thousand a Year; The Pawnbroker—with an Engraving, by Leigh Hunt, Esq; A Bombshell for the Capitol; the U. S. Bank in England, and a variety of Editorials, Miscellany, from the late Foreign Journals, &c. &c.
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CONTENTS OF THE NEW WORLD, for the week ending Feb. 20, 1841:
The Prothonotary's Clerk, by J. J. Audubon, with a beautiful copper-plate engraving. The Tower of London, being the conclusion. Stanley Thorn and Guy Fawkes, e[illegible] chapters in continuation, Ten Thousand a Year, &c. &c.
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