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For the Baltimore Clipper. SPRING GALES. We come like the morn's returning light, Flowers are springing to grace our flight;

And dissolved to down's his icy chain, With vines we've mantled the peasant's cot, A grateful shade o'er the humble spot,

[From the Ladies' Companion for May.] JOACHIM MURAT; OR, THE MUTINEERS. From the French—by Robert Hamilton.

At Florence, at the Griffoni Palace, after the piano had ceased playing the delightful strains of Bellini, the intimate friends of the Countess Lippa would form themselves into little coteries, and with tale and anecdote beguile the hours,

At the time that Italy was under the dominion of France, a seditious spirit was manifested in one of the regiments then quartered in Leghorn. It was not an affair of a common nature, but marked with the most frightful and daring acts.

Joachim, having arrived at Leghorn, summoned the regiment to appear before him in the square of the garrison, and announced the orders he had received from the Emperor, with his own determination that he should see them fully executed.

As it may be conceived, the consternation was awful. The regiment was ordered back to prisoners to their barracks, to await the declaration, each soldier regarding himself already as one of the doomed. Many were the deputations sent to solicit pardon.

ders of the Emperor—but in vain. The crime was one of the most dangerous, and to forgive it, even if he had been inclined, would have been setting a most injurious precedent to the whole army.

In the middle of the night, the jailor, in whose discretion and confidence Joachim could confide, was directed to bring the three soldiers to his presence. When they approached him they were bathed in tears, thinking, no doubt, that their hour was come.

'Alas!' continued Murat, 'how proud and happy would they have been had you fallen in battle before the enemy—but thus, to die the death of the felon. Unhappy men, farewell. I shall send you a priest to administer to you the comforts of religion. Let your last prayer be for France and to your God for pardon.'

The soldiers fell at the feet of Joachim, not to sue for mercy, but to implore his forgiveness before dying. The heart of Joachim was touched, and he was granted—and the prisoners were on the eve of being conducted back to prison—when he ordered them again to approach him.

'Hearken!' said he to them. 'If I grant you life, will you promise to be brave and virtuous men for the future?'

'The soldiers regarded him with astonishment for a few moments, then their faces met each other—but not a symptom of thankfulness or joy seemed to irradiate them. At length one of them replied—'

'How!' cried Murat, 'if I am willing that you should live, wherefore should you wish to die? I have never yet given the order to fire against the enemy, and certainly I am not willing to give it against you who were my brethren in arms, my countrymen, even although you be guilty!'

A deep silence ensued, while not an eye of the company was dry at the mention of her heroic spouse by the widowed Countess. After a pause, she continued—'

'Hearken to me,' said Joachim. 'You are guilty, and deserving death, but you are willing to die for your crime, and that in my eyes is punishment enough. We have been fellow-soldiers on the field of battle. I have seen and know your bravery. I respect it, and by your living you may yet serve me much. But to effect this with safety to yourselves and me, it is necessary that you be thought dead by the world—and especially by your own regiment. Listen. Tomorrow, as night closes in, you will be conducted to the gate of Pisa close to the glacier. The platoon who will execute judgment upon you, will be placed at twenty paces from your person. Unknown to them they shall receive a charge of blank cartridge, and as they discharge their muskets, you will fall as if dead. At that moment, your regiment will pass on the heights to behold the supposed fulfillment of your sentence, which the darkness of the night will the more easily enable us to accomplish. A man to whom I have given instructions, will then place you in a cart and convey you to the cemetery, where you will receive disguises as sailors, and a thousand francs each. From thence you will be conducted to a hotel, where you will remain in safety for some days, until an American vessel now in port for New Orleans, is ready for departure. Once in another land, you will be at liberty, and the world before you to live in, and I trust as honest men. For your families, fear nothing, I shall take care that they are provided for. Farewell! Be prudent and docile, and Heaven will prosper you.' The poor fellows could not reply, but falling at the feet of Joachim, bathed them with their tears.

All came to pass as Joachim had contrived—the severe example was thus given to the rebellious regiment, and the Emperor was pleased, and thanked my husband that he had acted so prudently in only sacrificing three human beings in place of the whole regiment. This generous rule was always concealed from the Emperor, and saving myself and a few faithful friends, to whom Murat had entrusted the secret, it was never made known. Circumstances now render concealment no longer necessary, but believe me, this is a truth and not a fiction that I have told you.

After this narration, the noble lady, overcome by her feelings, retired to her apartment. The recital had imparted to the guests a mingled feeling of melancholy and love—melancholy for the remembrance of the gallant soldier, and love for his generosity of soul. Neither of us could speak, but as it were, instinctively cast our eyes upon a magnificent portrait, by Gros, representing Murat as King of Naples, on horseback, on the brink of the Neapolitan gulf. The sky and water were tinged with the light of Vesuvius, which was in the distance, sending forth his volcanic fires. It was a happy thought of the artist—Murat and Vesuvius, face to face—two volcanoes!

Months had vanished, and still the recollection of this little history clung to my memory with a vividness that was almost painful, when happening to be at Rome, chance threw me in the way of a friend, who had at one period lived in terms of the closest intimacy with the imperial family. To him I related the anecdote, when he furnished me with its sequel, and but that I know it to be based upon truth, I should be inclined to regard it little better than the denouement of a romance or a drama. It is as follows:

female, who politely requesting him to enter, conducted him into a little parlor simply yet neatly furnished. Around the walls were displayed engravings and lithographic prints, principally representing the most famous victories of Napoleon. The young man beheld them with delight and emotion, as he exclaimed in the language of France—'

'It would appear that my good star has conducted me to the dwelling of a countryman.' 'Indeed!' said the female, 'I rejoice to hear it—a real Frenchman?'

'Yes, madame, and a good Frenchman too, and if I guess rightly, I have also a parent here—in this very parlor.' The old woman looked surprised, while she replied—'

'My son, is in the garden. I will call him, I am certain he will be very glad to see a countryman.' 'Is your son also French?' inquired the stranger.

'Yes—yes, sir.' This answer was given with a little hesitation, but recovering her composure, she added with more confidence—'

'Sir, you may think my behaviour strange and the question I am about to ask as rude and suspicious—but your figure is like to one of whom I bear a grateful remembrance, and your face, that—pray excuse me—may I know your name?'

'My friend,' replied the hunter, 'that is the only question to which I cannot reply. It would be easy to deceive you by giving a false name—but I prefer rather to conceal mine than utter an untruth. He whose name I bear was never known to utter a lie, and never shall it be tarnished in my being. I am sincere in my answer—perhaps unceremonious. If you will grant me your hospitality, I shall feel grateful—if not, I am ready to quit your roof.'

'No, no!' exclaimed the master, 'were the whole world mine, something tells me that it would be my duty to give it you,' and his breast heaved heavily and the tears started into his eyes. 'This is singular,' said the hunter. 'Though I have refused to favor you with my name, doubtless you have no cause to conceal yours?'

'You are right, sir,' replied the master. 'That which I bear in this country is not my real name, and to reveal it to you could be of no importance. Since it that I am known here by that of Claude Gerard.' 'At least, sir, be assured that my son has no cause to blush for his name,' said the mother. 'There are reasons that—'

'I mean,' cried Claude, 'that your royal father was my preserver. It chanced that you are doomed to die, and the noble Murat saved me.' 'On the field of honor?' asked Achille. 'No! on the field of dishonor! Two comrades and myself were, for the crime of mutiny, condemned to death. It was a rightful sentence, and its execution was confided to your noble father—but his heart was touched with mercy, and at the sacrifice of his duty, he preserved our lives—furnished us with gold and the means of escape to America. My two comrades have since died, but under the blessing of God, I still live and prosper. To your generous father I owe all I have toiled and my mother, who now stands before you, and who believed me dead, shortly after my arrival in America received from me a letter, which called her to the home and bosom of her son. You now behold us happy—rich—but, if the son of my benefactor requires it, my wealth, my life, all at his service.'

'I believe it, my honest friends. The generous Joachim!' cried Achille, his eyes suffused with tears at the sight of the friends of his father's mercy. 'He was ever generous!' said Claude, 'no one ever appealed in vain to his mercy.' 'True, true, but he appealed in vain to the mercy of others!' said Achille. 'Father! thy son will yet revenge your death!' And he knelt in reverence before the picture of his parent.

'Amen!' ejaculated Claude and his mother, as they bent beside the son of their benefactor, and breathed in silence their prayer of gratitude to the God of Heaven!

FROM TOBACCO. We had an arrival from Tobacco yesterday, says the New Orleans Bulletin of the 26th ult. but it adds but little to our previous advices. The new republic was progressing prosperously. Our friend Gen. Anaya, was in Chiapas, and at the latest date, have all but annihilated the Centralists in that state.

DAVIES' FAMILY PILLS.

Dear Sir—I write to let you know that the Lord has done great things for me, whereof I thank him. When I saw you in Fredericksburg, I think I said that I had been afflicted with a very acid (sour) stomach, and subject to a violent pain in my head for more than twenty years, for which I took rhubarb and soda three or four times every day for these many years, with little or no relief, and my legs and ankles were so much swollen that I was unable, at times, to attend to my business.

STEAM BOAT LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, Via Newcastle and Frenchtown Rail Road. The Steamboat GEORGE WARRINGTON, Capt. TRIPP, & COMPANY.

CASE FOR NEGROES. The highest case will be all the time given for Negroes both sexes, that are slaves for life, and good titles. My office is in 17th street, between Sharp and Howard streets, and opposite to the Repository—where I by my agent can be seen at all times.

THE GENUINE VEGETABLE PILLS AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR GONORRHOEA GLEETS, STRICTURES, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints the Vegetable Pills have the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a permanent cure.

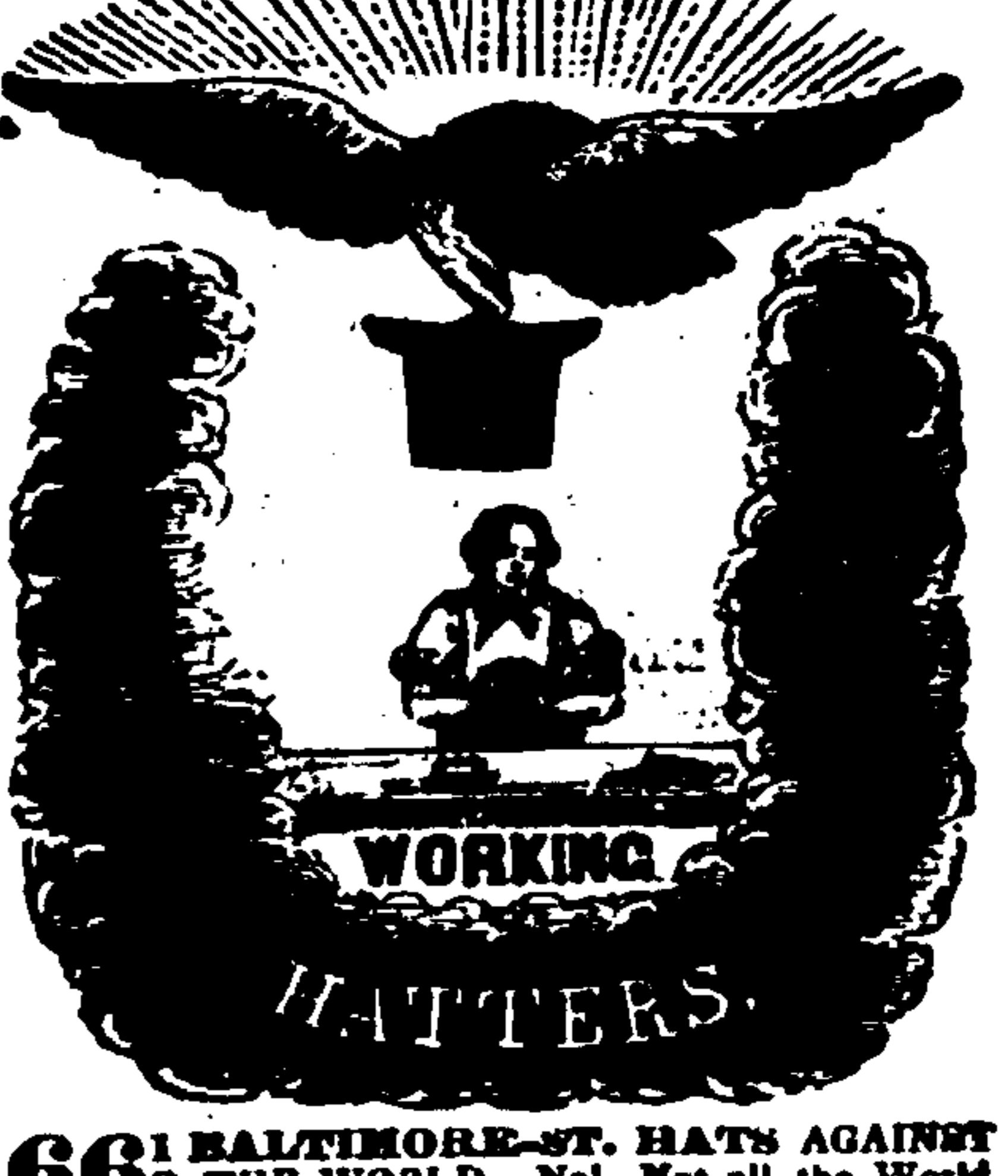
THE PROPRIETORS OF THE GAY-ST. CHAIR WARE ROOMS, would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have now on hand, a very splendid assortment of Parlor and other chairs.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE for 1839, bound—ornamented with hundreds of wood cuts, illustrating the following subjects, British Topography and Antiquities; Foreign Topography and Antiquities; Natural History; Voyages and Travels; British Birds; Cities of Europe, &c. &c. Price, bound in calf on embossed margin, \$2.50. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, vols. 15, 16, 17 & 18, bound in sheep and morocco, price \$2.25 per vol.

HENRY WARREN, FORMERLY AT T. TENANT'S, BEGGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has taken a store at No. 4 NORTH-ST next door to the Patent Office, where he is manufacturing a STOCK of superior quality.

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

DR. STORER'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND, Discharges or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the tract of either sex. In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such an occurrence as cannot be depended upon? Why, for \$1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.



661 BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WORLD. No! Not all the World has the World of Hatters! Call at our Store and we will prove that we sell the cheapest Hats in Baltimore, our prices are Beauty, Durability, and Fashion.

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 unreasonably low for the quality of the Hats. Splendid Russian Hats at \$3.25; fine Short Nap Silk Hats made on Russia b-dies, warranted water-proof, for only \$2.50; Fur Hats from 1.50 to \$3.00; Clip Nutre Hats \$4; Clip Beaver Hats 4.50; White Russia Hats, at from 2.50 to \$3.50.

FASHIONABLE BOOTS. W. L. McCAULEY, Gentlemen's FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKER, No. 6 LOMBARD STREET, cor. of Franklin Lane, near South-st., makes BOOTS at \$2.50 per pair, and Pairs them for \$2.75, of the very best Leather and Workmanship. Being a Practical Boot Maker, and inventor of the Pegged Cork Sole BOOTS, which have given so much satisfaction in the winter, gentlemen may rely on getting good and handsome work. Give me a call, and I will endeavor to please, for my Boots shall be behind none in this or any other city. [ap21-17] W. L. McCAULEY.

CARPETING. No. 76—For CASH ONLY—MARKET-ST. THE attention of persons in want of CARPETING, is now invited to the subscriber's present Stock. It consists of Brussels Three Ply superfine and common Ingrain 4, 4-4-5, and 4, Venetian, Hemp, Cotton, and Rag CARPETING; Green and Fancy figured RAIZERS; Fancy Piano Covers; Table do; Brussels and Turf'd Bug; Strik Lines; Windsor Blinds; Door Mats; Stair Rods, low priced; Table and Piano Covers of every description. His Carpeting, at 69¢ cents, is superior to any heretofore sold at 75¢ cents, and he has a lot of the best quality of English and Domestic, which will be sold at \$1 per yard. His Turkey and Brussels are offered at equally reduced prices. Likewise all the different widths and qualities of Flooring, both white and colored; English and D. domestic Oil Cloth, for floors and tables; white and colored Carpet Chains, &c. &c. WILLIAM JEFFREYS, No. 76 Market-st. corner of Holiday. N. B. A lot of remnants of OIL CLOTH on hand will be sold for door pieces, will be sold very low. mh7-3m