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From Graham's Magazine for June.

## THE LOST HEIR.

BY H. J. VERNON.

"Well down, falcon—see how it mounts into the clouds—the heron has it—on, on knights and ladies fair, or we shall not be in at the death."  
As the speaker ceased, the falcon which had been mounting in graceful growing narrower and narrower as it ascended above its prey, suddenly stooped from its height, and shooting upon the heron, like a thunderbolt, bore the huge bird in its talons to the earth. The swoop and the descent passed with the rapidity of lightning, and in a moment after the gallant train were galloping to the assistance of the falcon.  
Their way lay along the high bank of the river, from whose recedy margin the heron had been roused. The path was often broken and difficult to traverse; but so eager were all to reach the desired point that no one appeared to mind these inequalities. Suddenly the path made an almost precipitous descent, and while a portion of the train dashed recklessly down the steep, the more prudent checked their course, and sought a less dangerous road. By this means the party became divided, that which remained on the brow of the hill being far the more numerous. The other group consisted, indeed, of but three individuals—a falconer, a page, and the niece of their master, the Earl of Torston. The palfrey of the latter was one of rare speed, and it was with difficulty that the two servants could keep up with their beautiful and high-spirited mistress.  
"On Ralph—ay, Leoline, you are falling behind," she said, glancing around at her companions as the distance between them rapidly increased.  
"To the right—to the right," shouted the falconer, "the heron has fallen in the marsh."  
The maiden suddenly drew her rein in, to follow this direction; but as she did so a half a score of men, attired as Scottish borderers, started from the thickets around, and seizing her palfrey, and that of her attendants, vanished with them into the recesses of the forest. All efforts at resistance were evaded by the numbers of the assailants, and lest the two more should alarm their own rapidly approaching companions, they were hastily gagged. The whole party then set forward at a brisk pace toward the Scottish border.

The lady Eleanor was one of the most beautiful maidens of the north of England, and her expectations from her childless uncle were equalled only by her charms. Already had many a gallant knight broken a lance in defence of her beauty, or sought even more openly to win her for his bride. Her heart was as yet untouched. Gay, sportive, full of wit, and not altogether unconscious of her exalted station, the heiress of three baronies continued to be the idol of her uncle, and the admiration of the English chivalry. It was while engaged in lawking with her train that she had been surprised, as we have related, by a band of Scottish marauders, with the intention of profiting by her ransom.  
For some hours the party continued their flight with unabated speed, concealing themselves in the depths of the forests, until they had left the borders of Lord Torston, and gained the range of barren and desolate hills, where there was little likelihood of meeting with interruption. The object of the capturers was obviously to bear off their prize across the border, so rapidly as to defeat all measures to be taken for her rescue.  
The lady Eleanor was not, however, without considerable energy of character, arising in part doubtless from the stormy times in which she lived, or she had listened so often to the tales of her ancestor's deeds that she felt it would derogate from her, even though a maiden, not to show a portion of the same spirit in disaster. As they were hurried along, therefore, she busied herself in revolving a plan for her escape. But she could think of no feasible scheme, without the co-operation of her servants, and they were kept so far in the rear, and guarded so carefully, that any communication with them she saw would be impossible.  
In this perplexity she breathed a silent prayer to the virgin, and was about resigning herself to her fate when a bugle broke upon her ear, and looking up she beheld three borderers crossing the brow of a hill, a few yards distant. At the same moment the marauders recognized the new comers as enemies, and hurrying their captives in the rear, prepared for the fray.

"Ah! what have we here?" exclaimed the leader of the men-at-arms, a bold stalwart youth, yet verging into manhood, turning to his companions, "by St. George, a pack of Scottish devils—and there is a lady among them a prisoner I trust, for she is dressed like a maiden of rank. What say you, comrades? we are three bold men against you dozen varlets, shall we attempt a rescue?"  
"Ay—ay—Harry Bowbent, lead on," exclaimed the leader of his companions, "for though you are often over-hot, yet who could refuse to charge you Scottish knives in such a cause?"  
The marauders had, meanwhile, drawn themselves up across the road, and when the three men spurred their horses to the charge, the devils striking at the animals with their huge swords. Two of the assailants were thus brought to the ground at the first onset; but the once called Bowbent, and his elder companion, bore each a Scottish spear to the earth with his long lance, and then taking to their swords, struck about them with such fury as to finish the contest in a space of time almost as short as that which it takes to narrate it. They did not, however, gain this victory without cost. Both the youth and his elder comrade were wounded, while the man-at-arms, who had been unhorsed, was killed. Several of the marauders fell on the field, and the others took to flight.

"Poor Jasper," said the youth looking mournfully at his slain follower, "your life was soon ended. God help me! misfortunes seem to attend on all who expose my fortunes." And after regarding the dead man a moment longer, the youth turned away with a sigh to fulfil his remaining duty, by inspiring whom he had rescued, and offering to conduct her to a place of safety.  
Meanwhile the lady Eleanor had been an anxious though admiring spectator of the contest, and many a prayer did she breathe for the success of her gallant rescuers. The boldness of the youth especially aroused her interest, and her heart beat faster and her breath came quicker whenever he seemed on the point of being overpowered. As he now moved toward her, she felt, she knew not why, the color rising in her cheeks, and as he raised his visor, she could not but acknowledge that the countenance beneath, vied with, and even excelled in manly beauty and frankness of expression, any she had ever seen. The youth, however, had just begun to express in the courtly language of the day, his delight at having come up so opportunely, when a sudden paleasus shot over his countenance, and after endeavoring vainly to speak, he sank, fainting to the ground.  
"It is only this ugly wound in his side," said his older comrade, noticing the alarm in the maiden's countenance, "he has fainted from loss of blood."  
"Can he not be borne to the castle?—here Ralph, Leoline, a litter for the wounded man—here, but see, he revives!"

The wounded youth opened his eyes faintly, and gazed upon the maiden as she spoke, and then closed them again, as if in pain.  
"He has fainted again," said the lady Eleanor, "cannot the blood be staunch'd? I have some slight skill in the healing art, let me at least bind up his wounds."  
Taking a scarf from her neck as she spoke, the maiden proceeded to examine the hurts of the young man-at-arms, and having carefully bound them up, during which operation the reviving sufferer testified his mute gratitude by his looks, she allowed him to be placed on the rude litter her servants had hastily prepared for him, and then the whole party set out to return to the castle.  
It was a fortnight after the above event, and the wounded youth was now convalescent. The room in which he lay, was a large old gothic apartment, but the mild breath of summer stealing through the open window, and bearing the odor of flowers upon its bosom, gave a freshness to the old chamber, which banished, for the time, its gloominess. The invalid was sitting up, and by his side was the lady Eleanor, gazing up into his eyes with a look which a woman bestows only upon the one she loves.  
On reaching the castle, the lady Eleanor, in the absence of her uncle, ordered the utmost attention to be paid to the wounded young man. In consequence, the best room in the castle was allotted to him, and in the absence of a better leech, and in compliance with the custom of the times, the lady Eleanor herself became his physician. Opportunities were thus presented for their being together, which, as he grew more convalescent, became dangerous to the peace of both. Perhaps it was his dependence on her skill; perhaps it was the wound he had received in her cause; perhaps it was that she had expected no refinement whatever in one apparently of such questionable rank; perhaps—but no matter—like many a one before and since, it was not long before the lady Eleanor found that in attending her patient, she had lost her heart.  
Nor was the wounded youth less inspired by affection for his fair physician. Gratitude for her kindness, to say nothing of her sweetness and beauty, had long since won his most devoted love. And now, as they sat together, one might perceive, the heightened color on the cheek of the maiden, and the unresisting manner in which her hand lay in that of the youth, that their mutual affections had just been revealed to each other in words.  
"Yes—sweet one," said the youth, as if continuing a conversation, "we have much to overcome before we triumph, if indeed we ever may; and I almost wish that we never had met." His companion looked at him chidingly. "No, not that either, dearest. But yet I would I could remove this uncertainty that hangs around my birth. I am at least a gentleman born—if that I have always been assured—I am, moreover a knight; but whether the son of a peer, or of one with only a single fee I know not. Until this uncertainty can be removed, I cannot pretend openly to aspire to your hand. I almost fear me that my honor may be questioned, thus to plight my vows with you, dear Eleanor; yet fate, which has thrown us thus together, has some meaning in her freak."  
"May it prove indeed so," said the maiden.  
"But you say you were always told you were noble born. Who assured you of this? Indeed, I must hear your story, for who knows," continued she, "but I may unravel your riddle?"  
"Oh my early life I know little, for though I remember events as far back even as infancy, yet it is but faintly, as we often remember incidents in a dream. Indeed I have often thought that these memories may be nothing more than vague recollections of dreams themselves happening so far back in my childhood as to seem like realities. Be that as it may, I have these shadowy impressions of living with very young in a large old castle, with hosts of retainers, and being served as if I was the owner of all. I remember also a fine noble looking man, and a lovely lady who used to take me in her arms and smile upon me. One day—it seems but yesterday, and I remember this more distinctly than any thing else—I was taken out by my attendant, who were, I suspect, attacked and overpowered, for I found myself suddenly seized by a rough soldier, at whom I cried, and by whom I was carried off. I never saw any of my attendants more. Every face around me was new, and for days I thought that my heart would break. I think I must have been carried to Scotland, for as I grew up the country around looked more like it, and my protectors were continually returning from forays over the border on the Southern as they call us. Besides, even yet I have some of the accent in my speech."  
"I could not have been but a very young child, however, if I changed my protectors, and went beyond sea. For two or three years we travelled about, but finally settled in France. There with whom I resided was of

the better sort of peasants, and consisted of an old woman and her daughter. We were often visited by a stern, dark man, whom I was told was a knight. He indeed must have been the person who was my real protector, for after a while, my habitation was again changed, and I became the resident of an old decayed fortress, where a warden and one or two servants constituted the whole household. Here I remained for many years, and until I was past my boyhood. I saw no more of my imagined protector, but I have every reason to believe he owned the old castle, where, by the bye, I picked up some knowledge of warlike exercises; sufficient indeed to fit me, at the age of eighteen, to be sent to the army as a man-at-arms. I served a campaign under the banner of the Sieur de Lorence, to whom I had been recommended by I suppose, my unknown protector. His secret agency I have no doubt was exerted in procuring me to be knighted. Since then I have been thrown upon my own resources, and for a couple of years have served in Flanders, but wishing to discover, if possible, my real birth, I left the continent, and reaching England, set out on this apparently insane search. I have been engaged in it more than a half a year, and have yet obtained no clue to my parentage. I judge it, however, to be English, from my having been brought up in Scotland, for I was certainly taken prisoner in a foray. And now, dearest, you have my history—and what, alas! do you know of me, except that I am a penniless unknown knight, hunting through this broad realm for a parentage?"  
"The maiden did not answer the question of her lover directly, but seemed lost in thought. She gazed wonderingly upon the speaker, and said:  
"Strange!—if it should prove to be so."  
Wondering at her inexplicable question, her lover said—  
"What is strange, dearest? But scarcely had this inquiry been made, when a servant appeared, informing the lovers, that the uncle of the lady Eleanor had arrived unexpectedly from court, and begged at once to be allowed to pay his thanks to the brave knight who had rescued his niece.

It was a fortnight later in our history. A small cavalcade was winding along a romantic road, late in the afternoon. At its front rode two knights, completely armed, except as to their heads, which were covered with light caps instead of helmets. A palfrey, upon which rode a lady, and the numerous handmaidens in the group, showed the cavalcade to be that of a woman of rank.  
Suddenly the procession reached the brow of a hill, overlooking a wide expanse of woods and woodland. An extensive valley stretched below, through which meandered a stream, that now glittered in the sunlight, and was now lost to sight as it entered the mazes of the forest. In the very centre of the valley, and on a gentle elevation, stood a large and extensive castle, its defences reaching completely around the low hill upon which it stood. As the prospect broke upon the sight, the two knights drew in their reins, and the elder turning to the younger one, whom the reader will instantly recognize as the hero of our tale, said:  
"Wonder is Torston castle, and in less than an hour we shall be within its walls."  
"And a noble fortress it is, my lord. I have seen many both in this fair realm and in France, but few to equal your proud castle."  
"The landscape is itself a fine one," said Lord Torston, "though few of our profession of arms have an eye for beauty."  
"The rudest boor, my lord, could not fail to admire this scene. And yet it does not seem wholly new to me. I have an indistinct impression of having beheld something like it before."  
"Perhaps in some fair valley of France.—But we must push on, or we shall not reach the castle until nightfall."  
A brisker pace, however, soon brought the cavalcade to the outskirts of the domain.—Descending the hill, they passed amid verdant woods and open lawns, and villages scattered here and there, until they reached the immediate vicinity of the castle, and in a few minutes more they entered the large gateway, and drew up in the court-yard. Every thing around seemed to recall to the mind of the young knight some long-forgotten dream—and when alighting, they entered the hall, with its raised table at the upper end and the large antlers surrounding the walls, it appeared to him as if he had returned to some favorite place on which he had been wont to gaze in days long gone by. Suddenly he paused, looked eagerly around, placed his hand to his brow, and said—  
"My lord, this is strange. It seems to me as if I knew this place, and every step only reveals some old-remembered feature to me. It cannot be that I have dreamed of it."  
"No, Sir Henry, you have not. You have seen it, but long ago. I have suspected this for some days, but I am now convinced."  
"My lord," said the young knight with a bewildered air, "what mean you? It cannot be, and yet your words, your looks, your gestures, imply it—am I to find in this castle my birth-place?"  
"Yes! my son," exclaimed the baron, unable longer to control the emotions which had been swelling for days in his bosom, "and in me you find a father." And opening his arms, his long-lost son fell into his arms.  
"I no sooner saw your face," said the father, when the emotions had subsided sufficiently to permit an explanation, "than I felt a yearning towards you, for it reminded me of your mother. But when I heard your story," he continued, "it tallied so completely with the loss of my only son, that I suspected at once that you were my child. Your age, too, agreed with what I had been told. Unwilling, however, to make known my belief, I enjoined silence on your niece, determining to bring you here in order to see if the sight of your birth-place would awaken old recollections in your bosom. I have succeeded. I do not doubt but that you are my son, and now let me lead you to your cousin, who by this time will have changed her apparel, and be ready to receive you."

"One moment, only," said Sir Henry, "I have that here, which as yet I have shown to no one. It is a ring I wore on my neck when a child. Here it is."  
"God be praised, my son," said the old baron, "for removing every doubt. This is your mother's wedding ring, which, after her death, you wore around your neck," and the long-separated father and son again embraced, while tears of joy and thankfulness stole down the old man's face.  
It is to be supposed that the lady Eleanor looked more coldly on her lover, now that every difficulty in the way of their union was removed; or that the young heir was less eager to possess himself of his bride, because, by wedding her, he would preserve to her the possessions which otherwise she would lose?—Fruit compels us to answer both questions in the negative. Scarcely a month had elapsed before the young knight led his blooming cousin to the altar, while his new-found father looked on with joy which he had thought, as a childless man, he could never more have experienced. And in the proud array of England's proudest chivalry, which met at Torston castle to celebrate the nuptials, no one demeaned himself more gallantly, or won more triumphs in the lists, than the young knight, now no longer Harry Bowbent, the soldier of fortune, but the heir of the richest caridom in the realm.

**THE WHOLE CITY INVITED.**  
**HART.**  
**IS SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!**  
**FLORENCE BRAD BONNETS, 1 do. 100.**  
Furniture Dimity for spreads, 3 for 1; Leshorn flat 3/4; yard wide Chintz, fast colors, 16 cents; infant's fine Leghorn Hats; wide Straw Matting, quarter and half; splendid yard wide Long Cloth, 11 for 1 do.; striped Bonnets; wide colored Straw Matting, 3 for 1; Straw Hats, Edging and Trimmings; large assortment Parasols, for 1 do.; China Sun Screens do.; Palm Leaf Hats, eleven; American Nankeen cloth; white Cambrie Hdkfs. eleven; white or black Cotton Stockings, superior, eleven; Silk Tocket Hdkfs. ten; narrow Straw Matting; wide fig'd Muslin for curtains, three; large size Brown Linen Table Cloths, half dollar; Linen Damask, twelve; fine table cloths, wide, half dollar; Russia Paper, full 3/4; wide, eleven; Linen Towels, one dollar for three; Leghorn Hats for Misses; Florence Brads Hats; heavy brown Cotton Sheetings, 1 do. for 1 1/2; yard wide splendid wool Carpeting, yard wide, heavy and light; yard wide Irish Linen, quarter; Brown Linen Drilling, quarter; woolen Shirtings; Carpeting, quarter and half; Brown Linen Roundabouts and Pantalons, eleven; Cotton Stockings for Ladies, gentlemen and children, a very large assortment of white, black, mixed and slate, for fine; Domestic Muslin, Brown and Black Shirtings and Sheetings, a very large assortment of beautiful goods for men or boys; yard, yard, yard; Red Tickings, really good, from nine to eleven; Calicoes, only thick, eleven penny goods, given away; yard wide fine blue and black; low selling for eleven; yard wide fast color, blue, red, green, yellow, and black; Brown Holland for roundabouts, eleven; black and cold; Gro de Nap, from quarter and half; Casimeres, good quality, one do.; Summer Cloth, from half do.; Mouseline de laine, the real stuff, yard wide; beautiful white Cambrie Black & Fancy Silks, half do.; Gingham, three; Bobbinet and green Gauze, eleven; Silk Stockings, half do.; large Black Fillet Shawls; Hemp Carpeting, 2 1/2 do. and quarter; Straw Matting, 1 1/2 do. yard, and quarter; and yard and half wide; Marcelline Counterpanes, large size; white, red, and blue; Calicoes, some 16 do. for 40; Ticking, yard wide, three; Calicoes, for bedding, ten cents—with a very large assortment of FANCY and DOMESTIC GOODS, which are selling FAR BELOW COST.

**CHARLES JOHN HART'S,**  
No. 97 LEXINGTON STREET,  
"CHEAP CORNER."  
The Cheap Corner has just received from Auctioneer an assortment of general assortment of Seasonable DRY GOODS—among the many desirable articles are:  
Super rich cold paid Mus. de Laines, suit. for children do. Euston PLAIDS  
do Manchester Gingham, a large assortment  
An assortment of LAWNS, from 23 to 37 cents  
Yard wide pink, purple and blue French CHINTZES 37 cents large assortment  
Super English Chintz, rich style, only 25 cents.  
Also, 1 case handsome 4 cord PRINTS, only 12 1/2  
Linen Cambrie Hdkfs. very cheap, from 12 1/2 to 31.50  
French Lawns, suitable for Hdkfs. very cheap  
Thread Laces, Edging and Trimmings, just received  
Also, Swiss do. do. large assortment  
Kid Gloves, Pic Nic do. and Mitts, very cheap  
A few of these very handsome Silk SHAWLS, which we will close cheap  
Gentlemen's Silk Gloves, Cravats, Vestings & Hdkfs.  
Gambroon, and Black and Blue do. do. do. do. do. do.  
Casimeres and Cloths, a large assortment, all shades, suitable for Spring sales  
Linen Drills, white and cold, plain & ribbed, very low  
Linen Linen 2 1/2 to 31. Also, Linen Sheetings, Table  
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A very superior article of white Cotton Hose for 2 1/2 cents  
Embroidered Underclothes H. W. MILLER and CO.  
White and Black Silk Hose—also, half do.  
White Satinets, very fine, 37 cents; Best Muslin  
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Flain and field Swiss French Needle work and Cloths  
ment of Linn Lawns, a very desirable article for Ladies' Collars, Cambrics and Diapers, white and black  
Nets; Table Covers, and a large assortment of Domestic Goods of all kinds, which we are determined to sell cheap, with a view to reduce our stock  
Call and examine for yourselves.  
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No. 5 E. corner of Hanover and Lombard-sts.

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T. W. BETTON'S GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE and CLOTHING MANUFACTORY, No. 154 Pennsylvania Street, opposite the City Bank, Baltimore, respectfully informs his customers and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture STOCKS, COLLARS, SHIRTS, and LINEN BOSOMS, of every description. He would particularly call the attention of dealers to his above named articles, at whole sale or retail, before they purchase elsewhere, and from his long experience in that business, he hopes to give general satisfaction in his assortment consisting, in part, of the following Stock of Goods, viz:  
Stocks, Collars, Linen Bosoms, plain and ruffled  
Linen, Cotton, and Fancy SHIRTS  
Worsted, Silk, Linen, and Cotton DRAWERS  
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Suspenders, Gloves, and Hosiery  
Cravats, Scarfs, Table Linen, Cases, and a variety of Articles, which are especially kept at the establishments of the kind, and of the best quality.  
T. W. BETTON,  
No. 154 Baltimore Street.

**JEWELRY JEWELRY!**  
SMITH & BROTHERS, No. 34 S. CHARLES STREET, have just received a large assortment of Gold and Silver PLATE, JEWELRY, new patterns, which they will clear the trade for a few days only at the lowest manufacturing prices. Dealers will find the prices unusually low. ml5

**100 DOLLARS REWARD.**  
**DR. STORR'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.**  
For the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the urethra of either sex.  
In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, 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 quick nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for \$1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed wholly of vegetable substances? 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.  
N. B. This Medicine can be had of JAMES F. WILLIAMSON, corner of High and Green streets, (O. T.) of T. J. PITT, Market Space, Fell's Point, and by J. W. W. GORHAM, corner of Pratt & Howard-sts. Also, of L. S. THOMAS, corner of Briton and Forest streets—with full directions accompanying each bottle at \$1 per bottle.  
For sale in Washington city by ROBERT PATTERSON, cor. 9th street and the avenue, and CHAS. C. STOVIL, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. WADE, on 7th street.  
In Georgetown, by JOHN L. KIDWELL.  
dec-5



**662 BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WORLD.** Not all the World but the World of Hatters! 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 Casimere Hats, for \$2.50. Fur Hats from \$1.50 upwards. It may be asked how such Hats can be sold (if as represented) at such very low prices; I answer in the first place, I manufacture very extensively, and am able to purchase materials by the quantity much lower than if I bought by the retail; and secondly, I sell for cash, and do not have to charge down my goods to pay my bills, as is the case for those who do not pay, as is the usual mode of the credit system. I think my Hats the best as never before ever sold in this market for the price. Persons will please call and look at my Hats before purchasing elsewhere. Remember TOWSON, one door from Lexington street.  
N. B. The trade supplied with HATS in the rough of all qualities. mh30-3m

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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 been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to produce a permanent cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend. These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by  
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W. KIRKWOOD, cor. 12th street and the av. and CHARLES STOTT, corner of 7th street and the av. In Georgetown, by O. M. LINTHICUM.

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