Baltimore Clipper.

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY BY BULL & TUTTLE, No. 7 NORTH GAY STREET, BALTIMORE, Md.

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☞Country subscribers, by mail, FOUR DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square 1 time,	$0 50	1 square 1 month,	$4 00
1 do 2 times,	75	1 do. 2 months,	7 00
1 do. 3 times,	1 00	1 do. 3 do.	10 00
1 do. 1 week,	1 75	1 do. 6 do.	16 00
1 do. 2 weeks,	2 75	1 do. 1 year,	30 00

Business Cards, of only two lines, five dolls a year.

☞Ten lines or less make a square—If an advertisement exceeds ten lines, the price will be in proportion. All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.

For the Baltimore Clipper.

Lines written on hearing the Rev. Mr. TIPPET *ask the question,*

WHAT IS AN ANGEL?

When sickness comes, and *Death's* lean hand
In terror meets the victim's eye,
When as he waits the dread command,
"Spare not his breath, he too must die;"
'Tis then an *angel* meets our view,
In Pity's meek and gentle face,
In Friendship's hand forever true,
And Love's sweet breath, with Mercy's grace,
Affection, Hope, and Faith, to save
A sinner from an endless grave:
With these to guide, our path is true,
All trouble's cease—Heaven's in our view.
CORNELIUS.

For the Baltimore Clipper.

THE FIRST IMPULSE OF LOVE.

Bright is the beam of the morning's first dawn,
As it breaks through the dusk of the night,
Gladd'ning and cheering the traveller on
With its pure and most heavenly light.

But still brighter, and clearer, and pleasanter far,
Is to feel the first impulse of Love,
Which goes thro' the heart, like the morning's first star,
As we look, and beheld it above.

Oh! cold is that breast that throbs not at all,
When the feeling comes over the heart,
Of Purity. Loveliness, whatsoe'er we may call,
What the first impulse of Love should impart.
JUAN.

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

At the request of 'Henrietta,' I will preach upon this occasion, from the following text:

A wife, like echo, should be true
To speak when she is spoken to;
But not, like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

My hearers:—A wife is not only a choice piece of household furniture, but a useful article for domestic purposes. She can, besides darning stockings and mending breeches, keep all the apartments of man's heart in order, and entwine for him garlands of tenderness to bedeck his connubial bower. She is the very marrow of comfort—the principal tributary to the silvery stream of happiness—the fountain of joy—a lump of the pure gold of love, refined in the crucible of Hymen. I would earnestly advise all my young male friends, who wander along the dark avenues of celibacy, with no such bright star as woman to guide their erring steps, to enter immediately upon the blooming lawns of matrimony, and bask in the sunshine of a fond wife's affections—even as snakes quit their tenebrious dens, and lie out to warm beneath the congenial rays of a vernal sun. But, my friends, you must analyze well the component parts of a female before you amalgamate. You mustn't let your better judgment be kidnapped by the allurements of beauty; for beauty is but a flower that fades in the noontide of life, and blossoms no more. The brightest jewel pertaining to a woman is not worn upon her finger—neither does it glitter upon her bracelet. No, it lies buried beneath a whole cargo of silks, satins, and laces, in the casket of her mind. It is there that you should seek for those precious gems which adorn the female character, and give to a woman all the attributes that belong to an angel—minus the wings and a diadem of perfect holiness.

My dear young friends! I hope you will not be misguided in your search after those qualifications and natural disposition which a wife ought to possess. She should, of course, be submissive to the husband, inasmuch as the husband ought to be as mild towards her as is the balmy breath of May to the tender rose.—Her bosom should be a peaceful lake of love, surrounded by the high hills of forbearance, over which the gales of passion may blow and never ruffle its placid surface. She should, like an echo, always be ready to speak when spoken to by her bigger and more substantial half; and yet she should not, like an echo, be ever contending for the final word, for she ought to know that perverseness in a wife always presents a worse appearance than it does in the husband, even as a fly speck marreth the beauty of white cambric more than doth an ink spot the comeliness of a black broadcloak. She ought also to be aware that the obstinacy of the man genus is likened unto the bristles upon a hog's back; which being stroked from the head towards the tail, appear smooth and delicate; but, when manipulated from the tail towards the head, are found to be as rough and obtrusive as the pickets that surround the prison-house of endless torment.

O, my beloved hearers! I hope and trust that all you masculines who bear the conjugal yoke have made good selections from the female creation, to help you drag the plough of care over the stubbles of such a barren existence as is allotted to man. I know some wives whose incorrigibleness is enough to worry the patience of a mile-stone—whose indefatigable exertions in the cause of mischief are worthy of a scholastic monkey—and whose gun powder tempers are liable to explode with a fearful concussion when touched with a spark of reproof. They draw their social tea altogether too strong for weak constitutions, and throw too much salt into their husbands' porridge. They want to wear the breeches whether they will fit or not. They set their lords to pealing potatoes while they go out and chop wood, which the God of nature never intended should be subjected to the control of a person in petticoats. Oh, this doesn't any more accord with my ideas of what female worth should consist than does the tolling of a funeral knell with the merry notes of Yankee Doodle! A wife who assumes too much—who will have her own notions gratified always—who will raise a flame of dispute upon trifling occasions, and persist in heaping on fuel at the last—is worse than no wife at all. When Heaven first saw fit to work up some of its choicest material into the delicate figure of woman, and placed her in the hermitage of lonely man, it was intended that she should be to him a help-mate—a cheerful companion—a solace in his desolate hours, a turtle dove that he should press to his bosom in the fondness of affection, and shelter from the cold storms of want—that she should dress the garden of his heart with the perennial flowers of peace—water them with tenderness, and strew his bed with the roses of reciprocal love. For all which she should be, in a degree submissive, and never let the tongue do damage to those fine qualities which should ever be her pride and her boast.

My friend—to find a good wife in these days of foolery and fashion is like seeking for pearls among an ocean of oyster shells; but if you are lucky enough to find one, hang on to her like hemp—for she is as rich a treasure as ever existed in the imagination of an enthusiast. Cherish her, protect her and love her; and you will find but few barren spots between the altar and the grave. And you, young maids, who are now delighting in the joyful anticipations of one day becoming happy brides! I warn you to conduct yourselves properly lest your blooming hopes be suddenly overspread with the moss of mortification, and you be destined to go sighing down to the tomb unwooed, uncourted and unwed. May you all, whether single or married, endeavor to live on such terms with one another that the triune joys of friendship, love and happiness may wait on you to the confines of eternity. So mote it be!

THE LOVERS OF VIRE.

The sun was shining as fair as the sun could shine in a bright May morning—bright, yet gentle, warm, but fresh; mid-way between the watering-pot of April and the warming-pan of June; when in the beautiful valley of Vire—every body knows Vire—but, lest there should be any body in the wide world who does not, dearly beloved reader, I will tell you all about it. Get into the stage-coach which journeyeth diurnally between London and Southampton; enjoy the smoothness of the road—bless Mr McAdam—put up at the Dolphin, and yield yourself to the full delights of an English four posted bed, for no such sweets shall you know from the moment you set your foot on board the steamboat for Havre, till the same steamboat or another, it matters not which, lands you once more on the English strand. Supposing you then arrived at Havre—get out of it again as fast as you can; rush across the river to Honfleurs, from Honfleurs dart back to Caen; and after you have passed five minutes to think of William the Conqueror, put yourself into the diligence for St. Malo, and when you have travelled just twelve leagues and a half, you will come to a long steep hill, crowned by a pretty, airy-looking town, whose buildings, in some parts gathered on the very pinnacle, in others running down the slope, seem as if coquetting with the rich valleys that woo them from below. Go to bed; and if you bathe your feet beforehand, which, if you are of my faction you will do, walk over the tiled floor of the inn bed-room, that you may have a fit opportunity of cursing tiled floors, and of relieving yourself of all the spleen of your nature before next morning. Then, if both your lover and the day be favorably disposed, sally forth to the Eastern corner of the town, and you will have a fair view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature's profuse hand ever gifted with beauty.

The soft clear stream of the Vire winding gently along between the green sloping hills and [illegible] woods, and the fields and chateaux, and hamlets, and sunshine catching upon all its meanderings, and the birds singing their songs of love, as its calm waters roll bountifully by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the soul, even of an obscure artisan in remote age, was warmed into poetry and music in the bosom of that valley, and by the side of that stream. It was, then, in that beautiful Vale of Vire, some twenty years agone, that Francois Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Marietta Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys and his early love. It was a sad walk, as well may be imagined; for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken, had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow; yet the sunshine of the scenes could not find its way to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal and talked a long time: but far be it from me to betray their private conversation.

I would not for all the world—especially as I know not one word about it—except, indeed, that Francois Lormier vowed that the image of Mariette should remain with him forever—should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac; and that Mariette protested that she would never marry any body except Francois Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great fortune, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and, in short, that when "seven long years were out," Francois would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. "*Mais si je predrois une jambe?*" said Francois Lormier.—"*Qu'est ce que c'neu fait?*" replied Mariette. They parted—and first we follow the lady. Mariette wept a great deal, but soon after got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fete, talked with the talkers, and laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the place, by her unadorned beauties and her native grace. But still she did not forget Francois Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame, her mother, referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended.

At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his money-bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentle Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor Francois Lormier, that the old man went away with tears in his eyes. Six months afterwards he died, when, to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette.

In the mean while Francois joined the army, and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great Northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaign in Poland and Russia, but still he never lost his cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that Miserable retreat, he made the best of every thing. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a dinner; and when he met with a comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodging combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his recompense. Francois was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded; but at length, in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier, in the midst of the most gallant daring, was desperately wounded in the arm. Pass we over the rest.

Mutilated, sick, weary, and ragged, Francois approached his native valley, and doubtful of his reception—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone! and on inquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farm house by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door. "*Entrez,*" cried the good humored voice of the old dame. Francois entered, and unbidden, tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushed to the stairs, called loudly, "Come down, Mariette, come down; here is Francois returned!" Like lightning, Mariette darted down the stairs, saw the soldier's old great coat, and flew towards it; stopped—gazed on his haggard face and empty sleeve—and gasping, fixed her eyes on his countenance.

'Twas for a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence, but there was no forgetfulness, nor pride about her heart; there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory, in her every glance. "O, Francois!" cried she, at length, casting her arms around his neck, "how thou hast suffered!" As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his bosom appeared the golden cross of the legion of honor, "*N'Importe!*" cried she, as she saw it "*voila sa recompense!*" He pressed her fondly to his bosom—"My recompense is here," he said, "my recompense is here!"

IMPORTANT FROM COLUMBIA, S. AMERICA. By the way of Kingston, Jamaica, we have received very late intelligence from Carthagena, on the Spanish Main. The following is the despatch:

CARTHAGENA, May 11.

As to political matters, we are, I think, a little near the crisis. I think I told you that Carmona was entirely defeated by Mosquera, at Tescua in Ocana. A schooner load of the fugitives arrived a week or two ago from Maracaibo, they having fled through Venezuela. Some say that Carmona is dead; others, that he is prisoner in Venezuela; however, we have not heard anything of him since the battle on the 1st April. Ocana has repronounced, and in possession of Mosquera.

From Bogota, or the Cura, we hear nothing; we are expecting another special messenger from the former place in all this month. Don Vicente Pineres had a quarrel with Carmona and left him, returning to Mompox. After the battle, he was sent up the river to Ocana with 150 men to meet Mosquera, who drove him back to the Banco, where he took up his position, and it was then supposed, and is now confirmed, that he was in treaty with Mosquera to join him. Last week Vicente attacked Mompox, and would have succeeded in making that place repronounce, had not Col. Hernandez arrived there the same day from Corozal, with 300 men.

Don Vicente was obliged to fly, and is now at the Cerre de San Antonio, nearly opposite to Baranca. If Mosquera does not ably assist him, I doubt he will have to give it up; he has been rather too precipitate—a few days will bring us the news; 150 men left our place last night for Barranca, against Vicente. This week will be rather an eventful one. I have just heard that Vicente has 600 men, and is increasing his force. You will have heard some news by the Caroline, that left Savanilla some short time ago. Captain Symmonett will also give you some news. Several are now in prison, and they are still hunting after more.—Our Jefe went to Barranquilla last week to look after them there. Some say that he too is in communication with Mosquera, quere Sabe. One or two attempts have been made here by the exaltedos to depose him, but they have failed. Col. Losada was named by some, and Gen. Carabona by others. The impressment still goes on very rigidly, and they are now forming a corps of the Civicos. The packet has not yet made its appearance; she will carry you important news.—*N. Y. Herald.*

LATE FROM JAMAICA. By the schooner Cyrus we have Jamaica papers to the 28th ult., with news from the Windward Islands to the 15th. The Island of Jamaica had been suffering from drought, but partial rains had revived vegetation, and there was a prospect of an average crop.

The Legislature of Dominica had passed a bill laying a duty of one per cent. on all imports and exports, to make roads, and another laying a separate duty on imports to raise the sum of £10,000 for paying off the Government loan. The Governor General refused his assent to both these bills.

Two vessels arrived at Jamaica on the 25th, having on board 267 native African emigrants from Sierra Leone.

Dr. Madden had suffered severely from sickness, since his arrival on the African coast, and was going back immediately to England.

A ship sailed from Sierra Leone on the 11th of April, with 152 emigrants for Trinidad; and another ship was there taking in emigrants for Demerara.—*N. Y. Exp.*

The State Debt of Michigan is about $5,500,000.

THE WHOLE CITY INVITED.

HART.

IS SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!!

FLORENCE BRAID BONNETS, 1½ dolls. Furniture Dimity for spreads, 3 fips; Leghorn Hats 3 quar's; yard wide Chintz, fast colors, 16 cents; infant's fine Leghorn Hats; wide Straw Matting, quar. and fip; splendid yard wide Long Cloth, 11 for 1 doll.; Gimp Bonnets; wide colored Straw Matting, 3 eleves; Straw Bands, Edgings and Trimmings; large assortment Parasols, for 1 doll; Chine Sun Screens do; Palm Leaf Hats, eleve; American Nankeens eleve; white Cambric Hdkfs. eleve, white or black Cotton Stockings, superior, eleve; Silk Pocket Hdkfs. ten cts; narrow Straw Matting; wide fig'd Muslins for curtains three fips; large size Brown Linen Table Cloths, half dollar; Linen Damask, bleached, over 2 yds. wide, half and eleve; Russia Diaper, full 3 quars. wide, eleve; Linen Towels, one dollar for sixteen; Leghorn Flats for Misses; Florence Braid Hats; heavy brown Cotton Sheetings, 1 doll for 12 yards; splendid wool Carpeting, yard wide, half and eleve; yard wide Irish Linen, quarter; Brown Linen Drilling, quarter; woolen Stair Carpeting, quar and fip; Brown Linen Roundabouts and Pantaloons, eleve; Cotton Stockings for ladies, gentlemen and children, a very large assortment of white, black, mixed and slate, from fip pair; Domestic Muslins. Brown and Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings, a very large assortment of beautiful goods by piece or yard, fip yd; Bed Tickings, really good, from nine cts; Calicoes, only think, eleven penny goods, given away at a fip yard; three fip Checks are now selling for eleve, yard wide fast color Lawns, take 'em at a quarter; Brown Holland for roundabouts, eleve; black and col'd Gro de Nap, from quar and fip; Cassimeres, good qual. one doll; Summer Cloth, from half doll; Mouselaine de Laine, the real stuff, quar yard; beautiful white Cambric for dresses, quarter; Cross-bar Muslins, three fips; Blue Black & Fancy Silks, half doll; Ginghams, eleve; Bobbinet and green Gause, eleve; Silk Stockings, half doll; large Black Fillet Shawls; Hemp Carpeting, 2 yds and quar wide; Straw Matting, 1 yd. yard, and quar. and yard and half wide; Marseilles Counterpanes, large size white; Furniture Calicoes, some 16 yds. for doll; Ticking, yard wide, three fips; heavy Cotton Drilling, ten cents—with a very large assortment of FANCY and DOMESTIC GOODS, which are selling FAR BELOW COST, at

CHARLES JOHN HART'S,
m20 [ap] No. 57 LEXINGTON STREET.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

PURCHASERS and those in want of Bargains, are respectfully invited to call at the CHEAP STORE, No. 109½ MARKET STREET, between Calvert and South streets, where they will find an assortment of Cheap Goods not to be surpassed by any in the city—and no humbug! Purchasers may rest assured that there is no humbug in our advertisements. You will find at the Cheap Store,

Silk GLOVES, assorted colors, only	10 cts.
Men's mixed Half HOSE	10
Men's Brown do	10
Boy's do do	6¼
Ladies' Long Black Cotton Hose	12½
do Mixed do	12½
French and English LAWNS, from	18¾ up
CALICOES, all prices, from	6¼ up

Bonnet LAWNS, very cheap
India MUSLIN two yards wide, for Shawls
Blk Fillet SHAWLS, from $1 up. some superior
Chine and other Silk SHAWLS, very cheap
Gros-Laine and [illegible] do
Gambroons, Drillings, Russia Duck
Very heavy White Linen DRILLINGS
Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings

With a general variety of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, which he will sell (not at cost or less) but at prices which cannot fail to please. We only ask you to give us a call and judge for yourselves, and if you do not find the Cheap Store the place for Bargains, we will give up—Remember the Store.

BUCKEY & DUVALL, No. 109½ Baltimore st.
je3 between Calvert and South streets.

SUMMER WEAR.

THE subscriber has received within the last few days, a variety of GOODS for Gentlemen's Summer Wear, among which are some scarce and desirable articles, to which he invites their attention before purchasing, as they will be sold at prices to suit the times—consisting of

Super LAMA CLOTH for Coats, very wide.
do Black BOMBAZINES do
do GINGHAMS, Buff, Blue, &c
do very fine white DUCK DRILLING
do do Brown do
do single milled CASSIMERES
do Plain and Fancy SUMMER CLOTHS
do colored CASHMERETTES
do Plain and Ribbed GAMBROONS
do do Fancy TWEEDS
Real American NANKEENS
Plain and Twilled FRENCH LINEN
Super heavy Marseilles VESTING
Barklie's IRISH LINEN, soft finish
Twilled Silk HDKFS.
Silk and Cotton Half HOSE
Heavy Unbleached do.

With a variety of fine CLOTHS & CASSIMERES, all of which will be sold at the lowest market prices.

EDWARD J. RICHARDSON,
m31 No. 39, corner of Baltimore and Gay streets.

INVALUABLE

CONSUMPTION AND BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS CURED. Mr. Wm. Sheppard, residing in Beaver county, Pa. near the state line, relates as follows: "In the month of May last my wife was taken with Bleeding from the Lungs, coughing, night sweats, hectic fever, &c. She had taken a violent cold; having previously given symptoms of the approach of Consumption, I felt much alarmed and made immediate application to a physician. Under his treatment she became worse, instead of better, until the first of June, when I heard from an intelligent man of DR. SWAYNE'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, and from his earnestness in recommending it I was induced to try one bottle. The effect exceeded my utmost expectations—she felt immediate relief. I then mounted my horse and rode to the office, No. 41 St. Clair street, Pittsburg, where it is kept for sale, and procured six bottles more, which I am happy to say has effected a perfect cure. Please publish this certificate, with my name in full, that others may know where to find the greatest blessing on earth.

WILLIAM SHEPPARD.

☞For sale by RICHARD NORRIS of William, No. 251 Baltimore street, who is the Sole Agent in this city. ap23-2m

THE GENUINE VEGETABLE PILLS AN EFFECTUAL CURE FOR GONORRHŒA, 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 effect 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

SAM'L CAREY, corner of South & Baltimore sts
JAMES O. McCORMICK, N. Gay st., O. T.
THOS. J. PITTS, Fell's Point.
Washington City, by
W. KIRKWOOD, cor. 12th street and the Avenue
CHARLES STOTT, corner of 7th street and the Avenue.
In Georgetown, by O. M. LINTHICUM.

100 DOLLARS REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND. For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the uretha 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 quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, compoued 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.

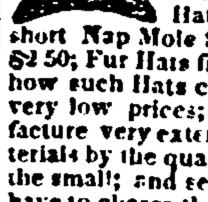
N. B. This Medicine can be had of JAMES P. WILLIAMSON, corner of High and Green street, (O. T.) of T. J. PITT, Market Space, Fell's Point, and by J. W. W. GORDON, cor. of Pratt & Howard-sts. Also, of L. S. THOMAS, corner of Briton and Forrest streets—with full directions accompanying each bottle at $1 per bottle.

☞For sale in Washington city by ROBERT PATTERSON, cor. 9th street and the avenue, and CHAR. C. STOTT, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. WADE, on 7th street.

In Georgetown, by JOHN L. KIDWELL.
dec5-y

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!

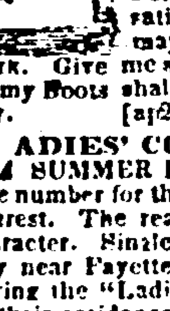
W. H. KEEVIL & CO'S,
No. 66½ Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolett's alley,
And 4 doors W. of Bool's well known Auction Store.



TO THE PUBLIC.—The price of HATS again lowered. TOWSON is now selling in Eutaw street, one door north of Lexington street, his superior Hats at the following low prices—fine short Nap Mole Skin Hats at $2.50, fine Brush Hats $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 small; and secondly, I sell for cash, and do not have to charge those who pay a high price, to make up for those who do not pay, as the natural result of the credit system. I think my Hats the best as now offered 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

FASHIONABLE BOOTS.



W. L. McCAULEY, Gentlemen's FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKER, No. 6 LOMBARD STREET, cor. of Franklin Lane, near South-st., makes BOOTS at $3 50 per pair, and Foots them for $2.75, of the very best Leather and Workmanship. Being a Practical Boot Maker, and Inventor of the Perged Cork Sole BOOTS, which have given so much satisfaction to the wearer, 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-tf] W. L. McCAULEY.

LADIES' COMPANION, June, 1841. THE SUMMER FASHIONS & A STEEL PLATE. The number for the present month is one of peculiar interest. The reading matter is varied and of a high character. Single copies 25 cts.—For sale at No. 28 N. Gay near Fayette street—where persons, desirous of having the "Ladies' Companion" delivered regularly at their residences, and Pay on Delivery, will please leave their address.

CONTENTS—June, 1841—Entirely Original.

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☞NICHOLAS TRACEY is a Candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the next election. mh22