



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

VOLUME IV.]

TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1841.

[NUMBER 87.]

This paper is furnished to subscribers at SIX CENTS per week—payable to the Carriers only, at the end of each week.

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. 3 times, \$0 75 | 1 do. 3 months, 7 00
 1 do. 3 do., 1 00 | 1 do. 3 do., 10 00
 1 do. 1 week, 1 75 | 1 do. 6 do., 15 00
 1 do. 2 weeks, 3 50 | 1 do. 1 year, 30 00

Business Cards, of only two lines, five dols. 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.

REFLECTION,

On the wretched and immoral conduct of — at the Roman Catholic Burying Ground on Sunday, June 24, 1841.

Oh! how canst thou romp o'er the tombs of the dead,
 While friends, perhaps kindred, lie there,
 How canst thou sport on that cold solemn bed,
 The spot for reflection and prayer.

Why mock at the mourner who fervently wept,
 While kneeling with grief on the sod;
 Whose prayers for the kindred that silently slept
 Arose to the realms of God.

Oh! where are the feelings so dur to thy name,
 That glow in each generous breast,
 Where are the feelings that sympathy claim,
 When sorrow and grief have oppress'd?

Has pravity drawn from the every fear,
 And hast thou no feelings of dread?
 That call from thy bosom a suppliant tear
 Or prayer, for the sacred dead?

Remember, we soon may be call'd to the tomb,
 From all the allurements of life,
 The lud may be nipt in its earliest bloom,
 And fall by Time's mystical knife.

How vain are the pleasures we eagerly seek,
 'E'en banish religion for mirth,
 And yet, ere to-morrow, the young blooming cheek,
 May rest on a pillow of earth.

The feelings of sympathy honour the name,
 The boom where in they may rest,
 To see but a spark of that virtuous flame,
 That burns in humanity's breast. W. L. G.

[From the Lady's Companion.]

WILFULNESS; OR, THE WIFE'S TALE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I planted—they have torn me, and bled."—Byron.

Letter from Mrs. Ormeston to her friend, enclosing the manuscript.

"You, alone, my dear friend, have judged me correctly: you, alone, have been willing to believe that I might be influenced by proper motives, in pursuing a course of conduct which, to the world, has seemed eccentric and contumacious; you, alone, have defended me from the heavy charges of parsimony, unkindness to my family, and want of affection towards those nearest and dearest to me. When I retired to this humble village, people wondered that I should quit the gay world; when I commenced a system of rigid economy, they called it meanness, because I was supposed to be in possession of a large estate; when my husband sought his amusements elsewhere than in his own home, I was accused of having made that home an unhappy one; and, to crown the woe, when I devoted all the energies of my nature to the education of my children—when I strove to keep them from the contact of falsehood and vice by an anxious and severe watchfulness over their young hearts, the good-natured world censured my rigid code of morals, and hinted at my cold-heartedness. You, alone, were my champion, although even you could not account for all my conduct; and therefore it is, that I now set myself to the task of combining the lights and shadows of my past life into one complete picture. I would have you to reserve it for the eye of affection only. I care little for the opinion of those who have so long misjudged me, but I could fain be fully understood, and, shall I add, appreciated by those whom I love. My sorrows have been many, but they were no unmerited punishment. Wilfulness has met its reward.

"Few persons ever entered upon the gay scenes of life under happier auspices than myself. The only daughter of a rich and respected merchant, highly educated, refined in my tastes, taught to believe that my person was far from being unattractive, and surrounded with every luxury that affection could devise, or wealth procure, I certainly possessed every advantage that could promise a brilliant career. Among the earliest of my acquaintances, was the handsome and fashionable Henry Ormeston. His fine person and prepossessing manners, his noble talents and cultivated mind, made him the object of admiration to all who came within the sphere of his fascinations. He soon distinguished me by the most marked attentions, and I was not insensible to the triumph of conquering such a heart; while the delicate homage which he paid to me, was the most subtle of all flattery to a refined and sensitive nature. I soon learned to consider him as first among his peers, and my vivid imagination exalted him into a hero of goodness and genius. His tact in discovering character, enabled him to read mine with perfect ease, and he was not slow in availing himself of such knowledge, for, ere I was aware of the nature of my own feelings, I learned to love him with the most passionate devotion. Ignorant and inexperienced in the customs of the world, I saw no obstacles in the way of my happiness, and when he preferred his suit, I referred him to my father, with a full belief that our wishes needed but to be known, in order to receive parental sanction. I was soon undecided. My father refused his consent to our union, and forbade me to hold any further intercourse with Mr. Ormeston.

"My whole soul rebelled against this harsh decree. I knew my lover was not rich, and I could imagine no other cause for my father's rejection of his suit. I therefore looked upon it as an act of gross injustice, and for this first instance of opposition to my will, I dared to accuse my poor, kind father of tyranny. I shall never forget his grave and sad reproof.

"It is not Mr. Ormeston's poverty, my daughter," said he, "to which I object, for you will have wealth enough to enrich any one whom your heart may prefer, but I think him deficient in stability of character. He has no strength of principle, and in the day of temptation he will be found weak. This was the prominent trait in his father, and the son resembles him too much in person and manners, to allow a hope that he differs in other respects."

"What did you know of his father?" I asked.

"He was a man whom everybody liked, and nobody esteemed," answered my father, "an excellent boon-companion, one of those persons who are always invited to dinner-parties, but never chosen to fulfil a trust. It is for your own sake, my child, that I disapprove of young Ormeston, and remember that I have given you warning in time.

"Perhaps this prohibition tended to increase my interest in the subject of it. I had been so much indulged, that I could not brook the least restraint, and I determined to judge for myself of the character of my suitors. But when a woman loves, a suit is below her; there is little opportunity for the exercise of her reason. The very affection which she feels both, gives a degree of amiable weakness to her mind, and manners which often depart from the real nature. Even if we were to be perfectly rational, we behold them in a softened and sentimental contemplation of human nature in such circumstances, as is like beholding a landscape through a Lorraine glass, a *couleur de rose*, is diffused over every thing.

"Ormeston was tenderly attached to me, but he was not one to sacrifice his inclinations to the real welfare of another. He continued to visit me until my father, aroused to anger by his pertinacity, forbade him to enter the house. We then met in secret, and corresponded clandestinely, until, at length, carried away by the romance of my feelings, I made him a solemn promise never to give my hand to another. I mean not to dwell upon all the painful details of my life at that time. It is but too common a tale. Infatuated by my blind passion, I forgot my duty to the father who had made me his idol, and while I cherished the affection which his prohibition had made criminal, I took no pains to conceal the ravages which disappointment was making with my cheerfulness and my health. In one thing only I refused to follow my lover's suggestions; I could not be persuaded to desert my parent in his old age, and by a clandestine marriage, to bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But all his entreaties that I would resolutely conquer my foolish fancy, were unheeded. The more I was opposed, the more obstinately did I indulge my wayward humor; I tried to believe myself a martyr to domestic persecution, and imagined I was enacting the part of a heroine, when, to others, I only seemed a disobedient child.

"At length, wearied out by my perseverance, and fearing for my health, which had suffered greatly during this strife of feeling, my father yielded a reluctant consent to my marriage with Ormeston.

"Marry him, my child," said he, "since you will have it so, I forbid you no longer to become his wife, but ask me not to be present at the sacrifice. My house shall be open to receive you, but I will not, by my presence, sanction the ceremony which makes you a victim."

"Will you believe, my friend, that these words, wrung from out my father's anguished heart, by fears for his daughter's life, were received by me as a sufficient warrant for my marriage? My romantic passion blinded me to every thing, and Ormeston, eager to avail himself of this advantage, urged a speedy union, lest my father should retract his unwilling promise. I was married—but never shall I forget the anguish of that day. My mother had long since slept in the silent tomb, but I had kind and dear relatives, and a father whom I tenderly loved, yet none of these friends of my childhood were around me when I stood at the altar to pledge my solemn vows. I listened to the awful question which demands that all impediments shall be made known, and my own heart rose up in testimony against me, for I was even then acting in disobedience to the command which bids a child to honor its parent. I received the congratulations of my friends and acquaintances, but the well-known voices which could alone awake the echoes of my heart—the voices of tenderness and affection mingled not with the cheerful tones of the giddy crowd, and then, when it was too late, I felt that perhaps I had purchased at too dear a rate the gratification of my own wayward will.

"Immediately after the ceremony, we left town, and during our absence, I received a letter from my father, stating, that the one half of his large double-house had been refitted and newly furnished for my reception, and that he expected that I should take up my abode there immediately upon my return. But he mentioned not the name of my husband, and in the first impulse of pride and anger, I exclaimed, 'Never will I live under his roof as a daughter, unless he receives my husband as a son.' To my great surprise, however, Henry did not seem to share my emotion on this subject. I thought my irritated feelings—reasoned with me concerning my father's very natural dislike to the man who had robbed him of his daughter's affection—predicted a total change in my father's notions when he should know him better, and counselled me to accept the old gentleman's liberal offer, as he styled it. I cannot describe to you the pain which this modification inflicted upon me. Had he indignantly rejected a proposition which seemed to make him more dependent upon his wife—had he refused to enter my father's door, unless upon a proper footing, I should have loved him better than ever. But to my high-toned feelings, there was something of degradation in accepting bounties so grudgingly bestowed; and a suspicion, bitter as death—a doubt of my husband's nobleness of sentiment for a moment awoke within my bosom. I answered my father's letter affectionately, and begged him to receive my husband even as a child to his old age. His reply now lies before me.

"My child," he wrote, "I cannot do what you ask; Henry Ormeston in marrying you, has taken from me a daughter, but he cannot give me a son. No man of delicate honor would have wedded a rich heiress under the circumstances which attended his union with you. Had he been engaged in any business which could promise a future maintenance, or had he any profession, and my sole objection had been his poverty, some excuse might be found for him in the ardor of youthful feeling. But he well knew, that, if your father

did not continue to provide for you, subsequent to your marriage, he had neither the means nor industry to do it. He knew that I disapproved of his character and his condition, and he became your husband with a perfect understanding that he was either reducing you to poverty, or placing himself in a state of dependence. I do not choose to see my daughter want, and therefore the latter alternative must be adopted. My opinion of him is unchanged, and therefore I cannot welcome him with cordiality; he has entered my family against my will—he has taken advantage of a rich old man's love for his child, to secure himself a home; and he enters that home only because your happiness requires it. I mean not to quarrel with him; I believe he loves you, and I trust he will continue to cherish you as I have done. Time will show whether I have been right or wrong in my estimate of his character. If he has been wrong, I shall be happier in expiating my error than I can be in indulging it, but, at present, I must be allowed to follow the bent of my own will."

"What did I not suffer while reading this cruel letter, so full of tenderness to me, so cutting in its scorn of my husband. But the pang was far greater with which I watched Henry while he read it. Flinging it down on the table with a careless laugh, he exclaimed, 'See the old gentleman is a lineal descendant of "hard-kopping Pete"—a real copper-headed Dutchman.'

"What shall we do, Henry?" was my first question.

"Do, Marian? why, accept his offer to be sure; we must return to his house, and wait for the time he talks about to conquer his prejudices."

"But how can I bear to see you treated with neglect, Henry?"

"Oh, we'll arrange all that; you may be sure that we shall not come to an open quarrel, and, as I am prepared for his coldness, it will not wound me."

"How wretched did I feel that night! how soon had the illusion vanished from my eyes! how soon had I learned that my father was wise in his estimation of Henry's character. A feeling almost like contempt arose in my proud heart against him whom I had just sworn to honor, and I prayed most fervently to be preserved from the anguish of ceasing to respect my husband.

"With the shame, if not the penitence of a prodigal, I returned to my father's house, and found that every thing had been arranged for my accommodation. The apartments designed for me, occupied half of the large mansion, and were furnished in a style of elegance better suited to my father's means than my merit. I could not but hope that his prejudice against my husband would be softened, for I fancied that the fascinations against which I was not proof, could not be powerful enough to avert a parent's displeasure. But my father had no intention of placing me in a position to suffer from conflicting duties. He informed me that his housekeeper had orders to obey me as mistress of the establishment, but that he had reserved to himself the exclusive right to his own apartments; that his meals would be served to him there at his usual hours, and that whenever I chose to preside at his table, I should be welcome, provided I came alone. He also placed at my disposal a handsome carriage and several attendants, and servants were never to be used by any but himself, unless, indeed, I should be inclined to accompany him in his daily rides. In short, I found a line drawn between us, across which neither was hereafter to pass. Every thing was so arranged, that, while I could command all the comforts of a luxurious household, for my husband, as well as myself, yet the privileges of a child—the right of free access to a parent's presence, was only accorded to me, on condition that he was excluded. You will think my father wrong in this strange whim. It may be that he was; his conduct was certainly injudicious, since it offered a strong temptation to meanness in the object of his prejudice, without affording him any opportunity of overcoming the original feeling of dislike.

The affection of my husband, his brilliancy in society, and the pride I felt in the admiration which he excited, reconciled me, in some measure, to the peculiarities of my situation. Determining to neglect no duty towards my father, I devised a plan by which I could divide my time between both those beloved relatives. By rising early, I could preside at my father's breakfast table, and still be in time to take my seat with my husband at his later meal. Dinner was generally served to my father while I was engaged in receiving or paying visits, but I made it a point never to be absent from his tea-table. Always kind and affectionate, he seemed to appreciate my attentions, but on no account would he bestow any notice upon Mr. Ormeston. When they passed each other in the spacious hall, a silent bow was exchanged between them, for my father's old-fashioned politeness would not allow him to omit an act of mere civility, yet not a word was ever uttered by either. And thus they lived in entire disunion but for the connecting link of my affection.

"It is impossible to describe what I suffered during this time. Loving my father with sincerity, and regarding my husband with the deepest tenderness even after I had learned to doubt the purity of his morals, and the nobleness of his character, I was kept in a state of continual agitation, lest some open rupture should be the result of this coldness. Had Henry proved to be all my fancy had painted him, I should have been less disquieted; because then I should have had a doubting faith in the effects of time on my father's erring temper. But, alas! I had learned that there were spots upon the sun of my existence—I had discovered the worm at the foot of the stately tree which overshadowed me, and I no longer trusted that a better knowledge of Mr. Ormeston's character would disarm my parent's resentment. I will not tell you the petty incidents which taught me how entirely I had been blinded to the defects of my husband's disposition. It was not that I sought them out—God knows how willingly I would have deceived myself into the belief that they did not exist, but they forced themselves upon me through the medium of trifles which I could not thrust aside. I had naturally a proud and uncompromising sense of the dignity of human nature—integrity was a part of my being—a high-toned sense of honor had been my characteristic in childhood, and had I lived in the days of the old-world Paladins, I could not have been more fastidious in my notions of delicacy and firmness of principle. This refined sentiment of honor, this innate conscious-

ness, which is to honesty what its perfume is to the rose—the very soul of its existence, my husband did not possess. He was honest and honorable according to the easy definition of the world, but he lacked that proud integrity which could resist the temptation of its own interests. I discovered this early in my married life, and his constant drains upon the purse which my father always kept well supplied, tended to confirm my doubts of his refined sense of honor. Had such bounties been bestowed upon me by one who scorned me, I would have begged my bread from door to door, ere I would have deigned to accept them. But Mr. Ormeston was content to pass through life in the least troublesome manner; and he accordingly occupied the stately mansion, drove the pampered horses, ordered the well paid servants, and drank the fine old wine of a man who despised him too much to exchange a word with him.

[To be concluded in our next.]

[Reported for the Baltimore Clipper.]

BALTIMORE CITY COURT.

MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1841.

Present—Judges Brice, Nisbet and Worthington.

State vs. Wm. H. Sheppard, colored, indicted for having received three bank notes of the denomination of ten dollars and certain pieces of silver, to the amount of five dollars, knowing it to be stolen. It appeared in evidence that the money was taken from Mr. O'Farrell, by a boy living with him, who gave part of it to this boy, upon whom it was found. The prosecuting attorney stated to the jury that by a late act of assembly all colored children under the age of fifteen, if convicted of crime, should be bound out in the country, where they would be removed from the chance of repeating the offence. The jury found the prisoner guilty.

State vs. Thomas Bond, indicted for an assault upon Isaac Hartzburg, with intent to kill. Before the court. The evidence for the state proved the traverser to have been guilty of an assault simply. Fined \$10 and costs.

State vs. James Brian, colored, indicted for an assault upon George Mitchell, a small white boy. It appeared in evidence on the part of the state, that some one had struck Brian with a stick, while he was standing in the Market house, which blow caused him to drop some cents—that the boy was desired by some one to pick up the cents for him, in the act of which the traverser seized him and threw him with violence upon the bricks, stamping upon him also. It was further shown that the traverser was somewhat degraded, but harmless, unless aggravated by the boy, which was too often the case, when he would become furious, and throw stones at them. Sentenced to thirty days imprisonment and ordered to give security to the amount of five hundred dollars.

State vs. D. B. Myers. In this case, in which Mr. Myers, a police officer, stands charged with assaulting Thomas Chartres, and which was laid over on Saturday until to-day, witnesses were produced on the part of defendant, to show that previous to Mr. Myers' entering the house, some noise had been heard, and Chartres had been overheard making threats against his wife—that after M. entered the house the noise ceased—but on his coming out the disturbance was, in a few minutes, renewed; and Myers then went up the steps of the house, at the door of which Chartres then was, and brought him away—also, that such disturbance as had been heard was common in the house of Chartres. Under this evidence the case appeared in a much more favorable light for the officer than on Saturday; and their honors considered that the motives of the officer in entering the house, were good, but that he had made a mistake, and exceeded his authority. Fined \$20 and costs.

State vs. Thomas Chartres, charged with an assault upon D. E. Myers, a police officer. This was an action growing out of the other, Chartres having struck the officer on the hand with a hammer, while he was taking him off. The court declared him not guilty.

State vs. William U. Stewart, charged with assisting in rescuing John Gelbach from the hands of two officers, who had a civil process against him. The court instructed the jury that where any influence, moral or physical, had been brought to bear to aid in such an escape, it was sufficient to justify a verdict of guilty. The jury, however, under the evidence, returned a verdict of not guilty.

BORNO OVER. Jacob White, black, charged with threatening the life of Rebecca Forty; was taken before Squire Jones, and released on security to keep the peace.

INVALUABLE

CONSUMPTION AND BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS CURED. Mr. Wm. Sheppard, residing in Beaver county, Pa. near the state line, writes 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—the fever subsided, the bleeding stopped, my appetite improved, and she was enabled to get up and walk about the house, where it is kept for sale, No. 41 St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, 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. 254 Baltimore street, who is the Sole Agent in this city. ap23-2m

FISH HOUSE.

The subscribers respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that his new FISH HOUSE, on Spring Garden, is now open for the Summer Season, having undergone improvement, and is able to accommodate his friends and customers in handsome style.

BOATS may be obtained at Mr. BAILEY'S, S. E. Putnam street, Spring Garden, and at Mr. BLACK'S—on crossing the Long Bridge, the house can be approached by land.

FISH always on hand—to be served upon called for. m33 colm (A) FRED. REGELIEN.

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. E. St. 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. Indian Falls, illustrated; the Memor of a Young Man, by Lydia H. Sigourney; the Masked Bride, by Mrs. Caroline Orne; Visions of the heart, by Miss A. D. Woodbridge; Memoirs of Samuel Hill, by E. Daniels; the Ideal, by Henry T. Tuckerman; Willfulness; or, the Wife's Tale, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury; Love; by Rufus Dawes; the Green Huntsman; or, the Haunted Villa, by Professor J. H. Ingraham; Alice Copley, a Tale of Queen Mary's Time, by Ann S. Stephens; the Sailor Boy's Lament, by Mrs. Caroline Orne; the Mother of Napoleon, by Robert Harriott; the Rescue, by Mrs. Emeline S. Smith; Essay on Education of Females; To Ianthe, by F. W. Thomas; On the Death of a Child; Dark eyed Gipsy, a Ballad, set to music; Abide with us, by Mrs. E. F. Elliot; Editor's Table; to our Lady Subscribers; Summer Fashion; Dracket's Binding of Satan; New Music, &c.

EMBELLISHMENTS. Indian Falls, a steel plate, engraved by A. L. Dick, purposely for this Magazine. Plate of Summer Fashion, Figure 1, full dress; 2, Frolics and Carriage Dress; 3, Evening Dress; 4, Child's Dress.

MUSIC—Two Pages.

TO MILLINERS, &c., the present month's "Ladies' Companion" will prove invaluable. The March, June, September and December numbers contain the Quarterly Fashions for ladies. In a year, there are TWELVE elegantly engraved Steel Plates, twelve pieces of Music, four Plates of Fashions, and 500 p. reading. Terms—Only three dollars a year, or 25 cents per number—payable on delivery.

WM. N. HARRISON, Literary Rooms, No. 28 N. Gay street, near Fayette st. N. B. The May number commenced a new volume. m38 if

661 BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WORLD. No! Not all the World but the World of Humbug! 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 braid and generally selling elsewhere for \$4 or no sale. And our old customers will please bear in mind that the well known REEVE, removed from the Maryland Arcade some six months ago. So come one and all to 661 Baltimore street, between Gay and Holliday-sts. for good and cheap Hats. Don't forget now!

W. H. KEENE, & CO'S, No. 65 Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolet's Alley, and 4 doors W. of Boal's well known Auction Store.

100 DOLLARS REWARD. DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND. For the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Diabetes, 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 quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when 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 or animal substance.

N. B. This Medicine can be had of JAMES P. WILLIAMSON, corner of High and Green street, (O. T.) of T. J. PITT, Market Square, Fell's Point, and by J. W. W. GORDON, cor. 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. 3rd street and the avenue, and CHAS. C. STOTT, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. WADE, on 7th street.

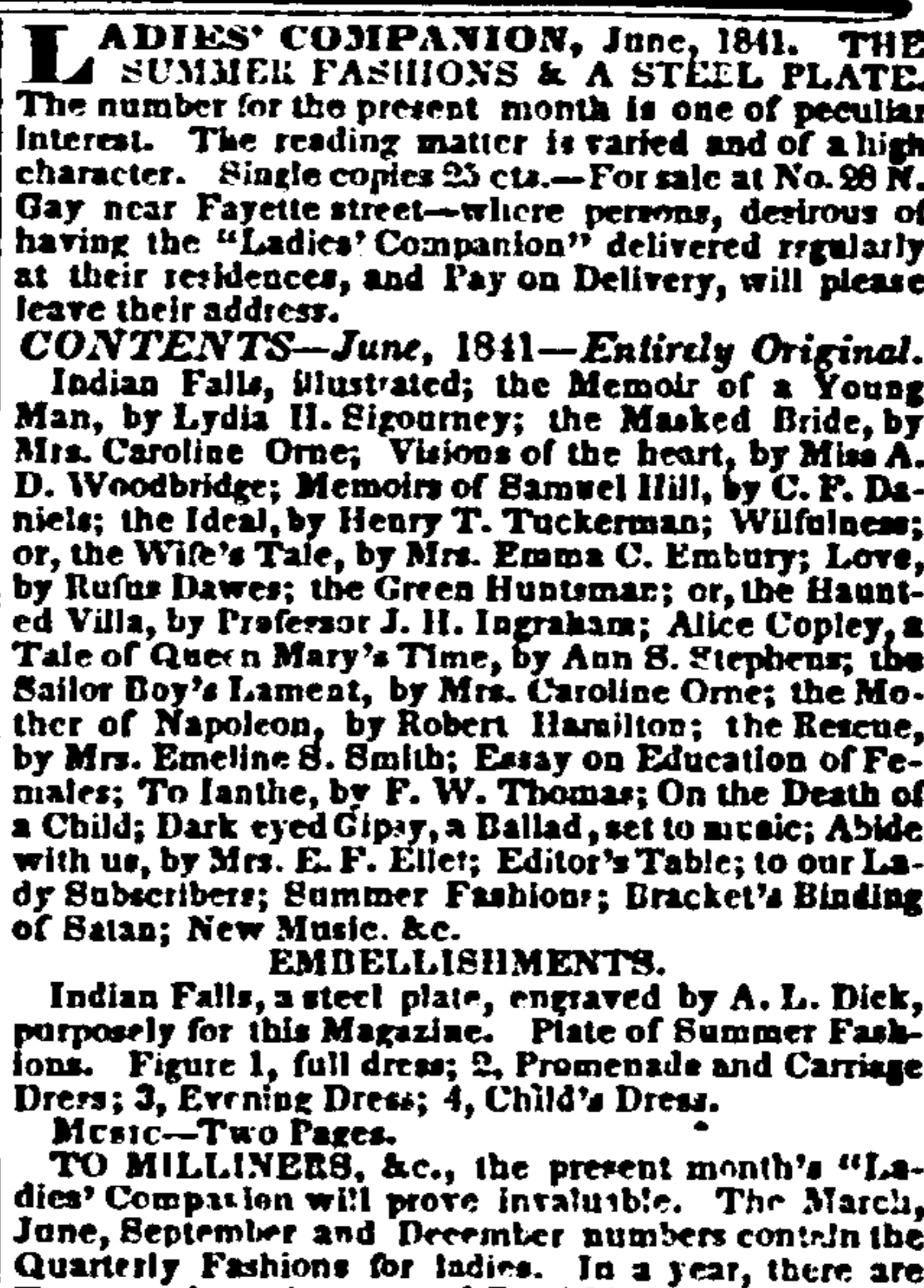
In Georgetown, by JOHN L. KIDWELL. dec5-y

TO THE PUBLIC.—The price of HATS again lowered. TOWNSON is now selling in Luttaw 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 Irish 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 in the market for the price. Persons will please call and look at my hats before purchasing elsewhere. Remember TOWNSON, one door from Lexington street.

N. B. The trade supplied with HATS in the rough of all qualities. m35-3m

FASHIONABLE BOOTS. W. L. McCAFFEY, Gentleman's FINE GAITHER BOOTS, TACKER, 30, 6 LOMBARD STREET, cor. of Frank in Lane, near South St., makes BOOTS at \$3.50 per pair, and Foots them for \$2.75, of the very best Leather and Workman-ship. Being a Practical Boot Maker, and Inventor of the Laced Cork Sole BOOTS, which have given so much satisfaction to the wearers, gentlemen may rely on getting good and handsome boots. Give me a call, and I will endeavor to please, for my Boots shall be behind none in this or any other city. W. L. McCAFFEY. (ap21-1c)

NICHOLAS TRACEY is a Candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the next election. m32



661 BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WORLD. No! Not all the World but the World of Humbug! 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 braid and generally selling elsewhere for \$4 or no sale. And our old customers will please bear in mind that the well known REEVE, removed from the Maryland Arcade some six months ago. So come one and all to 661 Baltimore street, between Gay and Holliday-sts. for good and cheap Hats. Don't forget now!

W. H. KEENE, & CO'S, No. 65 Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolet's Alley, and 4 doors W. of Boal's well known Auction Store.

100 DOLLARS REWARD. DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND. For the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Diabetes, 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 quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when 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 or animal substance.

N. B. This Medicine can be had of JAMES P. WILLIAMSON, corner of High and Green street, (O. T.) of T. J. PITT, Market Square, Fell's Point, and by J. W. W. GORDON, cor. 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. 3rd street and the avenue, and CHAS. C. STOTT, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. WADE, on 7th street.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.—The price of HATS again lowered. TOWNSON is now selling in Luttaw 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 Irish 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 in the market for the price. Persons will please call and look at my hats before purchasing elsewhere. Remember TOWNSON, one door from Lexington street.

N. B. The trade supplied with HATS in the rough of all qualities. m35-3m

FASHIONABLE BOOTS. W. L. McCAFFEY, Gentleman's FINE GAITHER BOOTS, TACKER, 30, 6 LOMBARD STREET, cor. of Frank in Lane, near South St., makes BOOTS at \$3.50 per pair, and Foots them for \$2.75, of the very best Leather and Workman-ship. Being a Practical Boot Maker, and Inventor of the Laced Cork Sole BOOTS, which have given so much satisfaction to the wearers, gentlemen may rely on getting good and handsome boots. Give me a call, and I will endeavor to please, for my Boots shall be behind none in this or any other city. W. L. McCAFFEY. (ap21-1c)

NICHOLAS TRACEY is a Candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the next election. m32