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For the Baltimore Clipper.

### THE SLEEPING INFANT.

BY J. W. LUGENRELL, M. D., OF BOSTON, U. S. C.

I saw a lovely mother stand,  
 Bent o'er her sleeping child;  
 She clasp'd his little tender hand,  
 And kiss'd him while he smil'd.

Sleep on, she said, my darling sleep,  
 Kind angels watch thy bed;  
 Around thee their vigils keep,  
 And hover o'er thy head.

Although the storm is raging wild,  
 Although the tempest roars;  
 Ne shall disturb my sleeping child,  
 Nor hinder his repose.

She raised her feeble voice in prayer,  
 (I heard her leave a sigh),  
 For her dear son resting there,  
 To Him who rules on high.

Almighty Father, God of Love,  
 O cease to look and smile,  
 From thy eternal throne above,  
 Upon my sleeping child.

She clasp'd him to her heaving breast,  
 She dropp'd the silent tear;  
 Upon his lips she once more press'd  
 A mother's kiss most dear.

Again she laid him on his bed,  
 She left him there alone;  
 Sleep on, sleep on, my child, she said,  
 Sleep on, my darling son.

[From the Lady's Companion.]

### WILFULNESS, OR THE WIFE'S TALE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

(Concluded from Monday last.)

"Five years have passed away in this manner, during which time I became the mother of three children. The eldest of these was a boy, named after my father, and to him he seemed to transfer the fullness of that affection which, since my marriage, I had never been able, entirely, to regain. I rejoiced at this growing fondness for my son, and hoped that the sweet boy might be a bond of union between us all, especially as my father did not hesitate to avow his intention of making him his heir. This determination, however, was not very satisfactory to Mr. Ormeston, who had hoped that I should finally come into possession of the estate; but, with his usual careless good humor, he began to calculate the chances of benefit from this arrangement. Will you believe me when I tell you that, among other chances, he actually took into consideration the possibility of the death of his child—his first born son—which would, of course, under such a will, ensure him the property. Until that moment I had trusted much to his good feeling and affectionate temper, but when I heard him hint at the remote possibility of deriving benefit from such a calamity, I almost hated him. Yet I tried—oh, how anxiously I tried to forget it. I wanted, if possible, to retain my love and esteem for him to whom I was bound by indissoluble ties, and I sought to shut my eyes to his faults. The world looked on us as possessing every requisite for happiness. They blamed my father's severe temper, and considered his implacable resentment as the only cloud in our sunny sky; but they little knew that I had a far more serious cause for sorrow in the unstable principles of my husband. Fond of gaiety and dissipation of all kinds, he indulged his love for pleasure without restraint. The wine cup, the turf and the gambling table, all demanded a share of his time and money, and both were liberally bestowed. Yet was he ever kind and gentle to me; not a harsh word ever escaped his lips, and to all my remonstrances against the pernicious habits in which he indulged, he always replied with perfect good humor. Was I wrong in suspecting, (as I sometimes did,) that he would have been less tender, had the purse been in his hand, as well filled as it was in mine? Heaven only knows whether I wronged him, but which distrust creeps into the bosom of wedded love, it leaves its poisonous taste over every flower in life.

"My father was taken ill, and, after lingering several weeks he died. On his death-bed he admitted Henry to his presence, and as he bade him farewell, he added, 'I have summoned you, Mr. Ormeston, in order that you might not accuse me of carrying my resentment beyond the grave. Had you been less content with your condition as a dependant, I might have liked you better; had you refused to live under my roof upon the conditions which I prescribed, I should have known that I had wronged you in my first estimate of your character; but your conduct has shown me that you were quite satisfied with my terms, and, of course, I do not regret my past conduct.' I listened to these words with bitter tears, for I felt that if Henry had but obeyed the impulses of my indignant spirit, at the outset of our married life, he never would have been compelled to occupy so equivocal a station.

"When my father's will was opened, it was found that he had bequeathed to me an annuity of four thousand dollars during my life—to my two youngest children two thousand dollars, per annum, while the bulk of the fortune, after deducting a few legacies to some old friends, was bestowed upon my eldest son, upon condition that as soon as he attained his seventh year, he should be sent to a boarding school in England, and there allowed to remain until he had finished a collegiate course of education. In case of his death before he attained his majority, the estate was to remain in trust until my youngest child should be of age, when it was to be equally divided among

them. I well understood the meaning of this will. It was designed to separate the heir of this fortune from the evil example of his father, and, in the plenitude of his contempt for Mr. Ormeston, my father had thought that a disputation of the dearest ties of nature was preferable to exposing the boy to such influence. Thus I was called to make a second sacrifice—the result of the first, and, as I had given up my father for the sake of my lover, so I was now to resign my child to the care of strangers, in order to ensure his future welfare.

"Of course an immediate change in our mode of life was necessary. We had been in the habit of spending at least, ten thousand a year, and my annuity, which was all we now had, certainly would not support such extravagance. This gave me little pain, for I had ceased to value the appliances of wealth, since I had learned that they could not bring me happiness, but it galled the pride of my husband to the very quick. He could not endure the thought of living in a less ostentatious manner; he was not willing to resign the luxury of a carriage, and the pomp of a retinue of servants. But he was spared the mortification for the present. Our child had almost attained the age specified in the will for his removal to England, and as I was desirous of placing him in safe hands, we determined to accompany him, and to pass a few years in Europe. We accordingly left America about six months after my father's death, and of the detail of the next two years of my life, my dearest friends are ignorant.

"Our first care on our arrival in England, was to find a proper school for Charles. My heart bled at the thought of leaving him, but I knew that I should not obey the spirit of my father's will unless I separated him entirely from us. Having been unusually fortunate in our choice, we departed for Paris, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Ormeston, who seemed exceedingly desirous of enjoying the winter season in that gayest of cities. For my own part, I was perfectly indifferent as to my place of abode, so long as I could hear weekly from Charles, and as my other children were with me, I anticipated comfort if not happiness. But I soon found that I committed a sad mistake when I trusted one of his unstable character amid the labyrinth of Parisian vice. The freedom of French manners, the sceptical tone of philosophy then in vogue, and the prevalence of the fatal habit of gaming, to which Mr. Ormeston was already addicted, were too well suited to his temper and habits. He needed little persuasion to induce him to launch forth upon the treacherous sea of dissipated pleasure, and all my suspicious of his laxity of morals were more than confirmed. But ill suited as we were, we never had those disputes and bickerings which often render the married state one of perpetual torment. Always kind and polite, Mr. Ormeston was considered a model of conjugal tenderness, and, as far as affectionate words and manners could make him so, he deserved all praise; but he lacked that disinterested love which makes the happiness of its object its first care. He was warmly attached to me; indeed his natural disposition led him to look with kindness upon every one who did not absolutely offend him; but still, selfishness was the foundation of all his actions. Had I ceased to be his daily companion, and to minister to his daily comfort, all love for me would soon have faded from his mind, like a dream, for his temper was too indolent to feel any emotion very vividly. Yet his winning manners, his unruffled good humor, his kind-heartedness, made me love him tenderly, in despite of his unsteadiness of character. I would have given worlds to have been able to look up to him with respect as well as affection, but alas! I could not be blind to his want of sincerity, his fawning spirit, and his habitual vices; I could not deceive myself into the belief that he was a fit model for the imitation of our children.

"But I was destined to drink, to the very dregs, the cup which my own wilfulness had dragged after a residence of nearly two years, we left Paris, but the precipitancy with which we quitted it, led me to suspect that something was wrong. I afterwards learned that some disgraceful transaction which occurred in one of those dens of vice, a gambling house, had compelled Mr. Ormeston to seek safety in a rapid departure for his native land. We returned to New York, and took lodgings at one of the fashionable hotels, while my husband was immediately surrounded by the companions of his former follies. His ostentatious style of living, together with his habits of play, soon involved him in debt, and I was now subject to the mortification of seeing him dunned again and again, by every tradesman whom he employed. My father had early instilled into my mind a great horror of incurring debt; he looked upon it in its true light, as a species of dishonesty; 'it was supporting one's self,' he said, 'by levying contributions on others; it was making a show with the price of other people's industry.' Feeling thus sensitive on the subject, you may judge how I suffered from Mr. Ormeston's careless habit in this respect. He denied himself no luxury however costly, no pleasure however expensive, and, when importuned for payment by those who had trusted him, he put them off with fair promises, kind words, or some pleasing little attention, which converted his refusal to satisfy their demands, into a compliment.

"The last blow to my happiness at last came. I have lengthened out my story, even as a criminal prolongs the time afforded him to prepare for death, to defer as long as possible the narration of that final disgrace, the remembrance of which is fraught with mingled bitterness. I cannot enter into a minute detail of the affair; let it suffice to tell you, that a note of twenty thousand dollars, drawn by Mr. Ormeston, and bearing an endorsement, the name of one of the executors of my father's will, a man of known wealth and respectability, was discounted at a certain bank in New York, and appropriated by my husband to the payment of a gambling debt. At the expiration of three months, when the note became due, a small sum was paid on account, and a note for the balance was left in the bank; but before the time of payment came round a second time, the whole affair was discovered. The name of the endorser was a forgery! Do you ask who was the forger? It was he, who had ever been found too weak to resist temptation—even my unhappy husband!

"Let me do him the justice, however, to state that he certainly did not intend to rob either Mr.

—or the bank. Driven to extremity by immense losses at play, he was induced to this method of raising the money, which he designed to pay by instalments, as the note came due; trusting that the gentleman whose name he had used, would know nothing of the transaction, and that, in the course of a year, the whole debt would be gradually cleared off. But some investigations which took place in the bank, led to the unravelment of the whole scheme, and he now stood in the light of a criminal, for, in the judgment of all who heard the disgraceful tale, he was guilty of that which ought to condemn him to a prison.— Respect to the memory of my father, however, and a regard to my feelings, saved him from open shame. Mr. — agreed to assume the responsibility of the note, and take it out of the bank, upon condition of perfect secrecy being observed respecting the whole affair, while I repaid his kindness, as far as I could, by mortgaging my annuity to him, as a security for his future indemnification. This was the only mode that could be devised for the settlement of the debt, since the terms of the will rendered it impossible to alienate any part of my father's vast fortune from my eldest son. Mr. Ormeston, glad to escape disgrace on any terms, consented to retire into the country, and Mr. — agreed to pay us, out of my annuity, a thousand dollars per annum, the remainder being retained as a payment on account, of the large sum due him from my husband.

"Such were the conditions upon which we purchased the privilege of hiding our disgrace from the eyes of the world, and gladly did I quit a scene of so much disappointment and sorrow. But life had now lost its brightness for me. From the hour that I learned his guilt, there was no longer the charm of affection to blind me to the unstable principles of the man whom I had chosen to be the companion of my whole existence. There was something to unutterably degrading to me, in the thought of fraud—it was so mean and despicable a crime—that my proud heart revolted at the very thought. It was not only the want of morality—it was the revolting nature of the act, which excited my contempt, and I could no longer love him whom I had learned to despise. I pitied him from my very soul, I sought to minister to his comfort in every way possible, but I no longer regarded him with the yearning tenderness of a loving heart. He avoided my presence—he seemed to shrink from my look—not because he feared reproach, for, God is my witness that no word of bitterness ever passed my lips on the subject; but because he could not brook the eye of one whose unspotted integrity was a daily reproof unto him. I strove to make him content with his altered condition, by sharing it un murmuringly, though I had been nursed in the lap of indolence from infancy; but he could not overcome the painful sense of inferiority, which made him quail before me, and we gradually became more and more estranged. Strange position for two persons so closely connected! Without an unkind word having been exchanged between us—without an angry tone, or a reproachful look to extinguish love, it slowly faded from the hearts of both, like the vague image of a dream. He felt my very life to be a reproach to him. The precepts which I imparted to my children—the maxims of virtue and honor which, as a mother, I was bound to teach and to practice, were like so many stings and arrows to his wounded conscience. My presence was painful to him, for he could not forget that I had looked into the depths of his degraded nature. His habits of 'good fellowship,' his pleasant manners, his graphic skill in story-telling, his comic songs, made him a great favorite in the little community where we now resided, while the calm tone of subdued sorrow, the reserve, born of betrayed affection, gave to my demeanor a gravity which was mistaken for coldness of heart. Some keen-sighted gossip had observed that, when in my presence, Mr. Ormeston's careless and cheerful manner was exchanged for a restlessness and apparent restraint. He told no merry tales, he entered into no boyish frolics when the sad eye of his wife was upon him, and this was attributed to my unkindness, my severity of temper which clouded his sunny character. Alas! it was his own consciousness that hushed the song upon his lips, and checked the tide of mirth when I was by his side. I, alone, knew of his disgrace.

"With regard to my children, I will not deny that I may have committed some errors of judgment, but how little can strangers know of the springs which govern our actions. I was severe in my ideas of discipline, and rigid in my sense of duty, and it was with the inflexibility of a judge that I watched over the gradual development of passion and error in the hearts of my children. Why did I do this? Because they were of his blood—because I feared that his children, while they inherited his beauty and his talents, might also be the heirs of his unstable character. Let the tender affection of those dear, and God be thanked! those virtuous children, prove to you, that whatever the world might call it, my severity was not unkindness.

"Thus have I explained to you the cause of my apparent parsimony, and the groundlessness of the other charges which have been brought against me, by those who cannot look beneath the surface of life. A few years sufficed to pay the debt due to the kind Mr. —; but others, many others, still remained to be satisfied, and I determined to continue the same course of life, until every farthing was punctually settled. I endeavored to surround my husband with such objects as might excite the fine powers of his mind, and induce him to substitute intellectual pleasures for the grosser enjoyment of the senses. Books in which he once delighted, painting in which he was not unskilled, music in which he was a proficient, were all brought around him in our humble and quiet home. But the poison of a vitiated taste had prevailed over his noble intellect and all mental pursuits had lost their charm. To ponder on the dangerous pages of Rousseau, or the vain sophisms of Voltaire, was the greatest task he could bring himself to undertake, while his skill as an artist and musician was wasted in political caricatures and political songs. Gradually he sunk lower in the scale of being. He had begun life by placing his happiness lower than himself—he had commenced by degrading instead of elevating the dignity of his nature, and he now learned how much easier it is to descend than to regain the upward ascent. You know his subsequent fate; you know that the handsome and intellectual Henry Ormeston—the gifted, the am-

able, the good-hearted—he who was once the object of admiration to women, and of imitation to men—sunk into the mere haunter of a village tavern.

"Have I told you enough of my trials? Would you hear how he gradually lost all sense of shame and self-respect? how he found in the depths of vice a deeper still? and how he finally died, with that most awful of all the weapons of death—the drunkard's curse?

"Time has shed its healing balm over many sorrows since then, but the lapse of years cannot bring to me forgetfulness. My children are now grown to adolescence—wealth and honor and goodness are theirs, and their love I find my only earthly consolation. But I cannot forget the cruel yet merited sufferings of my youth. I say merited because they would never have fallen upon me had I not despised the counsel of my father. I followed the blind impulses of my own will; and like all who sow the wind, I reaped the whirlwind."

St. GEORGE, THE CELEBRATED DUELLIST. He died in a state of poverty in 1709, at the age of fifty-four. He was justly considered the first swordsman and the best shot of his time. One of his feats was throwing up two crown-pieces in the air and hitting them both with his pistols. He was an excellent musician, amiable and polished in his manners, and of a most agreeable conversation; his humanity and charitable disposition were universally acknowledged; and although engaged in many duels, he had generally been the insulted party, and was never known to avail himself of his reputation to insult any one less skilled in the science of destruction. He was often known, however, to give a salutary lesson to quarrelsome and troublesome young men; and an instance is recorded of his meeting at Dunkirk, in the company of several ladies, a young officer of Hussars, who, not knowing him, was boasting of his skill as a swordsman, and asserting that no fencer in France was a match for him. "Did you ever meet the famous St. George?" asked one of the ladies. "St. George! many a time; he could not stand a moment before me," answered the Hussar, twirling his mustache. "That is strange," observed St. George, "and I should much like to have a trial of skill with you, young man. Possibly the ladies could procure us foil, and an assaui de carriere might entertain them." The young officer assented to the proposal with a smile of contempt; foils belonging to the brother of the lady of the house were produced, and without hesitation the Hussar was preparing to shame his aged antagonist, who, politely addressing the ladies, asked them to name the buttons he should touch on his adversary's dolman. The delighted women glad to see a cockcomb corrected, named the number of the buttons; which St. George touched one after the other, and then whipped the foil out of the inexperienced hand of the boaster, who, infuriated by rage and shame, wanted immediate satisfaction; when St. George quietly observed, "Young man your time is not yet come; you may still live to serve your country; but recollect you have met St. George, for I am that very person, who could not at any time prove a match for you."—*Dr. Milligen's History of Duelling.*

The U. S. steamer Germ, Lieut. Hunter, arrived at Norfolk, on the 21st, in 30 running hours from Washington City, and proceeded up to the Navy Yard.

SERIOUS AFFRAY. Francis B. Silvia and his wife were beaten almost to death one day last week at Nantucket, Mass., in an affray with their boarders.

The Boston Atlas was sold to its present proprietors for \$52,000—inclusive of the debts due to the concern.

An injunction was placed on the Bank of Michigan on the 11th inst. and a receiver was to be appointed.

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. Indian Falls, Illustrated; the Memoir 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 C. F. Daniels; the Ideal, by Henry T. Tackerman; Willfulness; or, the Wife's Tale, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury; Love; by Rufus Dawes; the Green Huntsman; or, the Hunted Vill, by Professor J. H. Ingraham; Alice Copely, 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 Hamilton; the Rescue, by Mrs. Caroline 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. Eiler; Editor's Table; to our Lady Subscribers; Summer Fashion; Bracket's Binding of Satan; New Music, &c.

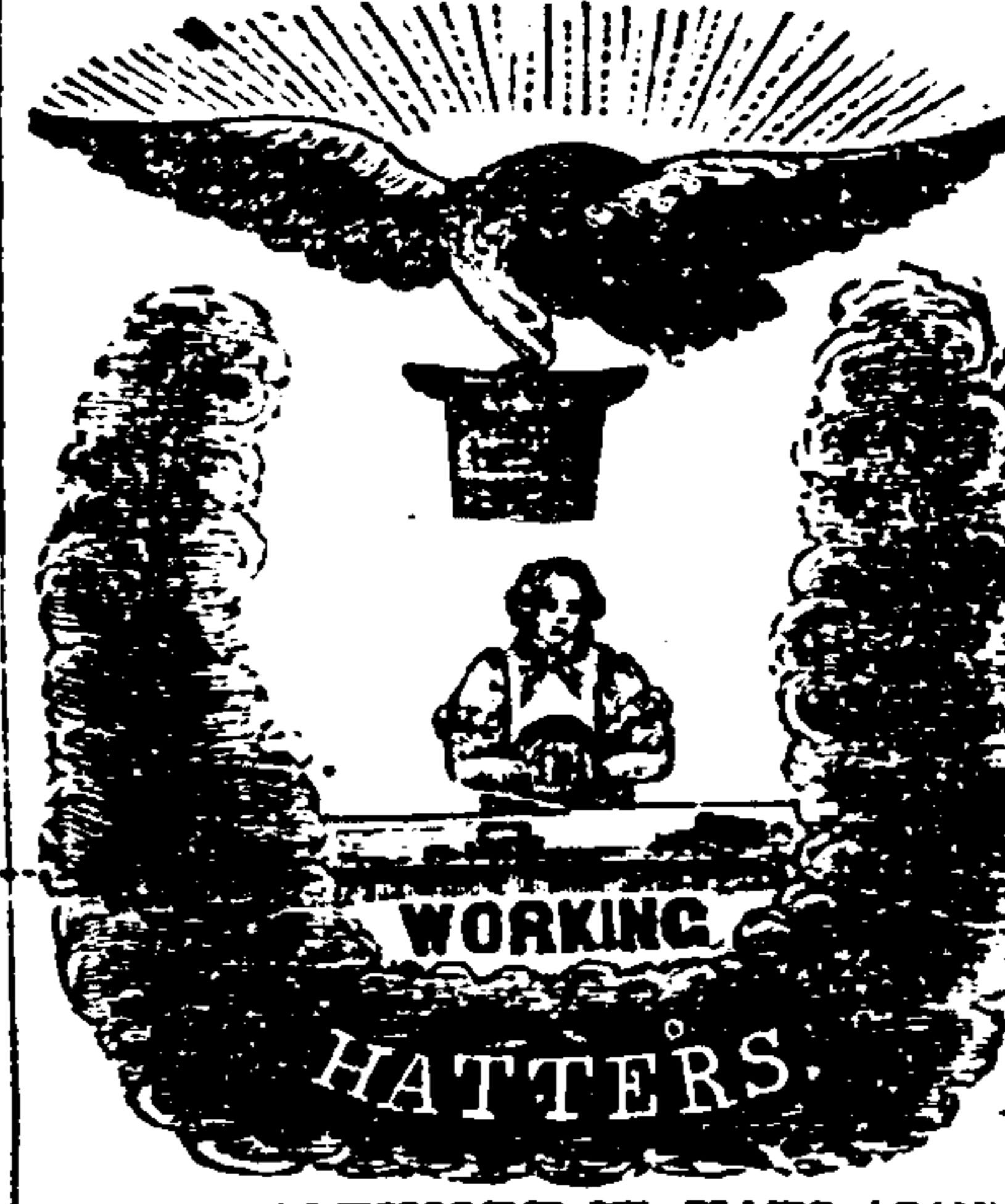
EMBELLISHMENTS. Indian Falls, a steel plate, engraved by A. L. Dick, purposely for this Magazine. Plate of Summer Fashions. Figure 1, full dress. 2, Promenade and Carriage Dress; 3, Evening Dress; 4, Child's Dress.

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 Twenty-eight elegantly engraved Steel Plates, twelve pieces of Music, four Plates of Fashions, and 500 p. reading. Price—Only three dollars a year, or 25 cents per number—payable on delivery.

WM. N. HARRISON, Literary Rooms, No. 23 N. Gay street, near Fayette-st.

N. B. The May number commenced a new volume. jeb if



661 BALTIMORE-ST. HATS AGAINST THE WIND. Not a word about the world but the world of "Hats!" 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 661 Baltimore street, between Gay and Holliday-sts. for good and cheap Hats. Don't forget now!

W. H. KEEVIL & CO'S,  
 No. 661 Baltimore-st., opposite Tripolet's Alley,  
 And 4 doors W. of Boal's well known Auction Store.

100 DOLLARS REWARD. DR. STORRS' SPECIFIC COMPOUND. For the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other venereal 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 solely of vegetable substances at one hundred of these will be paid to any one who will produce a specimen 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, (C. 77) of J. T. FITE, Market Space, Fell's Point, and by J. W. W. GORDON, corner of Pratt & Howard streets, of L. S. THOMAS, corner of Britton and Fowle streets—with full directions accompanying each vial at \$1 per bottle.

For sale in Washington city by ROBERT PATTERSON, cor. 9th street and the avenue, and CHARLES STORRS, corner of 11th street and the avenue; and by H. W. STABLE, on 7th street.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.—The price of HATS again lowered. TOVNSON is now selling in Eutaw street, one door north of Lexington street, his superior short Nap Suede Hats at \$2.50, fine Brush Hats \$2.50; Fur Hats from \$1.50 upwards. It may be used 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 snuff; and secondly, I sell for cash, and do not have to charge those who pay a big price, to make up for those who do not pay, as the natural result of the credit system. I think my Hats the best now offered ever sold in this market for the price. Persons will please call and look at my hats before purchasing elsewhere. Remember TOVNSON, one door from Lexington street.

N. B. The trade supplied with HATS in the month of all qualities. mh30-3m

FASHIONABLE BOOTS. W. L. McCAULEY, Gentleman's FASHIONABLE BOOT MAKER, No. 6 LOMBARD STREET, cor. of FRANKLIN Lane, near South-st., makes BOOTS at \$3.50 per pair, and Boots then for \$2.75, of the very best Leather and Workmanship. Being a Practical Boot Maker, and Inventor of the Puffed Out 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-t) W. L. McCAULEY.

CC-NICHOLS TRACY is a Candidate for the Office of SHERIFF at the next election. mh28