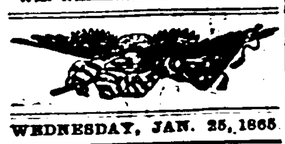
DAILY CLIPPER.

WM. WALES.....Publisher.



WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1865

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE DAILY CLIPPER.

Twelve-and-a-half Cents per Week, payable to the Carriers.

Mailed to Subscribers out of the city at

$6.00 FOR ONE YEAR.
3.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.
1.50 FOR THREE MONTHS.
1.00 FOR TWO MONTHS.
0.50 FOR ONE MONTH.

Invariably in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The following exhibit of our regular rates will be found of service:

1 Square	1 Time	$ 50
"	2 Times	75
"	3 "	1.00
"	1 Week	1.75
"	1 Month	4.00
"	3 Months	10.00
"	6 "	17.00
"	1 Year	30.00

ONE SQUARE CONTAINS SIX LINES OF SPACE.

☞ Those persons who wish to have the Clipper served to them on the Federal Hill route,—a new carrier having taken it—will please leave their names at the Drug Store of Mr Robbins, corner of Light and Hughes streets.

OUR ADVERTISING AGENT.

Our advertising agent for the city is Captain William Gibson, who will, as he finds opportunity, call upon the old patrons of the Clipper, and to whom any vacancies in the advertising line can be handed. Our patrons will find him entirely reliable.

☞ PERSONS in Washington, D. C., wishing to subscribe for the CLIPPER can leave their names with our Agent, J. GURLOCK, 608 Seventh street, Navy Yard, or with GIBSON BROS., Printers, 271 Pennsylvania avenue.

THE FEARS OF THE PEOPLE NOT MUCH LONGER TO BE APPEALED TO IN ELEVATING THE PRICE OF GOLD.

The fall in the price of gold is but the legitimate result of the success of the Government in putting down the rebellion, whatever speculators upon the wants of the people may affirm to the contrary. Had these tumbles in gold occurred upon but one or two occasions when great success *seemed* were won, there might be reason to suppose that victories had little or nothing to do with it. But when we know that the same law has ever applied in such cases, the thing is conclusive; and it is plain that when the armies of the republic are carrying all before them, speculators upon the *fears* of the people—not upon their wants—mark it—had better stand from under.

Perhaps the strongest case on record in this regard, occurred in the history of France, and in the wars of the elder Napoleon. Worried by the gold speculators of the Paris Bourse who would depreciate the Government securities, on one occasion he entered the market against them with thirty millions of francs in gold.—The account is that it was exhausted in three days; and utterly failing in his endeavors, he said to his Finance Minister—"it is not *here* that I can regulate the finances—it is with the army;" and taking his departure forthwith, a great victory or two restored public confidence, and brought Government securities to par.

Now in our own case, especially, the facts would be plain, if men were all alike intelligent and would reflect. To those well acquainted with the immense resources of the Government and people, who are aware of the vast wealth easily and rapidly developed in a single year of peace, additional to that already accumulated and made the basis of taxation, what debt we have to carry appears as trifling, compared to that borne by other governments as but an ordinary burden. But unhappily, a vast number of the people not taking particular pains to inform themselves, are easily controlled by their *fears* in times like the present, and with a set of speculators always on hand to take advantage of any changes that occur, it is not wonderful that gold and other things fluctuate, that depend for their estimated value on public confidence.

Besides, there is no reason to doubt but that from the beginning of our troubles, there have been large numbers of men, disloyal, eager to help the rebel leaders, who have been using the gold market as the readiest way to injure the Government, and this, in addition to the great number stimulated by selfishness, greed for gain, to enter the field in this regard on their own account. Bearing in mind the shrewd management of the rebel leaders, who led off by inducing their dupes in the interests of slavery in the cotton States, to hand over their produce for the purpose of sustaining the Confederacy, it could not have been overlooked by men who left no means untried, such as subsidizing the press and so on, that to depress the Government paper by panics, by magnifying the value of gold and other kindred acts, would be to annoy it in a most vulnerable point; and to that extent, would be effective in crippling the resources needed for putting down the rebellion.

Well, the Government and the loyal section have, notwithstanding all this, moved steadily forward. Not driven, as was anticipated, to borrow from abroad, the reserved wealth of the country has so far been ample for all purposes, and when the war closes, the money used having been borrowed from our own people, will create no drain upon the country to meet the interest created by the national indebtedness. More than that,—the very debt itself will be a bond of strength calculated to maintain the Government, because revolution effected, would destroy these obligations, an act suicidal to all the vast interests involved.

These conclusions, then, obvious to all, —one might suppose—scarcely needed to be mentioned, only that as we have intimated, the fears of the unreflecting are too often played upon by the heartless speculators upon the necessities of the country. With our armies successful gold must continue to go down. If with cotton lost to us for nearly the past four years as a basis for foreign exchange, we have been able to measurably hold our own with the markets of the world, how plain is it that with the return of peace, and with the cotton sent forward which it is evident, as in the case of that at Savannah, is largely accumulated in the South, that gold will still more rapidly recede, and that, ere long, our finances as a nation will be in a condition to satisfy even the most timid, in regard to their strength and stability.

Then, we say, let none fear for the nation's future, when all these matters are intelligently considered. Even in a financial point of view, the war ended will prove a benefit. In all time past, the plain intent of the Constitution has been practically ignored or defied, when the States were permitted to constitute that heterogeneous mass of unreliable currency which has been the bane of the country so long. Compelled by the exigencies of the attempted revolution to take the matter in hand, the government has resolutely and wisely instituted that system of National Banks which, equalizing the circulation, must save us from those terrible fluctuations so fruitful of commercial revulsions and losses in the past. Once commended to the advantages of peace, once relieved of that chronic anxiety ever prevalent in consequence of threats to "divide the Union," and the world in all its history never witnessed such a reign of prosperity and commercial power as is sure to follow. Let the gold speculators then, we repeat—stand from under. The laws are certain that doom them to grief. Let the loyal of the land stand by each other, and let them discard their undue fears of a good result, and but a little time will elapse before gold will approximate its legitimate value, as in the past.

UNCONSCIOUS PRAYERS.

How many times do people utter what is a virtual prayer without being aware of it! There is a tract entitled "The Swearer's Prayer," which shows that profane oaths and curses involve a prayer for the infliction of God's wrath on one's self or on others. But the same is true of those more benevolent salutations which are so happily interchanged among friends and acquaintances.

"A happy New Year." We call it a *wish*. But a wish for that which we have no power to confer of course regards some one who has the power. Who of us can assure our dearest friend of a happy year? There is only One who can. We then express in this form of words a desire that our friends may enjoy during the new year the favor of God. This is a virtual prayer, only indirectly expressed. The same is true of such words and phrases as "Farewell," "Good-by," "Good-morning," and the like. They are invocations of the blessing of a good journey, or a happy day, etc,—invocations which can be answered and made good to the objects of them by the mercy of God alone.

But if such wishes are expressed without any thought of God, what is their character? Are they invocations of chance or fortune? Or are they tossed about as general expressions of good will, formulas of friendship, without any more definite signification in the minds of those who use them?

The Quakers have objected to some of these phrases on account of the insincerity involved in their frequent use. But it seems to us, not that we should cease to use them, but that we should use them rightly. The feelings they express are proper feelings. We ought to desire the happiness and prosperity of others, and to show that we do. We ought to feel that God only can make them happy and prosperous, and our wishes to that effect should have the spirit of true prayer.—*Christian Watchman.*

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

The moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things:

First, eat nothing; second, go to bed, cover up warm in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he can, or as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can; and in three cases out of four he will be almost well in thirty-six hours.

If he does nothing for his cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, arrest the cold, for, with such a start, it will run its course of a fortnight in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime in the way of food, is a hindrance and not a good.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never begins to get well until the fever subsides; but every mouthful swallowed is that much to feed the fever; and but for the fact that as soon as a cold is fairly started, nature in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people would be always fatal.

These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours gives time for the cold to be itself in the system—for a cold does not usually cause a cough until a day or two has elapsed, and then waiting two days longer gives it the fullest chance to do its work before anything at all is done.

Intelligent druggists know that all medicines sold for coughs, colds, consumption, and tickling in the throat, contain opium in some form or other. They repress the cough, but do not eradicate it—hence the first purchase paves the way for a second or a third. Meanwhile, as it is the essential nature of opium to close up, to constringe, to deaden the sensibilities, the bowels do not feel the pressure of their contents calling for a discharge, and constipation is induced, and becomes the immediate cause of three-fourths of all ordinary ailments, such as headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia and piles.

Warmth and abstinence are safe and certain cures when applied early.—Warmth keeps the pores of the skin open, and relieves it of the surplus which oppresses it, while abstinence cuts off the supply of material for phlegm, which would otherwise have to be coughed up.—*Hall's Journal.*

How to Treat Frozen Limbs.

The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute cells, at once become in each of these inclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points, and hence rubbing the flesh causes them to cut their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed the structure of the muscles is more or less destroyed. The proper mode of treatment is this: When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet until it is thawed out, which should be done as promptly as possible. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so the thawing should be in the reverse order from the inside outwardly.

The thawing out of a portion of the flesh, without, at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it, produces mortification; but, by keeping the more external parts still congealed until the internal heat and the external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, as I produce circulation of the blood, as the thawing takes place, most of the dangers are obviated. If the snow which is applied is colder than the frozen flesh, it will still farther extract the heat, and freeze it worse than before, but if the snow is of the same temperature, it will keep the flesh from thawing until the rest of the body shall have effected it, thus preventing gangrene. Water, in which snow or ice has been placed, so as to keep its temperature at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, is probably better than snow

HEAT FROM THE STARS.—It is a startling fact, that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat, it would not get heat enough to keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet, that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a stratum of ice seventy-five feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun.—This may appear strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat from any one of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is so thickly sown with stars, that in some places thousands are crowded together within a space no greater than that occupied by the full moon. The eye cannot see more than a thousand at the same time in the clearest heaven, yet the number is probably infinite. From the first to the fifth magnitude inclusive, the total number of visible stars is 3,125.

☞ The ill fated iron-clad monitor Patapsco, which was blown up on the 17th inst, at 2 A M, in Charleston harbor—in which over 40 lives were lost—was one of the first batch of nine monitors contructed and launched in 1863. The original contract was made by Captain J. Ericsson, dated March 31, 1862; cost four hundred thousand dollars; built by Harland & Hollingsworth, Wilmington, Del. She had one turret and two 15-inch guns. She was formerly armed with a 15 inch and a 200 pound rifle gun. She was accounted one of the best of her class.

REBEL CAVALRY.—W. H. Lee, of the rebel cavalry, has written a letter for the benefit of the rebel Congress on the subject of cavalry. He makes various suggestions for the improvement of this arm of the rebel service, acknowledging the superiority of the Union cavalry, and says "unless Congress takes the matter in hand and legislates more liberally on the subject, the enemy, next Spring, will ride roughshod over the whole State."

IDIOSYNCRACIES IN SAN FRANCISCO

California Correspondence Christian Inq.

One's eyes are quickly blinded to the peculiarities of life in San Francisco. I no longer stared at the immense Mexican woman who sprawls on the ground near the post office, smoking a huge cigar, and stretching out her hands for alms. I no longer pause to gaze on the gray hair and benign and noble face of "Uncle Freddy Cooms," who, with the flickering light of insanity in his eyes, goes about in full continental costume, with neat buckskin breeches, coat and vest, tasseled boots and three-cornered hat, the very picture of one of our revolutionary noblemen. Nor do I stop on meeting his less attractive rivals. As untidy as Uncle Fred is neat, "the Emperor Norton, the king of all the Chinese," who issues pompous proclamations in English, himself a European, with more hair on the end of his nose than all Chinadom has on its chin, who goes about in filthy regimentals, with immense epaulets, and lugging what John Bunyan would surely accept as "a grievous crab-tree cudgel."

The old Mexican Governor, whose agents are quietly smuggling powder and arms from San Francisco into the regions of Maximillian—the Chinese washerman, ironing his clothes with a great frying-pan full of charcoal, sprinkling them by filling his mouth with water, and spitting it dexterously and evenly forth in a fine mist, through his clenched teeth—the Chinese women, the only ones we outside barbarians are permitted to see, girls from twelve to fourteen years old, rocking along on their funny little shoes, with clean silk handkerchiefs on their heads, abandoned women all, yet seemingly with no consciousness of sin or shame in their eyes—the beautiful little Chinese children, so sportive, inquisitive and gentle, with rich caps, crimson and blue, with queues of crimson silk—the semi-Spanish Sundays, when every hotel runs up its flags and streamers, when all the bands are tooting, theatres open—the brownness of the audience in Platt's Hall, which looks as though one of those great sand hills had been inverted like a huge pepper-box over them—all these seem no longer peculiar to one who has lived four months in San Francisco.

And time flies here, if anywhere. The days seem to twinkle as they pass. The uniform temperature, the absence of any visible change, from May till November, make it impossible to remember what month it is: while these Italian skies, bright but not blazing, the bracing air, stimulating surroundings of every sort, quicken the physical life, give zest to all enjoyments, and make San Francisco, despite its vast amount of home sickness and disappointment, one of the happiest places on earth. No one could know it and not love it.

AGRICULTURE IN WAR TIMES.

Agriculture is by common consent classed as the first among the arts of peace, but in truth it is also the most efficient handmaiden of war; and no nation, however strong they may be on sea and land, can long maintain either an offensive or defensive warfare, or sustain an army in time of peace sufficient to insure the respect of their neighbors, unless agriculture is made the foundation of its prosperity, and the majority of its capital is investigated in this primitive pursuit. It has been said that Romulus founded his State on agriculture and war, the former nourishing her normal growth, and the latter making her mistress of the world. The same is true of every great and powerful nation, ancient and modern.

China, in which agriculture is carried to the highest point of perfection, has existed the longest of any nation on the globe, though she has always been the prey of foreign wars and internal dissensions. India, whose wealth is on a scale of which western nations can have no conception, and which has been said by the Edinburgh Review to be the grave into which goes the silver and gold of the world, and from which it never returns, owes all her material prosperity to the products of her soil, which she exchanges for the treasure of the whole civilized world. Egypt, the mother of civilization, symbolized herself as the lotus springing from the mud of the Nile, to the fertility of which alone her position among the nations was to be attributed.

England, which we have come to look upon as a commercial and manufacturing nation *par excellence*, and which has been designated as a nation of shopkeepers, would seem at first sight to constitute an exception to the rule: but the rule has not and never can have an exception. While England is, beyond all dispute, the greatest trading nation in the world, she is also the greatest farmer, and statistics show that by far the greatest bulk of her capital is to-day invested in agriculture, and that the income from the soil is just double that from her commerce, manufactures, stock investments, and all other sources. Napoleon understood full well that war must be quartered on agriculture, and he established agricultural schools throughout the empire, and thought it time well spent to draw up the details of the management, even on the eve of battles.

But if agriculture has been our main resource in peace, it must be our dependence above all things now in time of war. Our commerce is well nigh driven from the sea by the rebel cruisers; our mills cannot obtain a supply of cotton; the products of the gold mines we cannot keep in the country, and we have one of the largest armies the world has ever seen, to feed and clothe, and no one knows how long, and even when peace returns, we shall be obliged always to maintain a large standing army to "keep the peace," which will be so much withdrawn from the country. If we would carry on this war to a successful issue, and have the breath of life left in it at its close, we must plough up two acres for one the coming season, and make two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

But the United States is, perhaps, after all, the best illustration of the importance of cherishing this universal and only true source of wealth. With our three thousand miles of coast, and our tens of thousands of navigable rivers; with our cities of spindles on every waterfall, with our gold mines in California, and our iron, coal, and copper underlying the whole land, our real available wealth comes after all from the surface soil in the shape of our immense surplus produce. Agriculture furnishes the cotton to keep our manufactories running and our merchant fleet employed in its transportation.

The great granary of the West keeps long lines of railroads and canals and an immense amount of tonnage employed in carrying its corn and flour to the doors of the consumers. Even California is becoming as famous for its agricultural products as for its gold, and without the former to sustain its rapidly increasing population, the latter would hardly be available, and it would be impossible in the present disturbed state of our commerce to supply her from the Atlantic States, as at the period of her first settlement.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—Mr. S. Drake, one of the stock company now performing at the Opera House in Cincinnati, was made heir by his grandfather to an almost fabulous number of worthless Virginia acres, which have lain unattended ever since, rather an incumbrance than otherwise to what it now proves to their fortunate owner. Last Saturday he received a letter from a prospective company, who have found oil on his premises, offering him the snug little sum of $270,000 cash for his possessions.

☞ The present Pope is the youngest of three living brothers. His eldest brother, Count Gabriel, is eighty four years of age, and the next, Count Gaetan, is eighty; he has one sister, the Countess Benigni, a vigorous old lady, twenty seven years of age. His father, Count Jerome, died at four score and four years; and the Countess Catherine, his mother, at four score and ten. Finally, Count Hercules, his grandfather, lived to the patriarchal age of four score and sixteen.—*Once a Week.*

☞ An accident occurred on the New Jersey Railroad on Friday night last. The train which left Jersey City at midnight was thrown off the track about a mile below New Brunswick, by a broken rail. Five passenger cars were thrown across the track, but no one was seriously injured.

INK TRAP.—Something like a dozen blockade runners are believed to be on the ocean bound for Wilmington, loaded with all kinds of supplies for the rebels by our British neutral cousins. They will be received with open arms, as usual at Wilmington, but the profits are likely to be less.

☞ Gen. Sheridan and a portion of his staff arrived at Washington on last Saturday, on his way, it is said, to take command of the Army of the James, in place of Gen. Butler.

☞ Parties lately in Richmond assert that General Lee is preparing to evacuate that city, but will make a raid on the coal fields of Pennsylvania before disbanding his army.

☞ Bank capital in New York $123,000,000. Bank circulation, $33,000,000.

An Apology for Feeting Blue.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

Let us be blue. Why not? Blue is a beautiful color. It is the color of the sky and of the sea; it is the color of the loveliest eyes; also it is the color of indigo, and of a species of fly. Moreover, it is the color of the ventral superfices of the unadulterated Yankee, and occasionally of the breeches of the Confederate soldier. Let us therefore be blue.

Better be blue than white or green or yellow or ring streaked, spotted, and speckled. Moreover, man is the only animal that can be blue at pleasure. Ancient dogs and venerable beasts generally are inclined to be blue, their latter days are tempered to the hue of melancholy and toned down to the tints of grief. But it is reserved to the lord of creation to become cerulean with or without cause. We will, then, be very blue.

The beauty of being blue is that everything in nature appears to be black. Not only is every object black, but its proportions are enormously magnified. Thus, in this time, the cause seems to be black, intensely black, and chances against us are big beyond expression. Nor is this all. Our rulers, our officers, our soldiers, our people, and even our negroes look black. Some are black and some are blacker, some are the color of a chew of tobacco, funked and heavily liquoriced tobacco; and even the fairest are foul featured. Reagan is black as ink. Benjamin is like soot. Beddon is a lump of charcoal. Davis as dark as the de'il. Northrop is as the night in Egyt. Hood is of a horrible hue, and even General Lee is ebon, in spite of his silver locks and snowy beard. The Confederacy is like a box of challenge blacking: the world is wrong side out, and the worse for wear. Creation is cut out of black bombazine, and the universe is as black as the back of a kitchen in Erebus.

It is pleasant to view things in this light, for the light is a mellow light and does not pain the eye. Robed in profound gloom, all things conspire to quiet the retina, slacken the pulse, compose the nerves, subdue agitation, suspend excitement, arrest energy, destroy hope, eradicate cheerfulness, and encourage this tranquility of torpor, and the permanent repose of paralysis. Let us, therefore, be extensively blue.

☞ Advices from Nassau, New Providence, state that the rebels there have purchased Andros Island, about sixty miles west of New Providence, and are about to establish there an arsenal and naval depot, and, also open a port of admiralty for the sale and adjudication of prizes captured by their sea rovers. The rebels paid, or are to pay, eight millions of dollars in cotton for the island. Their principal port will be Ascension, situated on a fine harbor on the eastern side of Andros Island, directly opposite Nassau.

☞ A very old woman was lately found dead in her room at Salford, England. She was discovered seated in a chair, with one foot resting on a stool and the other on the floor. Her head was resting upon her hand, and her elbow upon the arm of the chair.—The other hand rested upon a handkerchief in the most natural manner, and her eyes were wide open as in life. On the table near her were a cup and saucer, a candlestick with the candle burned to the socket, and an open Bible. In her pockets £51 12s. 6d., in gold and bank notes, was found.

☞ The sixth section of the Bill of Rights passed almost unanimously by the Missouri State Convention, declares that the State shall never be a member of the National Union, and that all attempts to dissolve said nation ought to be resisted with the whole power of the State. The seventh declares that every citizen owes paramount allegiance to the national government, and that no State enactment in opposition thereto shall have binding force.

☞ The House of Assembly of the New Jersey Legislature spent the whole of Friday in endeavoring to organize. Since the death of Colonel Fowler, the Republicans have thirty votes and the Democrats twenty nine. The trouble is to get rescinded the resolution passed on the second day of the session, requiring thirty-one votes to elect officers, and thirty-one to rescind. The Democrats adhere to the resolution.

RICHMOND DRAMA.—The Richmond theatre is doing a fair business, all things considered. Several of the actors have recently absquatulated, it has become necessary to assign the masculine role to female attaches. At twelve more "handsome young ladies" are advertised for, it may be the purpose of the "managers" to try the experiment of a series of dramatic entertainments personated exclusively by the "softer sex."

A GOOD TAX-RAISING CITY.—Over twenty-seven million of dollars have been collected in New York city as national internal revenue since the passage of the Internal Revenue act by Congress, in 1862. There is considerable opposition manifested by some to the publication in the newspapers of the lists of taxpayers.

☞ Mrs. General Lander, well known to Pittsburg play-goers, will return to the stage on the 6th of February, when she will commence an engagement at Niblo's Garden.—We understand Mrs Lander will perform an engagement at the Pittsburg Theatre in the spring. She will receive an enthusiastic and affectionate greeting.

TRIBUTE TO EVERETT.—A joint committee of the Maine Legislature has reported a series of resolutions, eulogizing in eloquent terms the life and services of Edward Everett, and expressive of the public grief for his death. They were unanimously adopted. After which both Houses adjourned.

☞ Our Consul at Havana, Mr. Milner, noticed Collector Draper, that a new rebel pirate, the Coquette, sailed from that port on the 5th instant, for the Cayode Sal, fifty miles from Cardenas, for the purpose of being fitted up as a cruiser.

☞ A celebrated wit was much discomfited by a message politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl: "If you please, Mr. Jones," said the child, "mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would begin to be funny."

☞ An old actor, Louis Kramer, has just died at Geneva, Switzerland, in a singular way. He was playing King Lear, and in his excitement swallowed a portion of his artificial beard, which stuck in his windpipe and choked him.

☞ About 3000 troops are now at Galloupe's Island, Boston Harbor, awaiting transportation to the front. The number is constantly increasing.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

HOLLIDAY ST. THEATRE—Camille.

FRONT ST. THEATRE—Mazeppa—Jack Shepherd.

MARRIED.

BROHAWN—WOODS.—On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Crock, William Brohawn, of Dorchester county, to Miss Harriet, the youngest daughter of John P. Wood, of Baltimore.

CLARK—RORK.—On the 19th instant, by the Rev. John R. Nichols, John W. Clark, of Baltimore county, to Miss Sarah E. Rork, of Reading, Pa.

DIED.

BROOKS.—On the 23d inst., Mary Catharine, in the 23d year of her age, beloved wife of Jesse Brooks, and only daughter of the late William and Matilda Richards.

FARNANDIS.—In Harford county, on the 22d instant, Walter, eldest son of Walter and Mary E. Farnandis, in the 14th year of his age.

HARDEN.—On the 20th inst., Mary Ann Harden, in the 23th year of her age.

HIGH.—On the 22d instant, Joseph High, in the 72d year.

JORDAN.—On the 23d instant, William Jordan, Sr.

LYNCH.—On the 23d instant, Mrs. Hester Ann Lynch, relict of the late Bernard Lynch, aged 67 years.

PECK.—On the 21st instant, John D. Peck, in the 45th year of his age.

SEYMOUR.—On the 21st instant, Isabella, daughter of Archibald and the late Mary A. Seymour, in the 16th year of her age.

STOKES.—On the 23d inst., Dinah Stokes, in the 80th year of her age.

HALL.—On the 21st instant, Maria Gertrude, only daughter of Isaac C. and A. Eliza Hall, aged 3 years and 2 months.

LAMBIE.—On the 22d instant, William C. Lambie, in the 27th year of his age.

SPARKLIN.—On the 23d instant, Mary Rebecca, only daughter of William F. and Ellen Ann Sparklin, aged 4 years and 1 month.

WARD.—On the 23th inst., Virginia Ward, aged 19 years, only daughter of Martha Ward.

BRIGHTMAN.—On the 21st instant, Capt. William Brightman, in his 44th year.

SPLENDID INVESTMENT—BOOKS FOR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CAPITAL STOCK OF THE CHANNERS' PATENT STEAM BOILER COMPANY are now open at the office of McHilton & Co., 19 South street, second story.

Bricks made by these machines are admitted to be every way superior to hand made Bricks, and are made at a cost of *two-thirds less* than by the present process.

The cost these machines will clear $25,000 in 200 days, or $35,000 per annum.

Capital of Company is One Hundred Thousand Dollars, divided into One Thousand shares of a hundred dollars each.

Price of stock to subscribers fifty dollars per share.

☞ OATMAN'S HONEY SOAP.—This celebrated Toilet Soap, in such universal demand, is made from the choicest materials, is mild and emollient in its nature, fragrantly scented, and extremely beneficial in its action upon the skin. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE
HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE

"All nature hopes for Spring, why not I?"

Miss AVONIA JONES as CAMILLE.
Miss AVONIA JONES as CAMILLE.
Miss AVONIA JONES as CAMILLE.