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CHOICE POETRY.

[From the Frederick Examiner.]

THERE WAS A TIME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

There was a time, when thoughts of love
Within my heart were stirr'd:
And burning dreams were in my soul,
When'er thy name was heard;
But now it wakes but painful thoughts;
I think no more of thee!
'Tis vain to wish it otherwise,
For what art thou to me?

Upon his wings, old time has fled
Since last on earth we met;
Thy alter'd brow, thy faded cheek,
My soul shall not forget.
Tho' friends come gathering 'round me, still,
They breathe no more thy name;
Thou ne'er canst be what thou hast been—
No, no, the wish is vain.

Yet still thy name, once so beloved,
My lonely bosom fills;
And lingers like an echo, which
Is lost amidst the hills;
But time has left his mark on thee,
And furrow'd is thy brow;
And though we met so fondly once,
Yet we are strangers now.

Baltimore, 1851.

CHOICE TALE.

Lydia Little's Lovers,

OR

THE RIVALS IN A FIX.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

One of the prettiest lasses that ever graced a country dance, or turned the head of a lover, was Lydia Little, the subject of the following sketch.

Nobody could deny it, she was very pretty. Even her rivals allowed that she was quite faciniting, and her bitterest enemies declared that after all she was a beauty.

Although Lydia was really handsome, it was a very unfortunate circumstance that she was conscious of the fact. It is no injury to be a pretty girl, if she does'nt know it; but Lydia had quite as perfect a knowledge of her charms as even her warmest admirers, and the consequence was, that she became one of the most vain, shrewd, and heartless coquettes that ever made a bon-fire of true hearts in order to laugh at the flame.

Lydia had ardent admirers, far and near, for her beauty was famous in all the villages within twenty miles of the town in which her father, a rich old farmer, resided.

Although Lydia smiled on all; there were only two who were known to possess very great importance in her eyes, and who seemed to cast all other lovers in the shade.

One of these young men was named White and the other Brown. These, it was said, were Lydia's favoite colors, and it only remained for her to choose between them. Indeed, it was matter of debate in the village, whether it would better to become a *little white* or a *little brown*.

Messrs. White and Brown both lived at a distance from their mistress, but White had the advantage over his rival, for he lived the nearest. These two young gentlemen had heard of each other, although they had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance.—White was afraid of Brown, and Brown was afraid of White, so that Lydia out of pure kindness, was very careful that they should never meet at her house.

If the rivals feared each other, they feared Lydia's father still more. He had tried to put a stop to her innocent flirtations, and had repeatedly threatened to shoot her suitors if they didn't keep aloof. Besides that, his name was LITTLE, and he was a little fierce, and the beaux were not a little afraid of his resentment.

One day, when Lydia's father was gone from home, and was not expected back until late at night, she determined to send for one of her suitors to come and keep her company during the evening. But which should she choose? Here was the dilemma, indeed.—She reflected that Brown was with her last, and feeling that it would be unjust not to allow White to come in his turn, she resolved that White should be the man. So she dropped a line to White, and had everything prepared for his reception in the evening.

Lydia felt so confident that her dear White would fly to meet her, that she would have been willing to stake her life that he would be there at the appointed hour. White was very punctual, and she felt that he loved her too well to allow anything whatever to interfere with the interview.

However, as the time passed, and he did not arive at the moment, she began to change her mind, and to wonder how she ever permitted White to occupy her heart with such a noble fellow as Brown.

"Brown wauldn't have failed—HE would not, I know—"

Such thoughts were running in her mind, when there was a rap at the door. She knew White was there, and forgetting her resentment, flew to meet him. What was her surprise on finding that it was not White, but Brown!

"Don't be surprised" panted the delighted lover. "I shouldn't have dared to come—a'fraid of the old man—but I saw him—middle of the afternoon—he told me—(I'm so out of breath I can hardly speak,)—he wasn't coming home till midnight."

"So you took an opportunity of visiting me during his absence, eh!"

Lydia smiled on him at first, but then she looked thoughtful, and finally, appeared quite perplexed—She was considering what a rix she would be in, if White should be coming along about that time.

"You must not stop," said she nervously. "Father'll be home—I expect him every minute—and if he would find you.———

"Pshaw! there's no danger," said Brown. "He won't be home yet awhile. And if he does I can slip into the kitchen and get out at the back door"

Finding she could not send her lover away, Lydia resolved to make the most of him while he staved.

"Oh," said Brown, "I've a rich joke to tell you."

"Do let me hear it."

"As I was coming this way to-night who do you think I met."

"Who?"

"Your particular friend—Mr. White

"My particular friend!" sneered pretty Lydia.

"Yes—but never mind that—I ain't afraid of him———"

"But how did you know him?"

Oh. I had caught a glimpse at him before. But that's the cream of the joke."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, we fell in with each other, and as he was coming this way, we got to talking about the folks in these diggins. Says I, 'old squire Little lives somewhere here, don't he?"—"Yes says he, grinning—for the moon shone so I could see him grin—"do you know his daughter?" "I've heard of her," said I: "she's pretty they say."—"Well she isn't anything else," says White; and he looked at me jest as if he was pulling the wool over my eyes completely. "She has plenty of beaux, "Yes," says he laughing, "there's a fellow by the name of Brown trying to come there. I suppose you know."—"Oh yes," says I, "but he can't!"

"I looked very closely at him and saw he didn't mistrust that I was Brown and could hardly keep from laughing right out. "He can't come in," says I.—"There's a fellow by the name of White that's going to cut him out I hear."

"Yes," says he, "White stands a pretty good chance, I guess. I know White." "Do you though?" says I. "Can't you introduce me some time? I return I'll do you the favor to introduce you to Brown, whom I am intimately acquainted with. Brown's a pretty nice kind of a fellow, although he may be unfortunate in love affairs. He's a good-natured fellow; and I presume if he were in my place now, and you were White him elf, he'd sooner joke with you than quarrel." "That's just the way with White." "He wouldn't quarrel with you, if you were Brown."

"I talked with the fellow in this way for some time, and kept my countenance so well that he'll be surprised, I reckon, when he learns I'm Brown himself. Wasn't it a rich joke Lydia?"

"Ah, very," replied the girl laughing heartily. "But what noise is that?"

"There are footsteps——

"Oh it is Father!" exclaimed Lydia not a little flustered. Quick—Quick—you must be gone——"

Brown did not wait for ceromony, but dodged into the kitchen in hot haste—He would have hastened from the house in an instant, but he heard a voice which sounded so strangely that he had a curiosity to know it it was indeed Mr Little that had come.

He crept softly back to the door by which he had made his exit, dropped on his knees and applied his ear to the key-hole.

At that moment he heard a noise that sounded so much like a hearty kiss, that it made his heart come up into his mouth as large as a pumkin.

He looked—and O, the faithfulness and fickleness of woman!—there was Lydia blushing and smiling in the arms of his rival—of his—new acquaintance—White.

Brown's first impulse was to break through the door and eat up his rival, but he soon thought better of it, and and determined to give him a few minutes reprieve before he demolished him entirely.

"There, stop," cried Lydia. "You shan't kiss me again to-night."

"Why not!" asked White.

"Because you didn't come to see me at the time I appointed. It's all of twenty minutes later. That's why."

"You don't imagine what a good excuse I've got," said White, laughing.

"What is it."

"I met a chap who bothered me."

"That was me" thought Brown, still looking through the key hole. "I did bother him, and bluffed him off nicely too. I wish I had wrung his neck for him"

"You can't guess who it was Lydia," said White, laughing.

"Do you know?"

"To be sure I do—though he didn't mistrust I knew him. It was my redoubtable rival—Mr. Brown."

"The plague!" muttered the listener biting his lips in perplexity.

"Did you see that fellow?" said Lydia—"O, I wish you knew how much fun I've had with him! Why the great fool flatters himself that I am ninny enough to love him"

"Highly complimentary," thought Brown, griading his teeth and looking harmless daggers through the key hole.

"You'd been amused, to have heard me talk with him, and lay on the soft solder. I got the wool over his eyes nicely. He did not know me, and I chatted with him about you, and myself and him, and it went down like a pill taken in apple sauce."

Lydia laughed hartily to think how the rivals had fooled each other, each believing all the time, that the game was all on his own side, and White laughed too at the thought of having played such a game on Brown.

Brown was the only one that did not laugh. The thought of having been made such a fool of, didn't by any means, inspire him into a merry mood.

"I can't stand this," thought he, scowling at the key-hole. "I must have my turn now. White may take my place here in the dark if he likes, and I will step into the setting room."

He stole cautiously out to the back door, and proceeded around the house.

A moment after. Lydia and her dear White, who were having a fine time of it, heard the sound of footsteps approaching towards the door.

"It's father!" cried Lydia, believing the old gentleman had really come.—"You mustn't be seen, White. Run in there and get out of the house as soon as possible!"

She pushed White into the kitchen, and hastened to the front door.

Having made up her mouth to give her dear father a kiss as soon as he entered, she stood ready to throw her arms around his neck—when, to her astonishment, who should appear, but Brown.

I need scarcely inform the reader that White, impelled by the same laudable curiosity which led Brown to make the discovery we have seen already, had his eye at the key-hole.

"What! you again!" said Lydia, bestowing upon Brown the kiss she had reserved for her venerable parent.—"How glad I am you came back. But it is rash in you——

"Love makes the heart bold," said Brown, giving Lydia an extra hug, for the express benefit of White, who he expected was at the key-hole. "I began to think the old man hadn't come after all; so I came back to bid you good bye more deliberately."

"Ah! you are a good fellow," said Lydia, "but I can't let you stop now. I really expect father every minute."

"Well, I'll go pretty soon, but I must finish telling you how I bluffed off your dear friend White———"

"My dear friend!" echoed Lydia, contemptuously; "I wish you to know how I detest that fellow———"

"I thought so; and for that reason when I had the talk with him on the road, as I was telling you, out of consideration for your feelings, I determined he shouldn't visit you to night. so I followed him until he didn't dare to come any farther, for fear I would mistrust he was coming to see you. Didn't I bluff him off, and wouldn't I laugh to see him enter now?"

"What a fool I have been making of myself," thought White, glaring through the key-hole. "Brown is the man Lydia loves after all; and instead of fooling him so completely as I thought I was doing, when we met, he was all the time playing off a contemptible trick on me! I'll rush in and demolish him, and tell that laughing, saucy jade just what I think of her."

White was on the point of carrying this savage resolution into effect, when an unusual bustle in the parlor caused him to delay. He heard Lydia whisper "father is coming," he heard the parties kiss, the front door opening—and the next moment Brown was thrust unceremoniously into the kitchen, where he, himself was concealed.

If the reader imagines that the rivals, on being shut up in the dark room together, flew at each other like two wild beasts, I would beg to inform him that he is very much in error. The rivals did nothing of the sort, as we shall see.

Brown heard a light footstep, and knew White was in the room.

"My deer fellow," he whispered.

"What the duce do you want?" growled the irritated White.

"What a rich joke! ha! ha!" laughed Brown. "Lydia thinks she has been making fools of us, but I believe we both understand her now perfectly."

"Little doubt about that," said White, bitterly.

"There is no use feeling sorry about the matter," observed the philosophical Brown.

"Our acquaintance has commenced under peculiar circumstances, and I think it is our duty to cultivate it. I overhead your conversation with Lydia, looking through the key-hole, and as you witnessed my interview with her just now, we are even on that score. Give me your hand and let us be sworn friends in future."

"I am proud to make your acquaintance," said White, feeling much consoled by his rival's philosophical harangue. "We are quits as for as the joke is concerned; and as for that girl—that hearle s coquette———"

"We needn't quarrel about her," observed Brown, "for she is not worth a thought. I wonder a man of your penetration never saw what she was before."

"If so shrewd a man as you were deceived," replied White "what would be expected of me? But we both know her better now, and we can whistle her off without a pang."

"What a sencible fellow you are!" exclaimed Brown, "and what a pitty it is I never made your acquaintance before."

The rivals shook hands, and became sworn friends on the spot.

Hearing Lydia's father talking very loud to her in the parlor they thought it a good time to make their escape, and glided out of the house unheard by either the old gentleman or daughter. On the following day, as Lydia was laughing heartily at her adventure on the preceding night, a small neatly folded billet was brought her by the postman.

"It's Brown's hand-writing," she said to herself, as she broke open the letter with a smile of satisfied vanity. "Let's see what he says."

She reads as follows:

"TO OUR DEAR LYDIA:

"As you are now in all probability, laboring under the erroneous impression that you have played a most admirable trick off on us, we have formed ourselves into a joint committee of two, in order to devise means to set your mind at rest on the subject. The truth is dear Lydia, we the undersigned, understand ourselves and each other perfectly and see thro' your entire course of conduct better than you imagine. However, we have formed the wise resolution to allow you to retain your natural colars through life, before we so far forget ourselves in this respect as to think of inducing you to become *White or Brown*.

"Trusting that this official document contains such an explanation of our views as you will readily understand; we hereby bid you an affectionate adieu, hoping you may have better success in your attempts on others.

Signed TIMOTHY BROWN.
OLIVER WHITE."

"P.S.—*(Not official.)*—Messrs Brown and White beg leave mildly to suggest to their dear Lydia that in future, when is in want of victims, she will stand a better chance of meeting with success, if, instead of attempting such stealing colars as *White* and *Brown*, she should try something more nearly approaching *Green*."

Lydia read this important document twice before she fully understood its import; then in a fit of vexation and rage, she threw it on the floor and stamped upon it with her pretty little foot.

When the first burst of rage had passed, she reflected that she was no more than justly punished for her foolish, heartless flirtations.

The event proved a salutary lesson to the pretty Lydia, for from that time she gave over practising anything like coquetry, and became a very sensible sort of a girl.

A year after, Lydia married a respectable young farmer, and sent to her old friends, Brown and White, a polite and pressing invitation to attend the wedding.

WHOLESALE WATCH AND JEWELRY STORE.

L. H. MILLER & CO

IMPORTERS, Manufacturers and Jobber of WATCHES, JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS, have leased the Old Stand formerly occupied by Messrs. Canfield, Brother &Co South-East corner of Charles and Baltimore street, (No. 227,) which they are putting in complete order for the *WHOLESALE WATCH & JEWELRY BUSINESS*, to be opened about the 20th of July.

In calling the attention of the trade to the concern, the fact that we are associated with one of the most extensive WELRY MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT in the country, which must give a decided advantage over all others in this market for supplying dealers with Jewelry at manufacterers' prices, a feature in this branch of trade long since needed, between Baltimore and the Southern and Western Merchants.

We desire to call particular attention to the Watch department which will at all times be supplied with a great assortment from the most celebrated manufacturers, and kept in perfect running order, so that purchasers may at once take them, with a written guarantee that they will perform correctly.

This branch of the business will receive the special attention of one of the firm, whose extensive and practical knowledge of the business, will we hope, give us a place in the confidence of buyers.

We respectfully invite you to call upon us when you next visit our city confidently believing that an examination of our Goods will prove to you, that they are best styles and cheaper than you have ever seen in this market, and assure you that no effort shall be wanting on our part to make the acquaintance one of mutual benefit.

L. H. MILLER & CO.

Old stand, formerly occupied by Canfield, Bro, & Co S. E. corner of Charles & Baltimore sts

REFERENCES:

Wyeth, Blacklock & Co Gwynn, Reid & Taylor James Hodges & Bro, Hurst & Berry Murdock, Durr & Evans Stellmann & Limrichs Sangston & Co, Barchoow Gwin & Co Kirby & Pendleton Cushing and Bailey, John Murphy & Co, Moore & Griffin

August 23 1851 —1y

SPORTSMEN TAKE NOTICE.

JOHN KRIDER,

North East cor. Walnut & Second St.

PHILADELPHIA

HAS on hand, just received, a complete Assortment of SHOT GUNS, Powder Flasks, Gam Bags, and all other Sporting Apparatus of the best and most approved patterns.

He has constantly on hand SPORTING POWDER of all descriptions, Percussion Caps, Ball and Blank Cartridges, and a general assortment of materials for Gun Makers, &c.

Also *Percussion Caps* of a superior quality, designed expressly for U. S. Rifles.

An Assortment of *Fishing Tackle* always on hand.

All the above, and any other articles in his line, the Subscriber will sell as low as any other establishment in the U States.

In testimony of his skill as a manufacturer, the *Franklin Institute*, in the year of 1840 and 1842, awarded to him *Two Certificates*—and in the years 1844 1846 1847, 1848 and 1850, *Five Silver Medals*, all of which may be seen at his place of business.

JOHN KRIDER.

Philadelphia, July 19, 1851.

The Housewife's help and Husband's Joy

THE GERMAN WASHING FLUID.

DOES away entirely with that laborious task of rubbing the clothes upon the washboard. It contains no ingredients what ever, injurious to the finest fabric or the flesh; The proprietors wish every one to give it a trial, and if it does not prove to be as reccommended, the money in every such case, will be refunded. Full directions accompany each bottle. Retail price 12 1-2 Cents per Bottle, sufficient to do two ordinary washings, and saving the Cloths more by not rubbing them, than the cost of six bottles—besides removing stains fruit &c.—If there be any, and the time and labor.

Prepared only by I. P. HOYT & Co. Philadelphia.

George Heritage, Smyrna, Agent for the State of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

All orders received by him wholesale or retail, will be promptly attended to.

Aug. 2, 1851.—3m.

WICKES & CRUIKSHANK

DEALERS IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES, DYE STUFFS, PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, &c, &c.,

HAVE just received, and has on hand a larger stock than has ever been kept in this place, which they will sell very low for cash or to punctual 12 month customers.

March 8, 1851.

For Georgetown, Frederick town, Turner's Creek and Kenard's Landing.

THE STEAMER

CECIL

CAPTAIN E. G. STURGEON.

Has commenced her regular trips for the season—She leaves Light St Wharf every Saturday and Tuesday mornings at 9 o'clock for the above places—returning will leave the above places, Monday and Wednesday mornings for Baltimore.

FOR CORSICA, CHESTERTOWN AND CRUMPTON. The CECIL will leave her wharf (Baltimore,) every Thursday morning, for Corsica, Chestertown and Crumpton—Returning will leave Crumpton at 7 o'clock on Friday for Baltimore, stopping at Chestertown and Corsica.—Fare $1.

April 5 1851.—tf.

Eastern Shore Steamboats!

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

THE STEAMER

HUGH JENKINS,

CAPT. JAMES HAGAN.

On and after *Tuesday the* [illegible] the steamer HUGH JENKINS will leave her wharf on Light street, near Conway, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, West River Cambridge, (Military School at) Oxford and Easton, and return the following days by the same route, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock. Passage to Annapolis 75 cents West River $1; Cambridge and Easton $1 50

The HUGH JENKINS will leave the same wharf on MONDAY morning, at 7 o'clock, for Corsica and Chestertown, and return the same day, touching at Kent Island in the afternoon. Passage $1; Excursion passengers, for the round trip, $1

The HUGH JENKINS will leave the above wharf every THURSDAY morning, for Annapolis, St Michaels and Easton, via Miles River Ferry, and return the same day. Passage to Annapolis 75 cents; St Michaels and Miles River Ferry $1; Excursion Passengers for the round trip $1

THE STEAMER

Osiris

CAPTAIN JOHN T. KIRWAN.

After the 1st of April, will leave her wharf on Pratt street, near the foot of Cleveland street, every Wednesday and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Corsica and Chestertown, and return the same day, touching at Kent Island Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings. Passage $1; Excursion passengers, for the round trip, $1.

The OSIRIS will leave the same wharf every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, for Annapolis, Cambridge, (Military School at) Oxford and Easton, and return by the same route on Tuesday, leaving Easton at 7 o'clock. Passage to Annapolis 75 cents Cambridge and Easton $1 50.

The OSIRIS will leave the above wharf at half past 6 o'clock every Thursday morning, for Whitehaven and Shad Point at 7 o'clock. Passage, including fare, $3

☞ Mr. FORD, opposite the wharf will receive freight for the Hugh Jenkins and Mr. STREETS, at Mr. ROBINSON'S line store, opposite the Osiris wharf, will receive freight for the Osiris.

April 5, 1851.—tf.

HATS CAP & FURS.

BOSTON & PRICE,

No. 129 Baltimore St. between South and Calvert streets, and directly opposite the Clipper Office.

BALTIMORE.

Have introduced their fall and winter style of Hat, which is universally acknowledged to be the handsomest Hat presented to the public for many years—Also HATS and CAPS of all the different shapes and qualities, at prices which none can object to.

☞ An assortment of children's fancy Hats, Ladies Furs and bonnets, and Buffalo Robes, constantly on hand, and at moderate prices.

Oct. 11, 1851

HAT & CAP STORE

No 40 Baltimore Street.

A FEW DOORS BELOW FREDERICK STREET,

The undersigned would say to his Eastern Shore friends that he keeps constantly on hand a complete assortment of

HATS & CAPS,

at wholesale and retail—he feels confident that he can make it the interest of the merchants to purchase of him, at any time HATS or CAPS sold by him, not proving as represented, may be returned at his expense—the greatest possible care will be taken to fill orders and in the shortest possible time—no charge will be made for BOXES or DRAYAGE to any part of the city. Orders thankfully received by

WM. S. GREENWOOD.

March 29, '51.