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JAMES MITCHELL & CO

& COLLECTOR'S
NOTICE.
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VM. B. DAIL, Shff. & Col.

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vt JAMES A. WADDELL
Collector

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The Steamer OSIRIS, Capt
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MONDAY morning, March
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STORE.
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COME ALL.
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Wm. H. Yates Esq.
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JOHN PARVIN
Cambridge Md

WANTED.
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The Cambridge Chronicle.

JOSEPH R. ECCLESTON,] "LIGHT FOR ALL." [Editor & Proprietor

NEW SERIES—VOL. 7. CAMBRIDGE, MD.—SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1844. NUMBER 19.

TERMS.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

At two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms, and where the number of insertions is not limited, they will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

Dorchester County, to wit:

UPON application made to me the subscriber one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, by Thomas Smoot of said county, now in custody for debts, by his petition praying the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this State, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors and debtors, on oath, as far as he can at present ascertain the same being annexed to his petition, and the said Thomas Smoot being in actual confinement, and I being satisfied that the said petitioner has resided two years last past in the State of Maryland, and having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805 chapter 110, and given bond with sufficient security for his appearance before the Judges of Dorchester County Court on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in April term of said Court next ensuing the date hereof and at such other time or times as the said Court may direct, to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be made against him relative to his application; and having complied with the requisition of the Act of Assembly passed at December session 1825, entitled an act relative to insolvent debtors, ch. 205 and the several supplements thereto, by executing a deed of all his property, real, personal and mixed, to Charles L. Chaplain, appointed by me trustee to the said Thomas Smoot, and the said trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust and certified in writing to me that he is in possession of all the estate of the said petitioner mentioned in his schedule, I do therefore order that the said Thomas Smoot be discharged from custody, and that he give notice to his creditors of his application for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of the State of Maryland, and that the first Tuesday after the first Monday in April term next ensuing the date hereof is the day appointed for his appearance before the Judges of the said Court to answer such interrogatories and allegations as may be propounded to him relative to his said application; that the said notice be given by advertisement in the Cambridge Chronicle for four weeks successively at least three months before the said first Tuesday after the first Monday of April term of said Court aforesaid; and also by advertisement put up at the Court House door three months before the said day.

Given under my hand this 30th day of December, 1843.

THOMAS BREERWOOD.

Dec. 30, 1843 4t

Dorchester County, to wit:

ON application to me the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Orphans' Court of Dorchester county, by George W. Trego of said county, stating that he is in confinement for debts which he is unable to pay and praying to be relieved therefrom agreeably to the acts of Assembly for the relief of Insolvent debtors, a schedule of his property and a list of his creditors and debtors on oath so far as he can at present ascertain the same being annexed to his petition, and the said George W. Trego being in actual confinement, and I being satisfied that the said Trego has resided for two years last past in the State of Maryland, and he having taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1805, and having given bond with sufficient security for his appearance before the Judges of Dorchester county Court, to be held at Cambridge in said county, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in April next and at such other time or times as the said Court may direct, to answer the allegations of his creditors, and having complied with the requisitions of the Act of December session 1825 and the several supplements thereto by executing a deed of all his property, real, personal or mixed, to Uriah Medford appointed by me trustee to the said Trego, and the said trustee having given bond with approved security for the performance of the trust and certified in writing to me that he is in possession of all the estate of the said Trego mentioned in his schedule—I do therefore order and direct that the said Trego be discharged from his imprisonment and that he be and appear before the Judges of Dorchester county Court on the day above mentioned; the same time is appointed for his creditors to attend and shew cause if any they have, why the said Trego should not obtain the benefit of the said Insolvent Laws, and I do further order and direct that the said Trego give notice to his creditors by causing a copy of this application to be inserted in a newspaper published in Cambridge, three months before said day, and to be continued in such newspaper once a week for four successive weeks, also a like copy to be set up at the Court House door three months before said day.

Witness my hand the 23d day of December 1843.

O. P. HOOPER.

Dec. 23, 1843 4t

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber who wish to settle with him in person, are invited to call and do so before the 15th February next. Such as decline this invitation will find their cases in the hands of the proper officers for collection.

For sale, horses, oxen, cows, hay and blades.

MARTIN L. WRIGHT.

Jan. 6th, 1844 tf

Notice.

Came to the subscribers, on the 3d Jan. inst., 3 yearlings, 2 years old; ear mark under-bit in the right, under half in the left—also, early in the fall, one 3 years old, ear mark two under-bits. The owners are requested to come forward, pay charges and take them away.

LEVIN MOBRAY,
near Mapledam.

Jan. 6, 1844 3t

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having been appointed Deputy Surveyor for Dorchester county, is prepared to wait on any one who may need his services. He may be found at his residence, near the Draw-bridge.

P. DONOHO.

Jan 6, 1844 3t*

REMOVAL.

THE subscriber has removed from the room attached to the Chronicle Office, to the shop formerly occupied by Mr. Littleton, Tailor. He returns thanks to his customers for former patronage, and hopes by a desire to give general satisfaction to have a continuance of the same.

The public's obd't servant,

THOS. FULLER.

Jan 6,

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS

I hereby forewarn all persons from gunning or hunting on my farm "Sweet Prospect." All persons disregarding this notice will subject themselves to the penalties of the law.

JNO. BUNTING.

POETRY.

[From the N. Y. Mirror.]

When fortune frowns and friends are few,
And hopes are vanishing like dew,
When weary with the pain and wo,
That vex our pilgrimage below,
Who has not something thought, at heart,
Alas! how gloomy, dark and drear,
How cheerless is existence here!
How fain would I depart!

And may there not sometimes intrude
Another and a darker mood,
When all unfaithful thoughts have sway,
And we bow down the head and say:
Ah me! it is a weary pain—
To seek, with sharp and lengthened strife,
To chafe the numbed soul into life,
And feel it die again!

Yet let us not such thoughts allow—
The heat, the dust upon the brow,
Signs of the conflict we may bear,
But thus shall we appear more fair
In an Almighty Master's eye,
Than if, in fear to lose lifes bloom,
Or soil the spirit's lightest plume,
We from the strife should fly.

From trial we should ne'er draw back,
Nor seek to shun the Narrow track,
Nor murmur at the allotted part,
But in a firm and constant heart
Cherish those longings which aspire,
Like incense, heavenward, and with care
And ceaseless vigil nourish there,
Faith's never-dying fire.

And for the rest—in weariness,
In pain, in danger, or distress,
When strength decays and hope grows dim,
How sweet it is to lean on him,
Who, only, hath the oil divine
Wherewith to feed our failing urns,
And watcheth every lamp that burns
Before his sacred shrine.

LIFE'S SUNNY SPOTS.

BY W. LEGGETT.

Though life's a dark and thorny path,
Its goal the silent tomb,
It yet some spots of sunshine hath,
That smile amidst the gloom.
The friend who weal or wo partakes,
Unchanged what'er his lot,
Who kindly soothes the heart that aches,
Is sure a sunny spot.

The wife who half our burden bears;
And utters not a moan;
Whose ready hand wipes off our tears,
Unheeded all her own;
Who treasures every kindly word
Each harsher one forgot,
And carols blithely as a bird—
She's too a sunny spot.

The child who lifts at morn and eve,
In prayer its tiny voice;
Who grieves whene'er its parents grieve,
And joys when they rejoice;
In whose bright eye young genius glows,
Whose heart without a blot,
Is fresh and pure as summer's rose—
That child's a sunny spot.

There's yet upon life's weary road,
One spot of brighter glow,
Where sorrow half forgets its load,
And tears no longer flow;
Friendship, may wither, love decline,
Our child dishonor blot;
But still undimm'd that spot will shine—
Religion lights that spot.

[*From the New York Herald.*]

MORE NEWS FROM IRELAND.

We have received private letters from Dublin, conveying intelligence whose accuracy is sustained by persons connected with the Vice-Royal government, and which is of the most alarming character. It appears that the trial of O'Connell has been determined on as the signal for some simultaneous outbreak all over the kingdom. In some quarters a general massacre of the Protestants has been darkly hinted at; and the firing of the city of Dublin, and similar attempts in the principal cities and towns, are spoken of in other quarters as having been agreed upon. These and other rumors of the same astounding description, are circulating every where, and we need scarcely add, excite the utmost consternation and alarm. Meanwhile the British government are pouring troops and munitions of war into Ireland, and every possible preparation has been made to resist any popular outbreak.

But the present state of things in that long-distracted country, will be at once perceived more clearly from the statements in the letter referred to, which we accordingly annx, and whose accuracy is, we repeat, unquestionable:

DUBLIN, Jan. 1, 1844. I have now some interesting information on the State trials, and Ireland as it is. On the 15th of January the trials come on; what the result will be, no one can conjecture—or whether a disturbance will be the result. From the preparations (warlike) the government are making, people here are inclined to think they have some very good information that something important will be the result—though Dan is preaching peace. The government have gone to a great expense by their preparations and fortifications, laying in of provisions, amunition, and God knows what all. If they had not some good and unquestionable information, they never would have gone to such expense. It is a well known fact, that there was an intended massacre to be of all the country Protestants; this the country people keep no secret; they are only waiting for the word of command. Dan is at the head and tail of this plot. The Attorney General's opening speech, I hear, will make the hairs of one's head stand on an end; the frightful discoveries he has made, through one of the repeal clan—they know there is an enemy in their camp, but who that enemy is they know not. It is however very well known that that enemy is a priest.

Such is the state of Ireland. There is nothing doing in the way of trade. Never was Dublin known to be so full as at present—every one who can leave the country parts, are daily pouring in—our streets are so crowded there is no getting along to transact one's business—and accordingly, as the 15th approaches, we may still expect the country folks; lodgings and house rent have increased beyond all imagination, and parties who never before let lodgings are now doing so. Yet for all that, there is no business boing. Shopkeepers are filling the bankrupts' list and the prisons.

An account has reached town of a discovery that has been made at Achill, in the county Mayo, for the blowing up all the Protestants in that Island. The plot was laid, and ready for the signal. The priest of the Island fancied one of the conspirators had given information to the Protestants of the intended murders, which he never did tell to mortal; however, the priest denounced him without a hearing from the altar—and he then turned evidence against the lot of conspirators. Such is the news in town this day, brought unto me—but until you have it from me as truth, you are not bound to believe the report. I believe there is no doubt ere long the Catholics will try to do some mischief to the Protestants of the land. About the 15th January, we are told Dublin will be set fire to in a hundred different places at once. Is not this a pretty look out? In the county of Tipperary, every day we have a foul murder, in cold blood, of a harmless Protestant. By degress the country parts will be cleared.

P. S. There is some foundation as to the truth of the Achill discovery. The fires were laid, and ready to be lighted, to burn the town, but was detected just before the match was put to.

Speech on America by Lord Morpeth.—On Wednesday Lord Morpeth presided at the half yearly distribution of prizes at the Huddersfield Colledge. At the conclusion of the business of the day a dinner took place; and on the withdrawal of the cloth, the noble Lord's health having been given, he, in returning thanks, said:

Since the period when we last met together I have been, as you are probably aware, at a considerable distance, not only from the riding, but from my native country; but, go where I would, I still found myself within reach of Yorkshiremen. (Loud applause.) I remember I had scarcely landed in the New World when, having to ascertain the nearest way to the house which I wished to reach, I asked the first person I met with to show me the path, when, pointing in a particular direction, he said, "You will find that the gainest way." (Loud laughter.) I said "I am sure that is not an American word," and a good honest Yorkshireman he turned out to be. (Loud applause.) Again, when I was travelling that region of the country that is called the Prairies, which are vast tracts of rich grass land, generally in an unreclaimed state, but fitted from their natural fertility for the production of crops of every description, I came to a town round which all the farms seemed to me to be in a particular promising and favorable condition. I inquired about the circumstances of the neighborhood, and I was told that about thet place—the town of Jacksonville—a colony almost entirely of Yorkshiremen had planted themselves; and hence I was glad enough, I assure you, to infer the flourlshing state of the crops and farming in the neighborhood. (Cheers.) I had the pleasure of paying a visit to one of the most eminent statesmen in America at his country residence, I mean Mr. Clay, and he praised to me the fidelity and long and able services of his female servant, who turned out to be a Yorkshireman. (Loud laughter.) Yorkshirewoman I mean.—(Reiterated Laughter.) That will remind you that I have been in Ireland as well as America. (Renewed laughter.) The only lesson I wish she had inculcated on her master, who is a supporter of the American tariff, is, that she had made him a better friend to free trade all over the world. (The meeting here arose and cheered most enthusiastically for some time.) I will only trouble you with one more of my Yorkshire American associations, which is this—I found several old Yorkshiremen in the great city of New York, who from old recollections were kind enough to entertain me at a public dinner, and there I was told that the State of New York goes by the name of the Empire State of the Union; and all the company who assembled at that dinner were perfectly agreed as to the propriety of our christening the old county of York the Empire county of Old England. (Loud applause.)

A Washington letter says—"Two of the most important law suits ever brought to issue in this country, are now being tried before the Supreme Court. That of Mrs. Gaines is the first on the calendar, and involves the right to many millions of dollars. The other is the celebrated Girard case. Among the litigants in town are Mrs. Gaines are Dr. Clarke, who has returned from Paris to attend this suit, he being one of the Girard heirs."

Maj. Jos. Jones's Wedding.

THE DAY FIXED.

PINESVILLE, Feb. 2, 1843.

To Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir: Ever sense I writ my last letter to you things is gone on just as streit as a shingle, and the only thing that troubles me is, I'm fraid it's all too good to last. It's always been the way with me ever sense I can remember, whenever I'm the happyest, sumthing seems to turn up jest to upset all my calculations, and now, though the day is sot for the weddin, and the Stallionses is getting every thing reddy as fast as they can, I wouldn't be sprised much if some bominable thing was to happen, some yearthquake or something jest bust it all up agin, though I should hate it monstrous.

Old Miss Stallions red that piece in the Miscellany bout the mistake in parson Miller's figers, and I do believe she's as glad bout it as if she was sure she would live a whole thousand years more herself. She ses she haint got no objections to the weddin now, for me and Mary will have plenty of time to make a fortin for our children and raise 'em up as they ought to be. She ses she always wondered how Mr. Miller could cifer the thing out so streight, to the very day, without a single mistake, but now he's made sich a terrible blunder of a whole thousand years, she ses she knows he aint no smarter nor other people, if he was raised at the north.

It's really surprisin how mazin popular it does make a body to be engaged to be married to a beautiful young lady, Sense the thing's leaked out, every body's my tickler friend, and I cant meet nobody wherever I go, but what wants to gratulate me on my good fortin, cept cousin Pete and two or three other fellers, who look sort o'like they wanted to laugh and couldn't.—Almost every night Mary and me is invited to a party. Tother night we went to one to old Squire Rogerses, whar I got my dander up a little the worst I've had it for some time. I dont believe you've ever hearn of jest sich a fool trick as they played on me. Ther was a good many thar, and as the Squire dont allow dancin, they all played games and tricks, and such foolishness, to pass away the time, which to my notion's bominable site worse than dancin.

Cousin Pete was there splurging bout in his biggest, with his dandy cut trowsers, and big whiskers, and tried to take the shine off of every body else, jest as he always dose. Well, bimeby he ses.

'Spose we play brother Bob—let's play brother Bob.'

'Yes, lets play that,' ses all of 'em, 'wont you be brother Bob, Major?'

'Who's brother Bob?' ses I, for I didn't know nothing bout it, and that's the way I cum to be so bominably tuck in.

'I tell you,' ses he, 'you and somebody else must set down in the chairs & be blindfolded, and the rest must all walk round and round you, and keep tapping you on the head with something till you guess who bobbed you.'

'But how bob me?' ses I.

'Why,' ses he, 'when any one taps you, you must say, brother I'm bobbed! and then they'll ax who bobbed you? and if you guess the rite one, then they must take your place and be bobbed till they guess who bobbed 'em. If you'll be blindfolded I will, ses he, 'for fun.'

'Well,' ses I, 'anything for fun;' and cousin Pete sot out two chairs into the middle of the room, and we sot down, and they tied a handkercher round my eyes as tight as the mischief, so I couldn't see to guess no more'n if I had no eyes at all.

I hadn't sot no time fore cawhalux some one tuck me rite side o' the head with a drated big book. The fire flew out o' my eyes in big live coals and I liked to keeled over out of the chair. I felt my blood risin like a mill-tail but they all laughed mightily at the fun, and after a while ses I, 'brother, I'm bobbed.' 'Who bobbed you? ses they. I guessed the biggest fisted feller in the room, but it wasn't him. The next minit spang went the book agin cousin Pete's head. 'Whew!' ses he, 'brother I'm bobbed!' 'Who bobbed you,' ses they. But cousin Pete didn't guess rite nother, and the fust thing I knowed whang they tuck me agin. I was dreadful anxious to guess rite, but it was no use, I missed it every time, and so did cousin Pete, and the harder they hit the harder they laughed. One time they hit me a great deal easer than the rest. 'Brother I'm bobbed!' ses I. 'Who bobbed you?' ses they.—'Miss Mary Stallions,' ses I. 'No I never,' ses she, and they all roared out worse than ever.

I begun to git monstrous tired of sich fun, which seemed so much like the frogs in the spellin book—for it was death to me—and I don't know what I would have done if Mary hadn't come up and untied the handercher.

'Lets play something else,' ses she, and her face was red as fire, and she looked sort of mad out of her eyes.

I seed ther was something wrong in a minit.

'Well, they all went on playin 'pawns' and 'pon honor,' & 'here we go round the gooseberry bush,' and 'Oh sister Feby, how merry we be,' and sich nonsense, till they played all they knowed and when they was playin Mary told me how cousin Pete bobbed me himself.

It was the most oudacious take in I ever heard of.—Do you think he didn't set rite down beside me and never blindfolded himself, and hit me every lick himself, now and then hitten his knee with the book, to make me believe he was bobbed too! My hed was a singin with the licks when she told me how he done me, and I do believe if it hadn't ben for her I'd gin cousin Pete sich a lickin rite thar in that room as he never had afore in his born days. Blazes! but I was mad at fust. But Mary begged me not to raise no fus about it, now it was all over, and she would fix him for his smartness. I hadn't no sort of a ide how she was gwine to do it, but I knowed she was enuff for cousin Pete any time, so I jest let her go ahead. Well, she tuck the bominable foot off to one side and whispered to him like she was gwine to let him into the secret. She told him about a new play what she learned down to Macon where she was at the college called 'Introduction to the King and Queen,' what she said wes a great deal funnyer than 'Brother Bob,' and swaded him to help to git 'em all to play.

After she and him made it all up, cousin Pete put out three chairs close together in a roe for a throne, and Mary she put a sheet over 'em to make 'em look a little grand. Bill Byre was to be King and Mary was to be Queen.

'Now you must all come in tother room,' ses cousin Pete, 'only them what belongs to the court, and then you must be introduced, one at a time.'

'I aint gwine,' ses Tom Stallions, for there's some trick in it.'

'No there aint,' ses cousin Pete, 'Ill give you my word there aint no trick, only a little fun.'

'Well,' ses I, 'I's had fun enough for one nite.'

Mary looked at me and kind o'winked, and ses she, you're one of the court you know, Major, but jest go out till the court is summensed before the throne.—Well we all went out, and bimeby Bill Byers called out lords and ladys what belonged to the court, and we all went in and tuck chairs on both sides of the throne.

Cousin Pete was to be the first one interduced and Samuel Rogers was to be the fellow who interduced the company. Well, bimeby the door opened in come cousin Pete, bowen and scrapin, and twistin and riglein and puttin on more ares nor a French dancin master. The King sot one side of the throne and the Queen on tother, leavin room in the middle for some one else. Sam was so full of laugh at cousin Pete's antics that he could'nt hardly speak.

'Dr. Peter Jones,' ses he, 'I introduce you to their majesty's the King and Queen.'

Cousin Pete scraped about awhile and then dropt on one knee before 'em.

'Rise gallant knight,' ses Bill Byers; 'rise, we dub you knight of the royal bath.'

Cousin Pete got up and bowed and scraped a few more times, and went then to set down, and the first thing he know'd, kerslosh he went, rite into a big tub of cold water, with nothing but his head and heels sticken out.

He tried to kiss Mary as he was takin his seat, but if you could jest seed him as he went into the tub with his arms stretched out to her, and his mouth sot for a kiss, I do believe you'd laughed more'n you ever did afore in your life. The fellers were all so spicious that some trick was gwine to be played that they left the door open and when the thing took place they all run in shoutin and laughin like they would burst their sides.

Pete got out as quick as he could, and I never seed a feller so wilted down in all my life. He got as mad as a hornet, and sed it was a mean trick to serve enny body so, specially in cold weather. And he went rite off home by himself to dress.

Mary made the niggers take out the middle chair and put the tub of water thar when we was all in tother room. Pete didn't spicion the trick was guyne to turn out that way; he thought the Queen was guyne to sentence every feller what didn't kiss her as he sot down to do something that would make fun for the rest and he was jest gwine to open the game. I felt perfectly satisfied after that, and I don't think cousin Pete will be quite so fond of funny tricks the next time.

But I like to forgot to tell you, my weddin is to take place, providin there aint no more yarthquakes nor unaccountable things to prevent, on the 22d of this month which you know is a famous day what ought to be celebrated by every genewine patriot in the world. I shall look for you to come, and I hope you will be sure to be thar, for I know you could'nt grudge the ride jist to see Miss Mary Jones what is to be. We's gwine to have a considerable getherin, jest to please the old folks, and old Miss Stallions ses she's gwine to give us a real Georgia weddin of the old time fashion. No more.

Your friend till death,

JOS. JONES.

P. S.—I went over tother day to see 'em all, and they were as busy as bees in tar barrels a sowin and makin up finery. Mary was a sowin something mighty fine and white with ruffles and gigamarces all round it.

'What kiny of thing is that?' ses I

The gals looked at one another and laughed like they'd die, and my poor little Mary (bless her soul) kep gatherin in up in a heap, and blushin dredful.

'Tell him sis,' ses Miss Caroline, but Mary looked rite down and didn't say nothin.

'I'll tell him,' ses Kesiah, 'its a ———.'

'No, you shant now—stop, stop,' ses Mary, and she put her pretty little hand right on Miss Kesiah's mouth, and looked like she'd cry for a little.

I felt so sorry for her I told 'em I did't want to know, and they put the things away, and bimeby I went home, but I kep thinkin all the way what upon yearth it could be. I spose I'll find out some day.

A Good Hit.—An uneducated young convert not a thousand miles from Boston, and not a thousand years ago—in his maiden exhortation, gave one of Hamlet's beautiful and moving soliloquies very effectively. His admiring listeners, not having been very deeply read in Shakspeare, mistook the quotation from the 'Bard of Avon' for the extemporaneous outpouring of the young man's own heart; and, thinking that so much talent ought not to be hid under a bushel, at once resolved to finish his education at their own expense. They accordingly did so; and, he that was once a wild, thoughtless youth, is now as learned and eloquent a preacher as can be found in New England—thanks to that soliloquy, and to the ignorance of those who were edified by his first effort oratorical.

The cost of advertising the public works of this State for sale was as follows:—For advertising in the *Washing* Globe $50.00; in the Baltimore Republican $163.-00; in the Pennsylvanian $13.00; London Post $67.00; Amsterdam paper and translating $61.00; N. Orleans Courier $400.00; N. Y. Evening Post 72.45; Liverpool paper 65.00;—921.88.

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