American Sentinel.

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1,516. 'BE JUST AND FEAR NOT—LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S' NEW SERIES, Vol. 12—No. 3

WM. H. GRAMMER, Editor. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1862. WM. H. LOCKARD, Printer.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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BLANKS, of every variety constantly on hand.

POETRY.

The Dying Girl's Request.

BY YEMMIE.

Mother dear, come near an' listen
Press my hand this in your own,
List while I have breath to tell thee,
From this world I'll soon be gone;
I would speak of one, that wronged me,
He my heart loved—oh how well!
And I'd have you, when you see him,
Bear to him my last farewell!

Tell him, mother, I forgave him,
All the wrong he did to me,
Say I prayed in death, e'en for him,
That he might long happy be.
Mother bring to me those letters,
Those wrote,—oh long months ago!
Once those words, were read with pleasure,
Now nine they bring me woe.

When I'm gone, these letters give him,
Say that all my pain is o'er,
Tell him, she to whom he wrote them,
Disappointment feels no more.
Raise the window,—oh how brightly!
Sinks to rest the golden sun,
Though clouds of late they brow did'st darken
Yet unseen, thy beauty shone.

Thus life's sun, for me shone brightly,
Until clouds obscured that light,
Disappointment, broken vows,
Changed my way, to gloom of night;
Yet dear mother, just as brightly,
As the sun sinks in the west,
On this eve, will I sink calmly,
Into an eternal rest.

Clasp my hand more firmly mother,
Press your lips again to mine,
Weep not mother, I am going.
Where I see and *Truth*, forever shine.
Dearest mother, I am dying
Yet again before we part,
Promise me, but you'll forgive *him*,
Though he broke your *loved one's* heart.

The prayer is answer'd angels take me—
O they come!—I would not stay
Longer in this world, so dreary,
Bear me where 'tis always day.

Woodsboro, Md.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BLACK MASK.

Permit me to paint for you a picture.

Behold a stately apartment with
grained ceiling, graceful vaulting, fresco-
coed walls and gothic windows through
which gleamed the ardent sunshine,

"Working mischief on the Parian floor."

The articles of furniture were few in number; some high-back richly-carved chairs of antique shape, a low divan piled with crimson cushions, a reading stand on which lay splendidly illuminated manuscripts, a magnificent harpsichord, and here and there a bronze vase.

On the divan sat, or rather reclined, with indolent grace, a lady who had long since passed her youth, but whose delicate face still retained traces of exceeding loveliness, her small white hand wandering carelessly among the lace curls of a child who sat at her feet. In the embrasure of one of the tall windows stood a young girl whose face wore a beauty of the richest and most brilliant southern type, and whose form was perfect as the wonderful creations of Parraxiteles. Her air was meltingly soft and sweet, yet throughout her whole aspect was that indescribable expression, that soul, that spirituality which sculptors give to the young Psyche.

By her side was a handsome youth, attired in gorgeous garments that exceeded even the lavish richness of that age, yet worn with a careless, unstudied grace that saved him from all appearance of coxcombry.

The lady was the Signora Rosalba, and the child and maiden were her daughters Maria Beatrice and Lucrezia.

The youth was one to whom fortune had given as his birthright obscurity and indigence, but whose own proud will and noble ambition had won a far higher destiny, and though born under the roof of a poor architect, he was now the honored and coveted guest of princes and cardinals—in fine it was Salvator Rosa, the young and gifted artist, whose warm heart and sunny nature, not less than his brilliant wit and divine genius, made him the idol of Rome.

"I cannot bear the thought of this separation Salvator," Lucrezia was saying, with a sad cadence in her musical tones.

"But yet it must be, dearest," returned the youth, gently. "It has been many years since I have visited my friends, and, if I go not soon, they will believe that I have forgotten my humble home amid the seductions and pleasures of the Imperial City—though, by St. Peter, they would much wrong me, for love, fame, rank, nor aught else can banish the memory of that vine-clad cottage, and the dear ones who cherished my wayward youth."

"You have a true and faithful heart, my Salvator," said the young girl, fondly; "and far be it from me to detter you from obeying its noble impulses; but yet, promise me that you will not remain long away—that you will at least return to the carnival."

"I promise; I certainly shall be in Rome at the carnival, and till then—till I see my lady's face again, I fear time will seem but a sad laggard. "And now, dearest, adieu; and may the blessed saints guard you till we meet again."

Impressing a fond kiss on her brother's cheek, he turned away with a lingering step, and approaching the elder lady, raised the hand she extended to his lips, and bestowed a brother's caress on the beautiful child.

"When shall we see you again, Signor Rosa?" asked the mother.

"I shall be back in time for the carnival, Signora," he answered, and exchanging another fond glance with the tearful maiden, and a graceful salute with the others he left the room.

* * * * *

The carnival has come. I shall not attempt to describe that which I have not seen, but will leave it to the imagination of others, who have not, or the memory of those who have been more fortunate, requiring the latter however, that the one at which I write, occurred in the seventeenth century, when the license and mad revelry was carried to a far greater extent than in the present day; and when, amid a thousand wild vagaries, there were also amusements of the most refined and intellectual order; for in that age, men of the highest rank and talent did not deem it be neath dignity to exert themselves for the amusement of Rome. And so it often happened that some seeming beggar would improvise elegant verses, and hideous mesque draw from lute or violin strains of divine music to which the gay crowd listened enraptured, more than half suspecting that those *outre* costumes hid some well known and famous poet or musician.

Gaily painted cars, drawn by horses decorated with plumes and garlands, were driven through the streets, filled with dancing girls and harlequins; and in various places, extempore stages were erected for those voluntary performers of whom I have spoken.

At the carnival in 1639, there appeared in Rome, a Signor Formesa, from Naples, a musician, a poet, an improvisatore, an actor—in fact, a universal genius—who excited the maddest and most unbounded admiration among the volatile spectators, while his brother performers, each of whom he excelled in his own peculiar art, came very near expiring with envy and jealous despair.

All the streets and boleomes of the ancient city were filled with gay and eager groups, save however, the Signora Rosalba's which contained only the slight form of Maria Beatrice.

The Signora sat within that apartment which I have before described, holding on her bosom the drooping head of Lucrezia, who was weeping over Salvator Rosa's broken promise, for he had not yet returned, nor had he of late written to his betrothed.

"My dearest Lucrezia," said her mother gently, "I cannot but deem this anxiety needless—nay more, it is weak and unwomanly; you should, my child, implore strength of the Virgin"

"I do not sleep, dearest mother, for supplicating Mary."

"Nay, such ceaseless vigils are unnecessary, the Madonna does not ask of us more than we can give with safety to our lives—you are ruining your health and spirits; you have already the air of one without happiness and without hope ——"

"Nay, mother, everything discourages hope," exclaimed the excited girl, passionately. "Instead of the accustomed song of the nightingale, the hootings of an owl sounded in my ears all the weary night."

"What!" cried the mother, a shade of grave surprise stealing over her fine face; "would you renew the silly superstition of ancient Rome, and make a poor bird an omen of ill! Alas! my child! I fear your sorrowful fancy has overthrown your reason."

"Nay mother?" said Lucrezia, with the same vehemency. "Age has made your heart cold, and you cannot know or understand the agony of mine. Have I not bitter cause for sorrow, when weeks and months have passed since tidings have reached me of Salvator?—May he not have fallen by the stiletto of the assassin, or sickened and died, and he even now resting in a fair Campanian grave! and I, oh, I am denied even the sad pleasure of weeping over that grave?"

"Dearest child, be calm," entreated Signora Rosalba, greatly alarmed at the violent paroxisms that shook her daughter's form; "be calm and remember, I pray, the careless habits and capracious moods of Signor Rosa; nay he may appear at any moment to wipe away these tears and laugh at this needless grief."

At this moment, the little Maria Beatrice sprang into the room exclaiming eagerly:

"Come, Lucrezia, you must indeed be heedless of what is passing dround you, not to have heard of the Signor!—He is the inimitable musician, poet, actor and improvisatore who has electrified Rome since the carnival began. I do dot know whether or not he is handsome for he is masked; but I really do know, sweet sister mine, that you have unconsciously played the Juliet to the Romeo, many a night, for while you stand on the balcony, singing like an Æolian harp, and gazing at the moon, he stands beneath and gazing at you. Upon my word it makes a beautiful picture, and one that I doubt not the Signor Rosa would like much to paint."

"Silly child!" exclaimed Lucrezia, with a quick start; "this stranger—the Signor Formesa—it is presumptuous"

"Hist! listen to his song."

Lucrezia, whatever might be her grief, was too true a daughter of her sunny land to turn, unheedingly, from these rich strains of exquisite and most beautiful music.

As she listened, her face assumed an air of aspiration, the large dark eyes grew bright with fervent passion, and then softened with ineffable tenderness.

Signora Rosalba involuntarily turned her eyes from her daughter's face to a pictured Sybil that adorned the wall; the resemblance was striking indeed and it smiled not with more rapt and elevated expression. The features, also, were alike; there was the same soft melting eyes, with their clear depths of darkness, proud, yet tender lips, and low broad brow, swept by those tresses of raven hair, with a golden glow, that were so dear to the old Italian painters.

When the song and lute ceased, the smile so suddenly faded from the girl's lips as the sun's setting beams from the Jura's peaks, and all was darkness and gloom again.

That evening, Signora Rosalba and her daughters dined at the house of Maria Beatrice, half-mad with gaiety, and found herself exchanging jests and repartees with the gods, clowns, Turks, cavaliers, harlequins fays and devils, through which the carriage lagged its way. The ardent smiling heavens that arched over the city of the Cæsars, like a canopy of Tyrian dye; the gaily and splendid dresses, glittering in the gold-en sunshine; the gay and eager groups surrounding some poet, musician or harlequin; the graceful dancers; the prancing horses; the ceaseless and fantastic motion of the crowd, which shifted as often as the figures of a kaleidoscope—made a scene of intense and glowing excitement, that could not fail to direct Lucrezia's attention for a brief space from grief. But the tears quickly sprang into her eyes as she thought of the bright spirit that would have added even more gaiety and life to that scene, had he been there to share its festivities.

While she sat, struggling with these bitter feelings, and endeavoring to hide them from the eyes of her mother, an immense bouquet of rare flowers, bound with a gorgeous ribbon, was thrown into her lap.

"The Signor Formesa," cried Maria Beatrice.

Irritated and sensitive, Lucrezia regarded a gift from such a quarter at that moment as an outrage to her feelings, and, obeying an angry impulse, she crushed the glowing flowers in her hand and flung them from the carriage window with a vehement gesture. Signor Formesa burst into a gay, mocking laugh, and bending his graceful form raised his scorned gift from the earth and disappeared with it among the crowd. Lucrezia then, regardless of the reproaches of her romantic little sister, threw herself back on the silken cushions, and drawing her veil over her face, gave no more attention to anything that passed around her.

Signor Rosalba's carriage was borne onward by the crowd towards a public square, where was erected a large stage, on which those voluntary performers, those generous men of genius of whom I have before spoken, improvised music and poetry, for the entertainment of a grateful and admiring audience, composed of people of every rank, and all inspired, as it were, by the very air they breathed, with a love and appreciation of the beautiful in art.

At the moment that Rosalba's carriage came in view of this erection, the populace set up a shout for Signor Formesa. He appeared on the stage attired as Apollo and unmasked with a black domino; his features, therefore, were concealed, but it is impossible that they were unhandsome being joined to a person of so much grace and symmetry.

"My friends," he said, addressing the crowd. "I am here in obedience to your call, but for the last time. I had intended to devote my poor talents to your entertainment till the end of the carnival, but that is impossible, and I have only now to thank you for your favor and to bid you adieu" He would have turned away, but the crowd detained him. "Unmask! unmask!" they shouted tumultuously. For a moment the Signor seemed disinclined to obey, then he quietly removed his domino and revealed a face of classic beauty

His eyes were dark and bright as an eagle's and around his graceful throat waved tresses of raven hair; the moustache that shaded his finely cut lip was also of the same dark hue, though his complexion was of the dazzling opaque whiteness only to be found in the South. What fire was in those brilliant eyes, what power of genius on that lofty brow, what mingled *hauteur* and gentleness in that graceful bearing, what ineffable tenderness around that beautiful mouth! Indeed, through every feature gleamed the high, noble generous nature that relieved the ideal creature of poet and romancer, and before which the vain prestige of rank and wealth faded like morning mist before the sun, and the untitled painter stood among princes the highest there, for his was the royalty of genius, the sovereignty of a royal soul, of which the proudest refused not the tribute of admiration.

For a brief space after the removal of the mask was silence, then the air was rent by a loud and prolonged shout. It was impossible at first to distinguish any words amid all those various cries, but at length such exclamations as these could be heard:

"Signor Rosa, the poet, the actor! Signor Rosa, the Musician, the improvisatore! Signor Rosa, the wonderful painter! Bravo! bravo!

Lucrezia Rosalba started up with a heart full of glad surprise, and also pride and joy, for what can be more delightful to a woman than to hear the name of him she loves from every lip, and to behold the crowd bending in admiration to his genius and his power?

In another moment Salvator Rosa, whose heart had been pierced with keen remorse at sight of his bethrothed's pale sad face, was by her side, pleading her forgiveness, which he easily obtained and Lucrezia's carnival after all was a gay and happy one.

Sketch of a Gentleman.

Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behavior is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to unite, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither wakind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to affectation; correct principles caution him to avoid the gambling table; ineptly, or any other pride that could occasion him self reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejoices to see the gaiety, and is fastidious upon no point of little import. Appear only to be a gentleman, and its shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honors will remain even after you are dead.

There is a farmer in Putnam county, N. Y., who has a mile of children.—His name is Darling, and he has eight boys and girls. Eight furlongs make a mile.

How the Rebels Deal with the Negro Question.

We take these paragraphs from a business letter of one of the most estimable gentlemen in Kentucky to one of the proprietors of the Commonwealth The letter is dated at Louisville, December 25th, and the farm alluded to, belonging to the writer, is in one of the counties south of Green river, in this State:

"The Rebels—worse than devils—have completely stripped my farm, leaving me nothing but the land and houses, so that it will take all the funds I have to replenish my farm when I am again permitted to take possession.

"The first day they entered my place they shot down ten head of cattle, following this up with reckless consumption and waste, until, finally, when leaving, they destroyed my farming utensils, carried off my furniture, and nine of my negroes. This is Buckner's protection to the people of Kentucky."

This, we doubt not, is only one case in a thousand where the property of Union men, negroes and all, have been taken and appropriated by those who are endeavoring to destroy the Government, whenever and wherever they have obtained a foothold. It is all right, in the estimation of these sympathizers with the rebellion, for negroes, as well as other property, to be taken and used to break up the Government, yet they will raise their voices in holy horror, and cry out with affected amazement, "the Constitution is being violated," if the Government shall employ the negroes of Rebels for any purpose whatever in putting down the rebellion.—*Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth.*

A Philadelphia Clergyman in Trouble.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, under date of Jan. 2, writes as follows:

The Rev. J. P. B. Wilmer, formerly an Episcopal minister in the loyal city of Philadelphia, arrived here to-day en route for "Secesh," accompanied by his wife and two children. The Rev. Mr. Wilmer also brought seventeen large trunks, four carpet bags, one valise and one large bale with him, which he said contained his wearing apparel, which he was anxious to take South with him.

General Wool thought this was almost too much of a good thing, and although perfectly willing to allow his Government to transport passengers and baggage to any extent, he to night proper only to allow Mr. Wilmer and his family, with a trunk and carpet bag, to go over to "Dixie."

Mr. W. was thoroughly searched before leaving, and was detained some hours for examination, at which he was sorely displeased, when he was placed with his wife and little ones, on board the steamer Rappenas, formerly of Philadelphia, at four o'clock this afternoon, under a flag of truce. I can see the rebel steamer William Selden lying off Sewall's Point, waiting for the Rappenas, which takes a large number of packages for our prisoners in the South along with Mr. Wilmer.

Engaging Manners.

There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united to self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature.—Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

Does This Mean You.

A young man once picked up a piece of gold lying in the mud. Ever afterwards, as he passed along the road, he kept his eye steadfastly fixed on the ground, in the hope of finding another; in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times, a good sum of gold and silver. But all the days, as he was looking for them, he saw not the heaven was bright above him and nature beautiful around. He never once allowed his eye to look up from the muddy filth in which he sought the treasure; and when he died, a rich old man, he only knew this fair earth of ours as a dirty road in which to pick up money as he went along.

A Noble Sentiment.

The patriots of the Revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, expressed, when he said, "Wealth is useless unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself but a trouble unless it ministers to the honor and glory of our country." The nobility of this sentiment is attested by the fact that Gov. Sprague, who is the wealthiest man in New England, has given from his personal fortune immense sums to promote the cause of the Union, and has perilled his life in the foremost ranks of the army upon the field of battle.

Deal Between a Man and his Wife.

In Sennet, about five miles from Auburn, N. Y., Mr. Reuben Weeks, on his return home, was charged by his wife with being unexcicated. The discussion became animated, when Mrs. Weeks went into the pantry after a chopping knife, saying that they would settle their difficulties by a deadly fight. Weeks took a shot gun, and, as she returned with the knife in her hand, fired, wounding her fatally.

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ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

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DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for Weaknesses of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Tremblings, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Lungs, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those SECRET and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims of Solitary Vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of Young Men of the most exalted talents and brilliant intellect, who might otherwise have entranced listening Senates with the thunders of eloquence, or waked to ecstacy the living lyre, may call upon me with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

Married Persons, or Young Men contemplating marriage, being aware of Physical weakness, organic debility, deformities, &c., speedily cured.

He who places himself under the care of Dr. J. may religiously confide in his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored to this Dreadful Disease—which renders Life miserable and Marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may ensue—Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those falling into these habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms of both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Pulsation of the heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Cough, Consumption, &c.

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Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, (as will be seen by the most astonishing cures that were ever known,) many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness being alarmed at sudden sounds, trembling, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with a derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE!

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgences and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, rendering them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by early habits of youth, viz: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption.

MENTALLY—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirits, Evil Forebodings, Aversion to Society, Self Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, &c., are some of the evils produced.

Thousands of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and consumptive looking, singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

DR. JOHNSTON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and invigorating remedy, Weakness of the Organs is speedily cured, and full vigor restored.

Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. All impediments to Marriage, Physical or Mental Incapacitation, Nervous Irritability, Trembling, Weakness or Exhaustion of the most fearful kind, speedily cured by Dr. Johnston.

YOUNG MEN

Who have injured themselves by a certain practice indulged in when alone—a habit frequently learned from evil companions or at school, the effects of which are night or fatal, even when asleep, and if not cured, renders marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately.

What a pity that a young man the hope of his country, the darling of his parents, should be snatched from all prospects and enjoyments of life, by the consequences of deviating from the path of nature and indulging in a certain secret habit. Such persons must, before contemplating

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisites to promote conjugal happiness. Indeed, without this, the journey through life become a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE

When the misguided and innocent votary of pleasure finds he has indulged the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that all thirst and sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability can alone befriend him. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, filch his pecuniary substance, keep him trifling month after month, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair leave him with ruined health to sigh over his galling disappointment, or, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, hasten the constitutional system of this terrible disease, such as affection of the Head, Throat, Nose, Skin, etc., progressing with regorful rapidity till death puts a period to his dreadful suffering, by sending him to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

TO STRANGERS.

There are so many unlearned and worthless Pretenders Advertising themselves as Physicians, trifling with and ruining the health of the already afflicted, that Dr. Johnston deems it necessary to say to those unacquainted with his reputation that his Credentials or Diplomas always hang in his office.

The Remedies and Treatment of Dr. Johnston are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great Hospitals of Europe, the first in this Country, and a more extensive private practice than any other Physician in the world

ENDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS

The many thousands cured at this institution within the last eighteen years, and the numerous important Surgical Operations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reporters of the "Sun" and many other papers, notices of which have appeared again and again before the public, besides his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

Persons writing should send that portion of the Advertisement which describes Symptoms; also, be particular to enclose a Postage Stamp to be used in the reply and direct in the following manner: Dr. J. M. JOHNSTON, of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. May 17—y.

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Another feature which deserves particular attention is that THE WILCOX PATENT NEEDLE CANNOT BE SET WRONG.

Two thousand Stitches or two yards of work, can be done in one minute without dropping a stitch.

These Machines so simple and accurate in their construction, supersede the use of the shuttle; and, with one thread produce all the practical results of the two thread machines; and more, for these felt without basting, and hem the finest muslin without puckering.

Although not about half the price of the other first class machines, they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.

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"We must, in justice, express our confidence in the merits of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing machine. We consider that a great deal of credit is due to Wilcox & Gibbs for having, by one broad device, that restricts attention to the least and most trifling body ailment should be had; for diseases of the body must invariably affect the mind. The subscribers now only ask a trial of

Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters!!

from all who have so used them. We challenge the world to produce it to equal.

Three Bottles of the cursed WEAKENING, and Poisoning the Blood, are absolutely removed by any other remedy on earth. To be assured of this, it is only necessary to make the trial. This Wine itself is of very superior quality, being about one third stronger than other wines; warming and invigorating the whole system from the head to the feet. As these Bitters are tonic and alterative in their character, so they strengthen and invigorate the whole system and give *a just tone and healthy action* to all its parts, by equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions, and producing a general warmth. They are also excellent for Diseases and Weakness peculiar to FEMALES, where a Tonic is required to strengthen and brace the system. No Lady who is so jaded by fashionable and fainting should be without them as they are revivifying in their action.

THESE BITTERS

Will not only Cure, but Prevent Disease,

and in this respect are highly valuable to those who reside in a climate subject to Fever & Ague.

INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION,

Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, and for all cases requiring a Tonic

Dr. Dods' Celebrated Wine Bitters

Are Unsurpassed.

For Sore Throat, so common among the Clergy, they are truly valuable.

For the speaker before and for persons of weak constitution—for Senators of the General Congress, and all public speakers for Book Keepers, Cashiers, Seamstresses, Students, Actors, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly invaluable.

As a Beverage, they are wholesome, innocent, and delicious to the taste. They protect all the exhilarating effects of Brandy or Wine, without intoxicating, and are a valuable remedy for persons addicted to the use of excessive strong drink, and who wish to reform such. They are pure and entirely free from the adulterations used in the sale of Wines and Liquors with which the country is flooded.

These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Disease, and should be used by all who live in a country where there are sudden changes of weather, or where Chills and Fevers are prevalent. Being entirely innocent and harmless, they may be given freely to Children and Infants with impunity.

Physicians, Clergymen, and temperance advocates, as a set of humanity, should assist in spreading these truly valuable BITTERS over the land, and thereby especially aid in banishing Drunkenness and Disease.

In all Affections of the Head, Sick Headache, or Nervous Headache, Dr. Dods' Imperial Wine Bitters will be found to be most Salutary and Effectious.

PREPARED.

The many certificates which have been tendered us, and the pictures which we are daily receiving are sure to prove a blessing among the women to whom Bitters have given satisfaction which no others however cheap before. No women in the land should be without them—and those who once use them will not fail to keep a supply.

DR. J. BOVEE DODS'
Imperial Wine Bitters

Are prepared by an eminent and skilful physician who has used them successfully in his practice for the last twenty five years. The proprietor, before purchasing the exclusive right to manufacture and sell Dr. J. Bovee Dods' Celebrated Imperial Wine Bitters, had them tested by two distinguished medical practitioners who pronounced them a valuable remedy for disease.

Although the medical men of the country, as a general thing disapprove of Patent Medicines, yet we do not believe that a respectable Physician can be found in the United States, acquainted with their medical properties, who will not highly approve DR. J. BOVEE DODS'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS

In all newly settled places, where there is always a large quantity of decaying timber from which a poisonous miasma is created, these bitters should be used every morning before breakfast.

DR. J. BOVEE DODS'
Imperial Wine Bitters

Are composed of a pure and unadulterated Wine, combined with Barberry, Solomon's Seal, Cowitry, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, Spikenard, Chamomile Flowers, and Gentian. They are manufactured by Dr. Dods himself, who is an experienced and successful Physician, and hence should not be classed among the quack nostrums which flood the country, and against which the Medical Profession are so justly prejudiced.

These truly valuable bitters have been a thoroughly tried by a large class of the community located in every variety of disease, incident to the human system, that they are now deemed indispensable as a

Tonic Medicine and a Beverage.

It Costs but Little! Purify the Blood. Give Tone to the Stomach! Rejuvenate the System! and Prolong Life!

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE, 6 BOTTLES FOR $5.

Prepared and sold by

CHARLES WIDDIFIELD & Co.,

Sole Proprietors,

78 William Street, New York.

For sale in Westminster by Henry L. Shreve, and E. L. Boring, and by druggists and groceries generally throughout the country. Aug 23.—ly.

EAGLE HOTEL,

TANEYTOWN, Md.

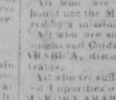
SAMUEL B. EPPLEY,
Proprietor,

(SUCCESSOR OF SAMUEL L. LINAH.)

is prepared to entertain his friends and the public with every requisite found in a good Hotel. Boarders taken by the year, month or week. Good Stabling. The proprietor solicits a call, and warrants to give full satisfaction.

April 6,—1y.

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING.



HAVING removed from Baltimore to Westminster, West End, nearly opposite Mr. Yingling's Store, I will continue the Millinery and Dressmaking business. I respectfully solicit a call, and will spare no pains to please. I will also keep for sale Bonnets, Ribbons, Crapes, Silks, Bonnet Laces, Flowers, &c., at the cheapest rates.

Ap. 26—1y. MISS ELIZA WOODS.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY,

FOR THE CURE OF

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE

MAKORA ARABICA,

DISCOVERED BY A

MISSIONARY,

WHILE TRAVELING IN ARABIA.

All who are suffering from Consumption should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are afflicted with Bronchitis should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

All who are suffering from Asthma Scrofula or Impurities of the Blood should use the MAKORA ARABICA, discovered by a missionary in Arabia.

It cures Consumption.

It cures Bronchitis.

It cures Sore Throat, Coughs and Colds

It cures Asthma, Scrofula, and Impurities of the Blood.

The unparalleled remedy is now for the first time introduced to the public.

It was providentially discovered by a missionary while traveling in Arabia. He was cured of Consumption by its use after his case was pronounced hopeless by learned physicians in Europe.

We have in our possession in writing, a full account of this wonderful cure, and as soon as we receive the cures which have come under his observation, and also a full account of the medicine

A sense of duty, and impelled by a desire to lend a knowledge of this remedy to the world, we have by this communication principally to place it within reach of the afflicted, believing that those who are suffering as we were, which he obtained from those who were suffering in that awful tragedy.

This pamphlet may be obtained at our office, or it will be sent free by mail to all who apply for it.

We import the MAKORA ARABICA direct from Smyrna through the house of Cleon & Sylipos, and we have always on hand a full supply put up in bottles ready for use with full directions.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, and 24 cents for postage. For sale wholesale and retail by

LEEDS, GILMORE & CO.,
Importers of Drugs and Medicines,
51 Liberty St., N. Y.

AND BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

March 15,—1y.

BALTIMORE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1852. CHARTERED 1854

LOCATED

Corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, Baltimore, Md.

THE Largest, Most Elegantly Furnished and Popular Commercial College in the United States. Designed expressly for the Young Man desiring to obtain a THOROUGH PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION in the shortest possible time and at the least expense.

A large and Beautiful Ornamented Circular, containing upwards of SIX SQUARE FEET, with SPECIMEN OF PENMANSHIP, and a Large Engraving (the finest of the kind ever made in this country) representing the Interior View of the College, with Catalogue stating terms, &c., will be sent to Every Young Man on application Free of Charge.

Write immediately and you will receive package by return mail. Address

E. K. LOSIER, Baltimore, Md.

Feb. 1, 1861.

DR. MARKLEY'S
HEALTH RESTORATIVE
BALSAM.

THE greatest remedy for the cure of ... Liver Complaint, Piles, Constipation, ... General Debility, Jaundice, Fevers and all ... arising from a torpid liver, weak and ... ach, and impure blood. It is the best

Blood Searcher

known, and as a liver medicine it is ... stitute for that deleterious drug mercury ... taken by any person and under any circumstances.

From the extended reputation of this ... obtained by its certainty of eradicating ... diseases affecting mankind, and which puzzle the Medical Profession generally, the proprietor ... due to the public and to the afflicted to make ... more extensively known.

Read the following testimonials. The ... from a respectable citizen of Westminster, Md.

Westminster, March ...

Mr. W. L. Baker,—Dear Sir:—I ... you a certificate as to the efficacy ... Markley's Balsam and Cathartic Pills. ... collection for more than nine years, ... most kind of dyspepsia and after ... that I could think of without recalling ... almost completed of being cured. ... whilst stopping in Pipe Creek, this ... I obtained three bottles Balsam and three ... and after using the first bottle I found ... of Pills. I can with truth say that I am ... cured, and feel as well as I ever did in ... have not had a symptom of a return of ... disease, or one day's sickness. I feel ... give this certificate for publication ... When afflicted may be induced to try those ... medicines, and be cured also.

Yours Respectfully, ADAM ...

[Extract of a Letter, dated]

JUDAH SHOEL, Lynching Co., Pa., July ...

Dr. Markley—Dear Sir:—Some ... called upon our father for medicine ... perting my complaint which was ... Scrofula or Consumption by Physicians ... to attend me. After consulting ... he gave me the Balsam, Febrifuge, ... Pectoral, and in addition to this ... plete by restored to health, and ... Truly Yours, A. P. ...

[Ext