American Sentinel.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

MY COUNTRY.

BY CLARA MORRISON.

What shall I do for thee, my land,
In this thy hour of need?
Thy cry goes up unto the skies,
And shall I take no heed?

Shall all my nights be spent in rest,
And all my days in ease,
While thousands sleep in tented fields,
Beneath the wintry breeze?

And thousands move by silent hearths,
Await the battle cry?
The keenest suffering in war
Is not for those who die.

Oh, God! to think of all the woe
Beneath the mourner's roof!
The days of sick'ning, and suspense,
That herald in the truth!

Oh, God! to think of all the tears
That drench this hapless land,
From Mississippi's whirling course
To broad Atlantic's strand!

Oh, mothers, wives and sisters,
Who wait the tidings dread,
I would my country might be saved,
And you should weep no dead!

But did I count as many sons
As did CORNELIA bold,
I'd gird myself their weapons on,
And speed them from my fold!

My eyes are full of gath'ring tears,
But not for those away:
Alas! that I've not one to send,
To fight our cause to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Too Good to Keep.

An afflicted lady, according to her own account, had, a year before, during the performance of her toilet, taken into her throat one of the bristles of her tooth-brush. This bristle had stuck in the top of the gullet, and set up an irritation, which, she was convinced, was killing her. She had been from one surgeon of eminence to another, and everywhere in London and in the country the faculty had assured her that she was only the victim of delusion—that her throat was in a perfectly healthy condition—that the disturbance existed only in her own imagination. "And so they go on, the stupid obstinate, perverse, unfeeling creatures," concluded the poor lady, "saying there is nothing the matter with me, while I am—dying—dying—dying!" "Allow me my dear," said the adroit surgeon, in reply, "to inspect for myself—carefully—the state of your throat." The inspection was made gravely, and at much length. "My dear Miss ———," resumed the surgeon, when he concluded his examination," you are quite right, and Sir Benjamin Bodie and Sir James Clark are wrong. I can see the head of the bristle low down, almost out of sight; and if you will allow me to run home for my instruments, I'll forthwith extract it for you." The adroit man retired, and in a few minutes returned to the room, armed with a very delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a pick—a loud scream and 'twas all over; and the surgeon with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures at a result that proved that she was right, and Sir Benjamin Bodie was wrong.—She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her savior" as she persisted in calling the dextrous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude, she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune. The fact that the young surgeon was already married was an insuperable obstacle to this arrangement. But other proofs of gratitude the lady lavishly showered upon him. She compelled him to accept a carriage and horses, a service of plate and a new house. Unfortunately, the lucky fellow could not keep his own counsel. Like Samson with Delilah, he imparted the secret of his cunning to the wife of his bosom; she confided it to Louisa Clarissa, her especial friend, who had been her bridemaid; Louisa Clarissa, told it under the vows of inviolable secrecy to six other particular friends; and the six other friends—base, unworthy girls!—told it to all the world. Ere long the story came round to the lady herself. Then what a storm arose! She was in a transport of fury. It was of no avail for the surgeon to remind her that he had unquestionably raised her from a pitiable condition to health and happiness. That mattered not." He had tricked, fooled, bamboozled her!—She would not forvive him, she would pursue him with undying vengeance, she would ruin him! The writer of these pages is happy to know that the surgeon hero spoken of, whose prosperous career has been adorned by much genuine benevolence, though unforgiven, was not ruined.

Wisdom from the Mouths of Babes.

The Albany correspondent "Boz" of the Syracuse Courier gives us a little instructive incident:—

The greatest rebuke I ever heard given for profane swearing, was administered to a New Yorker, by a little candy boy, at the Delavan House, yesterday. As several of us Syracusians were in conversation at the Delavan, an Albany boy of about seven years came up to vend his candies. His intelligence and remarkable precociousness of manner attracted our attention, when a prominent New Yorker came up and said, "Bub, by ——, if you will come home with me, I'll educate you." The child looked up in the New Yorker's face with extreme contempt and replied, "Sir, I would not go or live with any gentleman who uses profane language." The cutting rebuke drove the New Yorker from the room with a crimson face, when the little christian received a profusion of quarters from the astonished spectators who had heard with satisfaction the moral retort from the lips of an innocent child.

TWO KINDS OF CHARITY.

BY W. HOWARD PERRIGO.

'Twas near the close of a cheerless day in January. The snow lay deep upon the streets, and the wind whistled fiercely through the thoroughfares of the great city, whirling the frozen snow in the faces of the pedestrians, as they hurried along with heads bowed, to shield them from the cutting blast.—Some, released from their day's toil, were hurrying to the saloons—some home to their cheerful firesides, and some, alas, who had no homes, were hurrying they knew not whither!

Mr. James Erving sat rubbing his hands over the blaze of a glorious fire, in his counting-room; several clerks were seated at desks around the room, engaged in their respective tasks. Mr. Erving was in a most excellent humor, for he had just closed a bargain which would clear him a cool thousand.

The door bell rings—a clerk arises, opens it, and in walks a couple of middle-aged gentlemen. The complacent Mr. Erving arises, and with a most obsequious bow requests them to be seated.

"No thank you," said the elder individual of the two, drawing a paper from the breast pocket of his coat, as he spoke. "We have been appointed by the "Foreign Benevolent Aid Society," for converting the heathens, to solicit contributions to further the work.—Knowing of your charity, we have called first on you. For what amount," continued he, pausing to take breath, "shall we put your name down for, Mr. Erving?"

"You flatter me, gentlemen," replied Mr. Erving. "But I like to encourage benevolent institutions; you may put me down for two hundred dollars."

"I am really surprised, Mr. Erving, at the munificence of your gift; and although from what we have heard of your charity had been led to suppose you would do "something handsome," we neither of us had any idea of receiving half so much. The society shall be informed of this, and public thanks tendered to you. Good evening, Mr Erving," said each of the gentlemen, as they walked from the room.

"Good evening, gentlemen," returned Mr. Erving, as he seated himself with a complacent smile by the fireside.

Half an hour passes, and again the door-bell rings. This time Mr Erving arises, goes to the door and opens it.—Upon the step stands a young man of some twenty-two years of age; there are the traces of a late illness upon his features—his cheeks are cadaverous, and pale, his eyes sunken, yet in them gleams the light of intelligence; and a something in his bearing and voice is there which tells that he has seen better days.

"Well, what do you want here?" inquired Mr. Erving, in tones very different from his usual bland and insinuating voice after surveying the stranger for a moment as he stood shivering with cold on the door step.

"I seek employment, sir," he replied.

"I wish to employ no one," hastily said Mr. Erving.

"I will do anything—I will work for my board, and put up with anything, so that I have bread and a roof to cover me at night. I have been ill for some time; my means are all expended, and," continued he, as his pale cheek flushed, "I have no place save the street in which to pass the night."

"Go to the poor-house—that's the proper place for you; I never employ paupers, said the benevolent Mr. Erving, as he closed the door in the face of him who asked but leave to toil for a scanty pittance—just sufficient to keep soul and body together.

Three hours later, Mr. Erving has left his place of business, and, seated by the blazing hearth of his home, he listens to his wife as she recounts with pride the amount of aid which the sewing circle of which she is a member has sent to the "Benevolent Aid Society." for converting the heathens of the South Sea Islands, in the shape of blankets, flannel shirts, and knit night-caps. As she concludes, he says:

"My dear, I this evening gave two hundred dollars for the same benevolent purpose. I have been thinking of it this evening; and think it would be good policy for you to give some fifty or a hundred dollars also, it will be the means of my business increasing, and will return to us four fold.

Soon it was all over the city that Mr Erving, the rich banker, had given two hundred dollars to the "Benevolent Aid Society." The minister spoke of it after service the ensuing Sunday, and exhorted others to emulate his charity.

Reader mind, the picture is not overdrawn—there are many, very many just such men as Mr. Erving.

A Thrilling Romance.

Chapter I.—She stood beside the altar, with a wreath of rose buds upon her head—upon her back the richest kind of duds—her lover stood beside her with white kids, dickey clean—the last was twenty-one years old, the fust was seventeen. The parson's job was over—every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, and danced and laughed and cried. The last kiss had been given and the last word had been said, and the happy pair had simmered down, and the last guest had fled.

* * * * * * *

Chapter II.—She stood beside the washtub, with her red hands in the suds, and at her slip shod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds—her husband stood beside her—the orneriest man alive—the last, twenty-nine years old and the fust was twenty-five. The heavy wash was over, and the clothes hung out to dry—and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye. Tom had been spanked, and supper made upon a crust of bread, and the bride and bridegroom went grumbling off to bed.

Secession Women.

Not here alone, does the Secession epidemic fall like a blight upon the head and the heart of its female victims.—Wherever they who are seized with it dwell, it appears to have the same demoniac influence upon them—lowering all the instincts of their nature, and transforming their better impulses into an utter disregard of all that is pure, noble and lovely. A correspondent of *The New York Times* writing from Nashville, says:

"As General Grant and staff were riding through the city they passed slowly by a costly carriage, out of one of whose windows was thrust the head of an elegantly dressed lady. She was giving some directions to the liveried darkey that held the reins; but looking up as the party passed, she caught sight of the Union uniforms. With a 'laugh!' as if she had swallowed a toad, she spat toward the ground, and with a contemptuous and expressive grimace of disgust upon her features, drew in her head, and threw herself back in her carriage.—Quite possibly such movements are the very height of Southern breeding—further North, in the land of Yankees, and wooden clocks, a woman who would perpetrate an act of the kind, under similar circumstances, would be regarded—well, to use a convenient every-day expression, as "no better than she should be"—a somebody closely akin to, if not the identical scarlet feminine spoken of in Revelations.

Occasionally I met other specimens of Nashville ladies, who, in many cases supposing me to be a soldier, from the possession of a blue overcoat, described upon meeting a wide semicircle of avoidance, swinging, as they did so, their abundant skirts, with a contemptuous flirt far out, as if the very touch of a blue coat would be contamination. And then the angle at which the noses of the naughty darlings went up, and the extent to which their lips and eyes went down were not the least interesting portion of these little by-plays, and assisted materially in showing the exquisite breeding of these amiable demoiselles."

A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes from the same city.—"The best illustration of the uniformental and moral lowness to which those seized with the Secession epidemic are reduced is furnished by the change of even woman's natural gentleness and refinement into vulgar passion and virulent hatred. The exhibitions of a diabolical disposition towards Union soldiers by the hooped Rebels of Baltimore and St. Louis afford striking corroborations of this. Counterparts to them have been freely enacted in this city since its occupation by the loyal soldiery.—While the men mostly recognise the force of circumstances, and either from fear or prudence, abstain from making open manifestations of their malice, the women bear such not only in their hearts but also upon their tongues. Since they recovered from the first fright at the appearance of the 'invaders,' and, satisfied of their forbearance, ventured to show themselves at windows and upon the streets, they improve every possible opportunity to insult whatever bluecoats come within range of their spitefulness. Instances of their efforts in this direction are related to me daily by officers and privates. In their revolting bitterness and indecency, they surpass even the achievements of the Baltimore sympathizers. Some of these revealed an utter loss of self-respect that I was loth to credit. But some incidents have come under my own observation that made me believe these female dastards to be capable of almost anything. I have seen full grown girls stick out their tongues at passing soldiers. I have seen women dressed in the height of fashion deliberately wheel about on the sidewalks, when happening to meet troops marching through the city, and keep their backs turned until they had moved past. On one occasion I even saw an infuriated matron lift up a young boy in her arms and tell him to spit at the 'Yankees' and hurrah for Jefferson Davis. Another loudly called soldiers '*stinking*' Abolitionists' within my hearing. What can be expected of a people whose women have sunk so deep?"

Old Men.

How I love them. How I love to see their dim eyes glisten and brighten at the remembrance of some boyish freak long forgotten by all on earth but themselves, or grow dim with tears at the thought of some loved and lost one, some friends they count among their treasures. Each feeble step is nearer to the end now, and every silver hair a cord which binds them to the grave.

How I love my old grandfather; he was an old man, almost to the allotted three score and ten, when I first remember him, when I used to sit on his knee while he told me the wonderful stories, of genii and fairies, and lent me his knife with its rough horn handle, and showed me how to open his curiously fitted tobacco box, and sung to me "Old China" and "Windham." Oh how I loved to hear the old man sing.

And the last time I went to see him in his city home, how his lip trembled as he kissed me and bade me good bye. "Be a good girl, Hope, and don't forget me. In the summer I am coming out to see you, I want to see the old D—— once more, the river and the hills, and the little old house I lived in so long.—I shall come in the summer."

Poor old man! when the June roses were blooming and the villa was dressed in its summer mantle, he did come, but the faded eyes were closed and the weary limbs were at rest, and that still Sabbath morning we laid him quietly down beneath the oak tree and left him there alone.

And ten years has he laid there, and the sod is green above him, and in the autumn sunlights, the tall ripe grass bend their yellow heads to the pale blue asters and seem to whisper, "it is not to the end."

THE MAN OF STEAL.

In days when old Democracy
Ruled in place of powers that be,
There lived a Minister of War
Whose fame has been recorded far;
A man of *steal*, a hero great,
A fox at home, a knave in State,
With ready hand to operate,
And much from little to create,
And cunning to conceal.

A man with weighty cares annoyed
Was the great schemer, John B. Floyd;
He fingered light the public purse,
And then went on from bad to worse;
Stole U. Stearns and many a reel;
Robbed the mints of the Commonweal;
Robbed all with whom he had to deal,
And when he had no more to steal,
He stole himself away!

Then straight to Dixie's Land he went,
With wrathful mood and soul intent,
To bear Secessia's battle brunt—
Th' invader's onset to confront,
But war he found to be no sport
When death around him held its court,
And cannon belched their loud report
That Donelson was not *his fort*,
And so he stole away.

Whither has fled the gallant (?) Floyd?
Is he by richer spoils decoyed,
Or would he prove his fustian true,
And cheat the hangman of his due?
Perchance he thinks, as well he may,
(Perverting thus the minstrel lay,)
That he who steals awhile away
May live to steal another day,
And thus his fund improve.

Impregnable Positions.

No position that our armies have yet taken ought to have been captured, the Rebels being judges. Hatteras Inlet, Hilton Head, Fort Henry, Roanoke Island, Fort Donelson, New Madrid and Newbern, were all pronounced by their authorities utterly impregnable. But when the Union forces moved seriously forward to the work, they took them, all the prophecies to the contrary notwithstanding. Manassas, Bowling Green and Columbus, Winchester and Fort Clinch, were said to be so strongly fortified that they could laugh at all the forces of the world. But they have been ingloriously left for us to occupy at our leasure, without the firing of a gun or the loss of a man. Yet the same kind of boasting is still kept up by the Rebel press. Every old position which they occupy—every new position to which they retreat—is pronounced impregnable. Like the Bourbons, it would seem that they can never learn and never forget anything. They have been so long accustomed to this vain glorious boasting that they will continue it even in that famous last ditch in which the last of the chivalry is to die.

But what will be the effect of this on their own people by and by? Twelve of their impregnable positions have been taken by force, or have been evacuated from a military necessity just in time to avoid a forcible capture. Will not the deluded masses at the South at last begin to open their eyes to the real weakness of the Rebel cause, and to the shameful mendacity of the Rebel leaders? They have already a dozen good reasons for doubting the impregnability of my position which they may occupy. It will scarcely require another dozen to convince them fully that our forces can take any of their positions when they really want it, and bend their energies to its capture. Each impregnable position taken adds new lustre to our arms. It fills the hearts of our forces with hope, and the hearts of the Rebels with dismay, on each new advance. Thus it makes new conquests more easy, and foreshadows the inevitable end.

Who Wants to be an Editor?

Some people think it a big thing to be an editor. Well, perhaps it is—but we don't see it. A fellow is dead-headed into circuses and concerts, and rides on a few railroads free, but that one fact destroys nearly all of the pleasure.—When we had to scrimp for a week to get a dollar to buy a seat at the opera, the delight experienced was proportioned to the sacrifice of money it cost us.—When you can ride on a railroad for nothing you don't care a snap about going at all; and so on. An editor occasionally gets presents, but they are nine times out of ten articles that are of no sort of use to him. In his paper he may say forty good things unapplauded, but if he happens, through some carelessness or mistake, to get off an obnoxious paragraph, he catches——from the entire community. If he omits anything he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people are mad. If he glosses over—smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet.—If he does, he is a rattlehead, wants stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion.—If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man he does so to gratify spite—is a tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard—if he does not, his paper is insipid. They put Job through a pretty hard course of sprouts, according to Holy Writ, but there is no record of his being obliged to serve as an editor of a country paper. That would doubtless have been more than even his patience could have withstood. He probably, in such a case, would have taken the advice of his friends—cursed, and died.—*Dubuque Times.*

☞A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with the English language, being introduced to a circle of ladies and gentlemen at Boston, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady, and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her (his countenance however, expressed the emotions of his heart) he seized her by the hand. She requested him to be easy, which he mistook for the French word *laisez* (kiss me,) and began kissing her, to the great mirth of the whole company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to the unanimous determination never to say "be easy" to a Frenchman.

A Sensible Letter.

The following is said to be part of a letter from a Louisiana Major to his sister in New Orleans, picked up at the battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas:

"DEAR SISTER CARRIE: You asked me in your last letter what I thought of the prospects of our dearly beloved cause. To be candid, I have very little hope for its success now, though last December I felt confident we would be recognized by the coming June. I don't like the Yankees a bit; I have been educated to hate them, and I do hate them, heartily; but I must acknowledge the South has been sadly mistaken in their character. We have always believed that the Yankees would not fight for anything like a principle; and that they had no chivalry, no poetry, in their nature. Perhaps they have not; but that they are brave determined persevering, they have proved beyond a question.

The trouble with them is that they never get tired of any thing. They lost all the battles at first, and after Manassas we despised them. This year has inaugurated a new order of affairs. We are beaten at all points. We do nothing but surrender and evacuate; and while I hate the Lincolnites more than ever, I respect them—I cant help it—for their dogged obstinacy, and the slow but steady manner in which they carry out their plans.

I have lost heart in our cause. There is something wrong somewhere. Jeff Davis and our political leaders are either knaves or fools. They drew us into our present difficulties, and now have no way of showing us out of them.

If the South had known what would have been the result of Secession, no State unless South Carolina, would have gone out of the Union. We all thought we could go out in peace, I know I did, and laughed at the idea of the North attempting to keep us in the Union by force of arms."

Pleasant Neighborhoods.

One's pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play, or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert go to make a pleasant neighborhood of those who live for comfort instead of show.—Sad, indeed, some morning, on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at night-fall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window pane, watching for the 'dear papa' who has gone to his long home.

A Comfortable Establishment.

The domains of the Duke of Devonshire would cover one of our largest counties. The park immediately surrounding the palace is eleven miles in circumference, and contains 3,000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, greenhouses, &c., is 25 acres.—There are 30 greenhouses, each from 50 to 85 feet long. We went into three containing nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach tree on the glass wall measures 51 feet in width, and 15 feet high, and bears 1,000 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grapehouses, five or six in all, are 600 feet long, and such grapes? We saw pineapples weighing ten or fifteen pounds each. One green-house had only figs, another only mushrooms. But what shall be said of the great conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants? It is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, and is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot water pipe, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year. We saw banana trees twenty feet high, with clusters of fruit, sugar cane, coffee trees, bamboo, and in short every tropical plant that can be named. Several of the palm trees are from fifty to sixty feet high.—The smoke of the immense fire underneath is carried in pipes underground. One fountain throws a jet of water to the height of 275 feet.

☞In Saratoga County, New York, an old farmer—an old hunks he was—got out a warrant, and had four boys taken up for stealing a lot of goose-fore-nothing pincknot, which they wanted to use for torches when they went to spear eels. The boys induced a lawyer named Bothersome to get them off if possible. The case was a plain one, and it was clear that the Justice would send the boys to jail and fine them for the property. The lawyer went on to say:

"I want every word of my plea to be written down by your honor. I demur and shall put in a plea of *Debonis Asportatus*, with matter that requires a plea of *Lirenum Tenementum*" (by this time the squire's pen dropped); "and I specially demur on the ground that it insufficiently describes the *Locus in quo*, and demand a judgment of *Respondias Ouster* with a *Remitter*."

The old farmer was frightened and said, "I withdraw the case." The Justice was confounded, and dismissed it.

A Philosophic Negro.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from the Cumberland river, gives a humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic African.—He says:

"I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting himself against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle and part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Fallstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words, as near as my memory serves me:

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it sa"

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, and would hab run sooner, had I known it war comin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage"

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—cookin's my perfesshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worth to a man wid de bref out ob him? Self-preserbashun am de fust law wid me."

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

Learn to Use Tools.

First own them, and then use them. Some farmers look upon a jack-plane as a mystery. They never suppose it proper for a farmer to own a set of bits and a stock. He is regarded crazy who undertakes to 'lay out' with 'scratch and square' a frame. It is heresy to add to one's understanding by the use of the shoe-hammer, awl, pegs and a piece of leather—in other words, to 'tap one's boots.'

Few men have ever learned how to hoop a barrel, or make a new head for the same. If the plow-horse needs three nails in a shoe he must be sent from one to four miles, at a great loss of time.—Keep the nails on hand and learn how to use them. Better to pay a skillful blacksmith five dollars to show you how to do it, than not to know how.

Accumulate a set of tools. Handle them. Use them every opportunity.—What if the first piece of work is botched? The first mechanics were botchers at first. It should be a part of the education of man to know how to handle tools.

It is an axiom that a trouble recedes as it is boldly faced, and as one advances to meet it. The mystery of the use of tools will soon cease as we familiarize ourselves with them.

Happiness.

A Laundress, who was employed in the family of a governor, said to him with a sigh. "Only think, your Excellency, how small a sum of money would make me happy." "How little madam?" said the governor. "Oh! dear sir, twenty pounds would make me perfectly happy." "Then I will send it to you to-morrow; understanding that that amount will make your happiness perfect." "I thank you, and assure you it will," she said, and took her departure. She was no sooner outside the door than she thought she might as well have asked and received forty; so she stepped back, saying, "*Please make it forty.*" "Ah! I am released," said the governor, "you have proved that the twenty would not make you happy; nor would any other sum."

Gas from Petroleum.

The Toronto Globe gives an account of further experiments in the manufacture of gas from crude petroleum, which are being made with great apparent success in that city. The flames of the coal oil gas were shown to be larger and more brilliant than that of the coal gas, although the burners were all of equal size and the pressure was stated to be the same in both cases. One would hardly believe that gas of such pure quality could be produced from coal oil, and that, too, in its unrectified state. The operation by which the result is achieved is very simple, and the machinery is not so elaborate and costly as that required to make coal gas. It is also said that it is manufactured at a saving of 75 per cent.

☞A curious case of domestic trouble has just transpired in the well-to-do circles of Chicago. The wife of ex-Alderman Harris, being desirous of procuring a divorce from him, sought a married woman named Mrs. Bellows, and agreed to pay her between $200 and $400, if she would entice the above Mr. Harris to her room, under circumstances which would enable her, Mrs. Harris, to procure a divorce. Mrs. Bellows nominally consented, while Mrs. Harris paid her $100 on the bargain. Mr. Harris went to the room of Mrs. Bellows, where, as once told, a friend was concealed, and Mrs. Bellows slipped a night dress over her other clothing, preparatory to retiring, when the door was opened and the intriguing wife burst into the apartment, to confound her erring husband. But two policemen were also present, who immediately arrested her on charge of conspiracy.

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.

The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Certain, Speedy and only Effectual Remedy in the World for Weakness 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, Disease 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.

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 improper habits than by the prudent? Besides being deprived the pleasure of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Deranged, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame Coughs, Consumption, &c.

Office No. 7, South Frederick Street

Left hand side going from Baltimore street a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. Be particular in observing the name and number, or you will mistake the place.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.
No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

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, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness being alarmed at a sudden sound, bashfulness, 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, unfitting 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, Dyspepsia, 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 emaciated; having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

DR. JOHNSTON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy.—Weakness of the Organs is specdily 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 Disqualification, 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 nightly felt, 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 consequence 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 requisition to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, 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 melancholly reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed 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, fitch 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 frightful rapidity till death puts a period to this 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 on the reply and direct in the following manner: Dr. J. M. JOHNSTON, of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. May 17—y.

WILCOX & GIBBS,
SEWING MACHINES.

PRICE WITH HEMMER AND FELLER,

$35 00.

THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN.

Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread.

It forms a flat, even, and elastic seam, which is WARRANTED not to rip in wear, even if the seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also under all circumstances "TO SERVE THE WASH-TUB."

A Patented device of great utility to learners, prevents the possibility of the machine being run in the wrong direction, or the balance-wheel wearing a lady's dress.

Another feature which deserves particular attention is its 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 are 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 at about half the price of the other first class machines, they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.

"It is emphatically the good, low priced Family Sewing Machine that the public have long been waiting for."—Boston Transcript.

"It is indeed a wonderful production, and for family use especially, no other will bear any comparison with it."—Philadelphia Evening Journal.

"A mechanical wonder."—Scientific American.

"Among the best and most serviceable Sewing machines. Light and elegantly finished, and so simple in its construction that it seems almost impossible for it to get out of repair."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Has combined with its own peculiar merits all the really valuable improvements of the higher priced machines."—Pennsylvanian.

"This machine, in the opinion of the committee, fills more nearly the requirements of a perfect family machine than any exhibition."—Franklin Institute Exhibition Report of 1858.

"Taking into consideration simplicity, cheapness, durability, and doing all work, the committee were unanimously in favor of the Wilcox & Gibbs as a single thread machine."—Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society's Report.

"We must, in justice, express our confidence in the merits of the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing machine. We consider that a great desideratum has been supplied by it, proving, beyond doubt, that two threads are not as was supposed, necessary to a good instrument."—Christian Advocate and Journal, June 21, 1860.

"We have one of these machines in use, and think more highly of it than of any of the number we have tried."—Richmond Whig.

The undersigned, Missionary to Constantinople, has examined more than twenty-five different kinds of Sewing Machines, and after some six weeks' experience with Wilcox & Gibbs' Patent, he has purchased one of them, as the best adapted to the wants of his family, and as the least liable to need repair. OLIVER CRANE.

Boston, July 3, 1860.

The undersigned, during eighteen months, has had in almost constant use, in his family, a Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, upon which has been made the clothes of his large family—from muslin to pilot cloth—including the clothing required for his several boys; and in no case have the seams failed, although in hard service. The machine now in use in his family has required no repair, and is, in all respects, well appointed, efficient and durable. JACOB CHICKERING, Boston.

☞Send for a Circular.☜

JAMES WILCOX, Manufacturer,
No. 508 Broadway, New York,
Aug. 23.—y. Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

Notice of Personal Discharge.

ON application by petition in writing of JOHN HOWS, of Carroll County, to the Circuit Court for Carroll