American Sentinel

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1,566 — 'BE JUST AND FEAR NOT—LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S' — NEW

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

"THUS SAITH THE LORD. I OFFER THEE THREE THINGS."

In poisonous dens, where traitors hide
Like bats that fear the day,
While all the land our charters claim,
Is sweating blood and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's woe and shame,
The recreants whisper STAY!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On Love's own altars glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear
The wife, the sister checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer,
Soldier of Freedom, GO!

In halls where luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,
The dreamer, startled from his couch,
Wrings a few counters from his pouch,
And murmurs faintly, WAIT!

In weary camps, on trampled plains
That ring with fife and drum,
The battling host, whose harness gleams
Along the crimson-flowing streams
Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,
We want you, Brother! COME!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do,
To go, to wait, to stay!
Sons of the Freedom-loving town,
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
The servile yoke, the civic crown
Await your choice To DAY!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet unsullured brow,
If Heaven should lose and Hell should win,
On whom shall lie the material sin,
Whose record *it might have been?*
God calls you—answer NOW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My reader, I have set some minutes with my pen suspended in the air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point—I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forrester's exquisite sketches was entitled 'Lucy Dutton.'

Now it happened that the real name of the heroine of the 'owre true tale' which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright, compel her to wear a *nomme de guerre*, because my sister authoress gave the true name to one of her ideal creation? Shall I sacrifice truth to delicacy? that's the question 'No!' You said no, did you not? Then Lucy Dutton let it be.

Some forty years ago, in the interior of my beautiful native State of New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winningly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its serious and nun-like serenity were concealed an impassionable nature and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood 'or a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a 'born beauty' whose prerogative of pertness was to have her own way in all things and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother—and an idolizing sister, had unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so detestable as in a beautiful woman.

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well-read New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in that half settled part of the country. In those days many engaged in school teaching, for the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle to take the charge of a school some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon, there came a change; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gayety or dreamy sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart.—Lucy loved, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time, that second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mist of the morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not be forgotten in the home of the absent, and a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parents' approval of her choice, to become the betrothed of Edwin W—, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's what an absorbing and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving, what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and now heaven descends in a sudden star shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from its bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood, and, taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcome and festivities awaited them. Mr. W—— gave entire satisfaction to the father, mother, and even to the exacting 'beauty.' He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion; but in manner, and apparently in character the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home until after the marriage, which, at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated within two months, and on the birth day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W—— to ——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The bridal day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surprising loveliness; the busy hoars had worn away, and now it was nigh sunset and neither bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal ornaments lay on the table by her side Miss Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright eyed, affectionate hearted girl, her chosen friend from her earliest childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy smiled and replied.

'Oh, something has happened to detain them awhile; we heard from them the other day and all was well. They will certainly be here by and by, never fear.'

Evening came, the guests were assembled, and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whispers, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety over the face of the bride elect. At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.

'They have come!' cried many voices, and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused enquiries of all around him, Mr. W—— muttered something about 'unavoidable delay,' and stepping up to the sideboard tossed off a glass of wine, another and another.—The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed:—

'Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride'

W—— strode hastily across the room placed himself by Ellen and took her hand in his! Then without daring to meet the eye of any body about him, he said—

'I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married The lady whom I now hold by the hand is my wife.'

Then turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added: 'I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter.'

And Lucy! She heard all with a strange calmness, then walking steadily forward confronted her betrayers.—Terrible, as pale as Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her looks pierced like a keen cold blade into their false hearts As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down on her arm—but touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek —the dilated nostril, the quivering lip and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrific silence of the one he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead and first gave vent to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged at W——, but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of her parents; and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by honor and never told his love, until, when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment he revealed it, and the avowal had called forth the answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought best, in order to save 'pain to Lucy,' and prevent the opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C——.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours When she revived, and apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence.—This continued for many weeks. When it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief that her reason had fled—that she was hopelessly insane! But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceful as ever, but frequently sighed and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity which all who knew her must recollect; this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of men She seemed possessed of the spirit of unrest. She was continually escaping from her friends, they knew not whither.

While her parents lived they by their watchful care and unwearied efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity, but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless, and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy summers, tramp, tramp, tramp—no rest for her of the crushed heart and crazed brain.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the woods by the wayside. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet, no; her meek and child piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down in the chaos of her spirit, the smile of his love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not afraid. Her Bible went with her everywhere a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my dear reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in 'purple and gold,' and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

* * * * * * *

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a cold bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the town of C——. It stopped at the alms house; an attenuated form was lifted up and carried in, and the wagon rumbled away. Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had long sustained her in her weary wanderings, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the West; so Lucy had no friends, no home but the alms house.

One day, about a week from the time of arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, but at night she was evidently better, and for the first time she slept tranquilly till morning. The matron who was by her bedside when she awoke was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own, but she smiled and bid the invalid 'Good Morning.'—Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to reassure her, and she exclaimed:

'Where am I, and who are you?—I do not know you.'

A wild surmise flushed across the mind of the matron; the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned.—But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

'Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently.'

'Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen,' rejoined the invalid; 'have they come? Oh, I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married!—Strange 'tis that I should dream that.'

'My poor Lucy,' said the matron with a gush of tears, 'that was not a dream; 't'was all true.'

'All true!' cried the invalid; 'then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot be, for he loves me; we loved each other well, and Ellen is my sister. Let me see them; I will go to them.'

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

'What does this mean?' said she; 'what makes me so weak.'

Just then her eyes fell on her own hand—that old and withered hand.—She gazed on it in blank amazement.

'Something is the matter with my sight,' she said smiling faintly, 'for my hand looks like an old woman's.'

'And so it is,' said the matron gently, 'and so is mine; yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young. Dear Lucy do you know me? I am Maria Allen—I was to have been your bridesmaid.'

I cannot say more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing—to reduce to expressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance, since the recent lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made that terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings, but the invalid would say with fearful calmness 'Go on, go on,' though the drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied:

'She has gone before you, and your father also.'

'And my mother?' said Lucy, her face lit up with a sickly ray of hope.

'Your mother has been dead for twenty years'

'Dead! All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh, God, my cup of bitterness is full!' and she wept aloud.

Her friends bent over her, and mingling their tears with hers, said affectionately:

'But you know who drank that cup before you?'

Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added—'The Lord Jesus, you remember him'

A look like sunlight bursting through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman as she replied:

'Oh yes, I knew Him and loved Him before I fell asleep.'

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days, came also. There was much reverential feelings, and some weeping around her deathbed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal. Then they grew still and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her grey haired youth.

Those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her 'Night of Years.'

☞ "Snobbs," said Mrs. Snobbs to her husband, the other day, after the ball, 'Snobbs, why did you dance with every lady in the room, last night, before you noticed me.' 'Why, my dear,' said the devoted Snobbs, 'I was only practicing what we do at the table—reserve the best for the last.'

Sensible Rebel Picket.

Some time ago we had a picket composed of three New Jerseymen. It was in the very advance.

While posted there, a secession sentinel was stationed behind a tree, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile.—The Union boys were astonished to hear him cry out,

'What are you doing there?'

'Making our coffee.'

It is supposed the poor rebel had snuffed the aroma breeze.

'What!' said the rebel, 'real coffee?'

'Yes,' was the answer, 'real coffee—don't you want some?'

After a pause the rebel said;

'Suppose I come over there and lay down my musket, will you let me come back here without hurting me?'

'Yes, come on, we give you our pledge,' was the reply.

Accordingly the secession volunteer came over and swallowed two large cups of coffee, and a good portion of sound bread and meat After he had satisfied himself, he expressed his thanks, pronounced the repast very good, and seemed suddenly impressed with a new idea. Looking upon the well-dressed and comfortable defenders of the old flag at his side, he at last quietly remarked,

'I think I will leave that musket where it is,' and then deliberately surrendered himself.

A Good Joke on the Rebs.

When General Sills' division left Frankfort, Ky., the last thing they did was to remove the two monster cannon from their position on the hills over South Frankfort. Some Union men of Frankfort during the night went over to the spot and planted two *empty beer kegs* in the place of the cannon, and covered them with a tarpaulin. All next day a lot of Morgan's Cavalry were scouting around the kegs, but dared not enter Frankfort for fear of being charged upon. On Wednesday night "our forces" abandoned the kegs, when, as we learn, they made a bold and daring charge on the "tarpaulin beer keg battery,' and captured it without the loss of a man The Captain acknowledged that he had been "sold by the Yanks,' and it was not until that they were aware of the fact that Gen. Sills' whole corps had left Frankfort. Then, as they have always done, they pounced upon an unprotected city. But Gen. Dumont's forces soon let them know that it was not the "battle of the kegs," when he attacked them. It was these men and the two empty beer kegs that kept the rebels from burning *all* the bridges around Frankfort.—*Louisville Democrat.*

A Rich Joke.

Not long since a lot of us—I am a "high private" now—were quartered in several wooden tenements, and in the inner room of one lay the *corpus* of a young secesh officer, awaiting burial.—The news soon spread to a village not far off. Down came tearing a sentimental, and not bad-looking specimen of a Virginia lame.

'Let me kiss him for his mother!' she cried, as I interrupted her progress.—'Do let me kiss him for his mother!'

'Kiss whom?'

'The dear little lieutenant; the one who lies dead within. Pint him out to me, sir, if you please. I never saw him but—oh!'

I led her through a room in which Lieutenant ——, of Philadelphia, lay stretched out on an upturned trough, fast asleep. Supposing him to be the 'article' sought for, she rushed up, and exclaiming, 'Let me kiss him for his mother,' approached her lips to his forehead. What was her amazement when the 'corpse,' ardently clasping its arms around her, returned the salute vigorously, and exclaimed—

'Never mind the old lady Miss; go it on your own account I havn't the slightest objection!'

Sentiment is a fine thing, Mr. Editor, but it should be handled as one handles the spiked guns which the rebels leave behind, loaded with percussion caps—very carefully.—*Continental Monthly.*

Sailing under False Colors.

Buffalo, N. Y., is a patriotic city, if the newspapers tell the truth. The stores are closed at 3 o'clock, p. m., to give the merchants an opportunity to assist in the enlistment movement.—The other day a very tall coarse looking awkward girl was noticed in Main street drawing a little wagon containing a child. 'Hello my girl!' says a chap in search of recruits, 'you'd make a first-rate soldier if you had a pair of breeches!' 'You'd better not talk to me, you impudent feller: if you do I'll call the police!' exclaimed the awkward nurse. 'Hoity, toity, my dear! don't be afraid of me—I shan't carry you off!" says the chap after recruits: 'but I say you really would make a good soldier, and I'm in earnest.' The tall gal did call the police, and accused 'the recruiting fellet' with insulting her. The officer after looking pretty sharp at the tall gal, concluded to take her into custody instead of the man who insulted her.—She was found to be a tall boy in disguise, who, to escape the draft, had turned female and hired himself out as a nurse. At the Police Court he got so frightened at what people said to him that he did actually enlist, and is now on his way to Washington.

☞ "Well, that's always the way with telegraph folks!" exclaimed Mrs. Mellow, "the good news they send us one day is pretty sure to be contradicted the next. Why there's our neighbor, Sally Shute, who got a story as how her husband had been killed in one of the battles, and the day after it was all upset, for it proved to be another man; Gin *me* the old mail stage after all," continued Mrs. Mellow; "if 'twas slow, *'twas surtin.*"

Chinese Ladies.

Shut up within the walls they live, nor do their lords give them much of their society. They never dine together after the wedding day. The women live apart from the men of the family, and there is nothing of that sweet social family intercourse which is the chief delight of home. The ladies spend their time chiefly in playing cards and smoking tobacco; nor is it the delicate cigarette in which they indulge, but the pipe—yes, the same as the man's pipe—a small brass or silver bowl, a long thin stem and a gadestone mouthpiece, or else an onyx stone.

I have seen some very good looking faces among them. I do not think they would be at all an ugly race if they were educated, and allowed the use of their limbs; but there is an expression of vacancy and cunning, the result of their possition in society, which spoils their prettiest faces. And then, when you see the creature, you know it cannot walk, and that its legs are like the goats.

The Chinese do not seem to place much reliance upon the virtue of the female sex and will give you, as an explanation of the custom of cramping their feet, that it prevents them from straying far from home. The ordinary story which you hear about their small feet is, that the wife of one of the emperors was discovered by her lord near the door of the apartment of one of the ministers of state; and when questioned as to how she came there, she replied, "that her large feet had carried her there against her will;" whereupon half of each foot was ordered to be cut off, and she, in order to cover her own disgrace, "introduced the fashion" which has prevailed ever since. It is, I think, the most barbarous of all customs in the world, and destroys that which is perhaps the chief beauty of woman—the grace and poetry of her motion. These wretched beings hobble and stump along like lame ducks. They have their toes, except the great one, turned down, so that they walk upon the heel and the upper part of the foot, from the instep to the toe. How any nation can expect the blessings of Heaven, while it thus destroys one of the most beautiful of its works, I cannot understand.—*How we got to Pekin.*

A Pirate Dismantled!

Soon after dusk, on Thursday, a serio-comic occurrence took place, on Eleventh street, above Race. A lady residing in the north-western part of the city, having some doubt as to the "drilling" duties which called her husband from his virtuous home almost every evening, resolved to reconnoitre, and having followed him to the vicinity above noted, her worst fears were confirmed by seeing him attacked by a suspicious looking craft, showing as many colors as a royal yatch on a gala day.—It required but a moment for the pursuer to cross their bows, and far less time to "pitch in" to the pirate craft, raking her fore and aft, until scarce a vestige of her late finery but hung in rags and gibbons to the poles and yard! One grab made shreds of a jaunty bonnet, and another developed the bird cage, and when last seen, she was scudding under bare poles, down the darkest alley in sight, holding on to the fragments of her wreck, while the avenged wife coolly took the astonished masculine by the arm, exclaiming in a not-to-be resisted tone, "Come, sir, you come with me!"

White Labor at the South.

We wish we could remove one fallacy from the Northern mind, and that is the fallacy that labor performed by negroes on the plantations of the South cannot be done by white men. We say it can; be done cheaper and better. Intelligent and independent southerners will admit this. Why, the white farmers of the west, in their harvest season, work and are happy and healthy under a sun quite as oppressive as that of this latitude.—The hod carriers of the North with no wool to sheath their heads, work as no negro could work in a sun quite as broiling as proven by examination of the philosopher and the statesman. And we will anticipate events so far as to say that a sugar plantation will be worked in this State by white men before the year is out. Don't then believe those who tell you that a white man can't do what a negro can. He can do all that a negro can, in the way of laboring in the sun, and as much more.—*New Orleans Delta.*

I'll Tell Pa when He Comes Home.

A friend of ours, who had taken pride for several years in cultivating a full crop of hair on his face, was called away on business some time since.—While absent, an inexperienced barber spoiled his whiskers in trimming them, which so chagrined him that he directed the barber to make a clean job of it by shaving whiskers and moustache both off. The barber obeyed, and our friend's face was as smooth and as delicate as when in his teens. He returned home in the night. Next morning his little girl did not recognize him on waking up. Looking over her mother, and seeing as she supposed a stranger in the bed, she remarked in her childish simplicity. "Mister, get out of here; *I'll tell my Pa, when he comes home.*"

Good Ground for Exemption.

The Ohio Journal tells this story of the exempting physician of that city:

"Doctor, if the lame foot won't answer, I have another all sufficient reason—one that you cannot refuse me exemption for." "What is it," asked the doctor. "Why, the fact is, doctor, I have not good sense—I am an idiot," soberly replied the applicant. "Ah! said the doctor, "what proof have you of that? What evidence can you bring?" "Proof conclusive," said the applicant. "Why, sir, I voted for Jim Buchanan; and if that isn't proof of a man's being a d—d idiot, I don't know how idiocy could be proven."

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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.

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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, 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.

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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, 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 frightful rapidity till death puts a period to his dreadful sufferings 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 23—y.

UNION HOTEL,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

(ADJOINING THE RAILROAD,)

IS now open for the entertainment of the traveling public. By strict attention to the comfort of his guests, and moderate charges, the Proprietor hopes to receive a fair proportion of public patronage. C. W. WEBSTER,

May, 23.—1y. Proprietor.

LOOK HERE!

GOOD Fresh Groceries arrive and received every day at the Depot. Come to the Depot for sheap and Fresh Groceries. Come to the Depot for good Liquors. Come to the Depot for your Bacon, your Chopfeed, your Oats, Corn, Rye, Milfeed, Shipstuff, Bran, Flour of all grades, sugar, Syrup, Flour, Buckwheat Meal, Corn Meal. Come for what ever you may want and get it at low prices. Great quantities for little money. Come to the Depot for your Fertilizers, we have them of all kinds, and sold low all goods sold by us will be guaranteed to come up to representation.

July 18. BOWERS & OHLIG.

SHOES.—Having bought a large stock of Shoes that can be found anywhere else in the County, I can sell them at lower prices. I have all kinds for Men, Women and Children. M. H. Morris.

LADIES, READ!

NEW HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDY

For Suffering Females.

DR. S. W. SMYTHE'S

HOMŒOPATHIC

FEMALE REGULATING POWDERS.

Sure and Safe Medicine, having been proved by a Three Years' Test in Private Practice.

AFTER a life of careful study as a practitioner of the Old and New School Systems to obtain a sure and safe medicine for females suffering from *Irregularities, &c.*, I can say with certainty that my exertions have been crowned with success; having found, through the knowledge of Homœopathy from nine forms, substances which I compounded with great care, and can now place before the public a *Homœopathic Powder*, such only true and reliable article that will promote *Monthly Stoppages* in all stages and circumstances; they having been tested since January, 1859, over three years, in my private practice, on ladies of different temperaments, and so far have *never failed* to produce the desired effect. If taken strictly according to directions.

GREAT many persons in this and other countries have no faith in the new school of Homœopathy, on the simple fact they have never been presented in its pure, or when done not properly. Now, as *I am a graduate of both systems* to the *Ar't colleges of Europe*, ("Royal College of Surgery and Medicine," London, and "The Homœopathic Institute of Great Britain," London—the former almost Allopathy, the latter Homœopathy, New School,) I having practised both for a period of *forty-one years*, I think I am entitled to a judgment in the matter. After attending one course of lectures on Homœopathic doctrine, (merely for experiment,) was induced, by its astonishing effects to attend a remaining course. I then gave up the Old School system altogether, and have now, for the last *thirteen years*, practised it, finding it the *most proper mode of relief*. Besides, the fact that the United States Government is about introducing the method into its army and navy, alone should convince all.

THIS is my first appearance in the advertising columns of a newspaper, and I sincerely hope it in its tenth set forth will attract the eye of those suffering, so far as to give my Powders a trial. Their *good effects* will then show their worth, and it will prove no advertising thereafter to ensure them as patients in the treatment of their delicate complaints for the future. *A single trial will convince the believers of their great virtue.*

THESE Powders are put up in four different boxes, accompanied with full directions, and are warranted a sure remedy, *causing immediate action*, when applied to each sickness.

No. 1 will remove all *obstructions*, and cause a safe and regular return of *Monthly Sickness*.

No. 2 will cure *Prolapsus Uteri*, (falling of the womb,) and all *Inflammatory* and *ulcerated* diseases of the womb.

No. 3 will cure *Leucorrhœa*, (Whites,) and *Accidental Flooding*.

No. 4 will cure diseases attendant to *advanced stages* of life, (change of life,)

Those coming from *Spanol* and other *Nostrums*, writing, stating their different ailments, will be asked with proper care, and a *cure* can be relied on as if the patient was before me.

Caution is given not to use my No. 1 Powder in case of Pregnancy, as it is sure to produce miscarriage, any whose health will not permit an increase of family, will find this Powder a valuable preventative.

Price of boxes, (containing twelve Powders, $1.00, consultation fee, by person or letter, $2.00. Sent by mail or express to any address, accompanied with full directions and *good advice*, which will be found very useful in the future.

All communications must be written plain, especially names, post offices and counties.

S. W. SMYTHE, M. D.,
No. 206 South Ninth Street,
(Hunter's Building,)
PHILADELPHIA

"The Royal India Rubber Co's."

Gutta Percha Female Syringe,

Highly Recommended by Physicians of all Classes, for Special Purposes.

HAVING been appointed Agent for the City of Philadelphia, U. S., by the "Royal India Rubber Company," of England, for the sale of their highly Improved Patent Gutta Percha Female Syringe. I can now offer this most admirable article, which heretofore was so difficult to obtain. These Syringes have always been noted for their durability and assuming the price at the World's Fair, London, and, under similar rates throughout the world; and in consequence of this, several inferior articles have been imposed on the public as genuine. All the Royal Company's syringes that are exported to the United States pass through my hands, and none are genuine but with my signature attached. Price for each syringe, handsomely boxed, containing full accompaniments and directed for use, $5.00. Persons wishing to know their excellent qualities, can gain what information requisite by writing.

Personal visits for consultation, unless urgent, must be made between the hours of 9 A. M., and 3 P. M., at my establishment. For further particulars, please address, confidentially,

DR. S. W. SMYTHE,
No. 206 South Ninth Street,
(Hunter's Building,) Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ If any of my readers, male or female, whose delicacy and personal habits cause them to need *medical advice* for a perfect restoration of the system, they are requested to confide in me, and I will guarantee them a healthy active and happy future. My long experience and practice make me an adept in these cases. May 16,—1y.

FEMALE COLLEGIATE & Male Academic Institute.

WESTMINSTER.

[illegible] a Collegiate and graduating course to [illegible]

[illegible] [SEE CATALOGUE.]

[illegible] Males for Business or Advanced Classes.

[illegible] to make First Class Teachers of such qualifications.

[illegible] Latin and Vocal Music without extra charge.

☞ THREE CHANGES IN PERIODS.

[illegible] gratuitously, the last three or Collegiate instrumental Music, per quarter, $40.00

[illegible] Class (*elementary*,) per quarter, $4.00

Second year begins MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st.

☞ Call for a Catalogue or Circular.

August 30. Rev. JOHN A. MUNROE, Principal.

BARGAINS!

Closing Out at Cost.

ALL who want Bargains in the Clothing Line should call at once, as I am now closing out my entire Stock at COST, comprising READY MADE CLOTHING of all descriptions, Piece Goods, Shirts and Drawers, Handkerchiefs, and in fact all articles in the Furnishing Line, will be sold positively at COST for Cash. Call and get Bargains. JOHN QUATMAN.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned, are notified to call and settle the same immediately, as I am about changing my business, and desire to close all old standing accounts.—Those neglecting this Notice will have their bills placed in an officer's hands for collection.

June 27. JOHN QUATMAN.

DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA, DENTIST.



HAVING permanently located in Westminster, respectfully offer his professional services to the public; and is now prepared to execute any work in his line. He may be found (for the present,) at the residence of his Father, near the Farmers & Mechanics' Bank. He will visit the following places, viz.:

UNION BRIDGE.—1st week of each month from Wednesday noon to Friday, 4 P. M.

NEW WINDSOR.—2nd week of each month from Wednesday noon to "

MONOCACY.—3rd week in each month from Wednesday morning to evening. August 9—3m

Estate of James McIlhenny, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county letters Testamentary on the personal estate of JAMES McILHENNY, late of said County, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouch