American Sentinel.

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVII.—No. 1,420 | '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. 10.—No. 1

WM. H. GRAMMER, Editor. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1860. THOMAS J. LOCKARD, Printer.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

"AMERICAN SENTINEL,"

January 1, 1860.

We come with shouts of joy to greet
The glad New Year, whose pattering feet
Upon the Old Year's floor are heard,
As soft as chirp of Summer's bird;
To say with grateful hearts, farewell,
To one we fondly loved, and well,
And o'er the grave of life's last dead,
A tear of warm remembrance shed.
Another time the earth hath run,
Her revolutions round the sun;
Another year death sung her song,
Of mingled strains and joined the throng
Of ages past, and buried deep
Within eternity's sad sleep.
For all of joy and peace we know,
In thee, Old Year, our thanks, adieu;
For all of sorrow or of pain,
We hope they ne'er may come again;
And happiness, and truth, and glee,
We hope to find, New Year, in thee.
Through hidden dangers dark and drear,
God's hand our land doth kindly steer;
And o'er the fierce and raging storm,
Is bent His faithful rainbow's form.
Peace smiles in beauty o'er each State,
And plenty's harvest rich and great,
Wakes songs of gratitude from all,
Who list to Heaven's triumphal call.
The Nation's Legislature now
Are joining in a grand pow-wow,
And vainly trying to select
A man for Speaker, and elect;
Empty their efforts, nothing yet
Have they performed, but fume and fret;
And gas and nonsense rule the roast,
A sort of union—Christmas toast.
Wild buncombe idols seem alone
To sit upon the Nation's throne,
While egg-nogg gives the point and pith,
To all that's said by Billy Smith.
Our country 'mid her direful throes,
Is scourged by two eternal woes,
Black Republicans and Loco Focos,
Each has one theme, the endless nigger,
A gun of very fearful trigger.
And their whole game's with curly wool,
The nation's sober sense to fool,
Between them in proud columns stand
A brave Thermopolean band,
Unmoved by soft seduction's arts,
With truth within their gallant hearts;
And with the Union's flag unfurled,
Bid bold defiance to the world.
All honor to the faithful few,
The Ship of State's undaunted crew;
Whose eyes are turned with trust afar,
Upon one bright and glorious star;
Columbia's star that never sets,
Save 'mid a world of bleak regrets;
Whose beams shine through despotic gloom,
And point to Freedom's only home.
Go on, true souls, in faith go on,
For you Fame's goal's already won,
And on your noble brows shall be
The wreath of immortality.
Let crazy zealots South and North
Their treason speeches utter forth;
Disunion's banner madly wave,
Ambition's bloody tempest rave;
The Union's bark will ride the storm,
And free from danger, dread or harm,
Be anchored safe—from every dart,
Within the Nation's patriot heart.
We fear no danger—dread no ill,
We bow before the people's will;
Whoever for the good will stand,
And crush to ashes treason's brand.
To North and Southern twins of vice,
We give a word of sage advice;
John Brown's friends and John Brown's foes,
Hold up your heads and stick out your toes,
Talk as much as you please, but when it comes
to a fight,
For your Country—shut up—strike for God and
the right,
And when you have conquered a glorious
peace,
Talk and quarrel and wrangle as long as you
please.
Kind patrons, thus our homely rhyme,
Hath run its course, and now 'tis time
To stop this sermon on the Nation,
And make a pointed application.
Amid your plenty—let your door,
Be open to the needful poor;
'Tis said 'tis better far to give,
Than richest portions to receive,
Forget not in your prosperous day,
Ye have the poor with ye alway.
And if ye trust the Holy word,
That they who give—lend to the Lord.
Wrap round the beggar's trembling form
A cloak to shield him from the storm,
Give him to eat, for what is given
Will be restored to you in Heaven.
And now to end, one short word more,
Take from your over-crowded store
Of worldly gifts—a something new,
And bright and shining, silvery true,
Hand over, thank you—to the Devil
Who'll always be polite and civil,
And he will never cease to pray
For those who liberally pay

THE CARRIER.

Beautiful Extract.

"Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blossoms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world today will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps in the sand on the sea shore."

☞A young man who is punctual at his work early and late, and is seen constantly laboring for some useful purpose, will not be suspicioned when a crime is committed. It is your young man who loafs at street corners and saloons, makes remarks about honest men, and stares at virtuous females as they pass along the streets, and in general has nothing to do, who is thought the thief. There is a great deal in appearances which denote the true character of men.

THE MORALIST.

Be Manly.

Never try to keep out of any one's way when you owe him anything—unless it be a thrashing. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to be in debt, but don't make your condition worse by growing mean under its pressure. When you absolutely cannot pay up at the appointed time, don't make-believe sick, don't skulk about in out-of-the-way streets to avoid meeting your creditor, don't sneak around the first corner when you catch sight of him before he has seen you.—All such conduct is unmanly. No doubt you feel averse to standing face to face with a man to whom you are a debtor—pay-day past, and you a debtor still—it is mortifying, very; but it is only one of the natural consequences of borrowing; and as you have incurred the penalty, why meet it like a man. Face your creditor; let him know that you neither forget the debt, nor underrate his patience with you. Say frankly that you are very sorry to keep him so long out of his money, and that you will pay up as fast and as soon as you possibly can.

This is the only creditable way to conduct yourself in the case. There is no respect due to men or women, who, failing to be able to meet their payments at the proper time, instead of going at once and explaining the reason why they fail, and doing and saying all they can to assure their creditors that they mean no dishonesty, just sneak about carefully, anxious only to shun the creditor's sight. Be manly.

Kind Words do not Cost Much

They never blister the tongue or lips. And we never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.—Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words and warlike words.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.—We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promise she so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten and not the forgetting—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable house—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the sources of comfort and the spring of joy.

Wisely Answered.

A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in rapid succession, these difficult questions:

The Philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

What is the oldest of all things?
God, because he always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The World, because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space, because it contains all that is created.
What is the quickest of all things?
Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know thyself.
What is most constant of all things?
Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

Little Things.

Springs are little things, but they are the sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but mark how evenly it governs the course of the largest ship that ever floated the waters; pegs and nails are little things, but they hold together the largest parts of the largest buildings; that momento is a little thing, and cost but little of the world's wealth, and yet it expresses the universe, for it is a thought of love clothed in a form of beauty; an angry word, a jealous thought, a frown—all these are little things, but powerful for evil, and are helping to fill the penitentiaries and prisons, with those who have merely carried the same passions and feelings further than we have. Mind the little things.

For the Sentinel.

PASSING AWAY

BY LLOYD DAY.

We are passing away—we are passing away—
To this state of existence we sprang not to stay;
From the scenes that surround, making haste
to be gone,
Our swift-winged moments glide on and still
on.

Nor here may we linger one bliss to enjoy;
The scenes are too fitful and fleeting to cloy;
Like the beautiful bubble that floats on the sea,
We scarcely have known them, ere swiftly
they flee.

The youth in his bouyancy dreams for a while,
And hope makes the future invitingly smile;
But he sees ere his his dawn hath emerged
into day,
That this heaven-like visions are passing away.

With rapture the eye scans the bright spring-
time bloom,
While the tints of the rainbow the blossoms
illume;
But when breezes of autumn come rustling
around,
Soon fade they away, and can nowhere be
found.

The beauties of earth—its glad songs and its
flow'rs—
Its midsummer sunshine—its shades and its
show'rs—
Its health breathing zephyrs around me that
play—
Its light and its life—all—are passing away!

Yes, passing away! and by all we behold,
In heart-thrilling accents that sad truth is told,
And the last, long low note of the lingering
lay,
To the heart speaks in whisperings—passing
away.

There is a lone rapture that floats in the wood,
A rapture that wakes from the deep solitude,
In its dreams though the soul there might
covet to stay
With that rapture floats mournfully—passing
away.

When autumn o'ermantles the forest with
gold,
And in deep shades of gloom doth all nature
enfold,
There awakens a moan "at the close of the
day,"
Which signs the sad requiem—passing away.

When in the sweet converse of those whom
we love—
From whom our affections we cannot remove,
To embitter the moments what else would be
gay,
Comes stealing the thought we are passing
away.

And ah! can it be we are passing away?—
Yes, the rose on the cheek of the fair shall
decay!
And the eye which is bright with the radiance
of Heaven,
From its brightness and beauty alike shall
be riven!

Life, with its endearments, shall cease not to
wane,
'Till the tenderest ties shall be severed in
twain;
And the heart which impels the warm flow of
the blood,
Lies cold and inanimate low 'neath the sod!

And while I thus solemnly sing the sad lay,
Myself and my song too, are passing away;
Soon, soon, we'll be gone, and forever forgot,
Lie lost in oblivion as though we were not.

While fondly I weep o'er the passing and
mourn,
All—all things still onward and onward are
borne;
On the breast of the billow as fliteth the spray,
Away they are gliding—away and away!

But nought ere shall pass 'mid the beauties of
Heaven,
Their ties of affection shall never be riven;
To that land, where 'mid raptures the spirit
may stay,
Yet swift winged moments, oh bear me away!

Near Woodbine, Md., Dec. 12th

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hard to Please.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular.—Now, quite lately Pitts said to himself: "I am gettin' rather 'long in year, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him.—Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

Laugh On.

Laugh on, and never mind the censure of cynics. Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. It braces the nerves, makes the heart dance to pleasant music, and the very soul ring again with harmonious sounds. It is the delight of the good, and makes sunshine where there would be all shadow and gloom; promotes domestic happiness, drives away sorrow, and prepares the mind for the exigencies of the future; so laugh on, but laugh discreetly and in due season. Exuberant mirth does not become any.

☞A good man who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

Dad Morton's Best.

A STORY OF VERMONT.—Uncle Morton, better known at Hyde's in Ludbury, Vermont, as "Dad," is a famous story teller, in both senses of the word, for he not only tells many, but they are generally of the most Munchausenish kind. In fact, he has drawn so long a bow in the way of romance, that, being near ninety years of age, he now repeats his fictions as indisputable facts. The following is too good to be lost, and is given verbatim. We only wish we could give the matter-of-fact, on-oath manner in which he impresses the truth. We had been talking with the old man on the sensible manners and customs of our forefathers, and their success in doing the business of life, when he broke out: "I tell ye, then ancestors of our'n didn't do nothin' halfway. But there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now.—We all worked. My work was to take care of the hens and chickings. (Dad is famous for his handling of the alphabet.) And I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I'se a very thinkin' child, al'us a thinkin' 'cept when I'se asleep. Well it came on me one night to raise a big lot of chickings from one hen; and I'll tell yer how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel, and filled it with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure around it, and then set the old hen on the bung hole. The old critter kept her settin', and in six weeks I heerd a little "peep." Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peepin' growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatchin', for they had all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked the head out of the barrel, and covered the barn floor, two deep, all over, with little chickings. Now, you may laugh as much as you please, but it's true."

A Night in a Pigeon Roost.

Just now, the wild pigeons roost in innumerable numbers in the Chenango Swamp, Crawford county, Pa., about two miles east of the Ohio. The swamp is about ten miles long by two or three wide, grown up with tamerack or larch trees and alder bushes. The editor of the Ashtabula Sentinel has been among the pigeons. He says:

When within two miles of the roosting place, we began to hear the roar of the wings of the millions of birds there congregated, which literally equaled the roar of Niagara. But the sights and sounds that greeted us as we neared the swamp, beggar description.—There were probably a hundred hunters assembled and at work. These were divided into parties of not more than two or three—some in the tamecacks and some in the alders, the birds rose in a mass and settled in the trees; and when fired upon there, they flew to the bushes. This changing continued all night. At a single shot, the flock always rose and flew a short distance, to settle or to be fired upon again. This scene lasted all night. The usual mode of hunting the pigeons is for two men to go together—one with a gun, the other with bags and a lantern, and matches. As soon as the shot is fired, the bag man strikes a light and "bags" the birds; and this must be done speedily or the wounded ones will hide and be lost. Six dozen is quite a heavy load for any man. We "gin out" under five dozen, very soon. We were told to fire with one barrel at the bushes, and with the other at the "bite up." The term *bait up* is a very natural one, for at every shot the flock will rise straight upward, and after circleing a few moments, make a swooping course, and then alight, perhaps within a few yards of where they rose. The number killed seems almost incredible. One man killed four dozen at a single shot, and nine hundred in a night.

Loneliness of Heart.

How wearily the life of a sensitive and high-toned heart drags on, when chained to a continual routine of mechanical duties, and the soul's half articulated cry for sympathy, without an answer! Faith often cures their longings, but it is so hard to give a soul to heaven, that has not been first trained in the fullest and sweetest human affections. Too often they fling away their hearts on an unworthy object; too often they pine in a secret discontent which spreads its leaden cloud over the morning of their youth. The immeasurable distance between one of these delicate natures, and the average youth among whom is like to be her only choice, makes one's heart ache. How many women are born too finely organized in sense and soul for the highway they must walk with feet unshod! Life is adjusted to the wants of the stronger sex! There are plenty of torrents to be crossed in its journey; but their steppings are measured by the strides of man, and not of woman.

Chilblains.

To cure chilblains, simply bathe the parts affected in the liquor in which potatoes have been boiled, at as high a temperature as can be borne. On the first appearance of ailment, indicated by inflamation and irritation, this bath affords almost immediate relief. In the more advanced stages, repetition prevents breaking out, followed by a certain cure; and an occasional adoption will operate against a return, even during the severest frost.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life spare moments are the most truthful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the easiest success to the soul.

☞A youngster, who coveted an old man's daughter, was asked what was his profession. He replied that he was a member of the bar. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bar-keeper.

HUMOROUS.

A Model Crier

An old paper, turned up in general cleaning up, contains the following:

In a beautiful town of North Carolina, an old court-crier, who had grown gray in the cause and deaf as a beetle, was in the habit of calling the names of witnesses (which he generally managed to get wrong) from the second story window of the court-house, in such a stentorian voice is to be heard with distinctness a square or more. On one occasion, in the course of a very serious and somewhat important suit, the presence of a witness, named Arabella Hanks, was needed. The crier, like a parrot, sat nodding on his perch, when he was aroused from his slumber by an order from the Court to call the witness. Looking anxiously at the Judge, with his hand behind his ear, in order to catch the sound correctly, he said:

"What, your honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks," said the Judge.

Still in doubt, the poor crier arose from his seat, and said again, with a much puzzled look:

"What, your honor?"

"Call Arabella Hanks, crier, and delay the business of the court no longer," said the Judge, much provoked.

The old crier, thereupon, with a countenance indicating both doubts and desperation, proceeded to the window, and in his loud voice called out:

"*Yaller* Belly Shanks! Yaller *Belly* Shanks! Yaller Belly *Shanks!* come into court!"

It is needless to say that the seriousness of the court-room was convulsively dispelled, and quiet was restored only to be again disturbed by the laughter caused by the crier, who, in answer to the Court as to whether or not the witness answered, said: "No, your honor; I don't believe there is such a person in the county; for I have lived here forty years, and I never heard of him before!"

☞A couple of Yankee girls put a bullfrog into the hired man's bed to see if they could'nt make him talk. Dave threw it out of the window and never said a word. Soon after he put a half bushel of chestnut burrs into the girl's bed. About the time when he thought they would make the least shadow, Dave went to the door and rattled the latch furiously. Out went the candle and in went the girls; but they didn't stick, though the burrs did. Calling to them he begged them to be quiet, for he only wanted to know if they'd seen anything of that pesky bullfrog. He'd give two dollars to find it.

A friend of ours has a young brother, Sam by name, a quaint, original little fellow, but chiefly renowned for mischief and good humored, unintentional destructiveness. If anything is lost, marred or broken about the house, it is instantly laid to Sam. One evening a younger brother, a child not three years of age, caught sight of the new moon.—It happened that he had never seen that orb except when quite full and now in indignation and alarm he called out—

"Mamma, mamma, look here! Sam has gone and broke a great piece out of the moon!"

☞Little Alice was exceedingly fond of green peas. At their first coming she had eaten heartily and rapidly as large a quantity as she supposed would be allowed. She hesitated to request more, anticipating a result. Presently turning to her father she said:

'Papa, talk to me,'

'How do you do to-day, Alice?"

"Not so, not so. Papa talk to me.'

'Alice, how does your mother do?'

'Not so, not so, papa. Why don't you say, 'Alice wouldn't you like a few more peas?'

A darkey preacher arose to announce his text, as follows:

"In the fust pistile of Clover, second chapter, and two hundred and ninety-fust verse———"

"Hold up, Doctor!" cried out one of his hearers; you've got in de wrong book: you mean de pistol of Thimothy, I s'pose?"

The preacher hesitated a moment, with a profound look, and said:

"Well I must cave in dis time; though I knowed dat de tex was somewhere 'mong de *yarbs.*"

☞Teacher—"How many seasons are there, Tom?"

Pupil—"Six sir; spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera seasons and Thompson's Seasons."

Teacher—"Next; you, Peter."

Pupil—"There are two more, sir; in season, and out of season."

Teacher—"That will do; both of you may now go up to the bottom of the class."

☞A Louisiana paper, in recording the death by lightning of two "likely negro men," says:

"The electric fluid of the clouds seems to be no respecter of persons.—It would as soon kill a negro worth fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars as a "poor white man" not worth the powder and lead that it would take to blow his "brains out."

'My gracious' said Ike, 'If some fairy would give me some wings, wouldn't I go round among the planets, though? I'd go to Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of 'em.' 'And Satan,' said Mrs. Partington, breaking in, 'and I am afraid you will go there whether you get wings or not.'

☞"How changeable the wind is," said Mrs. Partington, upon her return from a walk in the city; "it is the changeablest thing I ever did see.—When I went up Cannon street, it was a blowin' in my face, and when I turned to go go down, it went blowin' on my back!"

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

Notwithstanding the Explosion on

THE GREAT EASTERN

She will still come into port at Union Bridge on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859, with

The Cheapest and Best

STOCK OF GOODS

ever offered to the citizens of Union Bridge, and surrounding country.

Come one, come all, and look, examine, and judge for yourselves, as we are determined not to be undersold by any establishment West of Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York.

Our Stock of Goods will be full and complete, consisting of every variety of Merchandise, from the finest fabric, to the most substantial domestics. We name in part,

Ladies' Dress Goods,

at prices that cannot fail to please, such as Silks, French Merinoes, DeLaines, Wool Plaids, Mourning Goods, Galla, Plaids, Lavella Cloths, Persian Tuilles, Cobergs, various colors and qualities, Ducalls, Alpacas, Ginghams, Calicoes, Shawls, Ribbons, Trimmings of all kinds, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT,

will embrace every variety of Goods of the latest styles, the best quality, and at prices to suit the times, consisting Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinetts, Repellant Cloth, Bang up Cord, Beverteens, Jeans, &c.

Also, a large lot of Notions and Fancy Articles, together with

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, in abundance.

All Patent Medicines of the most popular kinds, together with pure Drugs, Oils and Paints, &c.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

will be full and complete, and sold at City Prices

We the undersigned most respectfully call your attention to our new and splendid assortment of goods, which we would be pleased to have you call and examine for yourselves, feeling assured it would pay to do so before purchasing elsewhere.

We also return our sincere thanks to the citizens of Union Bridge, the surrounding country and the public in general, for their very liberal patronage extended towards us, and hope by strict application to business and a desire to accommodate our friends, to merit a continuance of the same.

J. & B. SHIRK.

P. S.—All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, together with Oak and Hickory Wood, in large or small lots.

J. & B. SHIRK.

Oct. 14. Union Bridge, Md.

FIRST IN THE MARKET!

Fall & Winter Goods for 1859.

WM. H. STARR & BRO.,

HAVE just received their large and well selected Stock of Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, suitable for the season. We name in part

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of all styles, qualities and prices, with a great variety of Shawls and Fancy Goods; also, Dress Trimmings of all kinds. In a word, every article in the Ladies department that can be found anywhere in the country all of which will be sold at a very small advance.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR:

Our stock of Mens' Goods will be found to be unusually large; black and fancy Cloths from $1.50 to $7.00 per yard; heavy overcoat Cloths of all kinds; Cassimeres of all grades, with an endless variety of plain and fancy Vestings, all of which will be made to order at the shortest notice and on the most accommodating terms, and a fit always guaranteed or no sale. Also,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

always on hand of our own getting up, such as heavy Over coats for men and boys, from $2.50 to $10.00; under-coats at all prices; Pants and Vests, Gum Over-coats and Leggings;

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &C.

Also, GROCERIES, Hardware, Queensware, Crockery and Cedarware Seasoned LUMBER, FLOUR, &c.

Country produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Thankful to our friends and patrons for their liberal patronage heretofore extended, we hope by a strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Yours Respectfully,

WM. H. STARR & BRO.,

Oct. 14. Uniontown.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS SECURED.

YOUNG MEN who are suffering from the effects of self-abuse, can be surely and permanently restored by using the

CONCENTRATED CURE OR AQUA VITAE,

A Remedy of great and certain Power.

This remedy is put up in small vials, and can be sent by mail to any address. A trial will satisfy. Use it for a week, and you will experience a great benefit. A circular containing full particulars, sent (free) on application. Price, per bottle $1

One bottle will last a month

N. B. This remedy is suitable for either sex.

Address K. CRUGER, Medical Agent,

May 13. 742 Broadway, New York.

J. WEATHERBY & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CHILSON'S FURNACES, Brick and Portable; Cooking Ranges of the most approved patterns; Cooking Stoves of every description for Wood and Coal; also, Church, Hall, Store and Office Stoves; Franklin, Airtight, Bar-room and Cannon Stoves; Feinour, Gas burning and Latrobe Stoves. Orders from the country respectfully solicited.—Merchants supplied on the most reasonable terms. J. WEATHERBY & CO.,

49 and 42 Light Street, one door from

Aug. 26,—tf jan. Lombard, Baltimore.

GUNS! GUNS!

JUST received, a fine lot of Double and Single Barrelled Duck and Bird GUNS, of very superior finish. Also, a splendid variety of SPORTING ARTICLES, comprising fine Powder Flasks of Dickson's make; Shot Pouches of the most approved style; Ely's Water Proof Centre Fire Caps; Hick's American Hat Caps; Ely's Wads, &c.

Also, Colt's Repeating PISTOLS; Allen's REVOLVERS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Powder and Shot of the best brands. Guns neatly stocked and repaired at short notice.

☞Call an examine for yourselves, where you will find a well selected stock of everything in the sporting line.

WM. HARRIS,

116 Pratt St., 1 door below South St.

Baltimore, July 29.—6m.

USE SHRINER'S

BALSAMIC COUGH SYRUP

For Coughs and Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Bleeding at the Lungs, Pain and Weakness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, &c.

Opinions of Physicians and Merchants.

Womelsdorf, Berks Co., Pa. *May* 21, 1859.

MR. SHRINER, *Dear Sir:* I have been afflicted with Bronchitis for several years, and have used a great many medicines recommended for that disease, without finding relief. About a year ago some of your Balsamic Cough Syrup was left with me to sell; and I concluded to give it a trial in my own case, and with pleasure I inform you that I found in mediate relief. Since then I have been using it in my family for Cough, Cold, &c., and could not be induced to be without it, unless I could find something better, which I think hard to do.

Yours, Respectfully,

ELI DEPPEN.

LIVERPOOL, PERRY CO., PA., *April* 10, 1859.

TO W. E. SHRINER, SIR:—Two years ago you made me acquainted with the ingredients that composed your Balsamic Cough Syrup. Since then I have been prescribing it in my practice. I am much pleased with its mild, though efficient effect, and believe it to be the best remedy extant. For children, it is certainly all that could be desired. I therefore take pleasure in recommending it.

Yours, &c., J. RITTER, M. D.

Porter's Seiding, York Co., Pa., *May* 17, 1859.

W. E. SHRINER, *Dear Sir:* Your Cough Syrup is becoming very popular here. I have been selling it for about two years, and it gives more general satisfaction than any medicine I have ever sold. We use it in our family, and would not be without it on any account. For children, it certainly is an invaluable medicine.

S. G. HILDEBRAND.

Jackson, York Co., Pa., *May* 18, 1859.

TO W. E. SHRINER, I consider your Balsamic Cough Syrup one of the best Cough remedies of the day. There is no medicine I have ever sold gave such universal satisfaction, and none that I have used in my family I like so well. Yours truly,

June 10,—y C. F. REELING.

SECOND ARRIVAL!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

F. H. ORENDORFF

HAS the pleasure of announcing to the citizens of Westminster, and the County generally, that he has just returned from the Eastern Cities and is now opening the most elegant assortment of

Fall and Winter Goods,

ever before presented, comprising DRESS GOODS for Ladies and Gentlemen of every variety, color, texture and price; in connection with *Groceries, Liquors, Hard, Queens', China, Earthen, Japan and Stone Wares,* and indeed every other article kept in a well conducted Country Store, all of which has been bought for cash, and will be sold at a limited advance.

Thankful for past patronage, by strict attention to business, superior goods, and an honorable disposition to accommodate, I hope not only to merit, but receive, a continuance of the same.

Oct. 14. F. H. ORENDORFF.

A SMALL & VALUABLE FARM

At Private Sale.

THE Subscriber will sell at Private Sale A FARM, containing

85 ACRES OF LAND,

situated one-quarter of a mile from the Reisterstown Turnpike, one quarter of a mile from Finksburg, and twenty miles from Baltimore, located between the Toll Gate and the Patapsco Falls.

The improvements consist of a comfortable

Log Dwelling,

and a FRAME STABLE. There is a Spring of good Water, and a Dairy near the Dwelling, and a thriving

YOUNG ORCHARD.

For further particulars, apply to Mordecai G. Cockey, Esq., Finksburg, or to the Subscriber, at Westminster. The Railroad runs through part of the Farm. It will be sold a bargain. JACOB REESE.

Mar 5,-tf.

JOSEPH A. RICE,

Watch Maker and Jeweller,

INFORMS his friends and the public that he has taken an office adjoining Dr. R. R. Boots's office, and three doors from DYSON'S CITY HOTEL, where all work in his line of business will be promptly executed at reasonable rates. In a few weeks he will receive a large and select lot of

Clocks, Watches & Jewelry,

to which the attention of purchasers will be called. As he has permanently located, and guarantees all his work, he respectfully asks a liberal share of the public patronage. A long familiarity with the business, justifies him in the belief that he will give entire satisfaction. July 16,-tf.

M. BARRET & BRO.,

MANUFACTURER OF

LOOKING GLASS,

Portrait & Picture Frames,

AND DEALERS IN LOOKING GLASS PLATES, *No. 82 Howard-st., corner of Saratoga, Balt.*

WINDOW Cornices, Bracket and Bracket Tables, Room Moulding, and every description of Ornamental and Plain Gilt Work. Old Work re-gilt with neatness.

Terms moderate. March 25,-tf.

DR. JOHN S. CHAPMAN,

(LATE OF NEW YORK)

OFFICE

594 West Fayette Street,

SECOND DOOR FROM CALHOUN STREET, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to diseases of Women and Children. Oct. 7,-tf.

HATS AND CAPS, just received of the latest styles for Men and Boys, by

Oct. 14. *Starr & Bro.*

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. SUBSCRIBERS who do not give express orders to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled and ordered them to be discontinued.

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DR. BRUNON'S CONCENTRATED REMEDIES

FOR DELICATE DISEASES.

No. 1.—THE GREAT REVIVER.—Speedily eradicates all the evils of Self-Abuse, such as general debility, loss of memory, wasting away of the organ, or any constitutional derangements as impotency, and weakness of the sexual organs, brought on by the unrestrained indulgence of the passions. Price one dollar.

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No. 3.—CONCENTRATED TREES.—The use of this remedy will cure Gleet in a short time, and I can show certificates of cures effected after all others have failed; this is also tasteless and without smell. Price one dollar.

No. 4.—CONCENTRATED PUNITER.—It is the only remedy known that will positively cure strictures of the urethra, no matter of how long standing or neglected the case may be. Price one dollar.

No. 5.—ANTIMERCURIAL PILLS.—All persons who have used this dreadful drug (mercury,) which remains in the system for years, causing so many chronic diseases, should use these Pills which will entirely counteract the effects and remove it from the system. Price one dollar.

No. 6.—ORIENTAL PASTILLS.—Is a certain cure for female irregularities, or suppression of the menstruation. Price two dollars.

No. 7.—THE CONCENTRATED AMARIN.—It cures the whites, falling of the womb, nervousness and painful menstruation. Price one dollar.

No. 8.—THE SOLUTOR.—Is a remedy that has never been known to fail curing Gravel, and all affections of the kidneys and bladder. Price one dollar.

Either of the above remedies will be sent by mail to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price annexed. Circulars containing full particulars may be obtained by enclosing one Post Stamp.

Address DR. FELIX BRUNON,

Post Office Box 95, Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. The Doctor may be consulted in complicated cases by letter or personally, but only such letters will be answered as contain a reasonable fee.

OFFICE, Old York Road and Callowhill St.

July 1,—tm97.

SECOND ARRIVAL.

AT MAUS' MILLS.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

R. R. FOUTZ

ANNOUNCES through this medium that he has just returned from the Eastern cities, and is now prepared to offer great inducements to his customers and friends at his Establishment at Maus' Mills. Owing to the great financial crisis which is now existing in the cities, has enabled me to purchase my Fall and Winter

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

cheaper than ever heretofore, and consequently enables me to sell so cheap as to defy competition. I have a large assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

such as plain, figured and striped Mouslin de laines, all wool Muslins, English and French Merinos, Alpacas, Plaids, figured Cashmeres, plain and figured Persians, Opera and Polka Muslins, plain and striped Debeges, de laired Silks of every description. A very large assortment of Prints, Heyle & Sons, Cocheco, Merrimac, Allen & Sons and Sprague, the best brands that are manufactured. Also, a nice assortment of Trimmings, Embroideries, &c.

COLLARS.

French, English Crape and Bugle worked Collars of every description and quality, from 6¼ cents up to $5.

MOURNING GOODS

of every description, and will be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

SHAWLS

of *every variety*: Wool, Thibet, Broche, Stella bordered, plain and figured. Also, a complete assortment of Gents Shawls

MANTILLAS,

cheap, elegant, and unsurpassed for beauty.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

Tickings, Gambburgs, Sheetings and Muslins of all widths, Lancaster and Glasgow Ginghams, Towelings, Table Cloths, &c.

GENTLEMEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

Cloths of every description suitable for Men and Boys' wear, French, Belgium, French Twilled, Mohair and Union Cloths, blue, black and brown; Doeskin and Union Cassimeres of every grade; Tweeds, full Linseys, Satinetts, &c., for servants wear.

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Constantly on hand a varied assortment of Dress and Overcoats, Vests and Pants, suitable for the season, at exceedingly low prices.

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,

Groceries, Liquors, Hard, Queens,

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a heavy stock, at prices lower than can be purchased at any other Store in the County.

Thankful to my numerous friends