American Sentinel.

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVII.—No. 1,516. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT—LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S." NEW SERIES, Vol. II.—No. 45

WM. H. GRAMMER, Editor. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1861. WM. H. LOCHARD, Printer.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

THE AMERICAN SENTINEL is published every *Friday Morning* and mailed (or delivered in town) at $1 per annum; if not paid within three months from the date of subscription, $1.50; and $2 if payment be delayed over the year. No subscriptions discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be charged $1 per square of *Ten Lines* for four insertions, or less; and 25 cents for subsequent insertions. To business men advertising by the Quarter, Half Year or year, a deduction will be made. *Business Cards*, of ten lines or less, $5 per annum. *Communications* on subjects of individual interest will be charged 5 cents per line. *Marriages, Deaths, and Obituary Notices* not exceeding five lines, inserted gratis; over that number, 5 cents per line.

JOB PRINTING.—Having an abundant variety of new and select type for Plain and Fancy Work of every description, enables us to do Job Printing at short notice, and on as reasonable terms as any house in the country.

BLANKS always on hand, or furnished to order.

POETRY.

LINES.

BY MRS. M. W. LIVERMORE.

FALLING leaves!—in the forest,
In the bosom of the dell,
We tread soft and sorrowfully,
On the hill where breezes swell,
Hearing sighing, softly sighing,
Down or golden coral leaves,
As they feel their life-blood wasting,
Dropping from the stricken trees!

Dropping on the grass-plot sacred,
Fallen on the gathered flowers,
Dipping in the stream that ripples,
Falling everywhere in showers,
Gentle leaves, as my life-blood,
Faded in its brown decay!
Lost, their bright and joyous gleaming!
Lost their light and happy play!

And a white-winged day and withered
Came on every green leaf's birth,
Till a heavenly presence wove me
Into its earthly beauty and mirth;
And faith whispered, "*Resurrection!*"
In the land of deathless flowers,
In the land where those who were withered
Chant away the many hours!"

There yet blooms, immortal, hopeless,
Angel hands will find you there,
Angel harps and voices waking
Strains of music on the air!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALONE.

A restless, sad, longing little heart was beating under a worn calico dress, in a little room in Fourth street. Tears as warm and grief-swollen as any that gush from woman's eyes crept down the cheek a little way, paused, crept on a little farther, waited, trembled, and then swelling as the bosom swells with sighs, ran down the maiden's cheek, and fell upon the faded chintz. Through and through, and through again, slipped the needle, shining with the never-ending attrition of muslin and linen and silk.—The Argus-eyed thimble—nothing better than steel, though worn to the polish of silver—clicked against the needle, pressing it through the close fabric into the calloused fingers-tip, fretted and notched and blackened by many another needle-point, during many a weary day and many a weary night.

A cooking stove, one chair, two beds, a few dishes on a shelf in the corner, a broom, a large stone pitcher, a bonnet and shawl, a few pieces of stove furniture, half a dozen plants, in rough wooden boxes on the window sill, four or five books on the one table—these comprised the furniture.

The room was elevated far above the noise and dust of the dirty street—above the fifth story; and the roof in sloping had cut off a corner of the ceiling. The little low windows—a pair of stunted elms—did the best they could with the sunlight, but were too much crowded by the falling roof to accomplish much.

Had you slipped noiselessly in—which you could not have done, in fact, for the sagging of the door and its heavy rapping upon the threshold—you would have been struck first by the bareness, and then by the singular neatness of the attic room.

A little black and white kitten would have glanced up at you from a soft bed of cotton in its own corner, or skipped, frightened, upon the smaller bed of the two; and a still figure in the window would have presented only a bowed head, but busy fingers, and a worn and faded print.

But if your tread had been heard on the stairs and mistaken for that of an old man, just before you reached the threshold, you would have heard a springing step upon the attic floor, the door would have scraped open with a good-natured growl, a pair of black eyes would have shown at you from a face wreathed in smiles, and possibly, in the shadow and haste, you might have got a pair of arms about your neck. At any rate you would have followed a tall, little figure into the room, and on taking your seat would have found yourself vis-a-vis with as expressive and proud a face as ever shone from voluptuous plush, airy laces, rustling silk and sparkling diamonds.

Indeed, while the tear-drops were falling under the pressure of thoughts which the heart could not possibly hide under its fitting lid, a step was heard upon the stairs, the stair-case did creak like the stage-driver's horn, with the news of a coming; the door did open, and a pair of white arms were flung passionately around the neck of a white-haired old man.

Jennie had been crying of thoughts aroused by a brief waltz in a popular street that afternoon. She avoided the—better thoughts were she could—hurrying along where the streets are narrow and dingy—where the glistening of silks and the trembling of plumes is seldom seen—where bright eyes and fair faces radiate only from faded and worn surroundings. But this afternoon her errand to the store had taken her through one of those comely streets. Indeed it stood on the very corner of Main street, around which human tides, swept, ebbing, every hour. She had seen poverty, comfort and wealth—plainness, beauty—stupidity, sense, intellect.

Sitting at her low window in the dull, unseemly room, worn, tired, discouraged with the labors and forebodings of life, Jennie's thoughts could do no less than bring tears. She was thinking of the happiness which floated about her in the crowded street; of the laughing eyes; of the haughty tread; of faces brimming with careless merriment and conscious beauty. She had seen hundreds in that one street—hundreds of maidens to whom she was consciously superior.—And this was not egotism in the weeping girl. Does the doe imagine itself a snail, or the eagle fancy itself a blue jay?—Was it wrong that all this beauty, all this innate refinement, all this spirit, and taste, and mentality, should pine and starve for want of that appreciation for which we all pine and strive? And it Jennie wept that her scant and faded calico had drawn forth sneers, as though it were herself and not the accident of covering; and if she wept that simple-minded and narrow-thoughted girls carried themselves proudly, and won attention, while she slipped meekly into byways, and shrank from the observation which was only cold and contemptuous, cause blame in her? She was a woman, with a woman's nature and a woman's power. But, alas! Jennie was caged by circumstances, her jewels covered by the dust of labor, her young life hidden, and dull, and sad.

Besides, an incident at the store had wounded her severely, and re-awakened her consciousness of weakness and semi-degradation. It was this: She had taken a bundle of work to the inspecting clerk, and thence had been directed to the cashier with a ticket for her pay. On former occasions she had suffered from curious and wicked glances while passing the clerks of several departments as well as from a peculiar tone in which the cashier addressed her. To-day she was either more painfully sensitive or the glances of admiration were more disgustingly prominent; and the cashier, after fumbling as long as possible, handed her the silver she had earned, with a careless but insulting remark. Jennie flushed with indignation, threw the money upon the counter, and curling her lip with scorn, left the desk. A hand touched her arm, and a loud voice said, "Wait a moment, Miss Dell," in so assured and commanding a way, that she involuntarily paused. The gentleman stepped up to the cashier, struck him a smart blow on the side of his face with the palm of his hand, tipping him over, took the vacated stool at his desk, and by the time the fellow had picked himself up, had balanced his account, and was ready for him with the residue of his wages. Then leading the fellow to the door by the arm kicked him into the street. All this was done so coolly, with so much ease and gentlemanly decision, that Jennie could take no exception to even the last act of the drama.

"My store will be safe to you in future, Miss Dell, but I will not put you to the inconvenience of bringing your work. "I will send a boy for it," and directing a lad to take the lady's bundle, Mr. Brewer bowed Jennie out of the store before she had time to try or do anything more than thank him with a glance, which, breaking from her late indignation, was a curious intermingling of pride and gratitude.

The incident had recalled for the hundredth time a terrible consciousness of her poverty and dependence, and she felt more keenly than ever the utter helplessness of poverty. Sometimes the blood of a good ancestry would rush to her cheek and throbbed to her temples; but the next moment woman's tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"I am so glad you have come, father, I have been so very lonely and then I was fearful something had happened."

The old man bent a little to kiss the eyes of his daughter—kissing the eyes was the emphasis of his affection—and his lips were moistened by a tear which Jennie had unwittingly let there in the haste of brushing them away to meet his coming step.

"What is this, daughter? Crying, my child? You are not sick, dear?—Why, I thought my brave girl never cried, however dark the day might be;" and, with a hand on each shoulder, the white-haired man held the bright-faced daughter at arm's length before him, gazing loving inquiries into her eyes.

Not a trace of sadness was in the beaming face of the daughter now; so, after meeting his gaze laughingly a moment, Jennie slipped to his side, leaned close to his shoulder, clasping his arm in her hand, and said—

"Oh, nothing of any moment, father. We women have little foolish thoughts and troubles of our own when weare left alone all days. But when father comes back again Jenny is happy enough, isn't she?" and the girl looked into his face with so much of beauty, and smile, and joy, that the old man forgot the dewdrop which had dried on his lips, and went to wondering what made his daughter so happy, alone and hard at work in that sober room all day.

The father forgot the sadness the sooner for a jewel of good tidings which he was holding tight in his heart, longing to give it to his daughter, but wondering which was the most perfect way to show it. Whether to raise the lid with a spring and permit the Koh-i-noor to flash with its diamond lightning full in her face at once, or to lift the lid gently and let the loved one's eyes might creep the brilliance, ray by ray and beam by beam. While the daughter was making the tea kettle cover dance, and then pouring sputtering hot water into the little black teapot, in the bottom of which very few but very nice little leaves lay curled in fragrant exclusiveness and concentration, the glad father thought the matter over. While the rapid flame the leaves warmed into inevitable expansion by the heated flood, the glad father continued to think it over.

"You look tired, father; have you worked hard to-day?"

"Not very, daughter."

"Why, you are pale, father; you are sick, I know."

It is well that the girl dropped the plate from her hand, though it went down with a crackle into fragments, for the old man was reeling out of his chair. She was just in time to save him.—Without a word, the daughter held him a moment, till she could glance into his face, and then with a strength which she could always command when aroused, bore him to the nearest bed and laid him there.

"Father! Father!"

Not a word nor a sigh of consciousness. Jennie bathed his temples with water, rubbed his arms, his chest, called on him, kissed him, and wept. His lips move.

"What is it, father?" and the daughter's ear is close by the trembling lips.

"I have heard,"—faintly—"from—Robert"—fainter. "Robert is—he is"—the voice is too faint to be heard—the lips cease to move—the old man is dead. No cries of "Father, dear father!" no chafing of hands, no bathing of that calm, snow fringed brow will ever bring back consciousness that may enable loving friend, always considerate and patient, but always exclusive!—Ka[illegible] and trusting that at a [illegible] hour she will know nothing of the night, she yet knew nothing of the morrow but what she saw in the two hours. He never failed of himself. The last time came and went with the bundles had once or twice spoken of "father" in a manner which convinced her that Mr. Brewer was a husband, and that was his son. This was all; but it was decisive. And yet though settled on this from the first as time wore on, the company, sympathy of her one visitor became a need, and then a necessity. No reasonings, no wilful checkings, no self condemnation, even, could stay the growth of that great presence by which at last she was covered and overpowered. In vain Jennie flushed indignation on her, if, that she should love the loved of another woman's heart—a husband and father. In vain she wept and struggled and prayed. The chains grew tighter, holding her to a misery to which all the sadness of her life bore no comparison.

* * * * * *

The afternoon sun of a September Sabbath wrapped in a cherry light the dark and sea-washed hull of an ocean steamer coming up the bay to the crowded pier.

At the same moment Jennie's friend turned down a dull, dark street, entered a doorway and ascended the creaking stairs. It was one of the brick houses with their smoked and smoking chimneys, by the always changing picture of the bay. To-day, after a long discussion of the beauties and blemishes, first of "The Old Curiosity Shop," and then of De Quincey's "Confessions," with other and minor talk, Jennie touched on the scenery of the bay, with its white-winged butterflies, and the black beetle that an hour or two before, had been crawling up the harbor.

"I always think," she said, "when I look out upon the harbor, that perhaps some day it will bring my brave brother back to me; and then I shall not be alone, nor unhappy, nor fretful any more. Oh! if I could only know whether he is living or dead—whether I shall ever have him again!"

The tears would come, and her eyes were all glistening as she looked in the face of her friend.

Mr. Brewer seemed absent, yet preoccupied; yet with a case. The thought darted into her mind, "perhaps he thinks I am too fretful and unreasonable!"

"Have I ever told you anything of myself?" he asked, at length.

"Never."

Upon this he moved a chair close to her side, but seemed not to notice her gesture and told the story of his life down to the present hour. It was told concisely, but all the prominent facts were there.—Then changing his place, taking her cold hand, and looking into her eyes, he brought tears to them again, and blushes to her face, by the question:

"Will you trust me and love me?"

Jennie whispered—she could not find her voice.

"Will I? I always have."

When they had both found words for other sentences, and Jennie had been talking, Mr. Brewer exclaimed:

"Married! I never even loved before."

A slow step was heard on the stairs—a gentle rap at the door, and a pale young man entered.

"Jennie!"

"Robert!"

And the maiden in another joy added to the sweet life of life.

But Robert had come home to die—to die as the day dies slowly receding to the other side of life.

He had brought the gold which he had spent his young life in earning for the two at home. One had no need of gold now; the other had no wish for it; but the dust was hers; and when the weeks had gone in which they had seemed the receding life with the breath of love, leaving him at last where flowers grown upon live stalks, and chains and clusters cut in snow marble made his last home beautiful, it flowed from her own and her husband's hands in charities which gladdened many a poor girl's life, and made the sister and her other noble self happier for the joy of thus making his lost life bloom in many a rekindled eye and reanimated cheek.

Gen. Washington or Arnold for a son.

At the time of the Revolutionary War General George Washington wrote to Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, in the following words. His language has been supposed by some to be capable of a modern application;

"Would it not be prudent to seize those Tories who have been, are, and we know will be active against us? Why should persons who are preying upon the vitals of their country be suffered to stalk about while we know they will do as every mischief in their power?"

* * *

A broker not long ago when escorting a fair damsel home, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. "What rate of interest does it bring?" inquired the man of current funds and without documents. "If properly invested," lisped the fair damsel—"if properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years."

* * *

Thomas Francis Meagher made a sharp point with the Irishmen of America the other day, when he told them that a revolution which had—the history and patronage of the English aristocracy—could surely never have the heart and arm of any Irishman who had learned the history of the Stars and Stripes, and valued the blessings and protection they assured.

* * *

Moving a second trial,—courting a second wife.

HALTIMORE 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, Incontinence of Urine, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Diseases of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Lungs, Sandy or Bricky Deposits, Premature Decay of Youthful or Middle Aged Persons, Self-abuse or Secret Habits, Indulgence in which ruins the Constitution, Rendering Marriage Improper or Unhappy, Impotency, Sterility, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Venereal Diseases, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Diseases of the Skin, Scrofula, Mercurial Rheumatism, Ulcerations, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Ulcers, Pains in the Bones, Joints and Back, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Diseases of the Throat and Nose, Nodes, Ulcerations of the Throat and Nose, Secondary Symptoms, Blotches on the Head, Face and Extremities, Baldness, Loss of Hair, Eyebrows and Eyelashes, Ulcerated Sore Legs, Arms, Joints, Nodes, Pains in the Bones, Ulcerations of the Throat and Nose, Mercurial Rheumatism, Ulcerations, Pimples on the Face, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Ulcers, Pains in the Bones, Joints and Back, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Diseases of the Skin, Scrofula