American Sentinel.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are loudly beating,
The cannon's voice is done,
The foe we are now retreating,
The battle it is won.
A cheer, boys, for our colors
A tear for those who've fell!
One more more for those who love us,
And then we say farewell.

Upon the field, all gory,
Proud Fame has dropped her wreath,
And bright the tints of glory
That blush the brows of death.
Though some she are weeping,
Some joy we still shall find,
When comes the happy meeting
With those we left behind.

Come let us smooth each pillow,
With our bayonets turn the sod,
Fit place for two and glory.
Alone with earth and God.
Quick! quick! we need no coffin—
Lay the turf above each breast—
A tear—'tis all we give them,
'Tis Fame must do the rest.

When peace, again returning,
Shall smile upon this scene,
And spring's bright flowers are blooming
Within the meadow's green,
Some stranger here may wander,
By thought of fancy led,
Nor know the turf he is pressing
In silence holds the dead.

And years shall bloom and wither
Above this lonely spot,
And all the tears and sorrow
That I possessed be forgot
And the plough and harrow
May furrow up their bed,
And golden grain grow sweeter
Above our noble dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

The following interesting Dialogue, which we copy from an Exchange, we commend to the perusal of many of the Secession sympathisers in our midst, believing that it contains a good moral lesson that appears to be entirely overlooked by many at the present time, a remembrance of which might be highly profitable.—ED.

We have in this Mountain City of ours a singular and most discordant state of society; all brought upon us by the machinations of that villain, Jeff Davis, and his equally villainous associates and supporters. The harmony of families is disrupted, and husband and wife, and parent and child are at dagger's point. The secesh women are, if possible, more violent in their proscriptive conduct towards those who are loyal to the Government, than their fathers, brothers or beaux. Their rule is to exclude from their circle, which they are pleased to call the "elite," all who refuse to bow their necks to the infamous Southern rebellion. These folks have heard so much of "Southern Chivalry," and the "first families of Virginia," and the "ignoble blood" of the North, that they have persuaded themselves that there ought to be a distinction made in society, and that all who have not money enough to live without labor, and all who are not *professional*, should form the "*lower*" class, and others, the drones of the country, should be the magnates and aristocrats of the land. The first enquiry of these people when they meet a gentleman or lady is, What are your politics? If they are rebels, and can boast of having no occupation, they are admitted at once to the charmed circle, without regard to antecedents. If they are loyal to the constitution and laws of their country they are immediately repudiated and their acquaintance cut.

A scene illustrative of this state of society occurred a few days since.—There resides in our midst an old lady who has sense enough to know that political strife is not the sphere in which woman should move. She has therefore kept herself aloof from the political bickerings of her female acquaintances, and has mixed in society with those of both sides of the question; and by resolutely eschewing all controversy, has passed her time agreeably with each.—But the secesh were not satisfied with this quiet neutrality. They had great doubt on which side to place the old lady, and whether they ought to smile or frown upon her. To solve this perplexing doubt, and to place this lady in her proper position, three secesh ladies of uncertain age, but still entitled to the fascinating title of Miss, and of most obstinate Southern proclivities, were deputed by the "Circle" to call on Mrs. A. and, if possible, pump from her an opinion on the momentous question. The call was made accordingly, when the following colloquy ensued:

MRS. A.—Good morning ladies; I am rejoiced to see you. Come take seats and tell me how you all do, and how are all your friends?

Miss B. (Speaking for self and companions.)—Thank you, Mrs. A., we are all well, but this unhappy war news from Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Roanoke Island, and Newbern, and Winchester, has made us very sad.

MRS. A.—Well ladies, I never trouble myself about the war. I am truly sorry it ever occurred, but as it is upon us, and I can't remedy the evil, I am content to leave it in the hands of those whose business it is to manage it, and patiently await the result.

Miss B.—But Mrs. A. do you not think it a great shame that low born mechanics from the North, and some of the same kind of people from the South should be permitted to make war upon the gentle blooded and well born gentlemen of our dear Southern Confederacy, and kill them with their dirty hands.

MRS. A.—As to which side made the war is a question I shall not pretend to decide, as I never discuss political matters. As to killing, in war each combatant has an equal right to kill his opponent, no matter who he may be.—The drummer boy has a right to kill a General.

Miss B.—Really, Mrs. A, I am surprised and distressed to hear you express such opinions. We had hoped that you were a good secessionist.

MRS. A.—My friend, I have no political designation. I think that ladies have nothing to do with politics, and should not make such distinctions among themselves. I rather think it indelicate.

Miss B. (Very pettishly.)—Indelicate or not, I am a Southern secessionist from hoops to comb. I go for well born gentlemen against mechanics and low common people; and I thank Heaven I have no low mechanic's blood in my veins. My father was a scientific gentleman and followed a genteel profession.

MRS. A.—May I ask, what was your father's profession, Miss B?

Miss B.—His profession was to measure and scientifically test the qualities of wines and liquors.

MRS. A.—Ah, indeed! Then he was what is called *a guager*, and his business was, to measure liquor and barrels to put it in! I have no doubt your father was a very worthy gentleman, for although his calling was an humble one, that cannot detract from him as a man.

Miss B. (Very much excited.)—Mrs. A., my father's occupation was not an humble one. *It was a scientific profession*, I have heard Ma say so a hundred times.

MRS. A.—My dear, I did not mean to offend you. I have not said one word against your father, nor have I a right to do so; for whatever his occupation, if he was an honest man, as I have no doubt he was, he was one of the noblest works of God.

[At this moment Miss B's passion choked her off, and her friend, Miss C. enters the list.]

Miss. C.—Thank goodness *my father* was a gentleman, and never worked for his living.

MRS. A.—I had a slight acquaintance with your father. He kept a small tavern in the town where I was raised and retailed the wines and liquors which Miss A's father measured. It is perfectly true he never done any work, he left al that to your mother, who was a hard working and industrious woman.

[Miss C. wilted and seceded behind her friend, Miss D, who came to her relief.]

Miss D.—Well Mrs. A, you were acquainted with my father, and you know he never had any mechanic's blood in him. You know he was a Banker.

MRS. A.—Yes, Miss D, I knew your father and a very clever and worthy man he was. As you say, he was a Banker; and your grandfather before him might be said to have been a Banker also. His occupation was to dig down banks of sand, which he carted to town and sold to brick and stone masons. My father was a stone mason and bought many loads from him.—Your grand-father, by industry and thrift, accumulated the money with which your father carried on his banking business. And so it has been with the great majority of the families who now live in wealth and ease. Many of whom, but for the industry of their laboring and mechanical forefathers would now be in poverty, and compelled to work or starve. Believe me, my friends, it is a great folly to talk of blood and good families in this country. Almost all our forefathers have been working men and mechanics; and working men and mechanics are of vastly more importance to society than dandies and half starved professional men, who have nothing to be proud of but their laziness and want of employment.

This was too much for the secesh investigating committee; and they left Mrs. A. with the full determination to exclude her forever from the charmed circle of the secesh "elite."

Remarkable Case of Mortality.

The Delaware county papers have published a case of singular mortality, near Darby, in that county. A correspondence of the Lancaster Express giving the particulars, says the family consisted of two brothers and three sisters, all unmarried and living together; the youngest of the family was seventy-two years old. A few weeks ago, the youngest sister took sick and died; a few days after that one of the brothers died—Both remaining sisters were then taken sick and were lying in the same bed—one soon died, and her dead body was lying by the side of the only surviving sister, more than an hour before she was discovered to be dead. The day following the funeral of the second sister the third also died. When the members of the family were first afflicted, a cousin, a maiden lady, went to their assistance, but was soon taken with the same discase and went home. Her sister took her place, and in a few days became a victim to the malady; before she died, her mother, a lady of 94 years old, who had gone to her assistance, was also taken sick. The son of this aged and afflicted mother, a physician in Darby, attended his sister and mother, taking his wife to the house of death with him. His wife and mother both died and were buried; and just at this moment, while writing the above, word has come that he too has paid the tribute of self-sacrificing affection, and in death rests with his family. Thus in seven weeks, eight persons, members of the same family, have died victims of the same unknown disease.

The five old brothers and sisters living in the same house, were in some respects very peculiar. For the last thirty years none of the family passed a night from home. One of the sisters and a brother had not spoken to each other for twenty years, having had a foolish quarrel about some chickens; and soon death came upon them without notice and carried them to eternity, to appear before the righteous Judge, with the petty hate still rankling in their souls. The brothers also had quarreled and had not exchanged words with each other for twelve years until a few hours before death separated them.

☞He spake well who said that little graves are the footprints of angels.

The Pulpit and the War.

It is announced that the bolters from the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have succeeded in raising two more congregations, in addition to the one at the New Assembly Rooms, and that the new organization is to be styled the Central M. E Church. Thus we have organized a new religious sect, which looks to future expansion, and permanent establishment.

When we consider the causes which gave it existence, and the auspices under which it has been inaugurated, we may well question its success, both as regards its extent, and its permanence. Whatever may be the pretence for the movement, no one can deny that it is really based upon the presumed success of a sinful political organization. Political influences of the basest character have not only contributed to, but have actually created, this new religious organization. Presuming upon the ultimate success of the rebellion, this new denomination establishes itself in evident sympathy, and, therefore, in active complicity, with that iniquitious scheme.—Thus, by the combined influence of a cunning devil and wealthy professors of christianity, the Church of Christ is converted into the Temple of Rebellion, and the ministers of God are made the High Priests of Treason.

One of the most provoking features of the crisis in which this nation is engaged, is the relation which the church, in portions of the country, has maintained to the rebellion, and the influence which its ministry has wielded in the cause of treason. How far the church may have prevented the war, and to what extent it may have corrected disloyalty in the masses, are difficult questions to determine. But it may be safely laid down, as a general principle, that all the moral influence of christian denominations should be thrown upon the side of the Government whose protection they enjoy. When a revolution is attempted, and the rebels are successful in obtaining power, it is the duty of the church to submit meekly to the usurpation, until the rightful authority is re-established. When rebellion is threatening, it is the solemn duty of the church to lend all its powerful aid to the support of the recognized and established government. In districts where the sentiment of the people is divided, where loyalty struggles with disloyalty, if the ministry does not feel constrained by a sense of duty to give an active and vigurous support to the government, the loyalty have the right, aye, it is their imperative duty, to demand that the minister does not throw the weight of his influence upon the side of the rebellion. If he gives any countenance to rebellion, either in his public or private life, he violates the plainest teachings of christianity, and the loyal membership have the right to dismiss him.

The christian pulpit is the rightful throne of power. Occupied by a brave and faithful ministry, it might sway the sceptre of the world. Its influence, when properly directed, is almost omnipotent. Courage is nowhere so much needed as in the pulpit, because it is nowhere so successful. Those ministers are most successful who dare to attack the everyday sins of their people. Richard Baxter, Jonathan Edwards and John Wesley were men of remarkable power, because they made war upon the current follies of the times, and assailed the most darling sins of their people. Men who are guilty of profane swearing, intemperance adultery, and the like, cannot stand up against the assaults of a brave and faithful minister of the Gospel. Even the brutes appreciate and fear true courage. It is only with the timid driver, that the spirited horse dashes away. And he who sneaks, or runs, is most likely to be bitten by a fierce dog. It is exactly so with men. Every sinner is a coward, when his sins are the subject of a bold, faithful, and searching review. It is only the timid preacher, that fails to make the sinner tremble.

What might not have been the damage to the rebellion, if the ministry of the South had been faithful to its high duty? When the propriety of rebelling was first discussed, and the people of the South yet shrunk with horror from the contemplation of the enormous crime, if the ministry of that region had faithfully exposed the exceedig sinfulness of the sin, and urged the paramount duty of "submitting to the powers that be," the rebellion would have received a damage, from which it could never have recovered. But instead of this, it lent all its moral influence to the iniquitous cause. Treason was nurtured in the very sanctuary of God. Pious people were assisted by their spiritual advisers in resisting the solemn monitions of conscience.—While other denominations have done their share of this wicked work, the Methodist Church South, it must be confessed, has done more than any other agency, whether considered in immediate, or remote, causes. Nearly twenty years ago, it opened up the way to this diabolical work. To day, we see written upon its walls, as by the finger of the Almighty, "THE TEMPLE OF REBELLION." And in the Border States, where loyalty is even trembling in the balance, upon the very threshold of this Central Methodist Church is written, in letters as black as the darkness of hell, "THE GATE TO THE TEMPLE OF REBELLION."—*Cambridge Intelligencer.*

☞They say that the Secession ladies are shockingly bitter. We suspect they are; at any rate we wouldn't have one of them touch our lips for the world.—We shouldn't expect to get the bitter out of our mouth for a month.—*Practice.*

☞A dozen of high breasted girls, just beginning to burst their corsets, will do more towards filling a party with sentiment and inspiration than all the wine that was ever squeezed.—Fact.

☞The way to break the back of the rebellion is to break the backs or heads of the Rebels.

TO MY DOG JOWLER.

Jowler, they've taxed you, honest friend:
Assessed you, put you in the roll;
To exile every dog they'd send
Unless some friend will pay his fill

By all that's good, the rascals meant
Betwixt us two to breed a strife,
And drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

But Jowler, don't you be alarmed!
If politicians do neglect you,
Confound their tax! you shan't be harmed,
I know your worth, and I'll protect you!

But taxes, by the Constitution,
Convey the right to represent:
So dogs, by this same resolution,
Might just as well as men be sent.

Now, dogs and men, and voters hear,
That Jowler's put in nomination
To go, upon the coming year,
And act in public legislation.

Jowler, beware of demagogues,
Keep clear of the mimicry;
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority!

Adventure in the Cars.

There were five of us—yes, five of as happy fellows as were ever let loose from college. It was vacation, and we concluded to take a trip to the Falls. We got aboard at N——, and was soon travelling rapidly towards our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend Fred B——. After the common salutions, 'How, are you, old fellow?' etc., etc., had passed, Fred remarked he had some business for us to attend to.

'Well, boys,' said Fred, in a very confidential tone, 'in the next car there is as loving a pair as was ever my lot to see. They are going down to A—— to get married, and now, if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in.—They must be cured for, and I don't know who can do it better than you.'

In a moment Fred was gone, and we set our heads together to form a plan for 'taking care of the lovers.'

'I have it, boys,' said Bill Seevers; 'we must make that girl think that her lover is married—'

'That's it, Bill Seevers—that's it,' said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

'That's the game, boys, now let us play it!'

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee; and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft, loving style.

All this I gathered at a glance.—Stepping up to them, I said:

'Why, Jones, what in the duce are you doing with this girl?'

The girl arose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

'See here, stranger;' said the fellow, 'you are a mite mistaken; my name ain't Jones!'

'Why Jones,' said I, 'you certainly have not left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?'

'I tell you my name ain't Jones—it's Harper! It never was Jones; 'tain't goin' to be.'

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat, to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked 'wild' after I sat down; but Jones alias Harper soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

About the time they got to feeling quite well again in came El Gregg.—Walking up to Harper he accosted him with:

'Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?

'Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the first man that's called me Jones today, an' I must look awfully like him; but I ain't Jones. I hain't got a wife, nor babies either, but this 'ere gal an' me is a goin' to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife, and I wouldn't wonder but what, in the course of time, you might talk about the babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones.'

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of 'the girl that was goin' to be spliced.'

'Ah, Jones,' said Gregg, 'you will regret this in the future. I really pity your poor wife and children, and this poor girl.'

'So Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it an' you have been foolin' me, have you? Well we ain't spliced yet; and I don't think we will be very soon,' said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed with fire.

'Jane, Jane,' said Harper, 'don't you know I'm Bill Harper. Thar ain't a darn drop of Jones blood in me, and I'll prove it.'

At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Seevers and Jim Byers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:

'Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?'

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

'Now,' said he, 'my name ain't Jones, and I can lick any feller that says it is.'

By this time we had got to A——, and Fred came into the car and made Bill Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be 'spliced' requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N——, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed. We heard afterwards that he proved himself to be Bill Harper instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal got 'spliced.'

☞In a recent conversation between two gentlemen on the subject of sitting up at night with the sick, one of them remarked he could not "*stand sitting up*" to which the other gravely replied he did not mind "*sitting up*" if he could "*lie down.*"

An Incident of the Embargo.

A very touching instance of conjugal affection was manifested on the Nashville railroad, a few months ago, when the embargo on contraband goods was first put in force, which I will hasten to make known:

A gentleman dressed in mourning was seen to drive up to the Louisville depot in a hack and take from thence a coffin, which he placed in the car. He seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were suffused with tears, and his face showed signs of the deepest grief. As soon as the cars started, he took his seat upon the coffin, and, burying his head in his hands, commenced sobbing and groaning in the most heart-rending manner. The sympathies of the bystanders were immediately enlisted, and they crowded around the bereaved mourner. From his passionate outbursts of sorrow, they learned that the coffin contained the last remains of his dear wife—the mother of his children—the pulse of his heart—the joy of his prosperity, and the only solace of his misfortunes. Her dying request was to be buried in the land of her nativity, the South, and he was accordingly carrying her thither.—Thus he continued for miles, when the passengers, seeing that he was exhausting himself, tried to persuade him to leave the coffin and take some refreshment. But he repeatedly declared that nothing should separate him from his beloved—that he would never leave her, and then he would clasp the coffin to his breast and cover it with kisses. Just at this moment the conductor came up, and all the facts were soon explained to him by the bystanders. Public corporations are said to "have no soul," and it seemed on this occasion that their representatives were equally devoid of that necessary article, for the officer alluded to not only failed to manifest any sympathy for the sorrows of his fellow-mortal, but even had the effrontery to order that the grief-stricken husband should be forced away from the body of his wife, and that the coffin should be opened—at the same time muttering something about traitors, hypocrisy, contraband, &c., When the husband heard this cruel order, he burst into fresh paroxysms of grief, and declared that he would die before he would leave the body. But finally, in spite of his outcries, he was dragged away—the bystanders crowding around beheld—not the "remains of my wife"—but—pistols, packages of opium, military buttons, laudanum, and innumerable other contraband articles. It is, perhaps, useless to say that all proper care was taken of the tender-hearted "better half" and his "beloved"—the "mother of his children," etc., although it pains me to chronicle the fact that no attention whatever was paid to her "dying request," but the body was taken back to Louisville, and decently interred in the—custom-house. *Correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post.*

No Sabbath.

In a 'Prize Essay on the Sabbath,' written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following striking passage:

'Yoke-fellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified! Think of the labor thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever plying, the eye-balls forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming! Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of the sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig!—See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!'

What Rebel Prisoners Think.

Some of the Fort Donelson Secesh prisoners confined at Chicago, have written a letter to the Nashville *Patriot*, which they request the Tennessee papers to copy, in which they say: We want to say to our wives, fathers, mothers, and children, not to run away from their homes and firesides, as others have done, even if the Federal forces should come in their midst; nor grieve themselves unnecessarily on our account. We know not (if we are detained long,) how our wives and children will live, but we are prisoners of hope, and we have formed a better opinion of the Northern people and the army than we were accustomed to hear. We are short of clothing, and particularly of money.

☞An exchange paper says there are hundreds of persons who become religious when danger is near, and adds:

"We know of a man who fell from a bridge across a certain river, and just as he found he must go, and no help for it, he bawled out at the top of his voice, 'Lord have mercy on me—and be quick too!'"

☞Mrs. Catharine Brown Hopkins claims a divorce before the Courts of Harrisburg, Pa., from her husband, St. George Henry Hopkins, on the ground that he is disloyal and in the Rebel army.

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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.

MARRIAGE.

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

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

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Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored.

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

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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.

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

THOUSANDS of persons of all ages can now judge what is the cause of their declining health, losing their vigor, becoming weak, pale, nervous and emaciated; having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symptoms of consumption.

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

YOUNG MEN

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

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

MARRIAGE,

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most necessary requisition to promote connubial happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life become a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholly reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted without 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 prepay the reply and direct in the following manner: Dr. J. M. JOHNSTON, of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. May 17—y.

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This Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION COMBINED.

The following are the principal objections urged against Sewing Machines:—

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EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

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Cabinets in every Variety.

We want Agents for all towns in the United States, where agencies are not already established, to whom a liberal discount will be given, but we make no consignments.

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WESTMINSTER Select School.

THE FOURTH QUARTER of this School will commence on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19th 1862. The course of Instruction will comprise Orthography, Reading, Writing, Mental and Practical Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, and Book-Keeping. Latin, French and Spanish with Drawing and Painting in Oil and Water Colors, will also be taught by competent teachers.

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M. F. VALLETTE, Principal.

Dymock's City Hotel, or at the School, over the Post Office, Westminster, Md.
Feb. 21.—tf.

A CARD!

WE have been advised that certain persons for pecuniary gain have been endeavoring to mislead the farmers and millers with regard to the freight on Flour and Grain to and from Baltimore. For those who are not advised, we would say that the cost for transporting 200 per barrel from Westminster is 15 cents. A car will hold 90 barrels, and when sent to Howard-St., or Calvert Station, or North-st. it costs 50 cents more for the whole car load, which only adds ½ cent more. Guano cost 5½ cents per 100 lbs.

We are arranging a revised Tariff of Freight charges to cover the entire road when completed and will have the various kinds of goods arranged to the classes to wh ch they belong and which will be distributed throughout the country. IRWIN & TAYLOR.
Aug. 23,—tf.

For Sale.

WESTERN Maryland Railroad Bonds guaranteed by Baltimore city.

Western Maryland Railroad Bonds, 1st mortgage, unendorsed.

WANTED.—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Bonds of 1875, 1880 and 1885.

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