American Sentinel.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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POETRY.

From the National Republican:

DEAR SIR: I enclose the lady's poem written and sung in Charleston, South Carolina, July 4, 1831, sent to me by the patriotic mother of three sons now in the army, and in her letter she very aptly asks, "Has so great a change been wrought in the minds and hearts of the Carolinians, since that song was chaunted by them; or have the political leaders had much of the South brought on this awful, *useless* war?" J. H. H.

ODE.

Written and sung in Charleston, S. C., July 4, 1831.

BY REV. SAMUEL GILMAN.

HAIL! our country's natal morn;
Hail! our spreading kindred born;
Hail! our banner yet untorn,
Waving o'er the free!

While, this day, in festal throng
Millions swell the patriot song,
Shall not we their voice prolong,
Hallowed jubilee!

Who would'st never Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West!

By our altars pure and free;
By our laws' deep-rooted tree;
By the Past dread memory;
By our WASHINGTON!

By our common parent tongue;
By our hopes, bright, brilliant, young;
By the tie of country strong,
We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
Agent, must ye drop again?
Makers! shall we rend in twain
Blessings sent from Thee!

No! receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, we now,
UNION—LIBERTY!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Approach to Richmond

Since the march of our army on Richmond was commenced it has rained on an average, at least three times a week, and every road or path that has been used is cut by wheels and trodden by hoofs into a puddle of a soft mire, into which a man sinks knee deep at almost every step. You may imagine how bad it is from the fact that it requires a whole day for a team of six mules or horses to haul a load of five barrels of beef, twenty boxes of crackers, or six bags of oats or corn, from Forage Station to General McClellan's Headquarters. Let fools carp and cavil as they will, I tell you that it is perfectly impossible to move such an army as this up the York Peninsula with anything like celerity. It is little short of a miracle that its advance should have been as rapid as it has, and in looking at the long trains of laboring teams as they painfully flounder along the roads, the dullest must see that but for the line of railroad, the army could not be supplied with food. War, as seen in the gay caparisons and gaudy trappings of city militia regiments is pretty; but war, as seen on this neck of land, amid exposures, privations, hardships, is a terribly unattractive thing. And when you think of men fighting by tens of thousands in swamp and on upland, where they mire to their knees, where retreat is almost a physical impossibility and where the dead and dying lie in the cold mud and water for hours and days before they can be gathered up, it makes one shudder in spite of one's sense of the great necessity that all this should be borne.

We are creeping by snails paces, but still creeping toward Richmond. Sumner's headquarters are not more than four miles from the city, and from the tops of tall trees our scouts see the spires of its churches, the dome of the Capitol, the cupola of the Exchange Hotel, on clear days. Our provision trains run clear up to the front of the lines, and one day came in full sight of the locomotive and cars which were bringing supplies to the outposts of the Rebel army. The whistles of the two engines were blown defiantly at each other, until some of our guns opened fire on the Rebel train, compelling it to retreat rapidly toward Richmond. The track is in wretched condition, having been covered in places with silt, washed from the banks, and in others all but undermined on embankments by the incessant rains. The bridge over the Chickahominy, which the enemy unsuccessfully attempted to burn, and which has been patched up by our engineers with trestle-work and wedges, is very unsafe, having twice sunk badly at the middle, and after the last rain gone down more than before. I walked over it yesterday on my way to Heintzelman's headquarters, and should have preferred doing the same on our return if the train had stopped. If our army is kept long at bay it will be a matter of imperative necessity to put on a working force large enough to place the line in thorough repair, and if this bridge is not attended to at once, some dreadful accident will occur. Perhaps, which God forbid, a whole train full of wounded men may be dropped into the turbid waters of the Chickahominy.

Minute Machinery.

A correspondent of the Times, writing from London, says:

The most extraordinary machine on exhibition is beyond question the one for microscoping writing. This enables a person to write in the usual way, and to duplicate his writing a million times smaller; so small, indeed, that it is invisible to the naked eye, yet with a powerful microscope becomes so plain that every line and dot can be seen. The inventor claims that with this instrument he can copy the entire Bible twenty-two times in the space of an inch.—The Astor Library, I presume, could be transferred to a sheet of note paper.—Practically it will be of great service in preventing forgeries. With one of these machines a private mark can be put on bills so minute and perfect that the forger can neither perceive nor imitate it, but the bank clerk or broker knowing where to look can at once detect that the bill is genuine. The machine is the invention of a Mr. Peters.

How they Console Themselves for New Orleans.

[From the Richmond Daily Examiner, June 14.]

The Northern people exult over what they are pleased to call the re-opening of the Mississippi. That they virtually possess the river, and can use it for purposes of war is unquestionable, but that the river is open to their commerce, or of other service to them than as a road for iron clad vessels, is untrue. Until the Southern Confederacy is destroyed the Mississippi cannot again become a channel for commerce. While a single point upon its vast extent, on either bank, is accessible to hostile parties it can convey armed vessels only, and although they have New Orleans and the principal strategic positions above it, they have not driven the Confederates from many hundred miles of its shores, whence they can stop trade and passage as completely as by the guns of Fort Pillow or Columbus.

The fall of New Orleans and the consequent conquest of the Mississippi was a heavy blow to the Confederacy, and diminishes its resources for supplies.—But it is far from being irretrievable.—*The recovery of that river will be as easy as its loss.* Victories in the North will compel the United States to recall its troops, even if the yellow fever does not do its work, in the next sixty days, so effectually as to leave none to recall. New armies will be formed in the States which border that river, *which will retake New Orleans.* No treaty of peace is possible which would leave the river in the hands of the North.

An effort will be made to render the great city at its mouth a free town, like Hamburg and Bremen; but it will be an indecisive war and a drawn battle only, which will render the project possible. The people of the Mississippi country and town are entirely Southern, bitterly hostile to the United States, and, without an exception, resolved forever to be constituent parts of the Confederacy. If the Confederacy lives, it will be impossible to give that river and its valley any political connection other than nature ordains for it. Beyond the separation from Texas and Arkansas, and the loss of the cattle supply we might obtain from that source, its present possession by the enemy is of no real importance in the actual war or in the future condition of the country.

An Affecting Scene.

The Chicago Times in noticing the visit of the Baltimore excursionists to Camp Chase, where some eight thousand Rebel prisoners are confined, says:—A thrilling incident also occurred there, being the meeting of a father—one of the Baltimoreans—Mr. Shutze, with his son, now a prisoner of war in the camp, who was taken at the fall of Donelson. They had parted two years previously, at which time young Shutze had left his home for Alabama, to obtain employment. As he states, he was there impressed into the Confederate service, soon after the breaking out of the war and taken prisoner as above mentioned. Shortly after his arrival at Camp Douglas he informed his father by letter of his situation, and a regular correspondence has since been maintained between them. Mr. Shutze is a boot and shoe manufacturer in Baltimore, and firm in his devotion to the Union. He has no doubt of his son's loyalty, and has for, some time been using active exertions to obtain his release. The meeting, though not unexpected, was yet a very affecting one, both bursting into tears as they fondly embraced each other.

Popular Fallacies about Women.

BY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS THEM.

'A woman should always be neatly and elegantly dressed; she has no excuse for appearing otherwise!'

Has she not, sir? What do you call those five little animals in pink aprons and pinker cheeks, who hang around from 'morn till dewy eve?' What do you call the baby, who always wakes just when he ought to be asleep, and lifts up the full force of his small lungs just when he ought to keep still?—What do you call the soup, which must be seasoned to a grain of pepper, and the pudding, which must be baked just so, or there will be trouble among the lords of creation? the coat which must be mended? the cravat which needs only a stitch? the china that must be washed? the carpets which must be swept? We should call those very respectable excuses for a little dishabille now and then.

'A woman gadding abroad is one of the most disagreeable sights in the world; her place is at home.'

We are not sure of that either; not if she wears a very pretty bonnet, and has cheeks like the sunny side of a peach, and ripe cherry kind of lips.—We've seen a great many more disagreeable things, and confess a weakness for bright eyes and pretty hair. Undoubtedly her place is at home; but there is no reason she should shut herself up there until she looks like a cherry stalk or a lump of chalk. Who would buy the coal and calico, the marketing and new music, if a woman is never to set her foot over the threshhold? The man that wrote that heresy never kept house, we know.

'Woman should always be calm and composed, like a peaceful landscape or serenely shining star. Her whole manner should carry out the idea of rest and repose.'

All very well if the gentleman in possession of these "serenely shining stars" would allow them to remain up among the clouds, high above all sublunary toils and turmoil. But what is the luminary to do when husbands bring home a friend to dinner on Monday when "wash" is in high procedure—when an extra chicken has to be broiled and the best table-cloth whisked on at the three minutes and a quarter's notice? Has our critic a right to complain if his wife makes her appearance with face redder than the pickled beets, and manner decidedly flurried?

"A woman should never, under any circumstances whatever, lose her temper."

Might as well tell the wind not to blow on a March day, or the rain not to come down in April. It does them good to "explode" occasionally. A woman, to be good for anything, must have as much spice and sparkle in her as a bottle of champagne; and if the cork does come out once in a while with a bang, why that don't depreciate the value of the goods.

But let the men preach—it don't amount to anything after all. We hold them captive by every one of their dickey strings and coat buttons—by the rents in their stockings, and toothaches and headaches they want to be nursed through. They cannot do without us, and all this good advice is only a very natural chafing under the invisible chain. On the whole, we think it absurd to take the slightest notice of it. Talk away, "gentlemen," you won't hurt our feelings.

Tearless Eyes.

'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' The expression is one of exquisite tenderness and beauty. The poet Burns said he could never read this without being affected to weeping. Of all the *negative* descriptions none are better adapted to produce consolation than this. This is a world of weeping—a vale of tears. Who is there of the human family that has not shed a tear? And what a change it would make in our world, if it could be said hence-forward not another tear would be shed, not a head would ever be bowed again in grief! Yet this is to be the condition of heaven. In that world there is no pain, no disappointment, no bereavement. No friend is to lie in dreadful agony on a sick-bed; no grave is to be opened to receive a parent, a wife, a child; no gloomy prospect of death is to draw tears of sorrow from the eyes. To that blessed world, when our eyes run down with tears, we are permitted to look forward; and the prospect of such a world should contribute to wipe away our tears here, for all our sorrows will soon be over. Amidst the trials of the present life, when friends leave us, when sickness comes, when our hopes are blasted, when calumnies and reproaches come upon us, when—standing on the verge of the grave and looking down into the cold tomb—the eyes pour forth floods of tears, it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to look forward to that brighter scene in heaven, where not a pang shall ever be felt, and not a tear shall ever be shed.—*Dr. Barnes.*

Ask Your Enemies.

If you want to know your faults, ask your enemies what they are, and you will be told. If there is a broken place in your coat of mail, *they* will discover it and thrust in a spear there. They will pierce you between the joints of your harness. Perhaps some people think that one must need be very wicked to have enemies. No, no; there is not a good man or woman on earth, (unless they are happily good—persons of no force of character,) who has not at least one enemy. It is no credit to a man to have it said of him, 'He has not an enemy in the world.' Such a sentence would do very well to engrave upon the tombstone of an infant or an idiot, but it is far from being complimentary to a man.

WHO IS KING?

THERE is a beast 'mong men who boast
Of powder, Cotton, Steam,
But every hour he shows his power
Of Printers' Ink to scem.
It moves the world so easily
As does no mighty thing,
And men prostrate in despotic ears
That Printers' Ink is King.

The man of gold, of wealth untold,
Printers' Ink may scorn,
Nor bend his knee, nor deign to bow
To one so lowly born;
But Printers' Ink has built its throne
Where kings their tribute bring,
And God's most gifted intellects
Shout "Printers' Ink is King."

King of the *Forts of thought* reined—
No subject save it claims—
Where superstitious victim's pined,
"It burst their sceptre chains.
In every clime, in coming years,
Will such good anthems sing;
And round the world the echoes float,
That "Printers' Ink is King!"

Beating Down Prices.

Some people pride themselves on a certain sharpness in making bargains.—They buy everything a trifle cheaper than their neighbors because of a certain tact in beating down prices.

It may turn out in another world that this is very short sighted economy, for as Mr. Gough says, it leads many sellers to vicious courses. Mr. Gough said in one of his lectures upon information derived personally from English convicts, that not a few of that unfortunate class of persons had formerly been venders of vegetables, fruit, matches, and such like small wares, and by that humble means had tried hard to gain an honest livelihood. And they ascribe their failure and fall to the fact that their customers were so persistently in the habit of beating down their prices that they found it impossible to earn a living by fair and honest dealing, and were at length tempted to a course of double dealing which led them step by step into lying, cheating, stealing and finally public degradation and prison.

We think that there is more than a grain of truth in this. At all events, one of the minor morals is to give a poor man a fair price for his labor or his wares. Beaing down is wholly inexcusable. If the price asked is too high in itself or too much for your pocket, leave the article and try another dealer.

Anecdote of Col. Garfield.

Col Garfield, who was the hero of the defeat of Humphrey Marshall, is a native of Massachusetts, and has been a Methodist preacher. As such, he was settled at Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, and became President of a college at that place. He is a man who stands five feet and nine inches in his boots, with yellowish white hair like that of Horace Greely, and his friends have claimed for him the distinction of being the strongest man physically, in the United States. The following anecdote is told of him

At one of his out door religious meetings, while he was eloquently portraying the patience of Job, a big two fisted rowdy, who had long been the terror of the neighborhood, and had broken up many meetings, leaped into the circle of weeping christians, and with a wild Indian war-hoop, exclaimed:

"I'm ready for a fight! If yer white minister is so mighty strong as yer talk of, let him jump his length into the old hyena!"

Without evincing the slightest anger, Mr. Garfield exclaimed:

"Yes, my friends, Job was a pattern of patience and yet if he were here at the present moment, I doubt not he would do as I am about to;" and walking up to the bully, with a movement as quick as lightning, he turned him half way round, knocked off his cap, and grasping him by the hair, hoisted him at arm's length from the ground. The fellow being a coward—as all rowdies are—was almost frightened to death, and he screamed out in the most fearful manner, "Let go my har! For God's sake let go my har! I'll never trouble you again. Jet go my har!

After making the fellow promise to occupy a front seat during the rest of the meeting, Mr. Garfield let him "drap!" It is needless to say that out door meetings in that section were never afterwards disturbed, if Rev. Mr. Garfield was the clergyman present.

A Mother's Love.

Writes a pious matron from one of our hospitals—the *solitary disciple* of Christ among all the physicians and attendants there—

"In the next bed is a young man who has been delirious for a week; he is very happy, and thinks I am his mother, as he is only 18 and very sick. He is a splendid boy, and another mother's heart will ache also."

Others, she adds, have died calling aloud for their mother. Oh, what a wealth of maternal affection has been taken to the battle field; illustrating the tremendous power and responsibility of the mother. Her voice is heard above the roar of combat, and floats on the air of the quiet hospital. Her counsel and prayers subdue the wayward heart, and lead to Christ when no other means can reach and save the soul.

Let pious mothers pray for this soldier-boy with *faith*, and all Christians especially remember the wounded and sick in our great host of young men who have left our homes for the field of carnage.

☞ A Connecticut match maker puts a postscript on his advertisement of 'Superior Friction Matches:' 'N. B.—I would here caution the boys not to come and see my darters unless they think of striking up a match. Their time is money, for I keep them to work. I suppose they must get husbands now while they are young, if ever, and therefore you fellers that really want wives come on. But you who only want to joke and take up the gals' time, stay away from the factory if you please.'

A Scene on Federal Hill.

The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Evening Post gives the following scene at a recent drill of the Seventh Regiment on Federal Hill:

Just behind me stood, on the porch of the Colonel's quarter's, a gay, sparkling young girl, full of fun and mischief, and a thorough humorist. She rallied her beaux, who flocked around her, for she was very pretty withal, and kept them in high spirits by her witty remarks. At last she broke out in rather a loud voice thus: "*I do* wonder what has brought so many Secessionist women here? Really, the grounds are full of them. They ought not to be suffered to intrude on this *sacred* soil—sacred to the Union. But after all it's well they have come. They will see what sort of soldiers our Union men are—how they can drill and how they can fight. Pshaw! They didn't come for that. They have only come to get a peep at the handsome fellows in the ranks, and pick out husbands for themselves. But it's no use. Our gallant fellows are against all such *Union* as that—that's certain!" Not far from her stood a group of pretty Secession girls, whose faces glowed with scarlet, and the sympathizers with the fair critic evidently enjoyed the scene hugely. Grafulla's admirable regimental band burst forth just as our ardent Union girl closed her emphatic remarks, and all ears relished the rich operatic treat that floated on the air over Federal Hill for an hour afterwards, including the "John Brown Hallelujah!"

An Obstinate Organ.

In a small church, at a little village near Brighton, where the congregation could not afford to pay an organist, they recently bought a self-acting organ, a complete instrument, well suited to the purpose, and constructed to play forty different tunes. The sexton had instructions how to set it going, and how to stop it; but, unfortunately, he forgot the latter part of his business, and, after singing the first four verses of a hymn before the sermon, the organ could not be stopped, and it continued playing two verses more; then just as the clergyman completed the word "Let us pray," the organ clicked and started a fresh tune. The minister sat it out patiently, and then renewed his introductory words, "Let us pray," when click went the organ again and started off on another tune. The sexton and others continued their exertions to find out the spring, but no man could put a stop to it; so they got four of the ablest men in the church to shoulder the perverse instrument, and they carried it down the centre aisle of the church, playing away, into the churchyard, where it continued clicking and playing away until the whole forty tunes were finished.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL ON GENERAL MCCLELLAN.—The great Commander, now Lord Clyde, is perhaps the highest military authority in Europe. His opinion of the conduct and ability of our Commanding General is entitled to weight, and we are glad to have it for the encouragement of the country in these times. A personal friend, and a gentleman well known in this city, writes in a private letter from Paris, June 6th, as follows:

"Mr. Mowatt dined with me a few days since. He is here with Lord Clyde, the greatest English General living. In a conversation which I had with Lord Clyde, on Saturday, he stated that General McClellan had evinced more true generalship than any man in our army. He said he considered him a splendid strategist and able leader."—*Journal of Commerce.*

"Dip Him Again."

In Venango county, Pa., is a queer fellow by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother, Jim who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—ye hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptised in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up out of the water Tom said to him: "Is it c-c-cold, Jim?" "No," replied Jim, "not at all." "I-I-d-dip him again m-m-minister," cried Tom; "he li-lies yet."

☞ Lord Bacon well said: "You may take sarsa to open the liver, prepared steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castor for the brain; but there is no opening medicine found for the obstructions of the heart, beside a faithful friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions cares, counsels, and, in short, whatever lies on the heart under the seal, as it were, of a civil confession."

☞ "Who can paint like nature?" exclaimed a young lady, as she held a copy of Thompson's Seasons in one hand while the other was clasped by her enraptured lover. "Ah! what soul there is in that passage! who indeed can paint like nature?" "You can!" shouted her brother, who had been peeping in at the window; "you're just the girl that can; *you've painted like all nature now!*"

☞ A young lady was sitting at a window in Camden, N. J. a few days ago, when she observed a colored girl cutting up some antics, and she commenced laughing. The darkey observed it, turned up her nose and said:—"You white girls needn't laugh—you've got no beaux now—they're all gone South to fight for us niggers."

☞ Beauregard's 'victory' at Pittsburg Landing, is very much like that described by 'John Phœnix.' He says, 'I hold the enemy down by my nose, which I had inserted between his teeth for that purpose.'

All Very Well.

A rebel Surgeon from South Carolina states that the Confederate Government are about to establish a mint for the purpose of coining silver and gold plate. All very well—but where is the "plate" coming from?

BALTIMORE LOCK HOSPITAL,
ESTABLISHED AS A REFUGE FROM QUACKERY.
The Only Place Where a Cure Can be Obtained.

DR. JOHNSTON has discovered the most Remedy in the World for Weakness of the Back or Limbs, Strictures, Affections of the Kidneys and Bladder, Incontinency, Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Languor, Low Spirits, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Timidity, Trembling, Dimness of Sight or Giddiness, Disease of the Head, Throat, Nose or Skin, Affections of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrible Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices, more fatal to their victims than the song of Sirens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

YOUNG MEN

Especially, who have become the victims to 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 wielded the sceptre of living Love, may call upon me with full confidence.

MARRIAGE.

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

The wretched victim of self-indulgence, who has injured himself under the care of Dr. Johnston, may confidently confide to his honor as a gentleman, and confidently rely upon his skill as a Physician.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately Cured and Full Vigor Restored to the Debilitated Parties. Diffidence in Marriage impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of Empirics or Impostors. Young persons are too apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may follow. Now, who that understands the subject will pretend to deny that the power of procreation is lost sooner by those living lives improper habits than by the prudent? Reflect, young men, that the treasury of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes Debauched, the Physical and Mental Functions Weakened, Loss of Procreative Power, Nervous Irritability, Dyspepsia, Palpitation of the heart, Indigestion, Constitutional Debility, a Wasting of the Frame, Coughs, Consumption, &c.

Office No. 7, South Frederick Street,

Third door side going from Baltimore street a few doors from the corner. Full not to observe name and number.

Letters must be paid and contain stamp. Be particular in observing the name and number. You will address the office.

A CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DAYS.

No Mercury or Nauseous Drugs.

DR. JOHNSTON,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Graduate from one of the most eminent Colleges in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has so far in advance of the medical establishment cures that were ever known; many from fearful ulcerations in the head and ears, their exertions to find out the spring, of a sudden sounds, bandolines, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with a derangement of mind, were cured immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE!

Dr. J. addresses all those who have injured themselves by improper indulgence and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

These are some of the sad and melancholy effects produced by such habits of youth, viz.: Weakness of the Back and Limbs, Pains in the Head, Dizziness of Sight, Loss of Muscular Power, Palpitation of the Heart, Dyspepsy, Nervous Irritability, Derangement of the Digestive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption.

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

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

DR. JOHNSTON'S INVIGORATING REMEDY FOR ORGANIC WEAKNESS.

By this great and important remedy, Weakness of the Organs is speedily cured, and full vigor restored.

Thousands of the most nervous and debilitated, who had lost all hope, have been immediately relieved. Nervous Debility, Mental Fear, Pimples on Mental Disquilification, 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 sight for 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 vice so destructive of health and happiness. Ruin stares such a man in the face, unless a speedy remedy is applied. Many a promising youth, with the fairest prospects of usefulness, blasted with all his bright hopes of future life, is now a wreck, hurrying to premature decay, his manhood destroyed, his constitution ruined, his mind diseased, he is alarmed at the consequences of his early indiscretion, which have so long been concealed, and which he now discovers to be the cause of his present miserable condition, and which, if not cured, will cut him off from the world, and render life a burden, he is now fully sensible of the enormity of the crime of self-abuse, and the ruin it has brought upon him, and he is now willing to do anything to be restored to health and happiness. He wishes to be cured by a man who has the skill, and who can be trusted with a secret involving the happiness of a whole life. He wishes to be cured by a man who has been educated to his profession, who has had the most extensive practice in his profession, who can be consulted with perfect confidence, who can be trusted with a secret involving the happiness of a whole life. He wishes to be cured by a man who has been educated to his profession, who has had the most extensive practice in his profession, who can be consulted with perfect confidence, who can be trusted with a secret involving the happiness of a whole life.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE

When the misguided and ingenuous votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an illtimed sense of shame or dread of discovery deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability, are alone entitled to his confidence. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, fleece him of pecuniary emolument, keep him trifling month after month, or at best for the smallest fee can be induced, and in despair leave him with a ruined health to sigh over his galling disappointment, or, by the use of that deadly poison, Mercury, hasten the constitutional system of this direful disease, such as affection of the Head, Throat, Nose, Skin, etc., progressing with frightful rapidity till death puts a period to his direful sufferings, and sends 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 deeply affected, 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 Medical and Surgical Department of Dr. Johnston's 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 respective Editors 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 a description of their complaint, which describes symptoms; also the particular to enclose a Postage Stamp to be used on the reply and direct in the following manner: Dr. J. M. JOHNSTON, of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. May 23—y.

The Largest Arrival of
DRY GOODS
AT LOW PRICES.
For the Spring of 1862!
John L. Reifsnider,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. REIFSNIDER & SON.)
Westminster, Md.,

HAS retirned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with the largest and most complete assortment of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, ever offered by the Old Firm.

The DECLINE in price of Goods, and being purchased for the CASH, exclusively, enables him to sell them very low.

LADIES DRESS GOODS

A beautiful assortment, all new and choice designs. I would call especial attention to my stock of black Silks (for sale and warranted not to cut.)

SHAWLS, THE LATEST OUT.

Calicoes, Red Muslins and Ginghams, at about the old prices. Also, a fine assortment of all kinds of Notions, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ladies Collars, Glasses, Hosiery, Hoop Skirts, (very low,) &c., in fact everything in this line.

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Cords, Beverteens, and all kinds of Cotton Pantings, and Linens as low as they have ever been sold in this County.

I have also a fine and complete Stock of Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c., Queensware, Carpets, also a fresh lot of GROCERIES, at Bottom prices.

I keep a full assortment in all kinds of Hardware and Iron, for particulars see advertisement in another column. My stock is larger and much better assorted than heretofore. Call before purchasing elsewhere, and you will be suited.

Thankful for former patronage, I hope to meet a continuance of the same.

JOHN L. REIFSNIDER.

MOTTO—"Attention and Justice to All."

March 28,—tf

GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN
SEWING MACHINES.
EMPIRE
SHUTTLE MACHINE.
Patented February 14th, 1860.
SALESROOM 510 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

THIS Machine is constructed on an entirely new principle of mechanism, has a very fairly rate and reliable movement, has 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:

1.—Excessive fatigue to the operator. 2.—Inexpertness to sew like the operator. 3.—Inability to get out of order. 4.—Very complicated. 5.—Noisy. 6.—Expense, trouble and loss of time in repairing. 7.—Inability to sew all kinds of work, while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is exempt from all these objections.

It does straight needle work, under other methods the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike as well on the finest muslin and Woolen Goods, as on heavy Leather in the best Manufacture, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor CONTROL WHEEL, it is the possible motion, it runs as smoothly as glass and

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

It requires FIFTY PER CENT. less power to drive it than any other machine. A child of twelve years of age can work it steadily, without injury or inconvenience to health.

It is strong and WONDERFULLY SIMPLE in construction, rendering it almost impossible to get out of order, and is GUARANTEED by the company to give satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to purchase, to examine this or any other machine, and judge for themselves.

But in a more especial manner do we solicit the patronage of

Merchant Tailors, Coach Makers, Hoopskirt Manufacturers, Shirt and Bosom Makers, Dress Makers, Corset Makers, Gaiter Fitters, Nose Benders, Vest and Pantaloon Makers.

☞ Religious and Charitable Institutions will be liberally dealt with.

Price of Machines, complete:

No. 1, or Family Machine, $25 00, No. 2 Small Sized Manufacturing, $30 00, No. 3 Large sized Manufacturing, $75 00.

Cabinets to 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.

T. J. MCARTHUR & CO.,
510 Broadway, New York.

Sept. 6, 1861.

A CARD!

WE have been advised that certain persons for purposes best known to themselves have been endeavoring to mislead the farmers and others with false representations, that our Sewing Machines are from Baltimore. For those who are not advised, we make say that the real facts are that our Machines are made in New York City, and are sold at our Salesroom, No. 510 Broadway, and when sent to Howard St., or Calvert Station on Northern R. road, we make no charge for the above cartage. Such are the facts, and we challenge proof to the contrary. Genuine Machines only sold per the Bo.

We are arranging a revised Table of Freights, having leased the entire second floor of our Salesroom, for the various kinds of goods arranged to the different places in this country. DRINKWATER & TAYLOR.

Aug. 23—tf.

A. WHEATFIELD,
No. 6 SECOND STREET,
Betw. Marsh Market Space & Frederick St.,
BALTIMORE.
CABINET FURNITURE.
Chairs, Mattresses, Looking-Glasses, Feather Beds, &c.

Where will be found at all times a large supply of the most beautiful patterns of Furniture all of which will be sold at the Lowest Price.

☞ Old Furniture neatly repaired and varnished. April 4.—6m.

New Wholesale Dry Goods House.
J. H. Hoblitzell & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED A
LARGE STOCK OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.,
At No. 347 West Baltimore Street.

The entire stock was purchased in September and October last, at prices enabling them to sell to dealers on such terms as will make it the interest of both City and Country Merchants to examine their stock.

☞ Their terms will be cash.

March 7,—3m.*

Philadelphia Perfumery.

Toilet Soaps, Handkerchief Extracts, Shaving Creams and Soaps, Toilet Sprays, Waters, Rose Hair Oil, French Pomades, &c. &c.

JUST received a large assortment of the above articles from one of the oldest and best Perfumery Establishments in the City of Philadelphia, which can be sold at a much less price than heretofore, at SHRIVER'S Drug and Drug Store. Please call and help yourself. Feb. 21.

N. B.—A large assortment of the Celebrated Honey and Glycerine Soaps, and Alex Taylor's Celebrated Transparent Soaps of a much reduced price.

SHAWLS.—For Spring and Summer for sale very low by J. A. Schneider.

WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINES.
PRICE WITH HEMMER AND FELLER,
$35 00.
THIS MACHINE HAS POINTS OF SUPERIORITY PECULIARLY ITS OWN.

Stitching, Hemming, and Felling with a Single Thread.

It forms a flat, even, and elastic seam, which is WARRANTED not to rip up, ravel, even if the seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also under all circumstances "TO SERVE THE WEARER."

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

Another feature which deserves particular attention is the Tension Wheel, Patent Noiseless Stitch Lifter.

Two thousand Stitches of two yards of work, can be done in one minute without dropping a stitch.

The Machine is so simple and accurate in their construction, separately the use of the shuttle; and with one thread produce all the practical results of a double thread machine; sews, hems, fells, stitches and binds, and can do all most in without puckering.

Although not shown for the price of the other first class machines, they will accomplish under the sewing in a given time.

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

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

"A mechanical wonder."—Scientific American.

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

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

"This machine, in the opinion of the committee, fill more nearly the requirements of a perfect family machine than any on exhibition."—Franklin Institute Exhibition Report of 1859.

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

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

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

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

Boston, July 2, 1860.

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