American Sentinel.

OLD SERIES, Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1,561. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT—LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S AND TRUTH'S" NEW SERIES, Vol. 12.—No. 38

THOS. J. LOCKARD, Publisher. WESTMINSTER, MD.: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1862. WM. H. LOCKARD, Printer.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

THE AMERICAN SENTINEL is published every *Friday Morning* and furnished to subscribers 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.

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JOB PRINTING.—Having an abundant variety of material suited for Plain and Fancy Work of every description, enables us to do Job Printing at short notice and on very reasonable terms, for cash.

BLANKS, of every variety constantly on hand.

POETRY.

The Days we Wore no Crinoline.

AIR—"*The days that we went Gipsying.*"

On the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago;
When we along the streets could walk
In comfort with a beau.
Ere hoops and springs and such like things,
On ladies' forms were seen;
Ere fathers raved and husbands stormed
About the crinoline.
Ere wicked wags, with cruel jokes,
Could cause us care and woe,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
A long time ago.

Our hearts were light; we felt no fright
Through crowds to wend our way;
But now we're jammed and knocked about
Where'er we chance to stray,
With friend, we then could sail in barts,
On streamlets bright and fair;
But now our dresses are so large—
There is no room to spare.
And then we hear the rascals say,
"It was not always so,
In the days they wore no crinoline,
A long time ago."

We then could pass each country lass
Without a single sneer;
But now by fashion we're compelled
These horrid hoops to wear,
Then lovers came with joyous hearts,
Our cavaliers to be;
To lead us up and down the town,
The things and sights to see.
But now they laugh and run away;
It was not always so—
In the days we wore no crinoline
A long time ago.

If ever common-sense should reign
O'er fashion's changing scene,
We then may dress as once we did,
And imitate a queen,
The men, also, they must adopt
A more becoming mein:
And if they will not lead the way,
Farewell to crinoline.
Then, we some shall weep and say,
It was not always so,
In the days we wore no crinoline,
Along time ago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY.

Cousin Deborah was an old, unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life annuity. The furniture of the house was faded and antique; the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few, and in no very good condition. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquility, stitching, stitching forever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. That wanted nothing, for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tapes, buttons, bodkin, needle, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls, that to enumerate them would be a tedious task.

Cousin Deborah particularly prided herself on darning; carpets, house linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry.—Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by her; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table cloth, for the purpose of exercising her ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs and cats are to many other single ladies. She was lost without it; her conversation always turned on the subject of thread, paper and needle cases; and never was darning cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls, than by the taper fingers of cousin Deborah.

The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and, without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries, when the raised edge revealed its mountain of cotton and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that cousin Deborah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters; and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable, in order to make "both ends meet."

She was proud of me, on the whole, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for idleness and skipping stitches; and between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made in the course of the year. We resided near our cousin Deborah; and many a time I was invited to take tea with her, and bring my bag in hand, as a matter of course, and sit with her long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken, save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

I sometimes found it very dull work, I confess. Not so with cousin Deborah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box, and I do not believe that she loved any human being so well. Her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me, as time went on, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needlework. Not that I shared in her delicacy; I was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age.—But ply the needle I did, and so did cousin Deborah; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so every evening, but though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear any of us out of their sight oftener than was deemed indispensable.

At length cousin Deborah's quiet and blameless life came to an end. Having shut her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet, she turned her face to the wall and fell asleep.

When her will was opened, it was found that she left her books, furniture and plate to a family that stood in the same relationship to her that we did, but who were in much more prosperous circumstances than we. To me she devised the huge old work-box, with all its contents, in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded by the deceased. I was to inherit the well stored work-box, only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessings," said cousin Deborah; "for Ada Benwell (that was my name) is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little-brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore, I particularly recommend her to use them up as soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

Mother was a little disappointed at the conclusion of our kinswoman's will, and expressed her displeasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies was never again discussed by us. The work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning cotton rapidly diminished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother, busy with my needle, she kindly remarked:

"You have followed your poor cousin's directions, my dear Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning cotton, and look, there is one just done."

As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needlefull, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had formed the nucleus upon which the yarn was wound. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment she unfolded it before our astonished gaze; it was a bank note for fifty pounds.

"O, dear, misjudged cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed; "this is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her, kind, queer old soul!"

We were not long in using up all the other balls of darning cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure was never met with before or since.—Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

Not less than ten fifty pound notes were thus brought to light, and my father laughingly declared I had wrought my own dower with my needle. No persuasion could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my "reward," and belonged to me alone.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Letter from Parson Brownlow.

I have canvassed the entire, North, and I have spoken to more than 100,000 persons, taking great pains to learn the actual condition of the Northern mind. There is a settled purpose on the part of the Northern people, and the loyal men of the Northwest, to crush out the rebellion, at any and every cost of men, money and blood. The great body of the people of the loyal States have vowed, and their decree has been ratified in Heaven—that none but the banner of glory and beauty, known as the "Stars and Stripes," shall ever float over any State in the old United States. They have sworn that this government shall never be divided, and that this country shall never know but one government, and that shall be the government of the United States.

The recent order of a draft by the President, for 300,000 more, meets with the enthusiastic approval of old and young, in all directions, and the only regrets I have heard expressed are, that he had not ordered a draft of half a million.

The men taken from these Northern and Middle States, are not even missed by these States. Everything is prosperous—crops are abundant, money is plenty; and the only evidence one sees of war, is in the newspapers, and the rattle of the drum and fife, at recruiting stations. True, iron clad monsters are building, and transports, for war purposes, at various points, all going to show that the government is in earnest, terribly in earnest.

I have nothing to disguise, Mr. Editor, in regard to this infernal rebellion, I am for crushing it out—no matter at what cost. I am for subjugation, coercion, and *extermination*, if these measures are necessary to put down the rebellion and sustain the government of the United States. I know the *origin* of the rebellion, and I know the *originators;* and nothing short of an old fashioned orthodox hell, that burns with fire and brimstone, will reward them adequately for their service!

Destruction of an Island.

The Friend of India says: "The Island of Makian, formerly so fertile, has been completely laid waste by volcanic eruption. Not one of its 4,000 inhabitants remain upon it, and there is not a blade of grass to be seen. The twelve villages which were to be found upon the island have been more or less destroyed. Some of them have been buried to the depth of thirty or forty feet under sand, stones, and ashes. How many of the inhabitants have found their graves by this calamity has not been fully ascertained, but it is reported that out of Bohawa alone (a village of about 1000 souls) only about half made their escape. The bodies of sixty-three persons have been found under the ruins of the mosque in the principal village, while about sixty persons were found suffocated in a cave.

A Text for Home Traitors.

And whosoever will not do the law of thy God, and the law of the King, let judgment be executed speedily upon him, whether it be unto death, or to banishment, *or to confiscation of goods*, or to imprisonment. *Ezra 7:26.*

A SECESH SERMON.

A Tennessee secession "Hard Shell," about the time our guaboats were making their movements down the Mississippi River, was called on to deliver a sermon, and he spoke as follows:—

"Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duty of your lives. The Yankees in 'chariots of fire' are cavorting and charging like the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, spoken of by St. John—(Brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours quit his improprieties, or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue)—the uncircumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminadab, and my soul waxeth 'fearfully and wonderfully mad.' Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave.—I don't mean a gin-sling, but the sling of the 'just man made perfect,' which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text—ah! 'Curse-ye Me-rez ah!' My text suggests two points—the cowardice of a cuss, and the cuss of cowardice.

"Firstly, then, there is always cowardice in a low ornery cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which, you know, my brethren, is an extensively religious concern,' and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy, called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents—ah!

"Secondly. The cuss of cowardice. Who, my brethren and sisters, is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a 'bull of Bashan,' in time of safety, and then runs like a 'fatted calf' in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris, who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about defending the sanctity of our homes and wives, and daughters, and dying in the last ditch.' Yes, he cavorted mightily, and shouted as he 'smelt the battle afar off,' but to-day he roameth like a disconsolate Wangdoodle on the dark mountains of Hepsidam, roaring for her first born, and 'will not be comforted because they are not.' Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that 'last ditch,' of which you have heard so much. I am afraid that the 'feathers will fly' whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip.—The 'sword of the Lord' isn't the 'sword of Gideon Pillow,' I am certain, so I shall not bolster him up any longer.—Gideon is a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"There is Wash Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying cozily at home while 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' do the fighting.—I believe that this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does he want to 'save his bacon' mor'n he wants to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a 'cuss, and a cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is the vigilance committee of Nashville, vigilant about what, I'd like to know? As 'vigilant as a cat to steal cream,' I guess, as the apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all cusses, and cusses of cowardice.

"My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice.—Myself, the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFarrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and Brother Huston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not cusses of cowardice. No sir-ee!

"My brethren, just get the Almanac, and look for that Confederate 'eclipse of the sun,' and then get down Brother Mac's Primer, and read that heavenly little story about the 'Smart Dixie Boy,' and then buy a copy of my Armageddon, for one dollar and fifty cents, and you'll fight like—"

Enter messenger, wildly exclaiming—"Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!"

"Oh, Jerusalem, my brethren—oh, Jerusalem! Let us skedaddle!"

And they did, without waiting for a formal closing of the service.

A Hard Head.

It is related of a Southern slaveholder that he was wont to boast of the head-endurance of a favorite house servant. Upon the occasion of a dinner party, he bragged that Sam could not be knocked down by any blow, however severe, upon his head. An athletic and powerful man of the party laughed at such an idea, and as Sam was about entering the room with the candles, he stood behind the door and struck him a powerful blow on the head. The candles flickered a little, but Sam passed quietly on, merely saying: "Gemmen, be careful ob de elbows, or de lights will be distinguished, shua."

☞ Col. Dan. McCook, when he read the dispatch announcing his brother's murder, an eye witness says, even in the agony of bereavement, his thoughts could not be restrained from the idea of wreaking a terrible vengence on the cowardly assassins who could murder his brother while alone and prostrated in sickness; and through his grinding teeth came the stern resolve; "I'll never take another Rebel prisoner as long as God gives me breath."

Specimen of Rebel Brutality.

Major Cassidy, one of the recently released Union officers, from rebeldom, furnishes the following as one of the many acts of cruelty perpetuated by rebel fiends:

Capt. Warner, of the rebel service, commissary of the Libby prison at Richmond, was telling us one day of a good joke of his. It appears that soon after the battle of Bull Run, a young Union soldier was brought into Dr. Higginbotham's hospital, and there his leg was amputated just above the knee. Warner, who was present at the operation, obtained some India ink and a needle, and picked into the remaining stump. "This is Lincoln's doings." The poor fellow, insensible almost with pain, not having uttered a sound before, now groaned with agony to have been thus insulted, and be unable to resent it.—This, Capt. Warner told us, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Moore, of the Presbyterian Church of Richmond, who blushed with shame at the recital of the cruelty of this miserable ruffian. Captain Warner was born at Haverstraw, on the Hudson; left there when nine years of age; has a wife now somewhere in Illinois; and busies himself in gathering up all the Union money he can from prisoners to send to his family at the North. This many rebels do.—They all know their money is not worth a straw now, and never can be of any value.

The Curse of Gold.

Many years since, a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy and asked for supper and a bed; the landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor.—He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer—asked them many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room, and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold into her hand, and desired her to take care of it till morning—pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the accursed gold; for its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said that he had risen very early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who has lately returned to France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct towards wayfaring mariners."—Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers, when they found that they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long lost child; they confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence by being broken alive on the wheel.

Early Breakfasts.

A bad custom is prevalent in many families, especially among farmers, of working an hour or two before breakfast, attending to "chores," hoeing in the garden, cutting wood, etc. This is convenient on many accounts, but is not conducive to health. The prevalent opinion is that the morning air is the purest, and most healthful and bracing; but the contrary is the fact. At no hour of the day is the air more full of dampness, fog, miasma, etc., than at about sunrise.—The heat of the sun gradually dissipates these miasmatic influences as the day advances. An early meal braces up the system against these external influences. Every one knows the languor and faintness often experienced for the first hour in the morning, and that this is increased by exercise and want of food. We do not agree with the boarding-school regime which prescribes a long walk before breakfast, as a means of promoting health. Probably the best custom would be to furnish every member of the family, especially those who labor out of doors, with a simple cup of warm coffee, well milked, immediately after rising from bed.—Then let them attend to chores or mowing, hoeing, etc., for an hour or two, while the teams are feeding, and breakfast preparing. They will feel better, and do more work.

Farming on Shares.

Connecticut boasts of some great farmers. They have a curious way of doing things *on shares*, and the results of these operations sometimes offer a fine field for the display of logic. One of their farmers leased to his son-in-law three acres of land, to be planted "with corn and cultivated by him "at the halves." In the fall the lessee said that was the poorest land he ever worked on; for, said he, "I worked hard all summer, and at harvest-time, when we came to divide the crop, I not only had no corn left for myself, but I had to go and buy five bushels of shelled corn to make out my father-in-law's half."

Here is another case illustrating the workings of this "peculiar institution" of doing things on shares:—Farmer A ——— happened to have more pigs than he could keep, while his neighbor, B———, had more milk than he could dispose of. One day A——— brought two pigs over and deposited them in B———'s pen, saying that he wished B——— to keep them on shares, and that he might keep them two months and have *one* of them as his share.—B——— replied that, as he had plenty of feed, he would keep them four months and have them both, as, of course, that would amount to the same thing! A——— left, saying that he supposed it was all right; but guessed he wouldn't bring any more.

Cold Cabbage.

Bob Brown was a nice young man, generally; but he had his faults, and who has not? When whiskey was in circulation, Bob never refused to take a glass, and sometimes whiskey would get the best of him; but to do Bob justice, it did take an awful quantity of liquor to turn him into a fool. He got married lately, and started a little home of his own. It used to be Mrs. Bob's practice to have a plate of something nice waiting on the table when he got home late at night. One night he got home just 'blue' enough to try to open the door with a five cent piece, and pull off his boots with a tooth-pick; but still he was hungry, and not so very drunk, after all. He found the table, and seated himself. 'What an old brute I am (hic!) anyway, to go and get (hic!) drunk, and my wife home here fixing me (hic!) such a nice plate of cabbage.' He pulled the plate up, and after seasoning it to suit his taste, began, with knife and fork, to cut the 'cabbage;' but 'nary gash' could he make! He sawed and swore, and sawed and swore again. He took it in his hands, and tried to tear it; but it was in vain. He began to saw, and swear again. He took it in his hands, and, at last, either cut or swore a small piece off. He put it in his mouth, and tried to chew; but that was no go. He laid down the 'cabbage,' and began to swear, which soon brought his wife from her dreams, and into the room.

'What's the matter, Bob?'

'Matter enough, (hic!) Sally. I can't eat this cabbage.'

'What cabbage, Bob? Nothing there, as I can see, but my two nightcaps soaking in a plate of starch!'

'Oh (hic!) Jerusalem! Sal! let's go to bed!' They went to bed, but the joke was too good to keep, and soon leaked out. He had been nearly half an hour trying to eat two of his wife's night caps, that she had put to soak in a plate of starch before going to bed.

How to avoid the Draft.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: One day in the last week, an adroit speculator, calculating on the fears as well as the curiosity of these liable to military service, advertised in one of our city papers that, in consideration of the sum of one dollar, sent to him by post at a certain given address, he would directly communicate an *infallible* method by which each person receiving this valuable information could avoid the draft.—As many as 400 letters, each enclosing a dollar, reached the ingenious advertiser within 12 hours. In every instance, he conscientiously performed his promise, and, without delay or evasion, communicated how to evade the draft. The secret, which is well worth knowing, was communicated in the single word—ENLIST.

Last Moments of Gen. McCook.

There is something sublime in the last words of the murdered hero, General Robert McCook: "I am done with life; yes, this ends it all. You and I part now, but *the loss of ten thousand lives such as yours and mine would be nothing, if their sacrifice would but save such a Government as ours.*" These are words worthy to be engraved on the heart of every soldier in our army, of every seaman in our navy. They are worthy to be treasured up in the memory, too, of every one who weeps at home for the brave that return no more. Let them be repeated from lip to lip around the camp fire where the soldiers gather to speak of the past and to speculate upon the future. Let them pass from mouth to mouth when the serried ranks move forward to the field of death.

Business.

Petitions to be presented to the next Legislature of any state that is nearly out of business:—From a bankrupt husband, praying that a bill might be passed to restrain his wife from the use of more than six bonnets in one season.—From a jealous husband, praying that it might be made a felony for a bachelor to ask a married lady to dance. From a fidgety husband, for an act to declare the rearing of parrots and lap-dogs a capital crime. From a distracted husband, for an act to prohibit the spalling of babies. From an old maid, for an act to make marriage compulsory at a certain age—to extend to both sexes. From a young lady, inveighing against the length to which mustaches have grown of late.

☞ The Montour American says a short time ago a stranger from York State called at a tavern in that region, the proprietor of which is a Democrat of the Breckinridge persuasion. The stranger ordered dinner and had his horse put up, after which he took up a paper to pass away the time. He first read the Columbia Democrat, then he took up the Star of the North. Becoming disgusted with the sentiment of these papers, he took up the Danville Intelligencer, but soon threw it down also, and yelled for the landlord.—'Landlord,' said he, 'where am I? I didn't think I was so far South; but I've got into rebledom! Get my horse, quick!' He mounted in hot haste, and struck due North. The landlord has since kept those papers out of the way of strangers.

☞ The husband of a buxom wife, near Exeter, England, had long been dying, and at length one of the clergymen of the parish, making one of his daily visits, found him dead. The disconsolate widow, in giving an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but could not die. "At last," said she, "I recollected that I had got a new piece of tape in the drawer, and so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could around his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger and, poor dear! he went off like a lamb."

BALTIMORE 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, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspepsy, 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, Stomach or Bowels—those Terrific Disorders arising from the Solitary Habits of Youth—those secret and solitary practices more fatal to their victims than the song of Syrens to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, &c., impossible.

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, organic 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.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

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 indulgences. 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 lost 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 Cough, Consumption, &c.

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Left hand side going from Baltimore street a few doors from the corner. Fail not to observe name and number.

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Be particular in observing the name and number, or you will mistake the place.

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 College in the United States, and the greater part of whose life has been spent in the hospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most astonishing cures that were ever known; many troubled with ringing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervousness being alarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, 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 indulgences and solitary habits, which ruin both body and mind, unfitting them for either business, study, society or marriage.

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

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

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. 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 conjugal happiness. Indeed, without these, the journey through life become a weary pilgrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the view; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholly reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE

When the misguided and imprudent votary of pleasure finds he has imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill-timed sense of shame, or dread of discovery, deters him from applying to those who, from education and respectability can alone befriend him. He falls into the hands of ignorant and designing pretenders, who, incapable of curing, fill 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 scaring 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, testifies his standing as a gentleman of character and responsibility, is a sufficient guarantee to the afflicted.

Skin Diseases Speedily Cured.

Persons writing should send that portion of the Advertisement which describes Symptoms; also, be particular to enclose a Postage Stamp, to be used on the reply and direct in the following manner: Dr. J. M. JOHNSTON, of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. May 23—y.

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 returned 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, Bed Muslins and Ginghams, at about the old prices. Also, a fine assortment of all kinds of Notions, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ladies Collars, Gloves, 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 Baltimore prices.

I also deal largely 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, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most professional 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.—Liability to get out of order.
3.—Expense, trouble and loss of time in repairing.
4.—Incapacity to sew every description of material.
5.—Disagreeable noise while in operation.

The Empire Sewing Machine is exempt from all these objections.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will NEITHER RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides; performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

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

Its strength and WONDERFUL SIMPLICITY of construction render it almost impossible to get out of order, and is GUARANTEED by the company to give entire satisfaction.

We respectfully invite all those who may desire to supply themselves with a superior article, to call and examine this UNRIVALLED MACHINE.

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

Merchant Tailors, Couch Makers, Hoop skirt Manufacturers, Shirt and Bosom Makers, Dress Makers, Corset Makers, Gaiter Fitters, Shoe Binders, Vest and Pantaloon Makers.

☞ Religious and Charitable Institutions will be liberally dealt with.

Price of Machines, complete:

No. 1, or Family Machine, $45 00, No. 2 Small size Manufacturing, $60 00, No. 3 Large size Manufacturing, $75 00.

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.

T. J. MCARTHUR, & Co.,
Sept. 6, 1861. 510 Broadway, New York.

A CARD!

WE have been advised that certain persons for purposes best known to themselves have been endeavoring to mislead the farmers and millers with regard to the freight on Flour and Guano to and from Baltimore. For those who are not advised, we would say that the cost for transporting flour per barrel from Westminster is 18 cents. A car will hold 80 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 6½ 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 which they belong and which will be distributed throughout the country.

IRWIN & 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 which will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

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

Western Maryland Railroad

Open to New Windsor.

CHANGE OF TIME.

TRAINS will leave Westminster, daily, Sundays excepted, at 5 15 and 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. Leave Calvert Station at 8 20 A. M. and 3 40 P. M.

A train leaves New Windsor daily for Baltimore, at 4 45 A. M. and 5 15 P. M.

Omnibus connections to Manchester on the arrival of the 8 20 train at Glen Morris and Union Town, Taneytown and Emmitsburg on the arrival of the 3 20 train from Baltimore.

IRWIN & TAYLOR.

May, 23 1862. Operators W. Md. R. R.

Philadelphia Perfumery.

Toilet Soaps, Handkerchief Extracts, Shaving Creams and Soaps, Toilet Soaps, 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 lower price than heretofore, at SHRIVER'S West End Drug Store. Please call and see for yourself. Feb. 21.

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

SHAWLS.—For Spring and Summer for sale very low by J. L. Reifsnider.

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 in wear, even if the seam is cut at frequent intervals, and also under all circumstances "TO SURVIVE THE WASH-TUB."

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 WILCOX PATENT NEEDLE CANNOT BE SET WRONG.

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

These Machines so simple and accurate in their construction, supersede the use of the shuttle; and with one thread produce all the practical results of the two thread machines; and more, for these felt without basting, and hem the finest muslin without puckering.

Although at about half the price of the other first class machines, they will accomplish double the sewing in a given time.

"It is emphatically the good, low priced Family Sewing Machine that