

Married persons, or young men contemplating mar-riage, being aware of physical weakness, organic debil-ity, deformities. &c., speedily cured. Ite 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.

1863.

ORGANIC WEAKNESS

Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This dis tressing affection-which renders life miserable and Immediately cured, and full vigor restored. This dis tressing affaction—which renders life miserable and maringe impossible—is the penalty paid by the victims of improper indulgences. Young persons are to apt to commit excesses from not being aware of the dreadful consequences that may, ensue. Now, who that under-stands the subject will pretend to dony that the power of procreation is lost sconner by those failing into im-proper habits than by the prudent? Besides being de-prived the picasures of healthy offspring, the most serious and destructive symptoms to both body and mind arise. The system becomes deranged, the physi-cal and mental functions weakened, loss of procreative power, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, constitutional debility, a wast ing of the frame, cough, consumption, decay and death ing of the frame, cough, consumption, decay and death

OFICE NO 7 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

Left hand side going from Baltimore street, a few doors from the corner. Fall not to observe name and number Letters must be paid and contain a stamp. The Doc-tor's Diplomas hang in his office.

V CURE WARRANTED IN TWO DRYS

No-Mercury or Nauscous Drugs.—Dr. Johnston.mem-ber 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 bospitals of London, Paris, Philadelphia and elsewhere, has effected some of the most attorishing

To prop a horrible inward sinking, Is there a way to forget to think?

At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends, dear girl's love,---but I took t

And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir

Stand'straight! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer

(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold you

.March! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes,

Five yelps,--that's five ; he's mighty knowing !

Some brandy,-thank you,-there !- it passes !

But I've gone through such wretched treatmen

And scarce remembering what meat meant, C

And there are times, when, mad with thinking.

When he stands up to hear his sentence,

Shall march a little .- Start, you villain !

Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle

Cap while the gentleman gives a triffe,

Now tell us how many drams it takes

To honor a jolly new acquaintance.

The night's before us, fill the glasses

Quick, Sir! I'm ill,-my brain is going-

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,

I'd sell out heaven for something warm

Why not reform ? That's easily said :

That my poor stomach's past reform ;

To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first wont to his seat. Lu. gare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl which semed to bode vengeauce for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lu gare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest rattan efore him. "Now, Barker," he said "we'll settle that

little business of yours. Just step up here." Tim did not move. The school room was s still as the grave. .. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket! The boy did not stir any more than if he had been made of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak; his vengeance.--That minute, passed in death like silence, was fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which preceedes the climax of an exquisitely-performed tragedy, when some mighty master of having brought to light a criminal; and ex- the histrionic art is treading the stage, and ulting in the idea of the severe chastisement you and the multitude around you are waithe should now be justified in inflicting, kept | ing. with stretched nerves and suspended

Cronkers tell us the army is incongruous; facts speak of unity and daring-of heroic deeds, that will live while the memory of croakers will not.

It is true we have arch foes-traitors in front and croakers in rear ; and of the two the form er are more to be admired. Of the latter there are a great variety. There are hard-compels; the latter growl, skulk, and pay nothing. Then there are the "Outs," who have been so long accustomed to eat from their master's crio that they, less intelligent than the ox, think it their own, and having practiced at the game, cry "Plunder !" So ories the incendiary after he has fired a dwelling. "Stop thief!" is the covert cry of the real thief.

Then there are some of the contractors, who have aided, with their shoddy, bad shoes and bad supplies, to lessen the efficiency and increase the sufferings of the honest soldier .--They cry. " It looks dark !" "The Quartermasters don't pay !", when to pay such would rob the people and reward heartless soamps. Then there are the Pilates, who sit on settees in 'Change hours as gudges, "wash their hands before the multitude, saying. We are innocent;" and while their country is being wish the army would march on Washington, demand their pay, return home, and let Jeff. Davis & Co. enter the Capital. Lastly. The faint hearted. They should be pitied, not blamed, if they are women; but if men, they are beneath pity. Who that has a heart will not stand up for his country and defend its flag ? "My country, my whole country !" is the cry of every true man. Mistakes, blunders and reverses will come; rogues will plunder; true rebels will fight ; hypocrites will skulk ; but real men will come and defend their country in spite of all things, and, like the burgomaster of Old Leyden, say, "Your may kill and devour this body, but my country I will never surrender !" We have wealth, men' guns, courage, right, upon our side, and we only want earnest pur pose to end this war. To bring out all our strength-and especially that of earnestness -we may have forced upon us the misery of burned cities and defeated armies : but come what may, conquer we can, we must, and-Deo volente-we will ! Courage boys of the army! You shall be cheered, fed, clothed and supported ; and, should your ranks be thiuned and our country call, she shall not ask, " Where are the fathers ?'

assertions made by Mr. D. A. Mahony, the Iowa editor now in New York, as to the prevalence of "peace" sentiments in the Northwest, and after denying that the radical policy has made the rebels any more hostile to the Union than they were before, comes to the following wise conclusion :---"It is no argument against the war that some persons support it because they believe it will result in the abolition of slavery .--

sue is so unmistakably made up, and no dis-

position is shown to receive any peaceable

overtures whatever, we see no recourse but

The same paper also flatly contradicts the

to fight.'

Whatever side issues there may be in the minds of different persons, the contest is still one for Union, and pre-eminently so. We can only have Union now by vigorously prosecuting the war; for to cease hosiilities in the face of the uncompromising demands of the rebels is simply to consent to the disintegration of the country."

The reaction from the army was also very effective in demonstrating to the ultra opposition that they were going too far. Thus

organized and entered when of the most architement curves that were ever known; many troubled with ring-ing in the head and ears when asleep, great nervous-ness, being slarmed at sudden sounds, bashfulness, with frequent blushing, attended sometimes with do-rangement of mind, were curved immediately.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

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 bus ness, study, society or marriage. These are some of the sad and melancholy efferts 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. dyspep-ey, nervous irritability, derangement of the digestive functions, general debility, symptoms of consumption. MENTALLY.—The fearul effects on the minu are much to be dreaded—loss of memory, confusion of ideas, deto be dreaded—loss of memory, confusion of ideas, de-pression of spirits, evil forebodings, aversion to society, self distruct, 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 decluing health, losing their vig-or, becoming weak, pale, nervous and enacated, having a singular appearance about the eyes, cough and symp-toms of consumption

YOUNG MEN

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

marriage impossible, and destroys both mind and body, should apply immediately. What a pity that a young man, the hope of his coun-try, the darling of his parents, should be snathed from all prospects and onjoyments of life, by the consequence of deviating from the path of nature and indulging fü a certain secret habit. Such persons must before con-tanuation templating

MARRIAGE.

reflect that a sound mind and body are the most ne-cessary regulates to promote contubial happiness — Indeed, without these, the journey through life becomes a weary pligrimage; the prospect hourly darkens to the vfew; the mind becomes shadowed with despair and filled with the melancholy reflection that the happiness of another becomes blighted with our own.

DISEASE OF IMPRUDENCE.

DISERASE OF THEFRODENCES. When the misguided and imprudent votary of plea-sure finds that he hes imbibed the seeds of this painful disease, it too often happens that an ill timed sense of shameijor dread of discovery, detars hum from applying to those who, from education and respectability, can alone befriend bim, delaying till the constitutional symptoms of this horid disease make their appearancel such as ulcerated sore throat, diseased nose, nocturna, pains in the bead and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the whin bones and arms, blotches on the pains in the head and limbs, dimness of sight, deafness, nodes on the shin bones and arms, blotches on the head. face and extremities, progressing with frightful rapidity, till at last the painte of the mouth or the bones of the uses fall in, and the victim of this a wful disease becomes a horrid object of commiseration, till death puts a poriod to his dreadful sufferings, by send-ing him to "that Undiscovered Country from whence no traveller returns." It is a melancholy fact that thousands fall victims to this terrible disease, owing to the unskillfulness of ig-norant protenders, who, by the use of that deadly pol-son, Mercury, ruin the constitution and make the re-sidue of life miserable.

STRANGERS

STRANGERS Trust not your lives, or health, to the care of the many unlearned and worthless pretenders, destitute of knowledge, name or character, who copy Dr. Johnston's a two the second physicians, incapable of curing, they keep you trifling month after month taking their filthy and poisoneus compounds, or as long as the smallest fee can be obtained, and in despair, leave you with ruined health to sigh over your galling disappointment. Dr. Johnston is the only, Physician advertising. His credentials or diplomas always hang in his office. It is remedies or treatment are unknown to all others, prepared from a life spent in the great hospitals of Eu-orpe, the first in the country and a more extensive private practice than any other physician in the world. IN DORSEMENT OF THE PRESS.

INDORSEMENT OF THE PRESS. The many thousands cured at this institution year after year, and the numerous important Surgical Ope-rations performed by Dr. Johnston, witnessed by the reportors of the "Sun," "Clipper," 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 affilicted.

SKIN DISEASES SPEEDILY CURED. Persons writing should be particular in directing their letters to this Institution, in the following man-per; JOHN M. JOHNSTON, M. D., Of the Baltimore Lock Hospital, Baltimore, Md. May 2, 1862-19

The same old story ! you know how it ends. If you could have seen these classic features. You need nt laugh, Sir ; they were not then Such a burning libel on God's creatures; I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen HER, so fair and young, Whose head was happy on this breast! If you could have heard the songs that I sung

When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed That ever I. Sir, should be straving From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing To you to night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,--a parson's wife; 'Twas better for her that we should part-Better the soberest, prosiest life Than a biasted home and a broken heart. I have seen her? Once; I was weak and spent On the dusty road : a carriage stopped : But little did she dream, as on she went, Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me talking, Sir : I'm sorry; It makes me wild to think of the change! What do you care for a beggar's story ? Is it amusing ? You find it strange? I had a mother so proud of me! 'Twas well she died before ---- Do you know If the happy spirits in heaven can see The ruin and wretchedness here below

Another glass, and strong, to deaden This pain ; then Roger and I will start. I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden, Aching thing, in place of a heart ? He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could No doubt, remembering things that were,-A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food, And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming,-You rascal! limber your lazy feet! We must be fiddling and peforming For supper and bed, or starve in the street .-Not a very gay life to lead, you think ? But soon we shall go where lodgings are free, And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink The sonner the better for Roger and me!

Miscellaneous.

DEATH IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling !--went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village-school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well, understood that this was a command_for silence and attention; and _when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick-set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint entered, that last night some of you were stealing fruit from Mr. Nichols's garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Barker, step up here, sir."

step up here, sir. The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair-looking boy of about fourteen; and his face had a laughing, goodhumored expression, which even the charge

working himself to a still greater and breath, in expectation of the terrible catas. greater degree of passion. In the mean- trophe.

time, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the boys who sat near him.

the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much trightened, or he was actually unwell. "Speak, I say !" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner. 'I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick .--" I will tell you some-some other time.-Please to let me go to my seat-I ain't well.

go into the garden, nor take anything away

from it. I would not steal,-hardly to save

evening. You were seen, Tim Barker, to

come from under Mr. Nichol's garden fenge,

a little after nine o'clock, with a bag full of

something or other, over your shoulders .---

The bag had every appearance of being

filled with fruit, and this morning the melon

beds are found to have beer. completely

Like fire itself glowed the face of the de-

tected lad. He spoke not a word. All the

school had their eyes directed at him. The

perspiration ran down his white forehead

The boy looked as though he would faint.

But the unmerciful teacher, confident of

like rain-drops. "Speak, sir !" exclaimed Lugare, with

a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the

"You had better have stuck to that last

myself from starving."

bag?

" Oh yes, that's very likely ;" and Mr. Lu gare bulged out his nose and checks with contempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies? I've found you out, sir, plainly enough ; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and it you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you something that'll make you remember Mr. Nichol's melons us unconscious of his impending punishment as ever. He might be dreaming some golden for many a month to come :- go to your dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was seat.'

Glad enough of the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept tremblingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily-more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned to their accustomed studies, for during the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now, while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the mystery of the bag, and of young Barker being under the gardenfence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly, emaciated infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the poor little child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, us he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country-soat in the neighborhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease ; but everything was uncertain. It was a mysterious, and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be suddenly taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness ; but several years had now passed

and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age ; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of por erty and discomfort without repining, each for the other's sake.

"Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with now preferred against him, and the stern-his elder brother, worked a large farm in the tone and threatening look of the teacher had | neighborhood on shares. Jones very frenot entirely dissipated. . The countenance of quently made Tim a present of a bag of po-

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his features to relax from their expressions of savage anger into a smile, but that smile

looked more malignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amüsed at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was glowing in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake the poor little slumberer. "Asleep ! are you, my young gentleman !" let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake." Lugare smiled again as he made the last obsorvation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps be crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was still

far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes and feeling delights, which cold reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his rattan high over his bead, and with the true and expert

aim which he had acquired by long practice, I DIDN'T THINK !--- Why then, did you, stubrought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which sound at a lethargy.and whacking sound which scemed sufficient to out waiting to see the effect of the first out, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion ; and as Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his head dropped on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and ex. posed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rattan dropped from his grasp ; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some monstrous spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth ; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, cach limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would momentarily fail him.-The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the schoolroom, and Lugare had been flogging A CORPSE.

AMUSING LETTER ADDRESSES .- The following appearing on a letter from a soldier adssed to a young lady;

Soldier's letter, and na'ry red : Hard tack in place of bread ; Postmaster, shove this through, I've na'ry a stamp, but 7 months due.

Miss Stells E. Bradley, Man-ohased ber, N. H.

Care of Mr. Thomas Kelly 129 east 11th THE NEW CALIFORNIA SENATOR. -- Mr. John street New York America for Pat or Michael not entirely dissipated. The countenance of quently made Tim a present of a bag of po-the boy, however, was too uncarthly fair for into or corn, or some garden vegetables, Kellys children from Knock.

pid, pour the comphene into the lamp when the wick was burning? Why did you give the child a fork to play with, when you knew that there is a positive incompatibility be-tween eyes and forks? In the name of the mildest common sense, why did you go into the kitchen with a silk dress on to teach the cook how to stuff a turkey with oysters? Think ; what's that beautiful headpieed for? Is politicians. Having some money he wanted it a dummy, on which to lavish hair oil, chalk, a wife from a strata in society a little above ouge, and India ink? Is the mouth an or ifice for dentists to examine and perhaps de- | sought the hand of one of the fair damsels lude from its propriety ? Are the eyes mere of Gotham. As his political prospects were ornaments in mockery of intelligence, and the ears mere outriggers from which cheap old man, with mercantile frankness, laid his jewelry may dangle? Are the brains within child at the disposal of the seeker, on condithe skull such mere filling as you wear in your tion that he would give his daughter \$100,dross? Think, ch ! Why u horse on the dark- 000, secured on real estate. The man in est night instinctively stops at the edge of the precipice. A hen will not go into the water. is there no poetry save that which Mother Goose has given us ? Shall we have nothing but the everlsting excuse of " I didn't think?" Do you put on clothes from the mere habit of taken, and the good bargain of the fair one the thing, or from an inherent feeling of mod. esty? How is it that you read or write, or communicate with friends! Why not bray. as does the long eared animal, instead of using words to express the emotions of pleasure or or paln? If you have not been in the habit of thinking, begin at once. It is easily ac- politician said. But it was not till the afterquired without a master. Books are not essential for its cultivation. Nature has furnished immense examples from the mere ob. the wedding ran along, an account of which servation of which one may fall into the habit gratified New York, and produced a sensaof thinking, and that very deeply. Lose no tion that lasted two days. Upon subsequent time in duliness. Take a practical example, for instance. Attempt to put your finger on a fly, and account for the flight before you approach within ten times its longth. If that is too deep for the mental powers, attempt to drink a cup of scalding hot tea, and say why it burns. Let us have no more of "I didn't

falsely accused and its life threatened, they the Chicago Evening Journal of the 17th explains the reason of the failure of the "pacification" resolution in the Illinois legislature as follows :---" There is a set of resolutions in print en-

dorsed by several thousand Illinois soldiers now in Mississippi, and a virtueus principle of loyalty and patriotism still extant in the West, which not only offset the Legislative pacification" resolutions, but actually prevented the final action of the Senate to give them force. In short, the Senate did not dare to vote upon them."

In confirmation of this the Evening Journal prints a part of a private letter from the army at Corinth, from which we take the following extract :--

" The troops from other States take almost as much interest in this affair as do those from Illinois, though they have taken no part in the proceedings. They say, significantly, Why don't you march right to your Capitol and hang every traitor?' Our troops reply, Wait, obey the laws, but prosecute the war until we arrive at an honorable peace. Those traitors at Springfield cannot, dare not, pull down our State Constitution. Wait until they have had time to realize the utter disgrace which they will bring upon themselves. They dare not commit the treason.' "

How a politician got a Wife and Saved \$95,000.

The New York correspondent of the Boston fournal tells the following story : Quite a sharp builness transaction in a marital way has been done here, if report is true, by one of our successful and most unscrupulous what he was accustomed to move in, so he quite high, he was referred to "Pa." The child at the disposal of the seeker, on condiwant of a wife was both able and willing to do so. The matter was thus settled, and the wedding preparations went onward. An elegant house in an aristocratic locality, was was the theme of general comment.

As the hour drew near when the happy pair were to be made one, the father hinted that the little mercantile transaction preliminary to the marriage should be attended to "Oh, yes-oh, certainly-certainly;"the bland. noon of bridal day that the papers in due form were laid before the gratified papa. So examination it was found that on the same day, bearing even date with the marriage settlement, a mortgage on that same proper ty, duly recorded before the delivery of the said \$100,000 to the bride, was made, conveying the said property to a near and sharp relative for \$95,000, leaving the girl with think !" It is paltry, vory paltry-is it not? \$5000.

AN ORDER has been received in New York, Conness, the new senator from California, is from the Tycoon of Japan, for the constructthe rebels, and if need be of arming them. | nese-government.