## P. DONAN, Sole Editor.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

DRESS.

WOMAN AND ALL HER TASTES, NO TIONS, FASHIONS AND WHIMS DE-FENDED—ROUGH SLASHES AT VARIOUS MALIGNERS AND SCOFFERS.

PLAIN ENGLISH ON THE HETERODOX SIDE OF THE COSTUME QUESTION --- DEDICATED TO THE WOMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA AND THE SOUTH.

Vanity, vanity. Woman's folly. Feminine frivolity. Extravagance. Absurdity. Painted idiots. Gaudy and giddy butterflies. Tut. tut. Shame on the chronic grumblers and growlers; these perpetual fault-finders with earth's only redeeming feature; these would-be extinguishers of the last faint gleam of heavenly radiance, that lingers amid the gloom of a sm-and-ugliness-cursed world, to tell us of humanity's high origin. Dear girls, women beloved and abused, down on our supplication-hinges, at the imminent risk of having to get our trouserknees patched and our shins half-soled. we beseech you to name us your champion knight, and then stand by and watch the fur fly from your maligners, We lay at your feet-(which ought to range from misses' 13's to 2's)-an honest heart untouched by Cupid or cupidity: and we offer you an Ishmaelitish good right arm, as free and fearless as the spirit, beak and claws of that proud bird, fit emblem of our country's glory, whose bold pinion cleaves the cerulean canopy of the skies, and whose eye unblenching dares the noonday sun-(We mean, of course, the noble turkey-buzzard.) Injured innocence and loveliness demand a vindicator, a defender, Behold him; ecce hominy.

Here, you mustard-seed-souled carica ture on manhood, you hide-bound, penny-grasping burlesque on the Maker's image, ever whining over the ruinous extravagance of your wife or daughter. How many eigars do you smoke, how many cocktails or juleps do you guzzle, every day the sun rolls over your despicable head? Three cigars at ten cents each, and three "drinks" at fifteenthat's a low estimate, isn't it? And yet it amounts to 75 cents a day; \$22.50 for every month of thirty days; \$273.75 a year. Far more, in all probability, than she who calls you husband or father, expends for her whole year's costumery, squandered on two of your innumerable pitiful vices. You're a pretty biped to lecture on female thriftlessness and disregard of costs. And you're a fair sample of your whole class of humbug

The fellow below you grudges the misand pay dry-goods\_bills for, a bit calico puffs away twice its price in vile tobacco, or drinks it up in beer or whisky you, who rants grandiloquently of wo- glassy lakes. That encircles the frowndecorative purposes, prodigious waste in rainbow coronet; and hange the wonidle ornamentation, and a hundred other drously-blasing Aurora-Borealic lamp stereotyped slangwhangerisms, loses thousands at the gambling-table; subevery boating-club and champagne sup- air. To Him give praise for every per; bets on all the horse races, prizefights, presidential elections and bearbaitings; and lavishes fortunes on wanton prima donnas and black-crook balletdancers. Bah! what base-born, infamous hypocrites !

And then, the hosts of hireling scribblers, unprincipled and cons slingers of inky drivel, who spend half their poodle brains and time, in sneering in the path of the loveliest sublunary beat all womankind, individually and col- ing, the master-piece of Deity's handilectively, her fashions, faults and follies work, in any effort to add to her attracwhat of them? They howl in chorus over every new style that feminine taste adopts. The big bonnets are hideous coal-scuttles or sky-scrapers; the little ones are microscopic lamp-mats, only endurable by brazen-faced impudence; and the medium-sized, avoiding both extremes, are simply abominable nondescripts, without form and void. The long dresses are loathsome street-sweepers and gatherers of fifth; the short ones are shameless exhibitors of long or short are insipid and destitute of the whole world is ringing with their lampoonery of the most beautiful style of dress, the nearest approach to purely classical drapery, that has ever been devised since the days of Phidias, Praxiteles and the Medician Who'd know anybody from anybody Venus. They are howling and blas- else? Choose your own colors, shape pheming the "pin-backs." Every doggery-mill is grinding out scurrilous abuse of the tight-skirts. And yet, when the The Almighty made you to be beautiful opposite shape and quantity of dress If a little paint or lily-white enhance prevailed, they blackguarded it just as your charms, use it-but beware of the savagely and senselessly. The parasola poisonous kinds. If a little or big bonare infinitesimal parodies on sun-shades, net, a long or short dress, a tight or loose sightly tumors, vast towers of vermin-breeding beggars' wool or Asiatic hemp; your fathers' or husbands' pocket-books, and without them, a woman's head is a And our word for it, whatever you do,

putal turnip, a gourd with a knotted handle. The colors are vulgarly flashy or stupidly sombre, bewilderingly dazzling and variegated or wear somely monoto-nous. Let the poor, hunted, scoffed-at, harnssed and frightened victim try what she will, do what she may; let her run the whole gamut of shapes, modes, hues and decorations; nothing is ever right. But permit one of these quill-driving, derisive vagabonds to enter a decent parlor or ball-room, and mingle among the fairy-like forms and costumes, upon which he has long waged barbarous war; and, in a jiffy, behold the change. He exhausts a dozen forked-tongued dictionaries, bursts the heaviest vocabulistic guns of France and England, and with one gigantic, terrible explosion of self-stultifying admiration, buries himself and his readers under a worse than Alpine avalanche of toploftical and rhapsodizziacal puffery. Elegant, gorgeous transcendently glorious, resplendent and magnificent are his tamest terms, Oh, what inconceivably egregious lying ninnies! Away with them and their paid-for opinions. Their ridicule is worthless as their praise.

And last and most exasperating of all,

are the green-persimmon-visaged, holyrolling-eyed, sanctimonious groaners and grunters. They clasp their lilywhite hands dolorously over their saintly vest-patterns, turn their watery white optics heavenward, draw down corners of their hash-traps to the approved and orthodox depth of lugubrious demoreness, and in tones heartrusty key in a sepulchral door, wall forth their pigmy jeremiads over the follies and frivolities of woman. Their pet whine is on her "butterfly nature." Fond, foolish, fluttering butterfly; gay, giddy, glittering butterfly; poor, painted, perishing butterfly; is their eternal theme for endless lachrymosity, their changeless text for everlasting moral mulligrubs. Ob, fools and blind! Would they have her remain a dull, groveling grub-worm or caterpillar; never expanding her beautiful wings, rivaling the luster of heaven's most radiant children, and illuming this sad, terrestrial dirt-ball with ten thousand shimmering flashes of celestial glory and effulgence? Would they convert our whole planet into one vast dismal numery, prison-house, or Shaker settlement; and make beauty and brightness penal offences? Let begin by upbraiding the Hand that spreads their exquisite tints upon the lily and the rose. That decks the autumn forests with their gergeous draperies of a thousand dyes. That carpets the valleys with their soft, rich velvet of eye-refreshing green; and mingles the deep, dark blue of the empyrean vault in old ocean's majestic waves. That spangles the azure mantle of the universe with golden stars; and implants its wondrous, coruscating fires erable woman, whom he swore in the in the diamond's heart. That teaches presence of high heaven to love, cherish, the sun's artist fingers to paint the or a fifteen-cent bombazine, while he a million shattered prisms. That bestows his changeful coat on the chameleon; and casts the reseate flush of every week. And the miscreant above early morning on the mountain-tops and man's prodigality, reckless outlays for ing brow of heaven with the glittering upon the northern pole, God's Hand does it. He is the source, the fountain, scribes like a drunken spendthrift to of all beauty in heaven, earth, see and lovely, pleasing, enchanting thing in all creation's bounds. He made it to give happiness. Away with the grumblers, the solemn-phizzed moral and spiritual hypochondriacs, who would mar one beautiful entity-who would prevent one step by which our world may be beautified and beatified. Away with the canting niggards, who would throw a straw

Dear girl and woman readers, dress as you please. Heed not the silly drivelings or ill-natured ravings of mean-souled tasteless would-be critics. When they yelp at your attention to decoration sniffle over the folly and uselessness of dress, and sneer at milliners and mantas-makers, point them back through six thousand years of human history, to the fact that the first costume ever won by a woman was stitched by Jehovah, the Omnipotent Creator Himself, in the either grace or beauty. Just now Garden of Eden! Ask them how an emperor would be known from a slave, a noble from a beggar, a queen from a fish-wife, or a duchess from an oysterwench, except by their costuming Strip all mankind, and who'd be who! and materials. Spare no pains to render yourselves as fascinating as possible wkirt, a high or low heel, a plain or shelters. The chignons were huge, un- fancy hue, becomes you, wear it. Con-

whatever you wear, will sooner or later ed as right and proper, becoming and bewitching, by the surliest cynic in all your legion of masculine subjects! May God bless you all, and give you husbands able and willing to gratify your every wish and whim! Amen. A-women.

## HEAVEN.

A SHORT SERTINEL SERMON, BY P. DONAN. Heaven. What strange notions many

people have in regard to everything that pertains to religion, eternity and their souls. Neglect of the Bible, the only fountain of true knowledge, is the cause. In their worldly business, there is no looseness, no vagueness, no indecision. They study it closely, diligently, thoroughly; then mark out their plans, and go to work. But in all those mighty affairs connected with their everlasting destiny, what misty, muddled, absurditybefogged ideas; what waverings, doubts and uncertainties. God, seldom thought of at all, is a dim, indefinite, far-off Being, wrapped in clouds and indiffer ent to the small affairs of human lifeabsorbed in mystic meditations upon countless ages past-or only interested in the movements of angels and archan gels, cherubim and scraphim, Christ, the Savior of sinners, is dreamily regarded as a good man who died upon a cross, and was afterwards miracul surrected and borne to heaven-No distinct appreciation ever enters their dullard brains, of the fact that the despised and crucified Nararene was and is rendingly woful as the creaking of a the Omnipotent Jehovah who, in the beginning, spoke the universe into existence, and will be its final Judge. And then, their conceptions of heaven-how confused, how indistinct, how puerile and nonsensical. Heaven! What picture rises at the mention of the name It is not a vast caravansary of naked souls, bat-like spectres, airy nothings. invisible and ethereal essences, flitting hither and thither, by, and in, and through, each other. Not a huge, danzling, blinding metropolis of hard, cold, glittering jewels, flashing ten thousand gorgeous tints of endless light into our unaccustomed eyes, and overwhelming, stupefying us with coruscating grandeur and magnificence. Not a great aerial Jeddo, paved with gold; for in such a case, many good christians of our acquaintance would never get their eyes above their boot-toes, and would spend eternity trying to pocket the pavingstones. Not a wide-spreading plain, watered by a crystal river, with millions of white-robed loafers lolling idly on its banks, with nothing to do but strum on ever wrote. We shall republish it in our harpsichords and shout hosannas. Not a bit of it. Heaven itself would grow TO ALL MEN A SPEEDY monotonous and tiresome under such circumstances. But it is a world like circumstances. But it is a world like THIS, purified from all corruption and decay. A world, where we'll meet and know each other far better than we do here; for these same bodies will be there, resurrected, imperishable, and radiant with immortal youth and beauty.

Cakness of the Eack or Limbs, Stric tures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bight or Gliddiness, Discass of the Eack or Limbs, Stric tures, Affections of the Eack or Limbs, Stric tures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bight or Gliddiness, Discass of the Eack or Limbs, Stric tures, Affection of the Kidneys or Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Dimness of Bladder, Involuntary Discharges, Impotency, General Debility, Nervousness, Dyspersia, Languor, Low Spir.ts, Confusion of Ideas, Palpitation of the Heart, Tinidity, Trembing, Discharge diant with immortal youth and beauty. evening skies with all the liquid hues of A world, where long-sundered family groups will be reunited, to part no more forever. A world, where the familiar song of lark and linnet and thrush, will greet our ears from bowers of fadeles foliage. A world, where Adam, Me thuselah and Noah, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Moses, David, Daniel and Elijah, in all the freshness and vigor of thousands of years ago, will be our associates and friends. A world of illimitable learning and progression, with angels of perphaps a million years' experience for instructors and guides. A world of sweet and holy converse, of everlasting bloom and deathless love. A world free from sin and sorrow, pain and tears; where deceit, back-biting, falsehood, jealousy and hate are never known; where sighs and groans, envy, outrage, wrong and death can never

No stekness there, No weary wasting of the frame away, No fearful shrinking from the midnight air, No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray.

No wild and cheeriess vision of despair, No vain petition for a swift relief, No tearful eye, no broken hearts are there. Within that realm of rapturous pro

Its tossing billows break and melt in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng
No parted friends
O'er mournful recoilections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens grow :
No scorching blast or fierce descending sh
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.

No battle-word Startles the sacred host with fear and dread The song of peace Crestion's morning heard Is sung wherever angel-minstrels tread.

Reader, friend, there is but one road to this realm of the blest Strait is the gate and narrow is the way. It is often a rugged and thorny path; and marked, all along, with tear-stains and foot-prints of blood. Trials and dangers beset the traveler in it; storms of temptation and sorrow beat upon his head. But perse-verance and humble, fervent trust in the dear Lamb of Calvary, will bear him safely and surely through, at last. There is another track—broad, smooth, wellis another track—broad, smooth, well-beaten. Flowers bloom along its borders. Gilded saloons offer rest and refreshment to the journeyer. Softly-tinted light from many a brilliant hall of pleasure, cleans on blooms. ance again from many a brillant hall op-pleasure, gleams on his course. Musi-and perfumes lend their charms. The cards and dice and licentious dance afford annusement for his leisure hours But ah, the journey's end is hell! Dea render, which route is yours?

Under the head of "Hath Departed." the Wilmington Star, of Nov. 19, says "His excellency Gov. Brogden, who has been in this city for the past two or three days, left for Raleigh vesterday morning. He was serenaded at the residence of Mayor Canady, at the head of Market street, Wednesday night, by the Rose Bud band, and made a few remarks in acknowledgment of the same."

The death of a man named Butler at salem, Massachusetts, yesterday, gave rise to a rumor that the Lowell Beast had passed in his cheeks, and gone home to his pa. The news was far too good to be true. Beelzebub has so sure mortgage on him, and it bears such ample interest, that he's in no hurry to breclose it.

Glorious radical administration. It has just extorted from poor old, tottery, insolent Spain a grand concession. Hereafter American citizens, tried by Cuban courts-martial, are to enjoy the sublime privilege of calling in counsel and being shot with all the forms of law.

"All flesh is grass," saith the scrip ture, and chemistry reveals the curiou fact that fat is an essential ingredient of hay and straw. So a hay-stack or a straw-rick is really a fat elephant or an oleaginous hippopotamus in another

Ex-Mayor W. R. Davis, of Carrollton Illinois, attended the funeral of a friend resterday, and lent additional zest to the entertainment by blowing out the stuffing of his skull, and furnishing another corpse for the contemplation of the mourners.

Last year, there were in this bogu epublic 32,000,000 sheep, yielding about 128,000,000 pounds of wool. A careful shearing of our national politics and the wits of our dominant statesmen, would have doubled the product.

The Tarboro Southerner, of Nov. 19. says: "Gen. Cox, of Raleigh, is in the county this week, looking after his plantation. He expressed to us a general satisfaction regarding crops."

Lively times among the Turkeys. War in Bosnia and thanksgiving-day coming

JOURNALISTIC.

From the Elizabeth City Economist Nov. 17.

DONAN,-Peter Donan must have morbid linguistic organism. His des-cription of North Carolina scenery in the last Sentinel, exceeds in word painting any thing Chateaubriand or Lamartine

CURE

Sowels—those terrible Disorders arise of from Solitary Habits of Youth—secret and solita-ry gractices more fatal to the'r victims than the song of the Syrenes to the Mariners of Ulysses, blighting their most brilliant hopes or anticipations, rendering marriage, etc., impossible, destroying both Body and Mind.

## Marriage.

Married persons, or young men contemplating marriage, suffering from Organic and Physical Weakness, Loss of Procreative Rower, Impot ney, Proatration, Ethaustal Vitality, Iavoluntary Discharges, Non Erectility, Hasty Emissions, Palpitations of the Heart, Nervous Excitability, Decay of the Physical and Mental Powers, Derangement of all the Vital Forces and Functions Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood General Weakness of the Organs, and every other unhappy disqualification, speedily removed, and full Maniy vigor restored.

To Young Men.

Tursuare some of the and and melancholly effects produced by early habits of youth, vis: Weakness of the Back and Limbe, Pains in the Head, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Manchar Power, Palpitation of the Heat, Dispapsia, Nervous Irritability, Darange ment of the Digustive Functions, General Debility, Symptoms of Consumption, etc.

MEMALITY.—The fearful effects on the mind are much to be dreaded—Loss of Memory, Confusion of Ideas, Depression of Spirita, Evil-r orebodings, Averson to Society, and Distrust, Love of Solitude, Timidity, etc., are some of the evils produced.

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

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Respectfully,

oet 21-tf J. P. GULLEY.

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