Who's to Blame.

A few weeks since we made arrangements to receive late news outside of the mail, from Vicksburg. It worked admirably well for awhile, as our readers are already aware. Now we have to depend more on the mail? We presume the only recourse left is, to ferret it out. It is annoying, and may sometimes deprive our readers of what we pay a good sum for. Who is to blame.—Don't all speak at once, but, by all means, let's have fair play, or none. We are told that our papers *are stolen* on the way. How's that? Our readers, we hope, will, in case we fail at any time to get the news, be lenient towards us, knowing that we pay four persons their price for forwarding the same, among the number with whom we have made arrangements, is the proprietor of the Vicksburg Whig, a gentleman who does not fail in having done what he promises.

Though the times are dull, our city is visited every day by Texas waggoners, making their purchases. We predict a prosperous business season. If we have no more rains soon there will be a fine crop of wheat raised; some of it thus far has been destroyed by rust, but we are led to understand that the chances for an abundant crop was never better.

The river at this point is falling slowly.

☞Orin Brown, a son of old John Brown, had his left hand torn off by the permature discharge of a cannon, at Ashtabula, Ohio, a few days ago.

We are again under obligations to C. C. Neal, Esq., for his politeness in furnishing us with late papers; friend Neal, you're a trump.

The Credit System.—A beautiful girl stepped into a shop to buy a pair of mits. how 'much are they?' 'Why,' said the gallant but impudent clerk, lost in gazing upon her sparkling eyes and ruby lips, "you shall have them for a kiss." "Oh, very well," said the lady, pocketing the mits, "and as I see you give credit here charge it on your books, and let me know when you collect it," and she hastily tripped out.

Arms in the South.

The erroneous opinion seems to prevail in some quarters that the south is totally destitute of arms and ammunition for her defence, and such a statement has been urged as a sufficient argument against the blow which she has recently struck for her independence. An estimate of the amount on hand, however, will demonstrate the folly of the fears which such a false opinion may have endorated, and show our state of preparation for resistance. The following seizures have been made since the inception of the Southern movement:

Baton Rouge	70,000
Alabama Arsenel	20,000
Elizabeth F. C.	30,000
Fayetteville, N. C.	35,000
Charleston	23,000
Harper's Ferry	5,000
Norfolk	7,000
Other places	100,000
Total	290,000

The State arms previously purchased by the States amount to:

Alabama	80,000
Virginia	73,000
Louisiana	30,000
Georgia	120,000
South Carolina	47,000
Mississippi	50,000
Florida	17,000
Total	417,000

The grand total thus amounts to 707,000 stand of arms, besides 20,000 revolvers, which are said to be on hand at various points. We have not included in the above the arms owned by the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Virginia and Texas, which will increase the number to at least 1,000,000. Besides this, there are thought to be at least 2,000,000 of private arms, which will answer all practical purposes in case of invasion by the enemy. In face of the above figures, let no one deny that the South is sufficiently well armed to drive the last minion of Federal power from her soil, in any possible emergency.—*Memphis Appeal.*

The Mobile Register learns that all the merchants in that city have agreed to close up every evening at 5 o'clock for the purpose of drilling themselves, and also allowing their clerks to do so.

Some thirty members of Col. Corcoran's New York Irish regiment arrived in Baltimore, a few days ago, from Washington, they having, as they assert, with about two hundred in all the regiment, refused to take the special oath of allegiance to Lincoln. These men were almost in a starving condition, and were endeavoring to make their way to New York on foot.

A good joke is told of one of the new recruits of the army at Baranicas. Col. Forney lately visited the fort, on his appearing before the sentinel, was challenged.

"Who comes there?"

Inspector-General," was the reply of Fourney.

"Don't care a d—n whether you are a respectable gentleman or not. Can't come in here."

The Shreveport Weekly News.

This paper is edited and published by John Dickinson, Esq., at Shreveport, La. It is a neat paper, and is the right size for a weekly. The type is new, the paper on which it is printed good, the selections excellent, and the amount of reading matter considerably more than is usually found in other weeklies. The subscription price is $2.50 per year, or $400 for two years. Mr Dickinson also issues a *Daily News*, at $8 per year. All success attend his undertaking. With pleasure we exchange.

The above notice we find in the Southwestern Democrat, an ably conducted journal published at Paraclifta, Ark. by Thos. A. Scott, Esq We feel highly complimented in the above, and return our thanks for the same.

We acknowledge the receipt of the Grand Secession march of the eight stars, 1861, for the Piano. It is composed by an old friend of ours, Dr. W. S. Donaldson, professor of music in the Mansfield Female College. We have not had time to test the merits of the composition, but from our acquaintance with Dr. D, will risk pronouncing it excellent. It is dedicated to our president Jefferson Davis, it can be obtained from Messrs. Wimbish & Greening, Mansfield, La.

The Rev. Professor who stands at the head of the Theological seminary at Bangor, writing a private letter, uses the following language: "More than half the State of Maine, in point of territory, is as destitute of religious priveleges as Hindostan. If the poor people can't have ministers, do help them to Sunday Schools.

It has commenced.

The long expected intelligence of a beginning of hostilities has commenced; by whom? By the Federals, our soil has been invaded, blood has been shed, women and children murdered, and families plundered. Do such dastardly cowards call themselves Americans? Dare they do it? They have opened the way for civil war; and doubtless they will have it to their heart's content. Poverty stares them in the face; they see it, and in their blindness they adopt the remedy (as they suppose) which is worse than the evil. We have endeavored to settle matters amicably; all that we asked was, "let us alone," we can attend to our own business without any dictation from you. This it appears don't suit the Solomon's, and in their wisdom they propose "to whip us" into their way of thinking and acting; binding us down as if we were slaves, not allowing us to draw the breath of life without their permission. They even go so far as to say they will *wipe* us out, that not a single man shall remain undisturbed in the South, who dares proclaim his freedom and rights. How deceived they will be is not for us to predict. But never in our humble opinion, will their threat ever be carried into execution.

Before this difficulty is settled they will wring their hands in despair. Their once flourishing villages will be deserted; the reputation they bear in the Commercial world will be lost; and they will come knocking at our doors for succor; for their only support will be cut off, and, like a boat on the wide ocean, they will drift until foundered, and thus end their miserable and contemptible career They now begin to see the fallacy of their proceeding; they are ashamed, but have not the courage to acknowledge it. They blow and make a terrible bluster, while in fact, they fear and tremble at the consequences of what they have brought upon themselves. With armor buckled on, we have quietly awaited the challenge; it has been sent forth, and accepted by us, and now we proceed to the task of teaching them that we are Americans in the Southern part of this Continent; if not by birth, by adoption; and we are prepared to avenge the death of every Southerner who has been massacred by their command, and with their consent.

The ball has been started; let it roll. The protecting hand of the Almighty is always with the right, and this they will find to their sorrow. Oh, ye Gothamites, beware.

Bear in mind that the United States postage stamps and envelopes, are of no further use as all letters have now to be prepaid in money. Parties holding stamps should forward them immediately to Ole Dabe, for he is endeavoring to raise the wind; every cent he can get his clutches on is acceptable, and he will likely take them at a very trifling discount; say a half mill on every blue stamp, and thirty-one mills on the red. In sending them care should be taken not to send too many at the time, for if the package is too bulky, he might be afraid to open it; and return it—over the left.

Privateering.—The following is a list of the prizes already taken by the privateer vessels fitted out at this port:

By the armed steamship Calhoun—The ship Milan from Liverpool, with 1000 sacks salt; vessel worth $20,000; schooner Ella from Tampico, cargo of fruit, valued at $5,000.

By the armed steamer C. H. Ivy—ship Morathon, from Marseilles in ballast, valued at $35,000; ship Albino, from Boston, cargo of ice, valued at $25,000.

By the armed steamer Music—The splendid new ship Marshall, from Havre in ballast, valued at $50,000; ship John H. Jarvis, from Liverpool in ballast, valued at $20,000.

This great success will give vast encouragement to many capitalists and others, to embark in this lucrative enterprise, who have not already done so. Several more vessels are now fitting out here and advantage should be taken of the lucky opportunity.

The following is from the White Man-Extra, of May 21st, 1861,

Latest Indian News.

PALO PINTO, TEXAS, May, 17th 1861.

Messrs. Editors White Man.

I have just arrived at this city, finding it in a perfect state of excitement. The Indians came here on last Wednesday morning, and about two hours before day, took possession of 17 head of horses, some of which were hobbled, while others to make them more secure, was fastened to the pickets of the houses, but the red rascals managed to get the most of the horses, herding them near the jail, unhobbled them, and necked several together to render them more easy to drive. Hon. H. H. McLain being an early riser, was in the streets by good light, and saw moccasin sign, he immediately looked for his mule which he had hid out in the brush, and found him all secure, he then rode around and apprized the sleeping citizens that Indian's sign was seen in numerous places, once aroused, they soon found to their sorrow that nearly all their horses had been stolen by the Indians. Mr. McLain with four others struck out on the trail in keen lope, and continued it for 20 miles, the trail following up the Iron Eye near Rancho-del-Bradley, thence it struck across toward Hubbard Creek heading little Caddo Creek not a very remote distance from Capt. Jack Curenton's Ranche. Capt. Jack was informed of the particulars, and e'er long, he together with E. Hale and others were mounted on fresh horses and on to the chase. They trailed them on to Battle Creek, still following the trail, they came in sight of the Double Mountains, on Sandy Creek, one of the tributaries of Hubbard Creek.

In crossing a ravine near this elevation, Capt. Jack's optic organs were anything else but idle, and discovering fresh drops of water, hanging on the green vegetation, (from off the horses' legs,) "boys" says he, "the infernal rascals are close by—look to your arms and be in readiness for a chase, for *by grit* I'll have them horses. Half a mile further brought our chivalric band in sight of the Indians, and close inspection found them in the act of taking a snooze, as three had already stretched themselves on their blankets, and the other making preparations for the same. Now, Captain Jack ordered a charge, filling the air with hideous yells, such as made the Indians ashamed of themselves, and frightened them out of their wits.—Each Indian took to a horse, leaving the heard, and trying to make good his escape. But on, on our chivalric band flew. Now, *little Hale* nears them: pop, pop is heard from his repeater several times, and off tumbles one of the Indians—dead; leaving him, he still pursues the trio, and finally unhorses another. The other two made their escape. The Capt. brought back the horses and the Indian's scalp. This Indian had in his possession the scalp of Mr. Phillips, lately killed on the Polluxy, south of Weatherford. It is evidently the same body of Indians that recently shot Mr. Killen and Washington, on the Grindstone.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK WELLS.

From the St. Louis State Journal:

The Potosi Outrage—By One Who Saw it.

The following is from a private letter, and we have been requested to publish it:

OLD MINES, May 18.

DEAR FATHER: Your letter of the 16th was received to-day. We had some evidence here of the despotic rule of which you speak.—Night before last a company came down to Potosi by special train, arriving at Potosi about half an hour before daylight, surrounding the town and breaking into the houses and stores of all the southern men, pillaging, robbing and insulting the women. At one house they tore up the carpet (the house of John Dean), stole all the silver ware, broke open and searched through everything. Mr. Dean was not at home. They insulted his wife, one of the soldiers drawing his bayonet across her face, leaving the mark.

They broke open the store of Mr. Casey, and abused his clerk, asking if he would take the oath of allegiance to honest old Abe Lincoln. He replied that he would have to take time to consider at which they knocked him down, and abused him outrageously. They stole all of Mr. Casey's wine, cigars and fancy articles that were worth picking up.

This brave company of soldiers was piloted down here by one Dr. Melcher, a villainous abolitionist, who was cowhided, not by a mob but by one man, and left town several weeks ago.

Eight or nine of the citizens of Potosi were taken to St. Louis as prisoners. All who would not take the oath of allegiance to honest Old Abe were taken up to St. Louis—some of them greyheaded men, and the best citizens of this county.

The darkies are getting saucy. Old Doctor met a colored preacher riding in the road yesterday, and asked him where he was going. The colored gentleman only replied tha. he was a Lincoln man. Yours,

IKE.

The Bossier Company has returned, with the exception of its Captain who, we understand will also, return. Reason.—they object to enlist for the War.

A few members of the Texas companies, and one or two of the Grays, have also returned, for the same reason. They all give awful accounts of what they had to endure, forgeting we presume, that a soldier's life is a hard one.

Sad Accident.

A good sized boy undertook yesterday, to suck some molasses out of a barrel through a straw, in a horn.—He had seated himself on the top of the barrel, and in the act of leaning over tumbled head-foremost into the barrel. At last accounts he was doing pretty well, standing in the river, dashing water in his face and lapping the sweet drink as it rolled down his sweet phiz.

Slaughter on board an American Coolie Ship.—The Leonidas, Capt. Woods, when off the Macao passage, had a terrible revolt of coolies—officers, captain's wife, crew, &c., were assaulted. The capt. managed to seize a musket and shot one, felling another with the butt. By this time the crew came aft, loaded the arms, and drove the coolies below, shooting twenty-nine of them. The coolies then collected a heap of wood and set fire to it. The captain battened them down, when finding the smoke unendurable, the coolies put the fire out themselves. The hatches were then opened, and the third mate extricated. He was so badly wounded, however, that he is not expected to live. Out of 250 coolies, 95 were missing, killed drowned or escaped.

Thomas Lawson, Surgeon-General United States Army, died in Norfolk Wednesday night, aged 23 years.

A Safe Bet.—A gentleman from South Carolina has addressed the following to the *Herald*: "I will bet you 200 bales good cotton against $16,000 or its equivalent, that the South will succeed in establishing her independence. I will bet you $5,000 in gold that the government of the Confederate States is recognized by England and France in less than six months from date. I will bet you $1,000 on the result of each battle fought between the North and the South, where the forces engaged are more than 500 on each side, without reference to the relative strength. I will bet you my plantation and 100 negroes that Washington City will be in the hands of the Confederate States in less than ninety days after commencement of hostilities. Communications confidential. Address box 161, Unionville South Carolina.

Ready and Willing.—The Prairie (Ark.) *Democrat* gives the following good account of the "Bowie-knife boys."

We will venture to say that there is not one male white person in a thousand in the State of Arkansas, over the age of sixteen, who does not know how to shoot a gun; and we don't know but what nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand in the State are ready and willing, nay, even anxious, to come in contact with old Abe's abolition forces; and where skill and patriotism are butted against hirelings and knaves, we can guess which side will gain the victory.

The battery at Sewell's Point is the eighth and last of the important works which defend the approaches to Norfolk, all of which are in the hands of the Southern forces—thirty thousand occupying the Point. The defence nearest to Norfolk mounts eighteen guns; the second fort, Fort Norfolk, mounts twelve guns; next, Craney Island, mounts thirty guns while below there are two others, one of seven and the other of ten guns, all splendidly built, and mounted with the best heavy rifled and other ordnance, from Norfolk Navy Yard, the least part of which was destroyed in the partaial fire. The heaviest of Dalgreen's rifled ordnance were at the Yard.

Mail Bags for the Confederacy.—The contract for manufacturing of mail bags for the Confederate States, has been awarded to R. J. Wood, Esq. of Wedowee. Mr. W. was a member of the Alabama State Convention, and is a thoroughly practical man.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Summary Disposal of a Partnership Interest.—A newspaper carrier in Lafayette, Indiana, who had been sorely annoyed by a dog, purchased an interest in the animal, and then shot his half.

The New York World repeats it as a remark of Secretary of War, Cameron, that the people of Maryland "must be either citizens or subjects?"

The Blockade to be Disregarded.—The Alexandria (Va.) Sentinel, of the 17th inst., says:

We have seen a gentleman in every way reliable, just from Washington, who states it is a common rumor that Lord Lyons called on Secretary Seward to-day, and announced to him that England would not recognize the present blockade. Certain it is that Lord Lyons called on Mr. Seward upon official business and imparted something not altogether pleasant.

This agrees with the paragraph we copied on Thursday afternoon, from the Mobile Advertiser. In additional confirmation of the statement we quote the following extract from a letter to the Mobile Advertiser, dated Pensacola, May 21:

We had a telegraphic dispatch last evening, that the Government of Lord Lyons had refused to acknowledge the blockade, and this morning a private letter from the same source, confirming the above.

Mary and.

Maryland is under the foot of oppression. She has been threatened, insulted, ridiculed, subjugated. The feeble voice she lifted in protest and defience has been silenced. Vandal hordes have marched through her chief city, and taken possession of her Capital. Her soil is desecrated by the soldiers of a tyrant and usurper. A sad fate! A terrible woe!

Has it come to this? Has the man who fills the seat of power, where Washington once sat, and after which Calhoun aspired the hardihood and wickedness, thus to demolish the sovereignty of a Commonwealth, thus to trample upon the Constitution he solemnly swore to administer?

The North looks on and commends the infamous course of the despot.—But the North is in a frenzy of wrath. The North is alarmed at the success and prospects of the movement she dirided. The North is mad at the immense loss she has sustained by the destruction of her gainful trade. The North is all absorbed in the end to be attained by the subjugation of Maryland, and she will approve any means that will secure that desirable object. But will the storm of fury last for ever? Will there not come a time when the North will calmly consider? They have called into existence a power which disclaims responsibility, and scouts at the wise restrictions of law. The obstacles they found in the path that leads, as they foolishly imagine, to the accomplishment of their base purposes, have been pushed out of their way by main force. Under the influence of mortified pride, demoniac anger, envy, hatred, and every evil passion, they have overleaped the bon is set by patriotism and wisdom, closed their ears to reason, and to the warnings of history, and rushed wildly on. What if the demon power turn against those who have given it life and sent it forth to do their horrid work!

Their President has openly infracted the Constitution by a series of acts which he does not pretend to justify or defend. He has declared war, he has raised an army, he has blockaded ports, he has ruthlessly destroyed property worth millions of dollars. And yet so intent is the howling horde upon revenge and plunder, that they are jubilant over these high handed acts, and shout on the perjured despot.

It is folly to remonstrate with madmen. The time for argument and appeal is passed. We meet force with force. Soldiers, not staestmen, must decide the question now before the two sections. The slaves of the tyrant have drawn their swords and and content are we to cross blades with them on the bloody field. But they will not rejoice always in the silencing and subjugation of a State. This act bodes evil to them.

They have made a terrible sacrifice. They have wantonly in the blindness of their fury surrendered the dearest right of freemen. They have consented to and applauded flagrant usurpations. What are their States more than provinces? If they should provoke the wrath of the corrupt man whose rule they are proud to acknowledge, will he not punish them? And suppose their conduct should call for such an exhibition of his power as Maryland has been forced to submit to, must they not recieve the rod without complaint and murmur? In their madness and folly instigated by malice and lust, they have not contemplated the nature of the cause to which they have given their gold and their lives They have not seen that the hand which has smitten that State, has given the death blow to their dearest rights.

There lies Maryland, prostrate and well nigh helpless. Her condition calls for our pity. On this green earth there lives not a people more generous and high minded and brave. Their hearts are true to the South, and deeply do they feel their degradation. They are hemmed in by the oppressor's forces, but they have not conquered. No chain that tyrants forge can bind the spirit of freemen. They have not willingly suffered the hurt that has been done their honor. A traitor Governor plotted with a despot President, and the noble people, all unsuspicious of the treachery, fell into the pit these miscreants had digged. They have been miserably betrayed. Woe to the traitors that have deceived and misled the Marylanders, when after the dogged endurance of indignities and wrongs, with a clear conception of the artful plot, and a growing hatred for the base foes that have held them in subjection, woe be to them when the Marylanders rise in their might and go forth to take revenge. They will strike such a blow as tyrants and traitors have never felt since the world was made. They will do a great work in a short time. They will wipe out the marks of the invader's foot-prints with the blood of the invaders. The day of vengeance is at hand. Maryland is getting ready for her disenthrament. Her night no darker. Soon will her morning dawn.—*Charleston Courier.*

God Save the South.

PARAPHRASE ON GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Sung by Mr. Duffield at the Mobile Theatre, April 27th, '61.

God bless our Southern land!
Guard our beloved land!
God save the south!
Make us victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Spread thy shield over us;
God save the south!

God of our sires rise!
Scatter our enemies,
Who mock thy truth;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
God save the South.

In the fierce battle hour,
With thine almighty power,
Assist our youth;
Joining our choral round,
May they with victory crowned,
With heart and voice resound,
"God save the South."

A Diabolical Plot—Guarding Levees.—Says the Vicksburg Whig, we are permitted to make the extract from a letter from Kentucky, to a gentleman in this city. We were advised some time since of this purpose of the abolition demons, and the information was placed in the hands of our Governor, who, we doubt not, took all precautionary steps in the premises. The advice to be on our guard cannot be too faithfully followed:

"But my main object in writing to you, is to put you on your guard about your levers. As barbarous as your high toned honorable men of the South may think that mode of warfare—too much so even for the savage—I do assure you it is the common talk in the North, and entirely justified by par-excellance, "the civilized portion of America." While in Indiana, I heard myself, from many, that the levees were soon to be cut, and it would make a savage shudder to hear them chuckle over, and laugh in savage glee at the destruction it will create. We are fighting a foe who will readily turn loose the floods or touch the incendiary's torch. My advice is, guard well your levees all the way at any cost. Suffer no boat to pass any point where a battery may be erected without a thorough search."

W. H. Russell, L. L. D.—This distinguished gentleman as the correspondent of the London Times, who is now here, has been scurrilously assailed by some of the Northern presses for the letters he has already written from America to that journal, simply because he chose to do his own thinking, and to exercise his own eyes and ears, instead of echoing what the Northern presses should graciously please to dictate to him to write. They evidently expected Mr. Russel's letters to be a rehash of their own stupid and malignant raving. Mr. Russell has given proofs that he possesses that rare quality hard sense, and a keen power of observation, the capibility of discriminating between prejudices and truth, trand this being the case, we are gratified that he visits the Southern States for the purpose of learning the true and exact bearings of this great controversy by personal observation and inquiry on the spot. The truth will not in that case be distorted, and perverted through false and distempered mediums.

Mr. Russell, we understand, is the guest of that model agriculturist, ex-Governor, A. B. Roman.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Succession Sale.

State of Louisiana, Parish of Caddo;
The District Court, No. 838.
Succession of John Morrow, dec'd.

BY virtue of a writ of sale to me directed by the Honorable the District Court, in and for the Parish of Caddo and State aforesaid, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House, in the City of Shreveport, on

Saturday, 1st day of June, A.D. 1861,

between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M., the following described property belonging to the succession of John Morrow, deceased, to-wit:

Household and kitchen furniture, 1 stove, about 100 pounds of homemade soap, one tool chest and tools, 1 cross cut saw, 2 gold watches, and chains, a lease of dwelling house.

Also, the following described slaves, to-wit:

Becky, a negro woman of dark complexion aged about 18 years.

Lelia, a negro woman of yellow complexion, aged about 19 years, and her infant.

Susan, a negro woman, aged about 40 years, of dark complexion.

Rose, a negro woman of griff complexion, aged about 57 years.

Augustus, a negro man of yellow complexion, aged about 45 years.

Terms of Sale.

Cash, provided the property brings its appraised value, the personal, property or so much thereof as does not bring its appraised value, will be immediately re-offered and sold on a Credit of twelve months, purchasers on a credit to give their notes with good and approved personal security bearing eight per cent per annum interest from date, and the slaves not bringing their appraised value, will be re-advertised and sold on a credit of twelve months according to law.

H. HUNSICKER,
April, 29 1860. Auctioneer.

Mobbed in Boston.—A man named E. H. Walker, produce dealer in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, having expressed himself friendly to the South very indiscreetly, in public, was thereupon mobbed. He was half drowned, compelled to pay $100 to the war fund, and then let go.

Mr. Russel Recognizes the Confederate States.—Mr. Russel, the correspondent of the London Times, in a letter to the Mobile Register denying the report that an artists belonging to Harper's Weekly was traveling in his suite, states that his companions are his Secretary, Mr. Warde "who has no connection whatever with any journal in the *United or Confederate States*," and Mr. Davis, an attachea of the London News. The words we have italicised show that Mr. Russel recognize the existence of the Confederate States as distinct from, and independent of the "United" States.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS—*For this we fight.*—The proprietor of the Evening Citizen has got up a beautiful badge, bearing the above motto, and presented one to each of the officers and members of the Sharp-shooters. It would be well if all of our citizens were provided with one of these badges, wearing on the lappel of his coat. We would then know when we met a friend, and it would be well to furnish strangers with one of these badges, on taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy.

Purify the Blood! Strengthen the System!!

THE GREAT MEDICINAL DRINK OF THE AGE!

CROOKES'S

Invigorating Aromatic Vegetable *Stomache Bitters,*

FOR RESTORING & PRESERVING HEALTH.

Prepared from Aromatic Bitter Herbs UNDER THE AUSPICIES OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

Are an agreeable and palatable Invigorating Tonic, prepared from Aromatic Bitter Vegetables, combined with a Pure Spirit, improved and perfected by one of our venerable and eminent physicians during a practice of thirty years, in the latter part of which he used those Bitter Herbs, with unparalleled success, in the treatment of internal diseases and for purifying the blood.

They stimulate and regulate the functions of digestion; impart vigor and tone to the stomach; strengthen the system, and are unequalled as a purifier of the blood. By continuing the use of a wine glass full morning and evening, and before meals, for a few weeks, they will afford convincing proofs of their great medicinal properties, and under the influence of their health-restoring qualities, that physical condition necessary to the enjoyment of a sound body and mind will soon be attained.

From their purifying influence, the skin becomes steadily smooth and bright, and they will gradualllly remove every trace of eruption or inflammation from the face or body as they progress in the purification of the blood.

Viewing them simply as a beverage, they equal in richness and delicacy of flavor the finer grades of choice Champagne Wines—the bitter principle being only perceptible when felt in the good work of purifying and invigorating.

For the use of old and young of both sexes they are admirably adapted, being grateful to the taste; of an exqisitely delicate flavor—imparting to the palate a soothing aromatic effect, equalled only by its purity and richness.

The following letter regarding the purity and quality of this Celebrated Vegetable Tonic, from the eminent and gifted physician and chemist, Victor E. Canning, so long and favorably known in connection with the French Academy of Science, speaks for itself.

Chemical Labratory, West Broadway,
New York, February 6, 1860.

Mr. H. M. Crookes: *Dear Sir*—In accordance with your request of the 16th ultimo, I have subjected sample of your Invigorating Aromatic Vegetable Stomach Bitters to a careful analysis and find them to be composed of the essence of Aromatic Bitter Vegetables of ancient fame in the medical world: yet I have never before seen them so well blended or rendered so pleasing to the sense of taste.

The Spirit used in their preparation I found to be perfectly pure, and as free from deleterious element as that procured from the natural juice of the grape.

You doubtless had the assistance of experienced medical skill in perfecting so excellent a combination, as it rarely occurs that the bitter principle, possessing so much medicinal worth, is rendered so palatable.

Continue to prepare your Stomach Bitters, strictly in accordance with the formula you have already adopted, and they cannot fail to gain precedence over everything else of the kind within my knowledge.

I remain, dear sir, very respectfully yours.

VICTOR E. CHANNING.

Connoiseurs in fine beverages and those anxious to be relieved from inward suffering are requested to test their qualities fairly and impartially, and give the public the benefit of their unbiased opinion.

CROOKES'S INVIGORATING, AROMATIC VEGETABLE STOMACH BITTERS are sold by Grocers, Druggists and Dealers generally throughout the country, and can be had as a beverage at the principal Bars and Saloons.

CROOKS & CO. Sole Proprietors.
110 Tchoupitoulas St. N. Orleans.