

Montgomery County Sentinel.

Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year
Vol. VI.—No. 28.

By M. Floods.

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 6, 1863.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Law Partnership.
RICHARD J. BOWIE & JOHN T. VINSON, of Rockville, Montgomery County, Md., have entered into partnership, in the practice of the law.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Dr. W. H. TAYLOR, Professional services, at his office in Montgomery County, OFFICE and residence, at G. Taylor's on the Union Turnpike, near the Old Post Office.

Dr. C. A. HARDING, Practising Physician, 537 So. 30th St., ROCKVILLE, Md.

Rockville Academy, This institution will be open for the admission of pupils on Monday, February 9th, 1863.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, ROCKVILLE, Maryland, PERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

TO TRAVELLERS, Accommodation Stage Line between Washington and Rockville.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE! THE HYATTSVILLE BRASS BAND.

Accommodation Stage Line between Washington and Rockville.

AT THE OLD STAGE AGAIN! This public notice is given that the...

NEW STORE ROOM, NEW GOODS! This store is now open for business...

NEGROES WANTED. THE subscriber wishes to purchase...

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, GLOVES, SHOES, BOOTS, AND SHOES, in great variety...

CARPENTERING & SHED-BUILDING. THE citizens of Rockville and the...

Fall and Winter Goods! Mrs. R. V. Bradlock, Quality Hill, Rockville.

WALLS & GRIMES, CARPENTERS, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

READY-MADE CLOTHING. Suitable to all classes of conditions of life.

WALLS & GRIMES, CARPENTERS, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

DOMESTIC, FOREIGN, PATENT MEDICINES. Fresh Groceries, Receiving Daily.

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ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH. *They'll Call Us Citizens of the South!*
Although but a humble farmer of Maryland, and unaccustomed to writing, I am accustomed to thinking, when circumstances require it, and I doubt not that all who claim the name of American will agree with me that the present time, when our country is upon the verge of ruin, demands a more thoughtful and active participation on the part of all who are citizens of the United States than have hitherto been shown. While I am a slaveholder, and have all the interests of the South at heart, and feel that our rights have been attacked and invaded by some of the people of the North, I am equally opposed to any measure that would destroy the Union as it now exists, and I feel that it is our duty to stand by the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and to resist any attempt to destroy either.

Now, my friends, it is plain that the only way to preserve the Union is by a more united effort on the part of all who are citizens of the United States. We must stand by the Constitution and the laws of the United States, and we must resist any attempt to destroy either. We must stand by the Union as it now exists, and we must resist any attempt to destroy it. We must stand by the rights of all who are citizens of the United States, and we must resist any attempt to deprive them of their rights. We must stand by the principles of justice and equity, and we must resist any attempt to violate them. We must stand by the principles of freedom and independence, and we must resist any attempt to destroy them.

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our union with the North pirates. I think that the few short months of our existence which have passed, and the destruction of our business, proves that we must consider whether it is at all probable that we could construct a Southern Confederacy that would furnish us more, or as much, happiness and prosperity as that under which we live.

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Poetry.

The Face that ever Wears a Smile.
I have the man whose open brow
Promises a noble mind;
There's a gladness in his smile
That I have seen no other find.
That his heart is warm and true,
And his soul is free and kind,
That he'll be true to every friend,
And his heart is warm and kind.

A Pretty Little Story.
THE RETURN.
A long path of moonlight lay upon the sea. Its further extremity touched the horizon under the moon, and its lighter part swept along the shore with the stroke of a stranger who was treading the path, a smile on his face, his eyes upon the waves, and his feet upon the sand.

A stranger strode along the beach, his eyes upon the waves, and his feet upon the sand. The moonlight shone upon his face, and his smile was as bright as the sun. He walked along the shore, and his feet upon the sand, and his eyes upon the waves, and his smile as bright as the sun.

Close by the sea-shore, yet nearly a mile below him, lay a bright little village. The houses were white with paint, and the roofs were red with tiles. The church spire was a mark of the village, and the school house was a mark of the village.

It was one of those islands rarely visited by any vessel, and hence they had been unvisited during all these long years, subjects of savages, and obedient to all the world's laws.

When he went out he was met by the miller in the white cottage under the hill, where a creek winds round to maintain the meadow and make music with its little waterfall. Millie was sweet and trusting, beautiful with health and the glow of exercise.

And Millie had looked into his eyes through her tears, and said: "Be true to you, I should as soon think of dying as losing any other than you, William."

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A light shines out from the window of the white cottage. It is not deserted then? But the fever of fear and hope have almost unnerved the wretcher with waters and waters.

new beams glance from it as arrows from furnished shields. His heart throbbed within him. "Perhaps it is her cottage," he thought. The flash of rushing blood reached and fevered every part of his frame. Prerogative stands upon his forehead, and his teeth chase upon his lips.

As the child, a boy and a girl, are riding away by the fence, resting cheerily in the shade and looking very happy. They were very little when he went away. He has left the cottage, and is creeping to the window of the new one. Warily, tremblingly, he rises from the room and looks cautiously in. The moon is bright with the flashing firelight and the presence by the work-table. It is Millie. A radiant, untroubled, stands in the warm corner. Her arms—in her arms—

—has a curly head, with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, fast asleep. Millie is looking steadily, earnestly into the fire. That face so beautiful, so true to his long memory, thrills his whole being, and in his breast distress at the loss of his most precious earthly possession. William forgot what he is doing, and stands close before the window, gazing in. Millie hears toward the window. "Good God! has she seen me?" and he starts to escape. She has seen him. The face—so beautiful, so like the long dead—wrenches a cry from her lips, and, mad that he can be here, she calls out. Millie shrinks, and, as if in a corner of the room. "Heaven's sake, you're afraid of your old girl, aren't you? I am William. I won't hurt you. Let me go in peace."

Millie, trembling, afraid, and yet letting the frail superstition of the times, meet him—or, rather, follows him. For he is shrinking away—and touching his shoulder, leaves every fear, and falls in a flood of tears upon his breast.

William, what are you doing? Why do you talk so? Don't you love me? Don't I love you always, and kept myself for you, though I thought you would be dead? Oh, William, what have I done to you? You seem so strange! And Millie, sitting from hope to fear, in joy to meet a distress, calls in her joy and starts very tremulously. "You are only here for him!"

William glances at the little creature upon all his excitement has awakened, then at the cradle with its lid, but then a matronly little woman coming in. "Well, it came out that the new cottage, the little cottage, and the bull in the stable, all belonged to Millie's younger sister."

A few years after the "stranger" came a master of a whaler to the North Beach. Four years away, and nearly ready to return, his ship was driven upon a little island, where only three of the crew escaped a watery grave. It was one of those islands rarely visited by any vessel, and hence they had been unvisited during all these long years, subjects of savages, and obedient to all the world's laws.