Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance. — DEVOTION TO PARTY NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. — Two Dollars, if paid at the end of the year.

By M. Fields. — ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1860. — Vol. V.—No. 34.

THE SENTINEL

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☞ ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Twelve lines to constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked upon them, they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS, the effect of which is to promote private interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per square. All communications must be accompanied with the author's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

☞ Advertisements for Companies or Associations of any kind, ecclesiastical, charitable or otherwise, are in all cases to be paid for at the usual rates: and obituary notices or eulogies in addition to the announcement, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per square.

☞ OFFICE, in the house on the south-west corner of the Square, lately occupied by Wm. SAGE.

COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

WASHINGTON HOTEL,

ROCKVILLE Maryland.

PERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

THE undersigned having leased the above establishment, which is now undergoing thorough repair, would respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon it. He assures his friends and the public generally, that every effort on his part, will be made to contribute to the ease and comfort of all who may favor him with their patronage.

HIS TABLE will always be supplied with the best the market affords; and at the Bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Segars.

THE STABLING attached to the house is large and commodious, and as good attentive ostlers will be employed, persons stopping at his house may rely upon their horses being well attended to.

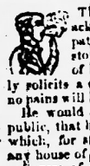
☞ His charges will be as moderate.

feb 10—tf PERRY TRAIL.

GOOD EATING & CAPITAL DRINKING

KILGOUR'S SALOON,

Rock Ville, Md.



THE subscriber returns his sincere acknowledgements to his numerous patrons for the liberal patronage bestowed upon him from the opening of his establishment, and respectfully solicits a continuance, assuring them that no pains will be spared, on his part, to merit it. He would also inform his friends and the public, that he has refitted his establishment, which, for style and comfort, will vie with any house of the kind in the cities.

Lovers of GOOD OYSTERS will always find at his establishment the market afford, and his Bar will always be supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors, Malt Drinks, Segars, Tobacco, &c.

☞ His charges very moderate.

feb 18—tf JOHN A. T. KILGOUR.

Tin Plate and Sheet Iron

MANUFACTORY,

THE SUBSCRIBER, having located permanently in ROCKVILLE, would most respetfully inform the citizens of Montgomery co. that he is about to commence the Tin Plate and Sheet Iron Manufacturing business, in the above place., opposite the Law Office of W. V. Bouic, Esq.

He is prepared to furnish and put up Spouting Roofing, &c. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware of all kinds on hand. STOVES of all kinds repaired and put in complete order.

Lightning Rods furnished, and put up in the best manner.

All work done in a workmanlike manner and warranted.

By strict attention to business and a desire to please, he hopes to merit a share of the public patronage. ROBERT H. G. BOUIS.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. oct 8—y

CARPENTERING & UNDERTAKING.

THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned still carries on the above business, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERING and HOUSE-JOINING Business, which he guarantees to be done in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

Having furnished himself with a new Hearse, and the best materials for manufacturing COFFINS, he will attend to Funerals in any part of the county.

He returns his thanks for the partonage heretofore extended, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.

feb. 20—1y WM. E. PUMPHREY.

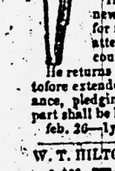
W. T. HILTON. D. W. WHITING.

HILTON & WHITING,

CONTRACTORS,

CARPENTERS & BUILDERS,

BARNESVILLE, Montgomery Co., Md.



BEG leave to inform the citizens of Montgomery county and the public generally, that they are prepared to do work in their line at the shortest notice, and at prices to suit the times. Also—

Keep constantly on hand SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS, which they will sell at fair prices. feb 3—1y

AUCTIONEERING.

WM. WALLEN, Auctioneer, will attend to sales in any portion of the county, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. His charges are moderate. All orders left at the "Sentinel" office, or directed to him at Rockville, will be promptly attended to. dec 16—tf.

Poetry.

THE YOUNG SLEEPER.

She sleeps, but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware;
The lovely edifice
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle inhabitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel-thing—and slept
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy lute
That light with laughter used to play,
And left all dull and mute
The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He shut the glancing windows too,
With fringe of drooping gold,
He darkened the small panes of blue;
Sheer from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And over the pearl the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
Upon the spirit's dark wing to me;
The road she journeys on
Winds evermore without return;
To ruin and decay
The fairy palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
Nor light its golden roof to morrow morn.

An Interesting Story.

PHŒBE'S WEDDING NIGHT.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE, OF VIRGINIA.

Again in the autumn woods—the woods of our honest old Virginia!

Years seem to have passed since I wandered over the dry leaves beneath the lordly oaks and the haughty pines—but after all, 'tis but a twelvemonth. How the flying years glide away; how wondrous are the changes of this human life! I think I have seen these truths expressed before; but why not repeat them? Everything that is true is trite. I shall even add, at the risk of saying what has been often uttered that it is good to leave the "solitude town" at times, and wander far away into the silent depths of autumn woods—dreaming again the rosy dreams of youth, and summoning from the misty shadowland of memory, the gracious figures and supreme delights of earlier years. Youth! youth! how far away it seems! Boyhood flits so rapidly by; manhood comes so soon; ere long old age will beckon with its thin pale finger, weighing down our shoulders with the burden of years, and drifting its chill snows upon our hair. But what matter, friend? Let us take all seasons as they come. If the days of spring and summer are instinct with glorious romance, and alive with laughter, do the pensive autumn and the bracing winter want for consolation? I doubt if the joys of youth were half so tender and serenely happy as the thoughts which come to me, here in the beautiful fall woods, which whisper, as I ramble on, a thousand secrets and recall the happy scenes of other days.

Ah!—here? I thought it was deeper in the forest. So here in the little rustic graveyard, lies the fairest form which dwells in my memory. Let me look back. How the grass has grown around the crumbling gate—and those roots are slowly cracking the brick wall. So—the gate opens on rusty hinges; I enter—I pass to the mound on which some pale sweet autumn primroses grow—slender and graceful like the figure of the maiden; golden, like her sunny auburn hair.

"Phœbe—died, May 20, 18—."

That is the material part of the inscription. Yes, I remember perfectly. It was on a beautiful day of May, in the youth of the glad fresh year, as in her own tender maidenhood, that the only woman whom I ever loved fell asleep. I never told her that I loved her—I saw that my suit was hopeless; but I loved her, and shall love her always. She always seemed an angel almost when she lived—now 'tis a holy spirit truly which I see beside me, as I lean on the marble, and smile, without a trace of pain. Shall I recall the past, and return as it were in memory to a brighter day—to the joyous days of my youth? Why not? There is no unhappiness in the recollection. What then was the nature of those events which sent this poor dear child to sleep here, under the primroses?

Phœbe Hunter was the darling of the county. I have never seen any one else half so beautiful. I said that she resembled the primroses growing on her grave—and the comparison is, I think, a just one. Her figure was slender, but exquisitely graceful—her hair of the color of gold—her countenance the mirror of loveliness, and a sort of tender, pensive delicacy which made children come to her; and old men smile and caress her. She was a favorite with all the youths, who seemed subdued in her presence—and if you hail known them, you would have duly appreciated the phenomenon. They were a wild "harum-scarum" set—fond of frolics, fox-hunting, blooded horses, and every species of fun. They ran races, danced interminable reels, and drew at sight—not seldom in advance—upon their capital of youthful strength and gaiety. The merriest haunt of all was the "Cedars" where Phœbe lived with her father and brother. The old hall was eternally filled with youths, come to visit Jack, of course—never Phœbe—and there was generally some urgent reason about six times in the year for a grand dancing frolic, to which the youths and maidens of the whole country side flocked. What a gay time it was! How we danced, how we laughed, how we smoked interminable pipes in Jack's special den—out-doing all the travelers of romance in our stories and experiences! It was the riot of health and youthful romance—not vicious at all, however—the stirring of the blood which would have its frolic and its laughter.

Of all the youths there was no one half so popular as Tom Dangerfield, unless it were Arthur Hewston, his and my bosom friend. How distinctly they rise now in my vision as I ponder! They were strongly contrasted in personal appearance. Authur was dark, tall, collected, almost grave at times—Tom, on the contrary, slight, blue-eyed and gay. They both loved Phœbe, but had never spoken of their secret to each other or to her. As to the feelings of the young lady, no one could form the least opinion. She treated both with the same delicate and winning kindness—her habitual demeanor toward young men, as any one could perceive, was equally fond of them both. I knew afterwards, however, and all know, that Arthur had, long before, secured the affection of her warm young heart. Why is it that the dark, serious, earnest man so often gains the love of a woman, surrounded by suitors more gay, "desirable" and interesting? I know not, but I know it to be the truth. As I found in due time, Phœbe had no dream nor thought of the future that was not connected with Arthur Hewston. But she did not betray her secret—waiting with the singular patience of woman, for the moment when her love should be pleaded for. It came at last; the occasion was a great frolic at the hall,—but a singular scene between the friends preceded it. Tom told me all afterwards, and described their interview. It was painful and embarrassed, for they had told each other all, but Arthur soon recovered his coolness.

"This is a miserable business, Tom," he said, with contracted brows, "a terrible thing to think of, that we are arrayed against each other."

"Yes, truly miserable," was the low reply.

"Whoever wins, the other loses," continued Arthur Hewston, "unless we both abandon the affair. That, however, would be unmanly. Let us do better. Go and tell Phœbe that you love her, and ask her to marry you. If she discards you, I'll try my luck. Does that suit you, old fellow?"

"No," said Tom, "for it gives me an advantage. Let us both go away, or decide by chance which shall speak first."

"Done—there is the backgammon board. We'll throw for the chance."

With these cool words Arthur Hewston rattled the dice and threw—six, ace.

"Now it is your turn," he said as coolly as before. His friend with a trembling hand obeyed. The dice were cogged. He threw again—six, deuce.

"All right," said Arthur, "you have won and I have lost."

"You are not betting," said a gentle, reproaching voice behind them. "Fie, gentlemen for shame!"

And Phœbe, with her half reproving, half smiling face, leaned on the back of Arthur's chair. He rose.

"It was only a trial of good fortune, Miss Phœbe," he said, smiling calmly, "there is Jack on the lawn, and I wish to see him for a moment."

With these words and a significant glance at his friend, he left the apartment, closing the door after him. Well, not to lengthen out my history, Tom Dangerfield took advantage of the opportunity, and poured into the ears of Phœbe the story of his love. It was a sad business, he said to me afterwards. With the gentlest and most effecting kindness she said that she did not return his attachment, although she was his faithful friend—that was all. A few tears from the beautiful eyes—a warm pressure of his hand—and she glided away with a faltering step, which showed how much she had been moved and distressed. Tom went to the stable, mounted his horse and set out for home. At the gate he met Arthur and Jack, the latter of whom demanded what in the world carried him away. He made some indifferent reply, but while Jack was repulsing a fox-hound and not looking at him, he bent in the saddle and whispered to Arthur:

"All's over for me, and I'm wretched enough. It is your turn now. Good bye, Arthur."

They exchanged a close grasp of the hand, and parted. All that day and evening, Arthur was silent and gloomy, and yet there was a strange light in his eyes. A week afterwards he found Phœbe alone, and told her how much he loved her. When a servant opened the door to put more wood upon the fire, the head of the young girl was leaning upon the young man's breast, and she was crying.

I must not spend too much time in these musings. The rest of Phœbe's story is soon told. There was no obstacle to her early marriage to Arthur, and the wedding day was fixed to take place in January, about three months from that time. On the appointed evening, a great crowd assembled, for in those days they did not marry and hurry off a couple of young people without a frolic, as if they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and were called upon to get away from their friends and kin, and all of whom they had been raised with, as soon as possible. The hall blazed with lights, from garret to basement, and an army of servants hurried about, as if they had lost their wits and were rather pleased at the accident. As the hour of nine approached, a multitude of vehicles of every description drew up to the door—the portly chariot, the comfortable buggy, the light sulky, and the old-fashioned one-horse stick-chair. In addition to the company which came in these conveyances, a crowd of youths appeared on their riding horses; and all went merry as a marriage bell. Soon, the carriages containing the groomsmen arrived—as to the bridesmaids, they had been at the hall for a dozen hours; and I suspect that the greater part of that time had been consumed in dressing. Certain it is as I went up to the chamber set apart for the gentlemen, a maid chanced to open the door of the young ladies' room; and never have I seen a more perfect chaos, or heard a greater Babel of tongues.—They were arranging their hair, fitting on laces, and tying the ribbons of satin slippers around their small ankles with an energy and delight which was proved by their animated faces and quick movements. Here a maid was hooking a young lady's dress—there, another was pulling down the folds of a heavy white satin. It was one of those scenes which male sex by only greet the eyes of the elect, and cause us to reflect.

I know not why I have entered into this tedious description. It may be that my memory, by an uncongenial art linkers upon the bright and cheerful scene I have mentioned, from a sort of shuddering dread of approaching the sequel. I must come to it, at last, however.

Nine o'clock arrived. The bridegroom had not made his appearance. People began to whisper and exchange glances—especially those old ladies who scent a misfortune or scandal with preternatural intensity of smell, and gloat over misery before it comes. These old gossips, of whom there were plenty at the wedding, now congregated in corners, and shook their withered old faces at each other in a way which spoke volumes. Indignation was the prevailing sentiment among them—and pity for the bride.

"Poor, dear thing!" they whispered, "it was shameful to have a laggard like this—it augured ill for her happiness."

The facts of the case were soon known. Arthur had bade his groomsmen meet him at the hall—important business would detain him at home until seven or eight o'clock. 8 on after eight, however, he would join them punctually.

Ten o'clock came. No bridegroom. Then fright took the place of indignation. What could have kept Arthur Hewston? The delay was wholly unlike him. He was the most punctual of men, and noted for his nervous fear of wounding any one, much more Phœbe, whom he loved with passionate earnestness. Something must have happened—something unfortunate. The bride and her attendants were nearly crazy with apprehension. Scarcely able to hold her handkerchief in her trembling fingers, Phœbe sat silent and cold, in an arm-chair upstairs, I afterwards heard, and seemed to have no ears for any sound but that which she listened for from the road without. When eleven o'clock arrived, and Arthur did not come all ceremony was at an end. The young men hastily mounted their horses and rode off towards the house of the bridegroom. I was amongst the foremost. I spurred on, wildly, with a horrible coldness of the heart, for my imagination, supernaturally stimulated, had drawn a horrible picture. A wide and deep stream lay between the hall and Arthur's home—a stream crossed by a crazy bridge, whose swaying in the angry current, swollen by heavy rains, we had noticed in coming. I cannot go on calmly with the rest of the details. We rode on blindly, through the darkness, by a struggling and only partially revealed moon, and drew near the stream which roared hoarsely as we approached. I drove the spur into the sides of my horse and pushed on toward the bridge. Suddenly he reared almost erect, and recoiled violently in the black darkness—for the moon had disappeared beneath a heavy cloud. At the next instant the moon soared out—I found myself and my companions standing on the brink of a precipitous descent beneath which the angry waters rushed tumultuously. The bridge, old and rotten, had been carried away. As I realized the truth, the blood rushed violently to my temples—I reeled in the saddle, and nearly fell.

My awful presentment had been true. We found his dead body half a mile below. His horse had escaped and returned wildly to the stable. We could not know the particulars of his death; but, doubtless, he must have ventured upon the bridge in spite of the great danger, at the moment when it gave away, and so have been swept down. A heavy gash upon the forehead explained the rest—for Arthur was an excellent swimmer.—He must have been struck senseless by a portion of the timber of the bridge, and so hurled into eternity. We returned with the body, which was buried the next day, with a great procession of mourners, for the young man was universally beloved. So it ended.

How long I seemed to have mused! These old memories absorb us at times. Shall I end my story? Phœbe was brought to the brink of the grave by a brain fever, following the wild shriek which she uttered when the truth was told her. Her life hung long on a slender thread, but she recovered. She was never like herself afterwards, however, and I thought I could see her fading away from the world like a beautiful autumn sunset. The friend of Arthur, poor Tom Dangerfield, never dreamed of renewing his suit. He saw, plainly, as every one did, that this suffering wife of the dead was slowly but surely going to rejoin her husband, to greet again the disembodied soul to which she had plighted her maiden troth. She did not linger long. Drooping gradually, as a delicate flower does, as the months pass on, she seemed to detach herself, so to speak, root after root, from the soil of this world; and to fix her eyes upon the realms beyond. At last she quietly declared herself "a little unwell," and did not rise from her bed. She would converse very calmly and sweetly upon every topic but one. That, by general consent, was carefully avoided. No allusion was ever made to Arthur Hewston. Her hand would often move to her bosom, where I knew she wore a locket containing his hair, but she never uttered his name, or indicated in any manner that she thought of him even. At last the end came. It was on an evening of May that she died. I was at the hall, and was told that she wished to see me. I had often been in her apartment, which was the general resort of friends and the family; for I was the friend of Arthur, and I had discovered his body. She beckoned me to approach as I entered; I can still see the thin white hand—the golden hair around the snowy temples—the gentle, dreamy smile on the worn, ethereal-looking face. She motioned me to bend down. I did so, and she whispered, "I can speak of him to you—you loved him—do not let them lay me far from him—or remove his locket."—That was all. She never spoke again. When the sunset died into night she had gone away, but the tender smile was still upon her lips.

I had almost forgotten the low, moss-clad stone beneath the bush there. It marks the last resting-place of Arthur Hewston, and I gaze upon it with melancholy pleasure. Do you ask me why with "pleasure?" I reply, that I think the fate of this young man was not unhappy. He was a faithful Christian; the one whom he loved above all others is by his side in heaven. Had they lived, who can tell what sins and stains, and miseries might have visited them? Now, they bloom in imperishable youth, in a clime of never-ending sunshine.

As I ramble on and muse and dream, I ask myself if there can be any doubt that they are happier—the dear, dead maiden and the youth who loved her? I think they are happier far, and I smile, you see.

The Pope giving Communion to Americans in Rome.

The Metropolitan Record, of the 3d March, contains a lengthy and interesting letter from Rome dated the 20th of January, from which we make the following extracts:

Many as have been the events which have contributed to render the Pontificate of Pius IX. one of the most glorious recorded in the history of the church, no one of them, perhaps, has excited so much admiration, and so much interest in the breast of American Catholics, as the foundation of the American College in Rome. The Pope yesterday visited the college, said mass, and administered the holy communion to the students. Having heard of the honor about to be conferred upon their young countrymen, many American Catholics had expressed a desire of also receiving communion from his Holiness—a request which was readily granted.

At 8 a. m. the Pope arrived, and, attended by a portion of his noble guard and by the prelates of the *anti-camera*, proceeded to the high altar, where he soon commenced mass. He was assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, Maine, and by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Goss, Bishop of Liverpool. The time for the communion having approached, the students of the new college knelt around the altar, and from the hands of his Vicar received the blessed sacrament. The American students of the Propaganda next enjoyed the same privilege, followed by many of the visitors, the majority of whom were Americans.

In the centre of the hall a large table was spread, well laden with refreshments solid at once and elegant. The golden service had been lent by the Pontiff. His Holiness having taken his seat, the find band stationed in the orchestra struck up, and the feast commenced. Seated on either side of the Pope were their Eminences Cardinals Barnabo and Catarini, Prefect and Economo of the Propaganda. The company was composed of the most distinguished persons in Rome, residents and strangers. Having given his apostolic benediction, his Holiness now arose, and after a few moments spent in securing the homage of the visitors, he was left alone with his American children.

He immediately commenced his visit through the establishment, and with a critical eye examining each room and corridor, he anxiously inquired into the condition of everything, and displayed a great interest in the comfort of the students. At the end of one of the corridors is placed Crawford's fine bust of that great man—dear to the heart of every true American—Washington. When the Pontiff approached it he paused a moment in contemplation. At this instant Bishop Bacon asked him a favor, for the students. "Certainly, my child," replied the Pontiff, "in the presence of such dignity," and he pointed to the bust, "I can refuse nothing." And then, to the surprise and pleasure of the Pope, were given—to the memory of the hero—three ringing hurrahs—real American shouts.

Selected Miscellany.

An Extraordinary Life—Death of a Centenarian.

Mrs. McCabe, a resident of this city, died on Saturday, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and six years. She was a native of Ireland, and was born in 1754, which was one year before Braddock's celebrated defeat at Fort Duquesne. She was fifteen years old when Napoleon I. was born. She had attained the age of twenty-two years when the Declaration of Independence was made. If President James Monroe or the Marquis Lafayette were living, they would be several years her juniors. She was older than Alexander Hamilton, and approximates very nearly the age of Thomas Jefferson, who was born in 1753. Mrs. McCabe was old enough to remember the taking of Quebec by General Wolfe in 1759. She was verging on middle age when the American Revolutionary war closed. The memorable exploits of Frederick the Great of Prussia had not been performed when Mrs. McCabe was born. When the first white man came to Kentucky, she was fifteen years old. She was born a subject of King George II. Since that time there have been three Kings and one Queen on the English throne, one of whom reigned sixty years. The population of the United States when she was born did not amount to more than a million and a half. She has seen it increase to over thirty millions. We are soon to elect the sixteenth President of the United States. Mrs. McCabe was thirty-two years old before such an office existed. She was born before William Pitt became Prime Minister of England, and before Maria Theresa became Empress of Austria. Two such lives as Mrs. McCabe almost carry us back to the day when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth rock; and three and a half of them reach over a lapse of time that extends to the day that America was discovered by Christopher Columbus. Of the experience of such a protracted life—of what she must have seen in the way of change—our readers can very well appreciate.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE FIRST NOTICE OF CONSUMPTION.—The nose is to be regarded as the beginning of the lung apparatus, just as the mouth is the beginning of the digestive apparatus. The nose is one organ of respiration, for animals breathe not through the mouth, but through the nostrils. The nose, too, has its cough; sneezing is the name affixed to this action. The nose thus viewed is a part of the breathing apparatus, and hence the reason appears why, if there is such a state of the lung tissue as is associated with blood discharge it is not unlikely that this tendency, existing also in the blood tissue of the nose, the discharge of the blood from the nose becomes premonitory, and indicative of the diseased changes in the lungs. What an admirable contrivance is it that the discharge of blood should thus be exhibited in connection with the nose, since here the blood escapes exteriorly; whereas, if taking place in the tissue of the lungs, a suffocation, an asphyxia of the lungs would be caused. This nose bleeding gives a notice, which, if homeopathically attended to, would prevent, in the majority of cases, any further development of the lung disease. It is nature giving warning, and the wise physician listens to the notice; but only he who is homeopathically well informed in the pathogenetic effects of remedies can listen effectually.

PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.—Extract of a letter from the Hon. James M. Buchanan, U. S. Minister to Denmark, to a gentleman of Baltimore city:

"Now is the time for a young man to distinguish himself in our beloved Republic. Let him fix his gaze steadily on the 'Banner of the Union,' and fight on, fight ever, in its glorious defence. For myself, I may now be considered as descending into the vale of years; but here I declare to you that whatever may be left to me of vigor or of intellect, I am prepared at a moment's call to embark the whole in the great struggle which is now at hand, and upon the issue of which depends the fate of our institutions and our homes. The *Constitution must be preserved in its entirety*, and he who attempts to violate its sacred precepts, or any one of them, is an enemy to his country, and (as has *sworn* to observe it) a reviler of his God. If my country requires my services in this crisis, I am ready to surrender power and place at a word, and enlist for the whole war."

DEATH OF CHILDREN.—A writer in an English magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks:

"The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called *death*. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature—'too pure for earthly stay'—to make one of that bright band of cherubims which encompass in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

"But glorious as may be the change to the little one, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair-haired innocent—to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever."

REVOLUTIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.—A correspondent of the Nashville (Tennessee) Banner, writing from Baltimore, indulges in the following reminiscences:

"The old building at the confluence of Liberty and Sharp streets, in this city, where Congress and other patriotic assemblages met in times past, is soon to be demolished. Compared to modern structures, it was quite diminutive in height, although having a large front; and only a few years since it was divided in twain by a tall shoe-house, which rises like a tower from the two portions left. Rubbed out, remorsely, as it soon will be by modern progress, I must try to obtain from its remains, for the Historical Society, something additional to stir the memories of the purer days of the Republic. The mementoes of those times are fast disappearing in all the cities.—The old Fountain Hotel, in Light street, here, which used to be Gen. Washington's quarters, while visiting the city, still holds its own, whilst close by, but half submerged or hemmed in by other buildings, is the once ambitious structure, where the gay and patriotic met at Washington's receptions so long ago.—Only a year or so since, the old building was torn down in which was penned the last declaration of war against Great Britain; and as matters progress, it will not be very long before the last vestige of revolutionary times will have disappeared from the streets of our cities forever."

WATER—ITS TRANSFORMATION.—There is no material substance whose transformations are more marvellous and whose relations are more complex and extensive than those of water. A recent writer on the subject says:

"You take into your hand a hailstone, and it rapidly changes into a transparent fluid, which gradually vanishes, only to re-appear, during frosty weather, in dew-drops upon your window, when it resumes, in delicate ramifications, its former crystaline solidity. You place another under a bell-glass, with thrice its weight of lime, and it soon melts and disappears, leaving behind it four parts, instead of three, of perfectly dry earth. If beef-steak be strongly pressed between two sheets of blotting paper, it will yield four-fifths of its own weight of water; while the experiments of Berzelius and Dalton prove that of the human frame, not excepting the bones, one-fourth only is solid matter, the rest being water. Dalton found, by experiments on his own person, that five-sixths of the food taken day by day to repair the human frame is also water. Of potatoes, again, no less than 74 per cent, is water, and of turnips, at least 90—a fact which, as has been remarked, "explains the small inclination of turnip-fed cattle and sheep for drink."

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses, lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be found at other less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the house best delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and fire-light at home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day and the best safe-guard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright, light, little, domestic sanctum.—*Life Illustrated.*

VIRTUE AND VICE DEFINED.—In the Boston Investigator we find, in a letter from Joseph Barker, the following very truthful definition of virtue and vice:

"I condemn nothing but what is a real injury to myself or others. The hurtful tendency of an action or a course of life is the measure of its immorality or impropriety; and the beneficial tendency of an action or a course of life is the measure of its virtuousness, or propriety. In human conduct, nothing is virtuous but what is useful, beneficial; nothing is vicious but what is hurtful, injurious. Everything is virtuous and commendable, in proportion as it is useful; everything is vicious and censurable, in proportion as it is hurtful. That which is expedient, or conducive to our own good and the good of others, is virtuous; that which is inexpedient, or inimical to our own good and the good of others, is vice."

WALTER SCOTT'S NEXT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following counsels to youth: "If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to perusal these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the sincerest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my life that labor of study, which I have paced by my own exertion, I have had the greatest reason to regret the want of learning and habits of study in my youth, which would have given a firm foundation to the whole structure of my future science."