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 D. Fields. | ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1860. | Vol. V.—No. 38.

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 none but attentive ostlers will be employed, persons stopping at his house may rely upon their horses being well attended to.

☞ His charges will be very moderate.

feb 10—tf PERRY TRAIL.

GOOD EATING & CAPITAL DRINKING

KILGOUR'S SALOON,

Rockville, Md.

THE subscriber returns his sincere acknowledgments 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 best the markets 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.

SERVANTS WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of SERVANTS, of both sexes, that are young, sound and healthy, for which he will, at all times, pay the very highest market prices, in cash. Persons having servants for sale, will find it greatly to their advantage to give me a call before disposing of them.

☞ LIBERAL COMMISSIONS paid for information; and all communications strictly confidential.

Letters addressed to me at Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., will receive prompt attention. BENJ. COOLEY, Agent.

feb 10—1y

NEGROES WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of likely YOUNG NEGROES of both sexes, for the Southern market, for which he will pay the highest prices.

Having purchased the establishment in Alexandria, Va., recently owned by Mr. George Kephart, he is prepared to receive negroes in care at the usual price of board.

Owners of slaves will find it to their interest to consult him before disposing of their negroes.

☞ WM. T. HICKMAN, of Medley's District, in this county, is my authorized Agent for the purchase of slaves.

CHS. M. PRICE.

Rockville, Md., Feb. 10, 1859.

Tin Plate and Sheet Iron MANUFACTORY,

THE SUBSCRIBER, having located permanently in ROCKVILLE, would most respectfully inform the citizens of Montgomery county that they are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line, at the shortest notice, in the best possible manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ All orders left with Mr. M. CONNELLY, at the Union Hotel, Poolesville, or at their shop, at Lee's Quarry, Seneca, will be promptly attended to.

By strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of patronage from the public. mar 2—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. 26—1y WM. E. PUMPHREY.

C. F. WALLIS. S. P. GRIMES

WALLIS & GRIMES.

CARPENTERS,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

SENECA, Montgomery County, Md.,

TAKE this method of informing the citizens of Montgomery county that they are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line, at the shortest notice, in the best possible manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

☞ All orders left with Mr. M. CONNELLY, at the Union Hotel, Poolesville, or at their shop, at Lee's Quarry, Seneca, will be promptly attended to.

By strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of patronage from the public. mar 2—y

AUCTIONEERING.

WM. W. ALLEN, 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 me at Rockville, will be promptly attended to. [dec 16—tf.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAKES AND CRACKERS!

Important to Persons Visiting Baltimore.

JAS. D. MASON & CO.

No. 114 West Pratt Street,

Between Commerce and South Sts.

KEEP constantly on hand a general assortment of *CRACKERS AND CAKES*, which they offer to the trade at the lowest cash prices. Persons in want of anything in their line will do well to call on them before purchasing elsewhere, as they guarantee to give satisfaction as to quality and price.

☞ Do not forget the No.—114 WEST PRATT STREET. mar 23—3m

Lumber for Builders.

BURNS & SLOAN

HAVE on hand an immense assortment of BUILDING LUMBER.

ALSO—SHINGLES, LATHS AND SILLS, for frame houses and barns.

As we buy our lumber at the very lowest cash prices, we can and *will* sell it at the very lowest market rates.

☞ Apply at our Yards, 132 Light St. Wharf, or Corner of Eutaw and German Sts. BALTIMORE. [feb 25—y

ROMULUS R. GRIFFITH,

GUANO & PHOSPHATE OF LIME AGENCY,

No. 88 Exchange Place, Baltimore,

OFFERS FOR SALE—

White and Brown *MEXICAN GUANO*, in bulk or barrels;

Sombrero and Navasso *GUANO*, in bulk or barrels.

MANIPULATED GUANO, at less than market rates.

ALSO—At Manufacturers' prices:

Super PHOSPHATE OF LIME, made by Penn City Chemical Works, in bbls., No. 1 Extra.

Mapes, Hoyt, DeBarr, Coe & Co., Rhodes & Co., Whitelock & Co., and other brands.

National Fertilizing Co.'s superior *FERTILIZER*, No. 1 Extra.

GROUND BONES in their original state, and with the oil extracted, but not the Gelatine—so highly recommended by P. T. Tyson, Esq., our State agricultural chemist.

ANIMAL COMPOST, or Cereal Fertilizer.

POUDRETTE, PLASTER in bags or bbls.

LIME, &c. [mar 16—2m

CHEAPEST & BEST!

Super Phosphate of Lime.

GROUND BONE,

PERUVIAN AND MEXICAN

GUANO.

CORNELL & DORSEY, Commission Merchants for the sale of—

FLOUR, GRAIN, PROVISIONS AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.

No. 70 South St., BALTIMORE,

Having arrangements with the Manufacturers for a regular supply of—

Super-Phosphate of Lime and Ground Bone,

would call the particular attention of Farmers in want of cheap and certain Fertilizers to those articles, which the experience of those who have used them, and Dr. Bickhell's analysis, have satisfactorily proven to be the cheapest and most reliable Fertilizers now offered in this market. They are put up in good shipping barrels.

☞ We will furnish the Phosphate of Lime at $43 per ton of 2,000 pounds, from store; Ground Bone at $25 per short ton.

We also continue to sell the different kinds of Guano, at the lowest market prices when ordered. We respectfully solicit orders from our friends in the country, and all orders will receive our prompt attention.

CORNELL & DORSEY,

mar 2—y No. 70 South St., Baltimore.

C. Canfield. W. B. Canfield. J. B. Meredith.

Canfield, Brother & Co.

No. 229 Market St., corner of Charles,

Baltimore, Md.

ARE NOW OPENING a magnificent Stock of NEW GOODS—such as American, English, German and French

JEWELRY,

in Sets and single pieces. First quality of

Gold Watches,

viz: English Levers; Skeleton do.; Duplex, Anchor Escapement, Lepines, some very small for ladies, set with Pearls and Diamonds; Independent and Quarter Second Watches, Hunting 18 Carat Gold Watches, in every variety.

Rich China VASES, from Paris and Dresden.

French and Spanish Fans.

Silver, Gold, Ivory, Pearl, and Leather *CARD CASES.*

Silver, Gold, Ivory, Pearl, and Leather *PORT MONNAIES.*

Elegant Gilt and Bronzed CLOCKS, and *CANDLEBRAS.*

Albata Ware.

Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. of the best quality

Plated Tea and Coffee Sets, Castors, Waiters Cake Baskets, Vegetable Dishes, Tureens Butter Dishes, Candlesticks, Tea-Kettles Urns, Salt Cellars, &c. &c.

Tortoise Shell COMBS, new styles

English and American CUTLERY

MUSIC BOXES

2, 3, 4, 5 and 8 Pairs Jewellers Scales and Weights, &c.

Watchmakers' Tools and Materials

Watch Glasses, of every description

A complete assortment of Dentist Files

C. B. & Co. offer the above goods on the very best terms. Call and examine.

mar 2—y

TEAS.

40 CHESTS of choice Black and Green TEAS, guaranteed to be a choice article, in store and for sale, by

W. DORSEY,

No. 118 High St. adjoining S. D. Linn's

feb 10 Wagon Yard, Georgetown, D. C.

Poetry.

LIFE NOW-A-DAYS.

Life is but a span—of horses;
One is "Age," the other "Prime;"
Up and down the hill our course is;
"Go in ponies"—"make your time."

Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure;
Youthful folly gives the stroke;
Manhood goads them at his leisure,
"Let 'em rip," "they're tough as oak."

"Hi ya! there," the stakes we'll pocket;
To the wind let care be sent;
Time, 2:40. "Whip in socket,
Give 'em string, and let 'em went."

On the sunny road of fifty,
"Prime," is drowned in Lethe's stream,
"Age" is left, lame, old, unthrifty;
Life then proves a one-horse team.

"Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady,
Reels and slackens in his pace;
"Kicks the bucket," always ready;
"Gives it up"—Death wins the race.

A Story for Mothers.

THE TWO HOMES.

"Mother," said a girl of ten years, "I have done all the work you gave me—now may Willie and I go to Mr. Gray's?"

"I do wish you would keep out of the way, and stop teasing," replied the mother, as she gave her daughter a push which sent her reeling against a chair.

"Why, mamma," said Willie—a bright, sturdy little fellow of five years—who had been busily engaged for the last hour, trying to make a wooden knife for his sister—"Why, mamma, you promised we might go to-day, and if you don't let us, it will be telling a wrong story."

"Well, *do go along*—stay an hour, and I hope I shall have some peace when you are gone."

"Hurrah!" said Willie, jumping up "Where's my cap? Mamma, I can't reach it."

"I'll warrant it—always something to hinder me; here, take your cap and go;" and with the same impatient step and frowning brow which had been seen all day, she passed again to her work.

But let us follow the children, as they leave the house. Sarah walks along with a sad and tearful face—her's is a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the harsh reproof so often given is sure to cast a shadow on her heart—and as Willie dances up into her face, rebellious thoughts arise, and his eyes flash indignantly as he says, in a comforting tone, "I wouldn't feel bad if mamma does scold. I shall be a big man pretty soon, and then I'll talk right back to her, just as she does to us; and when I get rich enough I'm going to buy a horse and carriage, and you and pa may ride with me, but mamma shaut, 'cause she ain't good. Maybe she'll grow old sometime, and come to live with me, just as grandma does to our house, and then if she talks so to us, I'll shut her up in the dark, wouldn't you?"

Little does that mother think she is sowing seed in the young hearts which shall spring up and yield a "hundred fold" of *bitterness and sorrow.*

* * * * *

Ten years have fled—let us again visit that dwelling. Where is now that gentle Sarah, whom every one thought so sweet tempered. She is there, but how changed. In *former* years the angry word would only cause a flood of tears, but as day after day, year after year, the harsh words fell upon her ear, angry feelings began to surge up, until her very nature became changed, and she had learned at last to throw back the bitter retort. Sadly darkened must be the soul of that mother who thus wounds and crushes the heart of the sensitive, until hatred takes the place of love, and the Evil Genius presides where once heavenly angels loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little Willie.—Where can our pet have flown? "In days of yore" his laughing eyes and sunny smile were always the first to greet us; now we list in vain for his bounding footstep. He is a wanderer—exiled by his mother's frowns and irritabilities, from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess! Are they harsh and vituperative? Are those tender blossoms entrusted to your care made to feel they are only a trouble and a burden? Then murmur not, if when the frosts of age have whitened your locks—when your steps are slow and feeble; and all the helplessness of a second childhood are upon you—you are treated in like manner. Unloved—unhonored it may be—you will go down in sorrow to your grave.

But let us turn, kind reader, to a pleasanter scene. Go with me to the home of Mr. C——. The mother, a pleasant looking lady, is busily engaged with her morning duties. Hardly have we entered ere the sound of little feet is heard, and Charlie rushes in.

"Mammie," said he, "George Lane has just the prettiest new sled that I ever saw—it is painted all over, and his name is in large letters on the side, and he wants I should go home with him and ride on it—may I go?"

"Yes, my son," is the pleasant reply, "if you will be back in half an hour—I shall want you then to do an errand for me. Here, let me tie your scarf around your neck—be a good boy and play pleasantly with George," and imprinting a kiss upon his rosy lips, she turns again to her work.

But where is little Allie, the pet of the household? The mother remembers that she has not seen her for some time. "The little rogue is in some mischief, I presume, else she would not be so quiet; I must find her." After looking in various places, she softly opens the parlor door, and there sits the "little one," with pussy by her side, and in her hand a beautiful steel engraving which she had torn from one of the books which adorn the centre table. We watch with interest to note the effect upon the mother. Shall we see her face flush with anger? Will she pass along with hasty steps—seize the engraving, box the ears of the child, (unconscious of the wrong though she be) saying she never *did* see such a a "young one," always doing *something* she ought not to do? Very *many* mothers would have pursued such a course, but not so with Mrs. C——. She stops at the door to listen, while Allie talks on, all unconscious of the presence of another.

"Kitty, ain't you glad that we came in the parlor this morning, cause Allie's found a nice picture for you to look at? Now, if you keep still I'll tell you all about it. There's a little girl just like me, only she ain't quite so big, and her name is Allie, too. So there's two Allie's here. You don't know, Kitty, what that little girl is holding, but I do, cause papa told me; it's a rabbit; but I'd rather have a kitty than a rabbit; shouldn't you, Kitty?"

"Why, Allie," said her mother, advancing and speaking in a kindly tone, "didn't you know it was very naughty to tear papa's book. How sorry he will feel to hear what his little girl has been doing."

"Allie won't do so no more—not a bit," replied the child, with a quivering lip.

"Well, we will go out and see if we cannot find something better for Allie to do than tear papa's book. Can you bring some wood for mamma?"

"Yes," is the quick reply, and away she bounds, her eyes sparkling at the thought of really doing something to help mamma.

How it cheers the heart to enter a household where *love* reigns and *kind words* are spoken. Children living under such influences will grow up good and noble, for the heart will expand, and its nobler qualities develop under the genial influence of *kind actions* and *kind words.* Mother! the echoes of your kind voice may linger long years in the heart of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, seeming like angel music, winning them to the love of God and heaven? If so, then will you be rewarded with a golden harvest. And should the kind Father—when "many years" have wrought their changes, and the eyes grow dim with watching the advent of a glorious hereafter—allow you to gaze upon the household of your natural children, they will surely call you "blessed."—*Moore's New Yorker.*

THE COLOR OF FLOWERS PROMOTED BY CHARCOAL.—A French amateur, in the Paris Horticultural Review, states: "About a year ago, I made a bargain for a rose bush of magnificent growth, and full of buds. I waited for them to bloom, and I expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praise bestowed upon it by the vender. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I discovered that I had only a middling multiflora, stale-colored enough!, therefore, resolved to sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in view. My attention had been captivated with the effects of charcoal, as stated in some English publications. I then covered the earth (in the pot in which my rose-bush was) about half an inch deep with pulverized charcoal. Some days after, I was astonished to see the roses which bloomed, of as fine a lively rose color as I could wish. I determined to repeat the experiment; and, therefore, when the rose-bush had done flowering, I took off the charcoal and put fresh earth on the pot. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring impatiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed, the roses were as at first, pale and discolored; but by applying the charcoal as before, they soon resumed their rosy-red color. I tried the powdered charcoal like-wise in large quantities upon my petunias, and found that both the white and the violet flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet color of the flowers, and the white petunias became veined with red or violet tints. The violets (colors) became covered with irregular spots of a bluish or almost black tint. Many persons who admired them thought that they were new varities from seed. Yellow flowers are, as I have proved, insensible to the influence of the charcoal."—*Cottage Gardener.*

THE NEW CLAIMANT FOR THE McDONOGH ESTATE.—Moses Fox, said to be a nephew of the late John McDonogh, has entered suit against the cities of Baltimore and New Orleans, jointly, in the Second District Court of the latter city, claiming $300,000 by virtue of an alleged codicil to the will of McDonogh, which is dated November 1st, 1849, and provides, in a few words, that the trustees of his property shall pay to Moses Fox, eight years after his death, the sum of $300,000, signed John McDonogh. The Delta states that those who have examined the signature pronounce it either genuine or an admirable counterpart.—The same paper states as a rumor, that a similar claim for $200,000 will be made.

—The best way to humble a proud man is to take no notice of him.

Selected Miscellany.

S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi.

It was about thirty years ago that Prentiss commenced in Mississippi, his brilliant career as a legal advocate and popular orator. First a school teacher and law student at Natchez, and next a lawyer at Vicksburg, his earliest forensic display was an authentic announcement of the success and fame which awaited him. From that moment his rise was as rapid as it was gleaming. The blaze of his genius was hardly visible on the horizon's verge, before it flashed up gorgeously to the zenith. Competitors were at once eclipsed; all who beheld were dazzled; the times were entranced.

J. F. H. Claiborne, in his Life and Times of General Samuel Dale, thus sketches—giving in his own language the impressions of General Dale—the most distinguished traits of Prentiss as a lawyer, an orator, and a public man. The occasion referred to in the beginning of the sketch, was the session of the Mississippi Legislature in 1836:

"The opposition was led by Mr. Prentiss, whom I then saw for the first time. He was the Tecumseh of the Legislature, and very much like that great orator in the control of his voice, the play of his countenance, and a peculiar way he had of hurling out his words—a sort of hissing thunder. In speaking he was always energetic, and often violent, and at such times the frown of Red Gauntlet was stamped on his brow, and his expression not only sardonic, but satanic. He could be pathetic and persuasive, and then his voice became plaintive as a flute, his eye grew humid, his face sad, and he seemed to cast himself like a child into one's arms! When he was in good humor, his manner became playful, his eyes sparkled, his cheek dimpled, and there was no resisting him. The prevailing tone of his voice was a spirit stirring clarion note, only harsh and gutteral when dealing in denunciation. He had read much, particularly the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron and Scott. He had many traits of character in common with Byron, and many points of physical resemblance. There was much that was sensual in his face, but in moments of excitement it was thoroughly illuminated and purely intellectual. He had the fancy of a poet, an extraordinary memory, a faculty for sarcasm and wit never surpassed, wit and humor in inexhaustible stores, and a rare power of analysis and investigation; add to this his indomitable courage and firmness of purpose, and we have a combination of mental and moral attributes such as the world rarely sees. He selected the law for his profession, but in any other, demanding his talents, great ability and resolution, he would have become eminent. He had the genius that would have made him a great poet, a great scholar, a great general, or a great mathematician. At the bar he never had a superior. He had not much turn for public life; not much ambition for office, and made no great figure in mere party discussion; in fact, his political information was not extensive, and in the controversies of the Hastings, George Poindexter, Robert J. Walker, Henry S. Foote, John D. Freeman and others, were his superiors. He seldom read newspapers, and had no exaggerated respect for the wisdom of the sovereign people. In the days of Hamilton he would have been his devoted friend. He respected Madison, but abhored Jefferson. He was compelled, against his will, to admire the heroic character of Jackson, but he strongly expressed his contempt for John Tyler. He admired and loved Mr. Clay, his great soul, his big brain, and his lofty patriotism. But Mr. Webster, with his antique head, his Homeric imagination, and grand ideas of nationality, was the real interpreter of his political opinions. On all constitutional questions, Mr. Prentiss concurred with that great jurist. In their tastes, as well as in their humor and convivial propensities, there was some resemblance between them. The exclusion of these illustrious men for Gen. Taylor, literally a mere chieftain, without the commanding faculties of Jackson, or the scholarship and experience of Harrison—a veteran warrior, but wholly ignorant of public affairs and the structure of our government—deeply disgusted Mr. Prentiss."

If Prentiss had "many traits of character in common with Byron, and many points of physical resemblance," the influence of his genius and example of that English poet—Prentiss was so unfortunate as to have a shrunken leg, which caused him to walk with difficulty, aided by a stick. Wherefore a certain class of his admirers considered it fortunate if they could resemble him, however remotely or uncouthly, in that particular. Limping become almost epidemic among them. Those who already limped, exaggerated their lameness. Those who did not limp, longed for an occasion to do so. So it was with regard to his peculiarities as a speaker. Hardly a young limb of the law was to be found that did not blossom forth into fierce exaggerations of all Prentiss' inimitable peculiarities, and into feeble efforts to reproduce his inimitable excellencies. His little mannerisms at the bar did not escape their indiscriminate mania for imitation. A sort of Prentissophobia raged with dreadful virulence, and nearly ruined, morally, intellectually, and professionally a whole generation of young lawyers; for, as always happens in such cases, it was his vices that were most easily and most generally copied.

Now, the fact is, there was much about Prentiss that was anything but explary. None but fools and sycophants confound the ferocious bullyism in which he occasionally indulged as an advocate, or as a public speaker, with the exhuberant expressions of a high chivalric spirit. Chivalric feelings and refined and elevated sentiments, Prentiss no doubt possessed, in abundance; but that is no reason that, when impelled by a morbid eagerness for immediate effect to exhibit very different qualities from those, his example should not only be shunned, but reprobated.

PORTRAIT OF SUMNER.

The following is a life-like portrait of Charles Sumner, of Mass., drawn by Hon. C. C. Clay, of Alabama, in 1854, when Sumner tried to back out of his statement that he would not return a fugitive "slave" in accordance with his oath to support the Constitution:

"Now, Mr. President, I have a few more words to say, which I utter with great diffidence, and with the profoundest deference to older Senators on this floor. We have no means of preventing these violations of the dignity and proprieties of the Senate. There is no penal statute which can reach a man who avows his willingness to commit crime. But, let me ask, suppose a private citizen, however wealthy and well born, however highly cultivated his mind, however great his talent or rich his acquirement, should openly avow a readiness to commit moral perjury—should day by day evince a disposition to instigate other men to crime, which from want of personal courage, he did not dare to perpetrate himself—should daily encourage other men to violate the rights of his neighbors, to steal their property, to kidnap their slaves, and refuse to return them—should daily assail the feelings of his neighbors by wanton, rude, and uncalled for assault upon their characters—and, when rebuked for it in the harshest, most offensive and approbious language, like the spaniel should quietly submit or beg for quarter, but never repair the wrong or resent the insult—a sneaking sinuous, snake like poltroon, who would violate all the rights of associates or friends and never make reparation or acknowledge his error, and who held himself irresponsible to all law, feeling the obligation neither of the Divine law nor of the law of the land, nor the law of honor—I ask you, how would such a miscreant be treated? Why, if you could not reach him with the arm of the municipal law—if you could not send him to the penitentiary, you would *send him to Coventry.* You would exclude him from the pale of society; you would neither extend to him the courtesies that are shown gentlemen, nor permit them to offer such to you. You would make him feel that he was shunned like a leper, and loathed like a filthy reptile; and you would soon render him as impotent for evil as he was disinclined for good. Such characters, though rare, may be found, and have been known. I can give from memory the general outlines of one portrayed by Dickens, in his novel, David Copperfield—that of Uriah Heap. Uriah was mean, yet affected honor; was malignant, yet feigned benevolence; presumptuous, yet pretended humility; instigated others to violence he dared not commit, yet assumed an air of meekness; suggested crimes and incited others to their commission, yet he bore himself with studied amenity of manner, and choice expressions of benignity. We have such a character on this floor. I have suggested our means of rebuking, if we cannot silence him; of disabling, if we cannot disarm him.

"If we cannot check individual abuses, we may preserve the dignity of this body. If we cannot restrain or prevent this eternal warfare upon the feelings and rights of southern gentlemen, we may rob the serpent of his fangs. We can paralyze his influence by placing him in that nadir of social degradation which he merits. I am surprised—I repeat, I am surprised, that honorable men, but especially southern men, should so far forget their rights and those of their constituents and their duties to them, as well as to themselves, as to lend any countenance to such a character as I have portrayed."

☞ An hour every day, says the author of "Self Help," withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, make an ignorant man a well informed man in ten years. Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while riding in his carriage in the streets of London, going his rounds among his patients.—Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way, while driving about in his "sulky" from house to house in the country, writing down his thoughts on little scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose. Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while traveling on circuit. Dr. Burney learned French and Italian while traveling on horseback from one music pupil to another in the course of his profession. Kirk White learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office; and we personally know a man of eminent position in a northern manufacturing town, who learned Latin and French while going messages as an errand-boy in the streets of Manchester.

☞ Major E. G. English has been appointed Marshal of Indiana in place of Mr. Robinson, deceased.

Nature Opposing the Progress of Man.

The following passages from Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization indicate in glowing colors, says the Providence Journal, the obstacles which the prodigality of nature may oppose to the progress of man:

"Brazil, which is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, is covered with a vegetation of incredible profusion. Indeed, so rank and luxuriant is the growth that nature seems to riot in the very wantonness of power. A great part of this immense country is filled with dense and tangled forests, whose noble trees, blossoming in unrivaled beauty, and exquisite with a thousand hues, throw out their produce in endless prodigality. On their summit are perched birds of gorgeous plumage, which nestle in their dark and lofty recesses. Below, their base and trunks are crowded with brushwood, creeping plants, innumerable parasites, all swarming with life. There, too, are myriads of insects of every variety; reptiles of strange and singular form, serpents and lizards, spotted with deadly beauty; all of which find means of existence in this vast workshop and repository of nature. And, that nothing may be wanted to this land of marvels, the forests are skirted by enormous meadows, which, reeking with heat and moisture, supply nourishment to countless herds of wild cattle that browse and fatten on the herbage; while the adjoining plains, rich in another form of life, are the chosen abode of the subtilest and most ferocious animals, which pray on each other, but which it might almost seem no human power can hope to extirpate.

"But amid this pomp and splendor of nature no place is left for man. He is reduced to insignificance by the majesty with which he is surrounded. The forces that oppose him are so formidable that he has never been able to make head against them, never been able to rally against their accumulated pressure. The whole of Brazil, notwithstanding its immense apparent advantages, has always remained entirely uncivilized; its inhabitants wandering savages, incompetent to resist those obstacles which the very bounty of nature had put in their way. In their country the physical causes are so active, and do their work on a scale of such unrivaled magnitude, that it has hitherto been found impossible to escape from the effects of their united action. The progress of agriculture is stopped by impassable forests, and the harvests are destroyed by innumerable insects.—The mountains are too high to scale, the rivers too wide to bridge; every thing is contrived to repress the human mind, and keep back its rising ambition. It is thus that the energies of nature have hampered the spirit of man. And the mind, cowed by the unequal struggle, has not only been unable to advance, but without foreign aid it would undoubtedly have receded. Brazil, the country where, of all others, physical resources are most powerful, where both vegetables and animals are most abundant, where the soil is watered by the noblest rivers, and the coast studded by the finest harbors—this immense territory, which is more than twelve times the size of France, contains a population not exceeding six million people. Professor Anstead adds to this his testimony to the effect that the native Indians seem irredeemable, and sunk in the most wretched barbarism; and that there appears no prospect whatever of any improvement in the district, since man can find no spot on which to commence its operations."

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT—WOMAN.—Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Title and honors confer the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even the guant poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress; it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and, in the silence of midnight, it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassioning woman's first great frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like interest should cast into forgetfulness man's rememberance, of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.—*Stratton.*

—Mrs. Partington told Bemus the other day, in confidence, that a young man had committed infanticide by blowing his brains up in a state of delirious tremendous, and the coroner was holding a conquest over his remnants.

—There is but one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and of all to attain. It is subject to no disappointments, since he that perseveres makes every difficulty an advancement, and every contest a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue.