Montgomery County Sentinel.

One Dllar 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, APRIL 27, 1860. Vol. V.—No. 39.

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.

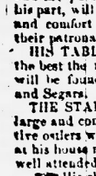
☞ His charges will be very moderate.

feb 10—tf PERRY TRAIL.

GOOD EATING & CAPITAL DRINKING AT

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, Tabacco, &c.

☞ His charges very moderate.

feb 19—tf JOHN A. T. KILGOUR.

SERVANTS WANTED.

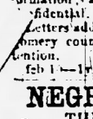
THE subscriber wishes to purchase any number of SERVANTS, of both sexes, that are young, sound and healthy, for which he will, at all times, pay the very highest market prices, in cash. Persons having servants for sale, will find it greatly to their advantage to give me a call before disposing of them.

☞ 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 1—1y

NEGROE 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. BECKMAN, of Mosley'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 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. Bone, 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 patronage 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.

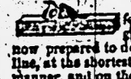
C. F. WALLIS. S. F. GRIMES.

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. COXSHALL, at the Union Hotel, Rockville 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 9—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 2—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 lowest market rates.

☞ Apply at our Yards 132 Light St. Wharf, or Corner of Eutaw and German Sts. BALTIMORE. [feb 23—y

ROMULUS R. GRIFFITH,

GUANO & PHOSPHATE OF LIME AGENCY,

No. 68 Exchange Place, Baltimore

OFFERS FOR SALE—

Whole and Half Ship *MEXICAN GUANO*, in bags or bulk.

Soluble and Navassa *GUANO*, in bulk or barrels.

MANIPULATED GUANO, at less than market rates.

GUANO—At Manufacturers' prices.

Super PHOSPHATE OF LIME, made by Penn City Chemical Works, in 100lb. Kegs.

Major & Bro., Delfaney, Coe & Co., Rhodes & Co., Whitelock & Co., and other brands.

Navassa 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. Tyson, Esq., our State agricultural chemist.

ANIMAL COMPOST or Coral 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. Bicknell'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. R. Meredith.

Canfield, Brother & Co.

No. 220 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. Best 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.

Selected Miscellany.

WHY I LEFT THE ANVIL.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

I see it! You would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now and tell you the whole story. I was transposed from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friend, it is even so. I stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless iron intellects, those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a flake of cotton and twirled it, in the twinkling of an eye, into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid it at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of the most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles; but they could not spin thoughts—there was no attribute of divinity in them, and I admired them nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their being and destiny in finger-powers, so I went away, and left them spinning—cotton.

One day I was turning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any enginery a going in modern times, when a most unearthly scream pierced my ears. I stepped to the door, and there it was—the great iron-horse. Yes, he had come, looking for all the world like the great dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world, and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying with surprise and indignation, at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexagon move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of wind over the iron-track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards the city slaughter-house. It was wonderful! The little busy, bee-winged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! It divorced the intervening distance, and wedded the cities together! But for its furnace, heat and sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of horse-power. And I went back to my forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one puffing a pair of old bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and, in a corner of a room, saw the *chef d'œuvre* of all machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction, it is simple as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever longer, stronger than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"It is a printing press," said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a careless turban of brown paper on his head.

"A printing press!" I queried musingly to myself. "A printing press! What do you print?" I asked.

"Print?" said the boy, staring at me doubtfully; "why we print thoughts."

"Print thoughts!" I repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration—he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left another inkspot on his forehead, from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken my apprehension of his meaning.

"Why, yes," he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if pressing an idea, which thought having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for aught he could show on the spot, "we print thoughts, to be sure."

"But, my boy," I asked, in an honest soberness, "what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them?"

"Thoughts are what comes out of people's minds," he replied. "Get hold of them, indeed! Why minds ain't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, would not make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air, you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any color; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepent, the sexton, says a man's weight is just as much when his mind has gone out of him, as he did before. No, sir; all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce, troy."

"Then how do you print thoughts? If minds are thin as air, and thoughts are thinner still, and make no noise, and have no substance, shade or color, and are anywhere in a moment, sometimes on earth, how can you see them when caught or show them to others?"

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and, pushing the ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied:

"Thoughts work and walk in things that make tracks, and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?".

The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper pulpcap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on—

"Thoughts make tracks," he continued impressively, as if involving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing that we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us: "Thoughts make tracks," he repeated, arranging in his hand a score or two of metal slips, "and with these 'ere letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of human men; and *we can print it too*," give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blackened around with a coverlid of the thoughts as much like the pattern as two pins."

Ezekiel seemed to grow and inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him and then at me, with evident astonishment.

"Talk about the mind's living forever!" exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if minds were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached them a helping hand. "Why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead as stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me, who run the ink-rollers. Immortality, indeed! Why, people's minds," he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, "people's minds wouldn't be immortal if it wasn't for the printers—at any rate in this ere planetary burying ground. We are the chaps that manufacture immortality for dead men," he subjoined, slapping the pressman gracefully on the shoulder.

The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honor; for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in an apocalypse.

"Give us one good healthy mind," resumed Ezekiel, to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds, such as this, with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep him alive forever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these bits of inky pewter. He shan't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that come to live here as long as the world stands."—

"Ezekiel," I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, "will you print my thoughts, too?"

"Yes, that I will," he replied. "if you will think some of the right kind."

"Yes, that we will," echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my "thought tracks" ever since.

The Revelation of Christ.

This began very early, even in Paradise. There the Sun of Righteousness dawned, and from thence shone more and more unto the perfect day. He was announced as the seed of woman; as the bruiser of the serpent's head. Then as the seed of Abraham, in whom all the families of the earth were to be blessed. Then, as the Shiloh of Judah, to whom the gathering of the people should be.—Then, as the Son of David, and his Lord. Of him, Moses, in the law and the prophets, did write. He was held forth, not only in words, but in types. He was seen in Moses as a prophet, in Aaron as a priest, in Joshua as a conqueror, in Solomon as a prince of peace, in Jonah as dying and rising again. Early bleeding sacrifice expressed him as an offering for sin; the manna from heaven and the water from the rock, as the bread and water of life; the tabernacle and the temple as the residence of the divinity, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The exhibition of him may be likened unto a perfect portraiture of the most distinguished and endeared personage, at full length, rolled up on one side of a room, and which the owner gradually opens to the beholders, till the whole figure stands disclosed. So God gradually revealed the desire of all nations, while his delighted and wondering church exclaimed: "he is fairer than the children of men,"—"yes, he is altogether lovely."—*Jay.*

Take Care of Your Boys.

The following judicious advice, addressed by the venerable editor of the Memphis *Bulletin* to parents and guardians of that city, has an extensive application, and should be handed around among guardians of youth in smaller towns and country places:

Have you a boy? If you have take care of him. See to it that he does not assert his manhood before his time. See to it that he does not contract the vulgar and criminal practices of bad men. See to it that his affections are not alienated from him by a false system of indulgence. See to it that his morals as well as his mind, are cultivated. If you would properly appreciate your responsibility as the director of the character of youth, read the history of crime, and trace the rushing river of sin back to its rills—rills that break out from under the paternal roof, and if unobserved, mingle speedily into a volume of strength that a mother's prayer and a father's frown cannot resist. It requires no effort for a boy to grow into depraved manhood. He has but to roam abroad and see the corrupt world—to bathe his bright eye in ten thousand lamps that pour upon the walls of human halls a more than oriental splendor—to strike his foot against the curb-stone that looked up to the place where passion has piled its fuel. But to keep him from becoming entangled in the snares of human devils—to crush the gilded serpent of pernicious example that ever craves an audience of his ear, is a work, a labor that hath its difficulties, and can only be successful by the observance of the most untiring assiduity.—The lessons of a mother's love, and the influence of a father's counsel, may be counteracted in an hour by the agents of depravity that throng through all this world and penetrate to the very hearthstone that ought to be kept sacred from the touch of profane influences.

But what must be thought of the future of boys who are denied the advantages of correct parental counsel—who are either down trodden orphans, or what is still as unfortunate, have drunken beasts or depraved brutes who answer to the sacred name of parent? How is it in Memphis? Go to any place of amusement, to the theatre, to concerts, to public celebrations, to public meetings, and you will make the discovery that the boys conduct the applause and stand in the fore-ground of the occasion. It is not twelve months since a school exhibition at Odd Fellows' Hall was nearly broken up by rowdy boys who greeted the performance with yells and howls. These boys appear to have no parents or protectors, and float abroad with the scum of society, and are promising candidates for places in the calendar of crime. What names they bear, we know not, and it matters not, for names are not things when they come to take their places in the rolls of infamy.

Men and women of Memphis:—Does your boy run at large? Does he float with that *under current* of society that recognizes no law but its own depraved will, and no sovereign but the fiery god of Passion? Look to it that he go not in the way that will bring him to infamy, and your white hairs in sorrow to the grave. You must be less than human if the voice of nature does not counsel you to curb the headstrong disposition of your children, and mark well whether their way of life may lead to virtue and usefulness or to ruin and remorse.

If parents will not look after their boys, let it be the business of the city to do it. It is bad enough for *men* to obstruct the ends of justice, for they, perchance, knew no counsellors but appetite in the days of youth; but it is tenfold more disgraceful to society that boys shall be permitted to assault the public institutions of learning, and put the teachers employed by the people in fear of bodily harm, as has been done in this city. But how much worse even than that is it, that boys shall be allowed *to murder men in the streets!* Will the city government not make some attempt to put a check upon the rowdy boys of the city? If they are orphans, it is the imperative duty of the citizens to look to them. If they have parents, then, the duty of the law is to compel them to afford the proper restraints. What business has a boy at the theatre, or a public meeting, or a fire, or any place where many persons meet together, unless he is under the protection of a father, a guardian or a friend? None whatever. He can only be injured at such places, for where there is most passion, and most danger, there he will go. We suggest to parents that the time has arrived when boys must be subjected to greater restraints, and if they will not do it, the public authorities will take the matter in their hands.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one or the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the other as if it were never to have a beginning.

MORMONISM DEFINED.—A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers as to the derivation of the term Mormon, but none of them have so satisfactorily solved the difficulty as one of our Scotch friends, who states that it arose from the female portion of the community denouncing poligamy, and demanding "*more mon.*"

THE CHILD'S "GOOD-NIGHT."

[From the New York Chronicle.]

"Carrie, please bring me a glass of water before you go to bed," said a busy mother as she sat sewing beside her little work table.

"Yes, mother," said the child pleasantly, as she made haste to do as her mother requested. But in returning, her foot caught in a string attached to some of Hobbie's playthings, and she stumbled, striking the glass against the table-leg.

"What a heedless child?" said the mother angrily. "There is another of those goblets broken. I wonder if you will ever learn to look where you step."

"But mother," said Carrie, the bright eyes filling with tears, and the sweet lip quivering, "I did not see the string."

"Well, you should learn to see; you have eyes, haven't you?"

"I am so sorry, mother."

"Well, that will not mend the glass, so do hasten off to bed, or you will break the lamp next."

There was no "good night kiss" or pleasant word for the poor child as she left the room, and the little heart was half bursting with grief, and a sense of injustice, which a child is very quick to detect. She lay for an hour sobbing and grieving over her childish sorrow, until at length, quite wearied out, she sank into an unrefreshing slumber. The morning wakened her with its golden sunbeams, but there was a dull, weary pain in her head, and a feeling in her heart, that it mattered little whether she strove to do well or not, she was sure to fail even when she tried her best. How great the guilt of a mother, who would thus send a child to her rest with angry words, and severe reproofs, driving from its pillow that gentle blessed sleep, of which it will early enough be robbed by the world's cares and trials.

It is a maxim of Dr. Hall's, in his valuable *Journal of Health*, "Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to bed in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed." A direction which every parent should remember.

Who, that has once read, can ever forget, the story of a conscientious, but misjudging mother, who for some act of disobedience in a delicate, sensitive little child, refused to give her the customary "good night kiss," intending thus to impress on her mind the serious nature of her offence. The little one had forgotten the act, and gazed with astonishment at her mother, the great tears rolling down her fair soft cheeks, and thus the mother left her. In a little while she was sent for, and found her child tossing on the little couch trembling with intense excitement, and begging with all the earnestness of her bursting heart, for mama to kiss her. "Oh mama, you will kiss me, I can't go to sleep if you don't."

But the stern mother, stifled the anguish of her own heart, and said, "Mother can't kiss you Ellen," though every word choked her voice.

The little grieving face was turned toward the wall, and the fragile form shook with suppressed sobbing, as the mother turned away, saying: "Mother hopes Ellen will learn to mind her after this."

About midnight the nurse came and called her. Thinking intently of her child, she ran quickly to her chamber. The little one was sitting up with a deep crimson flush covering the sweet face and fair round throat. The eye was so bright the mother shrank from its burning glance. She did not know any one about her; but the incessant plaint that found its way from her parched lip was:

"Oh, kiss me, mamma, you will kiss your little Ellen; I wont be naughty if you will only kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

The mildest, tenderest caressings of a broken-hearted mother were of no avail now. She could not feel them with that fearful fever burning up her brain. Oh how agonisingly did that mother pray that God would permit her child to know, if only for one instant, that she did kiss her. But in the gray morning twilight she did go to sleep, never again to waken, and the last word on her tremulous lip was:

"I will be good, if you will only kiss me mother."

Reminiscences of the Marriage of Henry Clay.

An interesting incident occurred a few days ago at Louisville, Kentucky. It was the meeting of the only two persons now living who were present at the marriage of Henry Clay. The parties were Mark Hardin, of Shelbyville, a noble relict of the old time generation of Kentuckians, and the venerable Mrs. Price, mother-in-law of Judge T. A. Marshall, of the court of appeals of that State.—At the time of the marriage, Mr. Hardin was a clerk for Col. Hart of Lexington, whose daughter Mr. Clay married, and Mrs. Price was one of the most admired belles of the State. Col. Hart was a merchant, and a rich one for that early time, full of the whole-hearted hospitality which characterized the pioneers of the West, and proud of the brilliant promise of his new son-in-law. The wedding, therefore, was a sumptuous affair; invitations were sent to every family of respectability within the settled portions of the State, and the mansion of the bride's father was thronged with guests from the gayest youth to the gravest age. The visitors varied in costume as much as in years. Honest tanbarked dyed homespun was there blushing beside the European fribberies of laced coats, ruffles, and small swords.

"The venerable couple I have named had not seen each other for a long period until their late meeting. They recalled the incidents of the wedding, and revived memories of friends and companions among the large company there gathered together, some of whom had died in riches and honors, others in disgrace or destitution; all were gone—sixty years had swept all but themselves from their places among the living."

The Great Bowie Field-Duel.

The Woodville, (Miss.) *Republican*, furnishes the following account of the great field-duel fought by Colonel Bowie and an opponent with their adherents, in 1828,—the bloodiest affair of the kind on American record:

The famous duel, in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged, in 1828, is still remembered in Natchez. Col. Jim Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in Natchez. He was challenged by a gentleman of Alexandria, La., whose friends, to the number of twenty or more, accompanied him to Natchez to see fair play, knowing Bowie was a desperate man and had his friends about him. All parties went upon the field. The combatants took their places in the centre, separated from their friends in the rear far enough not to endanger them with their balls.—Behold the battle array thus: Twenty armed Louisianians fifty yards behind their champion and his seconds and surgeons, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeons, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators, and a steamer in the river rounded to, its decks black with passengers, watching with a deep interest the scene. The plan of fight was to exchange shots twice with pistols, and to close with knives, Bowie being armed with his own terrible weapon. At the first fire both parties escaped. At the second the Louisianian was too quick and took advantage of Bowie, who waited the word. At this Bowie's second cried "foul play!" and shot the Louisianian dead. The second of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into this man. The surgeons now crossed blades, while, with loud battle cries, came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearless conflict.—Dirks, pistols, and knives were used with fatal effect, until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed and wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but fell covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Mansion House before he fully recovered.

A MAN PLEADS HIS OWN CASE.—In the Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, recently, a man named Pierce Kitchen was tried for an assault and battery upon his wife. Mrs. Kitchen was brought to the stand. She couldn't swear that her husband had ever struck her, but swore that he indulged in whisky and failed to support his family. The defendant, who plead not guilty, said that lawyers were humbugs, and informed the court that he would plead his own cause. Mr. Kitchen spread himself, and made a speech.—He faced the jury, and went through the motions in a manner that would have done no discredit to any of our best Quarter Sessions practitioners. He informed the jury that, having failed to prove that he ever laid an angry hand upon his wife, he couldn't possibly be convicted of an assault upon her. As to the other charges he pleaded justification. "Mrs. Kitchen, gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Kitchen, "is a member of a church, Mrs. Kitchen forsakes her kitchen, and spends half her time in the church lecture-room. While my breeches are running to seed, and the children going about with ill-kept noses and dilapidated extremities, Mrs. Kitchen is indulging in a confab with a lot of old ladies about the shocking nudity of the South Sea Islanders. While willing to provide for her, gentlemen of the jury, I ain't willing to feed all the brethren of the church, nor to give Bohea parties to twenty people twice a week neither. If I've got tight on the strength of such a provocation, gentlemen of the jury, it ain't a bit more than the best of you would have done if placed in my circumstances; and if you was me, and I was you—knowing the case as I do—I'd render a verdict of acquittal, and served the woman right." Having said this, Mr. Kitchen discontinued the subject, and the jury placing their heads together rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."

THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF HENRY CLAY.—The Hagerstown Herald says that Col. Hart, the father-in-law of Henry Clay, was for a number of years previous to his removal to Kentucky, a prominent citizen and an extensive merchant of Hagerstown. In connection with his partner, Col. Rochester, the founder of the city of Rochester, he established the first mercantile house that ever existed in Hagerstown, from which an immense area of country was supplied with goods between the years 1680 and 1795.

☞ Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity; and will recompense what they take away by a plentiful return at last.

☞ The remedy for 2thake. which wilfallevi8 awl pain 4th with is Xtraction.