

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, OCTOBER 10, 1860.

Vol. VI.—No. 12.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Dr. C. A. HARDING,
Practicing Physician,
Belt Road to the "Rockville" office,
Rockville, Md.
Mar 30—17

WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Rockville, Maryland.

PERRY TRAIL, Proprietor.

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

THE TABLE will always be supplied with the best of the market, and at the Bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Segars.

THE STAIRING attached to the house is large and commodious, and as none but attentive waiters will be employed, persons stopping at this house may rely upon their homes being well attended to.

His charges will be very moderate.
Feb 10—17

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 city.

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

His charges are moderate.
Feb 15—17

JOHN A. T. KILGOUR.

SERVANTS WANTED.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of SERVANTS, both male and female, who are young, sound and healthy, for which he will, at all times, pay the very highest market prices, in cash, for having served for one year, and if he is in his advantage to give me a call before the expiration of the same.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS paid for introductions, and all communications strictly confidential.

Letters addressed to me at Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., will receive prompt attention.
Feb 10—17

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 Knapton, he is prepared to receive the best care at the usual price of board.

Owners of slaves will find it to their interest to consult him, in order to receive the best price for their property.

WM. T. HICKMAN, of Norfolk District, in this county, is authorized Agent for the purchase of slaves.

CHAS. M. PRICE.
Rockville, Md., Feb. 10, 1860.

CARPENTERS & ORNBUILDERS.

THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned has been appointed to do all kinds of carpentering and ornbuiding, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERS and ORNBUILDERS, and HOUSE JOINING BUSINESS, which he guarantees to perform in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

Having furnished himself with a new Horse, 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 rendered, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.
Feb. 20—17

W. M. E. POFFINGER.
C. F. WALKER. B. F. DENVER.

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 carpentering, at the shortest notice, in the best possible manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

All orders left with Mr. M. Conroy, 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—17

BUTCHERING.

THE subscriber having located himself about a mile above Rockville, on the Frederick road, and erected a slaughter house, would inform the citizens of Rockville and the county, that he will at all times be prepared to furnish them with

Fresh Meats, on very moderate terms, FOR CASH. He will bring meats into the village every Tuesday and Friday mornings.

Persons having Cakes, Muttons, Lamb, &c. for sale, will always find a market for them at his place, and the highest cash price paid.
Feb 10—17

AUCTIONEERING.

W. H. 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.
Feb 10—17

Poetry.

AUTUMN.

The fevered days of Summer's reign,
Are o'er and Autumn comes again—
Sweet twilight of the year!
The leaves that tick the forest trees,
And tremble in each passing breeze,
Are turning brown and red.

And walk as in the grove you tread,
How many leaves already dead,
Along your path are found!
Like mortal men, they have their day,
To flourish, and then pass away,
And moulder in the ground.

The flowers that blossomed in the sun,
Are withering and fading—
Like stars of Autumn's sky,
They twinkle as they go,
Till all the fairest things are low,
The summer's past away.

How like the seasons of the year,
Our transient lives on earth appear!
First Spring, when hopes are young;
Then Summer brings mature views,
And Autumn, sad and pale, has
And Winter ends the work.

The earthy scene—but there shall dawn
A never-ending year,
When Spring and Summer meet and part,
Not to meet of Autumn's chill heart,
Nor flowers disappear.

There no undimmed lights shall ever flow,
Nor winter storms of hate and snow,
Nor faint the heavenly sphere;
But glowing in the light of love
Are all the joys that shall be known,
Throughout that endless year.

An Interesting Story.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LESSON.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon and take tea with her niece. "I feel sober just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for unaccountable feelings, I hope," said Aunt Rachel, the pleasant light which had come into her face beginning gradually to fade away.

"Oh, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me. There are very few days now in which I am not disturbed or made to feel unhappy."

"Why, Bella, this is strange news. Disturbed and made to feel unhappy every day? You pain me by such a knowledge. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was the reply; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient and ungovernable, that I'm half in despair about him."

"Is so sorry that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not. From the very beginning, I have made it a rule to repress, so far as lay in my power, everything disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict—"

Only half an hour ago I found him in the library with a handsome book lying upon the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again."

"And you punished him again?"
"I did, severely."
"Where is he?"
"Sitting in a room by himself."
"Overhead?"

Yes, that had pained her the floor now. Just her noise he is making; and it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him, if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half way up stairs, called, in a sharp, commanding voice—
"You, Edward!"

The hammering ceased in an instant.
"What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"
"No answer."
"Edward! There was no kindness, no softness, no motherly love in the voice that uttered the name. Do you hear, sir?"

Still no response.
"Why don't you answer me?"
The mother was growing excited.
"Edward, if you don't answer me, I'll punish you severely!"
A sulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you will be sorry for it!"
"Can't I come out, mother? I am tired of staying here."
"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"
"I'll come out!" screamed the child, with a sudden wildness of manner, as if he had grown desperate; and he rattled the door and kicked passionately against the lock.

This was more than the excited mother could endure; and springing up stairs, she unlocked the door and entered the room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry looking eye, to the sitting room, "what trouble I have got before me."
Aunt Rachel did not reply.
"I've never seen just such a child," the young mother continued, "and I don't know what is to become of him—He prefers wrong to right always, and recognizes authority only for the sake of disobedience. If, in sending him from the room in consequence of some misdemeanor, I tell him to go up stairs, he will almost surely go down; if I have

said go down, he will go up. Always he is desirous to gain the interdicted object. It is marvelous, this perversion of his mind. You don't know how it distresses me. There, just listen. He is pounding more he will keep at it in spite of threat or punishment. Now, what am I to do with such a boy, aunt Rachel? I've tried everything, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Perhaps that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "don't you see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I am not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one that is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow."

Bella sat reflecting for some time—She did not like the idea of yielding to her rebellious child in the smallest degree. Pride and love of rule induced her as much as a sense of duty, perhaps a little more. In giving up, she felt that she must experience a degree of humiliation.

"Forgive him this time, for my sake," urged Aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her chamber. She was pounding on the door when she turned the key and entered.

"Edward!"
She spoke sternly. The little fellow started up with a look half defiant.
"You are a very naughty boy."
Edward set his lips firmly, and knit his fair young brow.

"How dare you point on the floor after I had forbidden it?"
Edward moved back a step or two—There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"
"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Ain't you afraid to give such an answer?" and a hand moved, half involuntarily, as if a blow was about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."
"Oh, is she?" Two little hands came forward with a sound like a kiss, and a wave of sunshine swept suddenly over her face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a great mind not to let you see her, after all this bad behavior."
The mother could not forgive him—Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face; but he looked neither pleased nor dejected. She turned from him as though she would leave him still in prison; but there was no sign of weakness—only the disfiguring scar on his face that made it so painful to look upon.

"Come," the mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and giving his hand in a reluctant manner, as if there were no pleasure for him in the touch, followed half behind her, down into the sitting room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's attention. "Now don't point your lips around the boy; that's a fault!" was addressed approvingly—
"Kiss aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about Aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her on the heart's content; but the reproful and commanding spirit of resistance induced him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said to his mother, who did not see his face, "I don't want to kiss her." But Aunt Rachel saw love in his eyes.

"If you can't behave better, go up stairs again."
"Oh, he's behaving nicely," said Aunt Rachel, as she drew a pin around the boy; and then she began to talk to him in a way that soon consoled all his attention. But his mother would give him no peace. It was—
"Don't ride on your aunt in that way."
"Just see there, you rascal fellow, your feet are on aunt Rachel's dress; or—"
"Don't twist your shoulders so; or—"
"You had better away from aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."
"Not in the least, aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arms about the pleased child, in whose bright face she read a joy of golden promise, if there were any who was bound to turn the leaves.

But half an hour did not pass before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent, in disgrace, from the room.

"Now, what do you, aunt Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice. "You see that a self-willed, disobedient, reckless boy he is. How he resists me in everything! What am I to do?"

Learn the first lesson in governing others," replied Aunt Rachel, with considerable gravity of manner.
"What is that?" asked the mother.
"To govern yourself."

"I mean just what I say; and until you learn to do it, you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness furiously produces antagonism; oft-repeated punishments, and for trivial offences, are the parents of

rebellion; but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with motherly love, than in her most imperative command, or sternest interdict. Her mission is to lead, not drive, her children in the right way."

Aunt Rachel passed to now the effects of her plainly-spoken admonition. Her niece had a startled look, but she made no reply.

"I have not heard you speak a kind, approving word to that boy since I have been here," resumed Aunt Rachel.

"How can I speak approvingly when he does wrong? How can I encourage him to disobedience by smiling when he acts my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently in part. You follow him so too closely, and would not do much for things that are of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to direct him from anything that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but see your error so plainly that I must put it out. You have forgotten the pity which alone honey catches more than the vinegar. Try the honey, my dear,—try the honey. I am sadly afraid that you are shadowing the life of that child—splitting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth today; yet down among the rankly springing weeds, trying to struggle up into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, search for these as for precious treasures; water them with the love of love, and let the heart's warm sunshine go down into the earth around them. Don't think so much of the repress and extermination of evil, as about the growth and development of good. But first of all, put your own house in order. Regulate your own heart. Ruling anger, pride, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion, let only affection reign in your heart, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on—
"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel love in your voice and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you, or, if you think of it, speak of it, as if though you were a friend, not an enemy. Love for his mother will lead him to the law of obedience when fear of punishment would only rebel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but she looked not at her aunt's face, but she looked into the apartment. Going up steps into the room in which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around for his white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment, or an angry lecture. So he put on a look of defiance. By his mother, instead of listening to her, he was as usual, he went at it in a rage, and said, "Edward, he so softly and gently that he could only mind and look at her in surprise."

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a sternness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dipping his pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother. She still held out her hands.

"Come dear," he was by her side in an instant.
"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, he put his arm around her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart!
"I love Eddy." The little arms tightened, about her neck, and the little head went down, nestling upon her bosom.

"Oh, I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.
"Will Eddy be good for mother?"
"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it, he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy can help it if he will," said his mother, smiling encouragement into his face.
"Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance."
"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke:
"I'll forget sometimes, I'm almost sure I will—but—"

He paused, with the sentence unfinished.
"But what, dear?"
"Don't scold me then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be sorry."

He caught his breath with a sob, and his mother drew his head against her bosom and laid her careful face down among his golden curls.

When they entered the sitting-room, Aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and laid his happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory, had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon.—Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, soon meddled with forbidden things, made unseemly noises, or conducted himself in a way that tried, severely, his mother's patience. But she compelled herself—and it required no light effort to use honey instead of vinegar—to speak in affectionate remonstrance, instead of angry threats—and instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, and commanding utterance in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in her ear. Will, then, opposed itself to will—but now love yielded to love. The boy once so rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval.

He had governed himself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easy achievement.

"Don't forget it, dear," said Aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting at the close of her visit.

"Never," was the earnest reply.—
"You have removed scales from my eyes, and selfishness, self-will and passion shall never build me again. I will try to govern myself always, before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than give up all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which, I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my dear child, that is the true way," replied Aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-fores of his young spirit, to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth, leaving the evil plants to droop and wither for lack of nourishment."

THE CHATELAIN'S.
Question. 1st. What is your name?
Answer. Sam.
Ques. 2d. Who gave you that name?
Ans. As drink is my God, and Landlords and Landladies are my Godfathers and Godmothers, they gave me that name in my drunken spree, wherein I was made a member of a bundle of Rags.

Ques. 3d. What did your Godfathers and Godmothers then do for you?
Ans. They did promise and vow three things in my name: First, that I should renounce the comforts of my own bedside.

Second, starve my wife and hunger my children. Third, walk in tatters and rags, with my shoes and the crown of my hat going slip-slap all the days of my life!

I believe in the existence of a set of Manufacturers and Vendors of the liquid fire; and lastly, I not only believe, but am sure, that when my money is all spent, the Landlord will stop the tap.

Ques. 4th. How many Commandments have you come to keep?
Ans. Ten.

Ques. 5th. What are they?
Ans. The same which the Landlords and Landladies speak from behind the Bar, saying we are the Masters and they the slaves, who brought them from the path of Virtue, placed them in the way of Vice, and set their feet in the road that leads to destruction.

Ques. What are the Commandments?
Ans. 1st. Thou shalt use no other house but mine.

2d. Thou shalt not make unto thee any substitute for intoxicating drinks, such as Cold water, Tea, Coffee, Lemonade, or Ginger-Pop; for I am a jealous man, wearing the coat that should be on thy back, eating thy children's bread and pocketing the money that should make the wife of thy bosom happy.

3d. Thou shalt not use our house in vain. Thou shalt not enter unless you spend your money; we will not thank you for using our house in vain.

4th. Remember thou eatest but one meal on the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou drink and spend all thy gain; but as for the seventh it is the Sabbath, wherein I am forced to shut up for two hours, to wash my face, make my fire, replenish with sawdust my spit boxes, and make ready for the worship of Bacchus during the remainder of the day.

5th. Honor thy Landlord and thy Landlady with thy presence, and they dare say for and miserable in the land where thou livest.

6th. Thou shalt commit murder, by hanging, starving, and beating thy wife and children.

7th. Thou shalt commit suicide by poisoning thyself with Alcohol.

8th. Thou shalt steal thy wife and children's bread, and rob thyself of the comforts of life.

9th. Thou shalt bear false witness when thou speakest of the horrors, and say that thou art in good health when thou art laboring under the barrel fever.

10th. Thou shalt covet all that thy neighbor is possessed of. Thou shalt covet his house, his land, his ox, his purse, his health, his wealth, his clothes, that thou mayest indulge in all the luxuries, and to help thee to buy the brewer's coat, his dray horse, his fine buildings, and thus enable him to live in idleness.

11th. Thou shalt covet to play over his door with a beautiful sign to please over his door with fire, by his side.

"Licenced to Retail Fermented and Spirituous Liquor" written thereon!

Selected Miscellany.

POVERTY NOT A CURSE.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more thankful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting into life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates sturdy and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand the test is not worth anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper.

A young man who cannot feel his will hardened as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are particularly not worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whose wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this is so unfortunate as to be rich, give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one stimulus to effort and excellence which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and fine linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plodding in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for He intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, you would have no chance to do it. You would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text book? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses.—What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to its action power and facility? If so, then you are more of a man and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process as far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years of age, and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men.—Timothy T. Smith.

Melting Rocks at Wholesale. A certain Benjamin Hardinge, a man of original mind—a careful, truthful, and never-tiring student of nature—has spent the last fifteen years in his laboratory in liquifying quartz-rock, and combining it again in new and varied forms. His quartz silica, with its excess of alkali, is nothing new in chemistry; but to fuse it with the silica very greatly in excess over the alkali, and in large quantities, and at small expense, has been one of the greatest studies in chemistry for the last quarter of a century. This Dr. Hardinge, surely accomplished; for we have seen three thousand gallons of liquid dissolved at one time, and in the short space of two hours, and at an expense merely nominal. The capacity of this monstrous machine is six thousand gallons; and it can digest twelve tons of quartz, or clear or tint-rock in twenty-four hours, and convert it into waters of crystallization. But then you have the basis for the widest speculations. Our readers are, perhaps, aware that a very large portion of our globe is of just this material, either in the form of sand-rock, or other silicious substances.

By chemical combination, Dr. Hardinge makes an article of plastic marble purer than the purest Parian. It can be made of any color, by mixture with various metallic oxides. Every article of marble work may thus be cast as perfectly as castings of metal now are, and copies of Corinthian pillars, statues, eagles, etc., can be furnished at an expense of probably one per cent. of their cost. By a proper combination with ordinary sand, an marble is made harder than the hardest flint, and at a price less than the cheapest brick. Our parings may be freed with marble, and time will never interfere with the colors.—This is undoubtedly the same process used in the entombs of Egypt, the colors of which are as fresh as when they were first put on, three thousand years ago.

Our levees may now be built of stone masonry to the premises, and we will have no trouble to make them equal in size to the foundation-stones of Solomon's temple.

This liquid quartz is also made into paint, impalpable and soluble. Our ships and steamboats cannot burn up, and the nearest that will be safe from fire is the marble palace. This seems almost like the fables of the Arabian Nights, yet it cannot be otherwise than true.

For dissolving gold-bearing quartz, this invention's value is without limit.—Every atom of gold may be precipitated and saved, and then the liquid is far more valuable than the whole thing is worth. Think of one great iron man, digesting two tons of quartz in twenty-four hours.—L. S. Journal.

VALUE OF SYMPATHY.—A poor widow, the mother of two children, used to call on them at the close of each day, for the report of the good they had done. One night the oldest boyed in her reply to her mother's question, "What kindness have you shown?" "I don't know, mother." The mother, touched with the tone of her answer, resolved to unravel the mystery, and the little, sensitive thing, when reassured, went on to say: "Going to school, this morning, I found little Annie G., who had been absent some days, crying very hard. I asked her, 'mother, what made her cry so, which made her cry more, so that I could not help leaving my head on her neck and crying too.' Then her face grew less and less, till she told me of her little baby brother, whom she nursed so long and loved so much; how he had sickened, grown pale and thin, whining with pain until he died, and then they put him from her forever. Mother, she told me this; and then she hid her face in her book, and cried as if her heart would break. Mother, I could not help putting my face on the other page of the book, and crying too, as hard as she did. After we had bled together a long time, she hugged me and kissed me, telling me I had done her good. Mother, I don't know how I did her good, for I only cried with her; indeed, I did nothing but cry with her. That is all I can tell for, I can't tell how I did her good."

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the Church Almanac for 1860, the Episcopal Church in the United States contains thirty-three dioceses. The number of bishops, provisional bishops, and assistant bishops is forty-three; priests and deacons, two thousand and thirty; parishes, two thousand and ten. There were ordained, during the year, seventy deacons and ninety-three