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, NOVEMBER 23, 1860. Vol. VI.—No. 17.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Dr C. A. HARDING,
Practicing Physician,
NEXT DOOR TO THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,
ROCKVILLE, Md.
mar 30—tf

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.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE!

THE HYATTSTOWN BRASS BAND.

THIS BAND being composed of young men, principally mechanics, who have been at an expense of nearly $1,000, (each having an equal interest, and that at his own expense) for the benefit of our county, are now competent to fulfil any engagement they may be called for, with the LATEST CHOICE MUSIC—such as—

QUICK STEPS,
POLKAS, WALTZES,
GALLOPS, REELS,
FUNERAL MARCHES, &c

We trust that the citizens, when they have a call for music, will, as honor due, give us a favorable consideration. Our motto is—*Not to be excelled by any Band in the county.*

C. M. LAYTON, Leader;
R. A. HURLEY, Director;
J. C. D. HARRISS, Sec'y;
ap 20—tf J. H. FABLER, Treasurer.

AT THE OLD STAND, AGAIN!

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally, that he has again opened Store at his old stand, near the Union Turnpike Toll-Gate, where he will keep constantly on hand a well selected STOCK OF GOODS, which he will sell on as low a scale as they can be purchased in the District of Columbia. He would name, in part:

BOOTS, SHOES and other Dry Goods
FANCY ARTICLES of all kinds
TINWARE, at Manufacturers prices
GROCERIES of all kinds

In fact everything usually kept in a well regulated country store.

In the adjoining room to his Store he has opened a BAR, which will, at all times, be furnished with the best of Liquors, Wines, Segars &c.

On the Table of his Reading Room will always be found the latest and most popular papers of the day.

He would take this opportunity of returning to his old customers and the public his grateful acknowledgments for past favors, and humbly solicit a continuance.

oct 12 3t LEWIS GRAVES.

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.

CHAS. M. PRICE.
Rockville, Md., Feb. 10, 1859.

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.

W. F. WALLIS. B. 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. Connelly, at the Union Hotel, Poolesville or at their shop, at Leb'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.

Ribbons, Ribbons.

A LARGE lot of Bonnet Ribbons and Trimmings, for sale, at cost, for cash, by
may 1 JOHN W. JONES.

DISTRICT ADVERTISEMENTS.

OPENING OF FRENCH GOODS.

IT affords me great pleasure to announce to the ladies, that my stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS is complete now, and that I will open them on the 10th of October. All the goods are selected, carefully, by myself, in Paris, and will not be excelled by any others in beauty, elegance and novelty.

I call the attention of the Ladies, especially, to my large assortment of

Zouaves, for Ladies and children, embroidered with gold and plain braids.
Zouave Shirts
Embroidered Zouave Sets
Cloaks for Ladies and Children of various styles, as:

Arab style	Napolitain
Amphitrite	Panchonnette
Breton	Mousquetaire
Bandit	Amazone, etc

Cloth Gaiters for Boys and Girls
French Bonnets, the latest Parisian fashion
Ribbons, flowers and feathers
A great variety of Hair Nets and Hair dresses
Fancy Pins for the hair
Flower Wreaths for the hair
Gold Belts, a great many different styles
Morocco and Gilt Belts
Morocco and Silk Belts, Bows and Cuffs
Gold Braids, Gold Buttons and Gold trimmings of the finest Lyon gold
Dress Trimmings, a larger and handsomer assortment than I ever offered before
Epaulettes for Cloaks
Real Guipure Capes for Cloaks
Embroidered Jaconet, Cambric and Swiss Sets and Collars
Real Laces, Collars and Sets
Real Lace Veils
French Lace Veils
Chenille Scarfs
Opera Fans, etc, etc

My assortment in Fancy Goods is so large and varied, that it would be impossible for me to mention a tenth part of it, and I respectfully ask the Ladies to call at my establishment and inspect my goods, and I venture to say, that every Lady will be able to find something to suit her style and taste.

All the goods I offer this season, will be of the latest Paris fashion.

The Latest French Designs,

as my connections, in Paris, enable me to get the novelties as soon as they come out in Paris.

☞ Dress-making in the Latest French Fashion.

☞ Cloaks and Bonnets made to order with the utmost care.

☞ Stamping for Zouaves done in different patterns.

M. WILLIAN,
22 Market Space
oct 12 Washington, D. C.

Fall and Winter
DRY GOODS.
At 36 Central Stores,
WASHINGTON CITY.

400 PIECES of English and Merrimac Prints, new styles;
200 pieces Rich Printed De Laines;
100 pieces of rich Dress Goods, of various styles for ladies;
250 pieces of white, red and yellow Flannel in all grades.
Dress Silks in great variety;
Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings;
6-4 Heavy Fulled Cloths;
7-4, 7-8 4-4 and 5-4 Linseys of the best kind
Heavy Blankets for servants;
Fine Bed Blankets, in all sizes;
Osnaburgs, Ticks, Calicoes &c.
In fact we have a full stock of all kinds of

DRY GOODS.

We offer all fabrics at the lowest market prices. Our friends in Maryland will greatly oblige us if they will call and inspect our stock.

WM. R. RILEY & BROTHER,
No. 36, Central Stores,
between 7th and 8th street, opposite Centre Market, Washington, D. C.
sep 14—3m.

Our Maryland and Virginia Trade are informed that

We claim SUPERIORITY FOR OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS FOR SERVANTS' WEAR, in point of Extent, Variety, Style, and Tested Excellence of FABRICS.

WE ALSO HAVE great inducements in 1000 PAIRS OF BLANKETS in all grades.

Our arrangements for Autumn and Winter, will stock our storehouse with much the largest and most comprehensive assortment of first-class DRY GOODS (in all the general and special departments of family wants,) ever offered in our market.

CARPETS, CURTAINS, OIL CLOTHS, MATTINGS, &c., Upper Floor.

Our Northern and Eastern Correspondents send us new supplies daily.

We name special inducements in our CLOAK, SHAWL and MANTILLA Department.

The largest Stock of MOURNING and LINEN GOODS in the market.

ONE PRICE ONLY—the cash standard value marked in plain figures; hence no purchaser is deceived.

☞ The entire Building, 5 Floors and "Vaults," devoted to First-Class Dry Goods, in all departments.

Visitors, Sojourners, Strangers and all others so disposed, are most cordially solicited to inspect the Store, Stock, Styles, Prices, and Qualities; it incurs no obligation to purchase.

We only expect to make sales where our fabrics are of better quality, or prices lower than offered at other houses.

PERRY & BROTHER,
Penn. avenue and Ninth street,
"Perry Building,"
aug 3—tf Washington city, D. C.

LOCKE & PERRY. THOS. L. DARNALL

New Carpet Store.

THE Citizens of Montgomery county are respectfully informed that our SPRING STOCK is now complete, and comprises all that is new and handsome, in the way of—

Carpets, Curtains, Oil-Cloths, Mattings, &c.

Our Stock is *all new*, and purchasers may rely upon getting fresh goods, and at the lowest prices.

☞ Persons trusting us with their orders, by sending us correct diagrams, can have their rooms and halls fitted with the best styles of Carpets and Oil Cloths, and at prices as favorable as if they bought them in person.

L. F. PERRY & CO.
Upper Rooms "Perry Building,"
Corner Penn. avenue and 9th street,
may 4—2m Washington, D. C.

THIMBLE SKEINS AND PIPE BOXES, assorted sizes, just received, and for sale, by JOHN R. EVANS & CO.,
sep 14—1m Washington, D. C.

Poetry.

THE ORPHAN.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

We loved her as our own, poor child,
And through the weary years,
We nursed her life with constant care,
And kissed her silent tears,
She strove to seem contented while
We cheered her through the day,
But when alone at night, poor child,
She wept her life away.

We strove by every art, poor child,
By every tender art,
And every gentle means to win
Her sorrow from her heart,
But still she drooped beneath our care,
And sadder grew each day.
Her cheek was always wet, poor child,
She wept her life away.

Still while she wept and strove, poor child,
To pay our love with smiles,
And hide her sorrow from our hearts
With sweet and playful wiles,
Her lip grew whiter and her cheek
Grew paler day by day,
And struggling with her grief, poor child,
She wept her life away.

She died when summer came, poor child,
The child we could not save,
And hardly mourning that she slept,
We laid her in her grave.
She never could forget the day
Her mother died;
They could not live apart, poor child,
They slumber side by side.

Selected Miscellany.

UNCLE DAVY'S STAFF.

"Well, Jane, have you made up your mind? I leave the matter entirely in your hands."

My husband looked across the table at me, and held a glass of wine between him and the light, screwing up his eyes as he examined the color.

We were sitting at dessert in the old dining-room at Turton, the dark polished mahogany table reflecting the bright faces of our six children. Two by me—the eldest who was so like his father, and the youngest who could not eat tidily, and wanted mamma to cut up his orange and wipe his mouth; opposite, by Ronald, were the two little ones with curly heads and mischievous fingers, who were sailing orange-boats in the purple finger-glass, and coaxing papa to make more. The girls were one on each side; the elder one peering at me with her great blue eyes, and evidently wondering whatever it was that mamma was to make up her mind about. I was just going to answer when I caught her curious gaze, and then I stopped.

"I'll tell you all about it when the children go off to bed," I said.

Lucy dropped her head with a blank expression of disappointment, which Ronald observed with infinite amusement. There was a little nod across the table to me, and a whisper about little pitchers having long ears, which made Lucy blush. Presently we went to the drawing-room, and the children began a romp, at the conclusion of which I carried off the youngest to the nursery; and before I came down again I went for a moment into my little morning-room and sat down over the fire, I wanted to think.

People said I was a fortunate and happy woman, and so I was. Our home was one of those fair English halls standing amid its own far-spreading grounds and rich farms. I could match my husband and children against the best and noblest in the land; and yet I had plenty to make me oft-times thoughtful, and sometimes sad. There is a cross in every lot, and mine lay in the future—not my own, but my children's.

My father-in-law had been an extravagant man, who had drained the entailed estate as near as he could. My husband, with a moderately large income, had many claims on his purse, and moreover, with scrupulous honor applied every available sum to the payment of his father's debts. We had a large family; the eldest one was provided for by the entail. But if this went on, what could we do for the other little ones? Over and over again I had tried to bring the matter seriously before Ronald; but a careless security in the future was a part of his natural disposition, and I could not persuade him to make any real effort for their benefit.—Invariably he said, "Just wait till I pay Saunders and Bolton, and then we will begin to lay by." And I had to think sadly of my own poor portion of £5,000 vested in shares in the County Bank, and hope and trust.

I was thinking more sadly to-night because my husband, who had just returned from a business-visit to London, had come home with an old uncle, who had spent the greater part of his life in India, toiling for the golden fortune that never came. Now a decrepit old man, and a confirmed invalid, he had expended the little he possessed, and was actually in want. Ronald described his miserable lodging, told how much he suffered, and ended with a proposal that we should ask him to come and live at Turton. The kind thought was just like him, but I looked terribly blank when the idea was suggested, and opposed it violently. My woman's brain at once embraced the obstacles, and, it may be, exaggerated them.

"Think what a tie it would be," I said, "a third person to spoil our quiet evenings and readings aloud—a somebody to interfere with our walks and drives and dinners. The poor children would be hushed for fear of disturbing the invalid; I should have to give up my time to his amusement and comfort. Besides, think of the expense. We agreed to give up the carriage-horses; but that would be out of the question if he were here, and could not walk or use the pony-phaeton. And we must have an extra man-servant to wait on him; and if we used another set of rooms, we should require a second housemaid."

I drew such a melancholy picture of the consequences that my husband said at last:—

"Well, my dear, please yourself; it shall be as you like. I only wish we could have made the old man comfortable; he was very kind to me when I was a school-boy."

So I sat in my room and planned how we could manage, gradually beginning to think I had been selfish in my hasty opposition. I thought it might be arranged. I could give up this very morning-room for him to sit in, and let him sleep in the south room next door. Walters might wait upon him if the stable boy helped in the pantry; and if we gave up the pretty pony-phaeton we might keep the brougham. As to the disarrangement of our family enjoyments, we must put up with it. The kindness would bring its own recompense, somehow.

I went down stairs with a lighter heart, for I was conscious of a praiseworthy resolution; and sending off the children to bed, knelt down by my husband's side, and said:

"Shall we write the invitation, Ronald?"

He answered me with a kiss, and brightening of the eye, which were almost enough recompense for the sacrifice. The invitation was written, accepted, and before the end of a fortnight, old Mr. David Turton—"Uncle Davy," as we called him—made his appearance.

I went out to meet him, and tried to give him a hearty welcome; but he was seemingly a very unamiable old man. His manner was short and snappish; his little grey eyes looked at me suspiciously, and when he attempted to smile he sneered sarcastically. I led him into the drawing-room, and offered to relieve him of his great coat and stick. But no; he growled at me as if I had taken an unpardonable liberty, and setting his stick across his knees, leaned forward on it, and stared me full in the face. I tried to look unconcerned; but my cheek had flushed and my tone was sharp when I desired Lucy to run up stairs to the school-room.

The old man's eyes twinkled, and the sneering smile came to his lips.

"You are offended with me, madam," he said. "I beg your pardon; but my staff is an old friend—the best friend I have. I never allow it to leave my side."

He never did. By day it rested on his knees; by night it lay on the bed beside him. His brain had evidently been affected by his illness, and showed its disorder by a strange attachment to that wooden staff with its round knob for a handle. It was a perfect monomania.

I remember once one of my little boys seized it when he was dozing, and converting it into a horse, raced up and down the room with it. Uncle Davy woke, and his anger knew no bounds. I ran out of the room with the child, imagining him in positive danger, and when I returned, I found the old man sobbing and crying like an infant, with his head bent down on the much-loved staff. Truly Uncle Davy's stay at Turton was a sad trial to me. Over and over again I regretted that we had ever invited him; and so I am sure did Ronald, too. He said at last that we must seek him a lodging elsewhere; but the plan was hardly formed when the old man fell sick and died.

He had a lingering illness, and I watched beside him day and night. Then, for the first time, I found that he had formed a sort of attachment to me and the children, and given us a little corner of the heart that I had supposed to be wholly devoted to his staff.

But he was a trying invalid, and at last I was fairly worn out with incessant watching. He protested against nurse or servant, and kept me constantly at his bedside. From no one else would he receive food or medicine, and if I left him for a moment he was miserable. But his childlike dependence and clinging affection touched my heart in spite of myself. I began to love and tend him gently like a baby, ruling and chiding him as I should have done one of my own little ones when it was naughty. Under this treatment we got on better, and should have managed without any outburst had it not happened that one unlucky day morning, in a pressure of occupation, I neglected to rub and polish the staff as he had desired me to do. Before his illness, this had been the one important duty of his day; about which he sat in the most scientific manner, with clean towels and wash-leather. Since himself incapacitated he had requested me as an especial favor to undertake the process, and, anxious to indulge him in all small matters, I had complied; holding the knobbed handle as he directed in a cambric handkerchief, and rubbing from right to left. This morning he had been in a singular perverse humor; nothing pleased him; and the supposed neglect of his favorite caused the lowering storm to burst forth. He raged and stormed for an hour, threatening me with every sort of vengeance. At length, fairly exhausted, he sank back in bed and bade me leave him—he would try and sleep.

I hovered about the next room for some time, then, finding all quiet, stole away for an hour's rest. When I returned all was silent as before, nevertheless, I noiselessly turned the lock and looked in. What was my horror to find bed empty and my patient escaped?

I called the servants—and sent everywhere to seek him. But he was not soon found; no one had seen him leave the house, and we could not imagine what was his object in doing so. At last I discovered him myself, in a retired corner of the shrubbery, trying, with feeble efforts, to dig a hole and bury his staff.

"No one is worthy of it," he said; but he would not leave it when we had discovered his secret hiding-place; and, after many arguments, I prevailed upon him to return and let me polish and clean it.

That night he was very ill—the exertion and exposure brought on a relapse. He bade me put the staff quite close to him, and his feeble fingers clasped it fondly and stroked it down. Just when he was dying he put it into my hand:

"Keep it—never part with it—promise me, Jane."

I promised, for I saw his heart was bent on my doing so.

"Jane—the staff is—will—children—" but his voice failed, and his head fell back. He never spoke again, and before day-break he was dead.

We laid him in the family vault in the Turton church; for, in spite of his wandering and wayward life, he was of the old stock; and putting aside his favorite staff to my oak cabinet, we went back to our old ways, and almost forgot him.

Years passed during which more little faces clustered round our board, and the older ones were sent off to school. The clouds that had so long scared the distance came nearer and nearer, and at last burst over our heads.

The bank in which my money was vested suddenly failed; the steward who had managed my husband's affairs proved unfaithful, and absconded with all that he could convert into money; creditors pressed round and were clamorous; we were ruined.

Nothing remained for us but to leave Turton, if possible to let it, and to go and live on the Continent. There was to be a sale after we left, and the handbills were already out. I had spent long days in packing and arranging, and, unable longer to meet the condolences of anxious faces and sad regrets at parting with their old pets, I hurried to my little morning-room, that had witnessed many an hour of watching Uncle Davy.

I was crying, in spite of my efforts at self-command, as the hall door had seen girls Ethel and, with his arms round the old rocking-horse, sobs bursting from the rosy lips that he pressed against his favorite. Lucy was taking the toys from the doll's house as I passed the school-room. Oh! my heart bled sadly; for every grief of theirs was doubly mine.

The maid had been packing, and the oak cabinet was unlocked, the door swinging to and fro on its hinge. The drawer below held my chief treasures, which I had reserved to put up at the last; fancying this a favorable opportunity I now opened it, and began to sort the things.

A packet of copy books—large, round, blotted, text-hand; on the outside of each cover one of the children's names and date. I tied them together and put them up. A little carved ivory box, which had long ago been a present from a sailor-brother, with nine neatly-folded little white paper parcels inside, and a curl of soft hair in each—the last causing a few bitter tears to fall down on my black dress, as kneeling down I unfolded it and touched the smooth tress. Poor little baby, that had pined when sorrow came to me, that had died in my arms and now lay with its little coffin resting beside Uncle Davy's! I moved the packet of baby's clothes that I had put away the day after the funeral—the little gowns and caps and things—and gulped down a very sad sob. Poor little baby, God had provided for *it!*

There was yet a few more things, and then the drawer was empty, save for Uncle Davy's staff. I left it lying there while I packed up the other things, and it was still there when I went down to tea.

As I came up again I heard loud tones.

"Master Edmond, I shall tell your mamma of you. Have done immediately. What a naughty boy you are!—Don't you see you have knocked all the paint off the bannisters?"

Nurse was standing on the first landing, looking down into the hall, with a very red face; while the child in her arms had a very inquiring look in his brown eyes, and was mouthing and tugging at an India rubber ring held by two fat slippery hands.

The delinquent was Master Edmond, aged six, who was consoling himself for the parting with the old rocking-horse, by racing up and down the first flight of steps, Uncle Davy's staff in hand, rattling the round handle all the way against the bannisters.

"There!" screamed nurse. "What have you done now?" as the child missed his footing, and lay screaming on the ground. She hurried down, till the lusty roars reassured her, when she commenced a nursery mode of consolation: "There! have done, will you? It's all your own fault, you naughty boy. Just see how you've dirtied your clean pinafore; and now you are making baby cry. Get up."

Edmond scrambled up, by aid of her great red hand; but only to reveal a slit in his frock, and Uncle Davy's staff on the floor broken in two. Nurse shook him.

"Do you know what you have done? Where did you get that stick from?—It's only master Edmond, always in a mischief, ma'am," she added in explanation, as I joined them.

I wiped the child's eyes, and pitied him for a bad lump on his forehead, supposing him to have been sufficiently punished. He picked up the two pieces of the staff, and I took them from him and carried them up stairs to my room.

Something dropped with a slight rattle on the floor, and I stopped to look what it was, my hand stealing to my throat to assure itself of the safety of the brooch in my collar. Something that looked like a pearl bead was on the carpet, and I picked it up. A similar rattle, and as I again found the same thing, I looked to see where they came from. The staff was in my hand, and I turned it over. The broken end showed a perforated hole from which, as I shook it, came another pearl. I gave a little exclamation, and ran down to my husband in the library; a light was dawning on me. We examined the staff, and found it was even as we expected. The old man had been more successful in his Indian enterprise than he had given us to understand; and finding poverty a good veil for penuriousness, had pretended to extreme misfortune, diligently converting all he was able to accumulate into pearls, which he concealed in this favorite staff; never allowing it to leave his side, and guarding it with jealous and miserly care. He had evidently intended to acquaint us with the secret when on his deathbed, as I remembered by his reference to the children, but had died in the attempt.

But, even now the discovery was not too late. It took at once the pearls to London, and we perfectly astonished by the large offers that were made for them. The sale realized a very large sum—sufficient to release us from our present embarrassments and lay by a handsome portion for each of the children.

"Truly," as my husband said, with a growing face, while we again assembled in the Turton dining-room, "No good action goes unrewarded. We made an unselfish sacrifice for a poor old man, without a thought of recompense, and the blessing has returned a hundred-fold to our bosoms. Depend upon it, it is ever so. Where we give we shall ever be repaid—if not here, in Higher Account."

AMERICAN INSCRIPTIONS.—The London *Times* is impressed with the lesson taught by our reception of the Prince of Wales. It says:

"The fatigues and duties of his journey cannot have left the youthful Prince much time for reflection, but he must have compared the scene before him with those with which he is familiar on the continent of Europe—in Italy, for instance, or in Germany—and must have felt the main cause of all this happiness and all this progress that liberty and self government, the early-prized inheritance of the nation over which he is to be called to rule, which they have carried with them to the vast countries. The institutions of America differ from ours, and we have never hesitated to express our preference for the constitution under which we live, but that must not prevent our doing full justice to the merits of a nation in whose fame we claim a common interest, or admitting that their institutions, though not to be coveted by men who have the happiness to live in England in the reign of Queen Victoria, are far superior to any that are to be found in any other country except that from which they spring. The reception of the Prince of Wales at New-York, where hundreds of thousands of men combined—without police to preserve order, as on the continent, without police to preserve order as among us—to offer to the heir of our Queen a reception the most flattering to him and the most honorable to themselves that can be imagined, is in itself a lesson to every one to whose hands power, or may be committed the wisdom of obtaining the co-operation of the people to accomplish the ends of government. Happy is the Prince who governs a nation which has learned in the ordinary affairs of life to govern itself, that can be its own police, its own army, that can frame its own laws, and recognizes the duty of obeying them without fear and without compulsion. Of the machinery of Government the Prince could of course see little or nothing; but of the external manifestations of the two forms of popular sovereignty which exist side by side in Canada and the United States, he has seen more than any one person ever saw before. We hope and believe that the lesson will not be lost, and that the future King of England will bring to the throne of his ancestors, whenever Providence may call him to it, a wide and generous sympathy with his fellow-creatures, and a noble confidence in the destinies of a race which extorts, in the East and in the West, the wonder of mankind at institutions which they cannot imitate, and at a progress and prosperity which they find it impossible to attain."

A BRUTE OF A HUSBAND.—Wife (anxiously;)—"What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"

Husband, (with a smile of calm delight:) "Why, my love, she observed rather a good looking man walking with quite an elderly female—that's all. A mem!"

That state of life is most happy where no superfluities are not required, and necessaries are not wanting.

☞ A SCHOOL TEACHER RETURNED TO THE NORTH.—The Boston *Transcript* has full particulars of the return of Mr. W. C. Wood, the "Yankee" school teacher, whose arrival at Boston, from South Carolina, was noticed yesterday. The facts are as follows:

There came passengers on the South Carolina Mr. Wm. C. Wood and Mr. Blodgett, a produce dealer. Mr. Wood, it appears, went South for the purpose of teaching. He was a graduate at Harvard College. He was destined for Four Mile Brach, Barnwell District, South Carolina. He took passage in the cars from Charleston for his destination, in company with Mr. Blodgett. On the way, inadvertently, he expressed his preference for Lincoln as president. An individual was noticed, intently listening to his conversation, and at the next stopping place, where the cars tarried for three-quarters of an hour, he was waited upon by a committee, who questioned him as to his politics, but he declined to give them any satisfaction.

Mr. Wood thought no more of the questioning to which he had been subjected, and continued on his journey.—On arriving at "Four Mile Branch" the place was found to be terribly excited, a telegraphic despatch having probably informed the citizens of the opinions of the new comer among them. He was immediately waited upon by a committee, who told him that it would be impossible to permit his stay in the place, and advising him to leave as his best course. They, however, did not insist on his immediate departure, and offered to defray the entire expense of his return to the city.

Mr. Wood concluded that he would retrace his steps without delay. He experienced no insult in the cars on the way to Charleston, except from a few rough customers, as an officer had been provided to protect him. On reaching that city, at the suggestion of friends, he occupied apartments in the Guard house, the night previous to the sailing of the steamer, that being the safest retreat during the existing excitement.—The next morning an officer of the city came down with Mr. Wood to the steamer, and put him safely on board. The produce dealer, so far as we could learn, effected the object of his Southern visit.

A COSTLY PRESENT.—The following anecdote is going the rounds of the foreign journals: When the late Madame Bosio, the eminent cantatrice, who died not long since at St. Petersburg, was singing one night at a private party at the residence of Prince ——, she noticed a beautiful Havana lap dog, as white as snow, lying on a sofa. Madame Bosio, soon afterwards, at the request of Prince ——, sang a favorite air by Gluck.—This piece was received with enthusiastic applause; and the Prince, addressed the fair artist, said, "what can I do, madame, in the acknowledgment of the pleasure you have given us by singing that beautiful production of our national composer?" "Give me your little dog, Prince," she immediately replied. "You shall have him to-morrow, Madame."—The next day the servant brought the animal. As it was very cold that day, the Prince had wrapped the little fellow in an Indian cashmere worth 15,000f., and he begged Madame Bosio to accept the dog with his wrapper.

THE PRINCE'S BALL IN NEW YORK.—The last chapter of the Prince's Ball was closed on Wednesday. The account stands as follows: Expenditures, $28,746; receipts, $41,006; balance in hands of treasurer when the play was done, $12,260. There were four hundred members of the committee, each of whom was assessed, first $70, and afterwards $30 in addition, making a total of $100 per head. Then several tickets were sold at $15 each, and the decorations of the ball-room were sold, making the aggregate receipts $41,006. The treasurer, Mr. Royal Phelps, re-inclosed to each committee man a check for $30,65, making a total reimbursement of $12,260. The expenditure was $3,000 less than was anticipated. The result is a very agreeable contrast to that Japanese swindle which, by the way, is not yet paid up—and perhaps it won't be.

LOVE.—How evanescent it is in its most refined form! But that is not the fault of the object, but of the subject.—While it lasts, it is the apotheosis of humanity. Even if it does not last to have had a glimpse into the holy of holies, it is not without its advantages. No man or woman, under the true influence of the feeling, as existing among the Teutonic nations, but becomes better, holier, purer, truer, and nobler for the time being. Time appears to stop, and become for the moment eternity. The mistress is not an angel, the lover is not a demigod, but they appear so to each other, and each is probably anxious then that the appearance should not be illusory. The existence of the belief shows that human nature is capable of climbing higher, and, indeed, is a corroboration of an immortality by no means to be despised. The word on the standard is "Excelsior."

☞ A man of virtue is an honor to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the whole world. He is rich without oppression or dishonesty, charitable, without ostentation, courteous without deceit, and brave without vice.

☞ God has not made this life altogether lovely, for then it would be too short, and hard to leave.