Montgomery County Sentinel.

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

By M. Fields. | ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1861. | Vol. VI.—No. 33.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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 16—tf PERRY TRAIL.

ATTENTION,
ALL YE LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE!

Save your Money, and always have Good Coffee!

This can be done by t ing one of HEERMAN'S

Celebrated Coffee Roasters!

THIS is a little invention that every woman requires, as an article of economy and convenience. The coffee roasted in this machine is not only better and far healthier, but much stronger, as the aroma is retained and not destroyed in the roasting. It therefore requires less coffee.

One pound of coffee can be roasted in from ten to twelve minutes, and two pounds in twenty minutes. It is so constructed, that the coffee is kept constantly in motion, and exposed to the same degree of heat; consequently, all the grains are roasted alike, and have exactly the same flavor—no foreign flavor being acquired from over-roasting, or not roasting enough. A glass window is prepared at the end of the cylinder, so that the coffee may be inspected just as much as if it was in an open vessel, obviating the danger of roasting too much, and the aroma passing off, which would necessarily occur did the machine have to be opened whenever you wished to inspect the coffee. It will, beyond all doubt, make better coffee and more of it.

W. A. CUMMING has purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell the above Machine for this (Montgomery) county, and would be pleased to show them, and explain the *modus operandi* of them, to his friends and the public.

They can be seen at the Store of John H. Hoskins, Esq., where, at all times, can be found, at prices to suit the times, a full supply of Dry Goods, Groceries, and all articles usually kept in a first-class country store.

feb 15—1y WM. A. CUMMING.

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.*

U. M. LAYTON, Leader;
R. A. BURLEY, Director;
J. C. D. HARRISS, Sec'y;
J. H. TABLER Treasurer.

ap 20—tf

TRIADELPHIA
WHEELRIGHT AND CARRIAGE SHOP.

THE subscriber has taken the above shop, for the purpose of carrying on WHEELRIGHTING & PLOW MAKING, in all its branches, at which he has much experience, and solicits orders for New Work or Repairs. He is also well experienced at CARRIAGE MAKING, REPAIRING, TRIMMING, PAINTING AND VARNISHING, and solicits orders in that branch of his trade, which he will execute promptly and in the best and most tasteful manner, and will *warrant satisfaction* to all who may favor him with orders for either Wheelright or Carriage Work.

Relying upon his personal efforts for a living and success in his business, which *he knows* can only be accomplished by industry, energy, prompt and faithful work and moderate charges, he solicits a trial, and is

The public's obedient servant,
CHARLES T. MAKINSON.

N. B. In connection with the above shop, Mr. W. F. KIMBLE is carrying on his business of BLACKSMITHING, MILL, AGRICULTURAL, and other Machinery Work, in a manner satisfactory to all who have favored him with their custom; and will, in connection with the Wheelright, contract to furnish New Wagons, Carts, Carriages, &c., all complete, at a specified price, and in the very best manner.

Triadelphia, February 8, 1861.

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.

ap 26—1y WM. E. PUMPHREY.

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 18—tf.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Law Partnership.

RICHARD J. BOWIE & JOHN T. VINSON, of Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., have entered into copartnership in the Practice of the Law.

They will practice in the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and in the Circuit Courts of Anne Arundel, Howard and Montgomery counties, and in the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia.

RICHARD J. BOWIE,
JOHN T. VINSON.

dec 7—1y

Dr C. A. HARDING,
Practicing Physician,

NEXT DOOR TO THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,
ROCKVILLE, Md.

mar 30—tf

Rockville Academy.

THIS Institution will be open for the admission of pupils on Monday, November 12th, 1860. Circulars will be sent to those who desire it, on application to

C. D. LUCKETT, Principal, or
J. G. CANNON, Assistant.

nov 16—3m

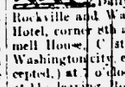
NOTICE.

PERSONS wishing to visit Washington and return the same day, will find a VERY CHEAP CONVEYANCE by calling on the subscriber, or leaving their names at the Washington Hotel, or at the Rockville Post Office.

BENJAMIN COOLEY.

jan 25—tf

TO TRAVELLERS.



THE subscriber is running a Daily Line of Stages between Rockville and Washington—leaving Martins' Hotel, corner 6th and D streets, and the Kimmell House, C street, between 4½ and 6th, Washington city, every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, and arrive in Rockville at 11, leaving Rockville at 1 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in Washington at 5. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays runs through to Frederick—returning Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

He has a Four-Horse Thorough-brace Coach running between Rockville and Washington, and in the hands of a careful and accommodating driver.

Persons travelling on this line may depend on a pleasant ride, and nothing shall be wanting on the part of the proprietor to render his passengers every convenience and comfort in his power. The public's obt serv't,

BENJ. COOLEY.

jan 18—tf

NEW STORE ROOM,
AND
NEW GOODS!

THE subscriber having changed his store room from the second floor to the first, and otherwise greatly improved it, and having just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore is now prepared to show the citizens of Rockville and vicinity one of the largest and best selected Stock of Goods ever brought to this market. His stock consists in part of—

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
LIQUORS,
WINES, &c

In fact, every article usually kept in a well-regulated country store.

Persons in want of any article in my line, are respectfully solicited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. An examination of stock implies no obligation to purchase. Moreover, the public can learn the lowest market rates. Don't fail to give me a call.

JOHN W. JONES,
Saloon Building, Rockville, Md.

dec 7

Fall and Winter Goods!

Mrs. R. V. Braddock,
Quality Hill, Rockville.

HAS just received a very large and beautiful stock of *FALL & WINTER GOODS*, Her stock consists of—

BONNETS, Ribands, Rouches, *MILLINERY GOODS, &c.*
Black Lace *CAPES and SHAWLS*
Stella Shawls; Embroideries, Trimmings, Fringes, &c.

Ladies' Dress Goods, in great variety
WHITE GOODS, of every description
Spring-Steel Extension SKIRTS, from 75c. up
GLOVES and HOSIERY

Umbrellas and Parasols
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Suited to all classes & conditions of life.

☞Gentlemen wishing Clothes made to order, will find also an excellent assortment of

CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
AND VESTINGS,

in the piece, of the very latest and best makes.

Youths' & Children's Goods,
A Great Variety.

HATS of every description, direct from the Manufacturer.

BOOTS and SHOES,
Very large assortment; some of them worth double the price we ask for them—auction bargains.

Domestics of every description
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY
PLOWS and PLOW CASTINGS,
PATENT MEDICINES

Fresh Groceries
Receiving Daily.

Indeed, every thing usually found in a first class country store; all of which will be sold at unusually low figures, and upon terms to suit the times.

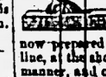
Give me a call before purchasing, and avoid the regret of paying more for your goods than your neighbors.

R. V. BRADDOCK.

nov 2

C. F. WALLIS. B. F. GRIMES.

WALLIS & GRIMES.
CARPENTERS,
CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,
SENECA, Montgomery Coun y, Md.,



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

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

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

mar 9—1

Poetry.

MIDNIGHT.

BY MARIA E. BISSEL.

'Tis midnight; and dense shadows throng around;
The stars, asleep within their sable tents,
No longer gem earth's diadem, but cast
A solemn silence o'er the depth profound.
The mighty wind down deep in ocean's cave
Enchained, can only chant an answering lay
To the low murmur from the pale sea-shell,
Till gladd'ning sunbeams from the fount of light
Recall the prisoner from his misty couch
To whirl in sportive glee on dancing waves.
Thus the pure soul from earthly scenes withdrawn,
Falls back upon itself; and deeper thoughts
Throng the immensity. Eternity,
Revolving in a circle through the brain,
Throws pictured shadows of the scenes of life
Upon the mental view, till the tried soul
Soars onward to a higher walk with God;
And, as the roseate tint of dawn awakes,
With shining beam, the placid water's crest,
So does the halo from the throne of heaven
Descend, and, resting on the weary soul,
Lights a pure touch within the prisoner's heart
To guide it to its home, *eternal rest.*

A Popular Story.

LOVE'S MIRACLE; OR,
THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

BY J. W. BRICE.

That man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

Are the blessings of music, in its influence upon our social comfort and our happiness, sufficiently well understood? I have thought not, albeit a most unmusical person myself, at least so far as talent and cultivation in the science are concerned. Who, that has felt its charms when doubts perplexed and cares gathered thick around him, but must acknowledge his gratitude to the Soother and the Comforter? Who that has known its inspiration at some moment when the latent fire slumbered, waiting only a magical breath to wake it into flame, but must own himself tributary to its power? Yet how few of us cultivate a closer intimacy with the angel who so often visits us! I know there are a thousand reasons for the neglect of music, and yet not one of them which is valid. It is the one talent which we hide in the earth, and the Master might justly condemn us therefor to outer darkness. It is no excuse to say that we lack capacity, opportunity, means, or that so-and-so plays or sings better, or that we have not the time to spare.—It is all a wilful closing of the eyes and hardening of the heart. *No house should be without music.* The simplest strain has its mission and its influence; the humblest song awakes emotion in some heart and tends to good.

That music excites a true and honest enthusiasm, quells the darker passions, and exerts a purifying influence over the human mind, there can be no doubt.—All that is heroic in the soul, all that is soft and yielding in the heart, all that is generous and noble in human nature yields its treasure to music's magic touch, as freely as the rock of Horeb did its refreshing waters to that of the prophet's wand. A bad man may love music, but no man is bad while under its influence. It may be said that music has often lent its charms to immorality and vice, that ribald glees and Bacchanalian songs have too often contributed to the downfall of youth; but the fault was only that the bad ministers at her shrine perverted her ravished beauties to unholy purposes.—It chastens the impulses in the hearts of a thousand where it degrades them in one. It is the universal language of emotion, which needs no translation, since it is everywhere understood and appreciated. Its eloquence surpasses all other modes of expression, and draws the most certain tribute to its appeals; and while prosperity reveals in its unrivalled, but innocent enjoyments, poverty may draw not only comfort, but sustenance from its treasures. Oliver Goldsmith, the most charming of English poets, travelled through Europe, with his flute for a letter of credit, and the little foreigners who almost desecrate the art by their crude efforts in our streets gather pennies even where avarice reigns. Let me give an interesting reminiscence of my student life, while talking of music.

When I was at B—— College, Kentucky, I had a friend who drew as largely on my love and esteem as ever did mortal man, and well was he worthy of confidence, for a nobler youth than Albert Kline I never knew. He was of German extraction, and there was a dignity and reserve in his manner, but a depth of feeling and enthusiasm in his nature characteristic of his origin. He was as true and devoted as a night of the olden chivalry, and as generous as prince; and he was a prince, a monarch, for in one fair bosom he reigned supreme.

How shall I describe Hetty Buford, with her blue laughing eyes, and the shower of golden curls that fell around her proud little head, the sylphlike form that floated in graceful undulation through the dance, and her bewitching smile, that beamed with delight! A bright and joyous creature was Hetty, and if she loved Albert Kline, with his manly beauty and his noble disposition, in the depths of his great heart was her image shrined and worshiped. Hetty Buford was a being of exquisite sensibilities; her soul was attuned to poetry and music. How often have I seen her hang on his arm, in some evening walk, listening in rapt attention to the eloquent words that fell from his lips, and drinking in the thoughts of his inspired genius! Strange to say, however, there was one subject on which a perfect sympathy did not seem to exist between them, and that was music. Albert was fond enough of a song, and when Hetty warbled and trilled forth her birdlike notes, he found it very pleasant to listen, but he had no talent that way himself. He was never known to sing a song or touch a musical instrument. In speaking, the modulations of his voice were exquisite, and his ear was sensitive to the euphony of language; but his thoughts and feelings had never found expression in music. He had borne the jokes of his fellow collegians on this subject with seeming indifference; but when rallied by Hetty, whose wit was piquant, as well as playful, a shade would sometimes cross his brow. What a malign influence is it that loves to pick a flaw in the most seemingly perfect human bliss? Whence that little subtle spirit of mischief that finds its way into the hearts of the truest and fondest, and sows dissension there? Alas, no human mind was ever in perfect tune; there are strings that will jar at the slightest touch, and send wild discord through the soul. Hetty Buford, piqued by some allusion among her companions to this defect in the model of her faultless hero, rallied Albert a little too sharply, and then, in conclusion, bade him playfully become a minstrel, on forfeit of her high displeasure. What his reply was I do not know, but from that hour a cloud seemed to have settled between them, and their hearts were estranged. I saw that my friend suffered, and, to my inquiries as to the cause, he returned a frank reply. He was wounded not only in his love, but his vanity.

"But, my dear Albert," said I, "suppose you were really to learn music. I know that you have it in you."

"No, no, Jack, I have not the slightest talent that way; and if I had, do you suppose I would acknowledge myself the slave of a girl's whim? Must I crouch and play the fool for her idle jests?"

I pushed my chance suggestion no further in his then mood; but, on a subsequent occasion, I was still more unfortunate. In a moment of confidence, I got him to attempt to sing a verse, for the foolish idea possessed me that he really had musical talents. I forgot by what device I trapped him, but remember distinctly his failure was so decided that I laughed right out. From that moment, he would not bear any allusion to Hetty Buford, or his former relations with her; and I loved him too sincerely, and was too sorry for the unhappiness I knew he suffered, ever to advert to the subject.

And how was it with Hetty herself? To the world she was as gay and brilliant as ever; nay, if anything, more so; but I, who possessed the key to her thoughts, as it were, who watched her closely, could detect something forced in her manner, and an unwonted asperity and sarcasm in her tone. With me, when by ourselves, she was natural, though less gay; but she never mentioned Albert's name, nor, much as I loved and admired them both, did I dare to interfere. True, I was a good deal with her, and watched her with jealous care, and she seemed to be thankful for my attention, and to regard me as a brother.

The estrangement had taken place not long before vacation, and Albert had gone away. On his return, he seemed to have lost his taste for society, and became a harder student than ever. Two months more passed, and the winter set in. There was much gayety in the little town where we were, but it was seldom my friend would join in it. Once, on the occasion of a brilliant party, to be given at the splendid residence of General Buford, Hetty's father, which was about a mile from town, and that once only, did Hetty allude to him.

"Will you be so good as to say to your friend, Mr. Kline, that we will be happy to see him?" said she to me in such a quiet, matter of course way that I would only bow acquiescence.

I conveyed the invitation, and was somewhat surprised when Albert exclaimed cheerfully:—

"Well, Jack, I will certainly go with you; I feel like a little relaxation."

The party was a magnificent one, and everybody seemed to enjoy it in the highest degree. Albert and Hetty met calmly and politely, as the commonest acquaintances might. We had dancing, and music, and song, alternately. After a quadrille, there was a group near the piano, listening to a duet; as it finished, one of the performers, a sprightly girl with whom Albert had danced, arose, and, turning to him, exclaimed, in a tone half mischievous, half playful:—

"Oh! now this is such a love of a party, Mr. Kline, and we only lack one thing more to make it perfection."

"And what is that, Miss Sally?"

"A song from Mr. Kline."

"O yes! a song from Mr. Kline!—Do, Mr. Kline," exclaimed half a dozen voices. And instantly there commenced those teasing entreaties which girls know so well how to employ. Some of them were in earnest, supposing he really sang, and others were only having a jest.

I looked at Albert, and was astonished to find he was so little annoyed under the circumstances. True, there was a slight flush on his brow, and rather a troubled look in his eye, but he did not manifest the signs of displeasure which I expected. I next turned to Hetty, who was on my arm; she seemed mortified and vexed.

"Do come away," said she to me; "I don't like it at all; it is too bad, exposing him so."

There was a conservatory adjoining the parlor, and, sympathizing with her feelings, I led her there. It was the first time any opening had occurred for me to broach the subject, and I determined to avail myself of it; but it required some resolution to begin, and while I was preparing, and Hetty was nervously pulling to pieces the leaves of a rich plant, there was a sudden silence among the chatterers in the parlor which attracted the attention of us both. Then the keys of the piano were struck by a bold and skilful hand, and the tones of a rich and manly voice swelled through the room. At its very first accents Hetty started as if shot, and then, with lips apart, and pale cheek, and eyes distended, she listened as if her very soul lived only in the sounds.

It was a ballad of the olden times—I have forgotten the words, but not the subject. It represented a bright and beautiful lady, possessed of wealth, and love, and high degree, and all that the human heart could seemingly desire, but cursed with an unsatisfied disposition. She sends her knight on various perilous enterprises to secure some trifling object of her fancy, which is discarded as soon as obtained. At last, he is brought wounded and apparently dying to her feet, holding in his grasp, nevertheless, the trophy which she had coveted. His fidelity, and the touching language in which he addresses her—loyal and loving, without a murmur of reproach—awakens remorse in her bosom, and, kneeling by his side, she vows the severest penance for her fault, and the most ample amendment if he recovers. Whether he did so or not, the ballad, most provokingly, left us in doubt; but there was a pathos in the poetry, and a magic in the singer's voice, that left few dry eyes among the fair auditors. As for Hetty, the bright drops rolled down her pallid cheek, and her slight form was convulsed with emotion. I dared not obtrude a word, though, ere the song ceased, I had passed my arm around her waist to support her, and her head had fallen in grief on a brother's shoulder.

For a few seconds, all was silent, except the poor girl's low sobs; then a form approached I knew right well. I beckoned him to me, and gently yielding up my charge, I hurried away to the parlor to enjoy the wonder of the guests—my own was full as great—and to cover the retreat of my friend.

"But you deceived me, Albert; you are a musician," said Hetty, gazing fondly on him, as he knelt before her.

"No, dearest, I have learned it all in the last few months for your sake. At first, I was proud and resentful, then better feelings conquered, and I determined in some manner to atone for my fault. In Cincinnati, where I went on business during the vacation, I met an old friend and countryman of my father's; he saw that I was unhappy, and questioned me; I frankly confessed to him the whole cause; he smiled, and assured me there were few persons who could not attain some degree of excellence in music if they would only take the pains, and that in my case there was scarcely a doubt of success. I caught eagerly at the idea, and during the whole vacation I received his instructions, and he is a master in the science. Since my return to college, I have devoted every leisure hour to the studies he pointed out, and my success has been indifferently good."

"My noble Albert! But tell me; the poor knight, did he die?"

"No, they lived long and happily together. His recovery, like my metamorphosis, was LOVE'S MIRACLE!"

Where Shall we Be.

Where shall we be when our names have been forgotten and passed into oblivion, our bodies moulded into earth, and moss and ivy growing upon our tomb-stones?

Where shall we be when the Empires, Kingdoms and States that are now reared like proud fabrics over the earth have passed away—their emperors, kings, princes and statesmen laid low in the dust—their thrones subverted, and their scepters broken?

Where shall we be when the little birds, which sung so sweetly have hushed their merry songs forever, the brooks forget their complaining, and zephyrs their whispers?

Where shall we be when the fountains of oceans, lakes and rivers will be dried up? When lightning will no longer flash athwart the heavens, or play among the clouds, and the thunders cease to roll in the vaunted depths of air? When hills and mountains, dales and valleys, trees and flowers have passed away?

When a pall, black as the clouds that hover o'er Stygian lake, shall fall the sun, obscure the moon, and wrap the world in Tartarian gloom? When the great arch-angel, with trumpet and sonorous voice shall summon from their coral beds, beneath the slumbering waves of the mighty main, the marble sepulcher and the mossy tomb, the dead, both small and great. When the white cloud, the angels, and the glory of His Father shall descend, the throne be set, the Judge be seated, the books opened, and the myriads that have lived on earth since the beginning, all called to judgment? And when the scythe and glass of Time will be laid by, the just taken home to God, nature's grand laws destroyed, and amid confusion and consternation of element, the wicked driven to dreary domain of eternal night—reader, where then, shall you be?

Man's Duty to Woman.

Let him learn to be grateful to woman for this undoubted achievement of her sex, that it is she—she far more than he, and she, too, often in spite of him—who has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism—kept Mercy and Truth from being utterly overborne by these two greedy monsters—money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward or lifted up the race has been furnished for each noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy aspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan—or more than Spartan—some CHRISTIAN MOTHER. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the King's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him cheerfully remember that though the sinewy sex achieve enterprises on the boards of public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the work, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark in the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanity, her comfort.

Above all, let no man practice on woman the perpetual and shameless falsehood of pretending admiration and acting contempt. Let them not exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul.—Let them not assent to her every high opinion, as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her dependence, nor play mean convivial companions upon her honor in jests upon her husband, nor bandy unclean doubts of her, as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and by manly gentleness, be the champions of her genius, the friends of her fortunes, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.

OVER DRESSING.—The over-dressing of American ladies in the streets, at hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark among travelers from abroad, as well as sensible people at home; though to little purpose, it would seem, as at no period has the love of display been more conspicuous in our country. American women are slaves to dress; it is the bane of their life; aye, and of the male victims, too, whose lives are connected with theirs. Traveling trunks, almost as large as a small house, must be carried about, filled with all sorts of finery, for a summer jaunt to watering places, and for a winter visit to a city. The father or husband vainly remonstrates; flounced dresses and crinoline must have ample space, and there must be a variety, too, in the costumes.

"Heaven save the ladies, how they dress?" may we well exclaim. Why will they not become more practical? Does the most fastidious critic of female beauty admire a young lady in full toilette more than in simple dress? If beautiful there is no need of ornament; if plain, she would appear without pretension. We have known ladies who have traveled through the continent of Europe with only a small trunk to contain their wardrobe, and they found a wonderful relief in not having "too much to wear."

PRINT IT IN LETTERS OF GOLD.—A father, whose son was addicted to some vicious propensities, bade the boy to drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a fault; and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In the course of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one the nails are drawn out; the delighted father commended him for his noble, self-denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults.

"They are all drawn," said the parent.

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness. With a heavy heart he replied: "True, father, but the scars are still there."

Parents who would have their children grow to sound and healthy characters, must sow the seed at their firesides.—Charitable associations can reform the man, and perhaps make him a useful member of society; but, alas! the scars are there! The reformed drunkard, gambler and thief is only the wreck of the man he once was; he is covered with scars, dishonorable scars, which will disfigure his character as long as he shall live.

EVERY DAY ARGUMENTS.—To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work.

To expect your tradespeople will give you a long credit if they generally see you in a shabby condition.

To tell your own secrets and believe other people will keep them.

The Necessity of Labor.

The notion is false that genius can sustain its aims without labor. All the great minds who have left their marks upon the history of the world's progress have paid for their success and notoriety by the price of unremitting toil and labor. Napoleon Bonaparte worked hard and incessantly, and has been known to exhaust the energies of several secretaries at one time. Charles XII. of Sweden frequently tired out all his officers. The Duke of Wellington was the hardest working man in the Peninsula; his energies never flagged. Milton, from his youth, applied himself with such indefatigable application to the study of letters that it occasioned weakness of sight and ultimate blindness. The labor of Sir Walter Scott is evident in the number of his literary productions, and it is apparent to every reader that the immense masses of general information which abound throughout his multitudinous works can only have been acquired by dint of many years' hard study. Byron was in the habit of reading even at his meals. Luther made it a rule to translate a verse of the Bible every day. This soon brought him to the completion of his labors, and it was a matter of astonishment to Europe that, in the multiplicity of his other labors, besides travelling, he could find the time to prepare such a surprising work. Newton and Locke pursued their studies with tireless efforts, and Pope sought retirement so that he might pursue his literary operations without interruption and distraction. Industry is essential to all. By forming the habit of doing something useful every day a man increases his own amount of happiness, and enlarges that of others about him. Many a one, by a judicious use of the odd moments, those little vacancies in every-day life which occur to all, have rendered themselves famous among their fellows. Nature is preserved in its proper working condition by constant exertion; and man, to keep in a healthful condition of mind and body, must exert his mental and physical faculties; the constant employment of the first will give the strength of character, so that it is capable of thinking on any subject at any time, and by active bodily exertion he preserves his health, fortune, and worldly position. The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere "of what his brother died?" "He died, sir," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

Female Gift of Conversation.

Ladies, particularly in France and England, have exercised often a controlling influence in social and political life by brilliant conversational powers, by which they attracted to their own circle the ablest men of the day, and through them gave direction to public movements.—There is a sensible loss of power in our day in this particular, and an English writer of note attributes it to the multiplicity of studies pursued at school, which not only distract the mind, but occupy the evenings which ought to be given to familiar conversation. He says:

"It should be as much a matter of duty and of conscience to insist on out-door exercise, and in-door social recreation, as upon any of the regular exercise of the school-room. To allow them to encroach upon the later hours of the day, and upon the graceful household duties and recreations which either are or ought to be provided for every girl at home; in other words, to subordinate the home training to school training, or to intermit the former in favor of the latter, is a most ruinous mistake. It is bad even in an intellectual point of view.

"To say nothing of other disadvantages, it deprives girls of the best opportunities they can ever have of learning that most feminine, most beautiful, most useful of all accomplishment—the noble art of conversation. For conversation is an art as well as a gift. It is learned best by familiar intercourse between the young and old, in leisure unreserve of the evening social circle. But when young girls are banished from this circle by pressure of school-tasks, talking with their schoolmates till they, come out into society, but monopolised entirely by young persons of their own age they easily learn to mistake chatter for conversation, and 'small talk' becomes for life their only medium of exchange. Hence, with all of the intellectual training of the day, there never was a greater dearth of intellectual conversation."

☞ "Hello, Sam—so you've got to work again?" said a waggish friend of ours as he entered the shop of an acquaintance. "No, Jim—nary job yet!" replied Sam. "Then what are you doing filing saws?" "Filing saws, Jim? Why I haint been filing anything."

"What were you doing a minute ago as I came in?"

"Nothing—only sitting here and singing."

"*Singing?* were you *singing?*"

"Yes!"

"Oh, that's it then!" replied Jim with an innocent air; "*I thought* you were *filing a saw.*"

☞There is an old maid in this State, so ugly, that whenever she crosses a bridge, the water all dams up above, being too frightened to pass under.

☞A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.