Montgomery County Sentinel.

Three 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, JUNE 21, 1861. — Vol. VI.—No. 45.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

A Southern Invention.

WOODWORTH'S

COMPOUND TOILET & WASHING SOAP

Patented March 5th 1860.

THE subscriber having purchased of Mr. Woodworth the Patent Right for Montgomery county, Md., for his IMPROVED SOAP, now offers for sale

Family Rights.

Also, SOAPS of every description manufactured by his process.

The subscriber has tested this soap thoroughly, and can, with confidence, recommend it to the citizens of Montgomery county. It is decidedly the

Cheapest and Best Soap

that has ever been made, and at the same time the mode of manufacturing the simplest that has ever been discovered. It can be made in TEN MINUTES. Any one can heat over the fire a quantity of water, and turn the same into the best Toilet or Washing Soap. It is made without any offensive smell. There is no lye or grease used, being made entirely from chemicals. It has been analyzed by some of the best chemists, and found to contain nothing that will injure the most delicate fibres, or the skin.

This soap has been used by thousands of families for the last six months, and it is universally preferred to any other, wherever it is known, both for its superior quality as a washing and toilet soap, and for the great economy there is in using it, being cheaper by

Several hundred per cent.

than any other soap known. Every family should use it, and its merits only to be known to be benefit to every household and laundress in the land.

The chemicals for its manufacture can be obtained at any Drug store, at a very trifling expense.

FAMILY RIGHTS, or any of the Soaps, can be obtained on the subscriber. Any one purchasing a family right, and are dissatisfied after giving the soap a fair trial, can return it, if required by the person purchasing a right, make some of the soap.

PERRY TRAIL.

dec 7—tf — Rockville, Md.

ROCKVILLE, Dec. 6th, 1860.

MR. TRAIL: The specimens of soap you gave me, I caused to be thoroughly tried, and found them to be all you represented. I have never seen any soaps to equal them, both for their superior quality, and for the great economy there is in using it. I therefore recommend them to the public. A. F. BOSWELL.

ATTENTION,

ALL YE LOVERS OF GOOD COFFEE!

Save your Money, and always have Good Coffee!

This can be done by using 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 as in the roasting. It therefore requires less coffee.

A pound of coffee can be roasted in from twelve to twenty minutes, and two pounds in twenty minutes. It is so constructed, that the contents are kept constantly in motion, and exposed to the same degree of heat, consequently all the grains are roasted alike, and have equally the same flavor, as certain parts of a berry required from over roasting, or not roasting enough. A glass window is provided at the top of the cylinder, so that the coffee may be watched just as much as if it was in an open dish, 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.

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. Talbert, Esq., where, at all times, can be had at prices to suit the times a full supply of Fine Goods, Groceries, and all articles usually kept in a first-class country store.

WM. A. CUMMING.

dec 15—1y

U. S. Mail Stages.

THE subscriber is running a Line of Stages between Washington and Rockville, and Rockville and Frederick, carrying the U. S. mail—leaves the Willard House, 6th and D Streets, Washington, every morning (Sundays excepted) at 4 o'clock, and arrives at Rockville by 11—and leaves Rockville, at 1, P. M., and arrives in Washington by 5. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, connects at Rockville with his line through to Forest Oak, Middlebrook, Clarksburg, Hyattstown, Urbana, and arrives at Frederick by 5 o'clock, P. M. Leaves Frederick on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—leaves the City Hotel, Frederick, Md., at 5 o'clock, A. M., and arriving at Rockville in time to connect with his line to Washington.

He has a Thorough-brace Four-Horse Coach on the road between Washington, and Rockville, and Two-Horse Coaches between Rockville and Frederick, with good teams, and in the hands of careful and accommodating drivers.

Persons travelling on this line may depend on a safe and pleasant ride, as nothing shall be wanting on the part of the proprietor to render the passengers every comfort and convenience in his power.

BENJ. COOLEY, Proprietor.

N.B.—He also has HORSES, BUGGIES and HACKS for hire, or will send passengers to any part of the county or district on reasonable terms.

B. COOLEY.

Rockville, March 22, 1861.

Auctioneering.

JULIUS W. BOSWELL respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Montgomery as Auctioneer. From his long experience in selling, he feels confident that he will give the reader general satisfaction.

He will attend to sales in any part of the county, and his terms will be such as cannot fail to please. All orders addressed to him at Rockville, Darnestown, or Poolesville, will be promptly attended to.

[dec 14-tf

The Greatest Invention of the Age!

CALL AND SEE HEERMAN'S CELEBRATED COFFEE ROASTER, which can only be obtained of the subscriber, at the store of John H. Talbert, Esq., in Rockville.

WM. A. CUMMING.

MARRIAGE BLANKS, of every description, for sale at this office.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Dr C. A. HARDING,

Practicing Physician,

NEXT DOOR TO THE "SENTINEL" OFFICE,

ROCKVILLE, Md.

mar 30—tf

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

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.

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

MILLWRIGHTING.

THE undersigned adopt this method of informing the Millers and Millowners of Montgomery and the surrounding counties, that we make this day entered into a copartnership, and are prepared to do all kinds of MILLWRIGHTING, at the shortest notice and at prices to suit the times.

We hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

ZEIGLER & CARR.

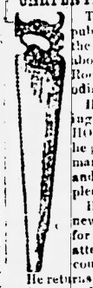
We would call special attention to the fact, that we are the only authorized agents in the State of Maryland for the sale of Symons's Improved Patent TURBINE WATER-WHEEL, which, when built and set to work by us, we guarantee to yield from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of the power of the water used.

Satisfactory references given when required.

Address ZEIGLER & CARR,
Brookville, Montgomery Co., Md.

April 11, 1860. [may 3-tf]

CARPENTERING & UNDERTAKING.



THE citizens of Rockville, and the public generally, are informed that the undersigned still carries on the above business, at his old stand in Rockville, nearly opposite the Methodist Parsonage, in all its branches.

He will attend to all work pertaining to the CARPENTERING and HOUSE-JOINING Business, which he guarantees to be done in the best manner, and most fashionable style, and on terms that cannot fail to please.

Having furnished himself with a new Hearse, and the best materials for manufacturing COFFINS, he will attend to Funerals in any part of the county.

He returns his thanks for the patronage heretofore extended, and humbly asks a continuance, pledging himself that nothing on his part shall be left undone to render satisfaction.

feb. 26—1y — WM. E. PUMPHREY.

C. P. WALLIS. — B. F. CRIME

WALLIS & CRIMES.

CARPENTERS,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

SENECA, Montgomery County, Md.

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

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

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

mar 9—y

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

HAVING purchased, FOR CASH, a full and complete Stock of FIRST CLASS

Groceries, Wines,

Teas and Liquors,

suitable for family use, I am now prepared to sell the same at prices as reasonable as any House in the District.

I am determined to keep constantly on hand every article to be found in a *FIRST CLASS GROCERY AND LIQUOR ESTABLISHMENT*, and always purchasing *for cash*, persons will find it to their advantage to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

T. A. CARROLL.

Corner of First and High Streets, Georgetown, D. C.

may 23—1y

[From the American Farmer.]

JUNE.

"How mild is the zephyr that blows!
What fragrance his balmy wings bear—
He breathes as if fearful to brush from the rose
The dew-drops so tremulous there!
The stream flowing gently beside the green cresses
So lightsomely dashes their tendrils away—
It seems some fond mother who while she caresses,
Would sportfully chide her young children at play.
Hear the minstrel-bee lulling the blossom to rest,
For the nectar he sips as the wild-flowers' guest."

THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

There could be no shadow where there be no light, no eclipse were there no luminary to be obscured, no dark side to things spiritual and natural were there no bright; and the former implies and testifies to the existence of the latter.

"Let the night be ne'er so dark
The moon is surely *somewhere* in the sky."

To discover that moon beneath its thickest shroud, to have perfect faith in the reality of this sunny side to all creation, to seek it out with unflagging hope, to draw it from the gloomiest abyss, until it rise radiant as Truth from the depth of her fabled well—oh! that is one of the most joy-imparting, peace-producing, wealth-coining of all life's secrets.

Doubtless, Dr Johnson meant to convey a very impressive counsel when he said that the habit of looking on the best side of every event was "far better than a thousand pounds a year," but we think he made a very low estimate of the value of that blessed faculty which lines all the clouds with silver.

Wealth cannot be computed by our actual possessions, but by the exorbitance or moderation of our desires; nor happiness gauged by the enjoyments within our grasp, but by those after which we aspire. Sunny temperaments smilingly deem whatever they receive sufficient, and neither their affluence nor their felicity have no regard to pound or pence, weights and measures. To them Poverty wears the graceful robes of Content, and would look no fairer in the diadem of Luxury. To them the stream of Sorrow is like that fountain of Anletus, which rose salted from the earth, but sweetened in its course, for their grief can have no lasting taste of bitterness. There is a clear, blue firmament in their souls where the star of Hope always shines, piercing the most noisome vapors that ascend from a pestilential world beneath.

Alas! how few is the number of these bright and brightening natures! How countless are the hosts of those who resolutely turn their eyes from the golden light gleaming through the darkness of life's picture; who, with irrational perversity, augment all its shadows!—who, when calamities threaten, experience all their anguish in anticipation—who, when sorrows really arrive, magnify their sum; and who, even when griefs are removed, cling to their sombre remembrance, and torture themselves with evoking phantoms of departed woe!

Sometimes this morbid tendency of the mind to "take trouble on interest," to multiply its actual amount, and conjure up its vanished ghosts, is inherent and hereditary.

Then it gives birth to a demon difficult, indeed, to exercise, for his feet are planted among the deepest fibres of the heart, and his murky form rises in giant strength, and possesses the soul as a lawful home. Religion, reason, and philosophy must unite in a powerful triad, and wage fierce war against the fiend before he can be cast out, and life's sunny side can be revealed to the spirit he has enslaved.

Sometimes this despondency of character is the off-spring of sheer ingratitude, and a disregard of, or disbelief in, the perpetual guidance of an ever-ruling Providence. Then is the daily punishment it entails no heavier than its sin, and the sunny side shall never be disclosed to those unthankful hearts until they are cleansed and illumined.

Sometimes this mental gloom springs from purely physical causes. D'Israeli takes a very prosaic, but common sense, and useful view of the subject, when he says, "our domestic happiness often depends upon the state of our biliary or digestive organs, and the little disturbances of conjugal life may be more efficaciously cured by the physician than the moralist." Happily the bilious mists that veil the sunshine from the eyes of this dismal class of beings may be dispelled by a few strokes of the cabalistic pen, and the sufferer find an open sesame to the sunny region conveyed in a medical prescription.

Oh, if we only believed that on the stormiest sea, in the dreariest night, the mysterious finger of Divine Providence is always pointing to some faint, far off, beacon flame, which will grow larger the more steadily we gaze, and become brighter and brighter and brighter as faith takes her seat at the helm and guides our bark nearer and nearer, until we behold a luminous harbor of consolation rising out of the chaotic gloom, from how much hopeless anguish we should be shielded! If we could only be convinced that the saddest event has its sunny side, how many hours groping in despairing darkness we should escape! If we would only resolutely use our eyes to search for that sunny side, how many tears they would be spared. If we could only accept the interpretation of the term happiness which supposes it (in the words of Diana Muloch) "to consist in having our highest faculties most highly developed, and in use to their fullest extent," how quickly we should be numbered with the dwellers upon that glorious sunny side of the earth.

Waterloo the Day after the Battle.

On the surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth, and the surface trodden down by the cavalry and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewed with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered firearms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments, lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plumes and pennons; musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, bugles; but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field?—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amid its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses—friend and foe intermingled as they were—often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals as difficult, and sometimes impossible. * * In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in bootless essay by the musketry of the inner files. Further on, you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gay charges which had carried Albion's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tirailleur lay side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer. On the summit of the ridge, the ground was cumbered with the dead, and trodden fetlock deep in the mud and gore by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, the favored corps, on whom his last chances rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable to a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the old Guard attempted to meet the British and afford time to their disorganized companies to rally.

JEWELS ON THE ALTAR OF HER COUNTRY.—The Richmond Examiner record the following:

"One of the most amiable and fashionable young belles of our city, on yesterday, placed in the hands of a friend her casket of jewels, valued at $1,200, which she instructed him to sell to the best account, and appropriate the proceeds to the benefit of such volunteer soldiers of the State as might require it. This generous gift was not all, however; she promised to put by, from her "pin money," one dollar each day as long as the revolution might continue, the aggregate to be handed over quarterly to some responsible party for purposes the same as above. Lastly, she has patriotically determined never to wear a jewel or ornament of any kind, until the independence of the South is recognized by the federal government and the world."

A WORD TO BOYS.—Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas, and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age—boys, like you, assembled in the school rooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic?—Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The kings, presidents, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future, all are boys, whose feet like yours, cannot reach the floor when seated on the benches on which they are learning to master the monosylables of their respective language.

An Irishman thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the Falls of Niagara. Paddy arrived at the Falls and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman:

"And is that Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what is there here to make such a bother about?"

"Do you not see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?"

Walter R. Hullock, of Kentucky, a nephew of John C. Breckinridge, has been appointed a second lieutenant in the Confederate army.

Tail-Holt Better than no Holt.

The following laughable affair is from a book entitled *Fisher's River Scenes and Characters*. The incident is located in North Carolina. It is the story of a man named "Oliver Stanley," who was taken by wild "Ingins." After some consideration, they put him in an empty oil barrel, and headed him up, leaving the bunghole open that he might be longer dying. The prisoner relates a portion of his experience in this wise:

I determined to get out'n that or burst a trace; and so I pounded away with my fist till I beat it into a jelly at the end of the barrel; but it were no go. Then I butted away my noggin, but had no purchase like old rams have when they butt; for you know, they back ever so far when they make a tilt. So I eaved in, made my last will and testament, and testamunt, and virtually gave up the ghost. It wur a mighty serious time with me for sure. While I were lying thar balancing accounts with t'other world and afore I had all my figgers made out to see how things 'ud stand I hearn suthin scrambulatin' in the leaves and snorting every whipstich like he smelt suthin he didn't adzactly like. I lay as still as a salamander, an' I thought may be there's a chance for Stanley yit. So the critter whatever he mout be, kep' moseyin' round the bar'l. Last he he came to the bunghole, put his nose in, smelt mighty perticler, and gin a monstrous loud snort. I belt what little breath I had to keep the critter from smellin' the internals of the bar'l. I soon see it was a bar of the woods, who had lived there from time immortal. Thinks I, old fellow, look out; old Oliver ain't dead yit. Just then, he put his black paw in jist as far as he could, and scrabbled about to make some 'scovery. The first tho't I had was to nab his paw, as a drowndin' man would catch at a straw; but I soon seen that wouldn't do, for you see he couldn't then travel. So I jist waited a spell with great flaterbation of mind. The next move he made was to put his tail in at the bunghole of the bar'l to test its innards. I seen it were my time to make my jack; so I seized my holt, and shouted at the top of my voice:

"Charge, Chester, Charge!
On Stanley, On!"

And the bar, he put, and I know tail-holt were better than no holt, and so we went, bar'l and all, the bar at full speed.

Now my hope were that the bar would *jump over some persimmons*, break the bar'l all to shiverations, and liberate me from my nasty stinkin ily prison. And sure nuff, the bar at full speed leaped over a cuterack *fifty feet high*. Down we went together in a pile, cowfallup, on a big rock, bursin' the bar'l and nearly shakin' my gizzard out'n me. I let go my tail holt—had no use for it—and away went the bar like a whirlgust on wooden clocks were after it. I've never seen nor hear't of that bar since, but he has my best wishes for his present and future welfare.

The following letter from Mrs. Jefferson Davis, was written in acknowledgments of the receipt of a beautiful work-box, manufactured and presented to her by several patriotic misses of Montgomery:

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 29, 1861.

My Dear Young Ladies—Permit me before thanking you for your kind present and wishes for my husband's welfare, to congratulate you upon the secession of Virginia—the birthplace of my mother, as well yours. The elder and honored sister of the Southern States is received with tearful joy among us, and many hands will fashion stars with which to mark this brilliant accession to our galaxy. The possession of a work-box manufactured by little southern girls, so industrious, so enthusiastic and so patriotic, will be much prized by me, and I will leave it to my daughter with the note which precedes it, as a precious legacy. Long ere you reach the responsibility of a useful womanhood, may we have united peace and independence in our Southern Confederacy.

Wishing you, my dear young friends, a long, a happy life, I have the honor to be, very gratefully and sincerely,

Your friend,

VARINA DAVIS.

A good old Dutchman and his vrow sat up till gaping time, when the latter, after a full stretch, said: "I vish I vas in Heaven."

Hans also yawned and replied: "I vish I vas in der athill house."

Katarina's eyes flew wide open, as she exclaimed: "I be pound for you, you always vish yourself in der pest place!"

An old lady walked into the office of a judge of probate and asked—"Are you the judge of reprobates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply.—"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my father detested, and he left several infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been *shaved* by them," the wretch replied.

Married—Mr. John Strange to Miss Mary Strange. Strange indeed. The next thing may be a *little stranger*.

Truth alone is knowledge.

Hood's Skill at Punning.

The following scraps, taken from Hood's Literary Remains, appear to be hints adapted for insertion in any article they may suit. A part were found in his pocket-book:

My father, a character in "our family," gives a large donation to a blind man, because he himself is enjoying a fine prospect.

If three barley corns make an inch, how many corns go to a foot? Uncertain. Bunyan says thirty-six.

Two young Irishmen, for cheapness, and to divide their expenses, agree the one to board, and the other to lodge.

"Worming out secrets." After a shower the worms come forth; so, wet a man's clay, and you will soon see his secrets.

A cold friend is but a mulled ice as uncomfortable as a day just too warm for a fire—a plum in marble.

A Quaker makes a pleasure of his business; and then, for relaxation, makes a business of his pleasure.

Some men pretend to *penetration*, who have not *half-penny*tration.

The French always put the cart before the horse: *Pere la Chaise*, for a chaise and pair.

Mutes at a door hint at life's mutability.

A Quaker loves the ocean for its broad brim.

A parish clerk's amenity of disposition.

A man that took perpetual physic to improve the expression of his face.

Puny draughts can hardly be called drinking—*pints* cannot be deemed *potations*.

"I've lost the best of men and got a better."

—Put up his hay wet, for fear of incendiarism.

The Germans would have made Adam of pipe-clay.

As superior in strength as A-bility to D-bility.

If seeing is believing, Milton was a skeptic.

A surgeon who courted a lady, and, when rejected, charged for his visits.

Dragon-flies, all head and tail, like glorified tadpoles on gauzy wings.

A good church minister described as piety parsonified.

Beautiful Answers.

A pupil of the Abbe Sicard gave the following extraordinary answer:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—a line that has no end."

"What is time?"

"A line that has two ends—a path that begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch-maker of the universe, the soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates—he decides. God is omniscient he never doubts—He therefore never reasons."

A strange spectacle was witnessed on the Illinois river a few days ago. In tow of the Revolute, going north, was a large, on which reposed a two-story frame house. This house is the property of a man who lived in it in St. Louis. Becoming alarmed at the late commotion, he had his house moved, as stated, and taken to another State. His family went along with him. While going up the river the man's dog sat in the door, the cat reclined lazily at a window, and the good wife carried on the household work as usual.

THE WRONG ROAD.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son. I have been on my way there for eighteen years."

"Well, good-bye, old fellow! If you've been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance, not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

Grief murmurs; anger roars; impatience frets; but happiness, like a calm river, flows on in quiet sunlight, without a ripple or a fall to mark the rushing on of time toward eternity.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest luster from the number of the *saved*, not of the *slain*.

The purest metal is produced from the hotest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

The Virginia State Convention re-assembled at Richmond on the 12th.

Our Creed.

We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore, to be manured.

We believe in large crops which leave the lands better than they found it—making both the farmer and the farm rich at once.

We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil plow.

We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil, is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano will be of little use.

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning-piano, a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve: in farms that grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers' daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whisky till honest people are ashamed of them.

Discouraging Children.

It is related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell my father of it, for he always said I had no brains," he replied. How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark, contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown-up person tells a child he is brainless, foolish or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed, or if not fully believed, the thought that it may be partially so, acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look back to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him, as to tell upon his whole future course of life.

We knew an ambitious boy, who at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not only mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies, that he seemed to himself the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities or capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved him." The moment he thought he thought he could do well he resolved that he would and he has done well. Parents these are important considerations.

How to Disarm an Enemy.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is imbued with honey. Hence those who are much exposed to the venom of these little creatures, when they have occasion to drive bees, or to take a nest of wasps, smear their face and hands with honey, which is found to be the best preservative.—When we are annoyed with insult, persecution and opposition, from perverse and malignant men, the defence against their venom is to have our spirit bathed in honey. Let every part be saturated with meekness, gentleness, forbearance and patience; and the most spiteful enemy will be disappointed in his endeavors to inflict a sting. We shall remain uninjured, while his venom returns, to corrode his own malignant bosom; or what is far better, the honey with which he comes into contact will neutralize his gall; tee coals of forgiving love will dissolve his hatred, and the good returned for evil will overcome evil with good.—*Golden Rule.*

A GOOD RULE.—As a universal rule in health, and with very rare exceptions, in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes. Persons rarely err in the quality of the food eaten; nature's instincts are the wise regulators in this respect.

Dean Swift said with much truth: "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never reasoned into. The best argument will be thrown away upon a fool."

A wag was once heard to say, that the difference between the Southern and Northern people is, those in the South never sell anything they can eat, while those in the North never eat anything they can sell.

The purest metal is produced from the hotest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.

Col. John B. Lamar, of Macon, Ga., was the first subscriber to the cotton loan. His subscription was six thousand bales; worth say $850,000.