

# 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

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1862.

Vol. VII.—No. 35.

By M. Fields.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

### Law Partnership.

WEISS BOUIC & THOMAS ANDERSON, having entered into co-partnership in the practice of law, will give prompt attention to all business put into their hands. Feb 7-17

### A CARD.

DR. E. WOOTTON, a professional services to the citizens of Rockville District, and particularly to those of the neighborhood in which he is located. He can at all times be found at the residence of Mrs. RICHARD MAURICE, unless called away professionally. Oct 18-12m

### Law Partnership.

RICHARD J. BOWIE & JOHN T. VINSON, Jr., of Rockville, Montgomery County, Md., have entered into co-partnership 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, Dec 7-17. JOHN T. VINSON.

### Female Seminary.

THE Seminary of the Misses Water & Dupont, will open for the reception of pupils the 26th day of August, 1861. For Board and Tuition, per year, \$140.00 Day Scholars, per quarter of 11 weeks, \$30.00 Fuel, per session, 5.00 Music on the Piano, Guitar and Melodeon per quarter each, 10.00 Lessons in Writing will also be given at the Seminary every Saturday morning from 9 to 10 o'clock—12 lessons for \$1.50. August 23-31

### AUCTIONEERING.

AT every reasonable rate by the county agent, S. A. MATAACK, General Advertising Agent, Rockville, Md. March 21

### Auctioneering.

JAMES W. BOSWELL, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Montgomery County as Auctioneer. From his long experience in selling, he can confidently say he will be able to render general satisfaction. He will attend to sales in any part of the county, and his terms will be such as to give satisfaction. All orders addressed to him at Rockville, Darnestown, or Poolesville, will be promptly attended to. Dec 14-17

### AUCTIONEERING.

W. H. ALLEN, Auctioneer, will attend to sales in any portion of the county, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. His charges are moderate. All orders left at the "Sentinel" office, or directed to me at Rockville, will be promptly attended to. Dec 14-17

### UNDERTAKING.

THE undersigned having procured a NEW HEARSE is prepared to attend to all calls made in that line, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. CRAPE, GLOVES, and all articles generally used at funerals, furnished at Washington City retail prices. All orders left at E. C. Decker's or A. C. SUTHERLAND'S, Seventh Street Plank Road, will be promptly attended to. B. C. KING, Oak Grove, D. C., Oct. 18, 1861

### WASHINGTON HOTEL.

ROCKVILLE, Maryland.

### FERRY TRAIL.

Proprietor. THE undersigned having leased the above establishment, which is now undergoing thorough repair, would respectfully solicit the continuance of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon it. He assures his friends and the public generally, that every effort 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 of the market affords; and at the bar will be found the choicest brands of Liquors and Segars. THE STABLES attached to the house are large and commodious, and as soon as the winter season will be employed, persons stopping at his house may rely upon their horses being well attended to. His charges will be very moderate. Feb 10-17

### 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 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 acquired 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 mode of operating them, to his friends and the public. They can be seen at the Store of John H. Brown, 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 11-17

## Poetry.

We venture to say that there are few mothers whose hearts will not swell responsively to the tender sentiments expressed in the following lyric. Every stanza is brimful of unshed tears. M. N. S. [From the Maryland News Sheet.]

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Dedicated to Mrs. ———, ST. LOUIS.

Father! in the little fray, Shelter thy dear child, I pray! Nerve his young arm with the might Of Justice, Liberty and Right. Where the rebel's deadliest falls, Where stern duty loudly calls, Father! guard, oh! guard my child— From harm that would befall him!

Where the foe rush swift and strong, Madly striving for the wrong; Where the clashing arms men wield, Ring above the battle-field: Where the stilling air is but With turning shells and whistling shot— Father! to my boy's brave breast Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

Father! if my woman's heart— Frail and weak in every part— Wanders from thy mercy seat After those disastrous feet, Let thy tender, pitying grace Every selfish thought erase; If this mother-love be wrong— Pardon, O God, and make me strong.

For, when silent shades of night Shut the bright world from my sight— When around the cheerful fire Gather brothers, sisters, aye— There I miss my boy's bright face From his old familiar place, And my sad heart wanders back To tented field and bivouac.

Often in my troubled sleep— Waking, scarcely to weep— Over-dressing in my nest, Calling every anxious fear— Often startled by the flash Of hostile swords that meet and clash, Till the cautious snore and rust Hide him from my eyes one more!

Thus I dream—and hope and pray! But I know his cause is just, And I leave all my trust In thy promise— As thy day So shall the strength be— always! Yet I need thy guidance still! Father! let me do thy will!

If new sorrow should befall— If my little boy should fall— If the bright light I have blessed On the cold earth find its rest— Still, with all the mother's heart, Turn, and caring with the smart, I would kiss, with thy chastening rod, To his country and his God.

### An Interesting Story.

THE OLD WITCH OF THE VILLAGE.

BY W. WILD.

About four years ago there lived in the little village of G—, situated in the western part of the State of Ohio, an old woman, who by her secluded and singular manner of living, had gained the soubriquet of the Old Witch.

She had moved into the place some two years previous to the opening of our story, and had taken possession of an old wooden house, which stood in the western part of that town; there she had lived in the utmost seclusion, with no company save a little girl some three years old, who had accompanied her, and who called her grandmother. She was a pretty child with bright blue eyes, golden ringlets, and rosy cheeks.

It was a matter of no small surprise to the good people of the village, how the old woman obtained a living, for she was seldom seen abroad, and had no ostensible means of employment; but all of their attempts to solve the mystery failed, and even Miss Susan Prattle, the acknowledged leader of the gossips of the place, gave it up in despair after a third visit to her house, declaring it was a terrible mystery, she was treated with the greatest respect, but couldn't learn a thing.

The little girl attended school, and was the general favorite of the children, who were delighted with their "little May," as they called her, and she seemed equally pleased with them, for she was often seen bounding over the village green with them at play.

One fine afternoon in June, the village was thrown into considerable excitement by the arrival of a gentleman and his wife at the "village hotel," and it was soon whispered about that they had engaged a room, and were to stop a week.

The inhabitants were anxious to get a sight at the strangers, and the next day, as they left the hotel, all eyes were fixed upon them; nothing extraordinary was discovered however—they were a good looking couple, about thirty years of age, and appeared to be wealthy.

The Old Witch was just returning from the village store, accompanied by little May, where she had been to pur-

chase a few necessities; and as she passed the strangers, she started back with surprise, gazed at them a second time, and then with an exclamation of anger, drew little May closer to her side, and hurried away. The strangers did not seem to notice her, but passed on as if nothing had happened.

That night about 12 o'clock, Ephraim Stubbs, Esq., host of the village hotel, was aroused from his slumber by a rapping upon the front door of his house; and upon opening it found to his surprise, little May seated upon the step crying; he took her by the hand and kindly asked her what was the matter.

"Grandmother is dying," sobbed the child, "and she sent me here to tell you to call up the strangers and fetch them to her house, for she must see them before she dies."

"What! see the strangers at this time of night!" he exclaimed with surprise; "impossible! but what can she want with them, and dying too?"

"I don't know," replied May, "she said she must see them at any rate."

"Why, she is crazy, that's evident," he said.

"O! no, she is not at all crazy, I'm sure."

"Not crazy! it's strange, indeed; but I rather guess I'll call them and see what will come of it." Thus saying, he proceeded into the house, and soon returned, followed by the strangers.

Passing through the town, they shortly reached the house of the Old Witch, and entered, preceded by little May, exclaiming—"I've got them, grandam!"

The old woman was reclining upon a bed in one corner of the large room, which was faintly illuminated by a candle, placed upon a stand beside her; the strangers approached her bedside; but, on beholding her countenance, both started back with horror and surprise, exclaiming—"Mary Melville!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old woman, "I see you know me; yes, James Hawker, and you who once was Mary Stone, you see before you the wreck of the once proud and accomplished Mary Melville. And a flush of pride spread over the pale features of the dying woman.

"How came you here, in this situation?" asked the strangers, as soon as they had recovered from their surprise.

"Come nearer, both of you," she said, and I will explain. You well remember four years ago we all lived in the city of —. I was then happy; cheerfully engaged in all the pleasures and enjoyments of the fashionable circle in which I moved. Ah! I was indeed happy then!

"Twenty years had passed away since I first entered society as an heiress, and strange as it may appear I had never loved. No, among the many suitors who had knelt at my feet, not one had awakened a response within my bosom; at last, James, I saw you! O, that that time had never been! alas, a sorrowful event for me.

"From the first time I saw you I loved you; yes, my whole nature was aroused, and I loved you with a deep, fervent, and passionate love; those feelings so long slumbering within my bosom were awakened, and for the first time I felt their power.

"I confessed all to you; but horror seized my mind when I learned from your own lips, that you loved another! O, the agony of that moment! my hopes were forever crushed, and I was nearly mad. You were married. Gradually the feelings of sadness within my mind gave place to those of revenge; yes, I hated my successful rival with a determined hatred.

"One year rolled around and you became a father; yes, a fair girl was your child. I then saw a chance to get that revenge for which I so long had vainly sought, and—"

"Merciful Heaven!" shrieked the now terribly excited stranger, as she grasped the old woman's hand, and gazed into her face with streaming eyes, "can you tell me anything of my long lost child? speak, I implore you!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the dying woman, "yes, I can tell you of her; but be patient, for I am weak and shall soon be gone."

"I hired a ruffian to steal your child,

and collecting a sum of money, left my home and wandered here, resolving to keep it; but God has seen fit to lay me low. I am dying. I saw you to-day, and something urged me to confess all before I died. I sent for you, and it is done."

"But the child! where is my daughter?" exclaimed the strangers.

"There she is," replied the old woman, pointing to little May, who stood at the foot of the bed crying at this strange procedure.

"My child! my long lost daughter!" cried the parents, and she was clasped to their hearts.

"It is done," whispered the old woman; and with a groan, she expired.

The next day the Old Witch was buried, much to the surprise of the villagers, who could not account for the interest which the strangers seemed to manifest in the affair; and their surprise was in no way lessened when they left town, taking with them little May. The mystery was solved, however, by Ephraim Stubbs, Esq., who described in glowing terms, to his eager listeners, the thrilling scene which he saw enacted at the house of the Old Witch.

John Morgan, the Confederate Scout. The following sketch of Col. John Morgan, a Confederate Scout, we take from a letter of a Nashville (Tenn.) correspondent of the New York Times:

The name of this mysterious marauder is on the lips of every one, for his daring coolness and disregard of fear has become a by-word even among our own army. This Col. John Morgan, for so he styles himself, is said to be a native of Lexington, Ky., whose father was a respectable manufacturer of jeans. From his youth, Morgan has won the admiration of all who knew him for his daring devilishness, which even now does not seem to have diminished in the least.

We first heard of him when our brigade (the 5th) was a portion of them, encamped at Pilot Knob, Mo., in September last. Our pickets were shot by some mysterious agency, and report stated, in camp, that a tall, heavy man, with downy beard, mounted on an immense black stallion, fleet as the wind, was several times detected in the act of retreating. Shot after shot was fired at him, but he never shot a charmed life. We lost sight of him until just before we left Cairo, when he appeared one night and perhaps lured the two of our pickets, captured at Bacon Creek, Ky., and burst the railroad bridge under Metook's nose, shot one of his pickets, and rode off before the army had recovered from its surprise.

You remember his bold attack upon our lines on Saturday, the 9th of March, in Mitchell's Division, and again on Sunday morning, at daylight, upon McCook's camp, on the Franklin pike. We lost a soldier of our pickets, obtained a pass from General Mitchell, who did not know him, and had the audacity to dine at the City Hotel in company with our own officers, making good his escape, with perfect nonchalance. He came very near capturing Gen. Nelson one day last week. The plot was discovered in time to be frustrated, but not to catch the rogue.

He has since captured the railroad train running between Louisville and Nashville, taking about thirty bridge builders prisoners, and releasing out a lot of our pickets. He has boasted that he will catch one of our Generals as an object to Buckner, he being Buckner's special favorite. He has offered a reward of \$1,000 to any citizen or officer who will catch him and his steed, and, strange to say, disguised, has made these bets openly before our officers, who at the time did not know him. Such is Col. John Morgan, the famous rebel scout, who, though he deserves hanging, yet wins admiring opinions from enemies as well as friends for his daring.

HARD ON THE PATHFINDER.—An admiring contemporary speaks of Fremont in the following complimentary and sentimental manner:

"He is a statesman, who never made a speech; a General, who has never won a battle; a pathfinder, who always missed the track; and a millionaire not worth a continental d—."

Some years ago, Mr. Kimwell was preaching to a large audience in a wild part of Illinois, and announced as his text—"In my father's house are many mansions." He had scarcely read the words when an old coon stood up and said: "I tell you folks that's a lie! I know his father well. He lives fifteen miles from Lexington, in old Kentucky, in an old log cabin, and there is but one room in the house."

## Selected Miscellany.

### Population of Maryland.

The following table of the population of the State of Maryland by counties, as returned by the Eighth Census, was presented to the House of Delegates, on the 30th of January, by Mr. Cresswell, from the Committee on Elections, and ordered to be entered on the Journal.

County.	White.	Free.	Slaves.	Total.
Allegany	27,318	467	2,662	30,447
Ann Arundel	109,709	1,258	1,174	112,141
Baltimore City	144,175	2,078	2,312	148,565
Baltimore Co.	46,720	424	2,162	49,306
Calvert	3,697	1,811	4,609	10,117
Caroline	7,693	3,381	729	11,803
Carroll	22,515	1,236	781	24,532
Cecil	19,996	2,917	2,950	25,863
Charles	19,990	1,684	9,553	21,227
Charles County	11,073	4,083	4,123	19,279
Frederick	38,361	4,772	3,243	46,376
Harford	17,573	3,642	1,800	23,015
Howard	19,367	1,367	2,862	23,596
Kent	7,942	4,411	2,567	14,920
Montgomery	11,369	1,535	5,421	18,325
P. George	9,959	1,198	12,479	23,636
Prince Georges	8,415	4,771	14,174	27,360
St. Marys	6,799	1,875	6,549	15,223
Somerset	15,749	4,663	5,689	26,101
Talbot	8,112	3,528	3,725	15,365
Washington	19,292	1,457	1,625	22,374
Worcester	13,444	3,529	3,648	20,621
Total	516,128	87,718	47,189	651,035

### THE WAY UNCLE SAM IS BLEED.

We remember seeing in *Unity Fair*, a short time ago, the picture of an ancient-looking gentleman, called "Uncle Sam," with his arm bare to the shoulder, and crying *Blind, Blind*, of course meaning, in matter of money, to crush the rebellion; and, although the suggestion has been pretty generally acted upon in Eastern States, the people of Michigan have perhaps lunched their Uncle with the largest lunge. The renowned *Lancers*, lately stationed at Detroit, have now disbanded, and their cost is set down as follows:

Re-enlisting expenses	\$7,200
Railroad and steamer fare	5,500
Clothing	30,000
Food	21,650
Cost of erecting barracks	6,300
Arms	5,200
Pay of officers and men	41,900
Total	\$117,700

They have been of no service whatever, except for speculators.—*Excess*

### A SCENE AT THE DEBENTURE OF BISHOP MEARS.

An affecting incident occurred during the closing hours of the late venerable Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Virginia.

A distinguished leader of the Confederate army, whom the good Bishop had known from his boyhood, was present, and with his dying accents he thus addressed him: "I have known you, General, from a boy, and have always loved you. You know how slow my mind was in coming to the conclusion I have held from the moment of Virginia's secession. But, sir, (with great solemnity,) it is a righteous cause—it is a righteous cause. Do your utmost for that cause. You are a Christian soldier. Trust in God, and (laying his hand on his head, as Jacob of old laid hands on the head of Joseph)—and God will bless you."

The stern soldier's face was bathed in tears, as were the faces of all present. The words were uttered with the hesitating utterance and solemn aspect of a dying man. Who can doubt his duty when when hears such a man, thus speak—his wisdom and who had been in his life long, up to the hour of Lincoln's proclamation, one of the strongest Union men of Virginia?—*Petersburg Express*.

### A POLITICAL ABOLITION PREACHER.

The Brooklyn Eagle says: "Rev. Mr. Beecher has given up politics (in the pulpit) and taken to far pleasanter pursuits. Last week he wrote a slashing article on fast horses for the *Ledger*—or the *Clipper*—the *Ledger* we believe, and last night we notice his name among the distinguished visitors at the great Billiard contest. The "Boys" received Mr. Beecher very graciously and gave him three rousing cheers. The deacons of Mr. Beecher's church now propose to discontinue their subscriptions to the *Tribune* and take to billiards and fast horses. There is no truth in the rumor, however, that one of them is about to open a billiard saloon for the edification of the godly, but a table has been bought for private practice, and will be kept in the basement of the Church. The entrance is on Orange street. None but members in good standing admitted.

### AN ARMY OF TAX-GATHERERS.

The Boston Post says that twenty-six thousand Federal officers will be required to carry out the proposed tax-law in the various departments. These officials will receive, on an average, not less than \$500 each per annum for his services. Of the taxes they collect they will therefore retain, as compensation for their labor, not less than thirteen million dollars annually. What an army of officials to consume the substance of the people! Is there no way by which the Federal tax can be collected by those State officials whose duty it now is to assess and collect State taxes?

## FROM THE SOUTH.

### Declaration of Free Trade by the Confederate Congress.

[From the Richmond Examiner, of Saturday.]

A bill for abolishing the tariff and throwing open our Confederate ports to the commerce of all the world, except of the United States, has passed the House of Representatives with extraordinary and unexpected unanimity, and is now before the Senate. It is one of the first evidences that have been given of a disposition to establish an original policy of our own, and to depart from a slavish imitation of the Washington Convention.

The arguments in favor of free ports and free trade are so multiform and numerous that no doubt remains of the bill passing the Senate, and of the measure becoming the established policy of the Confederacy. In the brief discussion which the bill elicited in the House, the fact transpired that the revenue from the tariff so far had been only sufficient to defray the expenses of the custom-house establishment. Duties upon a blockaded commerce were absurd enough; but a custom-house system that paid only enough revenue to defray its own expenses, leaving nothing for the public treasury, caps the climax of absurdity, and discloses, in colors ever ridiculous, the futility of the measure.

The act repealing the tariff law and throwing open our ports, so far as our action can do so, to all the world, except the public enemy, will proclaim a policy in which all maritime nations are deeply interested, and which cannot fail to draw them sooner or later in solid phalanx against the blockading enemy. The difference between such a law and the present tariff act, leaving, albeit, only 10 per cent, in the difference between day and night. It is the difference between free trade and restricted trade; between an unpopular institution and odious policy of the past, and a policy new, liberal, enlightened and gracious to the commercial world.

It will do more to open our ports, and whether these are open or not, to fill our country with foreign goods, than a great navy could effect. Under its operation we shall not see, next winter, our soldiers going barefooted in the mud, and reaching their path way with blood. Extortions, speculators and contractors out of doors, and their creatures in Congress may oppose it, but the interests of the people, of the army and the government demand the law trumpet-tongued. The welfare of the country so imperiously demands the measure that it almost amounts to a sort of treason to oppose it.

The bill provides for the repeal of all laws by which duties are laid and collected on foreign goods, wares or merchandise imported from foreign countries, except as regards those imported from the United States of America.

### ENGLISH MERRITS.

The Mobile Register of the 12th ult., says: "Sixteen hundred muskets, in boxes, marked 'British pattern of 1851,' passed through this city yesterday, on track for General Van Horn, Arkansas. These boxes are an instalment of ten thousand similar guns which arrived at a certain port in Florida not long since, on board a steamer. There is reason to believe that the steamer which bore Mr. Vance, also brought arms, and others are on the way."

### THE HON. JOHN BELL.

We have seen a private letter from this distinguished gentleman, dated at Huntsville, Ala., in which he expresses the strongest confidence in the ability of our Generals in Tennessee to beat back the advancing Yankees, and in the ultimate triumph of the Confederate cause. Mr. Bell says that our defeat at Donelson has thoroughly aroused our people, and that reinforcements are pouring into the Confederate camps in large numbers.—*N. Y. Bulletin*, 17th ult.

### KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE WAR OF 1812.

The whole number of Americans killed and wounded during the war of 1812, extending from June 1812 to March 1815, was 7,738; of these 2,816 were killed—this includes both the naval and land forces. The largest number in the naval forces was at the engagement between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, where the number of Americans killed and wounded was 146, and the British 55. At the battle of New Orleans there were 52 Americans and 2,074 British killed and wounded. The Americans appear to have suffered most at the battle of Bridgewater where they had 743 killed and wounded, and the British 643.

In the various skirmishes among the Indians the Americans had over 1,100 killed and wounded. In the engagement between the Constitution and *Java*, the Americans had 30 and the British 161 killed and wounded. During the whole war the whole number of British killed and wounded is put down at 8,774, of which number 3,500 were among the killed.

### LUZY STONE SAYS THE CRADLE IS A WOMAN'S BALLOT-BOX.

Then we have unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.