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, MAY 2, 1862. Vol. VII.—No. 38.

Poetry.

DRINKING SONG.

From the rosy lidded past
Sweet we'll draw the cover,
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
Drink to friend and lover.
Shining draughts to friends of youth
Wherever they wander;
Every heart whose proven truth
Made our own grow fonder

Here's a health to lips and eyes,
Drink the dream that's over,

Health to every rover.
With the hand upon the heart,
Drink to loves that never;
Time's a tip to those who part
Pledged to love forever.

From the rosy-lidded past
Sweet we'll draw the cover
Drink—the streams are flowing fast—
Drink to friend and lover.
Life is but a rosy draught.
Drink—the stream is flowing
Drink—a thousand joys are quaffed
While the tide is flowing.

A Humorous Story.

"CALL A MAN."

John Jackson was a hard-working man of twenty-three. Being the eldest child and only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright-eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to be his wife.

But John was no "ladies man." The fact was, he was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful and well meaning men, entertained the very brightest respect and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moralize.

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a very respectable farmer, whose land adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children, they attended the same school, and when he was a few years her senior, he was usually her champion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in coming and going. At last, he became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as she had been past years. John discovered, too, he was growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he did not know what to do with his hands; his face pained him; and, taking all in all, he was inclined to think he was not any more than half put together.

As novelists say it was a lovely day in August. The sun was clear, serene and beautiful, the trees were loaded with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds sweetly poured their songs of love amid the branches. Earth—there we have fall to earth once more—such lofty flights make our head dizzy)—we were prepared to say that "earth yielded a bountiful harvest of grass and clover, and honey suckles, which this noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouses"—but, on a second thought, have concluded to word it thus: "The farmers of Chesterville had done harvesting."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Keith's Mills," to get some wheat ground, and left John to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence mowing the meadow grass.—Suddenly it occurred to John, that if he remained about the house that afternoon, he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, a half mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, so as to avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on every side by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants, he might be much more comfortable.—There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to suppose that he could be seen by any person.

So John stripped off, and with no cover, save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he had made from meeting the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister, with a white ring around its neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed across his mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning around as a top, he was ready to strike a two forty gait, when at that moment the snake was near enough to hook his crooked teeth into John's shirt, just above the hem. With a tremendous spring, he started off with the speed of a locomotive. His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as he stole a hasty glance over his shoulder, he was horrified to see the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the intrepidity with which he rushed forward, kept the serpent extended at an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped the snake would coil about his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued, he must fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction of his home; a feeling of security flashed over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs—his father gone, the girls, and worse than all, the girls.

The next moment he felt the body of the cold, clammy monster in contact with his bare legs, his tail creeping on them in a most disagreeable way, as by way of tickling John upon the knees.

This was too much for human endurance. With a yell, such as man never uttered, save in mortal terror, poor John set forward at break-neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position somewhat after the fashion of the tail of a comet.

On—on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake.

His active exercise, the pall particular attention to his running, together with the excessive heat, had brought the blood to his head, and as he ran, ears erect, and hair flowing back, his chin, throat, and chest down were stained with the crimson stream.

His first shriek started the quilters, and forth they rushed, wondering if some Indian was not prowling about. By this time, John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turned so that he might keep one eye on the snake, and with the other, observe what course he must take.

The friendly barn now concealed him from the sight of the girls. He knew the girls were in the yard, having caught a glimpse of them as they rushed from the house. A few more bounds, and he would be in their midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, and he halted. The snake, evidently pleased with his rapid transportation, manifested his gratitude by attempting to conceal the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ough," and urged forward by circumstances over which he had no control, poor John bounded on. The next moment he was in full view of the girls, and as he turned the corner of the barn the snake came round with a whiz, somewhat after the fashion of a coach whip.

Having reached the barnyard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars. Gathering all his strength, he bounded into the air—snake ditto; and as he alighted on the other side, his snakeship's tail cracked across the upper bar, snapping like an Indian cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corner, his snakeship came around with a whiz that was quite refreshing.

While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he managed to cry out—

"Call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and as quick as thought re-appeared at the end of the house—

"Call a man!"

Away he whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded half-way between a low whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another revolution—

"Call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength was rapidly failing.

Nancy Clark was the first to recover her mind, and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John re-appeared, brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke its back, and its hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearances entirely cured of his bashfulness.

That night he walked home with Nancy Clarke. The next New Year they were married; and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say, "Call a man," and he instantly sobers down.

General Magruder's Address to his Soldiers.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF PENINSULA,
Yorktown, Va., March 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Peninsula—Comrades: The term of service for which many of you enlisted is about to expire. Your country, invaded by an insolent foe, again demands your help—your homes are violated—your firesides polluted by the presence of a mercenary enemy, or silent in their desolation—many of your friends in captivity or in exile—our people slain, and the very altars of our religion desecrated and profaned. The ruthless tyrants who have dared to invade us have vowed our conquest or our destruction. It is for you to rise and avenge our slaughtered countrymen or nobly share their fate. Of what worth is life without liberty?—peace at the expense of honor? the world without a home?

When our fathers periled life, fortune and sacred honor in our first war of independence, was it an empty boast, or was it the stern resolve of freemen who knew their rights and dared to defend them? The long war of the revolution culminated at length in victorious triumph on these plains of Yorktown.—These frowning battlements on the heights of York are turned, in this second war of liberty, against the enemies of our country. You breathe the air and tread the soil consecrated by the presence and the heroism of our patriotic sires. Shall we, their sons, imitate their example, or basely bow the neck to the yoke of the oppressor? I know your answer! You remember your wrongs and are resolved to avenge them. True to the instincts of patriotic devotion, you will not fill a coward's grave; you will spring with alacrity to the deathgrapple with the foe, nor relinquish the strife till victory crowns our arms. Cowards die a thousand deaths; brave men die but once, and conquer though they die.

It is therefore without surprise that your commanding general has learned of your purpose to re-enlist in this holy struggle, and that you bear with cheerfulness and constancy, worthy of the highest admiration, the disappointment of withdrawing from you the furloughs to visit your homes which the government promised you, and which the present danger of our beloved country alone forbids it to grant. When the war is ended, in that hour of triumph you will be proud to remember that by your sufferings and sacrifices, no less than by your valor, you conquered.

Soldiers! though reverses and disaster have recently befallen us, let us remember that truth is eternal and that God is just. His arm is our trust, and the great Ruler of nations and of men will protect the right and crown with victory the noble and the brave.

Let us take courage, then. Our enemy, dead to the spirit of liberty, can only fight while their coffers are unclosed. Commerce is their king. Their god is gold. They glory in their shame. The war which fatten's our devastation and concentrates our resources scatters theirs. The day of retribution will come. The struggle will not be always defensive on our part. We will yet strike down our ruthless invaders, and the smoking ruins of their cities, and, with arms in our hands, dictate terms of peace on their own soil.

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Major General Commanding.

THE CHICAGO PLATFORM.—"Cleveland," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, says it is the opinion of the Chief Auditor of the Treasury that by the first day of July next the public debt will reach $1,500,000,000, and that even this amount will probably fall short of the reality.

Allowing the estimate of the Chief Auditor to be correct, the interest on that sum alone, at seven per cent., will amount to $105,000,000 that the people will have to pay annually by direct or indirect taxes. Add to this at least $70,000,000 that will be necessary to pay the current expenses of the government, and we have the enormous sum of $175,000,000 that the people will have to pay annually into the United States Treasury. And all this is exclusive of State and county taxes.

The war is not yet over. If it should continue another year, of course the public debt would be doubled. It would bring the annual taxes for the support of the government and for the payment of the interest on the public debt up to $280,000,000.

Truly the Chicago platform has proved an expensive luxury.

—Dogs are said to "speak with their tails."—*Mrs. Hall.*

Then you will admit that bob-tailed dogs are stump orators.—*Hartford Times.*

Political.

ELOQUENT EXTRACTS.

We make the following beautiful and eloquent extracts from the concluding portion of the able speech delivered by Hon. D. W. VOORHEES, of Indiana, in the House of Representatives, February 20, on the

"Pledges of the Government.

"I long to see the States once more united as "equal and honored members" of this Federal Union," with the Constitution unchanged in letter or spirit, extending its protection and its blessings alike to them all. I have no wish, however, for the kind of a Union which now seems to meet the approbation of many of the distinguished leaders of the dominant party. Rome had her subjugated provinces reduced to squalid wretchedness by her vast standing armies. Her trembling tributaries wailed and bled beneath her cruel power. Her consuls went forth to govern, to rob, to plunder, to scourge, and to crucify. She reduced independent sovereign States to territorial vassalage. She received their enforced homage as a conqueror. She confiscated their lands and their substance. She filled her lap with extorted wealth. But does the sad sequel to her history commend her policy to us for adoption? Standing armies preyed upon her vitals and smote down her liberties. Unwilling, unequal, and dishonored States arose against her whenever the opportunity offered. The Gaul, the Briton, the Tartar, the Hun, the Goth, the Vandall, all—

"Spurn upon the seven hilled city's pride,
Spoil her of her glory, and repaid her a thousand fold for the bitter humiliations which her arrogance had inflicted. All history repeats the same teaching.

England, in modern times, has contributed her example to this great lesson of history. Her whole existence has been one protracted struggle to hold within her grasp conquered and vassal colonies. Her success has, indeed, thus far been great, but her experiment is not over. She has formed many unions with weaker powers whose soil she has laid waste, and whose people she has murdered, but what sorrowful spectacles they are. She has a union with Ireland, but who wants to behold one like it on this continent, filled with blood, with bitterness, with tears of grief, with cries of hate, with charging armies, with revolution following revolution in quick succession, and with all those repulsive crimes which forever attend such events, and over which humanity has shuddered and wept in all ages? No, sir, let us labor for no such Union as this. All history, all ages and every clime contain volumes of teaching on this momentous subject. It becomes the American statesmen to heed their warnings.

Give us back the Union as it always heretofore has been, consisting of equal and honored members. Fail to do this, strip the States of their attributes as States under the Constitution, and reduce them to territorial bondage, a measure already introduced into the other branch of Congress, and though our armies may be victorious in every field—though they may, in their triumphant march, cross every river, scale every mountain, and encamp in every valley, from the Potomac to Mobile, there will never come a day when the angel of peace will return to the land; there will never come a day when the drum beat and roll call of vast standing armies shall cease to be heard, and there will never come a day when the foot of the Federal tax gatherer shall cease to be heard at the threshold of every laborer's hamlet from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. There will be no peace in such a Union. The lightnings of civil war will be forever playing in fitful gleams along our horizon. The people of the South are "our kindred and countrymen," and the blood which we inherit in common, the proud race to which we belong, never yielded a passive obedience to the degrading conditions of inequality and dishonor.

I am fully aware that the sword must bring the conclusion of this unnatural strife. I am fully aware that the results must be obtained on the battle field now. There was a time when it was not so, and history will emblaze in everlasting infamy the names of those who rejected peace—who rejected union when both were offered on honorable terms. I leave the past, however, at least for to-day, and deal with the present. Let the armies move on and bring a speedy issue to this war of "kindred and countrymen;" but let them move on in the name of the Constitution, in the name of the laws; in the name of the Union, composed of "equal and honored members;" in the name of God and guided by the precepts of an enlightened Christianity.

Sir, Congress, however, spoke again on this important subject. Who will forget the scene who witnessed it? Who will forget the 22d day of last July in this Hall? It was the darkest day in all the calendar of American history. Dismay or gloom sat on every face. A routed army was pouring into the city and a triumphant enemy was at the gates of the capitol. In that hour of extremity and peril, when a new army was to be raised, and the old one encouraged and reinvigorated, Congress announced to the country, and to the world, the policy which should govern the future conduct of the war. On motion of the distinguished gentleman from Kentucky, [Mr. Crittenden,] Congress said:

"That this war is not waged by this country in any spirit of oppression, for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, nor purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several States unimpaired, and that as soon as these objects are accomplished, the war ought to cease."

The nation heard this, and loyal men, trusting and confiding, again poured with military tread from the loyal States to the banks of the Potomac. They were repelled then by no outcry from either end of the Capitol, that slavery, as the cause of the war, must be abolished, and that the seceding States had committed political suicide and must be reduced, by the force of arms, to territories, and governed as such by Federal authority.

Mr. Chairman, I am amazed, utterly amazed, when I contrast the present with the past on this subject. All is changed, at least so far as Congress is concerned. Pledge upon pledge has been made by every department of the Government in the opening stages of this conflict. The national faith has been plighted at home and abroad in the most binding and obligatory manner, that the domestic laws and customs of the seceded States were not to be violated, that slavery was not to be abolished, that "savages were not to be let loose." We heard no indignant protests then against the policy. Tongues that are now loud in its denunciation were then mute. Voices that are now high in wrath against it were then silent.

An army, however, of six hundred thousand men now stands banded together under the stern control of military discipline. In that, I suppose, the object of conservative pledges is accomplished, and the time has arrived for the fulfillment of the purposes of this war, according to the views of abolitionists. They demand now that all these pledges shall be broken. They demand that the faith of the government shall be dishonored. They demand that the present Administration shall be disgraced in the eyes of all the world by abandoning its own deliberate construction of the Constitution—its own boldly and openly marked line of policy. They demand that the army shall be deceived; that the promises by which it was raised shall be proven false; that the soldier shall now fight and die in the prosecution of purposes which were concealed from him when he enlisted, and which he abhors. They demand that the people shall be betrayed, and their hard earned money taken to support this war, conducted on principles which they utterly repudiate.

And, above all, they demand that the Constitution be ruthlessly violated; that the laws be stricken down, and that the old Union, such as our fathers made it, shall never be restored. Had they avowed their purposes at the opening of the war, and appealed to the country to support the atrocious doctrines which they now avow; had they made their demands then, no proud army would now line a thousand miles of border, but, rather, as my colleague [Mr. Dunn] has well and truthfully said on this floor, our army would have been composed of a small and deluded band, such as followed John Brown to Harper's Ferry. Let these demands be granted now, and the appalling fact will stand confessed that a stupendous fraud has been practiced on the nation, and that the army of the United States has been obtained by FALSE PRETENCES. Let these demands be granted now, and no American Union will ever more bless the eyes of men. No more

"Will the doom the thunder blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar."

Mr. Chairman, I represent in part the people of a great State. Indiana may point proudly to her escutcheon. It is gemmed all over with honor. She did not want this war. She was for compromise and peace, and is now, when they can be obtained, as they once could, with honor and upon the principles of the Constitution. But once cast into the conflict, though by no act of hers, she has wedded her name to victory on every battle field where her troops have drawn the sword. Go and ask her sixty thousand soldiers now in the field, encircled as they are with a halo of gallant achievments, whether these demands shall be granted, and listen to their answer. That answer will be, that they are fighting to restore a Union of "equal and honored members;" that they have encountered the perils of war to restore the Constitution exactly as it came from the hands of Washington, and to enforce all the laws, to uphold all the institutions, to protect and defend all the rights of every person, and State under that Constitution, and that if such is no longer the policy of the Government, they will turn their faces homeward, deceived and betrayed.

Go and ask the tax payers and the voters of that noble State for what they toil and pour out their money. They will answer that they live on the tributaries of the great thoroughfare of their trade and commerce, the Mississippi river. That their fortunes are forever linked by nature and the great laws of geographical formation with the States which are washed by its descending waters, and that by virtue of, and in strict accordance with, the Constitution, they intend to secure a free passage to the Gulf of Mexico; and that they will everywhere uphold the rights of others as well as their own; that they labor to maintain and preserve the laws, and not to trample them under foot, and that they seek a reconstruction of the Union on precisely the same basis on which it was made by the founders of the Government. They want no four millions of slaves set free. They have no money with which to purchase territories for vast schemes of colonization.

They are opposed to gigantic standing armies, with which to hold, from year to year, and through all time to come, degraded States in subjection. In this hour of triumph the true friends of the Union everywhere demand that a policy for the reconstruction of the Government be proclaimed from here which shall insure for the future a Union of "equal and honored members." Let our "kindred and countrymen" of the South know that liberty and magnanimity animate our councils, and that the spirit of vengeance, intolerance and spoliation has no place in our midst. In this day of victory let the heralds of the Government go before our armies, and proclaim peace and Union on the basis of equality, on the basis of the Constitution, and on the basis of the laws. Let them announce that the pledges of the Government so freely given in the early part of this struggle will not be broken at the mad behests of abolitionism; but that the condition of every human being in the South shall remain unchanged, whether the revolution shall succeed or fail.

Sir, to my mind it is an omen of evil that the spirit of abolitionism, like a lurking fiend of mischief, a Mephistophiles of iniquity, should boldly stalk in here, and in such a crisis as this, assume to control American Legislation. Its croaking, raven cry is a baleful sound to the cause of the Union. Its arrogant and defiant demands fill the future with gloom. It no longer comes in here the skulking and despised miscreant that it once was; but, with the elevated mien and swaggering port of a conqueror, it strides forward over the mangled form of constitutional Government. It no longer hides and cowers and denies its name and its nature, and assumes false shapes, like Satan in the garden of Paradise, with which to beguile and deceive, as it did a few short years ago. The veiled prophet of Khorassan has revealed himself, and his hideous face is almost enough to affright union and concord from the land.

Why comes this fell spirit here now accompanied by its train of horrors? It has no merit in the past to entitle it to control the present and shape the future. It can point to no good act it has accomplished. The cause of abolitionism is barren of beneficial results. No State, no territory, has it ever dedicated to free labor, and no slave has it ever set free, except in violation of law. It has never had the sanction of the great and good names which, like stars in the upper sky, adorn and illuminate our history. On the contrary, it has been the object of their incessant maledictions from the hour of its birth. Its presence in the halls of Congress was their abhorrence, and they prognosticated "evil, and evil only, and that continually," from its influence on public affairs.

Why comes it here now? It never was a friend to the Union, and it is not to-day. It never wanted a Union with slave States, or a fellowship with slaveholders, and does not now. It is at war with the Constitution; it is an enemy to the Government; it is the twin monster to the doctrine of Secession, and like the withered and hateful hags on the heath of Scotland, the two together concocted the hell broth of the present civil war. Let the spirit of the Union, born of the Constitution, rise up between them like a bright angel and banish them both forever. Then will the nation renew its mighty youth, and go on again in its swift flight of prosperity and renown. Then, will "kindred and countrymen" once more assemble under the same flag, and obeying the command of the Prince of Peace, "love one another."

DEGENERATION OF THE NEGRO.—The Cairo *Gazette* suggest that the Constitutional Convention prohibit the intermarriage of Negroes and Abolitionists "on the ground that such connections degenerate the Negro."

—What is the first thing a young lady looks for in church? The Aims.