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 23, 1862. Vol. VII.—No. 41.

Poetry.

From the Rockingham (Va.) Register.

"CALL ALL! CALL ALL!"

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring around like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt—a hungry pack;
After 'em boys, and drive 'em back!

Bull dog, tarrier, cur and ice,
Back to the beggarly land of ice;
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear,
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky's caved from under,
Tennessee is split asunder;
Alabama [illegible]
And Georgia bristles at her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!
Still his spirit is marching on,
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an Ape's from Illinois!

Want a weapon? Gather a brick!
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;
Anything with a blade or butt;
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!
Any sort of a slaying-machine!
Anything with a willing mind
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!
Every Doodle has got a gun,
Belt and bayonet, bright and new,
Mill a Doodle and capture two!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!
All! call all! to the feast of fire!
Mother and maiden, and child and slave,
A common triumph, or a single grave!

Selected Miscellany.

BISHOP MEADE'S FUNERAL SERVICES, WITH BISHOP JOHN'S ADDRESS.

From the Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder.

We are glad to be able to present our readers, this week, with the following full and accurate account of the funeral services of the late lamented Bishop Meade, including the impressive address delivered on the occasion by Bishop Johns. We derive these details from a late number of the *Southern Churchman*, now published at Richmond, Virginia:

Our venerable Father died on Friday morning, March 14, at 7 o'clock, in the city of Richmond, at the house of Mr. John L. Bacon. He came to Richmond sick, but was able, and only able, to attend the consecration of Dr. Wilmer; he returned from this, his last public service, never to leave the house again. None of us thought him *ill*. On the Sunday before his death, though not leaving his room, he was up and dressed. On Tuesday he was much worse; on Wednesday he was confined to his bed, and then we began to think he was in a dying condition. Gradually he became more and more ill, until he died.

His remains were kept until Monday, the 17th inst., at the house in which he died. On Monday, at 12 o'clock, the clergy and those of the family and relations of the deceased who could be communicated with, assembled at the house, and followed the hearse to St. Paul's Church. There were but few of his large circle of relations who could pay their respects to his memory. The enemy had taken possession of our beautiful valley; telegraphs had been cut down, and the railroads torn up. But *one* of his children was present, the Rev. R. K. Meade, of Charlottesville; two or three of his grand-children, and two of his nephews, with a few others, were all of his blood relations that could be present. Of the clergy, there were in attendance, Rev. Messrs. Peterkin, Minnigerode, Baker, Withers, Butler, Gatewood, Dashiell, McCabe, John P. McGuire, Tenant, Walker and Sprigg, of Richmond; Rev. Messrs Gibson and Platt, of Petersburg; Rev. Messrs. Aristides Smith, of Norfolk; Wall, of Portsmouth; Wade, of Charles City; Stringfellow, of Hanover; Robert Nelson, of China; Wm. Meade Nelson, of Albemarle; Jones, of Millwood; Aubard, of Norfolk; and Mortimer, of Culpeper. The pall-bearers were the wardens of the different Episcopal Churches in Richmond and Henrico county. The coffin was of the plainest black walnut, lined with sheet lead, and on it a silver plate with this inscription:

RT. REV. WM. MEADE, D. D.
Born Nov. 11, 1789.
Died March 14, 1862.

The coffin was met at the door of the Church by Bishop Johns, and Rev. Messrs. McGuire and Gibson, who read the introductory sentences of the Burial Service. The coffin was then placed near the chancel, where the service was begun by the Rev. Mr. McGuire reading the first versicle of the anthem, which was responded to by the organ and choir. The lesson was read by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, after which Bishop Johns gave out the 124th Hymn:

"Hear what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die;
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high."

After the singing of this hymn, Bishop Johns ascended the pulpit and delivered a short sermon. Never have we heard anything more appropriate—it was just what was needed. No eulogy, no labored panegyric, but the warm gushing of an over-burdened heart, as he stood up to tell us some of the few incidents of Bishop Meade's last illness, and to encourage us to go forward. The sermon will be found below. It will be read, as few sermons have ever been, with grief, and yet with joy; grief that one so revered has been taken from us; and joy that, for so many years, we had our Bishop's counsels and labors; and that he had finished his course in faith, dying just as he had lived.

After the address, a large train of carriages and hacks followed the remains to Hollywood Cemetery. Mr. John C. Shafer, of Richmond, was the Joseph of Arimathea, who kindly furnished his own tomb, as a temporary resting place for the precious relics. Bishop Johns read the service at the grave; and there we left our Bishop to his rest.

It is the purpose of his family to inter him, at some convenient day, at the burying ground in Hanover, where lie the remains of his first wife; as this was in accordance with the Bishop's wishes, that if he died West of the Blue Ridge, he was to be interred in the old graveyard in Clark; but if East of the mountains, then in Hanover.

ADDRESS,

Delivered by the Rt. Rev. J. Johns, D. D., at St. Paul's Church, Richmond, on the occasion of the funeral of the Rt. Rev. Wm. Meade, D. D., March 17th, 1862.

"And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus."—*St. Matt. xiv. 12.*

My Christian Brethren: I have scarcely courage for the sad service which devolves upon me. I could not brace myself for the effort, but for the special commission which I dare not decline—a commission not from the living, but from the now dead—from the lips of our honored and beloved father in God, whose departure has stricken our hearts with sorrow, and around whose mortal remains we are assembled, to render them the last tribute of respect and affection.

My commission is not to present for your admiration the rare and decided excellencies of his character, and recite the deeds of his remarkable life. All such eulogy, either from the pulpit or the press, he strongly deprecated. A just regard for his wishes on that subject, repeatedly and explicitly expressed, meanwhile restrains utterances for which every feeling of my heart pleads, and which usage on such occasions authorizes you to expect. Happily though it may be, that formal panegyric was never more deserved, it certainly has rarely, if ever, been less needed. He, who more than any other man, was honored as the instrument in raising the Church in Virginia from what was pronounced hopeless extinction, who gave to this work his early manhood—his vigorous maturity, and the wisdom and efficiency of advanced life—whose extensive itineration in this service, year after year, for more than half a century, had made his name a household word, and his name familiar throughout the Diocese—his patriarchal presence the privilege of the people, and his wise instructions prized as precious precepts—surely he needs no formal panegyric. His praise is in all the churches of his care, and his spiritual children are his living epistles of commendation, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone, but in fleshy tablets of the heart.

It was unusual to find our good Bishop here at this time of the year, and nothing but a case of great importance would have justified his leaving his home in the valley, and encountering the fatigue and exposure of the tedious journey. Such, he deemed the accomplishment of the consecration of Dr. Wilmer. Repeated arrangements had been proposed to effect it without the presence of our venerable Bishop, for we were unwilling that a life so invaluable should be subjected to the least unnecessary danger. But when all other arrangements failed, and he was informed that Richmond was selected for another experiment, which would also be unsuccessful for the want of the requisite number of consecrators, unless he could be here—he thought his duty clear, and though laboring under a deep seated cold, he essayed and accomplished the journey, on a very inclement day, and under circumstances of great discomfort. The result was the serious aggravation of this malady, rendering it exceeding doubtful whether he would, after all his effort, be able to unite in the consecration. When the day appointed came, he was in truth more fitted for the repose of his chamber and couch than for the services of the chancel. But with a resolution and energy which never failed him when duty seemed plain, he roused his enfeebled physical powers to action just adequate to the emergency, and came only when his presence could no longer be dispensed with, and officiated merely in the act of consecration. As he moved slowly up the aisle to his seat in the chancel, the impairment of his once powerful frame was affectingly apparent. And when the Bishops present helped him from his chair to his feet, and supported and united with him in the imposition of hands, whilst that voice once of so much sweetness and compass, now tremulous and broken, enunciated with difficulty the Apostolic commission, whose heart was not saddened by the spectacle?

It proved to be the last official act of his long, laborious, faithful and fruitful ministry—an act, to him, of great and varied interest and importance. It elevated to the episcopate the son of a valued friend and fellow-laborer in the successful enterprise of resuscitating the Church in Virginia. It provided an active, and earnest, and capable Bishop to supply the vacancy in the Diocese of Alabama, occasioned by the death of the lamented Bishop Cobbs—and it unmistakably declared the conviction of the Church in the several Confederate States, that the disruption of the civil government, rendered necessary the cessation of the general ecclesiastical system, under which, by conventional arrangement, the different Dioceses had been united, and consequently devolved on us the responsibility of perpetuating evangelical truth and order in our churches by independent ecclesiastical action. It was its significancy in this respect that gave the consecration of Dr. Wilmer its peculiar interest to Bishop Meade, and decided him to encounter the exposure and fatigue of the journey to Richmond—leaving the issue in the hands of God.*

The important object has been accomplished, but to us at a cost which no one can compute. The mental and corporeal effort required, produced and prolonged an unnatural excitement in the Bishop's system, which at the time seemed like genuine strength returning, and as he mingled so genially during the afternoon in social intercourse with his brethren and friends, under the roof where he had been received and cherished with Christian hospitality and filial devotion, we were ready to interpret the whole transaction of the memorable day as a token for good—full of promise. But our exposition of the scene and the sequences was sadly mistaken. The apparent glow which gladdened us was not the animation of returning health, but of the nature of those unaccountable transient rekindlings which precede and indicate approaching dissolution. The inspiriting influence of the impressive occasion declined as the interval increased, and was not renewed. An accession of disease, an increasing embarrassment of vital organs soon became apparent. The chronic affection of the heart, of which for years he was conscious, and from which he long expected sudden death, now developed itself in fearful action. For several days and nights his manly frame bore the assault with extraordinary powers of endurance, and his Christian spirit, strengthened by the Word of God, sustained his great bodily suffering with exemplary patience. "Read me," he said to a friend, "a portion of the sacred Scriptures." "What shall I read?" "The history of the crucifixion." And when this was done he observed, "Yes, six hours did our Lord suffer the intense agony of the cross, and that for us—for our sins—and shall we complain of our sufferings. The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it."—Throughout the severe struggle of nature his mind was clear, his faith strong, and his hope steadfast.

Few things impressed me more, during the last days of his life, than his perfect naturalness. Affectation, in every form and degree, was always disgusting to him; what are termed scenes in connection with religious character and experience, especially on the supposed nearness of death, he regarded with no favor. He was so accustomed to bear his religion about with him in all his intercourse with men, and all his secular business, and so in the habit of bearing both with him in his hours of devotion at a throne of grace, that they were not kept separate and apart, as if incompatible, but intermingled continually in his thoughts and sympathies, and came out in close relation in his speech. It was strikingly and instructively so during his last illness. In health, he habitually thought and acted as if there were but a step between him and death, judgment and eternity, and when he knew and said that the ensuing night and following day would end his connexion with earth, the welfare of his country and the interest of his friends were as near his heart, and as emphatically on his lips, as if he expected to share their pardon here for many years. To one of his respected presbyters, who was at his bedside taking leave of him, he thus closed his solemn counsel—"Speak boldly to your people. Tell them to persevere in sustaining their country in this struggle. The war against us is iniquitous. I am persuaded that God is with us, and will give us success."

He knew that the courageous spirit of a living General would not be hindered, but helped, by the presence and power of the constraining love of Christ, and he had no fear that the faith and purity of a dying Bishop would be impaired by the glow of genuine patriotism. He was on his death-bed precisely what we all saw him to be in life, except his sufferings.

On Thursday morning, the day before his death, he requested others who were present to retire, that he might communicate something to me in private. When we were alone he said:

"I wish to bear my testimony on some things of importance.

"The views of evangelical truth and order which I have held and advocated for fifty years, I approve; and exhort my brethren, North and South, to promote more than ever.

"My course in civil affairs I also approve—resistance to secession at first—till circumstances made it unavoidable. I trust the South will persevere in separation.

"I believe there are thousands in the North who condemn the course of their administration toward us, and in time will express themselves openly.

"The prospect of rest from sin and suffering is attractive, though I am willing to remain and take my part in the labors and trials which may be before us.

"My hope is in Christ, 'the Rock of Ages.' I have no fear of death, and this not from my courage, but from my faith.

"The present seems a proper time for my departure. I am at peace with God through Jesus Christ my Lord, and in charity with all men, even our bitterest enemies.

"All that has been said in commendation of me, I loathe and abhor, as utterly inconsistent with my consciousness of sin.

"I commend you, and all my brethren, to the tender mercies of Christ, and pray for his blessing on the Church in Virginia."

When he ceased I withdrew to the adjoining room, and in conformity with his suggestion, immediately committed the testimony to writing, and availed myself of the earliest opportunity to read it to him, and receive his affirmation of its accuracy.

Such, beloved brethren, was the special commission to which I referred, and from the painful execution of which I could not shrink.

The message is duly delivered. The weighty words of the wise leader—his legacy of love—are with you.

Death has since sealed his lips in silence. He has fought a good fight—finished his course—kept the faith—received the crown of righteousness, and entered in his glorious rest. If the gift which I covet for you and myself, "a double portion of his spirit," depended on the condition named to Elisha, that blessing would be ours, for I witnessed his departure, and cried from my heart—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Our bereavement—the bereavement of our Church and country—how inexpressibly afflicting!

What can we do—to whom can we go in our sorrow and bewilderment, but to Jesus, who was annointed to bind up the broken-hearted, to appoint to those who mourn, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

What can we tell Him, but that we can have no compensation for our great loss, but his own self by the special gift of the Comforter, and so pray humbly, and earnestly, and perseveringly, "Come, Lord Jesus, manifest Thyself to us with greater vividness and power; draw us into more intimate and transforming fellowship with Thee. Come, perfect Thy strength in us, and possess our hearts more and more with Thy love—enlighten our understanding with the illumination of the Holy Ghost, that all our wishes and desires may centre in the advancement of Thy glory, and the salvation of Thy people."

So, dear brethren, the prayer of our departed father in God for us all, will be soon and fully answered. "The tender mercies of Christ will be upon us, and his blessing upon the Church in Virginia."

* The residence of Bishop Meade was in Clark county, near Millwood, at the Western base of the Blue Ridge—a county of remarkable fertility and beauty, and endeared to him by the associations of his youth, and as the happy home where his children and children's children had grown up around him.

The undulating ground about the house, covered with its rich turf he had adorned with every variety of the fir and cedar, interspersed with the most beautiful shade trees which the nurseries could furnish. The adjacent garden abounded in choice grapes and other fruits of which the Bishop was very fond, and which he was gratified to gather with his own hand, for the refreshment of his visitors as he conducted them about the grounds.

No one could be his companion in these walks without perceiving his strong attachment to "Mountain View." When he left this loved home he expected to be back in a few days, and carried with him but a single change of raiment. How mercifully it was hidden from him that the cherished spot was soon to pass under the control of the invaders of our soil, and could no longer be a home for him!

God, who veiled the coming sad event from his vision, prepared better things for his faithful servant—led him by a way he had not anticipated, to another "Mountain View"—showed him the Celestial Hills in their attractiveness—kindled to greater ardor his heavenly longings—and then translated him to his Father's house and its incorruptible inheritance—its blessed company of loved ones, and to Jesus his Redeemer.

His journey from his earthly to his heavenly home was short. The single change of raiment was sufficient. The vestments of the way were needed but a few days—and then the robes of light and glory for ever and ever.

FEDERAL WAR BULLETINS.

From the London Times, April 30.

The attempt to make intelligence throughout the Federal States a close Government monopoly, does not seem to work without inconvenience. As nothing is allowed to appear without the sanction of the Federal War-office it unluckily follows that the War-office is responsible to a great extent for everything which does appear. The Northern manufactory was not satisfied with creating a tremendous battle on the Tennessee at Pittsburg Landing, but it actually went so far as to kill General Beauregard in the fight and to destroy 34,000 Confederates in the pursuit. Happy is the country which can thus create its own victories by a line of type; and still happier the belligerent who can destroy the most formidable of his enemies' Generals by a stroke of the pen. While a salute of 100 guns, a Thanksgiving in all the churches, and a fiction disseminated through all the newspapers can work the effect of a real victory, what need of ruinous loans and exhaustive levies?—The greatest victory of all is this great victory over the credulity of mankind, which is only the first of many great campaigns yet to be accomplished in this tempting region of romance.

But the brightest inventors have their detractors. These obstinate Confederates will not, even at this moment, admit they have been beaten. Although they have the clearest evidence of the Thanksgiving having been offered up; although they have official documents to prove that they have been put to flight and terribly cut up, and although it has even been broadly intimated to them in the organs of the War Department that Corinth itself had been taken, yet still these besotted Rebels will not believe; and they continue to declare that the Thanksgivings and the salutes have been ordered, not in triumph for signal victories, but in gratitude for an unhoped-for deliverance. The most unreasonable person, however, is General Beauregard. Our correspondent says: "A report of General Beauregard's death, at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, is obstinately persisted in, though the Southern papers have published a despatch from him claiming a victory on the second day's fighting." General Beauregard is evidently a man who deserves no quarter. The official newspickers of the North behaved with great moderation towards him at first. They only took off his arm with a cannon-ball. But the ungrateful General, not appreciating this reticence, continued to uphold the integrity of his person; so Mr. Lincoln's Government, provoked beyond all patience, put him to death—in all the New York papers.—This Beauregard's obstinacy, however, is proof alike against indulgence and severity.

We remember nothing like it except that celebrated case of Dr. Partridge, who continued to publish his almanac, and to exclaim that he was alive after "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire," had given a detailed account of all the circumstances of his death. The town laughed with the wicked Dean and his friends, who continued for years to argue that the ingenious Dr. Partridge was not the less dead because he had continued to publish his almanac; and poor Partridge bitterly complained that he could not walk the streets without the little boys running after him and exclaiming against him that he ought to be ashamed to show his face abroad without having paid for his funeral expenses. General Beauregard seems to be in the same awkward predicament. He may be in some point of view living and even victorious; but at Washington and New York he has been pronounced to be, *de jure*, defeated and dead. Poor man! he does what he can. He writes despatches declaring that he has 36 guns and 8,000 prisoners, the results of the Pittsburg battle, in his hands.

On the day after that battle he sent a flag of truce to settle terms for burying the dead. But the flag of truce was not allowed to go back until an admission was extorted that at least Gen. Beauregard was slightly wounded in the arm; and, if such an obstinately vivacious individual as this would admit, even through a trumpeter, that he was wounded, it is self-evident that he can be nothing less than stone dead. If any one will take the volume of *Snyf* which contains the argument of Isaac Bickerstaff upon the parallel controversy, he will see at once the cogency of this reasoning. For ourselves, we are perfectly prepared to admit that Beauregard is dead. The press of Federal America is now the voice of the War Department; the press "obstinately persists" that Beauregard first had his arm shot off and then was killed.—News from America is now an official matter, and this is the news. Beauregard may exclaim as much as he pleases, but for all newspaper purposes he is dead, and there ought to be an end of him. If he is going about the lines of Corinth and pretending to be alive, it is very indecent of him.

There is one matter, however, which we would suggest to the gentlemen at Washington. The true man of genius never unnecessarily expends power.—Now that they can make history with the pen, what can be the object of their violent efforts to make it with fire and sword? Beauregard is as much dead to the people of New York as if his head had really been taken off by a cannon-ball. Pittsburg is as much a real victory at Boston as if the prisoners and the guns had all been captured by the Federals, and not by the Confederates. Possibly by this time a battle has really taken place at Corinth. Many hundreds of men have probably been killed on either side. Perhaps the Federals have stormed the lines and have driven back the Confederates with infinite slaughter; perhaps, on the other hand, the unfairly resuscitated Beauregard may have suffered another of those defeats which leave his hands full of cannon and prisoners. But what need can there be of these vulgar acts of bloodshed? Mr. Stanton now sits, like the author of a three-volume novel, with life and death, fortune and ruin, happiness and misery, all at his own pen's point. Nothing which may be achieved at Corinth can be more glorious and decisive than what has been already announced in the New York paper:

"General Buell was reported to have taken Corinth, with all its immense stores of arms and ammunition." Or if, on the other hand, it should happen that General Buell has to run back to his gunboats, there seems to be no reason why this announcement should be contradicted, or why the terms of the despatch should be changed. Mr. Stanton has it in his own breast what we shall believe. Whatever happens, of course he will fire a hundred guns, and Mr. Lincoln will order a thanksgiving; and as it would be a work of supererogation to kill Gen. Beauregard over again, he will, perhaps, take Mr. Jefferson Davis prisoner. With his transcendent powers, why should he go on wading into inextricable debt and spilling rivulets of human blood? Why not withdraw the fleets and armies altogether, and make the victories at leisure, to meet the days of publication of the New York papers? Then, indeed, Mr. Stanton could cut the ground from under General Beauregard's feet. He and Mr. Jefferson Davis, and others of like callous minds, might, indeed, still continue pertinaciously to assert that they had not been killed or taken, but they would not be able to exhibit scores of captured cannon and thousands of captured prisoners to impertinently give color to their denial.

Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton will tell us that they would rather have real victories, if they can get them. This is a weakness. "*Quod credo, id est.*" If the New York papers were to tell us tomorrow that Buell had walked over the lines at Corinth, and that McClellan had stormed the lines at Yorktown; that the Monitor had sunk the Merrimac, and that the Southern Congress had sued to be allowed to return to Washington, we should all believe it to be the Government news of the hour. It might be true, or it might be false, but it would represent no more than an exposition of the imaginary state of things which the Government at Washington desired to be believed. This, we submit, might be effected without any fighting whatever. The heroes who lived before Agamemnon are as if they had not lived, because they had no bard to sing their deeds.—The happier heroes of these later days have a double advantage over their nameless pedecessors, for, living under a strict monopoly of bardship, Mr. Stanton can not only have their triumphs loudly sung, but can also have their victories invented.

CONGRESSMEN AND TORPEDOES.—A good joke occurred about congressmen a few afternoons ago. A Michigan colonel was in command of the guard. Citizens were prohibited admittance. Several came up and asked the corporal to pass them, saying that they were congressmen. The corporal stated the case to the colonel.

"They are congressmen, are they?" asked the colonel.

"So they say."

"Well, let them pass, and go where they please," said the colonel. "Let them tramp on torpedoes, go into the magazines, and where there is any prospect of their being blown to the devil, for that is the quickest way to end the war."—*Yorktown Cor.*

☞ "The Negro Brigade," which Mr. Secretary Stanton is to clothe in red trowsers, and to arm for the South Carolina division of Gen. Hunter, begins to attract more attention. Some journalists say "Greely is to command it;" some say "Wendell Philips;" some "the strong minded sisters in bloomers;" but (remarks the New York Express) as all these are but talking, writing, never-fighting characters, all such talk must be dismissed as idle.

☞ On the — ultimo, Mr. John Neck was married to Miss Isabel Heels. Thus they were literally tied neck and heels together