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ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1862.

By M. Fields.

Poetry.

For the Montgomery County Sentinel.
I MISS THEM.

To W. L. Sears, of Washington, D. C.

I miss thee at noon when the evening lay,
Of the gay happy life I heard in the sky;
When the red sun set with its bright beams,
I miss thee at noon when the gay busy throng,
Forgot the dear friends and the tearful good-
byes they said to the hands of their pleasure
and song—
And all is then happy, oh! I wish thou
wert with me.

I miss thee at eve, when moonlight is beaming
To brighten the scene as the short hours fly;
When stars of the twilight are over the earth
gleaming—
And all is then joyous, oh! I wish thou
wert with me.

I miss thee at night when sweet sleep steals away
My soul, troubled soul, from its sorrows and
care,
But I see thee in dreams, oh! far, far away,
And I wake with hope of finding thee near.
H. C. C.

An Interesting Story.

HELLEN GORDON'S REVENGE.

In a magnificent drawing-room, supplied with every luxury that wealth and art could produce, sat two persons, a man and a maiden.

"The latter, very young, not more than nineteen, and lovely, was unconsciously toying with the heavy curtain tassels, while she listened, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, to the earnest words of her companion, a handsome, noble-looking man, some six years her senior.

Percy Harrington had just paused for an answer. Receiving none, he drew the young girl gently to him, and his voice took a more impassioned tone:

"Helen, bless you, my Helen, my own darling, for your guardian, dearest, has given his consent."

Helen withdrew herself quickly, tossed her beautiful head, and said haughtily:

"Sir, you are presuming; my guardian need not trouble himself to give his consent till it is wanted; I will never marry you."

How Harrington dispensed of his appointment and notification, it is impossible to say; but there was no trace of any emotion, except an exultant smile around the firm, well-cut lips. He replied with perfect coolness: "Ah, well, then, good morning."

Helen Gordon had an account to settle with her guardian now, and absent waiting for a line. She had not to wait long; for a few moments he entered, followed by his daughter, a sweet girl of sixteen.

"Helen, is it true that you have refused the hand of Percy Harrington?"

"It is true, sir."

"Child! child! do you realize what you have done? You have refused the hand of a noble and honorable man, whom the world holds in high estimation, a man who loves you."

"She laughed a bitter, mocking and scornful laugh.

Mr. Campbell looked astonished.

"How can you laugh so?" he asked reproachfully.

"How can I, indeed? Pray excuse my unparliamentary mirth, sir, but it is really laughable to hear you say he loves me."

"Why do you doubt his sincerity, asked Kate Campbell."

"Well, you must recollect that I have borne the name of the Gold Heart and Hollow Heart for years past, and I find it quite impossible to refrain from laughing at the idea of love. But once more, pray excuse me."

"Dear Helen, I know he loves you dearly, and I know he will never change."

With an effort the handsome Helen repressed the sneer that just faintly curled her beautiful lips, and Kate continued to talk of Percy.

Helen listened, apparently very attentive and very much interested, and when her little friend concluded, she stooped over her and kissed her, and then, with her eyes and graceful motion, she floated out of the room before the other was conscious that she was going.

Slowly Helen Gordon stepped up the broad staircase, and, when she had reached the head of it, she turned to the right and entered her own handsome room. She walked across it, and stood before the mirror upon her toilet table.

"How beautiful I am!" she softly murmured, and raising her white hand, that for exquisite shape, purity and smoothness, might have been carried out of marble, she smoothed the white bands of her raven hair from her white polished temples; and smiling faintly traced beneath the transparent skin. Her eyes were black, and lustrous, shaded by the longest and silkiest of lashes, and beautiful pebbled brows arched over them. The nose was

decline behind the trees in the west, till it was hid from sight. She rose with a sigh, and turning from the spot she took the way toward home.

She had gone but a short distance when Seymour, emerging from a by-path stood before her.

She smiled and greeted him pleasantly, but he started, and a bright flush of pleasure mounted to his brow, as he raised his hat from his brown hair and bowed reverently before her. He said:

"I am glad that I have found you, I have been looking for you, as I wish to speak to you," and impetuously catching her hand in his, he pressed it to his lips.

With a hasty movement, like an insulted queen, she drew herself up and snatched away her hand.

"Helen, I love you! Oh, I worship, I adore you, dearest, beautiful, glorious, Helen!"

"Have you forgotten that you have professed to love me once before," she cried.

"I did love you then, and love you still, and I know you love me," he continued.

"Love you?" she cried, with a cool smile, "love you? I hate you! I despise you. Words cannot express my hate and contempt for you. Now, sir, let me pass." But he stood directly in her path, and barred the way.

She cast upon him one look of such lofty scorn, that he stepped aside, and she walked on.

While he stood there her mocking laugh was borne back to him on the air, while she exclaimed aloud, "I am avenged."

The next morning Paul Seymour was found dead in his bed. A phial, from which had been taken a deadly poison, told the tale.

Three months later Helen Gordon became the wife of Percy Harrington, and more gentle and loving wife could not be found.

YOUNG GIRLS.—To our thinking there is no more exquisite creature on the earth than a girl from twelve to fifteen years of age. There is a period in the summer's morning, known only to early risers, which combines all the tenderness of the dawn with nearly all the splendor of the day. There is at least full promise of the glowing noon; but yet the dew is still on the half opened flower, and the birds sing with rapture their awakening song. So, too, in the morning of a girl's life there is a time like this, when the rising glory of womanhood sparkles from the sports of an infant, and the elegance of a queenly grace adorns the gambols of babyhood. Unimpaired by the sweeping rein of youth, she appears, she glides amidst her graceful play, like a royal yacht amongst a fleet of coal-barges. Unconscious of the effect of the high, low, and health-aborn her gives her elegance, and health-aborn her gives her beauty. Indeed, it seems to be the peculiar province of her sex to reflect this part of life from approbation.

A SPOON BOY.—A little boy was observed by a respectable gathering on the Boston Common, and was told by the officer that he must not take the spoon. "O, but I must have it for my rabbit," he said. "You must not take it," said the officer. "I must have it, you must give it me," he said. "Where is the rabbit?" asked the boy. He was directed to the City Hall, and told that he would find him there; so off he trudged to the City Hall, and was introduced to the Mayor. The Mayor inquired, "Well, my son, what do you want for my rabbit, sir?" "I want some grass for my rabbit, sir." "How many rabbits have you?" "Two, sir." "But how do you expect to get grass of me?" "Why, sir, you got me a grass of me on the Common, and they told me I must not have it, unless you would ask leave of you, sir." "Go," said the Mayor, "and tell the officer to let you have as much grass as you want." We predict that boy, if he lives will make a man.—Boston Traveller.

A USEFUL HINT TO PARENTS.—A writer says, speaking of the deaths of children, that "many mysterious dispensations of Providence" would be averted, if children were restricted to light suppers, and a moderate supply of bread and milk and rice. They would be less troubled with cold feet and restless brains at night. A load of food in the stomach withdraws blood from the rest of the body, and leaves the lower extremities cold, which also disturbs the brain.

ES A would-be wag in Milwaukee tied a string across the pavement of a street, intending to trip some unwary passer-by—a while afterwards, having occasion to go that way himself, broken all about his joke and picked up a broken nose from the pavement.

The President has approved the bill securing freedom in all the present and the future Territories of the United States.

Accounts of Late Battles.

The Battle Near Charleston.

From the Charleston Mercury of the 15th inst., we copy the following account of the fight at Secessionville:

Secessionville is a small village, the prettiest of a few of the James Island plantations. It is on the eastern side of the island, on a high point of land lying between the marsh and the creek (or Folly Island, and empties into the Stono river near its mouth). The creek on the west of the village a short, shallow creek makes its way towards the waters of Charleston bay. Thus a tongue of land formed between the two creeks, and is connected with the body of the island by a narrow neck of thirty yards width, some four or five hundred yards long. Here Lamar's army, consisting of two companies of the South Carolina Volunteers, and the Secessionville battery, were posted. The creek on the east of the village, and the narrow neck of land, were heavily wooded, and the ground was uneven, and in places very marshy. The Secessionville battery, a company of the South Carolina Volunteers, and the Secessionville battery, were posted on the west of the village, and the narrow neck of land, were heavily wooded, and the ground was uneven, and in places very marshy.

On Sunday night, two companies, consisting of the Charleston Light Infantry, from the Charleston Battalion, under Captain T. Y. Simons, and Company A, South Carolina Volunteers, under Captain Stuart, from Smith's Battalion, were drawn out a half mile in front of the work. The rest of the men of these two battalions of infantry, stationed near the Secessionville battery, were drawn out to the north of the work, and were ordered by Colonel Lamar to take a nap. At break of day the pickets came running in just before the advancing foe. When Col. Lamar was notified, and looked out from the work he was to defend, the enemy had approached to within four hundred yards. But twenty-five of the garrison were awake at the moment, and the commanding officer, the first round was fired when the column was within thirty paces of the guns. It was well directed by Col. Lamar himself. The shot burst through the closed ranks with great havoc, and the foe soon retired.

The warlike men, startled by the sound of musketry, and by the bayonet plumes from their officers, sprang to their feet, and, not knowing the whereabouts of their officers, and came to the assistance of the gunners. Three land batteries, two sections of field artillery, and three gunboats, began to open upon the work. The second charge of the enemy was made and repulsed with slaughter. And again the third. The accurate fire of our riflemen, co-operating with the deadly discharges of grape and canister, swept the field in front and cut down the skirmishers, who, deploying on the left flank under cover of some bushes, had come up to the very work at that angle. In these successful efforts, which occurred by five o'clock in the morning, Colonel Lamar fell from the effect of a Minie ball striking him through the lower part of the arm, and running round his neck under the skin.

To his cool courage and energy, in the early part of the position, under circumstances of great peril, from the surprise of the enemy, and the personal efforts of his brave example and personal efforts greatly inspired his command.

After Col. Lamar was wounded he was unable to stand, from his great loss of blood, and was carried off as soon as practicable. His place in the battery was filled by that able, accomplished, and indefatigable officer of the regular artillery, Lieutenant Col. T. M. Wagner, being the next officer in rank present. Col. Gaillard had been stationed at the post with his battalion for some time, and had done good service. Col. Wagner, who was only temporarily there, requested him to assume command,

adding that he would aid him and take charge of the battery. This he did until the conclusion of the fight, between 8 and 9 o'clock, sustaining a terrible flank fire, and directing the gunnery with great coolness and precision.

Upon falling to swim the creek, or to flank it on the left or eastward side, the enemy drove off land came upon the right bank on the other side of the small creek and north to the marsh. Here, at the short distance of about one hundred and fifty yards, three regiments, deploying in line of battle, and partially covered by a small growth of bushes, poured upon the two batteries of infantry, drawn up facing them across the marsh, a continuous and deadly fire. The gun-carriages were perforated and torn by many balls. Many of our men fell as the guns and along the line formed to the rearward of the battery on its right flank. The contest was very unequal and trying. The contest was for some time; but at this critical juncture the Louisiana battalion came up gallantly at the double quick, under its skillful officer, Lieutenant Colonel McHenry. By the guidance of Major Hudson, of Smith's Battalion, it formed on the right of that corps, facing the marsh. This reinforcement and its gallant fire disheartened the foe. Captain Boyce, with one gun of light artillery, began to play on his rear. He began to fall back, fairly beaten off.

While the struggle was progressing, immediately on the rear right flank of the battery against these three regiments, a formidable force of the foe attempted, by passing further out to the west, to gain the rear of our position. But in skirting a wood they came upon the advancing lines of the Eataw regiment, Colonel Simons, who had come two miles. Declaring they were friends, not to shoot—they got close up and fired into our men—killing many. But the response they got was cutting. The wood edge was strewn with the dying and the dead. Thirty or forty bodies were picked up here. The movement was foiled. Nothing was left but retreat from every portion of the field.

It was a bloody fight, fought against odds, by exhausted men, without preparation. It was a signal victory of Southern patriots over the murderous invaders of their soil. The five regiments attacking are said to be the 79th N. Y. Highlanders, the 8th Michigan, one from Massachusetts, a New Hampshire and a Connecticut regiment. But for the distance of our rear troops, and the brief time occupied in the action, together with the actions in the road, preventing the passage of light artillery to the enemy's rear, their whole force may, perhaps, have been taken or cut up. From the account of prisoners, who assert that there were nine United States regiments at that morning, it is probable that four regiments were held in reserve to support the five engaged, and to protect their retreat.

The following is the congratulatory order of Gen. Pemberton:

The Major General commanding the Department tenders his heartfelt thanks to every officer and soldier of this command whose happy fortune it was to participate in the glorious work of Monday, the 15th June, inst.

To the gallant and indefatigable Colonel T. G. Lamar, and to the brave men who so steadfastly supported him, especial thanks are due. And to the noble dead a debt of deep and lasting gratitude.

THE MARYLAND SOLDIERS.

From the Richmond Examiner.

We have seen it stated in several of the Northern papers that the surrender of the First Maryland (Yankee) regiment, at Front Royal, the fraternization between them and the members of the First Maryland (Confederate) regiment was of the most affectionate character, and rubbed the battle, which resulted in their annihilation, "of half its horrors." According to the accounts they rushed into each other—not with bloody intent—but into each other's arms, and fell to hugging and hand shaking all round. A fouler lie upon the patriotism of any set of men was never conceived or perpetrated. The facts were indignantly to the contrary, and we have them from a member of the Confederate regiment, a participant in the battle, and a witness of the grounding of the arms of the Yankees.

The contempt evinced for them by their captors was most marked and emphatic; the Maryland renegades hanging their heads like whipped curs caught in a dirty business. If words were exchanged with them on the Confederate side they were words of hissing scorn, contempt and loathing, not of affection and regard. Thus, many of the members of the opposing regiments were known to each other, but if there were any recollections of "Auld Lang Syne," they were those that challenged a deadly struggle at sight. Among the captives were the very men who had aided the Yankees who had hunted them through the streets with "billy," pistol and

along shot," and who now cringed and begged for mercy and protection.

The rules of honorable war do not admit of vengeance visited upon an overpowered foe. But for this, the First Maryland (Yankee) regiment would have ceased to exist, even as prisoners.

As it was, even with the high, honorable instincts of their captors, the commanding General deemed it prudent to remove the Maryland Confederate regiment from the post of guard over the prisoners, and placed them in the keeping of a Georgia regiment. This was not necessary for the mean, dirty mass of Yankee scoundrels, who would assault by reason of the stretch that would emanate upon a kick being offered it.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Nothing can be more noble and heroic than the spirit of the women of the South from the beginning of this contest. In their brave and generous hearts the flame of patriotism has burned from the beginning with a flame which no cloud of disappointment can dim nor floods of disaster can extinguish. In the language ascribed to a noble Southern lady, who, hearing of our recent reverses, expressed desire to be crushed to death by one of the enemy's bomb-shells rather than witness the subjugation of the South, we believe that the women of the South, would rather die to-morrow than witness the degradation of their native land.

To talk of subjugating a people whose mothers, wives and daughters are animated by such a spirit is the wildest insanity. We have always regarded the enthusiastic and constant devotion of the Southern women to the goodness of that cause, and of the moral strength it would command among the Southern people. Virtuous, unselfish, disinterested, their prayers will be stronger with Heaven than the arms of men, whose patriotism is too often mixed with the alloy of selfishness and ambition.

What! the South has such women, her sons must be as brave as their mothers are pure and noble. God bless the women of the South! The cause is in their hands. And no matter how selfishness, greed, ambition and inhumanity may run riot elsewhere, no matter how mean a croak, the prayers of the mothers and wives of Israel will avail with Heaven, and their spirit inspire the souls and nerve the arms of our people to "fight on, fight ever," till their liberties are secure.—Richmond Dispatch.

WAGES 10 CENTS PER DAY.

The Philadelphia Evening Journal states that owing to the great influx of negroes into Chester county, Pennsylvania, wages have been reduced to such an extent as to render many of the negroes willing to labor for ten cents per day!

This is, perhaps, the first instance in Pennsylvania, where negro labor came in ruinous competition with white labor, but it will not be the last, if the fanatical abolitionists persist in ridding the Southern States of their negroes and huddling them together in swarms, in the free States. If the white men at the North, who have to labor for their bread, sustain the abolitionists a little while longer, they will not be able to obtain any employment whatever, even at ten cents per day, where the negro can be made to answer.

It seems strange to us, that the white mechanics and laboring men in the free States, have not long since sent men to Congress who will pay some attention to the wants and interests of white men, instead of returning year after year, fanatical abolitionists, whose entire time and attention is occupied in legislation for the negro. But they will not always remain irresponsible to their own rights and interests. The abolition phreasia is beginning to work, and it only needs the influx of a few more negroes from the South into their midst, before they will be ready to trample abolitionism into the earth and curse the day that it was ever introduced amongst them.

THE WATERS OF WAR.

The beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah is terribly wasted by the armies operating in that region. A letter from a soldier, dated three miles south of Winchester, says:

"We passed through a section of most beautiful country, combining the romantic and picturesque in the greatest degree. The valley of the Shenandoah is extremely known as comprising one of the finest and most fertile regions of country anywhere to be found. The very name is significant of beauty. It is one of the greatest wheat growing countries we ever saw. Field after field of wheat met our eye, and we never so fully realized before what was meant by the fields of grain."

"We saw, between Harper's Ferry, and Winchester, stacks of old wheat unthrashed, going to decay for want of laborers. The fields of wheat, now growing and ripening so luxuriantly, must go to waste for the same reason. Slaves are making their escape daily, and what do do without them is an arguement to the people of the Valley."