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By M. Fields.

## Pactical.

### THE BOWL OF BLOOD.

Up, up, ye cowardly men, your souls!  
In this time of need!  
When the angels' banners make the rolls  
In chains upon your breast!  
Up, up, from cautious slothful bed!  
Look on the bloody plain!  
O see the dying and the dead!  
O see your brothers slain.  
Blood! blood! in the bowl of life!  
Will drain it to the last?  
Will urge still on the helms of strife?  
"Still 'tis the battle blast!"  
Peace! peace! O Christians, let us pray  
That God will send us peace!  
Christ, turn us from the way that  
Into the paths of peace. —Cecilia.

## Original.

### O TEMPORA! O MORES!—No. 5.

BY NEEDLE.

"Then with a pious draught refresh thy soul."

And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.

Infusing wine, pernicious to mankind,

Unsees the limbs, and dells the noble mind."

Prosaic Homer.

Intemperance has long been one of the

most baneful and dreadful scourges with

which society has been afflicted. It merits

the denunciation and repudiation of every

pure-minded man, and certainly no effort

should be omitted which can strike, with

any effect, against the strong and sturdy

growth it has assumed in the public toler-

ation. But the nature and purpose of

these necessarily brief discussions, (if

they deserve the name,) will not permit

me to enter upon so broad an undertak-

ing, and to speak here of intemperance

as a general question. That is the work

of Ministers of the Gospel, and Professors

and Lecturers of a like pious nature. It

is my purpose to consider the subject only

in the relation it bears to young men,

and to show them, as far as may be ne-

cessary, how false and ill-founded is the

notion, now so prevalent among them,

that it has any kind of connection with

the principles which should control the

conduct of gentlemen in their intercourse

with each other. I cannot describe this

vice better than by giving it the denomi-

nation of "fashionable drunkenness."

Upon all occasions of parties, public ex-

hibitions, fetes, festivals, and the like, it

is the pride and the boast of many young

men to be drunk, and he who declines

one of their glasses is denounced at once

as behind the times; unfit to be in a

crowd; or, perhaps, unworthy of the as-

sociation of such fast and fashionable

gentlemen as they esteem themselves. Who

does not know that many a boy, whose

moral training at home is perhaps excel-

lent, and who fails in his heart would not

be subjected to such vicious influences,

is induced to take the first step to tem-

perance, and thus ruined forever, by

this system of approach upon his impud-

ent backslider? He drinks, of course,

to be scorned for his stupidity, or laugh-

ed at for his greenness, and soon he knows

as well what is a "gig cock-tail," as

"punch," or "take it raw," as the

most noted toper. And then how de-

light to say to his companion, "You were

not half so drunk as I was!" or, perhaps,

"I didn't take more than four or five

drinks during the whole day." This is

no fiction. It is too true and faith-

ful a picture. I travelled a short dis-

tance, some time since, in a stage coach,

with a young gentleman, all strangers

to me, and upon the bottle being,

of course, passed around in a very short

time after our start, the one seated next

to me partially reclined, with myself,

the urgent invitation to drink, and I was

thoroughly led to hope that I had luckily

met with a companion who had the moral

courage to spurn the degradation of

drunkenness at the expense of being

charged with a want of appreciation of

the modern manners of our distant gen-

erations. The next moment, and soon became

very merry. The bottle came again, and

while repeated and more pressing solici-

tations, my friend understood again, to

refuse, that the fashionable party would

be so refused; they became clamorous;

they represented the felicitous state of

their own feelings; they sang fine songs;

they shouted compulsion; the young man

hesitated, wavered—in a moment the

poisonous draught was down, and before

he reached the end of his journey, he

was the most boisterous of the company.

I hope no reader will envy my ride—par-

ticularly, when he is assured that not a

glass remained in the coach windows.

It is difficult to conceive what could

have given rise to this most pernicious

practice among young men. It cannot

be the result of a burning thirst for the

ardent, for that is acquired only through

long and habitual dissipation. Whiskey,

like tobacco, is always repugnant to the

first taste. That men should sometimes

yield to the passions, which are a part

of their nature, is not a matter of insur-

mountable mystery; but the delusion, that in-

toxication confers manliness upon char-

acter, is one of the most unnatural, as

well as most deplorable evils of this trou-

ble-stricken age. Who needs to be told

that intemperance "innervates the limbs,"

and "dulls the noble mind?" Think

of every man in Christendom a drunkard,

and think whether every such character

does not curse his Maker, and pervert

the whole object of his existence. Think

of a nation's councils filled with immoral

and intemperate characters, and then

think whether such a nation be not al-

ready cast into perdition. It is sad, in-

deed, to reflect how short—judging from

present prospects—the present generation

will come of fulfilling a high and noble

destiny. The moral chapter of our his-

tory is almost a vacuum. These are

worthy considerations for the youth,

standing between virtue and vice, ready

to embrace the latter.

There is no young man, let his condi-

tion or occupation be what it may, but

who has his bright hopes and his aspira-

tions—but who dreams of listening to

sermons and applauding multitudes; or,

perchance, of the grasping articles of the

cabinet statesman's portfolio; or, of the

triumphal marches of the military hero

and patriot; but, alas! how few attain to

the realization of these happy anticipa-

tions! It is no reproach, young man, to

cherish a wish to be great; for goodness

and greatness are ever inseparably in-

terwoven. No man ever found his way to

the latter but by the instrumentality of

the former; and no fact is more demon-

strative of the utter ridiculousness of the

pretension it is the object of these few

verbal lines to discourage.

Just as true is it, that nothing is more

repugnant to the rules which should guide

the conduct of a man striving to shine

as a superior member of the social circle.

Here, pleasure and happiness depends

strictly upon the maintenance of sancti-

ty, purity, and innocence. When these

are invaded by the rude hand of de-

bauchery, under the assumed or pretend-

ed sanction of custom and fashion, then

there is time for the weeping and walling

of all the just and religious part of man-

kind.

A true gentleman—a man of will,

of intellect, and of judgment—a man en-

joying the reputation of a useful and

valuable citizen; and receiving the respect

of all classes—truly a worthy character

—is known as much by his abstinence

from the excesses of intemperance, as by

anything else, and will always be prompt

to condemn and defeat the indecent

and railing independence of the votaries

of fashionable, no less than of any other

kind of drunkenness.

Note.—I perceive that exceptions have been

taken to the strictures on the "Eccentric In-

terests" of "wag the great men," contain-

ed in my last article, and that some have

been unguarded as to assert that they were of a

personal nature, and the offering of personal

epigrams and malice.

To candid and intelligent readers no denial

of this charge need be made; and I have

wished to call attention to it, mainly, that it

may be seen how just were the reflections that

subject upon which I write; and while I shall be

scrupulous, as I have been from the first, to do

injustice to no man, I shall allow no such ill-

born imputation as that which has been weak-

ly cast upon me in this instance, to deter me

from a single step from the just purpose I have

in view. I hope that, in the first issue of this

paper, the object of my writing like vanity or

self-interest is evident. If really, indeed, in

any manner, to the authorship of these arti-

cles, all will agree with me that it is con-

trary to a man's duty. For I, alone, am con-

scious of my own secret. No one knows who

has written these articles, and no one can

possibly have been so indiscreet as to per-

fectly say to the world that he is the last per-

son whom suspicion will be directed. Persons

had better pay more attention to my precepts,

and leave the question of my identity to be

settled when it becomes of as much use and im-

portance.

FOR THE REVIVER.

### A FEW MOMENTS AMONG THE DEAD.

"Yet each these bones from insult to protect"

Some frail memorial still erected high,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture

decks,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

It was my pleasure this morning, whilst

"brushing with hasty steps the dew away,"

to pause for a moment at the grave-yard

of "St. Mary's" church. It is a beauti-

ful and sacred spot; beautiful in its so-

lemnity, sacred from surrounding associa-

tions, and the chosen place for calm and

holy reflection.

The early riser, fond of viewing nature

when the sun first comes to greet it, and

the balmy air of spring, laden with the

perfumes of unscathed garden spots around,

should have the habitations of the living

when the mind is refreshed by sleep, and

devotes a few fleeting moments 'midst the

grave of the dead. There are no les-

sons taught more wholesome than the

teachings of the silent grave; there is

no voice that appeals more directly to

the heart, than that which speaks from the

grave. From the little moss-covered

mound, decked with the humble violet

that rears its head to meet the rising sun,

to the stately pile whose crumbling dust

mingles with the ashes of the patriarch,

each grade in life, which here finds rest

beneath the sod, inculcates its own spe-

cial lesson.

Touching, indeed, are the tributes of

affection to the memory of departed dear

ones! But, apart from the sensations

which are thus produced, the mind seri-

ously turns to the contemplation of life's

breath—the folly of ambition, save the

offspring of holy aspirations—the vanity

of the world, its pomp and show. The

very silence seems to breathe in whis-

pers of "Dust thou art, and dust thou

shalt return;" and whilst the gaze

rests upon the quiet little village beneath,

the mind naturally takes a retrospec-

tion of the past, or speculates upon the

hopes of the dim uncertain future. Every-

thing in nature has its hour of doom!

The fairest flowers of earth bloom and

fade—the loftiest trees, the pride and

beauty of the virgin forest, and the birth

of unknown centuries, are left naked

to the effects of the howling storm, or

shattered into atoms, before the thun-

der-bolt; the little twinkling stars, that

deck the blue-arched temple, die out one

by one; all things must perish! Em-

pires, which have swayed the world, are

rocked into fragments; and the clamor

of revelry, leaving their record with

the historians, cities, which have become

the chief emporiums of nations, waste

away beneath the corroding tooth of time,

and their ruined arches and crumbling

and blackened walls, are all that is left

of their former greatness and grandeur;

and man, their architect, he too falls un-

der the infirmities of old age, or the

ravages of disease, and a tomb-stone marks

his final resting place!

And thou, fair little village, with thy

dwellings of the rich and thy cabins of

the poor, near no domes in pride! Time,

with these reflections, which, through-

tinged with a shade of mel-

ancholy, softening and subduing; and

depressed, indeed, must be the nature

that yields not to this soothing influence,

which brings the most rebellious passions

of the soul into calm