# 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, (Md.) FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1866. Vol XI.—No. 23.



COUNTY ADVERTISMENTS.

The Misses Dugan & Walloy's

SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Rockville, Md.

THE DUTIES OF THIS INSTITUTION will commence on the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1865, and parents are requested to enter children at the commencement of the session.

TERMS,

Per ten months, payable quarterly in advance:

| | |
|---|---|
| Board and Tuition, per 10 months, - | $150 00 |
| Music—Piano Forte, per 11 weeks, - | 12 00 |
| Guitar and Melodian do - | 12 00 |
| Use of the Instrument do - | 2 00 |
| Painting, per 11 weeks, - - | 4 00 |
| Day-Scholars, 1st and 2d classes do - | 7 00 |
| " 3d and 4th " do - | 6 00 |
| Fuel, per 10 months, - - | 1 00 |

Having secured the services of TWO ADDITIONAL TEACHERS, the Ladies of the Seminary take this opportunity to inform their numerous friends and patrons, that they will now be able to accommodate a greater number of pupils, and carry on their school on a much larger scale.

No Day-Scholar received for less than ten months. No deduction made for absence, unless in cases of protracted illness.

aug 4—tf

SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

NEAR BROOKEVILLE, Montgomery County, Md.

THIS SCHOOL, located in a healthy and elevated portion of the State, opens

On WEDNESDAY, 6th September.

The situation is retired from public thoroughfares, but is easily accessible by daily stages from Washington, D. C., and from Laurel, on the Baltimore and Washington Railroad.

THE BUILDINGS are new and specially adapted to the purposes of the school. The Grounds are extensive, furnishing ample space for exercise and recreation.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION includes the usual English Branches, the Languages, Music, &c.

Special attention given to careful christian culture and household science.

FOR TERMS, &c., address

Rev. O. HUTTON, A. M.,

aug 11—1mtf Brookeville, Md.

A CARD.

To Parents and Guardians.

THE subscriber will take a limited CLASS OF YOUNG LADIES for the Scholastic year, commencing the

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1865.

Her school will be at the residence of Geo. Peters, Esq., in the village of Rockville.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION will embrace the English Branches, French, Latin and Music.

TERMS OF TUITION can be ascertained by application to Geo. Peters, Esq.

aug 11—tf SARAH C. POULSON.

ROCKVILLE ACADEMY.

EDWIN ARNOLD, L. L. D., Principal.

THE DUTIES of this Institution will be resumed on MONDAY, September 4th, 1865.

TERMS:

For tuition in the ordinary English branches per year of 10 months, payable quarterly in advance, ..... $30 00

For tuition in Classics, English branches and Mathematics..... 35 00

If to these branches be added French or German..... 40 00

N.B. There will be an extra charge for fuel and incidentals proportionate to the number of pupils, and a *per capita* tax of 25 cents per quarter, to defray the expense of repairs to the building.

aug 11—6t

A CARD.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery county, as required by the "Internal Revenue Act, the undersigned will attend to business in his line in any portion of this or adjoining counties. His charges will be moderate. He solicits a share of the public patronage.

Letters addressed to him, at Poolesville, Md., on business, will be promptly attended to. ALEX. DADE.

may 19—3m

A CARD.

THE undersigned having taken out AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery county, as required by the "Internal Revenue Act," will attend to business in his line in any part of the State. He is the only person in this county who has taken out such license, and, therefore, the only one authorized to act as auctioneer.

Any business communication addressed to him at Clarksburg, Md., will be promptly attended to. C. R. MURPHY,

aug 11-6t Clarksburg, Md.

AUCTIONEERING.

JAMES W. BOSWELL respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Montgomery county as Auctioneer. From his long experience in selling, he feels confident that he will be able to render general satisfaction.

He has taken out the necessary LICENSE for the business, and therefore all sales will be legal.

He will attend to sales in any part of the county, and his terms will be such as cannot fail to please. All orders addressed to him at Rockville, Darnestown, or Poolesville, will be promptly attended to. [dec 14-tf

SURVEYOR'S NOTICE.

THE subscriber will give prompt attention to all calls, from any part of the county, for LAND SURVEYING, LEVELING, &c. All persons who have land to survey, will please address him, by letter, at as early a day as possible, at Brookeville, stating the time when wanted and the number of days; or leave word with E. B. PRESTMAN, Clerk, Rockville.

WM. GRADY,

County Surveyor for Montgomery Co.

Aug 11—3m


## Selected Poetry.

### CHILDHOOD AND ITS VISITORS.

E. L. BULWER.

Once on a time when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair childhood hard at play
Before a bank of blushing flowers.
Happy—he knew not whence or how;
And smiling—who could choose but love him
For not more glad than Childhood's brow
Was the gay heaven that laughed above him.

Old Time came hobbling in his wrath
And that green valley's calm invaded;
The brooks grew dry beneath his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
A Grecian tomb stood full in sight,
And that old Time began to batter,
But Childhood watched his paper kite,
Nor heeded he one whit the matter.

With curling lip, and eye askance,
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's sickly simple glance
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Again spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom by, [ter.
Pale, cypress-crowned, night's woeful daugh-
And proffered him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water; [name?"
Says Childhood, "Madame, what's your
And when the baldame uttered "Sorrow,"
Then cried, "Don't interrupt my game;
I prithee call again tomorrow."

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
And taught him with most sage endeavor,
Why bubbles rise and storms fall,
And why no joy may last forever;
She talked of all the wondrous laws
Which Nature's open book discloses,
But Childhood when she made a pause,
Was fast asleep pursuing the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on! Pale manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure;
Of glory's toils, ambition's schemes,
Of cherished love or hoarded treasure;
But to the couch where childhood lies,
A pure unmingled trance is given,
Lit up by rays of seraph's eyes
And glances of remembered heaven!

## An Interesting Story.

### BROKEN VOWS.

This was how they parted. It was a summer's evening, and they stood in a covered porch, he, tall and manly, holding her slight, drooping figure in his arms. Bending over her till his lips touched her's, he said:

"You will never forget me? You are my promised wife?"

"All yours. I will never forget you," she answered.

"I may be gone for years, sweet one. Will you wait for me?"

"I will wait."

And, with a passionate embrace, he left her standing, white and still, in the pale moonlight, his firm, ringing step carrying him out to a new life, new scenes, to battle with the world; her trembling feet bearing her back to the old monotony, unbroken by the sunshine that had gladdened it—the light of his love.

She was very fair and pretty, and sixteen summers only had printed their warm kisses on her lips, when she stood in the porch on that moonlight evening. Her simple dress of cheap cotton print could not hide her graceful figure, and the soft curls shaded a sweet, childish face; but the small hands were scarred with work—the rough seal of poverty was stamped on all her surroundings.

They had been neighbors, these lovers, from the time when they were rocked in their baby cradles; and they had grown up, side by side, knowing no pleasure that was not shared between them. She was the only child of a widowed mother, the village seamstress, he boasted of no higher origin than the parentage of village schoolmaster afforded. But the monotony of life, in the obscure country town, had at last wearied the ambitious boy, and he had wrung from his father a reluctant consent to try his fortune in the world outside of his quiet home, of which he had heard so much—seen nothing. He was of age, a man of intellectual promise, unpolished, but well studied and learned, full of hope, ambition and courage, when he pressed his farewell kiss upon the lips of the maiden whose heart he had won. His father, a quiet, studious man, had mustered an immense fund of book-learning; and this, sifted and cleared of all its useless dross, he had imparted to his only son. A brother of his mother's, a lawyer in full practice, had consented to take the young man to his office, on trial, and if there was any stuff in him, teach him the law; and so leaving his father's lonely home, and sweetheart's breaking heart, Coleman Lee turned his back on L———, to win a name and a position in the world.

Four years rolled away. The meek widow, whose needle had known but little rest for many years, lay at last in the little churchyard; the old schoolmaster, who had lost his son, had taken into his lonely house the widow's child, and Coleman Lee was still far away from his village home. His letters to the fair-haired girl whose heart he had won, were at first long and frequent; then they grew shorter, and came at long intervals, and at last they ceased altogether, and she had learned the bitter lesson of neglect. To his father he wrote frequently, and she knew that he was rising in his profession; was admitted into the best society the city afforded; was becoming known and earning a competent support; but no word of return to his father or his old home ever crept into his letters that were read with such full hearts at L———.

From the time when Helen Montgomery had turned from the vine-wreathed porch to enter her poor home, she had made a new resolution, which, through hard striving, she had kept.—She had felt bitterly that her education and manners were far below the standard which he would seek in his wife, after he had lived in the great world outside of L———, and she had tasked her mind to reach the ideal image she had erected for a model. For six months, her life had no change from the monotony of household drudgery, and aiding her mother in the weary routine of sewing; then she was orphaned, and the old schoolmaster opened his home to her. He had known of his son's engagement, and had only persuaded the gentle girl to come with him in his lonely cottage. From the day when her foot first passed the threshold of her present home, a new life opened for Helen. Relieved from household work, only called upon to superintend the labor of tidy servants, she gave her whole heart to study. The old schoolmaster, who had saved a modest income and given up his school to a younger, was only too glad to pour from his fountain of learning a stream into this young eager mind. As the conviction of Coleman's faithlessness gained ground in Helen's mind, she grew more engrossed in her new studies, more eager to stifle the sorrow of her heart in the expanding intellect and cultivation of her mind. So the four years crept away.

It was summer again, and in the schoolmaster's little cottage there are again changes. A gentleman from New York, a man of refinement and taste, has come for a few days' fishing to L———, and had persuaded the old gentleman to give him Coleman's room for a short stay. The days lengthened into weeks, the long summer drew to a close; but the visitor lingered. Then sorrow came—a lingering fever seized the feeble frame of the schoolmaster, and he sank to rest in the arms of the girl who had been his son's promised wife. Four years, and the young girl stood in the parlor of the little cottage, listening to another lover pleading for a place in her heart—the right to comfort her sorrow. In the room above lay the cold still form of her only protector. This was how the postman found them. This was the missive he brought to the doubly bereaved girl, orphaned for the second time:—

"DEAR HELEN: I am writing to ask a release from the childish engagement which has doubtless become irksome to you long ago. We were mere children when we parted, and doubtless you have ere this met with some one who will make your life happier than I can.—For your long devotion to my father, I beg you will accept my heartfelt thanks, and under all circumstances believe me, ever your friend, COLEMAN LEE."

Two hours later, the answer was sent:

"Your father was buried this morning. I shall be married to-morrow, and sail for Europe with my husband, in a week. HELEN MONTGOMERY."

This was how they met: Mrs. Everard Curtis, a leader of fashion, frivolous and empty-headed, was to give a great party. Everybody was invited, and everybody came. Mrs. Curtis, it was whispered, had a new star to introduce to the world of fashion, a widow of her nephew, whose wealth and beauty were both subjects of comment and surmise. The parlors were well filled when Coleman Lee, one of Mrs. Curtis' favorite "cards," came in.

"Now, my dear Mr. Lee," said the gay hostess, fluttering up to the grave lawyer. "I must introduce you to my niece. This is her first party since she left off her mourning. There she is now, under the centre chandelier, chatting with Henry. Is she not lovely?"

Coleman looked. He saw a tall, gracefully formed lady, dressed in clouds of soft, white lace, with diamonds sparkling on her throat and arms. Her fair hair, drooping from a jeweled comb, in rich, glossy curls; her snowy complexion tinted with a faint peach-like glow on the cheeks; her large soft eyes of the darkest blue; the regular features—all made a vision that was indeed lovely.

"So sad," continued Mrs. Curtis, "my nephew only lived a year after his marriage. Died of malarious fever in Rome, three years ago. Come let me introduce you."

"Mrs. Curtis, allow me to introduce one of my dearest friends, Mr. Coleman Lee, Mrs. Curtis."

A tiny, white-gloved hand rested a moment on the lawyer's spotless kid gloves—and so they met. No vision of the vine covered porch crossed his mind as he looked upon the radiant woman before him; but in her ears rang the parting words, as her eyes swept his grave features and tall figure.

There was the usual amount of dancing, music, small-talk and flirting; and the gay assemblage broke up in "wee sma' " hours.

"Aunt Martha," and Helen drew her hostess down on the sofa. "Don't yawn one minute before we go to bed. Who is Coleman Lee?"

"One of the most distinguished lawyers—"

"Married?"

"No. Now don't breathe it, Nell, if I tell you. He had a disappointment."

"When?"

"Oh, ever so long ago. He was one of Laura Holman's most devoted admirers. You did not know her; she married old Walcombe, and went to Paris. She flirted with everybody; but we all thought Coleman Lee had won her.—Certainly she encouraged him, but somehow she had heard a story about some country girl he was engaged to when he came from the country; but when his uncle died and left him wealth, of course he gave up all his old connexions. Laura, however, heard something, and refused him. He has been grave, reserved, and almost a recluse ever since. Only a week after she sent him off his uncle died, and he heard the death of his father. Three such blows in one week were enough to make any one solemn for awhile; but he has surely had time to recover in four years."

"Yes, one would think so;" and the beauty sauntered up stairs to bed.

"So, this is the secret of my rejection," she murmured, as she nestled down in the soft pillow; "he loved another, and that other refused him.—Perhaps he may meet a like fate again."

It was no easy task for Helen Curtis to win the man whose love had been hers in past years. It was difficult to meet him, for he was absorbed in his professional duties and cared but little for society, and the first interviews were hard to gain. Then she met him everywhere; and it was not long before she knew that, as of old, her smile was the sunshine of his life. With pitiless resolution she drew him to her side. Every art that dress could give her wonderful beauty she called into play; all the finish of manners her travels had bestowed, she kept in graceful play before his eyes; for him she unfolded the cultivated intellect, till he was bewildered by her varied information and brilliant conversation; her rich voice poured forth its choicest song for him; and, day by day, she folded around his heart new garlands of love and admiration. But while at first her aim was to punish, as the game progressed, she too, began to find mines of unsuspected worth and cultivation. Every interview strengthened her conviction that this man with expanded mind, and heart contracted by the blow of a disappointed love, was not the boy who had bidden her farewell on the moonlit porch eight years before.

She was sitting alone in the parlor, one evening, letting her fingers stray over the ivory keys of the grand piano bringing out little snatches of melody, rippling variations, or brilliant preludes, as only praticed fingers can produce them in idle moments. Suddenly she swept the keys with a few rich chords, and began to sing. Her voice filled the large rooms, as she poured out the full, clear notes, till slowly chording, she sank the strain into a German song, in the minor key, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely touching as she sang it with tender expression and pathos.

She heard the door open, a step cross the room, and knew that Coleman Lee stood beside her; but she sang on till the song was finished, then turned to face him.

Without one word to break the abrupt torrent, he told her of his love, bending down to catch the expression of the face drooping to avoid his eye. One part of the tale she had not hoped to hear. Humble in his great love, he told her of the village girl who had won his boyish passion—of the flirt who had spurned the manly love of early manhood. He bared his heart to her, and she read how sin and sorrow had purified and ennobled him, and as she listened, the dream of revenge, which had filled her heart, was swept aside by his eloquence.

"Coleman," she said, as he paused, "do you remember when you and Helen were meeting one October day, years ago, how she fell and cut her forehead, and how you kissed the wound to soothe her sobs, and bound it up with her handkerchief?"

He only gazed at her in amazement.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"Yes,—but——"

"See," she said raising the soft curls from her temple, and placing her finger on the scar, "years later you wounded her heart more sorely than the hard stone had wounded her face."

"Oh, Helen! can you forgive me?"

"Ah!" she sighed, smiling on him, "only your kiss can heal the heart wound as in those childish days your touch brought comfort."

Gently he wrapt her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers. Again, as in the vine-wreathed porch, eight years before, he held her to his heart, and heard her answer to his pleadings with sweet words of promise; and thus the broken vows were renewed, the old sorrow forgiven and forgotten.

### ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

[From the Baltimore Daily Gazette.]

MESSRS. EDITORS—The full number of the acts of tyranny and outrage perpetrated by the agents of the late Administration will never be known; but enough will be recorded on the pages of history to place the era side by side with the most reckless and lawless that have afflicted this earth, and many of its actors in the same black catalogue with the Jefferies and Titus Oates, whose names stand gibbetted to immortal infamy.

You have given to the public a few instances of the manner in which the press of Baltimore, and elsewhere, has been insulted and crushed by the lawless despotism under which the country has groaned for the past four years. I propose to add a brief chapter to this historic record by a statement of my own case I was, as you are aware, the proprietor and editor of the Baltimore *Republican* of this city. In the discharge of my duties in this position I sought to spread before the public the earliest and most reliable accounts of the fearful struggle into which the country has been plunged. I was also guilty of the offence of expressing my devotion to the Constitution and laws as given to us by our patriot forefathers, and of my opposition to those who were ruthlessly trampling them under foot. For these causes I was marked for an object of vengeance, and subjected to constant annoyance and indignity. Twice my office was invaded by the armed soldiery of the Federal government, and I and my associates turned out and the doors locked upon us, for the publication of accounts of recent battles which had taken place between the Southern and Northern armies. It should be remarked that at the very time my office was closed by the mandate of military power for the publication of facts which the Administration had sought to suppress, the *American*, with the same facts in its columns, was being hawked by the newsboys through our streets. After considerable delay my office and property were restored, upon my showing that the statements which I had published from the Richmond journals had also been published by the *National Intelligencer* of the same day. This circumstance alone saved my paper from "suppression" at that period, under the military rule of General Dix. During the succeeding administration of General Wood my office was again closed by an armed force, for publishing some extracts from Richmond papers, which extracts were then being circulated by the leading papers of New York. Upon making this fact known to General Wool, he directed my office to be restored to me. A short time after, a copy of a Richmond paper, containing the official statements of a late battle between the contending parties, was left at my office. Selecting the most important items, I speedily had them in print, and was about to send out the usual late edition, when a friend suggested that I had better send to the office of Gen. Wool and see whether he would sanction the publication. This was done, and the answer received was: "Not a line, sir; not a line, with my permission." Upon representing to the General that if the New York papers had this information they would give it to their readers, he replied: "They might do so, but you cannot; you live in a different community." Thus interfered with and fettered, I was permitted for awhile to proceed with my business. This, however, did not please the fanatics of our community, who were seeking to ingratiate themselves with the ruling powers. Gen. Wool was removed, and in his place came Gen. Schenck. Great was the rejoicing of this class when General Schenck assumed the command of this military department, and it was publicly proclaimed through the columns of the black republican organs, that "*now they had the right sort of a man; one who would do anything the Union men would ask him.*" And most fully did General Schenck fulfil the expectations and desires of the party which had brought him among us. The thousand acts of insult and wanton oppression to which the people of Baltimore were subjected by him and his adherents will long be remembered. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1863, under the orders of General Schenck, the office of the Baltimore *Republican* was once more invaded. Myself and son (with Mr. S. J. Joice, my assistant) were all arrested; the office closed, and all its contents taken possession of by the military authorities. We were marched to the office of the Provost Marshal, the immaculate Colonel Fish, subsequently sent to the penitentiary for frauds upon his own government. Upon our arrival at the office, we inquired for the Commanding General, naturally supposing that we were to have some sort of examination. We were told that he was out of town. We then asked for the Provost Marshal. He, too, was out. We next inquired for what cause we had been brought there. To this the officer, who seemed to be in charge, replied, "He did not know, unless it was for this," holding up a copy of our paper and pointing to a few stanzas there printed. We were about to state that the piece of obnoxious poetry referred to was not original with us, but had been copied from the columns of *The Press*, the paper of J. W. Forney, then, and now Secretary of the United States Senate, and high in favor with the dominant party. We were rudely interrupted by the acting official, and told that it was no use to talk, as his orders were peremptory to confine us until night, and send us by the night train out of the city and beyond the outer lines of the Federal army. A guard was immediately called, and we were all thrust into the cell of a negro jail, with strict orders not to allow any one to see or speak to us, nor permit us to speak to any one. In this negro jail we were kept without food, or even a pitcher of water, until half-past eight at night. At that hour we were brought out by a strong military guard, marched to the Camden street depot, put into a car, surrounded by armed soldiers, transported to Harper's Ferry, and there confined in the bleak, dilapidated old engine house were John Brown commenced his murderous raid against the people of Virginia. We had no trial, no *examination*; were utterly ignorant as to any violation of law or propriety, or of any such charge against us. And thus, by the wanton and unfeeling tyranny of this man Schenck, were three unoffending citizens torn from their homes and banished from their country for an indefinite period, their property and business destroyed, and the peace of their families ruined.

The papers of the next day announced that the Baltimore *Republican* had been suppressed, and its editors and proprietors banished during the continuance of the war, on pain of being treated as traitors should they return before that period. Our office was kept possession of for months, during which time our files were mutilated, and our private property destroyed or carried off, causing us the loss of many thousand of dollars, the earnings of our past life. But the record of wrong and outrage is not yet completed. After having been kept at Harper's Ferry some three days, we were sent under guard to Charlestown, then the outermost post of the Federal army. At this point we were put on the road outside the picket lines and left to find our way through a strange country as best we could. After some weeks of wandering among the ruined homes of the once beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, we reached Richmond, where I remained a few days, and then resumed my journey further South. My son and Mr. Joice remained for some time in Richmond, and finally determined to return to their homes. They believed that, upon a fair statement of the facts pertaining to their case, it would be seen that they had been guilty of no offence, and they would be permitted to remain at home and resume their business. Acting on this belief, they returned to New York on their way to their homes, and were there re-arrested and consigned to that horrible prison, Fort Delaware. In this bastile (the grave of many a noble spirit) they remained incarcerated for over a year, no charge ever having been preferred against them, except the unmeaning one of disloyalty to the government, made by the Black Republican press. For myself, I remained in banishment until the close of the war, greatly preferring the hardships of exile to the tender mercies of the prison keepers, to whose custody my son had been committed. This is a brief and true account of the manner in which law has been trampled upon and private rights and liberty destroyed. Is there to be no redress for these outrages? Is Gen. Schenck, who has shown himself so regardless of law and right, to be allowed to luxuriate in office and aid in making laws to further insult and outrage those he has oppressed and ruined? These are questions which the people have a right to ask, and which will have to be answered at some future time. For that time we calmly wait, believing, as we do, that "truth is omnipotent and public justice certain."

B. H. RICHARDSON,

Late editor and proprietor of the Baltimore *Republican*.

"Thou rain'st in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a wagish churchwarden to his minister, "I see the sleepers are very sound."

—WHEN a man's dog deserts him on account of his poverty, he can't get any lower down in this world—not by land.