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, FEBRUARY 9, 1866. Vol. XI.—No. 28.

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, -	$250 00
Music—Piano Forte, per 11 weeks, -	12 00
Guitar and Melodian do -	12 00
Use of the Instruments 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—ewtf 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. Peter, 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. Peter, 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*, ...	$25 to
For tuition in Classics, English branches and Mathematics.....	30 to
If to these branches be added French or German.....	40 to

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.

mar 10—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. MUNDAY,

aug 12—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 this 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

OAK PLANK FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED A STEAM SAW MILL, and placed the same on his farm, three miles North of Rockville, the undersigned is prepared to FILL ORDERS, at short notice.

Also—WILL EXCHANGE LUMBER FOR TIMBER.

ALL CONTRACTS to be made with the undersigned, who is duly authorized to make contracts.

C. J. MUNDAY.

Selected Poetry.

THE SOUTH.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

We'll may we sing her beauties,
This pleasant land of ours,
Her sunny smiles, her golden fruits,
And all her world of flowers;
The young birds of her forest groves,
The blue folds of her sky,
And all those airs of gentleness
That never seem to fly;
They wind about our forms at noon,
They woo us in the shade,
When panting, from the summer's heats,
We seek the welcome glade;
They win us with a song of love,
They cheer us with a dream
That gilds our passing thoughts of life
As sunlight does the stream;
And well would they persuade us now,
In moments all too dear,
That, though our hearts may sinful be,
We have our Eden here.

Ah, well has lavish Nature,
From out her boundless store,
Spread wealth of loveliness around,
On river, rock and shore;
No sweeter streams than ours may be—
And what of sunny France?
She boasts no fairer fields than ours
Within her matron glance;
Our skies look down in tenderness
From out their realms of blue,
The fairest of Italian climes
May claim no fairer hue;
And, let them sing of fruits of Spain,
And let them boast the flower
The Moor's own culture—they can claim
No dearer sweets than ours.
Perchance the dark-haired maiden
Is a glory in your eye,
But the maidens of the South will rule
When all the rest are nigh.

And more may say it is not true,
The burden of my lay,
'Tis written in the sight of all
In flower and fruit and ray;
Look on the scene around us now,
And say if song amiss
The song that pilotes to your eye
A spot so fair as this;
Gay springs the merry mocking-bird
Around the cottage pale,
And, scarcely taught by hunter's aim,
The rabbit down the vale,
Each boon of kindly Nature
Her fruits, her blooms, her flowers,
And, more than all, the maidens fair,
That fill the land of ours,
Are still in rich perfection,
As our fathers found them first,
But our sons are gentle now no more,
And all this land is cursed.

Wild thoughts are in our bosoms,
And a savage discontent;
We love no more the life we led,
The music, nor the scent;
The merry dance delights us not,
As in that better time,
When oft in happy bands we met
With spirits like our clime.
And all the social loveliness
And all the smile is gone,
That linked the spirits of our youth,
And made our people one.
They smile no more together
As in that early day,
Our maidens sigh in loneliness
Who once were always gay;
And though our skies are bright,
And our sun looks down as then,
Ah, me! the thought is sad I feel,
We shall never smile again.

Selected Miscellany.

One Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois Territories. Then what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1796 that the hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years afterwards.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half.

A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France, the three great powers of Europe, combined.

A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal people of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the greatest republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there was but four newspapers in America, with a combined circulation not exceeding 2,000. Steam engines and cylinder presses had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered the remotest conception of man.

When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that the century which has passed has been allotted to more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other event that has happened since the creation.

A hundred years hence, who can foretell our development and national greatness.

☞ Spiveller says that he has been without money so long that his head aches "ready to split" when he tries to think how a dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of change" should not have currency.

THE CARE OF PIANOS.—So many erroneous opinions prevail in regard to the care of pianos, that a correction of them would be a public benefit. Both extreme cold and artificial heat are injurious to them—the first rusting the strings and iron work, and injuring the varnish; the last shrinking and warping the woodwork comprising the larger part of the instrument. Rapidly heating a cold room severely tries a piano in various ways. Dampness from steam, or air charged with natural moisture, is to be especially avoided. The problem so puzzling to many whether the piano should be shut or open, is easily solved thus: It matters little which method is observed provided the other conditions are right. While the instrument is in use, it is well to close it on ceasing to play, and at night. If in disuse, it is better open, as less moisture would thus be retained. Great care should be taken to keep out pins, needles, tacks, and all hard substances, as they hurt the tone and sometimes clog its action. Moving the piano does not untune it. The general belief that it does, has a natural foundation in the prevalent ignorance of the strength of the instrument. The absurd notion prevails, that the playing of children harms the piano. On the contrary, the more experienced and brilliant the player, the greater the detriment to both action and tone. To deteriorate is, from the first, the law of the piano. It seldom improves, except sometimes a little in action.

FANATICISM.—Doctor Johnson used to say, that "fanaticism was robust ignorance." The irritable lexicographer was generally very happy at a definition, and this, in its truthfulness, may be classed with the definition of patriotism, viz: "the last refuge of a scoundrel." The radical fanaticism of our age is truly robust in its ignorance; it is robust in its obstinacy; it is robust in its senseless passion; it is robust in its utter ignorance of cause and effect; it is robust in its utter disregard of consequences. To this robust ignorance, the country is indebted for its present alarming condition. It was robust ignorance that induced these wretched fanatics to prefer civil war, with all its horrors, to compromise and peace; and it is robust ignorance, now, that the war is over, and the South anxious to return and act in harmony with us, that would desire to reduce them to subjugated provinces. The real object of the movement is, to shut out the Southern States from all participation in the next Presidential election. Should the Southern States participate in that election, it rings the death-knell of the radicals; hence all their efforts to prevent the restoration to the Southern States of their rights under the Constitution.

THE EDITORIAL TREADMILL.—The *Home Journal* thus describes the editor's burdens:

"It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels, brain and heart, are not allowed to lag for sickness, or to stop for calamity or sorrow. The judge may adjourn his court, the school and the workshop may close shutters, the mourner may veil his features, and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist must forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day, must write gaily and freshly as a news-monger on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour by Providence, or his brain as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of. The public looks upon the editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave as his opinion that it was "easy to see the white man mow."

☞ God knows what key in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftiest notes of joy and gladness; God knows where the melodies of our natures are, and what discipline will call them forth. Some with plaintive songs must walk in the lowly vales all of life's weary way; others in loftier hymns shall sing of nothing but joy, as they tread the mountain tops of life; but they all unite without a discord or a jar, as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

☞ The late Judge Collamer used to give the following order of business in the United States Senate: "First," said the Judge, "have a prayer by the chaplain; next the reading of the journal; then Wilson introduces a bill; then Sumner makes a classical speech; then Fessenden gets mad, and then the Senate adjourns." This order has undergone very little change since Judge Collamer's death. First, prayer; next reading the journal; then Wilson introduces a bill; then Sumner makes an assault on the President; then somebody proposes to amend the Constitution, and then the Senate adjourns.—*Chicago Post.*

THE COBBLER'S WILL.—Some years ago, says an English paper, the husband of an old lady, residing in a country village, happened to die suddenly without making a will, for the want of which very necessary precaution, his estate would have passed away from his widow had she not resorted to the following remarkable expedient to avert the loss of her property: She concealed the death of her husband and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed he should dictate a will leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was accordingly sent for to prepare the required document, and the widow, on his arrival, appeared to be realizing the greatest affliction at her good man's danger, but forthwith proceeded to ask questions of her pretended husband calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The old cobbler, groaning aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered: "I intend to leave you half my estate; and I do think the poor old shoemaker who lives over the way, is deserving of the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler's will, for fear of loosing the whole of the property, while the cunning old rogue in bed who was himself the poor old shoemaker living over the way, laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her own benefit.

THE PRICE OF PRINTING PAPER.—The present enormous price of printing paper is an imposition and an outrage on the reading public. It is a direct tax on the intelligence of the people. Still it is some consolation to know that they have an abolition congress, and nobody else to thank for it. The Chicago *Times* well and truly says:

"Between the effects of protection and government taxation, printing paper is nearly three times as costly as it was before the country was visited with the late war. Other articles have not advanced, in the aggregate, in any such proportion. It is a most outrageous injustice that consumers, under the flimsey pretext of protection to home industry, should be obliged, in order to obtain an indispensable article, to pay three times its actual value. The length of time to which people will submit to this sort of thing is exactly proportionate to the amount of common sense in their possession."

MANNERS.—"I make it a point of morality," says a writer, "never to find fault with another for his manners.—They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon those artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and, when occasion requires, the homely, but welcome salutation—'How are you, my old friend?'"

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on the farm.

That an offensive war against weeds is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors;

That hay is a great deal cheaper made in summer, than purchased in the winter;

That more stock perish from famine than founder;

That scrimping the feed of fatting hogs is a waste of grain;

That cows should be milked regularly, and clean;

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

MONEY—Men work for it, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

Political.

THE HIGHER LAW.

A great many honest persons, trained from youth up to reverence the Constitution as the supreme law of the land, have been puzzled in past years to know what the Abolitionists meant by the "higher law," which they invoked people to obey to the disregard of all their civil obligations. There was something rather startling to plain people in a system of jurisprudence, which, while it took precedence of any other, could be framed and interpreted to suit the convenience of each philosopher who betook himself to its study, and cast aside the irksome and vulgar restraints of the "lower law." It afforded a sublime plea for rogues of every description who were delighted to be put in possession of a code so flexible and so potent to override the provisions of the common statute book. Instead of being "moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil," as the polite phrase of the indictment would have it, the gentleman of light fingers or bloody ones—a Beast Butler or a John Brown, as the case might be—was enabled, if caught, to assume the face of a martyr suffering for love of law, instead of that of a culprit brought to justice for violating it. So far, indeed, was this most convenient system of personal and private legislation carried, that the Abolitionists of Boston made a hero of a preacher of their faith who was held to answer for the very practical and material offence of carrying off his neighbor's wife. Although it was quite impossible to associate Brother Kalloch's crime in any way with the cause of emancipation—the lady in question being white, straight-haired and freeborn—yet his devoted admirers, after a careful reference to the "higher law," discovered that this fancy for females wearing other people's wedding rings was merely an excessive development of humane sympathies—one of the little eccentricities of philanthropy—the overflowing of a heart whose gushing affections even millions of enthralled blacks were incapable to entirely absorb. Consequently Brother Kalloch's days in jail (the minions of the "lower law" brutally carried him there) were solaced by the visits of the sympathetic committees—the pinchbeck spectacles of admiring maidens glittered through the grating of his cell—codfish balls of rare flavor, compounded by fair hands, and pumpkin pies of dainty golden hue, appeased the appetite of the holy man—and, when his prison doors at last swung open, a delighted multitude bore him to the sanctuary, where (if he is not again in limbo) we presume he is still expounding the "higher law." We contracted, somehow, a bitter prejudice against the celestial and intangible code of the Abolitionists at the time of Brother Kalloch's martyrdom, which we have never been able to shake off.

But although our contempt for the "higher law" has not materially increased since that shameful case filled the newspapers, we have seen, since the Abolitionists became masters of the government, outrages perpetrated under its pretended sanction which are a shame to any people, and for which our children's children will despise the memory of their fathers. We have seen every refinement of cruelty, every appliance of despotism, engrafted upon institutions which were meant to secure above all things the liberty of the people. We have seen the press silenced and its conductors bound and imprisoned. We have seen the public speakers kidnapped and dragged away to jail for telling the truth to meetings of freeborn citizens. We have seen the Legislature of a sovereign State transformed by the magic of the bayonet into a chain-gang of starved and wretched prisoners, poor in everything but spirit, stripped of everything but the austere manhood which leads pilgrim feet to the prison-house of the patriot, and makes it a more glorious dwelling than the palaces of kings. We have seen every right which the Constitution was made to protect violated shamelessly, repeatedly, and with taunting defiance of the remonstrances of the wronged. We see, to-day, the spectacle of a lawless and ruthless band of demagogues, sitting in the seats of power, pulling to pieces and patching with the rotten rags of selfish suggestion the great charter of our liberties, dedicating their energies not to the restoration of this Union, but to the overthrow and degradation of the sovereign States which built up its glory. These are some of the results of repudiating the written bond which united us, the common statute book which defined what we owe the law, and what the law owes to us, and substituting in their stead the "higher law," whose provisions are as capricious and shifting as the mad, wild will of the fanatic and the demagogue.—*Philadelphia Age.*

☞ In 1776 we went to war on account of the stamp act, and got the nigger; in 1861 we went to war about the nigger and got the stamp act.

BLACK REPUBLICAN RELIGION.—The Philadelphia *Age* has the following hit at the fanaticism of the day:

We find the following precious item in a leading Republican paper:

"*Moses, General Dix and other Biblical Writers.*—At the Sands street Sunday School, in Brooklyn, last Sunday, a teacher asked one of the little boys: 'My little lad, do you know what is the most beautiful verse in the Bible?' The little fellow was puzzled at first, and hung his head; but upon being prompted by the teacher and encouraged by an elder boy sitting next him, at last answered blushingly, 'Yes, please sir, it is, Whoever pulls down the American flag shoot him on the spot.' The Sunday School in question is under the patronage and supervision of Naval Officer Odell, and the answer of the boy just quoted, shows that the teachers are doing good."

The Constitution having been dispensed with in the administration of civil affairs, the Bible can probably be spared in the conduct of religious matters. It seems, at any rate, that the Abolitionists can get along without the one as well as the other. Little boys are being trained by "Naval Officer Odell," and other saintly instructors, not to recite such antiquated and obsolete texts as "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the Children of God." On the contrary, the infant lips are taught to lisp out "loyal" threats, to "shoot on the spot" anybody who meddles with the national bunting. Creeds, catechisms, confessions of faith must stand aside for the fulminations of political malice and the bombastic rhetoric of the stump. The cross must make way for the flag.

TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION. The Dayton (Ohio) *Empire* thus clearly states facts applicable to the existing state of affairs:

"Taxation without representation" was what our liberty-loving ancestors of the Revolution resisted in seven years heroic strife, with the gigantic power of England. "Taxation without representation" was what the British tories in England and here sought to impose upon the American Colonies. This was the prime cause of the Revolution. The radicals of to-day have placed our Government in precisely the position toward the South that England held toward America in 1770–76; and the South is precisely the position toward the Government that the Colonies held toward England at that time. They deny representation in Congress to the South, while insisting upon the payment of taxes by her people. Thus they occupy the ground of the British tories and the South, in demanding representation, while willing to resume their just share of the burdens of Government is placed by the radicals on the ground held by the patriots of the Revolution. In this phase of our internal contest, it is not strange that thoughtful and patriotic people should sympathise with the South and seek to aid them in securing their rights.

ROUGH ON LINCOLN.—Redpath, one of the favorite contributors to the Boston *Commonwealth* (Radical), in a recent letter to that paper, says:

"Lincoln was an emancipationist by compulsion; (have you forgotten how he sneered at the Pope's bull against the comet?) Lincoln was made a saint and liberator in spite of himself; he was cuffed into the calendar; he was kicked into glory; he did not voluntarily rise up, he was floated up on the resistless will of the people, to the height he now occupies; but John Brown stands by his side, or far, far above him, in spite of every obstacle that could be thrown in his way—in spite of old age and poverty, and lack of sympathy from the world."

A NEW POWER.—The publisher of the Goldsboro' *Daily News* has been arrested by the Assistant Superintendent of Freedmen of the Goldsboro' District, for the publication of articles distasteful to that functionary. Have the agents of the Freedman's Bureau been invested with absolute power? A year or two ago there was no such Bureau in existence. It was a thing unknown to our political system. Has it climbed so rapidly that already it overshadows judicial authority, and controls the public press and the liberty of the citizen? If an Assistant Superintendent of Freedmen can throw an editor into prison, we suppose that General Howard can wave him into eternity with a flourish of his pen.

☞ The leader of fashion this winter in Washington, Mrs. Senator Sprague, the only lady who, when she gives a ball, builds a ball-room expressly for the occasion and removes it the next day; and well she might, for the government and congress have been at work for a year or two in getting up a tariff to suit the views of the Sprague family generally, and the Rhode Island Senator in particular, and millions of dollars have the cotton lords pocketed by it.

☞ Baker, the detective, has been convicted of false imprisonment.