

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 16, 1866.

Vol. XL—No. 28.

COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Misses Dugan & Walley'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.
For ten months, payable quarterly in advance:
Board and tuition, per 10 months, \$150 00
Music—Piano Fort, per 11 weeks, 12 00
Dance and Melodion do 12 00
Use of the instruments do 2 00
Dresses, per 11 weeks, 4 00
Day-Schools, Latin & French do 4 00
Do do do do do do do 4 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-Schooler received for less than ten months. So deficiencies made for absence, unless in cases of protracted illness.
Aug 4-11

SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
NEAR BROOKVILLE, 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 11-11 Brookville, 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. Ferris, 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. Ferris, Esq., 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, \$20 00
For tuition in Classics, English branches and Mathematics, 30 00
If from these branches be added French or German, 40 00
N. B. There will be an extra charge for fuel and incidental expenses 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 11-11

A CARD.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery County, the undersigned will attend to business in his line in any portion of that or adjoining counties. His charges will be moderate. He solicits a share of the public patronage. Letters addressed to him, at Poolersville, Md., on business, will be promptly attended to.
ALEX. DADD.
MAR 10-3m

A CARD.

THE undersigned having taken out AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE for Montgomery County, Md., will attend to business in his line in any part of that county. He is the only person in this county who has taken out such license, and therefore the only one authorized to act as auctioneer.
407 Justice Commission addressed to him at Clarksville, Md., will be promptly attended to.
C. R. MURPHY,
Clarksville, Md.,
aug 17-61

AUCTIONEERING.

JAMES W. BOWEN 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, Maryland, or Poolersville, will be promptly attended to.
[See last]

BOAT RAISES FOR SALE.

HAVING PURCHASED A STEAM SAW MILL, and placed the same on the banks of the North Branch of the Potomac, the undersigned is prepared to FILL ORDERS, at short notice.
Also, to CHANGE LUMBER FOR TIMBER, &c.
ALL CONTRACTS to be made with the undersigned, will be promptly attended to.
O. Z. MURKIN.

Selected Poetry.

[From the Houston Telegraph.]

OUR DEAD.

BY COL. A. M. HOUSTON.

"My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."
"Beware of the false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves."
"It was the worst work that Satan and sin ever undertook in this world, and they that suffered in it were not martyrs in a good cause, but convicts in a bad one. Who shall comfort them that sit by unshrouded graves?"
—Sermon of Henry Ward Beecher.
Vile, brutal man! and darest thou in God's appointed place to teach With impious tongue and brazen lips, The lessons that would blight to preach? The cruel taunt thy lips hath bled, Beneath religion's holy seven, In false—of God's elect, King, In false—as thou art vile and mean.
Are these the lessons which He taught? And was His mission here in vain? Peace and good will seem words of naught— Hell calls the earth will hate again; And thou, to do His work, art meant, Hypocrite, with heartless tread, Hast dared invade, with blood-hound scent, The sacred precincts of the dead.

Not such from those, dear, brave old South, Who met thee in thy hour of might, But from the coast, polluted mouth, Of onward gale, who feared to fight, Dear, loved old South! contain the curse That those who hate shall bring on you, Now we are led, and a bloody host, That have your brave and true.

Those heroes rest in solemn fame, On every field where freedom died— And shall we let the touch of shame, Tell like a blight upon our dead? No! wretch, we scorn thy hatred now, And his thy name from pole to pole— The brave are better far than thou, Even hadst thou blotted out thy soul.

"Dishonored graves!" Take back the lie That's breathed by more than human hate,— Lie, Ananias-like, you die, Not less deserving of his fate, Our Sparta counts her dust Around your country's broken shrine, True as their souls are noble—just, Pure as their deeds have been divine.

The dying soldier, the wounded chieftain— Did all that woman ever dares, When with and homes had disappeared, They gaze on tears, and smiles, and prayers They proudly gave their lives up, For all the love, as worthless toys, Frank to the drug, and a better code, To feel our sick and starving boy.

Their plumes are high on high no more, A horn by the unconquered band; 'Tis furled upon the "silent shore," Its heroes still around it stand. No more beneath its folds shall meet The armies of immortal Lee— The rolling of their drums is lost, Is echoing in eternity.

Selected Miscellany.

"MURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST."

We copy from "Murry of Eagle's Nest," a new Confederate war novel, by John Eaton Cooke, of Virginia, just published in New York by Messrs. Hurd and Huntington, the following amusing account of an adventure by the hero of the novel, Major Murry:
"To come to the actual occurrences of that time—I was with the cavalry regiment between Harrisonburg and Cross Keys, some miles from Port Republic, at which point the infantry was concentrating, when a dust rising upon the flank, attracted my attention, and I told Ashby that I would go ascertain what it meant.
"Take care, Murry," was his reply; "the enemy are close behind us, and you will be captured."
"I reckon not."
"Well, keep a good look-out. The Federal advance-guard is commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an English officer, who has sworn, I am informed, that he will 'bag' me. I should be sorry to have him catch one of my friends."
"I defy him!"
And, with that spirit of pride which so often precedes a fall, I put spurs to my horse, and went at full speed in the direction of the dust, following a narrow forest-road.
Unfortunately, Ashby's fears were speedily realized, I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when a detachment

of cavalry flankers bellowed quietly into the road behind me, and, leveling their carbines, ordered me to surrender. It was the coolest and most business-like affair I had ever witnessed, reader. No ill-bred hurra—no excitement—no "violent language," or unpleasant collision. Within twenty steps of me were twenty carbines, cocked and aimed at my breast—the officer at the head of the men commanded, "Surrender, or you are dead"—and, with bitterness in my heart, I surrendered.
"You are an officer, sir?" he said, riding up.
"I am."
"What command?"
"The Confederate States Army."
"Rather a considerable force in our front, Lieutenant," said the officer, who seemed to be something of a humorist; "send the prisoner, scribbling away, to Colonel Wyndham."
"Kill him, if he tries to escape," said the humorous officer.
The men cocked their carbines, and rested them across their pommes; and, with this pleasing escort, I was conducted, by a winding road through the woods, to a house near the main road, which I had remembered passing on the preceding evening.

Here superbly equipped horses were seen tethered to the boughs and fences—couriers went and came—and my escort conducted me into the presence of Sir Percy Wyndham, commanding the cavalry advance-guard of the Federal forces. I found myself in the plain sitting-room of a small farm house. On a table were spread maps and papers; and a bottle of wine raised its slender neck, flanked by glasses.

Lolling in a split-bottomed rocking-chair was a tall, fine looking personage, clad in a superb uniform, and wearing a sash with a magnificently chased buckle, which rattled against fine French cavalry boots, decorated with an enormous spur. The countenance of this officer was ruddy, handsome, and full of pride. His hair was light, long, and worn in curls. It was a military Adonis I saw before me in the presence of Sir Percy.

When I entered, he was talking with a sleek personage, clad in a citizen's dress, who had on his knees a portfolio, in which lay some loose sheets of paper covered with writing. Upon my appearance, this gentleman seized a pen, dipped it in the ink, and held it poised above his paper, with the air of a man who is going to report a public speech. "A prisoner, Colonel," said my escort. The Colonel wheeled round in his chair and looked keenly at me.
"When were you captured?"
"Half an hour ago."
"You are an officer—a major, I see. What command?"
"I have already replied to that question."
"To whom?"
"The officer who captured me."
"Well, sir, you can, no doubt, favor me with a repetition of your reply."
"I replied that I belonged to the Confederate States Army."
"Close, Colonel," here interposed the sleek gentleman in black, who had hastily scratched away at his paper as this dialogue took place.
"A perfect trap!" exclaimed the Colonel, looking carefully in his chair; "but I have never known a single rebel officer who had not this exaggerated idea of the importance of secrecy in everything. Now, I make no mystery of my movements—none."
"You are going to 'bag' Ashby, Colonel, and that's a fact," came, with a laugh, from the sleek personage.
"I swear I will! At least you can tell me, sir, he's added, turning to me, "whether you know General Ashby."
"Intimately, sir."
"Ah!" and the Colonel rose in his chair.
"I have been with him throughout the retreat—though I am not attached to his command."
"These words seemed to attract the Colonel's attention and excite his interest.
"Take a seat, Major," he said. "I did not hear your name."
"Murry."
"An English name. You Virginians come of the genuine English stock—and ought to fight well."
"We try to do the best we can, Colonel."
"And you do it devilish well. Major Ashby has given me a world of trouble."
"He will be delighted to hear it, when I get back."
"I'll bet I am not going to part with you so soon, my dear sir. Let us talk a little first."
"Willingly, Colonel."
"I have sworn to capture Ashby."
"Don't you think it is a difficult undertaking?"
"Well, he is cool and watchful enough, but I will get the better of him yet. I thought I had him the other day at the bridge."
"Over the Shenandoah?"
"Yes—did you witness the chase after him?"
"I was with him."

"Ah! then you were the other officer we ran?"
"Yes, Colonel; but your pursuing party went a little too far."
"How?"
"Ashby cut me down with his sabre, and the other was shot."
The Colonel frowned.
"And that's a fact, Sir Percy," said the sleek gentleman, scribbling away. "I saw the bodies as we passed."
"Curse what you saw, sir!" was the growing reply.
"I wouldn't take anything for that incident, Colonel!" exclaimed the newspaper correspondent—for such he evidently was—"rapid retreat of rebels, pursued by victorious Unionists—bridge burning in their rear—Ashby on white charger 'retiring' at full gallop—unfortunate fate of two of his pursuers, who were surrounded by a whole brigade of rebel cavalry, fought their way nearly out, but were finally killed by treacherous blows from behind; it will be splendid, Colonel!"

A careless laugh from the Colonel greeted this magnificent picture; and at the same moment, an officer galloped up and entered.
"Well?" said the Colonel.
"The enemy are falling back again, sir—the road is clear in front."
"Entirely?"
"Nothing seen, sir, but a detachment of cavalry, commanded by General Ashby."
"How do you know that?"
"I saw him distinctly through my glass, and know him perfectly."
The Colonel started up.
"Order a squadron of picked men to report to me here, in fifteen minutes," he said to a staff-officer on the porch of the farm-house.

Then, turning to the newspaper correspondent, he said:
"Do you wish to secure material for a fine paragraph?"
"I would go through fire and blood to do so!" exclaimed the correspondent in a martial tone, and brandishing his pen.
"You like amusement?"
"I am devoted to it, Colonel."
"Well, come with me, and you will see some fun."
"What is your design, Colonel?"
"To bag Ashby."
And the Colonel twisted his mustache with joyful ardor. A quick thrill ran through me, and, assuming a careless tone, I turned to Sir Percy, and said:
"I really should like to be present at that little affair, Colonel."
"You?"
"I can ride in the rear, under guard, and, in either event, there will be small danger of my escaping."
"In either event?" My dear sir, I intend to capture your General Ashby as surely as the sun shines. As you doubt it, have your wish, and come and see me do it."
"And I, Colonel," said the correspondent.
"Of course! You are the historian to hand me down to posterity."
As the Colonel, now in good humor, turned away, I saw a grimace upon the countenance of the correspondent. He was evidently a philosopher, and estimated the element of failure in all human affairs.

In ten minutes we were all in the saddle—the Colonel riding at the head of the squadron at a trot, on the straight road to Cross Keys.
The column had not advanced half a mile when Ashby's cavalry pickets appeared in front, reconnoitering with a bill.
The vedettes held their ground until the column was nearly upon them, when they galloped off.
The same ceremony was repeated at the next bill, and as Colonel Wyndham continued to advance without flankers, my heart began to beat and my hopes to rise high.

I knew how dangerous it was to trifle with an adversary like Ashby, and the incautious method of advancing adopted by the Federal Colonel subjected him, I knew, to imminent peril of capture. In thirty minutes, events took place which fully supported my view of the subject.
Reaching a point where the road traversed some low grounds, between two ranges of hills on either side, Colonel Wyndham saw in front of him, at the distance of about four hundred yards, a small body of cavalry, which slowly retired as he appeared.

The Colonel greeted the spectacle with unmistakable pleasure.
"Now for it!" I heard him call out to his friend, the correspondent, who had prudently withdrawn to the side of the road.
"Look out for some fun!"
And, placing himself in front of his column, the Colonel drew his sabre, and gave the order to "charge!"
The column rushed forward at the word—but its disastrous event—occurrence ever to be deplored!—no sooner had the horses of the Federal cavalry

men run thrice their length, than the crest on the right of the road, in their rear, suddenly bristled with sabres—and a squadron, led by Ashby in person, thundered down, and fell, with shouts, upon the Federal rear. At the same instant, the detachment in front, which had served as a decoy, charged the enemy full tilt—and caught between this double fire, cut off, surrounded, dumb-founded, the Federal cavalry-men threw down their arms and surrendered.
I was recaptured, and found myself by Ashby's side, face to face with Col. Wyndham. The newspaper correspondent had glided into the woods and escaped.

I shall never forget the expression of the Federal Colonel's countenance at that moment. If ever rage, mortification and astonishment were depicted on human face, his displayed them.
When he caught my eye, he glanced at me like a tiger, and turned abruptly away.
Ashby treated his prisoner with that calm courtesy which characterized him, but the Colonel would not be mollified. His face was flushed, his eyes full of lurid light—wrath had mastered him. The few words he blurted out had something savage in them; and when he was conducted to the rear, through the lines of infantry, I heard that his wrath exploded.

Some one among the men greeted him, I heard, with the words: "Just look at the Yankee Colonel!" when his long pent-up anger burst forth like a torrent. His peculiar abhorrence, it is said, was to be considered a "Yankee"—and this was the straw that broke the camel's back.
Ashby captured sixty-four men, if my memory serves me, by this ambush, and these were now sent to the rear.
"You look a extraordinary, my dear Murry," he said, "to be captured and recaptured both in one day. I am truly glad to see you again. Come, tell me about it."
I narrated all that had occurred, and my companion said, with a smile:
"The worst of all possible habits in a commander is to boast of what he is going to do."
"Especially when he doesn't do it."
And we rode on.

WOMAN'S ASPIRATIONS UNREALIZED.—Barbarism is to be unmerciful by the remembrance of those who live amongst it, if at all. The hideous practices of a part of the American people in a distant Territory are being energetically assailed by a daily newspaper (the Salt Lake City Tribune) printed at the capital of the abomination.
"There is much in the doctrines of Mormonism that is abhorrent to the noblest and most sacred feelings of the most intelligent, especially of the young ladies connected with the Mormon families, revolting to their native sentiment of refinement, and to the beautiful and tender ideals of home and of domestic life that the pure-minded instinctively cherish. In every virtuous young woman's heart, if not swept by the blighting influence of false teachings and mistaken views of duty and of life, there is a deep and sacred yearning after companionship, and in that companionship a fullness, devotion and entireness of affection and sympathy; a yearning implanted by God himself to be cherished as a means of elevation, and which is sweetly satisfied only when the Divine law of her being is obeyed, but to which Mormonism, with all its pompous pretensions and lofty claims, presents a dreary blank; nay, to which it opens up a Gethsemane of unutterable anguish, a scene of continuous crucifixion, with the wormwood and gall of many slights and many neglects. In those tender moments in woman's history, when so much of beautiful and solemn truth mingles with the creations of fancy, when the future is star-tremed with pleasant hopes, when law, whose obedience constitutes the sum of domestic felicity and guides the young to happiness, it is the hoarded wealth of one faithful heart that is ardently coveted. In the ideal of noble womanhood, when reflecting on what God would have her be, and her Divinely-inspired affections and sympathies have qualified her to become, it is womanhood, radiant with the diadem of many virtues, and glowing with the enraptured divinity of all the affections that fills and hallows the scene of her anticipations, the Eden of her delight. But in Mormonism—material, heartless, lawless, sneering at sentiment—the finds no promise, no hope of realization for the heaven-sanctioned yearnings and aspirations of her nature. Instead of a companion and friend in her husband to consult, with herself alone, the regal pair, with oneness of aim, of interest and affection, Mormonism presents to her a lord, a master, a tyrant, the beggary of man, whose affections are divided; withered, cursed."
At what time of life may it be said to belong to the regular flock? I have long experience had made him sage.

Make Farm Life Attractive.

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.
2. By more system. The farmers should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work; they should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is healthy, moral and respectable; and, in the long run, may be made profitable. The farmer should keep good stock and be out of debt. The farm is the place to begin and end life, and hence so many in the cities and professional life covet rural homes.
3. By taking care of health. Farmers have healthy varieties of exercise, but too often neglect cleanliness, omit bathing, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill-ventilated apartments, and expose themselves to cold. Ninety-tenths of the human diseases arise from cold and intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable, so is fresh air, deliberation at the dinner table, and rest after a meal.
4. By adorning the home. Nothing is lost by a pleasant home. Books, papers, pictures, music, and reading should all be brought to bear upon the in-door family entertainments; and neatness and comfort. Home should be a sanctuary so holy and happy that children will love it, women delight in it, husband crave it, and old age enjoy it. There would be less desertions of homesteads, if pains were taken to make them comfortable. Cleanliness, health, and beauty are compatible with farm life, and were ordained to go with it—Luburn Journal.

HOME AND MOTHER.—Home, where father and mother, brother and sisters, have a unity of interest, sympathy and affection, becomes in mature life the most sacred place.
"That hangs on memory's wall."
In after years, when the destroying angel has crossed the household and silenced its familiar voices in their death, when the hand of changing time has torn down the woodwork that climbed above its portals and its windows, and when its path echo to the tread of strangers' feet, how often does remembrance lead us back to its sacred precincts, and make us realize that the home of childhood is the brightest spot; the fairest oasis on the desert of life. It is during these moments of retrospection that the religious instructions of youth flow back upon the soul. It is then that we kneel again by the side of her,
"Whom breast with gentle blows, Rocks to rest our infant woes."

And lip over the prayer she taught us, Poetry has encircled the name of "Mother" with haloes of beauty, but its language will never be adequate to measure her influence. To her the first years of our lives belong, and it is then in her power to plant seeds of virtue that will bud and blossom in the soil when she has plowed its deep furrows in our pale cheeks, or covered our locks with its snows. The prayers of a pious mother are like a precious legacy. They are like the dew of heaven, which first descend from the earth to the sky, and then descend again to bless and revive the unfolding plant. Infidelity may array itself against the Bible, and its clamors may be loud among the assemblies of men, but it has not the courage to enter the sanctuary of a religious home, and there listen to the earnest prayers of a holy mother as she points her children to the throne of God.

THE TRUE MAN.—He is above a mean thing. He betrays no secrets confided to his keeping by another. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inventions. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind: his back. By accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's secrets, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at the window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He encroaches on no privacy of others, however the sentry's sleep—Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bedgates and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted by himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—where. He buys no clock, he will not be intrusted by no one. He would rather fall of his rights than win by dishonesty. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He travels for no selfish purpose. He has no other, he is straightforward, open, and honest. In whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

A Western writer speaking of a quill-driving controversy says: "His intellect is as sharp as a razor, but his heart is as soft as butter." "The intellect is as sharp as a razor, but the heart is as soft as butter." "The intellect is as sharp as a razor, but the heart is as soft as butter."

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