

# 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, APRIL 20, 1866.

Vol XI.—No. 38.

## COUNTY ADVERTISEMENTS.

**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, 1866, and parents are requested to enter their 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 Forte, per 11 weeks, 12 00  
Guitar and Melodion do 12 00  
Use of the Instruments do 2 00  
Painting, per 11 weeks, 4 00  
Day-Schools, instead of 24 classes do 7 00  
Fuel, per 10 months, 6 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.

**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 Road. THE BUILDINGS are new and admirably 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.

**A CARD.**  
To Parents and Guardians.

THE YOUNG LADIES for the Session year, commencing the FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1866.

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

**ROCKVILLE ACADEMY.**  
EDWIN ARNOLD, L. L. D., Principal.

THE DUTIES OF THIS institution will be resumed on MONDAY, September 4th, 1866.

**A CARD.**  
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 this or adjoining counties.

**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 this or adjoining counties.

**AUCTIONEERING.**  
JAMES W. BOWWELL 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.

**OAK PLANK FOR SALE.**  
HAVING PURCHASED A STEAM SAW MILL, and placed the same on his farm, four miles north of Rockville, the undersigned is prepared to FILL ORDERS, at short notice.

## Selected Poetry.

A friend in Nashville, Tennessee, kindly sends us the following, which he wrote nearly three years ago, and which has since lain among his papers, unpublished.—*Freeman's Journal.*

**STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE.**  
BY H. P. HANNA.

Stranger, pause at this mound of clay,  
See, it is fresh, and was made to-day;  
Noble it is here's a resting place,  
Who by his country will ever be blessed.  
Here softly he sleeps,  
While a nation weeps  
Over the early grave  
Of our Jackson brave!

Strong was his arm for his country's right,  
Bold was his heart in the midst of the fight,  
Ever the first and the last on the field,  
He knew how to conquer, but how to yield,  
Till the Angel of Death  
Obediently came,  
And called him away  
To the field of the fray.

Yet, though never again he'll lead  
Armed who count it an ample reward,  
(Once to have been of his tried command,  
Still he shall live through our Southern land,  
For his glorious name,  
In the pillar of smoke,  
That will rise in our land,  
Still the highest shall stand.

And, when ages have passed away,  
Lovers of freedom who come this way,  
Ever will pause at this hallowed mound,  
Saying to those who are grouping around,  
"There he lies,  
Whom a nation weeps,  
Stored all the brave,  
In his early grave!"  
July 4th, 1866.

## An Instructive Story.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

BY VERA MONTROSS.

It was a bleak wintry day. Heavy snow-drifts lay piled upon the streets of New York, and the whole appearance of the city was cold and dismal.

Scattered upon the stone steps of one of the large dwellings on Fifth Avenue was a boy, apparently thirteen years of age. He was literally clothed in rags, and his hands were blue, and his teeth chattered with cold. Lying upon his knees was a piece of newspaper he had picked up in the street, and he was trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied thus for some time, when two little girls, clad in silk and furs, came towards him. The eldest one was about twelve years old, and so beautiful that the boy raised his eyes, and fixed them upon her in undisguised admiration. The child of wealth stopped before him, and turning to her companion exclaimed:

"Oh, Maria, just see the fellow upon my steps. Boy, what are you doing here?"

"I'm trying to learn to read upon this little bit of paper," answered the boy.

The girl laughed derisively, and said:

"Well, truly! I have heard of intellect in rags, Maria, and here it is personified!"

Maria's soft hazel eyes filled with tears as she replied:

"O, Louisa, do not talk so; you know what Miss Farnley teaches by in school. The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all."

Louisa laughed again, and said to the boy:

"Get up from here! You shall not sit on my steps; you are too ragged and dirty!"

The boy arose and a burning blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away when Maria said:

"Don't go little boy, you are so cold; come into my house, and get warm. Oh, do come," she continued, as he hesitated, and she followed him into the large kitchen, where a bright fire was shedding its genial warmth around.

"Well, Miss Maria, who are you bringing here now?" asked the servant woman.

"A poor boy who is almost perished; you will let him get warm, will you not, Rachel?"

"Oh, yes, he shall get warm; sit here, little boy, and Rachel pushed a chair before the stove; she then gave him a piece of bread and meat.

Maria watched these arrangements, and then glided from the room. When she returned she had a primer, with the first rudiments of spelling and reading. Going to the boy, she said:

"Little boy, here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?"

"Some of them, but not all; I have never had anybody to teach me. I first learned myself; but, O, I want to read so badly!"

Maria sat down beside him, and began to teach him his letters. She was so busily occupied in the work that she did not see her mother enter the room, nor hear Rachel explain about the boy, and she knew not that her mother stood some time behind them, listening to her noble child teaching the beggar boy his letters.

## Overwhelmed with Confusion.

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louisa knew not what to say or do. In pity for her, Hamilton arose, and turning to Maria, said:

"I will see you again, Miss Hays," he left them.

Louisa would not stay in the city, where she daily met Mr. Hamilton, and in a few days returned to New York, leaving Maria with the consciousness of having done nothing to be ashamed of, enjoying the society of the distinguished Congressman.

Maria and Mr. Hamilton were walking together one evening, when the latter drew from his bosom an old well worn primrose handed to Maria.

"From this," he said, "the man who is so distinguished has first learned to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Maria trembled and did not raise her eyes when she saw that well remembered book. Mr. Hamilton took her hand and said:

"Maria, Jimmie has never forgotten you. Since the day you were so kind to him and gave him this book, his life has had one great aim, and that was to attain greatness, and in after years, to meet that ministering angel who was the sweeter of his days of poverty. When I left your house with this book, I returned ten times happier to my humble home, and went assiduously to work to learn to read. My mother was an invalid, and one long I learned well enough to read to her. When my mother died I found good friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W. As his son I have been educated. A year ago he died and left his property to me. Of all the pleasant memories of my boyhood, the one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and I dwell upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her, I now live all that my imagination pictured, and I feel that the hand that gave this little book cannot be mine forever!"

Louisa felt deeper grief than ever when Maria told her that she was to be the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from her door, and derisively called "intellect in rags." But she had learned a severe lesson, and one that changed the whole current of her life. For a while she shunned Mr. Hamilton, but by persevering kindness he made her feel easy in his presence, and she was now the friend of the Congressman and his noble wife.

Years have passed since then, and Louisa is training up a family of little ones; but she is teaching them not to despise intellect in rags, but to be guided by Maria's text, "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the maker of them all."

## A Thrilling Incident.

A contributor to the Atlanta Intelligencer, concludes his "Reminiscences of the War, No. 2," with the following incident of the battle of Gettysburg:

"When Gen. Longstreet advanced upon the Federal left, its first line was carried. But the enemy being heavily reinforced, rallied, and, in turn, drove our portion of the line (Anderson's brigade) from the position, as well as other brigades on our right and left. Again we charged and again were driven back. This was a critical moment for us; nearly all of our general officers were killed or wounded. Our heavy line had crumbled to a mere handful, and the flower of Longstreet's corps lay weltering in blood. We were slowly retreating, leaving many of our dead and wounded in the hands of our exulting foe. The hosts of the enemy came on like the mighty tides of the ocean, and the loud peans of victory were already rising from their haughty lips. The blue hills in their rear were bright with bayonets, and pouring torrents of reinforcements down their winding slope. Now, when we should have been reinforced with eighty thousand troops, General Lee had not a man to send us. Officers broke their swords upon the rocks, and many of the men wept. Our dead and wounded comrades lay around us by thousands, and it seemed as if there was no hand to save the shattered remnant from destruction. But aid did not come—a man—a soldier—threw himself before the Juggernaut of Federal power, and alone and unaided, sought to stay its onward progress. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the Zouave cap and iron greaves of the stranger. None knew him, but all idolized him for his bravery. He moved through the awful storm with a steady step, and his uplifted sword seemed to say to the advancing foe, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther!" He said nothing, but his Godlike example made a hero of every man who saw him. Soldiers looked in the face of their comrade, as the question came simultaneously, "Who is he?" "Who is he?" echoed right and left, for up and down the line. The enemy came on like a tornado, and the proud hero stood enveloped in the smoke of their muskets, like a lion at bay. Men forgot to reload their pieces or conceal themselves behind the rocks, but stood stupefied with wonder. "Who is he?" men groaned—"who is he?" officers repeated, until the cry became strangely, wildly fearful.

"General Lee!" some one shouted, and the word ran along the line like an electric flash. "General Lee forever!" sang loud above the battle's roar, and as one man our gallant soldiers rushed for a thunder bolt upon the astonished foe, "follow General Lee!" cried our wounded comrades, as they lay upon the trampled earth and tossed up their bloody caps. No body of men on the broad green earth could have withstood the terrible impetuosity of this onset. The Federal troops, though they fought desperately, were compelled to give back, and at last to retreat in confusion to the heights, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

"But where was the stranger? Alas! the paths of glory lead but to the grave. The war is over now, and the brave men whom we met that day as deadly enemies, we now meet as friends. We would not detract one ray from the crown of military fame that adorns each of their heroes, but would do justice to our lamented dead; and if, by this imperfect sketch, I can add one flower to the chaplet of a fallen hero's fame, I shall feel myself amply rewarded, and that hero—who is he?" The answer comes up from the groves of Gettysburg—General Paul J. Semmes!"

## SHOT DEAD!

Prudence of the Louisville Journal, is no more! Here is the end of him! He is kicked out of heaven, after having run away from hell! He said, the other day:

"Congress has gone and elected a Republican Government and a Republican Legislature. Hang her, she deserves not to have been our native State. We shall have to ask the Kentucky Legislature to pass a bill making us a native of some other State.—*Louisville Journal.*"

Now, that is where Prudence is wrong! We think New England ought to burn him, or any other man of the same kidney. The editor of that gallant paper, the *Academy Freeman*, of Franklin, who is a true Kentuckian, gives it to him as follows:

"We trust the Legislature will locate your quietly outside of Kentucky—somewhere north of the Ohio river. Your politics don't suit this latitude."

We never knew of but one white man of public note that wanted to be born somewhere else than he was, and he was a New England Yankee, he Prudence. It was Dan Dickinson, domiciled in New York, and then, a United States Senator. He said he wanted to be born over again, to be a Republican. A pretty bastard he would have been for the Old Dominion, as his rampant course has proved? You are right, Mr. *Academy Freeman*. Let the Kentucky Legislature refuse Prudence's petition, on the ground that he is essentially a Yankee, and not capable of reformation. Transplant him as often as you will, the original globe will stick to him!—*Freeman's Journal.*

## ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

The groundwork of our manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness.

That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as truth remains in the child, there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it you may never depart again.

## SPRING BONNETS.

A letter from Paris reports that "a great increase has taken place in the export of millinery since the beginning of the year, and the number of hands previously employed in its preparation being now found insufficient, they are recruited from other quarters, so that there are no unemployed hands."

A similar remark about the activity of the milliners applies to New York. The new fashions are queer, and the hats themselves, which appear with the Easter festival, are "not much to speak of," being so small as to be almost invisible on the head, and affording no protection whatever to the wearer; but light as they are they cost heavily, and as "fashion" dictates that they shall be worn, there is no more to be said. Prices range from twenty-five to forty and fifty dollars, and all the fashionable makers are driven wild with work.

The *Chicago Times* says: A late issue of the *New York Tribune* has a short political editorial in which the words "lie" and "has" occurred twenty-one times. This abolition piece of resistance is garnished with such dressing as "willful," "atrocity," "thief," "burglar," "assault," "kill," &c. "It is the entire document of the Abolition party 'botted down' to a consistent quantity."

## IN VERMONT AN EXCHANGE INFORMS US THAT AT THIS TIME THEY MAKE IT THEIR BOAST THAT THEY HAVE NO DEMOCRATS AND THAT THEIR JAILS ARE EMPTY.

Granting that the assertion be a fact, still we see nothing to be proud of; from such circumstances we fear that the State without Democrats, is a great strength. Sodom and Gomorrah will all save righteous men. It is a pity to see persons on trial for the crime of being Democrats, and to see them on trial for the crime of being Democrats.