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"COMMON CONSENT IS THE ONLY LEGITIMATE BASIS OF GOVERNMENT."

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## A HOME SCENE.

Com, let us pull the curtains down,  
And lay the work aside,  
And gather up the playthings,  
You've scattered far and wide;  
And place the lamp upon the stand,  
Beside the great arm chair,  
And bring the last new magazine,  
And cut the leaves with care.

Now keep the coal upon the grate,  
He loves a cheerful fire—  
See how the flames dance merrily,  
And leap up high and higher!  
Now place his old pipe on the rug,  
And get his dress gown;  
For papa will be tired and cold,  
When he comes back from town.

Com, let me bathe your glowing cheeks,  
And make your hair look neat,  
And put your bright pink upon  
—there, now, you're clean and sweet!  
Now sit down on the little bench,  
That grand-papa made, and see,  
How still you'd be while good mamma  
Goes to lay the cloth for tea.

The tea-kettle sends forth its hum,  
The biscuits are so light—  
I wish he'd come, it seems to me,  
He's rather late tonight!  
Hark! I want to see the gate clicked?  
"Hurrah!" shouts little Will,  
And ere I've time to tell him hush,  
He's bounded o'er the sill.

A "papa's come!" he shouts again,  
And climb up for a kiss;  
And "papa's in!" Oh! papa's in!  
Echoes his little sis,  
Oh! happy group that live and love,  
Within that bubble of life,  
Many who dwell in palaces,  
Might envy them their lot.

## To be the thing we seem.

To be the thing we seem,  
To do the thing we deem,  
E joined by duty;  
To walk in faith, nor dream,  
Of question, or of scheme,  
Of truth and beauty;  
Casting self-love aside,  
Disarding human pride,  
Our hearts to measure  
In humble hope to bleed,  
Each change in turn for us, till  
At God's good pleasure;  
To trust, although deceived,  
To tell truth, though not believed;  
Falsehood disdained,  
Patience of ill received,  
To pardon when aggrieved;  
To reason restrained;  
With love no wrong can chill,  
To save, unweary still,  
The weak from falling,  
This is to do God's will,  
On earth—and to fulfill,  
Our Heavenly calling.

## Documents for the People.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.—ARTICLE 1, Amendments Con. U. S.

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS, SHALL NOT BE INFRINGED.—ARTICLE 2, Amendments Con. U. S.

THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO BE SECURE IN THEIR PERSONS, HOUSES, PAPERS, AND EFFECTS, AGAINST UNREASONABLE SEARCHES AND SEIZURES, SHALL NOT BE VIOLATED, AND NO WARRANTS SHALL ISSUE, BUT UPON PROBABLE CAUSE, SUPPORTED BY OATH OR AFFIRMATION, AND PARTICULARLY DESCRIBING THE PLACE TO BE SEARCHED, AND THE PERSONS OR THINGS TO BE SEIZED.—ARTICLE 4, Amendments Con. U. S.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the Militia, when in actual service in time of War or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any Criminal Case to be a witness against himself, NOR BE DEPRIVED OF LIFE, LIBERTY, OR PROPERTY, WITHOUT DUE PROCESS OF LAW; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.—ARTICLE 5, Amendments Con. U. S.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial Jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have Compulsory process for obtaining Witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of Counsel for his defence.—ARTICLE 6, Amendments Con. U. S.

That no man ought to be taken, or imprisoned, or dis seized of his freedom, liberties or privileges, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any manner destroyed, or deprived of life, liberty, or property, but by the judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.—Declaration of Rights of the People of Maryland, Art. 21.

A USEFUL CLERK.—A New York letter to the Mobile Tribune says:—"There is a remarkable man connected with the Custom House here, a Spaniard. His business is to receive and test money. He will pour the contents of a bag of gold or silver coin into a scale—if it is weighed, not counted—and in a trice announces the amount, in dollars and cents; then turning his fingers through the shining pieces, and applying his nose to them, immediately take out every counterfeit coin. He never makes a mistake in pronouncing money good or bad, and his infallible instinct for detecting the spurious metal is located in his olfactory organs."

Opposition will make a wise man mad.

## THE CHANGE OF COMMANDER.

How Gen. McClellan Received the Order to Report at Trenton—Scenes and Incidents in Camp.

It was nearly midnight on Friday, the 7th inst., when General Buckingham handed the order of the President to General McClellan, relieving him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and directing him to report at Trenton, New Jersey. It was entirely unexpected by everyone. The correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from headquarters, gives the following interesting account of the scenes enacted there:

Had he remained in command, General McClellan would undoubtedly soon have won a glorious victory over the Rebel army. Our troops were never in better condition than they are now, never more "deterred" to McClellan, and never more anxious to fight under his leadership, and determined to crush the rebellion with one grand decisive blow. "I felt so confident," he said, in a touching tone, "that we would have been victorious." And we all deeply sympathized with the General in this expression of regret.

The President's order appointed Major General Burnside to McClellan's late command. McClellan had an immediate interview with Burnside, when the sorrowful intelligence was disclosed. It is difficult to decide which was the more affected—McClellan to leave the noble men who had grown up to be intrepid soldiers under him or Burnside, to assume the fearful responsibilities which were thus unexpectedly placed upon him. Tears coursed down McClellan's classic features, and Burnside, with his stout and heavy frame, grieved like a sorrowful child. There they sat and wept. Both have always been warm personal friends. They have lived and labored in the walks of civil life together, in the same establishment, and with patriotic feelings in common with each other, and, all have fought for the Union beneath the silken folds of the same beloved banner. Burnside was at first disposed to decline assuming the command; but, in view of the position of affairs, with the army confronting the enemy in the field, he was induced to relinquish his personal considerations with the hope of promoting the public good. McClellan is well pleased with his successor. Burnside is a splendid fellow—

"He will do better," said McClellan, "than nine out of ten may suppose. He has sound sense and integrity of purpose, and where these qualities are combined success is certain." McClellan has requested his officers to give Burnside their cordial cooperation and support.

On Saturday the mournful news was known throughout headquarters. His staff officers were not less grieved than McClellan was himself. There was not a single officer who could comprehend the meaning or rather the justice of the matter. In answer to inquiries propounded to himself, McClellan simply said, "All I know about it is that I received the order, dated on the 7th, immediately after the results of the State elections were announced."

On Saturday McClellan was closeted all day with Burnside, unfolding to him all his plans of the campaign. He has been giving all the information and suggestions within his power, to insure success to the army. The whole of yesterday was devoted to that purpose. When he had given him his plans, McClellan signified his intention of leaving the field immediately to report at Trenton, in compliance with the order. Burnside, reluctant to part with him so soon, urged him to remain a little longer—the interest of the country demanded that he should. "Well," said McClellan to some officers around him, "I'll remain just as long as Burnside wants me." "No you won't," replied Burnside, "for if you do you will remain with us altogether. Everybody felt that yesterday was a very unsatisfactory Sunday. Sorrow, disappointment and doubt were depicted on every countenance. Throughout the day officers kept themselves in their tent. Headquarters looked dismal and desolate."

McClellan's FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS. On Sunday evening a most touching scene took place. After having concluded his arrangements with Burnside, McClellan sent an invitation to all his staff officers, requesting them to come in to his tent at 9 o'clock that evening, to drink a glass of wine with him before he should bid them all adieu. They appeared in full uniform. A large log fire was blazing within the enclosure formed by the headquarters tents. The officers were assembled in the court. McClellan stood just inside the door of his marquee, the curtains of which were parted and thrown up on either side. Promptly at the appointed hour his staff officers appeared. He grasped each warmly by the hand, and, with a kindly word, ushered him inside. The tent was soon crowded to its utmost limit, and many were compelled to remain outside. Among them were a number of officers from different divisions of the army, particular friends of the General, who had come to seek a personal interview with him before he should leave the field. They participated in the interesting and solemn scene that ensued.

Each and all of you. Nothing is more binding than the friendship of companions in arms. May you all in future preserve the high reputation of our army, and serve all as well and faithfully as you have served me. I will say farewell now, if I must say it. Good-by! I bid you good-by! Every one who heard those touching words was moved to tears. All the officers then passed round and shook hands with General McClellan. This was another of the many affecting scenes we had witnessed in the morning.

While lounging the other day in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the old title of which led me to dip into it—"Biggs on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful, anatomical mechanic of Leicester Square whom the Queen delighted to honor with commissions for courageously devised limbs for wounded soldiers during the Crime war; but I never realized to myself the art with which man can eke out the defects of nature until I glanced over this volume: the contents of which so struck me, that I was determined to see for myself how far that cunning biped man can simulate the handiwork of our great mother. I was received courteously, and on explaining the nature of my errand, an assistant was sent through the different workshops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes' conversation with my conductor left the impression upon my mind that, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise; for, happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "Sir," said he, very seriously, "we only want the vital principle; give us nervous centres and sound vessels and we find all the rest."

"But," said I, not prepared for this liberal offer, "suppose a man had only three inches of stump?" "Three inches of stump!" he replied, contemptuously, "with that allowance we could do anything. There is," said he, "somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs, who goes out hunting in a cloth-bag strapped on his horse's back. If we could only get hold of him, his friends, in six weeks, would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's atelier, certainly, went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second, and third class limbs, however, as of everything else.

"What!" said I, "do you make banisters as well as legs?" "Banisters, to be sure," he replied, a little hurt, "these are our Chelsea pensioners."

And on a closer examination they proved to be. Here was a hard third-class fact, simple and unadorned.

"Buckley's word!" said he, reaching one down, and sewing a banister into its lower end. "These are our Chelsea pensioners complete. But this is nothing to what they have in store at the Chelsea Hospital. During the war we could not make them fast enough, and they were obliged to apply to the stump-makers. Fast," said he, "you should see the rows and rows stored on the shelves; their hooks hanging out like so many umbrellas. Government can only afford hooks for soldiers and sailors; but officers who are not able to pay, can get new legs and arms of the very best construction at the expense of a grateful man, by simply applying at the Horse Guards."

All the while this scientific conversation was going on, a workman in the coolest possible manner was working away at a most delicate little leg that would have come off second best in the "Judgment of Paris"—a faultless Baltimore boot, and the daintiest silk stocking covered proportions that Madame Vestris might have envied.

"There," said my companion, "are some of our first class goods. Would you like to see the mechanism?" Goodbye, pull down the stocking. "With that the workman bared the limb, whilst my companion put it through its paces. "This, you see, is our patent knee cap and patella, and this is the new vulcanized india-rubber tendonachilles; here in the instep, you will observe a spiral spring elevating the toes, and if you will just open (opening a little trap door in the back of the calf), here is an ingenious contrivance by which the bending of the knee, elevates the front part of the foot, thus allowing it full play to swing forward clear of the ground."

Certainly it was an admirable contrivance. "And can a man or woman progress easily with that arrangement?" said I.

"Do you know Lady?" said he.

"Nothing the matter there?" he rejoined, interrogatively.

"I was obliged to confess, not to my knowledge. "That's her spare leg nevertheless," he replied triumphantly.

"Spare leg! What do you mean?" "Lord bless you! Look into that cupboard. I have the spare members of half the town there duly labeled. Things will go wrong with the best conducted limbs; and to save difficulties we keep duplicates. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, once lost the pin out of his knee-joint, and sent here for his office. A young lad from the country sent him another Smith's box containing an arm—very awkward."

"Well, you allow me?" said I, trying to read the names on the boxes.

"Certainly not," said he, shutting the door and turning the key. "This is our Bluebeard's cupboard. I wouldn't allow even my wife to peep—But come and look at our hands."

There they were—some clenched, some spread out, some in the act of holding, some gloved, and displayed like Vandykes, as if to challenge attention.

"Now, what will they do?" said I, almost doubtful whether the clenched fist wouldn't strike.

"Do anything," said he, "by means of the hook inserted in the palm, it can lift or hold the reins, almost as well as the natural member. Observe the beautiful operation of the spring thumb imitating the grand privilege of man and monkey, by means of which it can grasp a fork or lightly finger a toothpick."

"Do you supply fingers and such small gear?" I inquired.

"Fingers, toes, noses, legs—we take them as they come. A gentleman with but one finger on

## THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.

I don't know where this darkey,  
At last an' gwine to rest;  
Dey've stole him from old Georgia,  
Dey've dr'v him from the West,  
De Norf' is fess to hab him,  
An' dey oder plicks  
O golly but dis darkey's,  
A Lord-forsaken case!

Chorus—De Abolition S'city,  
I guess un monstrous stuff,  
Dey call us men an' brodders—  
I hear dat of 'n'uff!

Dey told me I was better,  
Den I any skin war white,  
Dey spoke to kind an' gentils,  
By 'specially polite,  
I tho't de Norf' war waitin',  
For dis ole fool to come,  
An' bid us dem foreber,  
Wid ebry boue a hom!

Chorus—De Abolition S'city,  
I guess un monstrous stuff,  
Dey call us men an' brodders—  
I hear dat of 'n'uff!

Dey war playin' psum!  
S'pose, now, it troubles them,  
(So long dey spit my mast' r)  
Wast comes de Uncle Clem?  
No sa' an' so dis darkey,  
Because he had no sense,  
War psummed by de Yankee,  
An' 'st' eyen de fruce!

Chorus—De Abolition S'city,  
I guess un monstrous stuff,  
Dey call us men an' brodders—  
I hear dat of 'n'uff!

I wish I war in Georgia,  
But des' old land agin,  
Among de f' world's cotton,  
Among de sugar-cane,  
Den if a Yankee preacher,  
Camelion 'bout de Lord,  
An' chaise, and things—by golly,  
I'd knock him wit a gourd!

Chorus—De Abolition S'city,  
I guess un monstrous stuff,  
Dey call us men an' brodders—  
I hear dat of 'n'uff!

## The Puzzled Census-Taker.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said,  
To a lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "None!"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "None!"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "None!"

"Husband of course?" the Marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "None!"

"The d— you have?" the Marshal said,  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "None!"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,"  
And always answering, "None?"  
"Ich kann nicht English!" civilly said,  
The lady from over the Rhine.

SALT LARK is probably the saltiest body of water on the globe. Three barrels of this water are said to yield a barrel of salt. The water is of a light green color for about ten or twenty rods, and then dark blue. No fish can live in it—no frogs abide in it—and but few birds are seen dipping in it.

In all our reading we have not often met with a more truly beautiful sentiment, than is contained in this toast, given at a social gathering in Baltimore:—"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

A long tongue is even harber to conceal than a long nose.

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself, immediately."

—One of the Boston Abolitionists having been drafted, this makes a good commencement of Greeley's army. The Portland Argus says: "Bully for the 900,000. The number now will stand 860,999, or the rush forth to emancipate, according to the proclamations."

Charcoal dust proves to be even a greater disinfectant and preservative, than had been supposed. Rev. Dr. Osgood has exhibited to the editors of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, a cutlet taken from a ham which had been kept eight years completely imbedded in that preparation, and which seemed as sweet as if it had been cured only a single season.

MISERABLE THE TIME.—A mechanic having taken a new apprentice, woke him the first morning at a very early hour, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table—"Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

INNOUENCE.—It is no position that gives influence, it is character. What men are, determines their power over others, not where they are; themselves, not the places they stand in. When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave in Greece, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, "Sell me to that man, he wants a master." His wish was granted him; and the event demonstrated his sagacity. Character overcomes position; that man bought a master in buying Diogenes.

A Cleveland paper says that the people of that town are using mosquito traps, old jack-knives and shirt-buttons for small change.

A friend that you have to buy, won't be worth what you pay for him, no matter how little that may be.