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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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### WHY WE WERE DEFEATED.

By the result of the election of Tuesday the State gives the semblance of sympathy with the Black Republican party. But the triumph is unreal, and should not be accepted as an endorsement of the war policy of the Administration. When the convention at Albany thrust a war resolution upon the Democracy, it planted the germ of dissatisfaction and apathy, and stifled the impulse that would otherwise have created ardor and enthusiasm. We protested at the time against the introduction of that element of discord into the canvass. We implored the convention to adopt a platform that would appeal to the strong feelings of the masses, and cancel the chilling influence of equivocal doctrines and half principles. It is boldness and decision of opinion that electrifies the multitudes. They shrink instinctively from that miserable partisan policy which seeks to accommodate itself to conflicting theories, and loses its identity among complications and uncertainties. The Black Republicans have acquired vitality and secured an impassioned adherence by the fearless proclamation of doctrines, which, however absurd, are alluring in their intensity and fixedness of purpose. Although they mean wrong, they mean something, and their disciples have a creed to inspire them, and a political god for their idolatry. They held aloft a banner whose device was blazoned in strong colors, and stirred its followers to action. The Democracy, on the contrary, have been bewildered, dispirited and disgusted by the attempt of timid organizations to harmonize discordant sentiments, and they were led to the political battle without a rallying cry to stimulate, or a principle to nerve them.

It is, perhaps, for the best that, under the circumstances, the Empire State for a while should linger under the cloud of Black Republicanism. Defeat will teach the Democracy to be more thrifty with the elements of victory. One after another, the sovereign States of the North have yielded to Administration fraud and intrigue. New Jersey alone, indomitable and defiant, rears the Democratic standard above the central spectre. Almost the entire North has passed beneath the yoke, and given to fanaticism the keys of their political treasure vaults.

The next political campaign will be conducted upon the well defined issues of Peace or War. If not, there is to be more discomfiture for the Democracy. The masses are weary of being dragged through mazes that lead to no goal, when an open, straightforward path is patent to their senses. They must have an object in view, a principle to contend for. If the Democracy of New York had been invited to deposit their ballots in the name of Peace, we believe that we would this day have chronicled their triumph.—*New York Daily News.*

### FRANCO-MEXICAN MONARCHY.

From the *Richmond Sentinel*, October 30.

Nothing can be more amusing than to witness the annoyance the proceedings of France in Mexico have occasioned among the Yankees. They have watched the progress of the French arms with a rage that they took small pains to dissimulate. They assumed all along that the Mexicans would overwhelm the French and drive them into the sea, whereupon the Emperor, who had audaciously dared to infringe upon the Monroe doctrine, would be hurled from his throne. These wise prophecies were disproved by events, and the Government of Juarez was reduced till it has become a sort of travelling manacled without the crowd of followers or the popularity which usually attends such institutions. Yet from this band of fugitive brigands, who Corwin was too lazy to follow, the Federal Government has just received a Minister with a suite whose means of living will, we suppose, be defrayed out of Mr. Lincoln's secret service fund.

The selection of the Archduke Maximilian has filled the Yankees with even a fresher grief than the triumph of the French. Clinging to the delusion that the monarchy of republicanism which exists under the vulgar fanatic who now occupies the Presidential chair at Washington

is the "best government the world ever saw," they stand amazed at the audacity of attempting the introduction of monarchical forms on this continent. So long as there was room for doubt their press proclaimed that Maximilian would never accept the throne. But now, when the Archduke did not want him, then, the place was not worth having, and lastly, if he and they were agreed, the consent of Abraham Lincoln and the Northern mob must first be obtained. And that consent, we are assured, could not be had on any terms.

But all the Father Millers of the New York press have come to grief in their vaticinations. Maximilian has accepted.

The Archduke makes two conditions to his acceptance, but both are easily satisfied. One is that a vote of the people shall ratify the election of the Council of Notables. That this will be given, none can doubt who have observed the manifestations of the popular will which have been already given. The other condition has special reference to the menacing attitude of the United States upon this subject.

The threats of Seward, so effective in London, only serve to afford mirth at the Tuileries. Austria will, of course, stand by the Prince of the House of Hapsburg, with all her resources. Leopold, of Belgium, will do as much for his son-in-law, Italy, Spain and the other Powers of Europe will pursue a kindred policy. But the great security to the new Empire will consist in the bulwark interposed by the Confederate States, who have too much wisdom, even if peace were made to-norrow with the North, to permit any extension of their power to the southward.

Upon the whole, we may safely say that a few short months will witness Maximilian upon his throne, and that he will govern wisely and well, and confidently anticipate, Mexico will be regenerated from the sleep of death in which she has lain so long, and the chronic disorders which have afflicted that beautiful but unfortunate country will vanish before the measures of a strong and judicious Government.

From the *Cecil Democrat*.

### The Government—What is it?

Is it not a strange thing, that at this late period of our history, this inquiry should be deemed at all necessary? Every one capable of reading ought to be able to understand it, and yet, there are those among us who seem to have very confused and undefined notions of what the government really is. Briefly expressed, it is the Constitution and the Laws made in pursuance thereof, the *lex scripta* of the statute books, which may be seen, and read, and understood of all men. Nothing is left in doubt or obscurity. The three-fold nature of our government, in its legislative, executive and judicial departments, is clearly defined, with the powers, duties, and limits of each. Not the legislature, not the executive, not the judiciary, singly and alone, constitute the government, but all these combined, and all deriving their existence from and being controlled by the constitution and the laws. Properly administered, these several departments agree and harmonize with each other, like nicely adjusted machinery, each one performing its own particular function, but each requisite to the healthful action of the whole. If one department trenches upon the powers and duties of another, the whole are at once thrown into derangement and confusion, and there is a failure of the proper conduct of affairs. But each confined to its own legitimate sphere, order and harmony prevail. The constitution and the laws embody the will of the people, and the people are sovereign, governing themselves through appointed agents, who are the servants of the people, not their masters, as some seem to think, under the present state of affairs. The idea, recently inculcated, that the administration is the government, is foolish and absurd. The administration is changed every four or eight years; the government is permanent, and is not affected by a change of administration. It existed before the present administration came into power, and we trust will continue to exist, long after it shall have passed away. The President and his Cabinet will cease to be the President and his Cabinet, but the government will not cease. They must one day lay aside their administrative functions and resume their respective places among the people in the private walks of life, but the constitution and the laws will not be laid aside in consequence, but will remain in full force, to govern those who trust, who shall come after them. How erroneous and absurd, then, is the notion that the administration is the government, and that to oppose the one is to oppose the other. How could the people ever get rid of a bad administration, if such opinions were to obtain, and what treason our predecessors were guilty of in opposing the administrations in their day. The idea is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment by any man of ordinary intelligence, and is worthy only of the stultified, cringing sycophant, at the footstep of power.

### MODEST vs. PRET WOMEN.

[For the Gazette.]  
BY J. D. T.

There are now-a-days to meet a modest retiring girl. I mean one that is not hardened by the conventionalities of life—one who never stares you in the face with an impudent gaze—a modest, blue-eyed, gentle girl, with a sweet smile and down cast glance, that, by some mysterious influence her eyes always drop at the bold stare, and a crimson blush always suffuses her cheeks at an immodest word. One who always dresses plainly, neatly, and sufficiently; who does not talk loud and confidently, or seem determined to carry the glances of all the men by storm. One who is quiet and unobtrusive, seeing much, but little seen. One who holds her way with a rare intuition of what is proper and lady-like, and should there be, here and there, an eye fastened upon her, it is always with respect and admiration of those rare qualities of modesty and virtue which always claim the respect and esteem of men. It is too true, that we seldom see a modest retiring girl. But the reverse often! The world is full of pert girls whose defiant faces we see at every turn, who are always giggling, scolding, or flirting; always surrounded by a crowd of gay and giddy young men, rewarding some with their smiles, turning up their pretty little noses at others, and trying by all the little arts and coquetries (which a modest girl scorns to assume) to attract universal attention. A girl may be young, charming, and beautiful; she may dazzle with her wit, astonish by her eloquence, and be the acknowledged queen of society, but lacking modesty, she is as one who possesses all the virtues but charity, and no accomplishments of mind or person can atone for the absence of this one precious quality. The pert look and the self-assured manner strike coldness to the soft exalted souls that are so often allied to noble natures—no thrill of refined feeling answers to their presence. That soft, low voice, uttered by the tenderness and sweetness of the heart, is wanting. The quiet repose of manner, so winning in woman,—that shrinking from the coarse speech,—and the modest blush that tells of innate purity, we look for them in vain. O, beautiful young girl! when leaving the outer gates of childhood for womanhood, with Heaven shining in all things that meet thine eyes, stop and gather that little blue violet. It is hidden, but you will find it by its fragrance, and as you gaze upon those delicate tints, determine to let it be a model for thy young life.

Let virtue be thy guiding star,  
And humble faith thy firmest shield;  
Be modest as the violets are  
That hide their beauty in the field.

### FACTS ABOUT APPLES.

We have an old apple Tree which was revived by trimming and grafting it with Baldwin scions fourteen years ago. It had been seriously neglected, and was fast running to ruin when the work of renovation was commenced. The trimming and grafting process was not done at once but judiciously continued through three years. During this time the sward was dug up and pulverized, and the soil for a diameter of twenty feet about the tree was manured and dressed two or three times with wood ashes. The manure was slightly dug in when applied. The new grafts began to bear moderately the third year, and gradually increasing, until in 1860 they gave us seventeen barrels of apples. In 1861 they yielded only a peck or two, and the present year, 1862, twenty-one barrels, most of which were medium-sized, marketable apples. Another tree, which had scarcely a sound limb upon it, was renovated at the same time. This, however, produced the Hunt Russet apple, and did not need grafting. The dead wood was cut away, the top thinned a little, and a mound of good soil raised a foot in height at the trunk. The ground under the branches was dressed with ashes and old composts, about every other year for six years. The tree commenced bearing the summer succeeding the care bestowed upon it, and has averaged two barrels per year since. These apples were especially valuable, as it was the only tree on the place that furnished any fit for family use. By considerable pleasant care, and a moderate expense, we have been enabled to gather this year about one hundred and twenty-five barrels of very fine apples.—*New England Farmer.*

### THE CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD.

The Chickamauga battle-field is in length about ten miles, and in breadth from two to four miles. It is a level plain, with a few knolls interspersing it irregularly. The growth is low, and consists principally of black-jack, oak and pine. A great portion of the field has never been cleared, though there are many small farms, within its boundaries. A correspondent, who travelled over the field twenty days after the fight, says it is but a vast cemetery. The bodies are buried mostly in groups of from two to twenty.

### ALBERT FUGITIVE.

Capt. Albert of Harry Gilmer's cavalry, who recently escaped from Fort McHenry, is now widely published in the Southern journals, since near being recaptured on the 8th instant. His second escape is thus related by a correspondent of the *American*:

As our cavalry entered the main street in town, Blackford was taking tea with a lady friend. With great gusto and in fancied security he was regaling himself upon all the appetizing delicacies the liberality of a wealthy Woodstockian could afford, probably relating at the same time his perils by flood and field, and fortunate escape from a Federal prison.

The darkness—it was darker than the hinges of the Tonawanda, so to speak—enabled the slippery Captain to get away from us the second time. A number of the 1st New York entered the room below as he made his exit from a window above. Visions of Fort McHenry and fear of recapture accelerated his departure. I am told he turned a somersault, in his precipitate descent, that Dan Rice's best clown could not beat, coming down heels over head, in *medias res*, in the garden of his opulent friend, much to the danger of his turnips and cabbages. This was the last glimpse the Yankee boys had of the saponaceous Captain—he disappeared in the deep darkness, and will once more, *Diable vole!* devote his time to plunder and to bushwhacking. Will any body believe him to be a man doing creditably and christianly the work of life?

Colonel Boyd's scouts and advance guard captured another escaped prisoner from Fort McHenry, a native of Jefferson county, named Billings. He was a gaunt, bilious and diminutive specimen of humanity, resembling more the Genius of Famine than a living mortal. He said it was simply a matter of impossibility to escape from "the big jail" (as he called Fort McHenry), without assistance from Federal friends. He said, "You boys helped me out, and they will help others out," which assertion seemed to have a certain foundation. He was, at the time, in the interesting and hopeful position of being engaged to give us the slip on Sunday night by the circumspect and neglect of a drowsy sentinel. Mr. Billings is consequently now at large.

### THE AFFAIR AT ROGERSVILLE—OUR FORCE SURPRISED—DIS-CREDITABLE CONDUCT OF THE OHIO TROOPS.

Special Correspondence of the *New York Tribune*.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 9.—The facts touching the affair at Rogersville are these: The Rebels, under General Williams, on Friday last, surprised the camps of the 2d Tennessee infantry and 7th Ohio cavalry, near Rogersville, at daylight. A panic ensued. The 2d Tennessee made a stand, and six hundred were captured. The 7th Ohio abandoned the ground and fled to Morristown, in a state of utter demoralization. The latter lost 200 prisoners, making a total of 800 men lost. The Illinois battery lost four guns. Much sympathy is felt for Colonel Garrard, of the 7th Ohio, who did his best to rally his men, but they got so long a start of their commander, he could not overtake them.

General Baruside intends to dismount the regiment, and give them some exercise as infantry. The greatest mortification is felt at this *faux pas*. The Rebels after their success, ran one way, and our troops ran the other. At last accounts all was quiet, the Rebels having fallen back to Meigs Gap, the same point to which Colonel Garrard had driven the same party two days before. General Shackelford telegraphs that all is quiet along the Little Tennessee. The weather has changed from the mild temperature of the Indian summer to the crisp air of a Northern November. The roads are drying, and transportation is improved.

### DEATH OF AN EMINENT TURF-MAN.

Colonel Thomas T. J. Welles, of Rapides parish, one of the best known and most popular citizens of Louisiana, died recently on a journey to Texas, at the age of 55—Louisiana had no more devoted, public spirited and honored citizen. Of decided political opinions, he was known as a leader of the Whig party in Louisiana in former and better days, and in his own section of the State, the Red River country, he, for many years, wielded a powerful political influence.

He was especially celebrated as a turf-man—one of the good old stock who took an active part in racing for the love of the sport itself. His career was long, honorable and successful, and no more brilliant ornament of the turf either in America or England has existed in our day. He is the only American who has bred a winner of the Goodwood Cup and Cesarewitch Stakes in England, for Starke and Prior were bred by him. They, Reel, Linnet, Rigodon, Heron, Leconte, Ann Dana, and many other famous horses, were his property.

### QUICK WORK IN COAT-MAKING.

In 1811 Sir John Throckmorton, a noble and generous to the following effect: That at eight o'clock on a particular evening, he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, well-dyed, well-made suit, the wool of which formed the fleece on the sheep's back at five o'clock on that same morning. It was no wonder that, among a class of persons accustomed to betting, such a wager should eagerly be accepted, that the achievement of the challenged result appeared all but impossible. Mr. COXETER, of Greenham Mills, at Newbury, was entrusted with the work. At five o'clock in the morning on the 28th of June, he caused two South Down Sheep to be shorn. The wool was washed, carded, stubbed, roved, spun and woven; the cloth was scoured, fallen, tented, raised, dyed and dressed; the tail-wool was laid, and made up the finished cloth into garments, and at a quarter past six in the evening Sir JOHN THROCKMORTON sat down to dinner at the head of his guests, in a complete danish colored suit that had been thus made—winning the wager; with an hour and three-quarters to spare. Of course every possible preparation was made beforehand; still the achievement was sufficiently remarkable, and was long talked of with pride among the clothiers.

### THE WAR MUST CONTINUE.

The Richmond correspondent of the *London Post* thus concludes his letter of September 21:

"Assuming the worst aspect of the case for the Confederates, the war must go on. No pen of mine could give you even a faint idea of what this people have suffered, and are daily suffering, in a struggle for independence with enemies who possess more than three times their numbers and resources. The burden is indeed hard, the anguish such as would more the heart of a stone, but there is no other way for us. In the persistence of God, their subjugation and utter ruin are compassed by a race who know no pity, whom no signature can bind, and in whom the slightest prospect of triumph, so far from evoking magnanimity, only serve to inspire to fresh atrocity and a more unsparring hate. Submission would be but the prelude to crucifixions on a more gigantic scale than those of Russian despotism—crimes at which Europe would shudder. Thus situated, the South has no option but to fight on till her male population are exterminated, or until the presence of another combatant in the field shall lead the North to abandon a contest in which she will no longer possess that superiority of numbers and resources which first induced her to undertake it."

### THE ELECTION IN DELAWARE.

From the *N. Y. Tribune*, Nov. 18.

Major General Schenck has issued precisely the same military order to govern the election in the State of Delaware, on Thursday next, that was issued in Maryland, requiring provost marshals and other military officers to prevent disloyal persons from voting, and to require all parties whose loyalty is challenged to take the same oath of allegiance directed to be administered by the Judges of Election at our recent election. There is a slight alteration in the first paragraph only, which does not change the intention or purport of the order. Governor Cannon has issued this order in a circular, with the following endorsement of it:

STATE OF DELAWARE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, DOVER, Nov. 13, 1863.—All civil officers and good citizens of this State are enjoined to obey the above military order, issued by the Commanding General of the Middle Department, and to give all needful aid for the proper enforcement of the same. WM. CANNON, Governor of Delaware.

### DANGERS OF MATERIAL PROSPERITY.

The material prosperity of the loyal States, says the Boston Transcript, has its serious drawbacks as well as its benefits. It doubtless enables the people to bear the burden of war without that pressure on the comforts and necessities of life which war commonly produces, but it at the same time dazzles away attention from the duties which the war imposes, and has a tendency to substitute the pursuit of wealth for the sacrifices of patriotism. It is hardly possible to mingle much with society without being both surprised and pained at the prominence in the public mind of objects the reverse of those by which it should be occupied, and the overt passion for making money which has taken possession of the general heart. In the summer of 1861, people had made up their minds to the belief that the war was going seriously to impair their accumulated wealth, and they raised 500,000 volunteers; in 1863 with fortunes double and trebled, and with the thirst for wealth daily increasing, they yield to an ignoble despair of their capacity to raise 600,000 men. The necessity is as great as ever but the public feeling has changed.

### PRETTY IS TRUE.

The *Journal de Constantinople* publishes the following: "One evening last week two young men of the Isle of Prinkipo were returning in a caïque from a sporting excursion on the coast of Asia, when they suddenly heard a noise for which they could not account; but soon after they perceived over their heads an enormous bird, the sight of which filled them with alarm. Seizing their guns they both fired at it, and were still more amazed when they heard broken words and cries which could only proceed from human organs. They at once steered for the spot, where the supposed bird had fallen, and were struck with stupefaction on finding that what they had taken for a Volatile, was a man with an immense pair of mechanical wings. They took him into their boat and were not a little relieved on finding that he had only received a few small shot in the legs. This new Icarus was flying from Antigena to Plati to visit a young person whom he wishes to marry, but whose parents were opposed to the match. To visit his lady-love he had invented and made the wings he wore, and had already twice crossed the strait between the islands. On his third journey his flight was cut short by this untoward accident. He is now at Plati."

### THE GRAVE OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

"Bury me at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." These words are said to have been uttered by that great, good and lamented man, General T. J. Jackson, just before his death; and in accordance with his sacred command, all that is mortal of the most renowned and successful military genius that the war, or probably that modern ages has produced, now lies interred within the walls of the Presbyterian cemetery, located in the southwestern suburbs of this delightful village. Nothing marks the spot where his mortal remains lie, to distinguish his grave from that of others, save a diminutive Confederate flag, and a small stone, a lady's handiwork. This tiny emblem is fastened to a staff not more than two feet long, and placed at the head of the grave, and there waves as if to illustrate the modest pretensions of the great hero of the Valley of Virginia. Close by his side a small grave is to be seen, which contains the remains of his child, who died a few years ago, and not far distant the grave of his first wife, "Elinor, the daughter of George and Julia Junkin," with a plain marble slab at the head. His late residence is situated near the centre of the town, and like everything else planned by him is modest and unpretending.

### From the *N. J. Beacon*.

The recruiting of colored soldiers in Maryland is so rapid that the Examining Board at Washington cannot examine and pass officers fast enough to take charge of the men. Though the Board has divided itself into two Committees, sitting in different rooms and providing thus for the examination of two candidates at once, only fifteen could be got through with in one day. Of these but nine passed. Our readers will be astonished to learn that the enlistment of negroes in Maryland alone is at the rate of two regiments a week. When full, these regiments will number in officers and men 1,910 each.

### AN AFFECTING SCENE.

An officer of the army relates to the editor of the *Portsmouth (Va.) Old Dominion* an incident of the conduct of one of Dr. Wright's children, singularly expressive of devoted filial attachment. A small boy came to Lieut. Roberts, and approaching him with a caressing manner, and looking up in his face, said, "Can I not die for my father?" A small daughter accompanied her mother to Old Point on a visit to General Foster. During the conference the little girl clambered up on the knees of the General, and putting up her sweet innocent face said, with an earnest pathos that went to his very soul, "Save my father, won't you?" The old veteran melted beneath the pathetic entreaty of guileless childhood. Emotion overcame him, and he bowed, his heart too full for utterance.

### GENERAL LEE WAXES FACETIOUS.

A *Tribune* correspondent writing from the Army of the Potomac narrates the following anecdote of General Lee: On his return from the desperate encounter with the 2d Corps, he halted here, and his chagrin and disappointment was too great for concealment. Being quizzed for letting our forces escape, he rejoined that the "Feds" had got *strutting* reduced to such a science, he didn't much expect he could catch the d—ls. It is believed hereabout to be a good "gouke," barring the sarcasm.

### Kisses between women are like

two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing in that way.

### The New York Post states that

Generals McDowell and Butterfield have soon be assigned to important commands.