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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

The chill November evening would have notwithstanding into the brightest of May noontides could it have stolen aught of sunny radiance that glowed in little Mrs. Darling's face, as sat by the crackling coal fire, in the large velvet easy chair she had adorned to a suit of the changing fashions of twenty-two years, with as they fell on an embroidered foot stool, and an open letter in her lap. The parrot swinging idly to and fro in its gilded cage, tinkled quaintly a Mrs. Darling, as if he could not imagine why her peace-loving queen wore a brighter look than usual, and the peevish dog coiled himself before the fire, sleekly smiling that coaxed unceasingly around her pretty feet, as if he could not find any reasonable grounds to account for them. Yes, Mrs. Darling was happy, very happy in her own thought—so happy that she was almost annoyed when Miss Pendleton was announced, and a prim little old maid, quivering with ribbons, and stiff with black silk undergarments, walked in the cheerful room.

"No," remarked Miss Pendleton when the ordinary subjects of chat were exhausted, "your son has gone west, I understand?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Darling; "Harry has always wanted to explore the regions, and as he intended to pass near the orphan's asylum, I commissioned him to pick out some nice little girl to adopt."

"A little girl! bless me! D. you know what a responsibility it will be, Mrs. Darling?" croaked Miss Pendleton, shaking ribbons ominously.

"Yes," said Mrs. Darling; with some of an apologetic tone; "but you cannot imagine how I have always longed for a dear little daughter. Harry was well enough as long as he could sit on my lap, and have his hair combed around my fingers every morning; but he is six feet two now, and soon how I cannot make a racy place with lapdogs and pal-parsons. I want a soft-haired loving daughter to sit beside me all these long winter days—to teach and to love, and to have all my romantic fancies. We are rich and self."

"You will find it shockingly expensive—better have given the money to the missionaries," said Miss Pendleton scornfully elevating her nose at Mrs. Darling's. "Can afford to do both," said the old lady wearily.

"But listen dear Miss Pendleton, to what Harry says. Only think of it, he is to be at home to-night—in an hour."

And she adjusted her spectacles and opened the letter.

"Let me see—oh! here it is," and then she read:

"I have been to the asylum, as you desired, and after a voyage of inspection through about three hundred ragged little creatures, succeeded in finding one whom I think will suit you. She has curly black hair, beautiful eyes, and a complexion that makes you think of your pink balsam. You cannot help liking her disposition—somewhat reserved at first; but after you become well acquainted with her, she is the most loving little creature in the world. I have been obliged to delay my return for several weeks longer than I had anticipated, in order to make suitable arrangements for bringing her home with me. But we shall be with you on Thursday evening, without fail. I had almost forgotten to tell you that her name is Violet."

"There," said the old lady, triumphantly taking off her gold spectacles, "what do you think of that?"

"Beauty is only skin deep," said Miss Pendleton, scornfully.

"I know that, but I can't help being glad she is pretty. I do like to see pretty things around me, whether they are flowers or pictures, or human creatures. I know I shall love this little Violet. Let me see, Harry don't say how old she is, but I think some six or seven years of age. Of course, I will teach her knitting and all that sort of thing. I wonder if she can read. Oh, gracious! six or eight already. Better, better, we will have tea to-night; it is so much more sociable. Now don't go, Miss Pendleton," for

the ancient maiden lady was making a preparatory flutter among her stiff ribbons, "stay and take tea with me, and see my little adopted child."

Miss Pendleton, whose daily bread was picked up where ever she had chance to eat from other people's tables, was nothing loth, and Mrs. Darling bustled around to prepare the evening meal "just as Harry liked it." And very tempting it looked to the half-starved spinster when the feast of solid silver, the baskets of cake, studded with citron and raisins, and ridged with pearly icing, to say nothing of the cut glass dishes, where golden peaches lay piled in a sea of saccharine juice, and crimson plum suggested huge preserving kettles, and skillful housewifery.

At last when preparations had reached a stage of perfection, and Mrs. Darling had consulted her watch about the twentieth time there was a ring at the door bell and a rattle of trunks in the hall. Mrs. Darling started up.

"It is Harry! Now I shall see my darling little new child."

She sprang forward as the door opened, and the tall figure of her son appeared, all muffled in travelling apparel.

"My Harry! my boy!" she exclaimed, as he gaily caught her in his arms, showing half a dozen of kisses on her yet unwrinkled brow.

"Welcome home again! but where is the little girl?"

She gazed around, evidently expecting to see some small apparition in a blue-backed apron, but what was her astonishment when Harry with a mischievous twinkle in his dark eyes, led forward a beautiful young creature of about sixteen, whose cheeks half veiled by the long silky curls that hung over them, were in a carnage of pretty confusion!

"Here she is, mother; the sweetest little dandy—her I could possibly pick out for you! Allow me to present my wife!"

Who could resist the appealing glance of those soft lustrous eyes? No, Mrs. Darling certainly, who instinctively clasped the slender figure, to her mother's breast, though her brain was in a whirl of mingled astonishment.

"How do you like her, mother?"

"Like her! I am charmed with her. But Harry—"

"Well?"

"I thought you found her in the orphan's asylum."

"He did," interposed Violet, quietly, "dearest mamma, until this moment I was an orphan; now I have learned what it is to find a mother!"

Mrs. Darling gave Violet such a hug as you have conceived her of the sincerity of her newly dawning tenderness while Harry continued:

"She was the eldest of the asylum orphans and the managers were just about to seek a situation as governess for her, when I blundered in, on the quiver for a plaything for you. Of course I fell head over heels in love with her the first moment I saw her. Who would not?" asked Harry, admiringly contemplating the shrinking little beauty whose face was yet hidden on his mother's shoulder. "I concluded that such a wife as Violet would be the most acceptable daughter, I could bring you, and I waited for two or three weeks to become of the same mind, and here we are Mr. and Mrs. Darling. Wasn't I right? Perfectly right," said Mrs. Darling, crossing the soft curls of her new daughter-in-law. "Welcome to our home and hearts dear Violet."

Just at this moment the old lady recollected the presence of Miss Pendleton, who had sat very stiff and upright in the corner. She was now formally presented to the bride, and in a few minutes Betty brought in the tea things. "I am perfectly satisfied with that lovely creature," whispered Mrs. Darling, as at the end of the evening she assisted Miss Pendleton to get on her bonnet. "All my dreams of a darling adopted child are realized in Harry's wife. What do you think about it, Miss Pendleton?"

"I think it is a curious way of adopting a girl," said the spinster dryly. "But after all, when I look at her face, I don't blame Harry."

As Miss Pendleton was unconsciously opposed to matrimony as a general thing, perhaps this was the most flattering tribute she could have yielded to Mrs. Darling's new daughter.

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE

This thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and as changeable as a chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper and pays for it in advance; he goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement, asks the price, and pays for it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man says, please put my name on your list of subscribers, and he goes off without as much as having said pay once. Time passes, your patience is exhausted, and you dub him. He flies into a passion, perhaps says, perhaps not.

Another man has been a subscriber

long time. He becomes tired of you and wants a change. Thinks he wants a city paper. Tells the postmaster to discontinue and one of his papers is returned marked "refused." Picking up the paper is among the last of his thoughts; besides, he wants his money to send to a city publisher.

After a time you look over his account and see a bill of "balance due." But how to pay it cheerfully? We leave him to answer. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you—never took your paper—it is too small—don't like the editor or something else—yet goes regularly to his neighbor's, reads his by a good fire—finds fault with its contents, disputes its positions, and with its type. Occasionally sees an article he likes—gives half a dime and begs a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another reports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them—is always seen with whip in hand and spur on foot—no use for him to take a newspaper—knows enough. Finally he concludes to get married—does so—sends a notice of that fact with a "please send me a half dozen copies." This does he ever pay for notice or papers? No.

But surely, you don't charge for such things? This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man (bless you it does us good to see such men) comes and says "the year for which I paid is about to expire, I want to pay for another." He does so and returns.

Reader! isn't newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in that great day when the honest men get the reward due their honesty, which, say you, of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward? Now it will be seen that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are certain other kinds that will kill a paper stone dead.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

The following story is told of an old lady living in Buckinghamshire, England: The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of which very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient to avert the loss of the property. She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and promise him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate the will, leaving to the widow the estates in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who on his arrival appeared in great affliction at her good man's death, began to ask questions of her pretended husband calculated to elicit the answer she expected and desired.

The color drained, and she looked as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you half my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different from that which she expected, but said not a word, the color's will, for fear of losing the whole property, while the old rogue in bed (who was the poor old shoemaker living opposite), laughed in his sleeve, and divided the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

THE LOYALTY OF LOUISIANA.

From the Port Hudson (La) Cor. of the N. Y. Tribune.

If our friends at the North choose to amuse themselves with the idea that Louisiana is reclaimed, and again loyal, we ought not to complain of such an entertainment. In truth, under the mild sway of Governor Hahn, who was elected by several thousand majority, there is just so much of Louisiana in the Union as is covered by our pickets. Outside of New Orleans, no Union officer or citizen can ride alone in safety two miles from the Mississippi, except where our organized soldiery move.

Guerrilla warfare is now an organized system on the Mississippi, from New Orleans to Memphis.

The guerrillas say that they will destroy all the stock and material on the plantations worked by Government leases, and they will do so without doubt wherever there is not a respectable military force to oppose them.

The Rebels yesterday made a dash within our picket lines, and a brisk skirmish ensued without important results to either side. A detachment of the 118th Illinois mounted infantry, and a section of Harce's battery, 21st New York, with one gun, had been out mending the line of telegraph to Baton Rouge, and on their return were attacked by a superior force of Rebel cavalry and driven in. Simultaneously an attack was made on our pickets by an equally large force, and the detachment on the telegraph road was shut out and flanked. The cavalry came in by wood roads, but the place of artillery was spiked and left, and afterward carried off by the enemy.

MEXICANS STILL DEPENDENT THINGS.

Though there seems to exist a general truth of the reports lately from Mexico, one fact must be determined. The Mexicans are still dependent on their invaders, and from the spirit of their invasion may naturally expect the same result for years. Thoroughly dependent on the material invasion of their soil, the people of the ill-fated republic will, it is evident, resist to the last, and they have many things in their favor. The climate must ever prove fatal to the foreign troops who shall endeavor to sustain the ruler of Mexico. Accustomed to a life of guerrilla warfare, the Mexicans will cling to this mode of weakening their enemies, and by dint of constant small successes wear out their power. The French will find, as time rolls on, that the conquest of Mexico is by far a more formidable achievement than they have supposed; and we are inclined to doubt whether they will not signally fail in their grand mining schemes, owing to the constant opposition and enmity of the natives. Juarez has still a large force under his command, who, if defeated by the French, will scatter, and forming into bands, keep up a series of annoying attacks upon the French, requiring so large a force to put them down as to exhaust the revenues of the new empire. Napoleon will find that this Mexican elephant is one of the most troublesome kind, and will yet wish he had not meddled with this continent.—New York Herald.

A LONGITUDINAL RIVER.

A river that runs east or west crosses no parallel of latitude, consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate and, being in the same climate, the crops that are grown at its mouth are grown also at its source; and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions—it is all of wheat and corn, or wine or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce as usual a river brings down to market. On the other hand, a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn, and as the traveller descends it, he sees new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, which one or another of the nations is sure to want, and for which one will send to market at its mouth or the port to which they are distributed over the world. Its advantages are equally great for trade between the different sections through which it flows, as the staples of those sections are unlike, and productions lacking in one part of its course are supplied in another. The assortments of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce; they give it energy, activity and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

A JEWISH WEDDING.

Mr. Prime of the New York Observer gives the following interesting account of a Jewish wedding:

"If you have ever visited a Jewish synagogue, you would do well of a Saturday to attend the worship. The gallery is set apart exclusively for the women, who take no part in the service. Under the gallery are pews facing the centre of the house where is an open area with a reading desk in the middle, and at the eastern end a curtain hangs in front of a recess, the holy place, where the law is deposited."

At the hour appointed the parties arrived. The bride and her attendant took their seats at the east end of the court, and the man with his friends in another place. The Rabbi, Mr. Isaac, entered the desk and robed himself there, and all the men in the house keeping their hats on their heads during the entire service. The Rabbi then commenced a chant in the Hebrew tongue, and on its conclusion, the man, with a friend as witness, stepped into the desk and signed the marriage contract. A silk canopy was then spread and supported by four posts, a young man and a maiden at each post, and the bridal party came and stood opposite each other under the canopy. The priest made to them an interesting and appropriate address, specially commending to the young man the bride he had won. He had long known her father, and the great industry and success with which he had pursued his art, to support his family and fit them for usefulness. He exhorted him to be kind and faithful to her as long as he lived.

There is no part of the duty of a minister of religion, he said, more interesting and delightful than this of uniting two loving hearts in the bonds of matrimony. It was fulfilling the design of the Supreme, and it is also the means of perpetuating our holy religion. After the exhortation, he offered prayer in the Hebrew, and a large silver goblet of wine was held to the lips of the man and he tasted it, and then to the lips of the bride; who did the same.

Another prayer was offered, and another glass of wine was tasted by both, and the glass was laid upon the floor and crushed to pieces by the feet of the man; signifying that the union they formed should last till the pieces were united again.

This closed the ceremony. The friends gathered about the young couple, kissed the bride, wished them happiness, and then they all adjourned to the marriage feast.

WOMAN A CIVILIZER.

If God were to take the moon and Stars out of the heavens, the chances of husbandry would be better than would be the chances for civilization and refinement, were God to take women off this planet.

Woman carries civilization in her heart, it springs from her. Her power and influence mark the civilization of any country. A man that lives in a community where he has the privilege of woman's elevated society, and is subject to woman's influence, is almost of necessity refined, more than he is aware of; and if they are removed from the influence of virtuous womanhood, the very best degenerate or feel the deprivation. There is something wanting in the air when you get west of the Allegheny mountains on a sultry day of summer.—The east of the mountains is supplied with a sort of halibut from the salt water of the ocean, by which one is sustained in the sultriest days of mid summer. Now at this salt is to the air, that is woman's influence to the virtue of a community.—You breathe it without knowing it; all you know is that you are made stronger and better. And man is not half a man unless woman helps him to be. One of the mischiefs of camp life is, that women are removed from it. The men may not know what lets them down to a low state of feeling, or what that subtle influence was that kept them up to a high state of refinement—but it is the absence of women in the one case, and was the presence of woman in the other. Woman is a light which God has set before us to show him which way to go, and blessed is he who has sense enough to follow it.

A NOVEL "SPREAD EAGLE."

On one of the columns of the main hall of the New York Fair hangs the "shirly eagle," which was designed and presented by Mrs. Wright, wife of Governor Wright of Indiana. In after years it will possess great interest as a historical memento. It is an eagle resting on a globe, and surrounded by a wreath, the whole affair made of the hair of various distinguished statesmen and met of the present day. President Lincoln saw Vice President Hannin, and Secretaries Wood, Chase, Welles, and Usher, and Senators Fessenden, Johnson, Sumner, Cowan, Grimes, Kimball, Trumbull, Wilson, Sherman, Sprague, Lane, Howard Foster, Haven, Hicks, Hale, Morgan, Wade, Ramsey, Howe, Morrill and Wilkinson have each contributed portions of their locks, black, brown, grey and red, curls, wavy, straight and otherwise. It makes this really beautiful ornament.

STICKING TO ONE'S RIGHTS.

"How is it, John, that you bring the wagon home in such a condition?"

"I broke it, driving over a stump."

"Where?"

"Back in the woods, half a mile or so."

"But why did you run against that stump? Couldn't you see how to drive straight?"

"I did drive straight, and that is the reason I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road."

"Why then did you not go around it?"

"Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road, and I had a right in it."

"True, John, the stump ought not to have been in the road, but I wonder you were so foolish as not to consider it stronger than your wagon."

"Why, father, do you think that I am always going to yield up my rights? For I am determined to stick up to them come what will."

"But what's the use, John, of standing up for rights, when you only get a great wrong for doing so?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards."

"Well, John, all I have to say is this—hereafter you must furnish your own wagon."

A tavern-keeper in Newark, who giving a New Year's present to his "help," told one of his porters (a smart Irishman) that he was about the best man in the house, and therefore he should give him the most costly present. "Sure," said Pat, rubbing his hands with delight, "always men to do my duty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank yer honor," replied Pat, "an may all yer friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

"It is true," said Blifkins, as he led Mrs. Blifkins up to the window and began to count the wrinkles on her forehead. "What is true?" said Mrs. B. in a tone that savored of chagrin and some civility. "Why," replied he, "I have just read that every time a wife sends her husband a wrinkle to his face, and can count five distinct furrows that have been added within a week." Mrs. B. was not a word, but there was a lofty contempt in her look for the credulity that coursed her husband, as she went out to her chamber.

A word is time extra time.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

How wonderful it is, that of more than a thousand million of human souls, with covering, but the space of a few square feet, no two should be alike!

What beneficence, as well as skill in design, by the creator in this beautiful arrangement!—The human individuality would cease between lovers, in youth and manhood, parents and children, school and creditors, if all these distinguishing marks were obliterated!

Identity is a certain something by which we know a friend after long years of absence have changed him, and dimmed our memory of him, and when all the paths in which we walked together are grown over. Time cannot destroy it. Sterility will not waste it away. No change of circumstances will obliterate it. It will survive like the abrasions of earth, the heaves and the pains of hell.

Individual identity detaches each man from the other, makes him a unit, and makes each man himself, himself to bear the responsibilities of existence. It is not only a variation in form and features, but a different look out from each pair of eyes, and expresses itself in the face, and makes its individuality known in the general carriage of the body, and the movement of its limbs.

Long absence, foreign travel, exposure in the camp and field, may produce great changes; but the mother sees her child beneath the growth of years and a foreign garb, and the father selects his son from a thousand soldiers on parade and recognizes him among the pale, haggard faces of the hospital, or among the killed and wounded of the battle-field.—Boston Recorder.

A Dutchman was relating that he had wonderfully escaped the danger of being drowned at a time when thirteen of his companions had perished by the upsetting of a boat in which they were seated. "And how," he was asked, "did you escape the fate of your companions?" "Why," he replied, quaintly, "I happened to be in another boat!"

Small Boy No. 1.—"Sam, mother says your dad's shut his house all up and lives down in cellar, so as to pretend to be away, for fear he'll have to go for a soldier."

Small Boy No. 2.—"No he hasn't neither. He's just shut all the windows up on 'account of the draft," he says. So there now."

"Come, sonny, get up," said an indulgent father to his son the other morning. "Remember the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the young hopeful, "mother won't let me go a fishing."

"Don't keep a solitary parrot, into which you go but once a month, with your four wall pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, love, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come to him in his loneliness, bringing always light, hope and love. Have no disgusting about your house, no room you never open—no things that always sulk."

"I say, boy, stop that ox." "I can't get no stopper, sir." "Well, head in, then." "It's already headed, sir." "I'll round your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, sir." "Speak to him, you rascal, you." "Good morning, Mr. Ox."

The Ohio Statesman has an account of a mob in Greenville, Dark county, Ohio, on Monday, the 18th instant, during which the law office of the Hon. Wm. Allen, an ex-Senator in Congress and a "Democrat," was assailed and gutted, and Mr. Allen himself suffered violence.—The Statesman charges the responsibility of the disturbance upon "Abolition fanatics," "Loyal Leaguers" and "drunken soldiers." No other particulars are given.

In a jolly company each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the responder paid a forfeit. Pat's question was:

"How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt at the entrance?"

When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Sure it's because he begins at the other end of the hole."

One of the rest exclaimed, "But how did he get there?"

"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

Taylor says something of the sort and dremy somebody, of unseen kind, there half the world has passed to comets and talked in whispers under the moonlight and pines and ever returned.

"Ma," said the pride of the family, who had seen some seven suitors, "do you know why our town is like a pot?" "It didn't," "Why," exclaimed the precocious pet, "don't be out in the moonlight and invoke the mesa?"

Smivel says that, he has been, without any so long that he cannot recollect it—weller looks. He says the notion that it is a world of change is a good fallacy.