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DESPERTE.

The river flowed with the light on its breast,
And the waves went eddying by,
And the sun set in a west door in the west,
When my love's form lay in my arms,
Under the evening sky—
Now we are alone by the river's side,
For my love has left me this morning a day
Left me to droop and die.

As the river flows then, the river flows still,
In apple and plum and cherry,
On by the church, and round by the mill,
And under the shade of the old barn still,
And out to the father day—
But I have it in me, for delight to go
When the sun is set and the tide is low,
And the heart is given away.

Oh, river, run fast! Oh, river, run fast!
Oh, weels, float out to sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful face,
And the top of the bread on the water's face,
Have drifted away like foam,
So the heart is set free, and the day is done,
And my love still remains the name of one
Who will never come back to me!

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM PARADISE LOST.

I do not remember who it was that said "Paradise Lost is a book that everybody quotes from and nobody reads." I believe this has more truth in it than sweeping remarks of the kind generally have. It is partly true of "All Persons" and "L'Allegro," the latter poem containing more familiar quotations than any other of the same length, not even excepting the famous soliloquies in Shakespeare's dramas. One is constantly meeting old friends in Paradise Lost—which sentence sounds rather equivocal now that I have written it—but we will let it pass, with the additional remark that very old acquaintances are to be found in Paradise Regained. Can this be because "broad is the road" that leadeth to destruction and "many there be that go in thereat"? But to our theme—
"No light but rather darkness visible" is the first familiar face we see upon visiting the wonderful regions, vast and sublime, wherein are laid the opening scenes of this grand poem. Further on an acquaintance not so often met in common intercourse, yet still well known—
"To bend and sue for grace
With suppliant knee"
and not very far from this a couplet which, in rather a distorted form, however, has become a "household word." Who has not heard of the
"Thick autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa?"
And what school-girl or boy, fashiously anxious to garnish their "compositions" with quotations that but serve often to make the poor original dish more tasteless, has not described the favorite hero of the "theme," as one who
"Above the rest
In shape and stature proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."
Scarcely a little newspaper, whose jaded editor would turn pale at the bare idea of wading through the book that contains it, but has in some description of a picnic or barbeque the familiar words "from moral till dewy eve," never associating it for one instant with a fallen angel. Milton:
"Men called him Malinche and how he fell
From Heaven, they fabled, moon by waxy June
Shew o'er the crystal bottom, from more
To more the fell, from more to dewy eve."
From "more to dewy eve" is, however, the popular small newspaper quotation—
"It is to reign in hell than serve in Heaven" is a truly diabolical sentiment, naturally suggestive of brimstone and other popular accompaniments of infernal grandeur, but I am rather loath to disturb the beauty of the couplet quoted above—about the leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa—by placing it with its original associates—i. e., the legions of fallen angels who were precipitated into hell when Satan was cast down. I confess the pretty lines are not so pleasant since I learned their antecedents—something like the shock experienced by the handsome young aristocrat when he found his lady-love to be a "horrid grocery person."
"Through his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason; to perplex and dash
Milton's discourse."
is said of Belial, who, Milton says, was second only to Satan in rank and power—
"Should intermitted vengeance aim again
His red right hand to plague us."
Belial is supposed to have first used this expression in his address to the assembled spirits in the second book. Mammon, on the same occasion, uses the word, "in spite of fate," but whether Milton originated it or common use suggested it to him I know not. It smacks of heartiness.
Annree tells Satan he saw the mighty hosts of Hell driven to their "dark domain," and thus describes the tumultuous flight. They came, he says,
"Through the foggy deep,
With rain and sun, and on the road,
Confusion worse confounded."
and with this ends my quotations from the first two books.
The third book seems to be but little quoted from; but the fourth is peopled with old friends.
"Satan adores from the sky, the shore
Of Aaby the beat"
figures in most newspaper novels along with Villambrosa leaves and the opening lines of Gray's elegy. The exquisite beauty of the following couplet no repetition can destroy; like most familiar quotations, it is epigrammatic and true to nature—
"Now come still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober eaves, all in grey—"
I should find Satan in the form of a teal sitting, or as the poet says, squat close by Eve's ear, pouring poisonous fables thereat. The touch of "Ithuriel's Spear" causes him to resume his true shape, and when Ithuriel questions him he answers in words familiar to every one in our society.
"No to know me argues thyself unknown,"
and if Satan couldn't say it now with truth, I don't know who can.
What one of President Johnson's friends, who, in the good old times, of corn sheaves and hog bells at the sugar-house, used to inspire the subtle soul and harlequin of wit, with the lively real comedy known as Hill broke boss in "country club," ever dreamed that so august a person as Milton ever existed, much less that he was the author of at least part of the titles of his favorite tune? Gabriel says to Satan—
"But wherefore thus alone? Wherefore with
Came not all hell birds here?"
Who heard the quotation in Georgia I do not know, I suspect the inhabitants along on Sherman's route accuse him of it. Satan, we are told,
"In his morning,
And with him fell the shades of night."
It is in the fifth book that Adam addresses Eve as
"Heaven's best gift, my ever new delight,"
And we meet a most familiar expression, but not one peculiar to or original with Milton, in the same book:
"Sure bliss of day that crownest evening
Morn."
It is Raphael who—
"With quick eye
Watches the heaven's face."
Another oft-quoted expression—a willfulness of sweets—is in the fifth book:
"Through grove of myrtle
And flowering vine, cassia, hard and holm,
A wilderness of sweets."
Raphael visits Adam and Eve in the garden, and Eve, anxious to do honor to her angel guest, begs Adam to obtain him while she spreads before him fare meet for Heaven's citizens.
"So saying, with dainties full looks, in haste,
She turns, on her path, to guide me."
In the sixth book I find nothing save these expressions, which have passed into such universal use as to be no longer quotations. The "crystal wall of Heaven," for instance, and "single word, victory," "scattered files," "might's cloudy covert," "scattered hosts," and a hundred of others like them.
"Through fallen on evil day's," we find in the seventh book and of late it has indeed become a "household word." Here is the beautiful passage:
"How is ordered wide
Her ever-during gate—
In golden ages forming."
and a little plagiarist from Job, meant perhaps for a paraphrase—
"The gay
Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence."
Again we meet an old acquaintance in—
"The created rock whose east side sounds
The silent hours"—and
"Ere long that sun
Bursting with kindly rapture, forth disclose
Their callow young."
Here figure too the—
"Tiger horse and scaly crocodile,"

SUNDAY READINGS.

It was reckoned a great triumph of human art when they constructed a chronometer in London, which formed perhaps man's nearest approach to mechanism in the perfection of the works of God—a time-piece which, after carried round the globe, was found on the ship's return to have deviated from the time by two seconds only in the course of a whole year. But the seasons are regulated by a clock which, placed in the heavens, has gone on without mending, or winding, not for one year, nor a hundred, nor a thousand, but many thousand years with unvarying regularity. How manifold are the works, Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou made them all! In their unending succession how do the seasons display the Providence, and illustrate thy promise, given beneath the rainbow, by a mountain altar and beside the stranded ark, "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."
In that little tomb, one sad night, when the stars were over Jerusalem, there lay the worn and wasted body of One who had suffered an ignominious death. Here, where I stand, Roman soldiers, sat on the rocky floor, and dashed their armor as they passed the night in alternation of sleep and brawl, rattling the dice on the rock by the light of a dim taper, and cursing each other by the gods of Rome, while they recked nothing who or what was the body they were set to watch. And some, where within Jerusalem in a few men and women were weeping the long night through in hopeless agony, the soul of a nation who had rejected the claims of their master as King and Messiah.
But the scene is changed. The Saviour is risen. The religion of the Cross and Tomb has become the religion of the world. The nails that men believed were the nails that pierced his hands, were wrought into the predest crown of human grandeur; and the fragments they supposed to be of the wood on which he hung, are shrouded in palaces-cathedrals of unknown wealth and gorgeousness.
From the little hamlet of Bethlehem, the followers of the Nazarene have grown to be a host more than any man can number, of every nation under Heaven. The standards of Christian powers are arrayed on every battle-field; and the day has arrived in which there is no nation of the earth able to say that it can stand and be other than Christian.—*Test Life in Holy Land.*
We look to our minister to pray for us, and for us, and if he only could, to be responsible for us at the judgment-seat of God. No man in the universe of God can be responsible for another.
Not the greatest angel of those around the throne of Deity can discharge one of my obligations, responsibilities, and duties. You and I must stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and amid that glory shall make thoughts to be light and characters to be transparent, just as clearly and vividly as the printed book is legible and transparent now. And we must all stand at that judgment-seat, each feeling the intense and unutterable solitude of being alone. Dear brethren, try often to be alone; try to realize solitude except with God. You must be alone. Have you ever seen a dead-bird? Nothing can help it. The physicians refuse, and relatives hide their countenances and weep, and the man dies alone. Nobody can help him; they must leave him when the soul is about to separate from the body and begin its long journey; every relative remains behind. We must all stand at the judgment-seat alone; we must be answerable alone; and may God grant that we may realize that it is to be alone with God our Father, best we be alone with him once for all as our Judge.—*Concluding.*
The ground work of our manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have felt 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 the truth remains in a child, there is something to depend upon; but when truth is gone, all is lost, unless the child is specially won back again to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it you may never depart again.
The man may be very poor, his name unknown to the bankers' books, and his person strange to the merchant of the world; but the powers of the field bloom, and the songs of the forest are warbled for him. Under his feet, and around his path, lie the works, and over his head dwells the bright smile of "a rare old God." He may be stumbling against the stream, but the tides there-

SUNDAY READINGS.

of are adorned with trees of his "Lond's planting." He may tremble at the face of a fellow creature whose claim he cannot satisfy, but his conscience approves the principles he has adopted, and the oracle he believes whispers in his ear, "Light is sown for righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." Human praise may seldom greet him, but the desire to have a conscience void of offense towards God and man holds him up in the warfare of life. The nobles of the nation may not hail him in the street, but the visits of ministering angels make his humble dwelling one of the portals of Heaven.—*Struggles for Life.*
DEATH OF A GREAT POLITICIAN.—The following account of the state of Lord Palmerston's mind at the time of his death is from the last letter of Mr. Conway, the London correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth:
I have the following from unquestionable authority. When it was perceived that Lord Palmerston would not recover, a clergyman, accompanied by Lord Shaftesbury visited him for the purpose of having some religious conversation with him. They found the old man in a very low condition. The clergyman asked him if he thought the medicines which had been given him were beneficial.
"Yes," the clergyman then hinted that there was another medicine which was of infinitely greater importance. "What is that?" said Palmerston. "The blood of Christ," replied the clergyman, who, with this for an opening, went on into a religious exhortation. When he came to a pause, Palmerston said only "Goon." The clergyman, pleased at this, went on with further religious remarks, and coming to another pause, Palmerston said, again, "Goon." Much encouraged by this the clergyman continued fervently, and Lord Shaftesbury, who is very pious, joined in with him. At length, Palmerston said, "That is well; now read the sixth article in the prayer-book, which, however, shed no light on the mysterious request. On testing the dying man's mind further it became abundantly evident that he had supposed that he was listening to the treaty of Utrecht, the sixth article whereof related to the surrender of Dunkerque.
A STORY FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.—Mary Harris was a little girl who lived in Chicago. She was a very pretty little girl, and one day an old bachelor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine letters to her, and call her "Rose-bud," "Little Puss," and "Little Mollie." But he went to Washington, and got married, and soon forgot his "Little Mollie." When Mary Harris heard the news she bought a pretty pistol and went to Washington, too. There she found the old bachelor in a big building, which they called the Treasury Department. So she went up to him, and shot him with the pretty pistol. The bullet went into the old bachelor. This made him feel bad, and he died. Then Mary Harris cried, for she was a good girl, and very affectionate. Then the editors came to see her, and pitied her very much, for Mary Harris was very pretty, and so affectionate. And the jailors of the prison all pitied her and judge, and the jury that tried her, and the lawyers all pitied her. Mary Harris. So they let her go free, and the good jurors said it was all a mistake—that she hadn't killed anybody. And everybody kissed Mary Harris, because she was a pretty girl. And the people all huz-zed. And everybody was happy, and huz-zed, except the old bachelor, who couldn't huz-zed because he was dead. Oh, what a sad thing it is to be a pretty girl, and shoot an old bachelor! Little girls, be affectionate, and shoot old bachelors.
A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, a Milesian, one of the wisest men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid succession, these difficult questions:
What is the oldest of all things?
God, because he always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world, because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space, because it contains all that is great.
What is the quickest of all things?
Thought, because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity, because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know thyself.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.
The Philosopher replied to them all without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety the reader can judge for himself.

SIGNS OF CHARACTER.

"Trifles make up the sum of human things," and it is surprising how readily an experienced eye can read character from the slightest and most insignificant data—Don't you believe it, reader? Just allow us to give you a few whispers on the subject—a peep, through our own special opera-glass, at the world around us.
When you meet a young man with plenty of bad cologne on his pocket-handkerchief, and a stale odor of cigar smoke in his hair, you may be sure that he was bold enough to contract a very bad habit, and not bold enough frankly to take the consequences of it. In cigar vs. cologne, the plaintiff has the best of it.
When you see a woman with her shawl fastened all awry, and unended fractures in her gloves, it is a pretty sure index that she reads novels and lies in bed late of a morning. If you happen to be with-hunting, don't be misled by her bright eyes and cherry cheeks. A girl who cannot spend time to keep herself looking neat, ought not to be trusted with the care of shirt-bosoms and cravat-ends, to say nothing of the husband appended to these articles.
When a gentleman hands up your face in the stage as politely as that of the gracefully dressed neighbor, without reference to the fact that you wear calico and cotton gloves, rest assured that he is looking in no courteous to his own wife's home. And if a lady—no, a woman—accepts his politeness as a mere matter of course, with no "Thank you," nor acknowledging smile, then you may conclude that she cut into society on the bald head of Ptolemaeus—not on any merit of her own.
When a lady—no, once again, a female—goes to the grocery in a rustling silk dress and does her morning shopping in diamond rings and a cashmere shawl, it is a sign of one or two things; either she does not know any better, or she has no other place in which to display her finery.
When the "nice young man" who is paying you particular attention, speaks liberally to his mother, or omits to pay his sisters the little attentions that come so gracefully from man to woman, it is apt to be a sign that his wife must put up with the same system of snubbing and neglect as soon as the first glass of the wedding suit is gone.
When a lady finds "Macaulay's History" a dreadful bore, and "skips" the historical part of Scott's novels, it is not an unfair inference that her brain is not very fully furnished.
When a gentleman cannot talk fluently on the great subjects of ancient and modern interest, but talks "charmingly," we may conclude that his brains—such as they are—have all settled down to his agile heels. Now we do not disapprove of dancing, yet we must confess a preference for having the brains a little higher up.
When a girl entertains you with spicy ridicule of her gentlemen friends, "showing up" their various imperfections and weaknesses, take your hat and go. If you need any comfort, there will be sufficient in the fact that you will undoubtedly furnish your share of amusement to the next arrival.
Put not your faith (speaking from a female standpoint) in gentlemen that wear diamond scarf-pins and spend their leisure time on hotel steps, for it is more than probable they belong to the extensive class of society for whom Satan is popularly supposed "to find some mischief still" to keep their "little hands" in occupation. Better lavish your smiles on the sturdy young carpenter in shirt-sleeves and overalls, who works by the day; it will be more profitable in the long run.
When a woman finds Sunday "the longest day in the week," it is a sign that there was some woful deficiency in her early religious training.
When a man speaks irreverently of sacred things, let it suffice as a warning to trust him in no single matter. No matter how brilliant may be his talents, how fair his professions, there is a false ring to his metal. Don't trust him!—*Phrenological Journal.*
A COMET VISITOR.—Bick's Comet, which is said to be now visible to the naked eye, may be seen in the neighborhood of the constellation Pegasus, and close to the bright star Markab, one of the bright luminaries which form the well known square of Pegasus. It is pursuing a southeasterly course, and will cross the celestial square about the middle of December, and will continue to approach the earth until the end of February, when it will be seen by the only eighteen millions of miles.
It is not so probable to descend from a high and noble ancestry as to ascend from a low one.
Two hard things. First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without being spiteful.