

# St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## ST. MARY'S GAZETTE

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## White Men Must Rule America

### NEW YORK DAY-BOOK FOR 1866.

THE DAY-BOOK proposes to stand in the future, as in the past, upon the great doctrine that this is a WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT on the basis of a FEDERAL UNION, and it desires to be distinctly counted out of that class of journals which propose to surrender Democratic principles to a cowardly public clamor. It aspires to no higher honor than to be the organ of the great AGRICULTURAL CLASSES of the country against the public plunderers of all parties, who now, through banks, tariffs, taxes and free negroism, are striving to crush them. THE DAY-BOOK, or its substitute, THE CAUCASIAN, for four long and gloomy years, kept the flag of State Rights and Constitutional Liberty, flying, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, in New York, and at a time, too, when it had no other journal to keep it company. It has not, therefore, been printed merely to make money, but has chosen rather to be right and with the People, than to court the favor of cliques and rich railroad corporations and be wrong with the few. It might have been better off pecuniarily, but it would have been sally bankrupt in principle had it taken any other course. It does not now mean to run a competition with Shoddy Democratic or Abolition papers, supported by political funds robbed from the people, and it warns the masses that engaged in the conspiracy to mortgage the bones and sinews of the farming and industrial classes to bondholders and capitalists, and surrender the old Union and the old Constitution to the Mongrelists. It, therefore, calls upon all true men to stand by it for another year's fight with the Abolitionists, monopolists and public plunderers. THE DAY-BOOK is now generally recognized as the

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### BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned having purchased the material and good will of the late Blacksmith establishment of A. J. Soper, Esq., in this village, will hereafter carry on the BLACKSMITHING business in this Town. A good stock of materials will be kept on hand, and all work will be done with fidelity and dispatch and at moderate prices.

TERMS—CASH.

R. B. BISCOE,  
Leonardtown

Late of the firm of Gouley & Biscoe, Clifton Factory.

Oct. 19th, 1865—3m.

### SLAVE BOUNTIES COLLECTED

BOUNTIES for Slaves enlisted in the 19th, 20th, 21st and 39th Regiments promptly collected by  
JOHN V. L. FINDLAY,  
Attorney at Law,  
Baltimore  
March 16th, 1865—1t.

## SHORT TALES FOR INFANT COHERES.

There was a good little boy, and his name was Johnny. He was a poor boy, but one day he was sitting in his father's work box, and he picked it up and put it in his pocket, as he was afraid she might lose it or waste it in buying something to eat, and went off and set himself up in the boot blacking business. He was a very hardworking boy, and went on in the good principle of never stealing anything he could not carry off. He saved his money, as good little boys ought to do, and when he was sent to the penitentiary for taking a coat he had a great deal of money laid away safe. All little boys should imitate the example of Johnny, so that when they come out of the penitentiary they can have something to go on with.

THERE was another little boy named Harry, who lived in Cincinnati. Cincinnati is a large city, and the streets are very slippery, because there is so much liquid running over them. Harry always had a great and good idea of doing well in the world, and becoming rich and consequently respectable. So, when he was six years old, he borrowed a dollar, and commenced business, at a fair ground, with a jug of whiskey and a tin cup. When this was sold out he bought some more, and so went on increasing his stock and money, until he was able to buy out a corner grocery. He is now a very rich man, and owns several large distilleries, which are manufacturing a great quantity of bald-face whiskey, and bringing happiness and comfort to a great many poor families that are fond of whiskey. When the man who had loaned him the dollar asked him to pay it back, because the man was poor, Harry very properly told him to do as he had done, to borrow a dollar of some other man, and commence business like Harry had; but as for paying him the dollar, he should do no such thing as he made it a rule to save all he got. The man thanked Harry for this advice; and is now one of the most promising inmates of the Ohio penitentiary.

THERE was a little girl, named Sarah Ann, who was a poor girl when she commenced business, and had nothing except what she could scabber from the women for whom she worked. But she was very industrious, and saved all she got, and now owns a large millinery establishment in New York city, where she employs a great many girls, and she has made a fortune by the vast amount of work she has got out of them. She is very good to the girls, for she remembers that she herself once was poor; so she lets them work sixteen hours a day, and sometimes give them something to eat. When they die, she buries them cheaply, but decently.

THERE was an honest German lad, named Heinrich, who came to this country very poor, and worked in a brewery for five dollars a month and find himself. Think of the lowly situation of the lad, especially if he had tumbled into a beer-vat! But Heinrich studied hard and soon invented a way of making beer very cheap, without using hops or malt, which was a great blessing to the country, as a little cheap pilsener saved a great deal of valuable property. He now owns a brewery of his own, and has a splendid lager beer saloon, with a number of pretty waiter girls, who are very fascinating, and who bring him in a great deal of money. He also thinks of starting a graveyard of his own.

THERE was a little boy named Thomas, who had a brother Jeremiah, and the delightful beverage, called Tom and Jerry, was named after them by their grateful fellow-citizens—which shows that they must have been respectable. Thomas saved up his pennies and bought oranges. When he had eaten the oranges he was wont to scatter the peel before the door of surgeons, and the good surgeons kindly allowed him a commission for the people who slipped on the peel and broke their arms or legs. He saved the money which the worthy surgeons paid him and became rich, and attained the age of thirty-five years before he was hung.

THERE was a little boy named Samuel, who had been told that virtue was its own reward. He supported himself and his aged mother by picking up little things that other people seemed to have no use for. Once he found a fine gold watch. A foolish boy would have taken it to the owner to get a reward, and therefore rewarded himself by his virtue by keeping the watch. The owner might not have given him more than half the value of it. Samuel is still making money, and can go to jail whenever he chooses, and have an easy time.

THERE was a little boy named—but I need not tell you his name—who commenced life as an humble member of Congress and Brigadier General. Of course he was entirely uneducated, but by making good use of his leisure hours and reading Poor

Richard's Almanac and the Brooklyn papers he had obtained a remarkable celebrity as a poor but honest author, and has written these pleasing narratives for good little children.

## MR. LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE.

Happening to be in the eastern portion of the country a few days ago, I called to see a Mrs. Wilcox, formerly Mrs. Armstrong. Years ago, when this goodly State of ours was comparatively new, there came to the little village of Salem, Menard county, a tall, plain and rather awkward young man to help in the mill, tend store, and make himself generally useful. After serving in this capacity, for some time, and making friends of all who came in contact with him, at mill or grocery, he was appointed County Surveyor, and went to live with a farmer named Armstrong, residing in the neighborhood. This Mrs. Wilcox whom I went to see was the wife of this Armstrong, and the slender, raw-boned shop tender and surveyor was Abraham Lincoln.

"The first time I ever saw him," said Mrs. W., "I went trading. I told Armstrong as soon as I got home there was a new clerk at the store, and I liked him first rate, he was so pleasant and kind. A few days afterwards Armstrong went to the mill, and when he came home he told me he had seen the new clerk I bragged about so much, and he liked him too. They had got to lifting in the mill a parcel of them, and the clerk outlived every man there."

"Well, he lived with you, did he not, afterwards?"  
"Yes; as soon as he got to surveying he came to our house and made it his home. I made two pairs of deer-skin breeches for him—shirts, too. Armstrong used to carry chains for him. They were great crochets. Wherever Armstrong went Lincoln would go too. He was poor and had no horse; we had several, and he always rode one of our creatures. Sometimes they would be gone a week at a time to Jacksonville, Springfield, or somewhere else. They lied about him when he was nominated for President; and said he used to drink; but he never did. I never saw or heard of his drinking. The young folks thought him kind and queer."

When there was a frolic, or any doings among them, he would always go, but never danced and cut up. He amused himself by playing with the children, or telling some funny story to the old folks. Yes, he staid with us till we moved to Missouri, and I never saw him angry the whole time. He used to say he would never marry until he could support a wife comfortably; and he didn't. We lived in Missouri five years, and when we came back he had gone to Springfield. I went down there trading pretty soon, and was standing in a store door looking at the folks, when I saw him coming down the street.

A lady was with him, his wife, and everybody was bowing and shaking hands with him. I stood up straight in the door, a little back like, thinking maybe he would not want to see me, with his wife and all those people around; I never could put on any airs, and he knew it. He saw me, though; before he got to me, and came up laughing and shaking hands, real glad to see me; asking after Armstrong and all the rest, just as if he was one of the family. I tell you, Mr. F., he was a kind, good-hearted man, and a true gentleman.

He defended my son, (her son was tried for homicide, and acquitted), and after the trial, when I told him I had no money to pay him, he laughed at me, and told me whenever I was in any trouble to come to him. Everybody told me I was foolish to write to him about my son, who was sick in the army; that he had enough else to attend to now, besides looking after me and my family. But when a telegraphic despatch discharging my son, and a letter to me too, came, they found out that he had not forgotten his old home down in Menard."

## FASHIONS OF THE SOUTH DURING THE WAR.

Fashion, says the Richmond Times, begins to reassert its empire in the South. During the war a man was deemed fortunate if he owned a couple of fig bushes, for then he was sure of having his family provided with a suit of primitive clothes, as good as that worn by our first parents, if things came to the worst. Men and women did not care much what they wore, so they wore something. Nor was the style or cut of garments much regarded, for there was a sort of carnival of old clothes. It was not uncommon to meet a gentleman with a coat or pantaloons which looked as if they had been cut out with a broad-axe, and nailed together hurriedly by a rough carpenter.

The patterns, too, were as strongly spiced with variety, as well as with the odor of great antiquity. The old swallow-tail and shad-belly coat (which is thought by many to be the style worn by Noah when he harangued the antediluvians on

the probabilities of an unprecedented freshet) was assumed and restored to general favor. Buttons made in the good old-fashioned way, with an apron or sort of drop-curtain in front, were brought to light by venerable and respectable gentlemen, who have never been satisfied with modern innovations in dress, and for a long time battled stubbornly against them.

Hats, not inapily designated as camp-kettles, stovepipes, and bee-guns, by many soldiers of Lee's army, whenever they encountered the luckless wearer and called upon him "to come out of it," were very prevalent among the sober-sided civilians; con skin and skull caps of a strange and unique model, were worn in bold and utter defiance of all previous proprieties of fashion.

The ladies of the South exhibited a similar spirit in yielding to the necessities of the times. The dimensions of Crinolines were neglected, and dames and damsels looked as lovely and attractive in homespun and linseys as they had ever done in silks and satins. Bonnets of the coal-scuttle, zig-top, and chicken-coop type, fossils of fashion, which were the pride and glory of Elizabethan age, were drawn forth from dusty closets and old-time boxboxes, and were conscribed and forced into service.

Shoes, which were regular clod-knockers and beetle-crushers, covered tender toes and well-turned ankles, which had been used to the finest calf-skin and most delicate Morocco. There was eminent good sense and good taste in all this, and we hope that the lessons of wisdom and economy inculcated by the war will not be forgotten at its conclusion.

## SYMPATHY.

There are hearts that ache in every household; and the aching heart hungers for sympathy. The neglected child that crosses our path, or whose pinched, weired face looks in at the door "for broken pieces"; the youth whom the world has flattered and crushed; the proud, ambitious man; whose hopes have been wrecked, and who feels that he has nothing for which to live; old age tottering on his staff; the peerless woman, and flaunting belle, all have unutterable longings for sympathy.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said the dying Nelson. At that bitter hour, even stern man of battle longed for some visible expression of kindness and love. It is strange that poor, weak, erring creatures as we are, have so little sympathy for others. Too few of us that look upon the sorrows of others as He looked upon them who went about relieving human misery, and who spake to the downcast and miserable, words of unequalled tenderness. We seem to forget that we are all members of one family—that we are all subject to like feelings; and that it is as hard for others to suffer as it is for ourselves. As we see the deformed, the beggar, the feeble, and pinched by want and care, we seldom think how sadly we should feel in their situation.

We let some trivial thing prevent us from visiting the stranger, the sick, and the needy, never once thinking how we should feel languishing in pain, without the soothing influence of friend or acquaintance; passing the long weary hours; uncertain when the sustenance was to come to save us from perishing.

Yet who has made us to differ? He who has rendered our lives pleasant, has made others unfortunate, and we are unworthy of the blessings He has bestowed upon us, if we are unwilling to impart them to others. Our feelings should be so susceptible to misfortune that we cannot passively endure that another should suffer. When Sir Philip Sidney was dying on the battle-field, an attendant brought him some water. A wounded soldier looked wishfully at the cup.

"Bear it to him," said the noble man, "his necessity is greater than mine."

Beautiful! the generous philanthropy that filled his great soul. Not only those whose names have come down to us, but Heaven is full of those whose fame says nothing.

The child who labors to support and make pleasant the declining years of a parent, is a philanthropist in the sight of God, and however little is known of them here, their names are spoken among the angels.

The man of limited means who makes a pleasant home for another whom circumstance or misfortune has rendered hopeless, is as noble in the sight of God, as the millionaire who founds an asylum, and whose name is chiseled in granite and trumpeted over the world.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

## PROMPT PAYMENT OF SMALL DEBTS.

The Philadelphia Ledger offers some very sensible remarks in this connection. Christmas is coming, and with the close of the year comes the presentation of a large number of small accounts, some of which have been standing six months or more, too small to send in individually, as the items one by one were purchased, but often amounting in the aggregate to quite a serious portion of the capital of those who have given the required credit. The future success of the tradesman, mechanics and others to whom these small bills are due, depends in many cases on the prompt payment, and they can be paid easily and at once and without inconvenience by most of those who owe accounts of this sort; but which often are neglected, to the great inconvenience and loss of the creditor.

There are many causes which tend to produce this want of promptness of which every man in business suffers more or less. The most common of these is carelessness. The sum is but a trifle, and a few of the items of the bill, perhaps, need to be verified by some one not immediately at hand, and so the bill is put into the pocket of a coat or dressing gown, laid aside with the garment, and never thought of until a fresh notice that the bill remains unpaid brings a search, an examination of the items, and, after two or three delays, a settlement. Those who are wealthy can hardly conceive how much some of their creditors have watched and waited for the coming in of that small account.

They have, perhaps, a large list of such accounts at their fingers' ends connected with each name and with a most unpleasant vividness. Yet the man or woman of fashion dreams not, and cares not, often, if people do have to wait. Everybody knows they will pay, and are willing to pay, price, interest, or anything else, but they are too busy to be troubled, and those who trust them are meanwhile embarrassed by their fear of giving offense. The large creditor can take the debtor by the throat and say, "Pay me that thou owest," but it would break up a connection on some of our retail streets to be known to do such an impolite action for small accounts against persons known to be good for thousands.

There are others who do not pay their small debts punctually, from sheer meanness, though they would have it, carcasses. They treat these debts lightly enough, as of no consequence, when really it is a morbid dislike to pay any one a cent until actually compelled, that leads to all the delay. While they are charging interest on all that is due them, they will not draw a cent to pay a small debt justly due. In some cases it is worse than meanness—the hope of wearing out a creditor by not paying a little bill, too small for him conveniently to sue upon.

## "AGATE," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, is responsible for the following:

A bit of malicious gossip goes the round of capital gossips about an alleged response by General Butler to the "corked bottle" figure which General Rawlins was indiscreet enough to use in writing Gen. Grant's report. "It is undeniable"—the gossips so quote General Butler—"it is undeniable that men in writing often illustrate their ideas by figures of speech, drawn from those objects in common life with which they are most familiar." "The only thing I know, to militate against that idea," so they continue to quote, "is that the General has never been accused of any special familiarity with the process of corking a bottle!"

## "YOU'RE THE CHICKIE."

Philadelphia rejoices in the possession of a very bright little girl of three summers, who, after being taken by her parents to visit some friends in Germantown, fell ill with "chicken pox." After her recovery some weeks later, being taken again to the same place, she immediately asked to be shown a fine brood of chickens of which she was very fond. Out in the poultry yard she gazed long and steady at the little things, until finally selecting the smallest and homeliest of the brood, she lifted her little finger and shook it at the supposed offender, saying decidedly: "You're the little chickie that gave me the chicken pox!"—*Phila. Sat. Post.*

"John," said a gentleman to his apprentice as he was about leaving home to be absent awhile, "you must take my place while I am gone."

"Thank you, sir," innocently replied John, "but I had a heap rather sleep with the boys."

"I would rather have newspapers without government," said the great Jefferson, "than government without newspapers."

## HAWTHORN'S THOUGHTS.—A scold and a blockhead—brimstone and wood—a good match.

No fortune so small but that heaven may be inagined on its bosom. Nobody will use other people's expense, nor have any of his own till it is late to use it.

Comfort for childless people. A married couple with ten children have been the means of bringing about ten funerals.

What would a man do if he were compelled to live always in the sultry heat of society, and could never bathe himself in cool solitude?

Trifles to one are matters of life and death to another; as, for instance, a farmer desires a brisk breeze to winnow his grain, and the mariners to blow them out of the reach of pirates.

All sorts of persons and every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respects, whether he chooses to be so or not.

Fortune to come like a peddler with his goods—as wreaths of laurel, diamonds, crowns; selling them, but asking for them the sacrifice of health, of integrity, perhaps of life on the battlefield, and of the real pleasures of existence. Who would buy if the price were to be paid down?

## A SCRAP FOR THE HISTORIAN.—While Gen. Butler is writing his reply to Gen. Grant, let him not forget to insert a conversation between himself and an able officer which is not unknown in army circles.

An expedition was planned against Richmond. Butler observed to the proposed leader, "You must leave nothing of Richmond." "Do you mean, seriously, destroy the city?" "Yes, and have the ground ploughed up." The officer addressed replied, "I am not the man for the expedition." "Yes, you are; you are just the man." "There must be, according to numbers, at least one thousand children, one thousand aged and decrepit persons, and one thousand women big with child. These helpless persons must all perish if I fire the city, and setting aside all promptings of humanity, I do not care to go down to posterity with that load of infamy upon me." "Better go down that way than not go at all."—*World.*

"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the care God has taken of them every where; not one bearing the marks of a brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, grazing the pulsable breast of the gray, old granite, everywhere they are harmonising. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button-holes. Villains seldom strain vines over cottage doors." And another adds, "Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and for the gay, for the living and for the dead—for all but the guilty, and for the guilty when they are penitent."

## An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men had done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

He who, by his conduct, makes good friends on the one hand and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.

A LITTLE GIRL, after returning from church where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all childish innocence, "that a man passed round a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

"Here's your money, doll, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote the eighteen letters about that contemptible sum." "I'm sure I can't tell, but, if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen didn't fetch it."

SETTLED.—A question as to what old Mother Eve was made for, has been agitating some folks herabouts. Uncle Dick Hawkins, the clever agent in the express business, settled it by answering: "For Adam's Express Company."

Constant companionship is not enjoyable any more than constant eating is a possibility. We sit too long at the table of friendship when we out sit our appetites for each other's thoughts.