

St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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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 it has stood in the past, upon the great doctrine that the 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 profess to surrender Democratic principles to a cowardly public opinion. 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 trade, are striving to crush them. THE DAY-BOOK, in its substance, THE CAUCASIAN, for four long and bloody years, kept the flag of State Rights and Constitutional Liberty, flying at a great patriotic 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 Pele, than to court the favor of cliques and rich railroad corporations and to wrong the few. It might have been better off pecuniarily, but it would have been a sally bankrupt in principle had it taken any other course. It does not mean to run a competition with the Weekly Democratic or American, or to be supported by political friends, or to flatter the people, and it trusts the masses that there are many so-called Democratic papers engaged in the conspiracy to mortgage the bones and tissues of the farming and industrial classes to bondholders and capitalists, and surrender the old Union and the old Constitution to the Monarchists. It, therefore, calls upon all true men to stand by it for another year's fight with the Abolitionists, monarchists 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 BLACKSMITH business in this town. A good stock of materials will be kept on hand, and all work will be done with fidelity and despatch and at moderate prices.

TERMS—CASH.

R. B. BISCOE,
Leonardtown

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

Oct. 19th, 1865—8m.

BOARDING.

MRS. J. C. MILBURN, formerly of St. Mary's, has taken the house No. 32, Hanover St., Balt., between Baltimore St. and Lombard, and is prepared to receive permanent and transient boarders.

Dec. 7th, 1865—4t.

From the Norfolk Virginian. GENERAL LONGSTREET AND THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

The Old First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia had but little rest when there was any hard fighting to be done. After the second Maryland campaign they had been sent out to the Army of Tennessee; but corps had maintained the high reputation of the "Virginia troops" at the bloody battle of Chancellorsville, the old Sharpsburg soubriquet was still used, and Gen. Longstreet, no longer called the "War Horse," was generally known among the men as the "Old Bull of the Woods." Then came the skirmishes of "The Nook" and Campbell's Station," the siege of Knoxville, and the terrible winter of 1863-4 in desolate East Tennessee.

Our men had become, unaccountably, braver than they were to which even they had before been accustomed; they had not only been, although with insufficient food, without blankets, with ragged clothing, and too often without shoes, they had tramped with bleeding feet for many a weary mile. On the march, and in bivouac, during the freezing and comfortless night, in hunger and thirst, they had been sustained by the remembrance of their dear Southern homes and dearer Southern land. All things, however, have an end, and in the spring of 1864 we joyfully returned to Virginia.

On the 3d of May, 1864, we left our camp near Gordonsville, and on the night of the fifth our two divisions—Field's and Kersh's—went into bivouac a few miles from the Wilderness. By daylight in the morning the troops were again in motion, and marching to the field of battle. The Federal troops had made a fierce attack upon the right of General Lee's line, and had been repulsed. Again they came on and in increased force, until at last Holt's and Wile's divisions, in spite of their steady and determined fighting, were driven back in confusion. With a cheer, the Federal troops pushed forward; our exhausted men could do no more; they seemed no hope of further successful resistance; but there was a cloud of dust on the road, and General Longstreet, followed by his column, came rapidly on. Kersh's division was in advance, without halting, the men filed into line, and charged with a furious yell.

Nothing could stand before them—they were indeed very furious, undisturbed by the fact that the enemy was clearly in the rear. At the moment they were being slowly driven back. Repeatedly did the Federal officers bring up their shattered remnants; reinforcements were put in only to be speedily broken, and the arrival of Holt's division and the magnificent body of men commanded by General Robert Anderson, enabled Gen. Lee to re-establish his original line.

We had lost heavily, many of our most gallant men had fallen; but the reverse of the early morning had been retrieved, and our success was so far complete. It is well known that the section of country called the "Wilderness" is covered with a dense growth of pines, and undergrowth of bushes and briars, being so matted and tangled that it is very difficult to force a way through it, while at a distance of fifty or fifty yards the form of a man could scarcely be distinguished by any but a quick-sighted observer. The Federals were now resting comparatively quiet, taking, perhaps a long breath before trying it on again, but they were not to have it all their own way, and we returned, became the aggressors. Mahone's brigade, with I think, two others, were ordered to move around and attack Grant's left; Generals Lee and Longstreet, lying on the ground near the plank-road, quietly awaited the result.

The rapid firing quickly told us that the "boys" were at it, and, before long, a mounted officer rode up to announce the successful completion of the movement. Grant's left had been repulsed and driven back on the center, and the plan now was to make a vigorous assault while the men was hot, and so to finish the work before us. The whole of our corps was in readiness to move, and General Longstreet and staff rode down the plank-road, where a portion of the corps was already formed in column. We had ridden but a short distance, when Lieutenant Colonel G. M. S., Assistant Adjutant General of the first army corps, joined us.

He had accompanied the flanking party, winning the hearts of Mahone's brigade by an exhibition of chivalrous gallantry, akin to that which they had shown upon many a bloody field; and he now brought us the most encouraging accounts of the position of affairs. General Jenkins, a noble son of South Carolina, an admirably officer and courteous gentleman, was also with us, and his face was lit up with joy and confidence as he congratulated the "old Chief." It was now proposed to give three cheers for General Longstreet, and Jenkins, fearing lest his men should appear to be behind time, called out, "Why don't you cheer, men! Why don't you cheer!" The air fairly rang with lusty shouts;

again and again the men cheered, till voices were cracked and tears of exhaustion ran down many dusty cheeks. Every heart was confident and gay—and so we moved forward.

Suddenly the snapping of a cap was heard in the woods on our right, and then the report of a musket, sounding strangely sharp and clear. Instinctively we turned, and there in the woods, within a few yards of us, was a long line of uniformed men. There was no time for thought; the rifle shot was heard, and another and another, without an instant's pause; the red fire flashed along the entire line, and a deadly volley was poured into us. It was as unexpected as the crack of doom! Could it be the enemy, or was it our own men. None of us could tell! The troops were for a moment thrown into confusion, but they rallied immediately under the exhortations of their officers. I see it plainly now as if it were but yesterday.

Gen. Longstreet, curbing his horse, which plunged with excitement, calm and inflexible as a statue of bronze, his head turned defiantly towards the firing like some old lion whom the hunters had brought to bay; and Jenkin's waving his hand to his men, while in loud, clear tones he cried, "Steady, men! for God's sake steady!" Poor fellow! the words were scarcely uttered, the name of his God was still upon his lips, when a bullet pierced his head, and rising convulsively in his stirrups, he fell to the ground mortally wounded. Now Longstreet reeled in his saddle; he also was wounded, and it was feared, fatally. The firing had ceased as suddenly as it had begun. It was our own men who had done us the harm.

Jenkins, gallant fellow, was beyond all earthly assistance, and it remained for us but to grieve his loss. Longstreet was lying by a tree at the side of the road, the blood flowing with terrible rapidity from his neck. General Field, the senior division commander, now assumed command, and kneeling by our beloved General, received a few words of instruction. The General grew rapidly weaker, but as consciousness gradually left him, he still could summon up energy enough to say in deep and earnest tones, "Press them on, General Field; press them on, sir!" A litter was obtained, and General Longstreet, was carried slowly to the rear; his hat concealed his features, and the men anxiously asked who was wounded.

It was known too soon, and to honor their General, as they thought for the last time, the men gave a prolonged and enthusiastic cheer. The General heard though he could not be deaf to their voice, and it was a touching sight as he slowly, faintly, raised his hat, showing, for a moment, that well-known face, now so ghastly and pale. One incident particularly struck me. When the General was hit, a private soldier took his horse; he had wounded him, fully equipped, with rifle, blanket and canteen, and was now riding behind the litter. One of our couriers told him to dismount, and his reply was characteristic: "No! Sir—reel Look hyar, man! General Longstreet, gave me this hyar horse to mind, and all hell can't get him from me without his say-so."

Nor shall I ever forget the sad expression of General Lee's face, when he, too, heard of our disaster; nor his gentle sympathizing voice, as he said: "I hope, General, that you are not seriously hurt."

At the time that Longstreet was disabled, a combined movement had been conceived which the Federals could not have well withstood; but new plans and deliberations became necessary, and from two minutes past twelve, the hour of the accident, nothing of importance was done—no advantage was gained.

THE SAILORS.

The commerce of the world is estimated to require three million six hundred thousand and able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the ocean, of whom seven thousand five hundred die every year. What an amazing movement! How few of those who enjoy the fruits of commerce think of the vast army that is ever moving on to achieve its triumphs. Great cities are built up; manufacturing towns spring like mushrooms, from what was yesterday a wilderness, population redoubles; national wealth assumes vast proportions, yet the agencies which produce these marvellous results are almost as completely hidden from view as the coral insects which, in the fluctuating waves, find material for solid and permanent creations, and compel the deep itself to offer a foothold and habitation for man.

The life of each and all separated by only a thin plank from death, deprived of the consolations of religious worship and the humanizing influences of woman's society, there is no vocation of mankind which appears to be so distinct of all that gives security and happiness and refinement to existence. We have often wondered that the Philanthropy of the Age which roams over the face of the earth like a roaring lion, seeking all man for its voracious benevolence, does not direct its attention towards these millions of the human race, who present such a wide and fruitful field for the display of its amiable and beneficent propensities.

We might expect these ragged millions, in the ranks of commerce, who are exposed to such perpetual hardships and dangers; these men who while basking in civilization, are best of all civilized influences, to be the most reckless, brutalized and miserable of mankind. Reckless they generally are, and sometimes brutalized; yet there are virtues peculiar to seamen which seem to be struck out by their very collision with perils and privation, and which flash out like the phosphorescent waves that at night break about the bows of their ships in sparkling showers.

Amidst a multitude of sins, generosity, courage, humanity, remain intact, and there is in the roughest sailor's heart a soft place, where the love of mother and sweetheart has nestled, and survives long voyages and cruel oppression, and spreads its dove-like plumage, bright and unruined, at the first sight of land. The profound and disinterested sympathy of sailors with human suffering, in all its shapes, the readiness which they exhibit to peril, and even surrender, their own lives for the deliverance of others, is scarcely to be accounted for on any principle of human action.

The memorable wreck of the brig Somers, (the case of Mackenzie's slaughter of young Spencer and others,) is only one illustration of the remarkable qualities of the man who "goes down to the sea in ships." On that occasion, the brig was captured by a small, and the few boats which could be got clear of the vessel would only accommodate the officers and small portion of the crew.

The men cheerfully permitted the officers to occupy the boats, and so far from leaving any contest with each other for the remaining places, one of them, a large man, who had obtained a seat in a boat, upon being told that he occupied the room of two men, promptly, and without a murmur, returned to the main vessel, where he and the rest of his comrades went down calmly and unresistingly to their deaths.

It is not wonderful that the civilized world, which owes its comforts, luxuries, wealth and power to the toil of labor and sacrifice of such a class of men, has never yet organized measures, of all adequate to the end, for the promotion of their physical, intellectual and moral welfare?

MEASURING DRUGS IN MEDICINE.—Chambers' Edinburgh Journal contains the following in relation to measuring out drugs in medical practice, scientific and household:

But here comes a very remarkable question—how the drops come, whether they succeed each other rapidly or slowly? Most of us say yes, if all the other conditions remain the same, but our long and experienced colleagues say no. We arranged his apparatus (which he calls a stator) for the purpose of measuring out a quantity of drops in such a way that he could make the drops of constant oil fall from the little ivory ball at intervals varying from one-third of a second up to twelve seconds.

He finds that the drops are of a large and twice as heavy in the first instant as in the last; that is, when the drops succeed each other more rapidly they are individually larger when they fall more slowly, amounting actually to double when the intervals are great as that above stated. The Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Nassau did not believe in this, but a scientific explanation of this fact, how it depends on the time which the graduation of the drop has to overcome the adhesion between the oil and ivory ball; but they were very much concerned in knowing that when they administered medicine "as the fore," in so many drops per dose, the quantity will vary according to the interval of time between the drops.

If they hurry, by dropping too much, they may administer 30 to 40 drops instead of 20, and then, we draw a veil over the consequences. Even medical practitioners themselves are cautioned. "A pharmacist who administers 100 drops of a liquid at the rate of three drops per second, may give half as much again as one who measures the suspension at the rate of one drop in two seconds." Another caution to the dispensers of drops.

Look to the size of the neck and lips of the phial containing medicines; if the vessel is thick and rounded at the spot from which the drops are made to fall, rely upon it, that the drops themselves will be individually larger than, when a thin-lipped phial is used. Professor Guthrie has as-

certained this, and he shows how it depends on the adhesion of liquids to solids, as well as upon the cohesion among the particles of liquids themselves.

CHRIST KINDEL.—A German correspondent of the St. Louis Union writes as follows in relation to Christ Kinde:—Why is it that you native born Americans spell this word in a way to make it not only lose its lovely sense, but even to make it entirely senseless? "Kris Krinkle" you spell it, and if nobody checks you in this atrocious orthography a stupid, senseless word will receive the privilege of augmenting the English vocabulary, when by a very little care it could be enriched with a beautiful, friendly and sensible expression. Christ Kinde means the little child—Christ; Jesus, the little child; L'Enfant Jesus, as the French say. [The evening before Christmas the legend lets the child Jesus visit the house, where there are some good natured folk children.]

In France, they have no Christmas trees, but nevertheless, the children know that "L'Enfant Jesus" is coming, and they put their shoes outside of the house-doors, to find on the next morning a copper, or even a silver or gold piece in them. L'Enfant Jesus they know, rewards in this way, their good behavior during the year. In Germany there is no house without a Christmas tree. On the night before Christmas (Christ Kinde) comes in the best room in the house, illuminates the tree, and puts on it and under it, whatever all good children, during the year hoped to get. The most lovely and innocent feast, in fact, the feast of children, this essentially German feast having finally made the "overseas"—is it not proper will you Americans have accepted the theory, to accept also the name, and not spoil it by an atrocious orthography? Is it not a great deal better to spell Christ Kinde than to stragulate it into the senseless expression of Kris Krinkle?

DANIEL WEBSTER ON PAPER MONEY.—"The very man," said Daniel Webster, "of all others, who has the deepest interest in a sound currency, and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. A depreciated currency, changes of price, paper money falling between morning and noon, and falling still lower between noon and night—these things constitute the very harvest time of speculators, and of the whole race of those who are at once idle and crafty; and of that other race, too, the Catalines of all times, marked so as to be known forever by one stroke of the historian's pen, man greedily of other men's property and proud of their own. Capitalists may outlive such time. They may either prey on the earnings of labor by their cent percent, or they may hoard. But the laboring man—what can he hoard? Preying on nobody he becomes the prey of all. His property is in his hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive freedom, his all, in his labor. Whether he work on his own small capital or another's his living is still earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated and debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper, without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for a country whose laws cheat him of his bread."

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.—From a sketch of this great cavalry officer, published in the New York News, we clip the following:—He laughed and danced, and made merry wherever he went. He would fight all day, and at night—if circumstances permitted—ride ten miles, with his banjo-player, and dance with a party of young girls till the "small hours." If his fatigue had been great he would lean back on a sofa full asleep in a moment, and wake to dance as gaily as before. A great fondness for sleeping just when he wished never saw. Half the time on marches he slept in the saddle, and hisadroitness in not falling was remarkable. With one knee thrown over the pommel of the saddle, arms folded and chin resting on the breast he would sleep mile after mile, and awake as much refreshed apparently as though he had risen from a good bed.

There was something of the cavalryman in everything that Stuart did, as in his personal appearance and habits. It was seldom that he doffed his high boots even in winter quarters, and he invariably danced in his spurs. A pair made of solid gold and richly carved were presented to him; but these he only wore upon extraordinary occasions. His sabre was a French one, slight, slender, pliable and light. This rarely left his side. He preferred horses of medium size, rather light—liked nares and would never have stallions. His horses Skylark, "Star of the East," "Lady Margaret," "Lilly of the Valley," were all excellent. The equipments were all plain and good. McClellan said he would have given a good horse and a single pair of medium size, rather light—liked nares and would never have stallions.

Somebody says that a pretty woman is a brilliant poem, full of rhyme, sentiment and all manner of illustrations. When bound in one's arms she increases to several volumes.

THE WIT AND SATIRE OF WILLS.—One might suppose that will-making was anything but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old-fellows have left behind them could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will ten thousand pounds, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be ten thousand shillings. What a wet blanket for "expectations"! Just as old was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the track of the centre of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand and six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a mean distance from the property all their lives. A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an uncle who bequeathed eleven silver spoons to his nephew, with the remark, "If I have not left him the dozen he knows the reason;" the young scapegrace having stolen the twelfth spoon some time before.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.—The following is the first prayer made in the old Continental Congress, in 1777, by the Rev. Jacob Duché, then rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia:—It differs somewhat from the prayers made there in more modern days:

Be thou present, O God of wisdom, and direct the counsels of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle all things on the best and surest foundations; that the sense of blood may be speedily closed; that order, unanimity, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and just legislation and piety, prevail and flourish among the people. I serve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds, shower down on them, and the millions they here represent, such temporal blessings as Thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, Thy son and Savior.—Amen.

RELIGION OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The religious belief of the deceased Presidents of the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and evidence afforded in their writings, may be summarized up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler and Taylor were Episcopalian; Jefferson, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, were Unitarian; Jackson, Polk, and Lincoln, were Presbyterians; Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed church. The surviving Presidents are Fillmore, a Unitarian; Pierce, a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Buchanan an Episcopalian; and the present Chief Magistrate, Johnson, who is a Presbyterian.

GENERAL GRANT.—General Grant, on his route to Washington from his Southern tour, stopped at Jonesborough, Tenn., for supper. He was there introduced to the crowd, which is thus described by the Bristol News:

A general shaking of hands took place. Among the crowd was one who had fought pretty hard on the "other side," who, while holding up to the General, remarked: "I fought that man pretty hard, but I would like to see him." The General answered, "That does not keep you from being a good citizen; I had as soon see you as anybody."

The late Mr. Thickery had, nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thickery's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism?" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

"Mother," said Jimmie Spry to her venerable maternal relative, "San Fint wants to come counting me to-night."

"Well you jade, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him he might come; I wanted to see how the diabolical fool could act!"

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