

St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. III.

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 8, 1866

NO 17

ST. MARY'S GAZETTE

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All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or non-attachment will be sent to them. The real name of the author will not be published, unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

ON application of James L. Bisbee, Administrator of the Estate of William C. Bean, late of St. Mary's county, deceased, it is ordered by the Court that the said Administrator do file the exhibit on the said estate, and that the claims against said estate be filed on or before the 1st day of February, 1866, for dividend, and that this order be published once a week in each week until the said 1st day of February next.

JAMES T. M. RALEY,
Recorder of Wills
for St. Mary's County,
Oct. 26th, 1865—11.

NOTICE.

THIS undersigned wishes to inform the citizens of Leonardtown and vicinity that he has just received from the Washington Hotel, for the purpose of repairing WATCHES, CLOCKWORK and JEWELLERY.

He will keep constantly on hand an assortment of new WATCHES, which he will sell lower than Washington or Baltimore prices—and will warrant them all to be good time pieces.

He desires a liberal share of the patronage of the community, and pledges himself to give entire satisfaction in a work and price. These wishes to live and work in his life will do well to give him a call.

MILLES W. SPOFFORD,
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
Dec. 7th, 1865—11.

J. HERVEY EWING.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
No. 11 Law Building, St. Paul Street
Baltimore.

REFERENCES.

JOHN GALL, Attorney at Law,
LEONARD TOWN,
J. N. K. BULL, D. D.,
REV. HENRY STODOL, D. D.,
CANTON, N. Y. & C.,
F. G. BERRY & Co.,
LEONARD TOWN,
J. S. STEPHENS, Esq.,
BONNEVILLE, Miss.,
S. S. HARRIS, Esq.,
Dec. 7th, 1865—11.

J. O. E. HOLMES,

(formerly of St. Mary's County.)
—WITH—
J. SMITH & SON,
WHOLESALE

Grocers & Liquor Merchants,
DEALERS IN

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Provisions, Fish,
&c.,
No. 35 CHURCH ST.,
Baltimore.

JOHN SMITH,
J. O. E. HOLMES,
Dec. 7th, 1865—6m.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan Court of St. Mary's County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Wm. C. Bean, late of St. Mary's county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with proper vouchers thereon to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of June, 1866, after which time they may be excluded by law from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of December, 1865.

MARY GRAVES,
Administratrix,
Dec. 7th, 1865—4w.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan Court of St. Mary's County, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William C. Bean, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers thereon, to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of June, 1866, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 7th day of Dec., 1865.

JOHN L. BEAN,
Administrator
• 7th, 1865—4w

LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE.

The love-life of Dr. Kane, containing the correspondence, acquaintance, and engagement and secret marriage between Elizabeth K. Kane and Margaret Fox, which should have been forever sacred, has been published. Miss Fox was not altogether to blame in this affair, but she was evidently destitute of true womanly independence, or she would not so long have continued her connection with spiritual manifestations, when convinced of its folly. Neither would she have received the secret attentions of a man whose pride would not allow him to acknowledge the same to the world; and she would have become poverty and reproach before she would have revealed the following to a cold-hearted, sneering world. We take the following extracts from the correspondence:

"Late in the autumn of 1852, Mrs. Fox and her daughter Margaret were occupying rooms of Webb's Union Hotel, in Arch street, Philadelphia, for the purpose of visiting relatives to those who wished to investigate the phenomena of what was called 'spiritual manifestations.'"

"One morning, about 10 o'clock, Dr. E. K. Kane entered the magnificent 'bed-chamber' which were appropriated to the spiritual sittings. It was his first visit, and he saw a very young lady sitting by the window with a book in her hand, and a young man standing at the side of her, holding her hand, and looking at her with a look of intense interest. He had never before seen her, and he was struck by her beauty and her air of intelligence. He had never before seen her, and he was struck by her beauty and her air of intelligence. He had never before seen her, and he was struck by her beauty and her air of intelligence."

"The lady informed him that she was not mistaken, and invited him to take a seat at the table, to which the youthful medium was presently summoned."

"The doctor paid little attention, however, to the spirits. He entered into conversation with Miss Fox, now and then glancing at Margaret, who still held the book of French exercises she had been studying, and by and by, read the lessons whenever the conversation permitted. She was intent on her studies, and little dreamed that the gentleman she now saw for the first time would exercise such an influence over her future destiny."

"Dr. Kane afterwards said repeatedly that his determination was formed on this first visit to make Margaret his wife, but she suspected his feelings, he loved her at first sight. Her beauty was of that delicate kind which grows upon the heart, rather than captivates the sense at a glance; she possessed in a high degree that ravishing modesty which shuns rather than seeks admiration."

"When Dr. Kane had left the room on the occasion just mentioned, Miss Fox expressed her feelings to her mother and sister. This time he took full advantage of the spirits but addressed his conversation to the young lady, and spoke seriously to her of the course she was pursuing. 'This is no life for you, my child,' he said, 'it is a life of suffering and of pain, and it is a life of danger to your health and to your future. You ought to go to school and remain there some years, till your education is completed, he continued.' His words found an echo in Margaret's own wishes, and she listened to him with still increasing respect and attention. She had, in fact, no pleasure in her professional life, and could not but perceive that she was regarded by many with distrust, and that others openly charged her with deception, supposing that she had some occult machinery for making the raps, and for answering the queries of the deluded. Poor girl! with her simplicity, ingenuousness, and trustfulness, she could not but have been so misled, have practiced the slightest deception with any chance of success."

"Dr. Kane became a daily visitor, and sometimes came twice or three a day; introducing many of his friends and relatives to the wonderful rappings, such as in his heart he disliked them—for the opportunity the authorized him of seeing and talking with the fair young priestess of those mysterious. One day, when there was a 'circle,' he wrote on a slip of paper and handed to her the question—'Were you ever in love?'"

"The young lady blushed, and wrote her reply, playfully holding him 'ask the spirits.'"

"After this followed various attentions, both in Philadelphia and Washington, handsome presents and affectionate letters. At length, after some months, a sense of necessity that the girl who was but a child now, would never develop into the nobility of character which he would desire in a wife, he writes her as follows:—"

"You say, that you do not understand me—I am a riddle, an enigma, and all that nonsense. Dear Maggie, you understand me very well. You know that I am a poor, weak, easily deceived man, and you think you are an acute, hardy, keen-sighted woman, managing me as you please. Now tell me the truth—don't you?"

"If you do, you are half right and half wrong. I am a man rather of facts and stern purposes, than of romantic thoughts and dreamy indolence. My life is only commencing, as far as regards the weary

road ahead of me, and, if Providence prolongs it, I will leave after me a name and a success."

"But with all this I am a weak man and a fool; weak, that I should be caught in the midst of my grave purposes by the guileful dust of a butterfly's wing; and a fool, because, with this caught, I swear my fingers with the perishable cobweb."

"Maggie, dear, you have angry traits which fit you above your calling. You are refined and lovable and, with a different education, would have been impecunious and artless; but you are not worthy of a permanent regard from me. You could never lift yourself up to my thoughts and my objects; I never could bring myself down to yours. This is speaking plainly to my dear, darling little friend Maggie Fox, who sometimes thinks she loves me more than a friend."

"It is Sunday, and I am just back from a large dinner party. To-morrow, if I am well enough, I lecture, and I fear will have to start throughout the week in this miserable rainy town to Boston."

"Rain—rain—rain! When it rains the lovers in heaven are quarrelling. I expect they quarrel forever in the Boston parsonage. Did ever Christian man see such a poor-souled fellow from the skies? 'Maggie, if I had my way with you, I would send you to school, and I learn you to live your life over again. You should forget the rappings—(I never mention the name now) and come out like a girl purified from the furnace; a pure, simple-hearted, trusting girl. Once that, Maggie, and you would love me; not that sort of half-spiritual milk and water love which you now profess, but a genuine, enduring affection. Your eyes would be opened, and you would be able to see me as I am. Seeing me as I am, you would have to love me."

"Poor girl! Take care that you do not lose the only friend you ever had in your life; for until you look deeper you will never love me; and unless you love me I will soon cease to love you."

"Excuse this cruel way of writing; but it is better that you should understand me, if I did not so love that little dark-eyed Maggie of mine. I would not write to her thus. That Maggie Fox must see me in my true character, or she will never see me. Do then, dear, dear, dear Maggie, give me your whole heart and soul! You may have mine in return; and once convinced that you are really mine in love, there will be no end to my confidence and affection. I am very rich, Maggie, but I hope not cross. Don't be hurt at what I say, but write to me by every mail. I can't leave Boston for a week or more."

"Dear Maggie, you!"

"I don't know a better motto in moral life than I have learned to you. My conscience urges me to a complete renunciation of our last men, now wandering in an icy wilderness; and for it and them, I am about to sacrifice the thousand and dear things of life, honor, luxury, and ease."

"After spending from my private means that which to you would be a fortune, I am about to spend the thousand years of a lifetime, perhaps life itself."

"This, dear Maggie, speaking to you plainly, is your friend. Born in circles of pleasure, and sought whatever he chose to seek, he one day, to pass an idle hour, called upon a something which he had heard of, in half-sneering parlance, as the 'spiritual rappings.'"

"There he saw a little *Pelissier*, cunning in the mysteries of her temple, and cool in every thing but the power which she played her part. A sentiment almost of pure spite over his worldly heart as he saw through this disguise. Don't be angry, dear, dear Maggie! Can it be that one so young, so beautiful, so passionate, and yet so kind-hearted, can be destined for such a life? These were his thoughts."

"Thereupon he went to work and did all that true kindness could do to get her confidence. Never in the many hours that followed, did he have a wish of hers ungratified, or say or think an unkindly word. His sad destiny in behalf of her manly forbade him to dwell in the regions of love—and then like a fool he went on loving."

"Why was this, dear little Maggie? It was because you had, knowing all the circumstances, said and written 'love on!' and therefore, dear darling, I forgot my high calling and let myself down to love."

"And now, why all this nonsense? I think I hear you say, 'Why, I knew all this before.'"

"Maggie, I've an object in writing—Read on."

"The fool so far forgot himself as actually to care for you. When I sit at the dream of you, and recall all the dear hours of pleasure which he had but. There was nothing that he would not have done, and in spite of his public duties, and the obligations of the world, his thoughts constantly reverted to the out of the way, in the corner of one Maggie Fox. At the very dinner-table of the President he thought of her. Wonderful to relate he even blushed. You never compre-

hended him, Maggie; you held him too cheaply."

"Don't be hurt or angry, dear, sweet Maggie, for you have by this time learned to know me. Our intercourse will be as a dream, coming back to you in the quiet reveries of life's summer time, when I am buried in the *Polar snows*."

"Strange are the mysteries of the heart; and now it is too late, you will love me before you did not. You will never be able to recall anything about me little, or mean, or selfish; and you will have upon you, like a momentary nightmare, the sad conviction of what you have lost."

"Don't think, Maggie darling, that I am blaming you, or that I am suspicious, or cross, or peevish; I never said an unkind thing to you in my life. I only tell you in many straightforwardness that which your own heart acknowledges, that you had not the depth of affection to be worthy of me."

"Your letter, the only letter up to Tuesday, the 10th, makes me write to you this day."

"Now hear my conclusion. Put your little hand upon your heart, and say—'He places confidence in me and tells me the actual truth; shall I reward his candor by deception? And then sit down at once, dear Maggie, and write to me, and I will believe you. If it be that you really in your deepest centre care for me, say so; if it be the feeling of a friend only, say so; and in the one case I will see you again; in the other, never.'"

But notwithstanding these earnest thoughts of sober moments, the infatuation seems to have held its sway. He still continued to write to her, to visit her, to urge her to give up the life she was leading, and to fit herself to occupy the station in society to which he intended to raise her."

"Depend upon it Maggie, no right-minded gentleman—whether he be believer or skeptic—can regard your present life with approval. Let this, dear sweet, make you think over the offer of this one friend who would stretch out an arm to save you. Think wisely, dear darling, or it be too late."

"In a few weeks I will be away from you. Thick-frosted ice, sterner than warrior's steel, will separate me from you. Never again will you have an unselfish, honorable friend, whose heart pulsates in unison with your own, whose thoughts are devoted to your welfare."

"Maggie, you cannot tell the sadness that comes over me when I think of you. What will become of you? you the one being that I regard even beyond myself."

"If you really can make up your mind to adhere to the spirits, to study and improve your mental and moral nature, it may be that a career of brightness will open to you; upon this, change, slender as it is, I offer, like a true friend, to guard and educate you. But, Mag, shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon the execution of your good resolves; and I sometimes doubt whether you have the firmness of mind to carry them through."

"One would think that such considerations as these would need little urging to lead to the relinquishment of such a life as the lady was then pursuing. But weak-minded and purposeless, restrained by unworldly relatives to whom her manifestations were a source of gain, she did not seem to have regarded favorably his requests, for, after an interval of months, we find him again appealing to her."

"Oh, Maggie, are you never tired of this weary, weary sameness of continual deceit? Are you thus to spend your days, doomed never to rise to better things?"

"And again:—"

"I can see that this is one of the turning points of your life, and upon your own energy and decision now depend the success and happiness of your future career. Dear Maggie think it over well and do not be turned aside from what is right by the sincere but still misguided advice of others."

"There is but one life in this world—that of self-sacrifice. There is but one happiness—that of loving and being loved. Where will you meet either of these, living as you now live?"

"At length, after much persuasion, she was induced to yield to his wishes, and just before the Doctor left on his Arctic voyage, he saw her safely domiciled in the house of a relative, and under careful instruction, and then he wrote her:—"

"And now, dear Maggie, my own dear Maggie, live a life of purity and goodness. Consecrate it to me. Wear no garb upon which even the breath of an angel could blow a stain. Thus live, dear Maggie, until God brings me back to you and then, using my eye with the proud consciousness of virtue, we will resign ourselves to a passion, sanctified by love and marriage. Golden fields shall spread before us as their summer harvest—silver lakes mirror your very breath. Let us live for each other."

"The same reason, 'owing to sickness brought on by a disturbed mind,' the biography tells us, Miss Margaret did not remain long at school, but went to New York and staid six months. The record very incidentally tells that a letter from the doctor, received by her teacher, brought

her back again to her studies, while some very sensible letters from her governess had failed thus to influence her health."

"At length the Arctic explorers returned, amid the joyful welcomes of the nation. Of course the name of Kane was upon every lip, and his voyage and discoveries were the all-absorbing topic in the country. The personal affairs of the doctor began to be discussed in the papers along with his public services. His name was mentioned in connection with that of 'Miss Fox, of spirit-rapping celebrity,' and then his manliness failed him. In herding a strong family pride, it wounded his spirit that himself or those he loved should be involved in such questionable connections. As he remarked to a friend, 'No poverty, no obscurity could have stood for a moment in the way of his marriage with Miss Fox. But the abominable rappings! how could he link his name with them?' Therefore when he visited his lady-love upon his return, it was to a relinquishment of the engagement which existed between them, and she, always, as it would seem, weakly yielding to the last person with whom she came in contact, complied with his wishes."

Still he could not control his love, and again sought her presence, and opened a new correspondence."

"At length the health of the doctor began to fail, and physicians advised him to go abroad. He still continued his devotion during his absence, as long as his strength permitted, and we are told that his last letter was addressed to the mistress of his affections."

"And thus closed the life history of this strange romance. Out of sight of the great world it was lived, and there it should have ended; but pecuniary considerations have torn aside the veil which shrouded it and made it sacred, and petty revenge has branded the story to the world."

FREDERICKA BREMER, THE NOVELLIST.

The admirers of the celebrated Swedish novelist, Fredericka Bremer, will regret to hear that she died at Stockholm, Sweden, a few weeks since. Perhaps no female writer of Europe is so well known in this country or so much admired by Americans as Miss Bremer.

She was born in or near Abo, Finland, in 1802, but had lived in Sweden from a very early age. She was chiefly educated, however, in Norway, where one of her best friends, the Countess Sommerheim, resided. This lady took great interest in Miss Bremer when a child, and superintended her education. When she left school Miss Bremer returned to Stockholm, and became a teacher in a female academy in that city. Shortly after this she began to write, and her first novel, we believe, appeared as early as 1824, and met with great success."

It was called "The Neighbors." It was translated into English, German, Dutch and French, and was soon to be found in almost every household. It created a great sensation in this country, and Miss Bremer became as well known to the American public as many of our native writers. When she visited this country years ago, she had occasion, when in Boston, to send for a physician, and David Osgood came. When they first met she was much struck by his singular appearance, and could only say, in answer to his looks of inquiry, "Help me." "No, no," Mrs. Bremer, replied the doctor, "I can have read your 'Neighbors' and not wish to help you."

It was something of this spirit which seemed to prevail the public generally in welcoming Miss Bremer, a Swedish lady in all her experience in America. She met with only one unkind word. That was from a rough sea captain upon whose vessel she had engaged passage to Charleston. The captain declared, on learning the name of the proposed passenger, that she could not sail in his vessel, stating in explanation that he did not wish to have "any authors on board his ship to laugh at his accommodations and put him in a book."

Miss Bremer, in relating this exception to her kind reception everywhere, naively remarks: "And for this I have to thank Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope." The visit of Miss Bremer to America was one of the grand events of her life, and has been duly recorded in her pleasant book "Homes in the New World." No one has ever read it—and but few Americans have failed to do so—can forget the genial good nature, homely tenderness and beautiful pathos which pervade its pages, nor have failed to notice the almost absolute absence of acrimony or envy. The sunny nature of the lady from the frosty northern clime of Lapland stands prominently forth in this volume; and it is not less interesting to us from the fact that it is evidently a true index to the gentle character of this gentle author than from its strongly but kindly drawn portraits of our American heroes."

Her reception here was so general that she was, perhaps, being deluged with letters from many of the "strong" friends of genius in this country. Every American reader

of "Homes in the New World" can point out where she has been too generous, but none can point out in her picture a single stroke of the caricaturist. The contrasts existing between the metropolitan society of New York, the prim Puritanism of Boston, the less pretentious Quakerism of Philadelphia, the aristocratic society of Charleston and Savannah, and the stilted society of Washington, are all displayed by her with remarkable power, and her pictures of all are the more remarkable because of the absence of all shade. Miss Bremer appears to have had no malice whatever in her soul."

Some of her estimates of the public characters whom she met in this country are also remarkable, not only for the force with which they are given, but for the minute observation displayed. All will remember her pleasant memories of Downing, the architect, and his home on the Hudson, and her delight at her finding a bust of her countryman, Linnaeus in his parlor; her charming description of Fanny Kemble, and her delight that the great Shakespearean reader knew and loved to sing the songs of Linblad and Jenny Lind; and her forcible description of Eliza Burritt, the "strong-minded, tall disciple of universal peace."

The little lady paid a visit when here, to what she calls the "little Italian city of Concord," and lived for four days in the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom she calls "the sphinx of Concord," and with whom she became profoundly impressed. Her story of that four days' existence in communion with the "Panthoistic transcendental philosopher," as she calls him elsewhere, has done more than any one other thing to popularize Emerson. It did not, of course, succeed in doing this fully, but her picture of him and his home will be the one which his admirers will most love to recall. She devoted much time to Emerson. He seems to have answered her idea of man; though she rejected his religious views in favor of her own, from which, by the way, her translator, Mary Howitt, takes occasion to dissent."

Miss Bremer ran the gauntlet of the Boston *Whigs*, and appears to have been equally fortunate in pleasing and being pleased with that "critical sect." In Wendell Phillips she detected the masterly orator he is now confirmed, and Margaret Fuller she describes as the feminine of Emerson. (If the slightest particle of maliciousness existed in her nature it developed itself in allusion to one or two others, but the reader is, after all, left half in doubt as to the existence of the malice.)

"One must suspect she means his life when she mentions Oliver Wendell Holmes as 'the professor with a beautiful head' or Mrs. Sigourney as 'a very kind little sentimentalist, but a very agreeable lady.' The mischief is a little more apparent when she declares herself 'shocked' with Theodore Parker, and she calls Charles Sumner 'a giant—in person.' But so good-hearted was Miss Bremer that, in saying this last sentence she has omitted the very expressive dash which we have inserted as just, as well as necessary, to the expression of what we may have imagined, the lady's opinion to be."

Miss Bremer was never married. Her views on marriage were rather singular, she believed that the declaration of a pair of their willingness to live together as married persons sufficed to constitute the marriage and sanctify the union."

Miss Bremer returned to Sweden in 1851, passing a short time in England. The result of her visit was a work known as "England in 1851." She published, subsequently, a novel called "Herttha," which was, we believe, her last volume. For the last few years she lived in strict retirement in Stockholm.

Mrs. L. O. Ewell, wife of the former Confederate general, has proposed to sell to the State, for a Governor's residence, her fine house and grounds opposite the capital in Nashville, Tenn. The price asked is \$100,000.

There are eight requisites to success in a lawsuit—a good cause, a good judge, a good counsel, a good attorney, good witnesses, a good jury, a good purse, and last, though not least, good luck.

The principal of an academy gave a pupil, who was an aspirant for the situation of school teacher a certificate, which said, "This young man is capable of filling any position for which he is qualified."

"A man who will maliciously set fire to a barn," said Mr. Slow, "and burn twenty cows, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to do it."

Gov. Basil Duke is writing a biography from John Morgan, Gen. Duke's brother-in-law, and was his devoted friend and comrade in arms.