

# St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. III.

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1866

NO 28

## NOTICE.

**FOR PATUXENT RIVER, Via Fair Haven & Plum Point.**

The Steamer George Weems, Capt. Wm. Kirwan, will resume her route to the Patuxent River, commencing Friday, Feb. 9th, 1866, at 6 o'clock, proceeding as far up as Hill's Landing, returning, will leave Hill's Landing every Monday morning for Benedict; leaving Benedict every Tuesday morning at 6 o'clock for Baltimore, calling at all the usual Landings on the River; also, at Fair Haven and Plum Point, going and returning.

All Freight prepaid, and received up to 4 o'clock on Thursday evening.

M. L. WEEMS, Agent, Feb. 15th, 1866—H.

BARNET T. GARNETT. WM. H. OWENS

GARNETT & OWENS.

FARMERS' & PLANTERS' AGENT

AND

General Commission

Merchants

NO. 7 WOOD STREET,

Corn Exchange Building,

BALTIMORE

Their strict personal attention will be given to the sale of Grain, Tobacco, Live Stock, and all kinds of Farm Produce; also, to the purchase of Groceries, Groceries, Farming Implements, &c., &c., at lowest cash prices.

REFER TO

C. R. COLEMAN, Cashier, Mechanic Bank; J. W. JENNETT, President Bank of Commerce; DR. J. HANSON, THOMAS, President Farmers and Merchants Bank; RAYNE & CO., Bankers, MONTGOMERY BROTHERS, Insurance Agents, Sept. 14th, 1865—ly.

JAMES R. HERBERT, PETER W. HAIRSTON

Of Maryland, Of North Carolina

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,

TOBACCO, COTTON,

And General

Commission Merchants,

No. 158 West Pratt Street,

BALTIMORE

REFERENCES:

JAMES W. ALLEN, Pres. Bank of Commerce, Balt. WOODWARD, BALDWIN & Co., Baltimore. HOWARD, GOR & Co., Baltimore. WILLIAM JOHNSON, Chesapeake Bank, Balt. JUDGE CALDWELL, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 12th, 1865—Oct. 12th, 1866.

J. HERVEY EWING,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 11 Law Building, - St. Paul Street

BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES:

LEWIS GALE, Attorney at Law, FARMER, BALTIMORE. REV. J. N. B. RICE, D. D., REV. HENRY SHOOK, D. D., CAMPBELL, BRO & Co., F. GROVE & Co., I. DODD & Messrs. J. F. McJILTON, Esq., ROBERT LAWSON, Esq., S. SUTHERLAND, Esq., Dec. 7th, 1865—H.

SELECT SCHOOL

FOR

YOUNG LADIES

MISS KATE CAMALIER, is willing to

add four young ladies to the number of pupils at present under her care.

She has comfortable and pleasant Boarding accommodations for them. Her course of instruction comprises all the usual branches taught in the best Female Academies—viz. French, Music, Drawing, Needle Work &c.

The Fall session commences Monday September 6th 1864.

Her terms will be made known upon application by letter, or otherwise.

Address, Leonard Town, P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

February 18th, 1864—H.

PROFESSIONAL NOTICE

D. J. W. HEBB offers his professional services to the public, Office 1 West Hill, residence, 201 Mt. Thomas Street

(From the Baltimore Gazette.)

## THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL IN MD.

The Civil Rights bill is likely to be productive of the fruits of discord somewhat sooner than we had anticipated. We felt sure that an act which violates the Constitution, infringes the rights of the States, and attempts to compel equality between the white and black races, would ultimately work mischief only. If it is enforced by the Federal Government, it is the germ from which a centralized despotism will be rapidly developed. If it is not vigorously executed by the authorities at Washington, it will inevitably be the source of collision between the races, if not of general anarchy. The effort on the part of the radical faction to compel the people of this State and of others which are not even permitted to have representatives at the seat of Government, to renounce the right to discriminate in any way between whites and blacks can only result in fomenting an antagonism between the races which has not heretofore existed, and this feeling will be fearfully intensified when the people more clearly perceive that the object of the scheme is to place the white man in political subordination to the negroes where the latter constitute a majority of the population. That any such usurpation on the part of Congress was necessary for the protection of any class or race is untrue. Before the abolition of slavery the condition of the slaves was above that of the laboring population of any other country, in the world. Physically and morally they were better off than the toiling millions who drag out existence in the mines and factories of England, or who wearily sow and reap the fields of Ireland. Since the war has ended, Virginia has passed admirable laws for the protection of the freedmen. Her Legislature has provided that "no contract between a white person and a colored person for the labor or service of the latter for a longer period than two months shall be binding on the latter," unless signed by the parties before certain public officers, who are required to read aloud and explain the contract before it is executed. Every master to whom any apprentice may, henceforth, be bound, is required to have such apprentice taught "reading, writing and common arithmetic, including the rule of three." Colored persons are also declared to be admissible as witnesses in all proceedings in law or in equity in which they may be benefited or injured by the result, and in all criminal proceedings in which a colored person is a party, or which arise out of an injury done, attempted or threatened to his or her person, property or rights. Other provisions have been also made which are calculated to further protect and elevate the race. The Legislature of Georgia has also enacted that persons of color shall have the right to make and enforce contracts, to be parties to suits, to give evidence, to inherit and to purchase property, and that they shall not be subject to any other or different punishment or penalty for the commission of any act, or offense than such as are prescribed for white persons. The evidence given, not only by Southern gentlemen of position, and intelligence, but by a majority of the Federal officers who have testified before the Reconstruction Committee, shows conclusively that there is no such disposition on the part of the Southern people to persecute the negroes, as a few malignant and mendacious correspondents of certain radical journals constantly represent to exist. On the contrary, it is manifest from the testimony now before the world, that the people of the South are anxious only for the return of something like order and prosperity, and that while securing, as far as they can, their own rights, they are willing to accord to the negroes every legal security that is necessary to afford them the amplest protection for their freedom, their persons and their property. And none out of ten of the radicals in Washington know that this is so. But mere protection for the negro is not what they are seeking. This is but the pretext. They want to use the blacks as a political power. They cannot interpret the State laws to mean that the "rights of person" is a phrase which necessarily includes the right of suffrage. But Federal judges may readily be found who would give this interpretation to an act of Congress, and such interpretation could be then enforced by the Federal sword. It is for this reason that the attempt is now made to place the negroes under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Federal Government. Of the intention of the advocates of the Civil Rights bill to claim for the blacks social, if not political equality, we have already seen significant indications, even in this city. On Friday a colored man took his seat in one of the cars which ply between this city and Townsend, and, when compelled to leave it by the conductor, he noted the number of the car and went away. On the same night another colored man insisted that he had a right to purchase a ticket of admission to any part of the Holiday Street Theatre. And on Saturday still another claimed that, as a citizen, he was entitled to demand to be served at the bar of any public house. That the colored people of this city have been inspired by the passage of the Civil Rights bill to

come forward voluntarily and make points like these no one who knows them will believe. The knaves and demagogues who wish to turn the negro to their own account have evidently instigated him to make this new issue. The insignificant knot of radicals who desire to monopolize political power here are seeking to initiate an agitation, under pretence of securing the rights of the negro, which they hope will end in giving them control of thousands of negro votes. It is a safe game for them to play, for if they win the profit will be theirs, and if they lose the blacks will pay the penalty. Sincerely desiring to promote the best interests of the colored people of Baltimore, we caution them not to permit themselves to be made the dupes and tools of a parcel of time-serving politicians, who are looking only to their own ends.

## LAST HOURS OF A SINGLE GENTLEMAN.

This morning, November 11th, at 11 o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinkney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railing of St. Mary's Church, Islandton.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' at Britton; two years ago, that Mr. Pinkney was there and then first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attention—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handling her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them, which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinkney had barely attained his 28th year, but there is no belief, that for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come to an untimely end. A change, for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to see-sion his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doleful youth told him to come in.

On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied "not yet." The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called, according to his desire, he arose and dressed himself. He had the self control to shave himself, without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation.

It would seem he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet. The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trousers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the carrazo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and sister, and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered, "very well."

And to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed with some emphasis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and drank three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of a person present, he declared that he had never felt happier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked, that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired, if he could do anything for him, when he said, he would take a glass of ale. Having drunk this he appeared to be satisfied. The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles, he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it, after all was over, with due solemnity to

the land-lady. The clock, at length, struck 11, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said, "I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his other friends following on behind, in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by the lady, with her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears.

Pinkney endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eye-brows, proclaimed his inward agitation. All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through, the usual question was put, "Will you have this woman to be thy wife?" "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymeneal noise was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—Matrimony.

## A STORY OF LONG AGO.

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's boat, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel and looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the winds and the seas. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing, her father's boat! and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she lay down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her easement, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many thanks as she spun before her father's body, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she turned night into day, and in the snow storms of Winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that Northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many meals she won for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, and steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine, fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not more successful labor. "Little, indeed, of the 'midnight oil' consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved trimming. Happy woman—and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatman's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No, they are very poor; but poor or rich they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or perhaps long years have made the lighted easement so familiar that it is looked upon as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen lay watch on her threshold, and set a child to fish for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her but quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects and much as she desires.

How often in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild Winter night, and while the wind and storm were arising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the easement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure! How delighted to know that through her untiring charity the rock has long since lost more than half its terror, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her. You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the rock. There are many degrees between them. Few, like the rock, stand up wholly to work, "let their light shine" so brightly for good. But to one of the many degrees between them we must all most certainly belong—we all lean towards the woman or the rock. On such characters you do well to speculate with me, for you have not been cheated into sympathy with ideal shipwreck or imaginary kindness. There is many a rock elsewhere as perilous as the one I have told you of—perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true—*Jean Lejeune.*

## CLEVER ROGUEERY.

As a certain judge in Connecticut, some time since, walked one morning into court he thought he would examine whether it was time for business, and feeling for his repeater, found it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend, who accompanied him as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I left my watch at home under my pillow."

He went to the bench, and thought no more of it. The Court adjourned, and he returned home.

As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he beheld himself of his time-piece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send to their chamber immediately.

"But, my dear Judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago."

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not."

"Unquestionable," replied the lady, "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it?" echoed the Judge.

"Precisely, my dear; the very person you sent for it. You had not left home more than an hour when a well-dressed man asked to see me. He had one of the finest timepieces I ever saw, brought it in, and said that on your return to court you met a countryman with a number of fowls, and having bought this one at quite a bargain, you had given it to him to bring it home, with a request that I should have it killed, picked and cooked, as you intended to invite your brother Judges to dinner to-morrow. And, oh! by the way, madam," said he, "his excellency requested me to trouble you to go to your chamber and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me." And, of course, I did so."

"You did?" said the Judge.

"Certainly," said the lady.

"Well," replied his honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You have been robbed, madam; the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and as a necessary consequence, the confounded watch is lost forever."

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner; and his honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so delectable a meal. Accordingly, after the adjournment of court the next day, they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare feast.

Scarcely had they entered the parlor, and exchanged the ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations to his honor upon the recovery of the stolen watch.

"How happy I am," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!"

"Apprehended?" said the Judge, with surprise.

"Yes, and doubtless convicted, too, by this time," said his wife.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he, "explain yourself, my dear, I know nothing of the thief, watch or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have again been deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story. About 1 o'clock a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a sassy suit of black, came to the house in great haste, almost out of breath. He said that he had just come from the Court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your honor's watch had just been arrested; that the evidence was perfect to convict him, and that all that was required to complete it was the turkey, which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express orders."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course, I did—who could have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a Judge?"

"Watch and turkey—both gone!—Pray, what in the world madam, are we to have for dinner?"

But the lady had taken care of her guests notwithstanding her simplicity, and the party enjoyed both the joke and their viands.

A GENTLEMAN.—One very frequently hears the remark made, that such, and such a man "can be a gentleman when he pleases." Now when our reader next hears the expression made use of, let him call to mind the following:

He who "can be a gentleman when he pleases," never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may, and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have a few, if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard which makes them gentlemen.

So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may stimulate, if he be able, the outward habits of society, speaking with practiced intonation, and bowing with well studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought and feeling than is the timorous actor who struts the boards the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the "gentleman when he likes" is but the mere performance of the character. It has all the swell of the stage and the footlights about it, and never can for a moment be mistaken by one who knows the world. A cloak too large cannot be gracefully worn by a small man.

HOPKETT.—Nothing is more charming than a hopeful spirit; one that looks persistently and patiently upon the bright side. Such a spirit had a little orphan boy who was bound out for eleven years. He was terribly homesick; the day lengthened out until it did seem as if it would have no end, but he would not cry, so he trudged hither and thither, picking up chips, bringing in wood, running of errands, anything that would keep his mind off his troubles; until the woman of the house saw by the expression of his face that he was making a great effort to keep up, and said kindly,

"I guess you'll get sick of us afore the time's out. Little homesick already, ain't ye?"

"O no," responded the little hero, "I've stood it one day, and I can't get but ten years and seven months and three weeks and six days longer to stay, and I guess I can stand that, too."

THE TRIAL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger declares positively that the Attorney General is busily engaged in arranging for the speedy trial of Jefferson Davis. He will be arraigned before one of the Circuit Courts of the United States upon the charge of high treason. The Attorney General holds that there is no such thing as constructive presence in the crime of treason, and on this account the trial will probably be either in Tennessee or Virginia. Wm. M. Everts is the only gentleman whose name has yet transpired who is to assist the Attorney General in the prosecution, though several other eminent lawyers have been retained by the Government. Charles O'Connor and James T. Brady of New York, William B. Read of Pennsylvania, and a lawyer from Mississippi, are to conduct the defense.

LIFE.—It is a serious thing to live—It is the source of an endless existence whose future will be influenced by the present and the past. It is that which must be received and performed its work by us. "To be or not to be," is not the question. We are, and must exist forever. It must then be of momentous consequence to us how we live.

Senator Wade having received a note from Mr. Voorhees, on Monday publicly retracted the charge he had made against him on Friday of being a "Knight of the Golden Circle." The cowardly old slanderer of Vallandigham has again been Wade and found wanting.

A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine hard-boiled eggs. "Why didn't you eat one more and make an even fifty?" asked Sounds. "Do you want a man to make a hog of himself just for one egg?"

All litters have a heating tendency of effect," said a doctor to a young lady—"You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

GENEROUSITY.—It is better sometimes to be imposed upon, by giving to the under-servant, than never to experience the pleasure of doing good.