

# St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. III.

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1866

NO 34

## ST. MARY'S GAZETTE

LEONARDTOWN, MD.  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum, to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Fifty cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until ordered, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged at the same rates as advertisements. Outlines over two lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

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 The real name of the author will not be published, unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.  
Wm. H. Goodwin & others.  
Priscilla Greenwell, Jane Joy & others.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 55 N. Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report filed in this case be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks prior to the third Monday of June next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 24, 1866—3w.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.  
E. B. Blackstone & others.  
John Blackstone & others.

In the Circuit Court for Saint Mary's County, sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 47 N. Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for Saint Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report filed in this case be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks previous to the third Monday of June next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 17, 1866—3w.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.  
Mary F. Yates and  
A. M. S. Yates, her husband,  
vs.  
James R. Thompson,  
Mary J. Thompson &  
Alice K. Thompson.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 66 N. Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report filed in this case be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks prior to the third Monday of June next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 17, 1866—3w.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.  
Harrah R. Smith &  
Benjamin Foxwell, Admins. of  
Ignatius W. Norris,  
vs.  
James F. Norris,  
Charles J. Norris & others.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 61 N. Equity.

BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report filed in this case be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said third Monday of June.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True Copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 24, 1866—3w.

FOR SHERIFF.  
Mr. Estor—You will please announce JAS R ALVEY, of Chesapeake District, as a candidate for the next sheriffship.

## RATIFICATION NOTICE.

James Joy, Elizabeth Joy &  
James A. McHayden,  
vs.  
J. Summerfield Joy, Mary J Joy  
& Charles Hayden.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 53 N. Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the report of James Joy, Trustee, filed in this case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of Nov. next; provided a copy of this order be published in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks prior to the third Monday of Oct. next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 24, 1866—3w.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.  
Thomas H. Miles & wife,  
vs.  
E. L. Smith & others.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 49 Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State, it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report marked M filed in this case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks prior to the third Monday of June next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 24, 1866—3w.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.  
Thomas Carico,  
vs.  
Wm. Burtles, Administrator,  
Charles Harrison & others.

In the Circuit Court for Saint Mary's County, sitting as a Court of Equity.  
No. 10 N. Equity.  
BY virtue of authority vested in me, as Clerk of the Circuit Court for Saint Mary's County, by the Code of Public General Laws of this State it is hereby ordered that the Auditor's Report filed in this case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the third Monday of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Saint Mary's Gazette once a week for three successive weeks, prior to the third Monday of June next.

JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
True copy—Test:  
JNO A CAMALIER, CLK.  
May 24, 1866—3w.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.  
The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLIC, and all Throat and Lung Affections. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and to spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription, FREE by return mail, will please address  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,  
Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York.  
P. O. No. 1866—1y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.  
A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing  
JOHN R. OGDEN,  
No. 13 Chambers St., New York  
Feb. 8th, 1866—1yr.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.  
Every young lady and gentleman in the United States can hear something very much to their advantage by return mail (free of charge) by addressing the undersigned—Those having fears of being humbugged will oblige by not noticing this card. All others will please address their obedient servant,  
THOS. F. CHAPMAN,  
831 Broadway, New York  
Feb. 8th, 1866—1yr.

BAKER A JAMISON,  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
Leonard Town, St. Mary's County, Md.

WILL practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties  
October 1st 1866—

## A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

BY H. CLAY PRESS.  
The war is past, like a horrid dream,  
But leaves its crimson stains;  
The wound has closed with a ghastly scar,  
And the virus still remains.

Sill o'er this lovely Eden land  
The sergent's trail is seen;  
The stain of blood will not fade out  
While a million graves are green.  
The deadly seeds of mortal hate  
Are scattered far and near;  
Our very Bibles smell of blood—  
O Christ! Thou'rt wanted here!

Lo! some are maddened with revenge,  
And some goe dark with doubt;  
Come down, oh Blessed Son of God,  
And drive the demons out!  
Ye Christian men and women too,  
Who worship one true God,  
Can ye not walk with us in peace  
Till our paths are made of roses?

Why hate ye so your brother man,  
While all must partake of crime,  
And turn on eyes within,  
When summoned by the angel death  
To the land beyond the grave?

Ah, when we cast aside the veil,  
And turn on eyes within,  
Can we presume the stone to throw,  
Or judge a brother's sin?

Why should we still "denounce" dead  
On each we judge our foe?  
What know we of the hidden cause—  
The fact that made them so?

As light reflects thro' colored glass,  
Each glimmers thro' the tint;  
And gives a glimpse, in hidden parts,  
Of our own good, perfect will.

To some "is red" the other green—  
And so each one believes;  
But truth, like God, is ever one—  
"His man's weak sight deceives."

How shall I judge my fellow man,  
With mortal sight so dim?  
What seems to me a cloud of lies,  
May show a star to him.

Oh! for the words that haunt the soul,  
Oft whispered deep and true—  
The words that fell from Jesus' lips,  
"They know not what they do!"

Could higher beings from the stars  
Our poor, frail nature see,  
How pitiful would he seem to them—  
This puny creature, man!

A poor blind creature, when at best,  
A jangled soul of wires,  
While blindly groping for the lever  
An unguided by the wires!

God of our Fathers! hear our cry,  
O! blind eyes cannot see,  
Save us! or we perish, Lord!  
We place our trust in Thee!

WASHINGTON, May, 1865.

(Written for the Gazette.)  
SKETCHES OF THE LATE WAR  
In the Winter of 1863-4, and early Spring, the little band to which I belonged, composed of different nationalities and lying around Hanover Junction, Virginia, where it had been ordered after the move of Gen. Meade in the October preceding, for the ostensible purpose of forming into a compact body the Marylanders scattered through every part of the South in the different organizations of the army, but, really, to guard Gen. Lee's lines of communication with Richmond and watch the movements of the enemy in the direction of the White House and along the northern James. The rain and clouds of the night of the 10th of May had cleared up, and the 11th dawned with Spring brightness. The indistinct but rapid and constant boom of Lee's and Grant's guns for several days preceding, had told of the stern work that was doing on the plains of the "Wilderness" and around the hills of Spotsylvania Court House. Sheridan's splendid cavalry, some two days before, had cut loose from their base and swung around the left flank of Lee's army. The black smoke of burning stores at Beaver Dam Depot on the Virginia Central R. R., and the sharp quick reports of his horse-artillery approaching down the Mountain Road leading to Richmond, told where he was moving. But, my dear reader, it is not my purpose to give you a slice of war history. Don't think it. If now and then what I have to say bear a flavor of such things, it is only because the battle-smoke of four years fierce war has not entirely cleared up yet.

In active campaigning, the duties of officer and soldier, respectively, keep them apart. The surveillance and stern authority necessary to be exercised by the former to the end of promoting that discipline, which is an imperative necessity to the efficiency of all military organizations, raise up a barrier to the formation of ties of friendship. But in volunteer camps, particularly in our camps, where the Winter brought rest to the wearied and battle-worn soldiers of Lee's army, those barriers were broken down, and many a tie that formed will only be severed when the hearts they bound shall be laid at rest in the dust. Of one with whom I had formed such a tie, it is my purpose to write now. Born upon English soil, he had ripened into manhood's years beneath the light of a Maryland sun. Deep chested, tapering and full of feminineness at the waist, erect, yet like as the India tiger, he stood six feet. Chestnut curls clustered thick around his neck and brow. Deep, dark eyes that

flushed the fire of his soul or softened with the feeling of his heart. Strait nose, thin lips, full-wide mouth, over which a graceful mustache swept away to either corner in a curl, and a face to which the smile would come and then, to use his own simile, "fade as the lightning from the skies in the dark." A French foraging cap thrust back from the forehead, a jacket of English gray confined by a single button at the waist, Crenshaw-blue pants with the legs stuffed down a pair of cavalry boots, cavalry sabre and heavy spurs completed his outfit. Such was Calvin Herbert as he stood with his hand carelessly resting on the neck of his horse a few moments before the order to "mount" was given on the morning of the 11th of May. "Forward to, march," in the sharp decided tones of command followed in quick succession as we moved away towards Richmond, to strike the head of Sheridan's column. Ah! how soon was the light of that proud, noble spirit to go down in the darkness of death! In the sharp fight that followed, at a point some six miles from Richmond he fell mortally wounded by a ball from a case-shot. We bore him to an ambulance on the field, and as I pressed his hand upon which the coil of death was already gathering its damp, he turned to me and said, "It is all over with me, Ran. Amongst my things you will find a pocket blank book containing memoranda of my life and some papers.— Take them. If they can be of any service to you, use them. My life has not been a happy one. I do not want to live. Farewell!" When I awoke him at night he was dead. In the pines, by the dark and silent waters of the Chickahominy we scooped his grave. No funeral had been near to soften his pillow, and soothe with endearing tenderness the last hours of his life. Stern, powder-blackened, wearied soldiers who loved him for his gentle kindness, unswerving principles, high soul and peerless honor, gathered around his grave and mingled their tears with the falling rain. He had loved, and was betrothed to a young and beautiful Maryland lady, who, in his absence, he had learned but a few days before had married.

Amongst the pieces found in the pocket blank-book which his dying words had bequeathed to me, I found the following lines composed but the day before his death:—

Why do things we love decay?  
Why do flowers fade, all say,  
Along the worn and dusty way  
Of this world?

Why does childhood cease its play?  
Why our dreamings fade away  
At the breaking of the day  
In our country's way!

Why are sad words ever said?  
Why an aching, heavy head  
Ever laid upon our bed  
At the night?

Why do we always dread  
The deep, quiet dead?  
When we are being led  
To the Light, ah! why?

Why do happy hopes arise  
But to fade in our eyes  
As the lightning from the skies  
Of this world?

And why should all we prize  
But perish as the eves  
Of the lost one who dies  
When the storm spirit flies  
Over the bark? ah! why?

A post that will not flee,  
A thing that cannot be,  
Forever is with me  
Of things gone.

These lives no hope to see  
Another day more free,  
Upon a dreary sea  
All alone! ah! me!

Does any heart give back an echo to the touch of his saddened life and untimely death? If so, other pieces will be furnished from time to time, and you may have a report as found in these memoranda, and heard from his own lips, on weary marches and by the camp-fires' uncertain light as it sunk in a smouldering heap among the forms of sleeping soldiers from  
A RANDOM GUN.  
May 25th, 1866.

## FLUENT PEOPLE.

Great talkers, talk they never so well, are seldom popular in society. They are monopolists; and monopolists, whether they take an undue advantage of us by making extortionate demands upon our time or by muleting our pockets, are naturally viewed with dislike. It is your respectful listener, who knows how to drop a word in season, but never seeks to engross the undivided attention of the company, who is pronounced a pleasant fellow, "excellent company," "a delightful companion." Madame de Staël was one of the most voluble of women, and she talked well, but she had but few friends. She taxed her conversational powers to their fullest extent in the hope of charming Goethe. The result was that he hated her with a perfect hatred. Schiller, who was more polite than his great contemporary, admits that "of all living creatures she was the most vivacious, the most ready for argument, the most fertile in words;" yet he tells us of "weary hours" passed in her society, and characterizes her visits as interruptions.

It is a good thing to have the strength of a giant, but not to use it like a giant, and the gift of fluency is a happy gift if not used unmercifully. If your tongue is a free-goer, take care it does not run away with you. Play it as you would a lively fish, checking its rushes, and never allowing it to touch "slack." This is not an age of talk. No one has time to listen to words people, however well chosen their words may be. Be as concise as is consistent with clearness; unless, indeed, you are making love—in which case rambling and inconsistency are permissible. Even in public life long speeches are not judicious. In exhausting his subject, a long-winded orator generally exhausts his hearers. Suggestive and pertinent hints are often better than long explanations. People like to think for themselves. It galls their pride to have their inferences and conclusions forestalled, as if they were not capable of reasoning from cause to effect. Mental condensation is the order of the day, and neither the tongue nor the pen should be prolix and digressive. Even presidents' messages and the reports of cabinet officers grow "beautifully less" from year to year. Think in short hand and talk and write accordingly.

He died in his bed,  
A grate took he red,  
A prayer bedded out,  
then turned over on 2 his bed,  
and durned if he didn't die dead.

He leaves one wife, 11 children, 1 cow,  
4 horses, a grocery store and other quadruples to mourn his loss—but in the language of the poet, his loss is their gain.—  
Such is life again.

FILING UP.—England began the present century with four acres of land for every person within her borders. When the century was half through, there were but two acres per inhabitant; and now they are upon a descending scale of fractions between two acres and one acre to each person. The estimate of the population of England in the middle of the year 1866 gives 1 1/2 acre to each person. In Scotland the tide of life rises more slowly, and there are still six acres to every head of population.

Jenkins thus describes the hangings of a New York belle: "She wore an exquisite hyphalutin on her head, while her train was composed of transparent fold-rol, and her petticoat of Crambambuli flounced with Brussels three-ply of A No. 1."

A French professor has discovered that the earth does not move so fast as it did 2,000 years ago. The learned man computes that in one thousand six hundred millions of years hence it will come to a stand-still.

The great essential to our happiness is the resolution to perform our duty to God, as well as we are able; and when this resolution is deeply indixed, every action and every pursuit brings satisfaction to the mind.

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you, I shall wish you to stay at home whenever I shall want to go out." "Well, ma'n, I have no objection, provided you do the same when I wish to go out."

A society has been organized in Basle, Switzerland, to Bundesverfassungswerfungsvollkommnungsbuchschlus. As it is a reform movement, a good many people join just for the name of it.

A Western critic, in speaking of a new play, says: "The utilities are admirably observed; the dullness which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls."

The lawyer's motto—be brief. The physician's motto—be patient. The potter's motto—beware. The type-setter's motto—be composed.  
"So, you're the son of your uncle?"  
"Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."  
"Every day we need to 'keep to the right as the law directs,' not alone the law of the land, but the law of God."

## LAWYERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

We call attention of Post Messrs and readers to the following points, which have been settled by the Courts of the land:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.  
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all that is due is paid.  
3. If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill and ordered their paper discontinued.  
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. Refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing or leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.  
6. A postmaster neglecting to inform the publishers when a paper is not taken from the office, makes himself liable for the subscription price.

OBITUARY.—Jem Bangs, we are sorry to state, has deceased. He departed this life last munday. He went forth without any struggle, and "such is life." To-day we are as pepper-grass, mighty smart and easy; to-morrow we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store which his wife wates on. His wife's views were numerous to behold. We are happy to state the admired world that he never cheated, specially in the wate of fish, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his surviving wife is the same. We never knew him 2 put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nor water his likors, though the River run pas his dore. Pece 2 his remanens.

He died in his bed,  
A grate took he red,  
A prayer bedded out,  
then turned over on 2 his bed,  
and durned if he didn't die dead.

He leaves one wife, 11 children, 1 cow,  
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