# St. Mary's Gazette.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. IV. LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1866 NO 3



## ST. MARY'S GAZETTE

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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 arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cts per square fo the first insertion, and 50 cts 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 forbid, 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 advertising. Obituaries over ten 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 no attention 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 The real name of the author will not be published, unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.


FOR SHERIFF.

MR EDITOR—You will please announce IAS R ALVEY, of Chaptico District, as a candidate for the next sheriffality.

MANY FRIENDS.

12. April th 1866—te.

FOR SHERIFF.

The friends of R. F. TAYLOR offer him as a suitable candidate for Sheriff at the next ensuing election, and ask for him the support of his friends and fellow-citizens of the County.

Nov. 9th 1865—te.

FOR SHERIFF.

JOHN H BUCKLER announces himself to he voters of St Mary's county as a candidate or Sheriff at the Fall election in 1867 and solicits the support of his friends and fellow-citizens.

June 7, 1866—te.

### For Sheriff.

If B R ABELL, of Leonard Town district, will consent to run as a candidate for Sheriff, he will be supported by the masses of the

PEOPLE.

Nov 8, 1866.

### For Sheriff.

The friends of R ALEXANDER CLARKE, of the Factory district, present him to the voters of St Mary's county as a candidate for Sheriff at the next election

FACTORY DISTRICT

Nov 15, 1866.


Lumber and Manure

## FOR SALE.

THE undersigned having established a Lumber Yard at Gisborn' Point, D. C., are now prepared to sell for Cash, good common *CULLINGS, JOISTS, SILLS*, &c., &c., at from one to two cents per foot, and Buildings (standing) of every size and description, at greatly reduced prices, as we are anxious to cultivate once more, the old Cavalry Depot.

We will deliver on vessels at our Wharves, prime *Manure* at 40 cents per cubic yard.

GEORGE W YOUNG,
JOSEPH N YOUNG,
J FENWICK YOUNG,

Address

GEORGE W YOUNG, & CO.,
Washington city,
D. C.

Sept 27, 1866—tJ7.



## Professional Notice.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St. Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.



## NOTICE.

THE undersigned take this method of informing the public that they are still associated together in the Carpenter's business, and will contract for the building of Houses of every description. All work will be executed with dispatch, and, in all contracts for Dwellings special attention will be paid to Bricklaying Plastering and Painting.

All orders addressed to them at Leonardtown, Md., will receive prompt attention.

*GEORGE HORNE,*
*THOMAS C. GREENWELL.*

May 11, 1866—1y



## NOTICE.

I will attend strictly and expeditiously to all claims put in my hands, both for the return of money erroneously paid by our assessment (especially the large tax on Hotel and Store Keepers for the year 1863) and also the amount appropriated at the last session of Congress by the GENERAL GOVERNMENT for all slaves who entered the army.

All parties desiring my attention in this matter will please write me immediately, and I will send the proper papers.

GEORGE MADDOX

Aug 9, 1866—tf


*From the Prince Georgian.*

### EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

*By the Author of the "Fine St. Mary's Gentleman."*

Dear Turner, THE PRINCE GEORGIAN came to hand
So changed in looks and size, I scarcely knew
My valued friend until I well had scanned
Its every feature and read through and through
Its every column, when forthwith there came
A feeling o'er me, which I scarce can name,
But which, I think, beyond all doubt must be,
*Rabies scribendi*; for, in spite my cares,
Labors, troubles and most anxious fears,
For pen and ink I ran immediately
To write you something, what, I could not tell,
But, seemed thus driven as by mystic spell,
And hence, I surely cannot but expect
You'll think my diagnosis was correct.
This question settled, the next both'ring one
Is, where you "gat your siller" to put on
Your paper its new dress, when, here one sees
(The whites I mean) from morn till set of sun,
In clothes of any kind to dress *themselves?*
You were no crony of Old Abe's, I ween,
Or, your old sheet suppressed would never been,
And therefore got no jobs from Government,
Which aid and comfort to your business lent;
And then I know, as every patriot should,
Your sheet goes off with papers free you sent,
All sacrificed for the republic's good,
Which we and they, all certainly must feel
Hath but resulted in the common weal.
They only steal when they're quite disengaged,
Such articles as they may want or see,
And like a bird, who hath been sometime caged,
They feel they'd rather roam about all free,
And pick up as they can, from day to day,
Their every welcome "grub" as best they may,
Than be subservient and a "boss" obey.
Now to the question, how ye "siller gat"
*The Prince Georgian* to deck off and 'a' that?"
Do your subscribers ever pay their bills?
And men who advertise to cure all ills
With bitters, salves and vegetable pills?
Here our poor Editors, Messrs D**** and K****,
(Unless a fellow dies who's not in debt,
And that I tell you's an uncommon thing;)
Do rarely from subscribers ever get,
However strangely of it you may think,
A single dime to even buy a drink,
And hence they do not drink, or have to wait
Until invited by a candidate,
Or, some kind friend doth soft compassion take
And ads their all consuming thirst to slake.
You may imagine they're quite popular here—
Have hosts of friends, and you would guess aright,
For they don't bother those who're in arrear,
By poking at them bills in black and white,
But have a way, considered quite polite,
Of publishing, about the time of Court
An invitation, worded wondrous fine,
To all who owe their bills of any sort,
To come and settle if they so incline,
Which none, of course, accept as personal,
For, though the world, it seems agreed by all,
That printers never stand in need of gold,
Or, if they do, can manage still to hold
Their own, and publish all the news they can,
To instruct and entertain their fellow-man;
Then if an editor chance to take a rest
From arduous and laborious toil awhile,
And fail to send a paper filled with jest
And solid reading, faultless quite in style,
Or, does perchance, get on some gentle spree
And cause his paper to appear too late,
Forthwith his readers all become irate,
And pitch into him like a swarm of bees,
Nor cease until revenge they satiate;
And they perhaps, who do behave most
This man of ink, have all remembrance lost
Of the not unimportant fact to him,
That they have failed, for years to pay their bill,
And seem indifferent whether or no they will,
Though they abuse with so much force and vim.
Your printing folks have other charges too,
Which I'll not vouch are always good and true,
Adduced against ye, which would go to show,
Ye do not all times keep the truth in view,
But lavishly, do festering libels sow,
Producing in propitious times, a crop
Luxurious growing; and 'tis further said,
(I have some doubts about me on this head,)
You always keep a devil in your shop!
Besides this devil, whom you have on hand,
To help to scatter falsehood o'er the land,
'Tis oft maintained, in bottles corked ye keep
Red spirits which, whene'er ye bid, outpour,
Oft throwing persons headlong on the floor,
And then subduing them in lengthened sleep,
To all appearance dead for evermore.
I hope, on your account, these charges are
Unfounded all, for I should dislike much
To think you had transgressed so very far,
As condescend to be upon a par
With devils, spirits, and to deal with such,
Of whom our human nature wands in dread,
And out of whose presence saints have often fled.
You, doubtless, are tired out with what I've writ,
And my poor muse it jaded much likewise,
Which, at her best, is not of truest grit,
And weak and lowly ever onward flies;
But still I'll spur her up awhile, till I
Express a wish, that *The Prince Georgian* may
Keep on enlarging and will never die;
Extend its circulation far away—
Wide ope the way to fame and peace for thee
And all you wish for of prosperity.

### AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

While traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpoe, my body-servant informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous I've been told," was the answer that I received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, and returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them I do not know that the old man could see in the dark, like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observed in night prowling animals. He wore a light vest, turkish trowsers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and, with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostance.

"Panjer, your excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders?"

"If your excellency wills."

"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss to my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so, "Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver, that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it thrown towards me, unroll and apparently fall into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it—and yet when I put my hand down to take it, it was not there—nothing was there—and at that instant I perceived the juggler balancing it on the ends of his fingers.

"Phsaw!" said I, "you deceive me by making me believe you threw it towards me."

"Does your excellency think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw, in the place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position, and scarcely stirred a finger.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large cup, and in his left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet laid the rose down on the ground and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table with its false top, concealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped almost as near. Having covered the rose with the cup, as I would be willing to make oath—for the rose I saw distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjuror resumed his former place, and said, "Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have waged a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had left go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request stepped forward, raised the cup; but instantly dropped it and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of that kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal."

"No more such tricks as these, conjuror," said I, sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half believed the juggler possessed of a devil if not the devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from or went to I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing under his dress either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself or my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up. It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind

Through the brass tube the conjuror now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head and laid it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, until it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had run off on a reel. What turned it, or where it went to, nobody could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to turn on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colors. This was rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next reproduced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, and showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing that I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" he said turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it into the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed several other tricks similar to these, and continued with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did the other things he used in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long, and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands.—He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a string, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it to the ground, and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He then stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes upon it. We did so, and after a lapse perhaps of thirty seconds we saw it begin to swell up like a bladder like when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell until till every part distended, and it appeared as round and solid as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was only apparent—for when the juggler went up, and placed his foot upon it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately spring back as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet and flattened it all out as at first.—He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself as before, began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal life were inside of it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then to my horror, it began to move toward me as if impelled by the unknown something in it!

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemies have never accused me of being one at least,—but I confess that on that occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful powers. At this he smiled grimly, walked up to the bag, and trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight and then made his concluding salaam.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, or power or magic—I do not and never expect to know. I have conversed with many persons who have seen quite as strange and unnatural things, but never heard any one give any explanation that I considered at all satisfactory. I simply relate what I saw, but scarcely expect any one to credit my statement, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend I have in the world.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the necromancer.

I had heard something of this singular power, and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly, myself and attendants all repaired to an open field at no great distance, where, after some search, Panjer discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, I must be assurred that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal—otherwise, should he prove to be a cobra capello, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake the business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I had already made. I thought I read all this in the man's face, and I said very positively:

"Never fear my good sir, I will cut down whatever you bring up this time, be it snake or devil."

"My life is in your excellency's mercy," bowed the man wan with a show of humility. "Remember the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly."

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small flageolet to his lips, he began to play a shrill monotonous, disagreeable sort of a tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishment though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dreaded cobra capello, the most poisonous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth, with his spectacled eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backward slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the hideous creatures some ten or fifteen ft feet from its hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on his tail as when about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave the signal for me to strike.

Gradually and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending his head flying, to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have its skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any amount of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount.

### COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.

France exports wines, brandies, silks, fancy articles, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, wines, essence, dye stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, mosaics and salt.

Prussia exports linens, woolen, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured, silk, thread, grass, grain, wax, tallow, nutgall, wines, honey and mathematical instruments.

England exports cotton, woolen, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron metalic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, copper, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristle, fur, pot-ash and tar.

Spain exports wine, brandy, oil, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, silks and woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, zinc, borax, silks, cassia, filagree works, ivory ware, lacquered ware and porcelain.

Turkey exports coffee, opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruit, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, camlets, shawls and morocco.

Hindoostan exports silks, shawls, carpets, opium, saltpetre, pepper, gum, indigo, cinnamon, cochineal, diamonds, pearls and drugs.

Mexico exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs and dye stuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other precious stones, gums, mahogany and India rubber.

West Indies exports sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dyewood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, rubber, wax, ginger and other spices.

Switzerland exports cattle, cheese, butter, tallow, dried fruit, lime, silks, velvets, laces, jewelry, paper and gun-powder.

East Indies exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzoin, sulpher, ivory, rat-ins, sandal wood, zinc, and nuts.

United States exports principally agricultural produce, cotton, tobacco, flour, provisions, of all kinds, lumber, turpentine and wearing apparel.

AN AFRICAN FABLE.—It is a fact known to all who have travelled much in Africa, that nothing will frighten an elephant quicker than the bleating of a goat. However hotly he may be pursuing an object, the bleating of a goat, or the noise resembling it, will at once arrest him and send him bounding from the object of his vengeance. An African being asked the reason of it, related the following fable:—"In old times, a goat bet an elephant that he could out eat him. They commenced, and soon a spacious plain bore testimony to the capacity of their maws, by being completely denuded of its verdure. On the approach of night, the elephant, wearied of nipping and grinding, forgot his bet in a doze in the midst of the plain.—About midnight he was aroused by a grinding near him, and finding it was his rival, inquired what he could be eating, as he was confident he had devoured every vestige of vegetation before he lay down. 'Eating,' replied the goat; 'why, I am eating all the rocks; and when I have finished them, I intend to commence on you.' The elephant no sooner heard that than he took to his heels, and has ever since been afraid of a goat."

### DEATH WARRANT OF CHRIST.

The "Courier des Etas Unis" of a late date says: Chance has put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all christians that has ever been recorded in human annals; that is the identical death warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ. We transcribe the document from a copy of the translation:

SENTENCE

Rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Gallilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the Cross.

In the year seventeen of the Empire of Tiberius Cæsar, and the 4th of March the city of the holy Jerusalem; Annas and Caiaphas being priests, pacificators of the people of God; I Pontius Pilate Governor of the practory, condemn Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves—the great and notorious evidence of the people saying.

1. He is a seducer.
2. He is seditious.
3. He is the enemy of the law.
4. He calls himself falsely the son of God.
5. He calls himself the king of Israel.
6. He entered into the temple followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Order the centuron, Quintius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution.

Forbid any person rich or poor, to oppose the death of Jesus.

The witnesses that signed the death of Jesus are:

1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.
2. Jannus Horobable.
3. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of this city by the gate "Strennuous."

The above sentences are engraved on a copper plate. On one side is written these words:

"A similar plate is sent to each one of the tribes."

It was found in an antique vase of white marble, while excavating in the city Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples in the year 1825, and was discovered by the Commissariat of arts attached to the French armies. At the expedition of Naples it was found enclosed in a box of ebony, in the sacristy of Caurtein.

The French translation was made by the members of the Commission of arts.—The children requested earnestly that the plate might not be taken away from them. The request was granted as a reward for the army. Mr. Dennon, one of the savans, caused a plate to be made of the model, on which he had engraved the above sentence. At the sale of his collections of curiosities, it was bought by Lord Howard for 5,385 francs.

### THE FALLING LEAF.

It has been a fancy, born of our daydreams, that for every leaf that falls, a human soul ascends; for every leaf that unfolds, a spirit glides from the dim past into the active present—and thickly as fall the decaying leaves, do forms of human mould drop into the soil.

We watch the yellow leaf as it struggles with its downward tendency, essaying in vain to hang in mid air, shrinking from the cold resting place, and buoyed up with a momentary hope, as a stray breeze wafts it up again, only to descend more rapidly. It seems to wail, to shriek, as its settles nearer and nearer to the detested soil. As it lies worn out and dead upon the chill earth, the spirit whispers: Another has gone to the tomb!—Nature drops a leaf for every one who falls as the nun drops a bead for every sin she *thinks*.

As we stand beside the spent leaf, so stand weeping ones around the new-made grave. Ah! as they embalm their dead in tears and undying memories, so will we embalm thee, thou typifyer of human frailty. Thus between the leaves of the books the sickly leaf is laid as a *memento mori*. As I gaze on the skeleton form, I follow the decay of the one for whom it fell, and turn thoughfully away, gaze up to the myriad of leaves, and ask, "which one shall fall for me?"

Ex-Confederate General Hood proposes to write a history of all the operations in which the different commands serving under him were engaged during the war, and has published a card in the New Orleans papers asking all commanders of batteries, battalions, brigades, divisions and corps to forward to him without delay, reports of all battles in which they were engaged while under his direction.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a boy-constructor, circulating his calomel on honest folks."

THOUGHT.—Every true thought should be looked upon as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other.