

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. V

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1868

NO. 37

ST. MARY'S BEACON

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Communications of a personal character will be charged at the same rates as advertising, but those over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 60 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 The name of the author will not be published, unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

GREAT BARGAINS TO BE HAD

FOR THE

READY MONEY.

SMITH & MILLS are just in receipt of their Spring supplies of Goods embracing a complete assortment of DRY GOODS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES, &c.

Also a lot of READY MADE CLOTHING, which they offer at a little lower for cash than they can be bought elsewhere.

They have in part the following articles, namely:—

Bleached Muslins at 12 1/2 to 25 cts. per yard.

Brown do. at 14 to 25 cts.

Handsome Spring Muslins from 22 to 30 cts.

Calicoes from 10 to 18 cts. per yard.

Buttons from 10 to 25 cts. per 100.

Handkerchiefs from 10 to 25 cts. per doz.

Sherwood House

AND

DINING ROOMS,

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,

Corner of Fayette and Harrison streets,

(opposite the Maryland Institute),

Baltimore,

MD.

THIS above well known House has recently been opened by C. P. Barnard, formerly of the American Hotel, Washington, D. C., and has capacity to accommodate over a hundred people with lodging, and has spacious and nicely furnished rooms for families. Connected with the House also is a ladies' dining room. The strict order is maintained and accommodations always at hand. The House is open at all hours. The advantage of a Hotel upon the plan of the Sherwood House, that the guest can accommodate the price of his living to his own wishes, paying only for what he gets. The Sherwood House has recently been newly furnished and refitted, and being in a central and business part of the city, offers unusual inducements to travelers. A fair trial is asked, and patronage from St. Mary's county solicited.

C. P. BARNARD, Agent.

Sept. 19, 1867—tf.

Attention

TOBACCO PLANTERS.

BY the use of Bibb & Co's Tobacco Furnace, Tobacco can be made to average \$30 per hundred. It is to the interest of all Planters to use it and increase the price of their tobacco, as well as guard against the damaging effects of the weather during the curing season. Order early, as the demand will be great this season, and none are made except to order.

Apply to

BIBB & CO., Baltimore

DR. G. W. DORSEY, Baltimore

JOHN T. BOND, Baltimore

A representation of the Furnace, and a sample of the Tobacco cured by it can now be seen at Mr. J. F. Perwick's Hotel, March 19th, 1867—1st Aug.

FARM FOR SALE.

WE will sell at Private Sale a very desirable little farm in the Factory District, pleasantly located, having a good DWELLING

and fair

OUT HOUSES

upon it, and containing

137 1-2 acres,

This land will be sold for \$2000—one half cash and the balance at 12 month credit.

COMBS & DOWNS, Attorneys for the Owner.

Dec. 12 1867—tf.

Farmers' and Drivers' Hotel,

Near the Navy Yard Bridge, LEONARD TOWN, D. C.

THIS establishment respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he is now prepared to accommodate travelers generally, having a large STABLE and STOCK YARD attached for the convenience of Travelers and Drivers, and having heretofore received a liberal patronage from the lower counties, he feels assured that long experience, combined with attentive waiters, reliable eaters, and moderate charges, will obtain for him a continuance of the same.

ROBERT F. MARTIN, Proprietor.

June 27, 1867—ly.

Land Agency.

THE undersigned has formed a limited company, partnership, as agents for the sale and purchase of Real Estate. Persons having FARMS for sale, or who wish to purchase, will do well to communicate with either of the undersigned.

JOHN H. MILLER, Jr., Great Mills, St. Mary's co., Md.

F. P. HOLLISTER, Monkton, Susquehanna co., Pa.

may 28, 1868—tf.

For Rent.

THE STOREHOUSE AND FIXTURES Stone's Wharf, near the Head of St. Clement's Bay, for Rent. It is an excellent and well-established place for business and persons wishing to engage in merchandizing would do well to obtain it. Terms made known on application to

Y. P. DAWKINS.

Nov. 28, 1867—tf.

WM. BISCOE,

Permanent and Transient Boarding,

NO. 106 HANOVER ST.,

Between Camden and Conway.

Baltimore.

Nov. 7, 1867—tf.

FOR SALE AND RENT.

A SMALL stock of goods for sale at Edward Tubman's old stand. The STOREHOUSE at this place for rent. Apply to

BA CLARKE.

April 11, 1868—tf.

HOUSE FURNISHING

HARDWARE, &c., &c.

CORTLAN & CO.,

216 & 218 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Offer at Greatly Reduced Prices, French and English China and Granite Ware,

BY THE Set, Dozen or Single Piece.

Glass and Queensware.

Ivory, Bone, Buck and Cocoa-Handle Table Cutlery.

PLATED AND BRITANIA WARES.

Bronzes, Clocks, Vases and Fancy Goods, Enamelled Ware, Japaned Wares, Brushes, Mats, Block and Common Tin Ware, Patent Hydro-Thermal Churns, Patent Ice Cream Freezers and House-Keeping Articles

Of Every Kind and Variety.

WHOLESALE Dealers, Hotel and Boarding House Proprietors, Steamboat and Ship Owners, Old House-Keepers and those about commencing, will find in our ware-rooms, decidedly the greatest variety to be found in any similar house in the Union. And we pledge every article sold to be as represented. Desiring to increase our sales, we offer our goods at such prices as will ensure that object, being determined not to be undersold in similar goods by any establishment in this country.

CORTLAN & CO., Importers and Manufacturers.

March 5, 1868—4m.

ANDREW COFF'S

Super-Phosphate of Lime.

Extract of a Letter from J. A. Lancaster, Rock Hall, Charles County, Md., April 15th, 1868.

Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Gentlemen:—I am satisfied that Andrew Coff's Super-Phosphate of Lime is a most valuable Fertilizer for Corn or Tobacco.

Yours respectfully, IGNATIUS A. LANCASTER.

Letter from Charles A. F. Shaw, Black Priory, Charles Co., Md., April 4th, 1868.

Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Gentlemen:—I consider Andrew Coff's Phosphate the best Fertilizer I have ever used on Corn, Tobacco and vegetables. I did not use it on wheat, as my drill was too much out of repair, but am satisfied it is equally good for wheat.

Yours respectfully, CHAS. A. F. SHAW.

FOR SALE BY HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Tobacco and Grain Commission Merchants, No. 10 Camden Street, Baltimore.

May 14, 1868—6m.

MILLINERY and FANCY STORE.

MRS. MARY J. CAMPBELL, of Washington city, will open in the room adjoining John S. Edwards' Store, Leonardtown, on THURSDAY, the 9th of April, instant, a full assortment of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, of the latest Spring styles. They are purchased in Philadelphia and will be sold at a city price for cash. Bonnets made or repaired to order.

April 9, 1868—1m.

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.

These goods have been selected with great care and embrace every variety of the latest fashions. They will be sold lower than such goods have ever heretofore been sold in the county.

F. WILE.

April 28, 1868—tf.

FOR SALE.

SEVERAL tracts of valuable River and Forest lands, at reduced prices and on accommodating terms.

Apply to

JAS. S. DOWNS, Attorney for Granters.

Feb. 28, 1868—tf.

THE TWO APPARITIONS.

In my youth I was passionately fond of the stage, and had a particular rage for the horrible. Being much disposed to travel, and tolerably fluent in the German language, I one fine morning, accompanied by my carpet-bag, set off on a trip to Germany, determined to gratify my favorite propensity by seeing all the wild and imaginative traditions of that country got up in a manner of which we have no idea here.

I was amply rewarded for my pains, and spent several months wandering about from one town to another in search of novelty. In the month of August I arrived at a small village called Kirksheim, in Alsace, as I had seen a flaming red bill stuck up against the first cottage I came to, announcing that the company belonging to Henry Spielmann would perform that night, at the hotel called the Golden Fleece, "The Robbers," a drama by Schiller, and "The Tower of Ness," translated into German for the benefit of the country people.

Delighted at the idea of such a treat, I hastened to seek an inn, but having gone twice round the village in about ten minutes, I found there was but the one where the performance was to take place.

I was vexed at this; I would rather not have seen the actors before they appeared in their respective characters on the stage. Of course I should have to dine with them, which would destroy all the illusion; besides, the country people had assembled in crowds at the door, and stared with open mouths at the actors who had just arrived.

However, I contrived to elude my way through them, and entered the principal room of the Golden Fleece.

There a strange sight met my eyes. All the inns or hotels in Alsace are nearly the same. They have very long rooms furnished on each side with wooden tables and benches. In the middle of the apartment stand an enormous cast-iron stove.

But, at that moment, the room was in the greatest disorder. It was completely filled with people, who pressed round the table, on which lay extended the body of a man, who had hardly been dead an hour, as the blood yet streamed from a deep wound in the heart and inundated the floor.

Everybody talked, screamed and gesticulated, and I, Maitre Kohl, the landlord, at last understood that the deceased had killed himself, which had much shocked the order and regularity of the inhabitants of Kirksheim, where, as the principal brewer informed me such a thing as suicide had not happened for three hundred years at least.

The magistrate at length arrived, took cognizance of the event, dispersed the mob, and ordered the deceased to be removed to the apartment which he had occupied previous to the event. Then I took an opportunity of asking the host if he could accommodate me with a room.

"I have not one left," said he; "the whole place is taken up by Maitre Spielmann and his company, and that is so tight; notwithstanding, they are very accommodating people, and sleep five in the same room. They have taken all, even to the barn, where the splendid performance you have seen advertised is to take place."

"Yes," said I; "but the dead person—can you not give me the room he occupied?"

"And where would you have me put the body of a man? Besides, his time will not be up till to-morrow; you can take his room if you will do me that honor. By-the-by," said he, turning to his wife, "you must seek for some one to sit up with the body."

And the host, politely saluting me, placed a chair for me at the fire, saying dinner would be served immediately.

I was still undecided as to whether I should remain, as I knew not where to procure a bed after the performance was over, when the hostess returned, to let her husband know that no one could be persuaded to sit up with the dead on account of his not having died like a Christian.

"What nonsense!" said the host; "with all their religion they don't do what true religion commands them. I tell you what, wife, I've a great mind to sit up myself."

"Yes, truly," said the wife, "it would well suit you, after being harassed all day and all the evening, to spend the night in prayer; besides, do you even know one by the name of Kohl?"

"Bei Gott!" said the host, irritated at this sarcasm, "you'd better do it yourself than wife; for there isn't in all the village a tongue equal to yours for putting up a small prayer for your neighbors, whether for or against them."

The quarrel began to be rather hot.

"Well! I will sit up," said I, "if you will have a good fire lighted, and give me a better chair than this one."

The host and his wife looked at me in the greatest astonishment.

"Will you really, sir?" said the host, "well, that is very kind of you; you may seek on a good fire, a comfortable arm-chair, a large Bible and," added he, in a whisper, "a capital pipe, and some real Porto-Rico, accompanied by a bottle of my very best brandy."

What had chiefly determined me in rendering this service to the dead was, it must be confessed, the following reason: I was coming on the train, and had just entered, and I considered that to pass the night in a comfortable private apartment, and an easy chair would be far preferable to the usual room of a country inn and a wretched board.

After supper I withdrew to the room

where I was to remain till the next morning, thinking no more about the theatrical treat I had promised myself. I was tired, and I was glad to avail myself of a little quiet.

The servant, who held in her hands two candles, conducted me to the first floor, where, at the end of a long corridor, she pointed to a door, and giving me one of the lights, ran away with a leonine "Gut nacht, herr!" I smiled at her fears, and resolutely entered the room.

The apartment was very simple. However, the host had kept his word; a good fire burnt in the stove; on a table stood all that he had promised me; and between the table and the stove I found a comfortable arm-chair. They had even carried their attention so far as to have placed a good mattress in a corner of the room. I immediately installed myself in the arm-chair, my feet on the stove, my elbow on the table, my head upon my hand. The rain still fell in torrents; the wind howled as it rushed through the high trees which surrounded the house. The fire roared continually in the stove, and it was all so calm and still in that room that I could almost distinguish the beating of my heart. The curtains of the bed, on which the body had been placed, were drawn, and I could distinguish nothing but one hand, which appeared to be turned away my looks and thoughts from the sad spectacle, lighted a pipe, and tried the brandy provided for me, by the host; it was indeed excellent; and whether it was the cold, the fatigue, or the loneliness I felt on the occasion, I have certainly never tasted anything like it since; and found myself, much to my surprise, helping myself a second and a third time to a beaker of the enticing spirit.

I soon became lost in thought. The sad event which had happened was ever present to my imagination. I asked myself, who can this man be, and why had he destroyed himself. Then I considered the strangeness of my position, alone in that chamber of death. In seeking to solve these thoughts, my eyes had gradually become closed, and I still reflected profoundly, when I heard a slight rustling in the apartment. I opened my eyes with caution, and looking towards the bed, beheld a most strange sight. The curtains had been withdrawn, and I could see the entire face of the body. At the head of the bed, on each side were suspended numerous vestments of all forms and colors and two singular beings, strangely dressed, stood on either side of the departed. The one to the right was light, fair, and of pleasant countenance and manners; while the other was dark and ill-favored, his dress and hair were black, and the skin of his face a dark bronze color, forming a complete contrast to the other personage.

I could not doubt it, I was in the presence of the good and bad angels who had presided over the actions of this man during his lifetime. I must allow that I trembled a little, when I saw them both direct their looks towards me, and each place a finger on their lips to impose silence. I was sorry for that, for I should have done my utmost to retain a reminiscence of the celestial language for the benefit of my friends. However, the angel and the devil did not need words to assist them in their avocation, and seemed quite to understand each other without the aid of speech. As may be supposed, I did not lose one of their gestures, and this is what passed between them:

Both of them looked at the departed, and strange, I thought I observed a tear fall from the good angel's eye; he then took down from the wall a shepherd's hat and crook, ornamented with a long ribbon, which appeared to have once decorated the neck of some favorite lamb.

All these were submitted to the inspection of the dark angel, who gave them up without any difficulty; but, in his turn, seized a mask, a dagger, and a dark cloak, and handed them to the good angel, who said, "Can it be possible," thought I to myself, "that from an honest shepherd this man can have become an assassin?"

Then I continued to observe the good angel, who took a robber's hat ornamented with some handsome feathers; but the dark one also stretched forth his hand to snatch it. Then a series of gestures followed, which I could not understand. At last, all was settled by the good angel's keeping the feathers, and the other the hat. Finally, all the objects which had belonged to this man, and which seemed to attach themselves to every action of his life, were submitted to a severe examination by these strange visitors. But I was overjoyed on last beholding the good angels of the departed accumulate to a considerable extent; and when the strange division was concluded, both the strange beings looked at me once more. I quickly closed my eyes, pretending still to sleep. Hearing no suspicious noise, I opened them a few moments after, and the curtains of the bed were again closed as before. I was once more alone with the dead.

When I awoke the next morning, the glorious sun inundated the room with its joyful flood of light. More than ever the events of the night appeared to me like a dream; and yet I had seen all so distinctly; I remembered even to the most trifling gesture of the two apparitions. My host now entered and asked if I would have breakfast.

After this report, which I made in silence, I again set out on my journey. About a mile from Kirksheim I met the troop of strolling players who had performed the night before in the village. I soon passed them, and turned round to

observe at my ease their curious assemblage.

I could not restrain a violent fit of laughter on beholding at their head, mounted on two old broken-down horses, the good and bad angel of the night before, who chatted amiably, and at that moment were taking a pinch of snuff together. The noise I made in laughing caused them to look at me. No doubt they recognized me, for the fair one held his box to me, saying:

"Will you take some?"

"Thank you," said I; "but you gave me a fine fright last night," and in two words I related to them what I had seen and what I had conjectured.

They both laughed with all their heart, and the dark one observed:

"Sir, you were very right; for poor Jacob played all sorts of characters, and played them all well. We last night paraded his wardrobe between us. I play the robbers; and Juliet, here, the lover; but for all that," said he, addressing his comrade, "you might as well have let me have the feathers."

Yes, it is quite true; all the illusion of the stage vanishes on a too close inspection of its actors.

CANOVA'S FIRST LOVE.

The old palace clock of the imperial residence at Fontainebleau had just commenced its evening chimes, when Napoleon, drawing his chair near the blazing hearth of one of the antique apartments, gave himself freely up to one of those unrestrained and almost trifling conversations with Marie Louise which he so loved to indulge in. His fine countenance had never borne an expression of sadness, but now he seemed to be in a state of gloom, and his eyes were fixed on the floor.

"You are sad, my dear Napoleon," said she, "but you have never borne an expression of sadness, but now he seemed to be in a state of gloom, and his eyes were fixed on the floor."

"I am not sad, my dear Napoleon," said she, "but you have never borne an expression of sadness, but now he seemed to be in a state of gloom, and his eyes were fixed on the floor."

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