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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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(Written for the Beacon.)

CONFEDERATE GRAVEYARD AT POINT LOOKOUT.

Here rests the dead—Confederate dead! Be careful, stranger, do not tread Upon the unmarked graves of those Who far from friendly care repose. Dark weeds their only monument, No kindly hand is ever lent To mould in form the crumbling grave, Or yield one tribute to the brave. They sleep from "home, sweet home," Beneath the stars of Heaven's dome. With nothing to adorn them, not they; Not on their heads a wreath of glory; Not on their faces a trace of care; Not on their lips a word of prayer. Ye who are true to honor's call, Ye who are true to Freedom's fall, In this they rest, so soon forgot, And left unwept for here to rot! Alas, brave men! your country's fate Is worse than death, for many a hate Has soothed her fond guardian care, No record of her love can spare. Ye fought for friends and country, men, Ye who have loved, and loved in vain, Ye who have died, and died in vain, And when they die, their spirit still, The enemy they could not kill, For home, dear land, and heart's desire, For each the waiting heart still beats, But felt the parting hand had closed, And thus in death the victory won. Ye who are true, brothers, how we wrong Our hearts, when to the breeze we fling The stars and stripes, and cannons hum. The golden orb our banners furled. In these, the silent, fall-off graves, As lies not that the comrades here, Had lost the day, their cause dead all, Their arms were stuck by Freedom's fall. For happy was, then we were then, Here resting in this lonely place, Next to us to meet our fate. For early morning, softly dawn, But hearts, my brothers, beat the bond That round our souls in strife were bound. And here in silence breathe the prayer For all ye Southern dead so dear.

IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

You will remember I was always considered a very pretty boy, and in early days when we were all children, you used to say that I ought to have been a girl. When I was about twenty-one years old, I was staying one long vacation with some friends of the 110th regiment, in a quiet little town in the North. The regiment was a certain Captain Dundee, who was rather a heavy, staid fellow, though a pretty good officer, and who prided himself upon being very sharp. He used to boast that nobody could take him in, and that he would recognize a person in any conceivable disguise. I was very intimate with Captain Dundee, and so far from thinking him very sharp, I used to abuse him for his stupidity, and was always chaffing him on the subject. One evening at mess, when Captain Dundee was not present, but was made that I could not pass an evening in his company dressed as a lady without his discovering the trick. I bet that I could do so. Many officers took my side, and at last it ended in very heavy bets indeed being made, not by me, but what was worse, by my friends, for I bet that their losing or gaining depended on the result of my disguise. As the day drew near these bets were doubled. I quite trembled for the result. I may mention that, though I did not know it, almost all these bets were fictitious, and only proclaimed for the sake of keeping me up to the mark. In fact, those concerned thoughtlessly wanted to have a jolly lark, and were afraid of my backing out. As it was I felt that about \$10,000 in bets depended on my going through the evening safely in my assumed character as a lady.

Captain Dundee had married a young, lark, care-for-nothing, stick-at-nothing Irish girl. I do not at all mean to say that she was really bad; but, from thoughtlessness, from a not over-refined nature, and from a very exuberant, uncontrolled spirit, she would rush into a scrape, little thinking or caring about the consequences, or how she should get out of it successfully. The bet was, that the first evening Mr. Fenwick could get an invitation for himself and an imaginary niece, Miss Fenwick, to dine with the Dundees. I was to personate, or attempt to personate, the niece; and the said bet, moreover, was to the effect that I should successfully deceive Captain Dundee till such a time as the party separated, however late the hour might be.

Without my knowledge, Mrs. Dundee was let into the secret; hence all my trouble. She, in her "Sweet Irish way,"

quite entered into the joke, and at once determined to make confusion worse confounded.

For soon a note came, stating that Captain and Mrs. Dundee requested the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick to dinner in a quiet way on the 10th inst. Only one or two brother officers were coming. The fatal day arrived. Remember, I thought that thousands depended on the result, and that Mrs. Dundee was no ignorant as her husband of my intended appearance. Imagine me with a profusion of false black curls; a flower or two stuck here and there; no end of lady's jewelry—rings, ear-rings, brooch, &c.; a thin muslin dress, with high body; my face skillfully painted. In fact I was altogether very well made up by a first rate hand sent for from Dublin. Partly to keep up my courage and get me up to the mark, and partly because I knew that in my assumed character I must not drink much wine, I imbibed a considerable quantity before I started. Moreover, in a secret pocket, concealed a small flask of brandy, with which I hoped to be able to keep up my spirits on the way.

At table I played the part well. I talked and flirted, chattered about dancing and froth, and prattled of my new dress. Poor wretch that I was, I wish I had held my tongue; I was unwittingly rushing to destruction. I drank as much champagne as I dared in my assumed character, and thought every thing was going all right, and that my friends were sure to win their money. Scarce had the cloth been removed, when Mrs. Dundee said: "I have a pleasing surprise for all you good people. A few days ago, I received an invitation from Sir George and Lady Connell to a ball at their house this evening, with permission to bring any of my friends. Sir George lives twelve miles off. Dundee has secured the large omnibus from the inn, and ordered four horses, and we are to start at nine o'clock. We can all go together; we shall have a jolly evening, and I am delighted to think that you will be able to enjoy yourself. Miss Fenwick, I wish to ask you to go with me. My heart sank within me. My bet had good till the time we separated. My friends must lose their money. I could never get through a ball, I knew. I said my dress was high and would not do for a ball.

"My maid," said Mrs. Dundee, "shall dress you in one of my evening dresses."

"No, that she shall not," I almost shrieked out. "If I must go, I will go just as I am. I am satisfied that the doctors will not allow me to wear a low dress."

"Perhaps, dear, you would like her to dress you in your ordinary dress; she is very clever, or to put another wreath on your head."

"Oh, no, thank you," said I; and most bitterly did I inwardly abuse my luck, but I almost gasped: "If you had a spare room where I could wash my hands, and just put my hair straight for myself, I should be very much obliged."

I was shown into a room, and sat down, the very picture, I am sure, of despair. It now began to flash across me, too, that what was, to say the least, a not over-creditable joke among a few larkly brothers or officers, would be very dishonorable if practiced on society at large; that it would be very wrong of me to go to a ball in such a disguise as a young lady, and that I might be the means of unintentionally causing pain and shame to some ladies. "O dear! I was doubting whether I should send for Mrs. Dundee and make a clean breast of it—little thinking that all the time the wretch knew my fate. But then my friends would lose fifteen thousand pounds. O horrible! Just at that moment my hand unluckily touched the pocket in which was my money bag. I pulled it out, and it was by the work of a moment or two. My courage returned at once; my spirits rose only too rapidly; I would go through with it—I would win. My scruples vanished in thin air—I forgot them. I was not drunk, but terribly excited.

Soon the lady's maid entered with hot water, brushes, &c. I remember I felt much inclined to chuck her under the chin, and to kick her in the shins, and to hang down her back, then entered a young lady, I had been introduced to, and who had rather taken my fancy, in the course of the evening—Miss Fenwick!

"Oh, please don't, I have all my finishing touches of every kind!"

The course of time the four-horse team came round, and we drove to Sir George Connell's. My spirits had again sunk to zero. I feared I should not be able to keep up my character, and instinctively felt that I was doing wrong. Oh, those horrible bets! There were several of the 110th in the room. I danced with two. One was in my secret, the other was not. Any one who had overheard us would have been amazed at the conversation between my partner who was in the secret and myself.

"Fred, my boy, when will supper come? Do take me to some room where I can get some bitter beer or something to drink."

"Can't do it, old fellow, at any price, you would be found out, and I should like

to talk over our partners and quit them nicely."

The girl spoke in a very lively, natural manner, but did not particularly look at me. Had she done so, she must have noticed that I was almost choking—black in the face—going into a fit. "Good heavens, Miss Fenwick, I can't, I can't, I can't!—you must not, you ought not—O dear!" In the horrible embarrassment of the moment, I covered my eyes with my hands. Miss Fenwick seemed struck dumb with astonishment, and no wonder: "You must go," I said; "I can't, I won't have you here."

I groaned audibly, and shivered with shame. I could not tell what was the right thing for me to do. Another knock at the door—no, not a knock, a bump and an entrance without permission. Enter Mrs. Dundee.

"I know what the matter," said she, "I have known the secret all along. Miss Fenwick, pardon me, for the fix I have rather unwittingly led you into. Miss Fenwick, Miss Fenwick is a man and a gentleman," she added with emphasis. As for Miss Fenwick, she seemed inclined to faint. "His being here in this disguise," continued Mrs. Dundee, "has been brought about by a chain of circumstances quite unlooked for by him, and not expected by me. If you will take my advice, Miss Fenwick, you will come with me, and keep your own counsel about this silly business. Nothing short of perfect silence will prevent awkwardness (to say the least) to everybody. Miss Fenwick, who is Mr. Charles Temple, will leave early to-morrow with you. You can tell Lady Connell to-morrow that when you go to Miss Fenwick's room you found it quite empty. Ere long part of the story may come out. If you are not all about it, she will think that Mr. Temple was a gentleman, and never even went into his room at all, but contrived to shift for himself as best he could."

Miss Fenwick fell in with the plan, which, under the circumstances, was a wise one. During the few moments that followed but one remark was made—"Miss Fenwick," I said, "I grieve that through my folly, for it deserves no harsher name, you should be in such a fix."

"Mr. Charles Temple," she said, laughing, "do not try to vex yourself about it. Yours is the biggest fix of all."

The Miss Fenwick of those days is now my wife, and, as Mrs. Charles Temple, is at this moment sitting before you.

THE SON SLAYER.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which to all appearance was quiet and respectable. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes before the fire, and as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who, to all appearance, were decent people.

During supper the traveler was asked where he came from, and in his answering from Vienna they were all anxious to hear from the capital. The horse dealer told them all he knew. The landlord then asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he answered that he had been there to sell some of the finest horses that had ever appeared in the market at that price.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at a young man who sat opposite to him, and who seemed to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveler, who, however, took no notice of it; but the very son afterwards had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord, as soon as supper was finished, to show him his room. The landlord took a lamp, and conducted the traveler across the yard to a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired the traveler addressed himself, unbuckled a money belt containing a considerable sum of gold, and took out his pocket book, which were full of Austrian banknotes.

Having finished to show him his room, he was right he placed them under his pillow; extinguished the light, and thinking heaven and all the stars for the success of his journey, he was fast asleep. He had slept but an hour or two before he was awakened by the opening of the window, and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

Startled at these unforeseen circumstances, the traveler raised himself up in the bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room. At the same time he heard the voices of several persons standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our traveler, who gave himself up for lost, and, scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterward a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall. He was the horse dealer, who, he perceived, was nevertheless perceived that the intruder was intoxicated; this circumstance, however, gave him but little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime. Besides this the traveler had heard the voices of the persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of criminals.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor and stretch himself out upon the bed which he had just quitted. A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore and his terror gradually began to give way to reflection, although the affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding place in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask for another bed in place of the one from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened and on the threshold stood two figures, the landlord and his son.

"Keep the lamp back," muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear," said the young man; "we are two against one; besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly—hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father angrily; "do you wish to awake him? you would have his cries alarm the neighborhood."

The horse dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, hardly daring to breathe. The men shut the door after him, and the wretches approached the bed on tip-toe.

An instant afterwards the bed was shaken by a convulsive motion; and a stifled cry confirmed the foreboding that the unhappy man had his throat cut. After a short pause of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is over now; look for the murderer."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is in a leather belt and a pocket book."

The murderers disappeared. The traveler crept from under the bed, jumped out the window, hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The Mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three quarters of an hour the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers.

The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stables they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen digging a pit.

As soon as the murderers saw the horse dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, and covered their faces with their hands, and fell upon the ground. This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak.

There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary.

They were bound and led to the court house where the horrible deed had committed, anxious to see how the criminals would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but when on entering room, they perceived the body which was lying on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon the bloody corpse, with loud lamentations, and exclaimed despairingly:

"My son! oh, my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault the young man had; and this night, instead of being, as his father and brother supposed, in his bed, he had gone out secretly, and been cursing, with some of his companions at the ale houses.

He had become sufficiently inebriated, and, fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before; his companion accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window.

The rest requires no further explanation.

Nor do we need to add that the murderers, expelled their lives, and the horse dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still slanders at the recollection of the dreadful night.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

The editor of the Griffin Star, after paying a visit to Upson county, gives the following account of a great natural curiosity of Georgia:

The first grand point of interest was the famous Thundering Spring, located in the Northern part of the county, about twelve miles from Thomaston. We expected to find quite a curiosity, but were completely amazed to find so remarkable a freak of mother nature as this spring. It is located in the wildest part of the mountain extending through the country, and there in the solitude of the wilderness presents a most remarkable phenomenon.

The dimensions of the spring proper are about five feet in diameter, and of an unknown depth, for experimenters have repeatedly sounded its depths in vain, and no bottom can be reached. The water boils up with great force; bubbles of gas constantly rise up through the water and explode at the surface. This gas is highly combustible, and is frequently set on fire as it makes its escape. Such is the force with which the water rises that a human body cannot sink, but is hurled up in a standing position. It is a famous boiling place, and we took the first opportunity to plunge into this bottomless well. There we could stand upright for hours, with nothing to support us but water. The earth around the spring is a beautiful white sand, of fine grain, giving away readily at the touch of the foot, but immediately reforming as before. The walls of the well are perfectly symmetrical, as if dug by the hands of man. As low down as we could reach with our feet, we could kick a hole in the wall, and as soon as the foot was removed, the well would immediately reform as before. The temperature is delightful and the waters are invaluable, especially for diseases of the skin and blood. The spring constantly makes a low, rumbling noise, from which it derives its name.

Metecosis.—Physicians often recommend metecosis as the most wholesome meat—the easiest digested, and best suited to invalids; while pork is everywhere known as the most unwholesome flesh. In England it is to this, rather than to roast beef, that the Englishman owes his robust health and ruddy complexion. Our people eat too much pork and too little metecosis. And yet, as a contemporary well remarks, "metecosis can be produced pound for pound at less than half the price of pork; while more nutriment than meat, and keeping sheep does not exhaust a farm to the extent that hogs do." She can be kept during the winter on hay and turnips or mangel-wurzel, or sugar-beet, with hogs will not do without at least some corn. We would like to see in the paper fewer accounts of pig-pens and more about the sheep.

SINGULAR FULFILLMENT OF A PREDICTION.

In the year 1788, Eugene Carotte supported with a distinguished party of guests at the house of the Duchess de Grammont. He sat silent at one of the tables, staring at his half-empty glass, and only rousing from his reverie when the victory of philosophy over religious superstition was too loudly announced. Suddenly he sprang up, leant over the table, and said in a hollow voice, and with pallid cheeks:

"You have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, for you will all be witnesses of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. As you are aware that I understand something about prophesying, be good enough to listen to me. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon; you, M. N—, will die of poison; and you, M. N—, by the executioners' hand."

On hearing the strange outbreak, all began protesting that poison, and execution had nothing to do in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason, on whose approach the soothsayer had just congratulated them, but Carotte coldly continued:

"And all this I tell you, will happen in the name of reason, humanity, and philosophy. All I have announced will take place when reason is the sole ruler, and has its temple."

"In any case," Chamfort retorted, "you will not be one of the priests of that temple."

Not, M. de Chamfort; but you assuredly will, for you deserve to be chosen before for such functions. For all that you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and will not die till some months after that desperate operation. As for you, M. Vicy d'Arny, it is true that the gout will prevent you opening your veins, but you will have them opened by another person six times in the same day, and die during the following night. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold; and so will you, M. de Malesherbes."

"Thank Heaven!" Riller exclaimed, "M. de Carotte only owes a grudge to the Academie."

But Carotte quickly continued:

"You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a destiny for yourself and the rest of the company here present are philosophers like you."

"And when will all these fine things happen?" some one asked.

"Within six years from to-day."

Every one acquainted with the history of the French Revolution will perceive how exactly the prophecy was fulfilled.

THE LAW OF HUMAN INCREASE.

Dr. Nathan W. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., whom some may remember as prominent in the discussions of theories of population, at the last meeting of the Social Science Society, of Boston, has published a pamphlet further illustrating his views of the subject. Political economists for the last half a century have studied the problem, what condition of circumstances of physical nature are the most favorable to an increase of the numbers of a people. Dr. Matthews' famous "HOWARD & CO." tendency of mankind was to multiply was considered to be the amount of substance increased to nourish them, was the first definite statement of a rule. Since his time many ingenious suppositions have been proposed and argued but as yet there is no generally accepted principle. The investigation of the matter is extremely difficult on account of scarcity of reliable statistics, and the impossibility of tracing all probable causes in question. All the theories which have been offered have been reached in a more or less a priori manner, and their acceptability rests generally upon other than scientific grounds. Dr. Allen's peculiar opinion is that civilization, with its excessive mental training, and the neglect of physical exercise, has an ingenious physiological influence upon individuals, and so common to its effect become that the whole cultivated class in a nation become weak in procreative power. As a consequence the families of the better class are smaller than those of the lower class, and the learned and refined have constantly to recruit from the ignorant and ill-mannered. There is no doubt of this latter condition. It is readily admitted. But whether Dr. Allen's method of accounting for it can be accepted remains to be seen. The evil results of civilization, where civilization means the sacrifice of health to dress and amusement, is not doubted. But it will be difficult to prove that a natural and healthy mental culture impairs the powers of the body, and this, it we understand him, Dr. Allen maintains.

THE HUMAN EYE.—George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, declared that he could count the most ferocious animal by looking at it steadily. Lord Spencer said:

"Well, there is a mastiff in the court yard here, which is the terror of the neighborhood; will you try your power on him?"

Pitt agreed to do so, and the company decended to the court yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down a short distance from the animal and stared him sternly in the face. They all shuddered. As a signal given the mastiff lay flat on his back, and rushed furiously toward Pitt; then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and hopping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after.

During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little way before my carriage on the road near Vienna, I perceived two huge dogs bounding toward me. I recollected what Pitt had done, and trembling from head to foot, I ran, but resolution enough to stand still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot came up to me, stopped for a moment and went back again.

ORDERS OF PUBLICATION.—Every schoolboy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II, having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of the up of a standing position. It is a famous boiling place, and we took the first opportunity to plunge into this bottomless well. There we could stand upright for hours, with nothing to support us but water. The earth around the spring is a beautiful white sand, of fine grain, giving away readily at the touch of the foot, but immediately reforming as before. The walls of the well are perfectly symmetrical, as if dug by the hands of man. As low down as we could reach with our feet, we could kick a hole in the wall, and as soon as the foot was removed, the well would immediately reform as before. The temperature is delightful and the waters are invaluable, especially for diseases of the skin and blood. The spring constantly makes a low, rumbling noise, from which it derives its name.

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AVENUE TO YOUNG MEN.—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour of your life to advantage, and study to make a leisure hour useful. Think twice before you spend a dollar; remember you will have another to make for it. Look over your books regularly, and if you find an error trace it out.—Should a strictly fair fortune come upon you in your business, retrench, with liberality, but never fly the track. Confound difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will fly at last; then you will be honored, but shrink, and you will be despised.

A man gathering mushrooms was told they were poisonous.

"Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself—I sell them at the hotel."

In the United States, during the past year, twenty tons of postage stamps have been used.

Beautiful! a couple of nice young lady out of a mad-hat.