

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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## SATURDAY NIGHT.

A DOMESTIC REVERIE.

Saturday night! Alone I sit—  
In musing mood before the fire—  
A pleasant book—the burner lit—  
What more could studious man desire?  
A moment since, my merry girl  
Was bounding forth in childish glee—  
Those laughing eyes—those rosy cheeks—  
Oh, they are worth the world to me!

They climbed and clambered for the kiss—  
The good-night kiss that all must share,  
The signal seal of household bliss,  
Before the whispered evening prayer—  
(The "now I lay me down to sleep,")  
So softly and so meekly said—  
My angels guardian watches keep  
Around my darling's peaceful bed.

Life, with my pet, is sunny morn—  
For them each day my glories glow—  
For them new buds of bliss are born—  
Blue skies, for them, arch all below;  
They wake with gladness in their eyes—  
They feel no care—they know no ill—  
Each morning brings some sweet surprise,  
Which dreams at night, make sweeter still.

My prayers are with them while they sleep—  
My prayers go with them when they wake;  
They are the jewels which I keep  
And cherish for my Mary's sake!  
Yes, doubly dear they seem to me,  
New motherless in tender years,  
And thoughts of their fatherly  
Brings some times smiles and sometimes tears.

Nor less beloved the form that stood,  
In passive silence near my chair,  
Just blushing into womanhood,  
My eldest daughter, grave and fair;  
Her wave of life with softest gleam,  
Was sweet, till one cloud of woe,  
With spreading margin, far and wide,  
O'erspread all that lay below.

And he—the boy that bears my name,  
So full of pranks and mischief lore—  
I love much to praise—to blame—  
I know not which he needs the more;  
His scorn of study, love of fun,  
His games, roving, wayward will,  
Leaves patience sometimes quite o'ercome,  
And yet I love the youngster still!

## A JUVENILE AERONAUT.

In some respects the most remarkable ascension that ever took place was one made by an apprentice boy of twelve years old named Guerin, who was taken up by the action of the balloon itself without his consent, and without any intention that he should go up on the part of any other person. It was a rarefied air balloon. The car was in the form of a boat, and was to be suspended from the balloon by cords attached to each end of it when the balloon was filled. There was also an anchor suspended by a cord from the bottom of the boat, which was intended to catch upon the ground and hold the balloon when it should come down.

After the balloon was filled and was ready to go up, some of the assistants held it by cords, while others went to work to attach the car to it. They had secured the car, and were then going to secure the other, when by some means or other, the balloon broke away from those holding it and began slowly to rise, and at the same time to drift along with the wind, dragging the car and the anchor over the ground. It happened that, as the anchor was thus drawn along, and was beginning to rise, it passed so closely over this boy—who was sitting quietly near by with his companions, not dreaming of being any thing but a spectator of the proceedings—as to catch the fluke in the waistband of his pantaloons, and as it continued to ascend it took him up with it.

The boy uttered piercing screams and cries and calls for help; and there was perhaps no harm in this so long as he held on bravely. Of course no help was possible except calls to him from below to hold on. He found that the waistband began to give way, and he instinctively grasped the rope above his head with both hands, and so sustained himself. The strength of the ground and the air of the hook in his waistband, would not have been sufficient to sustain his weight many minutes; and the waistband was not strong enough without the hands. Both together, however, answered the purpose.

It was very fortunate for Guerin that it was Montgolfier, that is, a rarefied air balloon, and not one filled with hydrogen, that was running away with him; for in the latter case the gas within would have continued to expand as the outside pressure upon it diminished by the increasing elevation; and as there would have been no possibility of opening the valve, as is usually done, to relieve it, the balloon would have burst and collapsed, and the poor boy would have fallen a thousand feet or more to the ground with full force. But being a Montgolfier, the ascending power gradually diminished as the air grew cool, until at length, after floating a moment in equilibrium, it began slowly to descend. As the balloon descended, the rope which had begun to untwist under the influence of the boy's weight, turned more and more rapidly; and inasmuch as a person suspended from a balloon is never conscious of his own motion—the illusion which makes the motion seem to be in the earth and not in the balloon being perfect—as it is indeed on a smaller scale to a person going up in the elevator of a hotel—it appeared to Guerin that the earth was spinning round beneath him in a vast and most

frightful gyration. Guerin was more terrified than ever. As he drew near the ground, or rather, as it appeared to him, as the ground and the concourse of spectators upon it came whirling up to him, he cried out to the people to save him. They called to him in reply not to be afraid, that he was all right; and, receiving him in their arms as soon as he came within reach, they at the same moment stopped the spinning of the earth and unhooked him from the anchor.

The incident of course created a great sensation at the time; and, as the account of it became a part of the history of aerostation, the story will be repeated in all coming times! Guerin found himself very suddenly famous. As he was only in the air about fifteen minutes, it is very probable that this boy acquired historical immortality at an earlier age, and in a shorter time, than any other human being.—*James Albott, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

**SOME GIANTS.**—In 1718 a French ascensionist named Herion endeavored to show a great decrease in the height of men between the periods of the Creation and the Christian Era. Adam, he says, was 123 feet 9 inches high; Eve 118 feet 9 inches; Noah, 27 feet; Abraham, 20 feet; Moses, 13 feet. The allegation about Adam is moderate compared with that made by early Biblical writers, who affirm that his head overtopped the atmosphere and that he touched the Arctic Pole with one hand and the Antarctic with the other. Traditinary records of the primeval giants still exist in Palestine in the form of graves of enormous dimensions; as the grave of Abel near Damascus, which is 30 feet long; that of Seth about the same size; and that of Noah, in Lebanon, which is 70 feet in length!

Pliny says that by an earthquake in Crete a mountain was opened, and in it was discovered a skeleton standing upright, 46 cubits long, which was supposed to be that of Orion or Otus. The same author relates that in the time of Claudius Caesar there was a man, named Gallarus, brought by the Emperor from Arabia to Rome, who was 9 feet 4 inches high, "the tallest man that had been seen in our times." But this giant was not so tall as Posio and Scudellini, in the reign of Augustus Caesar, whose bodies were preserved as curiosities in a museum in the Sallustian Gardens, and each of whom measured in length 10 feet 3 inches.

The Emperor Maximus (very much of a man) was 9 feet high, and was in the habit of using his wife's bracelet for a thumb ring. His shoe was a foot longer than that of any other man, and his strength so great that he could draw a carriage which two oxen could not move. He generally ate forty pounds' weight of flesh and drank six gallons of wine every day. Not at all a desirable or profitable guest for the "St. Nicholas," even at the current price of food; though not so tall as one of whom Josephus tells, viz., "Elezar, a Jew, who was one of the hostages whom the King of Persia sent to Rome after a peace. This giant was over 10 feet high. But these are pigmies compared with him of whom Kircher writes (though this is what a Yankee philosopher would denigrate as a whopper) the skeleton of this giant was dug out of a stone sepulchre near Rome at the reign of the Emperor Henry II., and which, by an inscription attached to it, was known to be that of Pallas, who was slain by Turnus, and was higher than the walls of the city! The same author tells us that another skeleton was found near Palermo that must have belonged to a man 400 feet high.

In times more modern (1613), some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dunblane, in a hill which by tradition had long been called "The Giant's Field," at the depth of 18 feet discovered a brick tomb 30 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet high, on which was a gray stone with the words "Theobochus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire 25 feet long, 10 feet wide across the shoulders, and 5 feet deep from the breast to the back. His teeth were about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured 4 feet in length.

Plot, in his "Oxfordshire," 1676, says that a skeleton 17 feet high was then to be seen in the town-hall in Leicester. It had been found under an oak in William, near the village of Roylein. He instances numerous gigantic bones which had been dug up in England, and adds: "It remains that (notwithstanding their extravagant magnitude) they must have been the bones of men or women; nor does any thing hinder but that they may be so, provided it be clearly made out that there have been men and women of proportionable stature in all ages of the world, down even to our own days."

Old Cotton Mather held the belief that there had been in the antediluvian world men of very prodigious stature, in consequence of the finding of bones and teeth of great size, which he judged to be human in Albany. He describes one particular grinder weighing 43 pounds, and a broad flat, fire-tooth four fingers in breadth; also a bone, supposed to be a thigh-bone, 17 feet long, which, with the others, crumbled to pieces as soon as it was exposed to the air.—*W. A. Scaver, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

**A LITTLE MAN.**—Perhaps the most remarkable dwarf of which there is any record, in ancient or modern times, is Count Joseph Borulawski, born in Polish Rus-

sia in 1730. His parents were of the medium size, and had a family of six children, five sons and one daughter.—Three of the former, when full grown, exceeded the middle stature; but the other two and the daughter attained only that of children of about the age of four years. At the time of Joseph's birth he measured only 8 inches in length, but he was neither weak nor defective, and his mother, who suckled him herself, frequently stated that she never had a more healthy child than she.

The incident of course created a great sensation at the time; and, as the account of it became a part of the history of aerostation, the story will be repeated in all coming times! Guerin found himself very suddenly famous. As he was only in the air about fifteen minutes, it is very probable that this boy acquired historical immortality at an earlier age, and in a shorter time, than any other human being.—*James Albott, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

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## HOW IT FEELS TO DROWN.

A sailor named George Forbes, who arrived in Detroit Saturday, on board the snow Kate, loaded with wool, from Georgia Bay, C. W., gives the particulars of a notorious adventure which occurred on Thursday night last, while the vessel was beating about in a gale, about twenty miles off Port Huron. His escape from death was so purely marvelous, and his sensations while struggling so curious and well defined, that the narrative will be read with interest.

When the squall struck the snow I was on the lookout head; we have only three men and a boy, and as one was at the wheel, of course two was off watch and below. The gust set everything to rattling; it seemed for a moment as if every stick of canvas was going into the lake. Yelling out to the watch, I had first jumped on the rail to mount the shroud, when the wheelman gave me one too much, for he had come spinning up into the gale's eye, and I had not time to hold his cry of alarm before the jibbing boom took me full in the back.

The next instant I was going down, down, the surging, chilly water of the lake, swishing and gurgling round my head. I felt the full nature and extent of the calamity, and realized even before I came to the surface, that I should have a swim for life. I have sailed the lakes for eleven years, seen a good deal of hard service, and I made up my mind not to knock under until the last foot of cable run out. I had on heavy clothing, and a big pair of boots, and when I popped up among the white caps I immediately commenced trying to divest myself of the heavy weights.

With the waves knocking me right and left, and the surging water rolling me over and over, this was by no means an easy task, but at last I got my shoes and coat off, and then I felt more like taking a swim. I had by this time drifted far to the leeward of the snow, but the excited voices of the men came over the water to my ears. I knew that I had been missed, and that search would be made for me as soon as the force of the squall had passed away. The water seemed like ice. I had hard work to keep my arms and limbs in motion. I tried floating, but the ugly white caps filled my mouth in spite of all I could do, and I had to confine my exertions to simply keeping my head above the angry waves. I held my breath several times, but realizing that the screaming wind drowned my voice I leaved my breath for a swim.

Drifting and swimming I went farther and farther into the gloomy blackness toward the leeward, and the rattling of the oar and the shouts of the men soon died away in the distance. I am a married man, and have a wife and two children at Saugeen, Ontario. We sailors look rough, and some of us have a bad habit of swearing and drinking; but then, we that have a mate and little ones don't entirely forget them. Going into that black darkness, half a mile to leeward, I began to see that I was drifting farther away from help and nearer death.

The water was getting thoroughly stirred up, and the way the white caps stirred me backward and forward made me weak. I thought of Lizzie and the two little girls, and my heart tightened up like a string when I felt that my dead body might go drifting and swishing about among the breakers for a month before being picked up. When we came down before, and laid at this dock over Sunday, an old grey-haired man gave me a tract, which told me something about—you know, mister, you have seen 'em, and you know we would all be better to read more of 'em. Well, every word of that little tract seemed to come right up before my eyes, and went ringing through my brain.

After a time the wind went down, the sea got a little smoother, and I felt sure I would soon come home from the snow. I was feeling more courage, and striking out with a will, when a sudden cramp caught me all over, and I could not do another stroke. I felt like a lump of lead.—My head began to spin round, a great lump rose up in my throat and choked me, and my eyes closed up as if a weight had been hung on the lids. I began to drown, I felt it; then came a feeling something like a red hot iron being drawn through my brain, and my head felt like fire. A humming roaring noise went through my ears, and my body felt as light as a feather.

The waves carried me about without an effort on my part, and I laughed—it seemed so curious that I actually laughed. I didn't care for Lizzie—only wanted to float and drift forever on the rollers.—The water came into my face and mouth, but I never tried to keep my head up. I would not have moved my finger to have been aboard the snow. It grew darker and darker, the old fire-feeling came through my head again. Something clutched me by the leg and drew me down. I reached to and to, felt a noise like the discharge of a cannon, and then I dropped to sleep.

Forbes had floated all of a mile to leeward of the snow, which lowered her boat as soon as the squall abated and pulled away, not, however, with the slightest hope of keeping the last sailor. The boat's crew kept up a continual shouting, pulling her and thither, until, just on the point of returning, the boat struck the floating body in the head, and it was discovered and hauled inward. On board the snow, the drowned man was rolled on a barrel, given hot whiskey, and the captain avers that it was at least a good half-hour before Forbes showed signs of recovery.

turning animation. When the latter narrated his adventure on Saturday noon, he was still too weak to do more than crawl about the cabin, and had a set hatred of any kind of food.

**THE ROSE, SHAMROCK AND THISTLE.**—*Chambers' Journal* gives the origin of the national emblems as follows:

**The Rose of England.**—In the early part of the reign of Henry VI., about the year 1450 a York nobleman and gentleman were discussing who was the rightful heir to the English crown. After a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would be more free from interruption. Scarcely, however, had they arrived, when they saw Richard Plantagenet approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his presence, a great silence ensued. He, however, asked them what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper Henry of Lancaster, who had filled the throne. A false and absurd politeness preventing their making any reply he added, "Since you are so reluctant to tell your opinion by words, tell me by signs, and let him that is an adherent of the House of York pull a white rose as I do." Then said the Earl of Somerset, "Let him who hates flattery, and dares to maintain our rightful king, even in the presence of his enemies, pull a red rose with me." When Henry VII. married Elizabeth York, the rival houses were blended, and the rose became the emblem of England.

**The Thistle of Scotland.**—In the reign of Malcolm I., in the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by Danes, who made a descent on Aberlenshire, intending to besiege Stirling Castle, a fortress of importance. The still hour of midnight was selected as the time for commencing the attack. When all was ready and there was reasonable hope that the inmates of the castle were asleep, they commenced their march. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes to prevent their footsteps being heard.—They approached the lofty tower, their hearts beating with anticipation of victory. Not a sound was heard from within. They can scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they have but to swim across the moat and place scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs! But in another moment a cry from themselves rouses the inmates to a sense of their danger, the guards fly to their posts and pursue the now trembling Danes who now fly before them. Where arose this sudden change of affairs? From a very simple cause. It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, was in reality dried up, and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured with pain, forgot their cautious silence and uttered the cry which had alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle.

**The Shamrock of Ireland.**—One day St. Patrick was preaching at Tara. He was anxious to explain the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The people failed to understand and refused to believe that there could be three persons and yet but one God. The holy man paused a moment, absorbed in thought, and seeing a shamrock peeping from the green turf exclaimed, "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united in one stalk?" His audience understood without difficulty this simple yet striking illustration, to the inexpressible delight of St. Patrick, and from that day the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland.

**Don't Worry About Yourself.**—To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning diseases. The mind has power over the body. For a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease.—This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves; and the medical poets so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they have only in imagination. We have seen a person sea sick in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known a person to die of cancer in the stomach, when they had no cancer or any other mortal disease. A blindfold man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death.—Therefore, well persons, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their attention directed as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved; and it is by their faith they die. As a man thinks so is he. If he will not die he can often live in spite of disease; and if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their soul and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their souls, and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

**ASTHMA.**—A correspondent sends the following:—"Dissolve some salpeter in hot water, dip thick white blotting-paper in it until quite wet; then dry it, and when the person is suffering, put it on a plate and light it; it will smoulder away; it is close to the person's mouth, and he will at once find his breath come easier."

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**A BOYS COMPOSITION ON CORNS.**—Corns are two kinds, vegetable and animal.—Vegetable corns grow in roses, and animal corns grow on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is unicorn, capricorn, corn-doggers, field corn, and toe corn, which is the corn you feel most. It is said I believe, that gophers like corn, but a person having corns does not like to go far if he can help it. Corns have horns and many colons have corns.—Vegetable corn grows on the ear but animal corn grows on the feet, at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is the corn, these grow on oaks, but there is no hoax about the corn. The acorn is corn with indelible articles, but the toe corn is a very definite article indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn, he wishes it was an acorn.

Folks that have corns, sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is earned he won't do as well as if he isn't. Doctors say that corns are produced by tight boots or shoes, which is probably the reason why, when a man is tight, they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal of corn on an acre but I know a farmer that has one corn, that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger a crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it, but the bigger a crop of animal corn a man raises, the better he don't like it.

**THREE CENTURIES OLD.**—The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest burial rabe, found in its original state, and was perfectly preserved, considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures.

The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it—the monarch whose crumbling bones and lathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the life mark of the deluge, though scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when the first of the early world lived, move, we had his being. His flesh and bones were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch. His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

**The Young Men.**—Mr. Parton writes: "If you look into the early life of truly hopeful men, those who make life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth.—In early life the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury, and this to such a degree that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys, it is simply the truth of science."

This is true. Take the lowest view of life and character, the follies of youth permanently affect the mind. It is true also in the higher place of moral life. Our sins make impression upon us, giving direction to our thoughts, and shape to our purposes, that will be visible even long after we have repented of our sins. It is a pernicious maxim that young men "must show their wild oats;" it is a false and ruinous theory of life that treats immorality in early life as a matter of indifference. If you would be pure, noble, useful men, be pure, honorable, useful while young men.

**EXERCISE.**—Exercise which is most agreeable is usually the most beneficial. In selecting methods of exercise, every individual should be guided by his own individual tastes. It is better to change frequently from one exercise to another. It is well to consult our whims and our varying moods. Above all things we should strive to prevent our exercise from becoming a dry, hard, mechanical routine. The heart should go with the muscles.

A parther has been ravaging Connecticut, and the people are busily hunting him. Recently a party, after a weary tramp, did not find the parther, but did find the following notice upon a tree:—"Owing to temporary illness the parther will not appear to-day. How is your grandmother?"

"Bones, you have traveled a great deal, where you ever in Greece?"  
"No, Snow; but I fell into a thundering big tub of soap once."

A husband can really foot the bills of a wife who is not afraid of being seen foot ing the stockings of her husband.

Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other it will probably run.

## NOTICE.

WE have this day formed a copartnership, under the name and style of Wm. A. Paige & Co., for the purpose of conducting the CARPETRY and COMMISSION BUSINESS, at No. 17 Commerce st., and hope, by strict attention to business, to receive a liberal share of the public patronage. Respectfully,  
W. A. PAIGETT,  
AND H. SPIRIBUS,  
late with Neale, Harris & Co.  
March 7, 1867—1y.

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned take this method of informing the public that they are still associated together in the CARPETRY and COMMISSION BUSINESS, at No. 17 Commerce st., and hope, by strict attention to business, to receive a liberal share of the public patronage. Respectfully,  
W. A. PAIGETT,  
AND H. SPIRIBUS,  
late with Neale, Harris & Co.  
June 6, 1869—1y.