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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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Dec 8, 1870.

DR. P. EDMUNDS,

DENTIST.
Leonardtown, Md.
Jan 27, 1870—11.

THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

Dark and heavy war clouds loomed,
Satan, or thy ramparts strong,
Laden with the deadly shower
From the President's charging throng;
And for neither right nor reason,
(Which from power never saves),
Dies an Empire reared on treason—
Slavery, by the hand of Slaves.
But from out the dust and gloom,
Comes a maiden, fair and pure,
With her spotless banner flying
From Paris to the banks of Loire;
And before "The Great Alliance"
Proudly dawn the giant throng,
Calmy gives them her defiance,
If they still shall be her foes.
Shame upon the despotic greed
That could smite the deadly stroke;
Threaten her with death so speedy
Or the hated, galling yoke,
Shame upon the nations round her
That, with looks and feelings cold,
See the tyrant's horde surround her—
See the iron pierce her soul.
Yet no feebly hand outstretches
To defend her from her foes,
Or to save her from the wretches
Or to ward their cruel blows.
Shame upon our own great nation,
Boasted champion of the free,
Which so proudly claims the station,
"Defender of fair liberty!"
Who hobbles a dying Sister,
Struggling hard for life in vain,
And with naught but words assist her,
Words that only cause her pain?
May the knave's God defend her,
He who knows what'er is best,
And in his good time may send her
Life and peace and happiness. Fxxx

THE SUNKEN CITY.

Among the commercial sea-towns of Holland, six centuries ago, Stavoren held the place. The ships of its merchants covered the seas, and imported the productions of all zones. Such an extensive commerce raised the wealth of this town to a hitherto unknown extent. It is true that they were here, as elsewhere, many poor, but the wealthy vastly outnumbered them. High life, luxury and magnificence, the usual companions of great riches, prevailed, for in foolish pride and ruinous zeal each citizen tried to outvie the other in pomp, splendor, and extravagant habits. Tradition relates there were many houses which equaled palaces in their grandeur. They were constructed of marble, the interiors ornamented with the most artistic devices, covered with the richest tapestries, provided with the finest furniture, the doors bound with the most precious metals, instead of iron.
But of all the Stavoren merchants none could compare in riches with the virgin Richberta. The success with which each of her speculations was rewarded, and not seldom with unexpected profits, seem to show to her to what degree fortune could lavish her favors on a mortal, and how long allow her gifts to be enjoyed.
The commercial fleet of the virgin merchant visited the remotest seas, and not only returned each time with the richest profits but loaded with the most expensive wares, with ornaments of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, which were employed in the palace of their mistress and shone on its walls.
Such unexampled good fortune Richberta could not support with indifference, and it is the maxim that "great misfortunes are easier to be borne than immoderate happiness," he true, Richberta was destined to be a glaring proof of the truth of this assertion.
Her pride and vain glory kept step with the increase of her riches, and she showed this both by content for her fellow-creatures and by preparing the most luxurious and extravagant feasts, less with the intention of amusing and gladdening the town, than to give her guests the opportunity to admire the ever-changing splendor of her apartments, and to be astonished at the foreign and costly food and wine, and thus excite their envy.
At one of these senseless repasts, she invited to her banquet, and leaving the heart void, a strange guest was announced. He came, he said, from foreign countries; had seen many royal kingdoms and the splendor of their courts, and had come to admire Richberta's riches, which fame reported to be miraculous.
The flattered mistress begged the stranger to take a seat at her side. He appeared to be still a robust old man, in the picturesque costume of the Orient. His conduct was both dignified and noble as he stepped to Richberta, expecting the welcome from her hand, which, according to the usage of his country, is given symbolically by the offering of bread and salt.
But there was no bread on the luxuriant table, which groaned under its burden of rare, epicurean dishes, and from which the simple nourishment of poverty was banished.
Silently the stranger seated himself, and while taking refreshments related, in a manner which attracted eyes and ears upon him, of his travels, and of water, of foreign nations and customs.
Every guest was entranced with his words; but not so the virgin Richberta. Her vanity could expect nothing else than that the stranger should be loud in his praises of her riches, the brilliancy of her feasts, and would make comparisons giving fresh nourishment to her pride. To these subjects, however, he made no allusion; till finally driven to desperation, she demanded of him herself, when he

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

O braid those lilies, maiden fair,
Into the folds of thy dark brown hair,
White as foam of the wide salt sea;
Sing gay carols through the field and street—
Light be the dance of the tiny feet—
Love and Death wait for thee.
Young Love waits his brow to rest
Glowing with life on thy ivory breast,
When Summer is high over the sea,
And the bitter sweet of the golden South,
In a thousand kisses shall cling to thee.
Ancient Death, a masker quaint,
Waits till thy voice grows weary and faint,
And thy foot no longer dances free;
Then, where the shadows of yew trees fall,
And the river flows hushed by the churchyard wall,
To his clay-cold breast he foldeth thee.

A LOT OF PUZZLES.

"Two brothers," began the professor impressively addressing the hostess "were walking together down the street and one of them stopping at a certain house, knocked at the door, observing, 'I have a niece here who is ill. 'Thank Heaven,' observed the other, 'I have got no niece,' and he walked away. 'Now, how could that be?'"
"Why, it's a riddle," exclaimed Mr. Fanning, delightedly.
"And one that you will not guess in a hurry, simple as it is," observed the professor confidently. "Come ladies and gentlemen, solve the problem."
"I see," ejaculated Mrs. Housewife.
"Hush! whisper in my ear," cried Puzleton, with all the excitement of a child with a toy. "Don't let 'em hear it. Nice by marriage? Stuff and nonsense. The thing is not any foolish kind of catch at all, and once more he glanced with hostility at Fanning, as much as to say, "such as he would ask you." Nothing can be simpler than my question. 'I've got a niece here, that's ill,' says one brother. 'Thank Heaven, I have not got a niece,' says the other. 'How can that be? You all give it up? Well, the invalid was his daughter.'"
"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Housewife despondingly. "How very stupid in us not to find it out!"
"Yes, indeed, ma'am," answered the remorseful servant. "The failure only shows how difficult it is for ordinary minds to grasp more than one idea at the same time. The attention is solely fixed on the different varieties of nieces."
"And also," observed Mr. Aloys (who was much displeased at being classed among "ordinary minds," and also, the attention is naturally distracted from the point at issue by the brutality of the father's remark. Now, that is in itself "a catch," in my opinion."
"Well, sir, I will give you another simple exercise for the understanding, that has no such distracting element," observed the professor coolly. "A blind beggar had a brother. The brother died. What relation were they to one another. Come, tell me that."
"Why, they were brothers," exclaimed the colonel, with the rapidity of a small boy at the bottom of his class, who hopes to gain promotion.
"No, sir," answered the professor, regarding Thunderbolt with interest as a significant type of some low order of intelligence; "they were not brothers, or I should scarcely have asked the question."
"They might be brothers in law," suggested Fanning.
"Undoubtedly, they might be," replied Puzleton, with a pitying smile; "but they were not."
"Stop a bit," said Macpherson hurriedly, like one who has not got his answer quite ready, but yet doesn't wish to be anticipated. "The blind beggar, you say, had a brother, and the brother died. Well, of course, if one was dead you know they could not be brothers any longer."
"The idea is novel," observed the professor gravely, "but you have not hit upon the exact solution. The fact is, gentlemen and ladies, a blind beggar may be either a male or female. In this instance, she was a female. They were brother and sister."
"I call that a catch," said Aloys gloomily.
"Well, at all events, it was an easy one and you all missed it," returned the professor, with a quiet triumph. "Now I will give you one more example of social arithmetic, which will be in all respects bona fide. It is a simple question in subtraction, and all I shall ask of you is—since two or three guesses would arrive at the truth by mere elimination—to write down the reply on paper. A man went into a cobbler's and bought a pair of boots for sixteen shillings. He put down a sovereign, and the cobbler, having no change, sent to a neighboring public house, and gave it to him. Later in the day, the landlord of the inn sent in to say that the cobbler making it right; which he accordingly did. Now, how much did the cobbler lose by the whole transaction?—There is no play upon words, or anything but a common sun in arithmetic."
"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world," ejaculated Housewife. "Of course the cobbler lost just—"
"Be quiet, sir!" cried Puzleton, very angrily. "Write it down will you—if you can write."
"Scratch a Professor, and you find a Tartar," whispered Aloys. "You had better do as he wishes."
So we all wrote down what we imagined to be the loss which the cobbler had sus-

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

No one who reads the Scriptures can fail to notice the frequent occurrence of certain numbers; and in both the Old and New Testaments we find that unusual prominence is given to the numbers.
The Old Testament opens with the creation of the world which is said to have occupied six days, and the seventh was devoted to repose; and among the Jews the seventh year is also consecrated to the rest of the year, and is called the sabbatical year, and the seven times seventh year is styled the year of jubilee.
It would be almost impossible to mention all the instances in which the number seven occurs in the Scriptures, but we will briefly notice a few of them, and perhaps some of our readers may be interested to search for themselves for a number which figures so conspicuously in the sacred writings, and to whose religious significance many scholarly minds have given much time and thought.
In the Old Testament we have the seven days of the week; we find also that in certain sacrifices the sprinkling of blood was repeated seven times; that a leprous house was closed for seven days, and afterward sprinkled seven times; the consecration of the priests continued seven days; the feast of the tabernacle lasted seven days, and children were not circumcised until they had reached their seventh day. All are familiar with the story of Jacob, who served seven years each for Leah and Rachel. In Pharaoh's dreams, of which Joseph was the interpreter, the number of seven was applied to the king and the ears of corn, signified the seven years of plenty and of famine that were to come upon the land of Egypt.
Seven years were required to conquer Canaan, and the temple was seven years in building. Namaan was commanded to wash seven times in Jordan. In compassing the city of Jericho, seven priests, bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns, preceded the ark; they thus marched about the city seven days, and on the seventh day seven times.
As a magical charm, Samson was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were woven with the web.
In the New Testament we have the seven baskets of fragments. In Matthew xviii, 21, 22, we read: "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven."
In the book of Revelation the number seven is used very frequently. There are seven churches of Asia, seven stars, seven golden candlesticks, seven spirits of God, the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, the book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven vials with seven last plagues, the earthquake destroying seven thousand men, and the beast and the dragon having each seven heads. The witnesses prophesy in sackcloth the half of seven years, and lie unburied the half of seven years.
From sacred history we pass to profane; and among a large number of examples, we will mention the seven ages, the seven champions, the seven hills, the seventh son of the seventh son, the seven sleepers, the seven wonders of the world, the seven stages of life (Shakespeare), and the seven wise men. In astronomy we have the seven stars called Pleiades, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus. We read of the seven-fold shield of Ajax; of seven-fold rage; Milton says:
"Of ever best, and bird, and insect small,
Each seek had seven cars."
There is an ancient couplet, by Thomas Heyward, who lived in the seventeenth century, which runs thus:
"Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no roof to shield his head."
It has been frequently stated that seven is the number of hours that should be devoted to sleep. We remember a little couplet on this point which amused us in our childhood:
"Nature requires five, custom takes seven,
Laziness nine, and wickedness eleven."
Sir William Jones gives the safest counsel in regard to this matter:
"Seven hours to care, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."
Seven is often used to indicate a great number—as, "Seven times as many," "Seven score," and "Doubled seven times," and to refer to the Bible once more, we find in Proverbs this passage:
"The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."
Leaving the sober paths of sacred and profane history, we find that the number seven has also been popularly adapted in the field of wit and humor; however, we will give but one example, and that is an ancient riddle:
"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

THE WILD MEN OF CALIFORNIA.

A correspondent of the Antioch Ledger, writing from California, says: "Last Fall I was hunting in the mountains about twenty miles south of here, and camped five or six days in one place, as I have done every season for the past fifteen years. Several times I returned to my camp after a hunt, and saw that the ashes and charred sticks from the fire-place had been scattered about. An old hunter notices such things, and very soon gets curious to know the cause. Although my bedding and traps and little stores were not disturbed as I could see, I was anxious to learn who or what it was that so regularly visited my camp, for clearly the half-burnt sticks andinders could not scatter themselves about. I saw no tracks near the camp, as the hard ground covered with dry leaves, would show none. So I started on a circle around the place, and three hundred yards off in damp sand, I struck the tracks of a man's feet, as I supposed—bare, and of immense size. Now I was curious, sure, and resolved to lay for the bare-footed visitor. I accordingly took a position on a hill side, about thirty or seventy feet from the fire, and securely hid in the brush. I waited and watched. Two hours or more I sat there and wondered if the owner of the feet would come again, and whether he imagined what an interest he had created in my inquiring mind, and finally, what possessed him to be prowling about there with no shoes on. The fire-place was on my right and the spot where I saw the track was on my left, hid by bushes. It was in this direction that my attention was mostly directed, thinking the visitor would appear there, and beside, it was easier to sit and face that way. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill whistle, such as boys produce with two fingers under their tongue, and turning quickly, I ejaculated, "Good God! as I saw the object of my such standing beside my fire, erect and looking suspiciously around. It was in the image of man, but it could not have been human. I was never so benumbed with astonishment before. The creature whatever it was, stood full five feet high, and disproportionately broad and square at the shoulders, with arms of great length. The legs were very short, and the body long. The head was small, compared with the rest of the creature, and appeared to be set upon his shoulders without a neck. The whole was covered with dark brown and cinnamon-colored hair, quite long on some parts, but on the head standing in a shock and growing close down to the eyes, like a Digger Indian's. As I looked, he threw his head back and whistled again, and then stooped and grasped a stick from the fire. This he swung round and round, until the fire on the end had gone out, when he repeated the manœuvre. I was dumb, almost, and could only look. Fifteen minutes I sat and watched him, as he whistled and scattered my fire about. I could easily have put a bullet through his head, but why should I kill him? Having amused himself, apparently all he desired, with my fire, he started to go, and, having gone a short distance, he returned and was joined by another—a female, unmistakably—when they both turned and walked past me, within twenty yards of where I sat, and disappeared in the brush. I could not have had a better opportunity for observing them, as they were unconscious of my presence. Their only object in visiting my camp seemed to be to amuse themselves with swinging lighted sticks around, and it has often raised an incredulous smile; but I met one person who has seen the mysterious creatures, and a dozen who have come across their tracks at various places between here and Pacheco Pass."

COOKING OYSTERS.—As this is the commencement of the oyster season, we will let our readers know how to cook them.

Oyster Soup.—Put two quarts of oysters, liquor and all, in a pan, and then on a stove to heat, but don't let them boil or come very near to it; now drain off the liquor into your soup kettle and put in a pint of water and two quarts of new milk, half a pound of butter, a little whole allspice and pepper. Have the oysters all this time where they will keep warm, and then, and salt to the taste. Just as you are ready to serve the soup, break up some crackers fine and put them into the soup, before the oysters are put in. Salt should always be put in the last thing in any soup, stew or fricasseo where milk is used, for it is likely to curdle. Oysters should never be boiled, but only scalded; it makes them tough and shrinks them all up. If they are to be stewed, heat them hot, but don't boil them. Always have the soup or gravy hot.
Oyster Stee.—Put as many good fresh oysters with their liquor, as you think you will need into a pan on the stove to heat, but not boil. Drain the juice of into a pan. As soon as it boils add half a pound of butter and some pepper. When this boils, add a pint of cream and thick on a little with flour; after this boils up once, put in the oysters, more salt if necessary. Serve hot.
Oyster Toast.—The same as the preceding, but no cream. Thicken the juice a little with flour. When the stew is ready, have a few slices of toast laid in a dish, well buttered, and pour the oysters in. It is best to heat the dish hot that you put your oysters in to send to the table, as they are so much better hot than merely warm.
Oyster Sauce without Cream.—Make in all respects the same as with cream, only substituting half a pint of water for the cream. Many persons prefer oysters stewed in this way.
Oyster Fritter.—Make a batter of milk, flour, eggs, cream-of-tartar, salt, and in proper proportions. Don't make any thicker than for pan-cakes. Drop an oyster into each spoon of batter as you dip it out, and fry in hot lard. Brown well on both sides.
Oysters Fried.—Drain the oysters well, roll in fine-rolled cracker and fry in hot lard and butter, two-thirds lard and one-third butter.
Oyster Pie.—Line a deep basin with puff-paste; add a large tallow and place inside to support the lid, then roll and ornament a piece of paste, the same as for a common pie; put on the basin and bake slowly. Have an oyster stew made as above, without cream, and fill the basin as soon as the paste is done. Serve immediately.

SCIENTIFIC SIGHTSEEING.—As this is the season for killing hogs, the following plan for dispatching them by a Chester County, Penn., farmer may be of interest to some readers who desire to do their butchering quietly, expeditiously and with due regard to humanity. He says, kill your hogs by shooting them. He has tried it for many years, and declares that he shall never abandon it to turn to the old sticking and squealing routine. All that is necessary to be done is to place a small slug, made of mercury or some wood, in your gun, and with a small charge of powder drive it into the brain of the animal at a point between or a little above the eyes. This will cause instant death. In nine cases out of ten the hog will turn on its back and be stuck and bleed freely. The advantages of this method may be enumerated as follows: It requires less help, is more expeditious; the hog dies without a struggle, is not excited, and bleeds as freely, if not more so, than when stuck alone. The pork not so soon after killing, is much better, will keep as well; and lastly, it is more humane than to use the knife exclusively.

A WEATHER GUIDE.—Two drachms of euphor, half a drachm of pure saltpeter; half a drachm of muriate of ammonia, and two ounces of proof spirits, in a glass tube or narrow phial, will make a pretty sure weather guide. In dry weather the solution will remain clear. On the approach of a change, minute stars will rise up in the liquid; while stormy weather will be indicated by the very disturbed condition of the chemical combination.

WHAT HAVE YOU THAT'S GOOD?

"What have you that's good?" said a hungry traveler, as he seated himself to a dinner table in Salt Lake City. "Oh, we've roast beef, roast mutton, boiled ham, and boiled curlew." "What is curlew?" "Curlew? Why a curlew is a bird something like a snipe." "Could it fly?" "Yes." "Then I don't want any curlew. Anything that had wings on could fly, and didn't leave this darned country, I don't want for my dinner."

MINT JELLY.—Strip the tender leaves of mint into a tumbler, add to them as much wine, brandy or any other spirit as you wish to take. Put some pounded ice into a second tumbler; pour this on the mixture from one tumbler to the other until the whole is sufficiently impregnated with the mint. Now place this glass in a larger one, containing the pounded ice; on taking it out of which it will be covered with frost work.

A DELICIOUS SOCIETY IN AUBURN.

A debating society in Auburn, Crawford County, Ohio, has decided that the three colonies were not justifiable in declaring their independence. The old-fashioned Americans who were on the ground at the time decided the other way.

ENCOURAGEMENT AFTER CORRECTION.

Encouragement after correction, is like sunshine after a shower.
Gedliness has the promise of, and secures the blessing of both worlds.
Those who retract, love themselves better than the truth.

A HINT FOR TRADERSMEN.—The Niagara Mail says that advertising goods "is just like mortar" or taking a crying baby to church. If you sleep in church and don't snore, how's folks on the back seats or in gallery to know you are there? and in regard to the baby, folks would never know you could raise one, if, when nurse takes him to church, he didn't begin to let off steam. But when he yells out good and strong, everybody, parson and all, feel mighty good; they look at him and say to themselves, "Fine baby that, by hokey!" A regular young rhinoceros-cow, by gum!

THE MORE YOU BELIEVE THE MORE YOU KNOW.

The more you believe the more the people know it, and the more they know it, the more they think about it!