

Saint Mary's Beacon

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871

VOL. VIII

ST. MARY'S BEACON

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

Terms of Subscription.—\$2.00 per annum to be paid in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper will be discontinued until arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until notified, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square. All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot guarantee the accuracy of communications unless we know the writer.

PROSPECTUS OF THE BALTIMORE Evening Journal.

Solicited and encouraged by many influential citizens of Baltimore to undertake the enterprise of a Daily Evening Journal in this city, a great public necessity at this time, we have determined after a careful survey of the field, to establish an UNADULTERATED DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

which, while it clings to the great principles of American liberty, as enunciated by the Washington and the Declaration of the past, will, nevertheless, courageously entertain the respect for the opinions of those who differ from us.

Our chief object will be to restore fraternal co-operation between the North and South. We shall strike unflinchingly military despotism, oppressive taxation, and official dishonesty in all quarters. We will be independent of all classes, and publish a paper for the people, who can rely upon the firm advocacy of the right, and fearless exposure of the wrong. In a word, our motto shall be: "The people's advantage is the guiding rule for deciding all questions of State." We shall advocate a rapid immigration to the West, and uphold the equal rights of all citizens, native or adopted. We will oppose with all our strength, any attempt to array one class of fellow-citizens against another, regarding such action as dangerous, factious, un-republican and un-American.

The Baltimore Evening Journal will be issued on Monday, September 14th, 1871, at No. 122 West Baltimore Street. There will be three editions daily at 1 1/2, 3, and 5 o'clock. P. M. Either edition of the Evening Journal will be sent to subscribers living in the city for 12 cents per week, payable bi-weekly to the carriers. Persons wishing to subscribe, by leaving their name at the office will receive promptly.

E. M. YERGER & CO.,
122 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore,
Sept. 7, 1871.

PINEY POINT PAVILION, SAINT MARY'S COUNTY, MD.

This old and popular resort is now open for the reception of guests. Salt Water, Bathing, Fishing, Shooting, Excelsior, Tennis, Tennis, Croquet, etc., etc.—with a plentiful supply of Northern Ice, renders this place more attractive and desirable than ever before. It will be under the immediate direction of Mr. John H. Kirkwood, formerly of the "Kirkwood House," Washington. Terms \$3 per day; \$10 per week; \$50 per month.

A. R. POTTS,
Proprietor.

Dental Notice.

I RESPECTFULLY inform my patients and the public that I will be at home on and after the FIRST of SEPTEMBER, when I will be pleased to wait on those who honor me with their patronage. Office and residence Leonardtown.

All operations pertaining to Dentistry performed on the teeth.
Respectfully,
Aug 24, 1871—31. PAGE EDMUNDS.

INFORMATION WANTED.

INFORMATION is wanted by Perry Watts of his relatives who had been heard of in St. Mary's County, Maryland, and who would confer a lasting favor on him by communicating with him, James Watts, and who are at present residing in the following places, and to whom he would be glad to hear from.

PERRY WATTS,
Jefferson, Texas,
July 14th, 1871.

Boarding School for Young Ladies.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART will open a BOARDING SCHOOL for Young Ladies at ROSCROFT on Wednesday, the 6th of September.

Board and Tuition, \$150 per year.
Aug 17, 1871—10.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

We are authorized to announce JOHN A. DUNBAR, Esq., of Saint Inigo's district, as an independent democratic candidate for a seat in the lower branch of the next General Assembly of Maryland.

EM. BRACON,
Aug. 17, 1871.

FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY.

Mr. Editor.—Please announce on the authority of numerous friends in Choptank district, that P. PARRAN CRANE will be warmly supported for the position of State's Attorney for St. Mary's county at the ensuing election.

'TIS FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS.

Sitting upon our cottage stool,
By autumn maples shaded,
I call the gentle visions up
That time had nearly faded.
The evening light comes from the west,
In streams of golden glory;
So fold your head, love, on my breast,
And hear my olden story.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Since, hearts and hands together,
We launch'd our bark, the ocean clear
And all serene the weather.
With simple trust in Providence,
My fortune, good and common sense,
Your dowry, love and honor.

For five-and-twenty years, my dear,
The hills lightly skimming,
One day the skies grew dark and drear,
Our eyes and spirits dimming.
How dark that night from'd overhead,
When hope forsook us sorrow,
And we beside our fringing bed
Drank our first cup of sorrow.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Yet music's in our dwelling,
The children's prattle that we hear
About our hearthstone swelling.
Good God! from all the loving band
So glad to call you mother;
With heart to love and hand to hand
Clinging to one another.

Through five-and-twenty years, my dear,
When'er my arm was weary,
And scarce I knew the way to steer,
Your words were ever chery.
When mid the tempest and the night,
With courage sorely shrinking,
Then on our way God gave us light
That kept our faith from sinking.

'Tis five-and-twenty years, my dear,
Slight change in you revealing;
Let o' my brow—you see them here—
Yet let them come, while still thy breast
Retains the fond emotion
That served my arm when first we prest
Our way out on life's ocean.

THE THIRD BRIDAL.

"Harry, who do you think is to be married next week?" said Mrs. LeGrange, a beautiful woman about twenty-three years of years, as she sat with her husband in a cozy dining-room, partaking of the delicious repast before them, chatting affectionately at the same time. "Their cards arrived this morning, inviting us to be present at both ceremony and breakfast. I am sure you will be surprised to know the name of the bride! Can you guess it?"

"Not unless it prove to be Carrie Staunton," replied the husband, smiling. "You are very far from being correct. Why, it is no other than your old friend, Louise Penuel. Just think; after all her seeming attachment to her husband, she has only waited two years, and is now to marry William Wilmarth. Is it not disgraceful?"

"Why, no, Ida, I see nothing disgraceful in it. Two years is not a long time to wait for a second husband. To me, a second marriage proves love and happiness to have existed in the first," returned LeGrange.

"Oh, Harry, how can you say so?" the bare idea of a second marriage is revolting. Do you think, with all my love for you, our five years' happy married life, our perfect congeniality of disposition, that were you to die, I could so far forget as to allow another man to call me wife?"

"My dear, I know full well your true affection for your husband; yet since you really ask my opinion, be not offended if I speak candidly. I feel, then, assured that my Ida's loving little heart would pine and grieve for a while; yet, for the very reason that you possess an uncommonly affectionate disposition, that your heart would turn to some sympathizing person, and you in time would love him."

"Never! Never! Even the lapse of ten years would bring no consolation. But I should not care to live that length of time, without you, Harry."

"So saying, Harry rose from the table, and passing by his wife, he pressed a loving kiss upon her lips, then turned to hasten to his office.

"Stay yet a little while, Harry. You have made me so uncomfortably blue with your probabilities, that I dread your leaving me."

"Only for an hour, Ida, to meet a gentleman by appointment. I will return as soon as possible, and to make amends for the 'improbabilities,' will take you to the opera this evening. So be ready."

As he left her, Ida turned to the window, where, as she watched his commanding figure far down the street, she murmured, "Dear husband, how much I love him! He only said I would marry again to tease me. I never would."

"Ida," said LeGrange, one morning, about three months later, as he returned from the office at an unusual hour, and passed hurriedly to the sitting-room, "I have some good and bad news to tell you."

"What is it, dear? You surprise me," returned she, trembling, as she received his accustomed kiss. "If both good and bad is to be related, give the good first."

"Not so very," said the young man, passing his arm around her, and drawing her to a seat beside him on a sofa. "But I am sorry to be obliged to leave for a few weeks. Mr. Martin, the writer of the letter, wishes me to start immediately for Leeds, as my presence is absolutely necessary in settling the business. Mr. Tremaine, my partner, also urges me to go, as I can then at the same time attend the collection of some money due to the firm, and thus save sending another messenger."

"Oh, Harry, how can I part from you?" exclaimed the affectionate wife, as she leaned her head against his shoulder, to hide the tears that would fill her eyes, notwithstanding her struggles to repress them.

"I will hurry back, Ida, and will write almost every day. Then your mother and sister Lily can stay with you while I am gone. Be a brave little woman now, and help arrange my trunk, for I must leave by the evening train."

"So soon? Oh, Harry, this is dreadful!" said she, with a look of anxiety that over the features loved so truly, she exerted a strong will, and in a few moments was ready for action.

All too soon the hour of separation came; and as the poor young wife clung to her husband in parting and received his last loving kiss, then heard the carriage drive from the door, she rushed to her own room, and throwing herself upon the bed, wept long and unrestrainedly.

Weeks passed on, cheered by daily letters from the absent; and Ida began to count the days that must intervene before her return. His account of his travels had been glowing and interesting; his words of devoted love had pleased and cheered her; while his business had nearly all been satisfactorily arranged, only one single slight item being left for his attention; and then he wrote: "I shall turn my face homewards, and once more be happy by the side of my own dear wife."

This letter arrived one clear, cold Wednesday in March; and with a radiant face and beaming eye, Ida communicated the glad news to Mrs. Linden, her mother; then humming a lively tune, she proceeded to some little wife preparations and surprises with which to welcome her wanderer.

So the day passed—Mrs. Linden enjoying the rich smiles and happy laughter of her daughter, and even little Lily partaking of the general joy; when suddenly, as they sat at the tea table, they were startled by a quick ring at the door-bell, and in a moment a telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of Mrs. LeGrange. With trembling fingers she opened it and read: "Mr. LeGrange lies dangerously ill at the Union Hotel. Wife and partner come immediately."

With a cry of agony, the frightened wife handed the paper to her mother, exclaiming: "Oh, mother, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Stop, my child; be not overcome. Tell Margaret to run to Mr. Tremaine's house, and ask him to come to us as quickly as possible."

A brief space only intervened before the partner of Mr. LeGrange entered, and was made acquainted with the sad intelligence. He immediately offered to accompany Ida to the side of her suffering husband, and as he had some little preparations to make, it was decided to leave town the following morning. Ida and Mr. Tremaine sat waiting for the carriage which was to convey them to the station; when just as it whirled round the corner, approaching the house, another telegraphic dispatch was placed in the hands of the poor young wife. Turning deadly pale, she glanced at its contents, then uttering one piercing cry, and sank senseless on the floor. Picking up the paper she had dropped, the mother read aloud the fatal words, while Mr. Tremaine raised the insensible form before him and laid it upon the sofa. The words were these: "The Union Hotel at Leeds was burned last night. Two gentlemen perished in the flames. Mr. LeGrange one of them."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is too horrible to be true. There may be some mistake. I will hasten on to see." Thus saying, the young man sprang into the carriage and drove rapidly out of sight while Mrs. Linden applied herself to the restoration of her child.

"Can I see Mrs. LeGrange?" asked Mr. Tremaine, a few days later, as with a sad countenance he rang the bell of that handsome residence, into whose love-girdled rooms he was now to bring woe of the darkest kind.

The first look at the distressed face of Mr. Tremaine extinguished the last ray of hope from poor Ida's heart; and burying her face upon the pillow of the lounge on which she reclined, she exclaimed: "My dear, dear Harry! Oh! can it be possible that he is no more?"

Very tenderly Mr. Tremaine, amid her bursting sobs, related all the particulars he could gather of the dreadful conflagration. It seems the fire broke out in the lower part of the hotel, about two in the morning, while the inmates were wrapt in their deepest slumber. With much difficulty the inmates were saved, and after all were supposed to be rescued, while the flames raged furiously, fearful screams were heard, and then, for the first time, two very sick men were remembered; but, notwithstanding, every effort was made for their rescue; it was of no avail, and they must have perished. Many rumors, however, were circulated, and among others, that a fireman was seen leaving the building with an insensible form in his arms; but as nothing was again heard, to confirm the report, it proved, of course, to be untrue. Now the stern reality stared them in the face. Harry LeGrange was dead, and Ida was a desolate widow.

Fourteen months have rolled onward; it is now June, yet Mrs. LeGrange still mourns. Nothing that her mother could think of had been spared to divert her mind from her loss, but it all seemed vain, and daily her sinking frame and languid eye told of an early death, if not rescued by the physician, finally had advised Mrs. Linden to travel with her daughter, as nothing but an entire change of scene could save her from a certain doom. Mrs. Linden could scarcely see how this could be accomplished, as she felt it impossible for herself to leave home; she therefore resolved to consult Mr. Tremaine, who, throughout their affliction, had proved their adviser and friend.

Mr. Tremaine called that evening, and as Mrs. Linden saw him alone, she being too weak to appear, she communicated the physician's opinion, and asked his advice in regard to further proceedings.

"My dear madam," was his sympathetic reply. "I think I am just the person to assist you. I have long contemplated a tour to the East with my only sister, whom Mrs. LeGrange has often met. If she will join us, it will be a benefit to Mary, and a great pleasure to myself."

He can make preparations to leave by the steamer on the Oriental steamer, which sails in a fortnight."

Mrs. Linden gladly accepted the proposal, and, after much persuasion, Ida was induced to give a reluctant consent. Hasty preparations were then made, and by the middle of June the farewells had been spoken, and Mr. Tremaine, with his sister and friend, were speeding away from Southampton toward the distant land they loved.

Their voyage was prosperous and pleasant, and the steamer quite refreshed the languid frame of our young widow. Mr. Tremaine proved kind and careful as a brother, while Mary soon won for herself a firm place in the affections of the young widow by her unceasing sympathy and care. At length the shores of Egypt appeared in sight, and soon their willing feet touched the soil made welcome after their voyage upon the ocean.

They will linger to describe their travels through the East, nor tell of the pleasures with which they explored the justly-celebrated scenes of Palestine, but will only add that the balmy air of the Levant fully restored the rosy glow of health to the widow's cheek, while her dreamy hazel eyes once more sparkled with animation and hope.

When again, however, they found themselves upon the steamer, gliding rapidly over the waters toward their native shores, Mr. Tremaine and Mary felt that they were amply repaid for the care of the new-found peace of mind of their friend.

It was a clear moonlight evening in September when, upon a lonely portion of the deck, two young people might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation.

"Nay, do not draw away your hand, and look so pale at my words of love.— Surely you can trust my affection; then Ida, to relieve my suspense, and promise to be mine."

A long pause followed those pleading words, then faltering she answered, "My dear friend, I cannot tell what all these strange emotions mean that are swelling my heart. I did not dream that I could ever think of another, but—"

"Nay, do not pause now—or rather, let me proceed for you. Your lonely, affectionate heart needs rest and love; and where could it find a more fitting shrine than with one who loved and prized you as her husband? Could Harry look upon us now from Heaven, he would not withhold you from me. Will you not, then, love and bless me forever?"

"Oh, Tremaine, how can I say No when my whole heart warms to Yes?" was the low reply.

Three months more we will allow to pass before we again resume our story, and this time we will recommence it by paying a visit to Harry's widowed mother. We find her dressed in the deepest mourning, about entering the parlor to see a gentleman who had sent up a card bearing the name of Henry Noel. She did not recognize the name as among her acquaintances; so without delay she descended to meet him.

"Excuse me, madam, for intruding upon your time," said the stranger, addressing to meet her as she entered; "but having been acquainted with your son many years since, and hearing of the sad accident that befell him, I could not pass through London without calling to ask particulars of his death."

"I am most happy to meet one so deeply interested in the story;" so much so that his earnest blue eyes scarcely left her face.

"Only a wife! She, poor thing, seemed to sink entirely beneath the blow.— For fifteen months we thought she was going into a decline, but she recovered, and was married four weeks ago. But Tremaine, poor Harry's partner. But, sir, you are ill!" exclaimed the good woman, seeing Mr. Noel stagger to a seat; for he had risen during her story, and was standing close by her side.

Once more, a whole year passes before we enter Mrs. Tremaine's parlor; but we start back in surprise at seeing her again dressed in black. Ten, poor Tremaine is no more. Only a few months after his marriage, a slight cold, which he neglected, brought on a serious illness, which proved fatal, notwithstanding all the assiduous nursing and delicate attentions of his truly devoted wife.

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"Nay, do not pause now—or rather, let me proceed for you. Your lonely, affectionate heart needs rest and love; and where could it find a more fitting shrine than with one who loved and prized you as her husband? Could Harry look upon us now from Heaven, he would not withhold you from me. Will you not, then, love and bless me forever?"

"Oh, Tremaine, how can I say No when my whole heart warms to Yes?" was the low reply.

Three months more we will allow to pass before we again resume our story, and this time we will recommence it by paying a visit to Harry's widowed mother. We find her dressed in the deepest mourning, about entering the parlor to see a gentleman who had sent up a card bearing the name of Henry Noel. She did not recognize the name as among her acquaintances; so without delay she descended to meet him.

"Excuse me, madam, for intruding upon your time," said the stranger, addressing to meet her as she entered; "but having been acquainted with your son many years since, and hearing of the sad accident that befell him, I could not pass through London without calling to ask particulars of his death."

"I am most happy to meet one so deeply interested in the story;" so much so that his earnest blue eyes scarcely left her face.

"Only a wife! She, poor thing, seemed to sink entirely beneath the blow.— For fifteen months we thought she was going into a decline, but she recovered, and was married four weeks ago. But Tremaine, poor Harry's partner. But, sir, you are ill!" exclaimed the good woman, seeing Mr. Noel stagger to a seat; for he had risen during her story, and was standing close by her side.