

Saint Mary's Beacon

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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ADVERTISING.—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 mentioned in the advertisement, it will be published until filled, 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; but no notice will be given to them. The real name of the advertiser will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is for every pain.

It was the first and is the best.

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, always inflicting no harm, and never injures, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other fluids or organs, by one application.

In From One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Neuritis, or protracted with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will relieve all kinds of pain.

Information of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Constipation of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy of the Heart, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh, Indigestion, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague, Cholera.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part of the body where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will cure a cold, headache, toothache, neuralgia, heart burn, cold headache, diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, wind in the bowels, and all internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a more reliable agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarial fevers, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other fluids or organs, by one application.

HEALTHY BEAUTY!

Strong and pure rich blood—no loss of flesh and weight—clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

has made the most astonishing cures, and is the only medicine that cures the blood, and restores the system to its natural state, and repairs the system with new material, made from healthy blood—and this the Sarsaparillian does, and does so—there is no other medicine that does so—when you take this Resolvent, its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the mass of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, his appetite improving, and his weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent cure all known venereal agents in the cure of chronic, syphilitic, constitutional, and other skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for Kidney and Bladder Complaints, gravel, diabetes, dropsy, erysipelas, skin eruptions, and pain in the small of the back and along the joints.

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purifier Pills, perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purify, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal system. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from functional derangements of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, flatulency of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all the above named disorders.—Price, 25 cents per box, sold by all Druggists.

Read "Facts and Truths" sent one free, stamp to **NEW WAT & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York.** Information worth thousands will be sent you.

June 25, 1871-72.

Licensed Auctioneers

JAS. F. & B. R. ABELL, having qualified as Auctioneers according to the requirements of the License laws of the United States, give notice that they are prepared to attend to the sale of all real estate or other property that may be offered at public auction in St. Mary's county.—Address, Jas. F. & B. R. Abell, Leonardtown, Md.

may 12, 1870-4.

WHAT IS DEATH?

(Written for the Beacon.)

What is it that mortals fear

With such dark, mysterious dread?

And why seems death so blank and drear,

When tens of millions souls have fled?

It is we fear the unknown leap

When the bonds of life are breaking;

We know in death we fall asleep;

But oh! what is the waking!

And when for his last journey dressed

We stoop to kiss a friend's cold brow,

We know, we feel, he is at rest

And whisper "he is happy now!"

But yet while by his corpse we weep

Are vainly sobs making,

We know in death he fell asleep,

But oh! what was his waking!

Why should we fear this certain change

Of death to immortality?

'Tis wonderful true, 'tis wonderful strange,

Since we were only born to die.

Yet when we see death's shadows creep,

With fear our hearts are quaking,

We know in death we fall asleep

But oh! what is the waking!

Oh! dark mysterious unknown shore,

With wrecks of life so rudely strewn,

Who leaves that coast return no more

But to blank eternity has flown.

But there does he forever weep

Or eternal pleasure taking.

We know in death we fall asleep,

But oh! what is the waking!

Oh! wretched, dreary, unknown shore,

Of millions who have passed the tide,

Can no single soul return from them,

To tell us of the other side?

To lead us back like straying sheep,

If the fold we are forsaking.

We know in death we fall asleep,

But oh! where is the waking!

Oh! Jesus, Savior of mankind,

So strong to kill, so quick to save,

Illume each benighted mind

With hopes of life beyond the grave.

When on the shore where wild winds sweep

The billows of life are breaking,

We know that when we fall asleep,

That joy shall greet our waking!

Oh! Jesus, once immortal man,

Yet losing all a mortal's woe,

Show us Thy light, lead us Thy hand,

When from this vale of tears we go,

Keep us, oh! thou dear Savior, keep,

While our unknown journey making,

Be with us in our waking!

ALPHA.

THE GEROLT ROMANCE

One of the romances of Washington city was recently enacted in the Gerolt romance.

For nearly thirty years Baron Gerolt served the interests of Prussia at Washington city, and he lived and died there.

He had a terrible eye when aroused, and now it flashed fire. He seemed to rise to the height of two ordinary men. He took a step backward, and with his hand raised to the full length of his long arm, and with his finger quivering toward Heaven, said with a voice that went through man, if John is right, in God's name let him fight by God!

The poor woman went back to her room to weep. We followed Clay into the breakfast room, where he sat his long and drank his tea in silence, and then returned to his study to read. Whatever his feelings as a father might be, they were not shown in his countenance or appearance. I have seen Forrest, Moberly and Booth, but they are tame to the voice, gesture and eye of Clay on that occasion.

In the Fall of 1843, Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati sent to Mr. Clay a demijohn of native wine. Mr. Longworth had imported the wine from the vineyard in Italy, and prided himself on having a splendid thing. It was a five-gallon demijohn, the stopper covered with wax, and stamped with the letter "L."

There were six or seven boys in the family, averaging some sixteen or seventeen years old. We used to study in the evening in our room, and would borrow the cellar-key of Mr. Clay and bring up a pitcher of cider and a half of apples, to help us along in our lessons. One night it was proposed we should taste the Cincinnati wine. We found a corker, and carried up a pitcherful. It was capital, and before many days we found the demijohn empty. We knew Clay was liable to want it at any time, and it must be filled.

On the following night we took a servant, who toted the big bottle on his head to a small store-room, two or two and a half miles away, kept by a negro, where he had it filled with whiskey at fifteen cents a gallon, which with a quarter we gave the boy for helping us along, cost us a dollar. We had hard work getting this demijohn back to the house—it was too shaped right for easy carrying—but length it was safe in the cellar. We had previously made some wax about the color of that which was on the stopper, and had carried a letter "L" out of a piece of bark. The bottle was duly sealed, stamped, and deposited in its proper place.

In 1844 the prospects were that Mr. Clay might be President, and he thought so himself. He gave a grand dinner, among his guests being John J. Crittenden and Tom Corwin. Every one in the best of spirits, and after the ladies retired the merriment was even higher than before. The boys remained, never being excluded from his grand dinners. As the party were about rising, said Clay: "Gentlemen, I have some of the finest wine in the world, and the first native American ever manufactured; and there can be no more fitting opportunity for testing its merits than the present. John, do you know whereabouts in the cellar that bottle of wine which was sent to me from Cincinnati?" "Yes, sir," replied the servant, that demijohn here under your arm, and had been talked of electing a Democrat in his place. Clay got into his carriage, which was as rickety a concern as can well be imagined, and rode home in moody silence. We knew he was mad. The following day he did not go out.

During the second day his servant went to his room and informed him that a crowd was at the front door. "Begone," was the only response. The negro went down and told the crowd that Mr. Clay was quite unwell, and the fatigue of travel had just prostrated him. The doctor had just left and forbidden his seeing company, but he would be happy to see them as soon as he was able. For several days this went on. "People then began to call meetings and send committees. The State officers finally took it up and invited him to give an address. I shall never forget that speech. His voice was like a bugle and swelled to trumpet calls. His eyes glowed like fire. He frothed at the mouth, and defied them with the eloquence and power of a demon. But it took the gallant Kentuckians by storm, and he was again elected to the United States Senate.

Clay owed \$30,000, for which there was a mortgage on Ashland. This interest was always paid punctually, but he could never reduce the principal, and this became a source of great annoyance to him. In 1844, when he visited the bank to pay the interest as usual, the old French clerk handed out the note. "What does this mean?" inquired Clay, under the impression that they had refused to let it run any longer, and he knew of no way to meet it. "The note is canceled, sir," replied the clerk; "you owe this bank nothing." "My God!" said Clay, "have I friends as good as this?" He was affected to tears, which is said to be an only time he was ever known to weep.

John Clay was a wild, reckless fellow, and the favorite of his mother. In those days it was not beneath a woman's dignity to do something, and she would often take in knitting or pick berries, which she would send to town; and John would soon be on a spree with the money. She was one of that kind who can never do enough in the world, and use all their exertions to alleviate distress and the sufferings around. One night it was whispered around among us boys that John had gone away to fight a duel. In the morning, as we went to our meal, we halted before entering the breakfast room, as was our custom, waiting for Mr. Clay to come from his study and lead the way. We saw

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ADVICE TO WORKMEN.

—Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his sermons, spoke of the working classes as follows:

There is a tendency among the working class to shorten their hours of labor, sympathizing with this and I abhor it: I sympathize with it so far as it is one of the signs of advancement among the working classes of their attempt to sin higher and nobler, and I abhor it in so far as it is tending to make men feel that work is not a good thing for them, that they must shrink in equivalent and enlarge in reward. I don't believe the common people are going to carve out independent fortunes by any combination except hard knocks, and a good many of them, during a good many hours of the day. Our fathers did so, and their children must learn that they have got to work hard and long to achieve success. I should be glad to have wages paid by the hour, by if men expect that eight hours a day is going to be all that is necessary for their support, they are wrong. My own impression is that there are very few men that can make enough out of eight hours a day to enable them to educate their children and lift their family far higher than they found it. Politicians say a great deal about the interests of the workmen, they are praised a great deal in the papers, and God forbid that I, who have the blood of blacksmiths in my veins, should not drink well of workmen. But they should love work for its own sake, and their children must be brought up to feel that they must by work make themselves independent. Do not expect a division of your fathers' estate. Be honest; be manly! Cultivate a spirit of independence, and by the sweat of your brow work out your own salvation. There is a pride in this, and a just pride, and I honor a man who can say, "I am not indebted to fortune for my prosperity; I earned it by the sweat of my brow; I hazarded every dollar of it with that sweat." Money so earned generally stays by a man, and usually has a man to stay by. (Laughter.) Do not rely on luck. It is asked, Do you not believe in luck? Yes, he that has a good father and mother has good luck. He that has a good father and mother whipped him enough had good luck. He that has common sense has good luck. He that rises early and toils late has good luck. Men that do not drink intoxicating liquor have good luck. A man that does not quarrel, but by kindness wins the love of all around him has good luck. He that has good facilities has good luck, but I never knew a man that was weak and changeable that had good luck. Luck is in work; do not trust to any other luck; fool's trust is lottery, to superstitions luck. Mr. Beecher then advised frugality, and said that those who were unhappy who were so brought up that they did not have to economize. It was not so much the value of the money saved by frugality as it was the moral benefit of the habit, and the man in this country that knew how to save was sure to become rich before he died, unless he died very soon. He warned his hearers against habits of self-indulgence, and incalculable the necessity of self-culture, closing by advising the audience in all things to have a firm trust in God, who would order all things for the best.

A NEW MANNER.

—A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Lofden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the codfish, collected during the great winter fisheries of the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries; but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about \$45 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call a fish hair, which is made from the best dried codfish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sand or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuits. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

CELESTIAL BODIES.

—The moon is our nearest celestial acquaintance, but it has the safe distance of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles. Great as is this space between the earth and the moon, the sun could not pass through it; but still perhaps a still better idea of the sun can be obtained from the fact that it is should be entirely hollowed out, there could still be room for the sun's entire path in diameter all round,—for the diameter of the sun is 882,000 miles! No wonder David exclaimed, "When I consider the Heavens, the work of thy hands, and the moon and stars which thou hast made, Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

REVENGE IS SWEET.

—The young ladies anti-tobacco society in Waterville, Me., is offset by the young men's anti-cocaine association.

THE HINDS EXTEND THEIR HOSPITALITY.

—The Hindes extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying, "The tree does not withhold its shade even from the wood-cutter."

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MORAL CHARACTERISTICS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.

—Of the moral characteristics of the ancient cities we should be glad to know more; how the quiet course of domestic life glides beneath the walls of Karnak and the tower of Belus; what vivid joys were prized; what joys or sorrows disturbed the current of existence. How far the modern city exceeds the ancient in good order or tranquility is difficult to determine. Yet some indication of moral progress may be discovered. The corruption of Babylon and Thebes was followed, after the lapse of centuries, by the high culture of Greece Athens taught humanity. No gladiatorial shows nor human sacrifices were permitted by its progressive people. Demosthenes boasted that his life had been passed in the service of his native city, and in a constant effort to win the esteem of his fellow-citizens; Pericles, that no Athenian had ever suffered by his fault. Benevolence and charity were cultivated in all the Greek cities. The name of Gillias of Agrigentum is preserved, whose immense fortune was wholly employed in aiding the indigent and providing for the welfare of others—the Counts or Peabody of antiquity.

Integrity was prized as the chief of civic virtues. To make profit from a public office was an unpardonable crime. Pericles boasted that he had never increased his moderate inheritance by a single drachma through all his long tenure of office. Aristides was known as the Unconqueror. In the pure days of Rome the great lived in poverty, and Fabianus cooked his own simple fare. Cato was so careful of his honor that he weighed and accounted for all the gold he brought from the East.—Regulus, rather than violate an oath, went back cheerfully to slavery and death, leaving his family dependent on charity. Of all the plunder of wealthy Carthage he took nothing.

Horace has painted, in the grandest of his lyrics, the man of conscious integrity, who, intent on some noble aim, defies the rage of tyrants or the clamors of the people. Juno and Tullius, in deathless satires, hold up to a degenerate age the rigor of ancient honesty. Lycurgus was for twelve years the controller of Athens in its last decline. Millions of revenue passed through his hands, yet every fourth year his accounts were audited, and were found to be rigidly correct. At length, when he was dying, he demanded a new examination.

The auditors reviewed his long career; his accounts were again declared to be perfectly accurate; they were engraved on marble tablets, and the Athenian controller died happy in the approval of his own conscience and of his native city. Fragments of the marble tablets, it is said, have been discovered in Athens, and might prove instructive models for modern financiers.

A RABBINICAL TRADITION.

—The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house, his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them in her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home.

"Where are my two sons," asked he, that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked around the school, and I did not see them there."

"She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked:

"Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessings?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat."

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it, my love," he replied.

"A few days ago a person intrusted some jewelry into my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. 'Wilt thou restore to every one his own?'—but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting you therewith."

"She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah! my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father: "my sons! the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but you were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took the husband by the hand and said:

"Rabbi! didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which is intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be his name for thy sake too, for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

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