

Saint Mary's Beacon

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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To Farmers! To Fishermen! To Gardeners!

R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Washington D. C.

Wanted to return the thanks of the citizens of St. Mary's for the patronage extended to them for the past year, and in continuation of their confidence and patronage.
Have you early VEGETABLES seeking a market? GOLDEN & BRO. for the Washington market, where the highest prices are given and low commission charged.
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Have your STOCK to ship when meats are desired?
GOLDEN & BRO., formerly of Charles Co., Md., and now at 10 and F sts., South-west, Washington, D. C., are anxious at the docks to receive freight. They have a stockyard for cattle, where the market is guarded, and can hold for an advance. Their charges are very moderate.
And when your FRUITS are in season, send them to GOLDEN & BRO. for a ready sale, quick returns and a good profit.
Have you WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, &c., for which you desire a ready sale at good rates? Send them to GOLDEN & BRO., who will effect sales at as good prices as any other city, and at small commission.
If you have POLTRY, or anything else raised in your county, and which would command good prices in a large city, among the best agents you can procure in Washington, are

R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.

Cor. 10th and F sts. southwest, Washington, D. C.

Assets, over \$40,000,000
Assets, over \$50,000,000
Assets, over \$10,000,000
The above companies have been doing business nearly half a century. Their strength and known good management can scarcely allow one to question their solvency.
Rates of Premiums—25 years \$10.00; 30 years \$12.00; 35 years \$15.00; 40 years \$18.00; 45 years \$22.00; 50 years \$28.00; 55 years \$35.00; 60 years \$45.00; 65 years \$55.00; 70 years \$70.00; 75 years \$85.00; 80 years \$100.00; 85 years \$120.00; 90 years \$150.00; 95 years \$200.00; 100 years \$250.00.
The Royal Fire Insurance Company adjust all losses at the Baltimore agency, without reference to the Home office. It has paid all its losses in Chicago and Boston.
Rates—50 cents per \$100 on first-class Dwellings; 75 cents on first-class Frame Dwellings; \$1.25 on Barns and contents; \$1.50 on Stores and Stock. No note given.
I am authorized and will attend to any business for the above companies at my office, or in the country when requested.
Rexes to R. C. Combs, Raphael Downs, Wm F. Greenwell, Ann A. Lawrence, John F. King, Bernard Freeman.
JOS H. KEY.
Feb 26, 1873—2m*

Dental Notice.

I respectfully offer my services to those who may desire them. All operations performed upon the teeth known to the profession of Dentistry. Persons desiring my services at their homes will meet with prompt attention by dropping a note to Leonardtown, Md. Teeth insured in any manner desired, and at reasonable prices. Office and residence in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md. Very Respectfully,
PAGE BISHOP.
Dec 14, 1871—12*

LARGEST and cheapest stock of SHOES in the county at the
BIG BROWN STORE,
Leonardtown.
May 9, 1873

A PERILOUS RIDE.

I was going home "for good," in school-girl phrase. It had always been a promise made by my father, that on attaining the mature age of seventeen, I should leave school, and become the mistress of his house. And although the date fixed had always appeared to me dreadfully distant, the intervening time had at last worn itself away, and the delightful prospect of returning home had become a "sober certainty of waking bliss."

I cannot say that I was sorry to leave Burginister, where I had been at school for seven long years. Not that Miss Winter was worse, I think, than other school-mistresses; but still, school is school, and the present style of luxurious girl's schools had not then been invented. Young ladies of the present day, who are placed at some expensive school where they are accustomed to hot meat dishes or fish on the breakfast table, with all sorts of bread and muffs, and their choice between tea, coffee and chocolate, would have turned up their pretty noses at the plain tea and bread-and-butter of Miss Winter's breakfast-table. *En revanche*, we were better taught, I think, and instead of the modern educational system of attending concerts and shallow lectures from pretensions "professors," we had solid work to do. If we did not exactly learn Wordsworth's ideal world of "plain living and high thinking," we had, at all events, plain living and hard work.

But all this was now to cease—or almost all. My dear father declared that he could no longer do without me for a companion; and while he was at chambers—for he was a hard-working barrister—I was to go on by easy stages with the more ornamental parts of my education, under the guidance of some reliable teachers, especially with water-color painting, in which art my father greatly desired me to become a proficient. A charming prospect I thought it; and the vision of the dear old house in Old Burlington street, with my father waiting to welcome me, filled my eyes with tears as I stood on the platform of the Burginister station, waiting for the train which was to convey me to all these delights.

Miss Winter never would allow any of her girls to start upon a railway journey without herself placing them in the carriage which she thought most free from moral and physical danger, and she took care now to place me in an empty compartment about the middle of the train, with a strict injunction to the guard to allow no one else—she did not choose to say "no gentlemen"—to enter it. As this best was always enforced by the addition of a half crown, the good woman felt no misgiving as to its being attended to, having entire faith in the potency of metallic attractions. But in this assumption she failed to remember that there were other half-crowns besides her own, and that the acceptance by the guard of her own donation in no way prevented that functionary from availing himself of a similar attention from some subsequent donor.

I was glad enough to see the old town quickly become a dissolving view as we sped rapidly toward the city; and as I threw myself back in the carriage of Miss Winter's choice, I began to conjure up the dreamland of happiness which lay outstretched before me. Seventeen years old, with health and a sufficiency of money; a father who loved me dearly, and who was the most charming and intelligent of companions, and around whose cozy round dinner-table assembled men eminent in literature and art; what a delightful prospect it seemed, after good Miss Winter and Fraulien Braun—that materialistic and beer-loving daughter of the Fatherland—supplemented by the average prosaic, silly school-girls amongst whom I had lived so long! They would have called my dear father's associates "fogies," and would have infinitely preferred the jaw-haw, or perhaps hee-haw, of the gilded youth who were his great abomination, and whom he had taught me to appreciate more justly.

I was still buried in my dream when the train stopped at the Carford station; and whilst my own particular guard was admitting a party of ladies into another carriage the Carford station-master opened the door of my compartment, and a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man got into the carriage, bearing a small black traveling-bag in his hand.
It had always been my habit from childhood to speculate upon the nature of the strangers, traveling companions and others with whom I chanced to be thrown into contact; and I was soon deeply immersed in my favorite custom. My fellow-traveler appeared to be rather a handsome man, of perhaps forty, with a magnificent black beard, and a grave, dark, thoughtful eye of peculiar expression. Soon after seating himself he took a tiny volume from the breast-pocket of his coat, and was soon absorbed in its contents. What was he? Not a dergyman in mufti, I thought; he lacked the cheerful, holiday-making and enjoining kind of look which generally characterizes the priest-hood in travelling. A barrister would hardly be so far from his work at mid-day during term-time; and yet he seemed to belong rather to one of the professions courtly called "learned," than to aquisition or trade. At last I determined that he must be a physician traveling homeward from some case at which he had had to stop for the night; and the little man in his hand I placed amongst those pocket pharmacopias which doctors sometimes carry, and consult upon the fly during intervals of labor.
Having settled this knotty point, I relapsed again into my castle-building, when my reverer was interrupted by a hasty movement on the part of my companion, who laid aside his book with an uneasy gesture.

THE YELVILLE SCANDAL.

Nobody had any idea who originated it, and nobody seemed to care who every-body had an interest in settling it.
The old man and the woman, in mysterious whispers, and the young man, in considered it, religiously kept away from her. The young man, who had been somewhat differently treated, and the fear of public opinion, and the inclination, so there was to be out in the village except that tender-hearted old Mrs. Bobolink, that would have anything to do with her, and our people blushed with shame to think that any inhabitant of Yelville would descend to associate with "that girl."
They plied Mrs. Bobolink, they did, on the bottom of their hearts, for they were fully convinced, in their minds, that she was out of hers, and they grew very tender in their ways toward her, and whenever she attempted to defend "that girl" they gravely shook their heads, and soothed her with "yes dear, we know all about it," which so exasperated the unfortunate old lady, that she always left them after calling them "hypocritical fools," and other hard names, which our people bore with Christian resignation and fortitude, knowing that Mrs. Bobolink was not responsible for her actions, and they eagerly looked forward to the arrival of her son Jack, who had just left college with a doctor's certificate, and who was expected to come to the village in a short time, and fill the place of the old physician who had died some weeks before.

They determined to tell him of his mother's misfortune as soon as he appeared, and they felt confident he would put a stop to her actions, and to cut short her acquaintance with "that girl."
"That girl"—they never called her anything else—was a pale-faced, careworn little body, with a quiet beauty that would have won the hearts of our people under other circumstances, and she lived all alone in the "willow cottage," just on the outskirts of Yelville. She took possession of it one night, and our people were first made aware that she had done so by seeing her in the garden the next morning.
The fact of that cottage being on the outskirts of the town, and that girl living in it alone, coming from no one knew where, was certainly suspicious and started the talk, which was at first confined to the village, but which, as circumstances after circumstances became known, from what source no one could say or seemed to care, "that girl" stood before our people as one who had forfeited all claim to the name of a true woman; yet Mrs. Bobolink, in spite of all, would insist that she was a true woman.
But at last Jack Bobolink arrived, and before he reached his mother's house he was in possession of all her doings. He smiled when told of them: "mother was always eccentric," and promised to look into it; and our people were happy in the belief that old Mrs. Bobolink would be taken care of.
But the nerves of our people, which had been tried so much, were to receive another shock. Jack Bobolink actually took to visiting the "willow cottage" himself, and at all sorts of odd hours, sometimes with his mother, and sometimes without; and he got to be as bad as Mrs. Bobolink in calling hard names.
This thing went on for some time, until at last our outraged people could stand it no longer, and the Rev. Mr. Snicker, our venerable pastor, was called upon by a committee and requested to use his influence with the misguided and unhappy young man.
Mr. Snicker promised to do so, and made such an affecting address on the subject that the committee individually and collectively were moved to tears.
Mr. Snicker called, and horrible to relate, Jack Bobolink kicked, no other word expresses it, actually kicked the Rev. Mr. Snicker out. Our people were horrified, such a thing had never happened before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and summary measures must be taken to punish the offender.
A meeting of the church congregation was called, and the little edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity, every pew being filled by the Bobolinks, which had but one occupant, and that was Jack Bobolink himself.
The Rev. Mr. Snicker entered, and Jack Bobolink immediately arose, and looking around, said: "With all due respect to this place, I must say that you are the most uncharitable assemblage of hypocrites it has been my misfortune to look upon. I have this to add: I shall hold personally responsible, and punish as I see fit, any other person, either in this or any other place, against the lady living in the 'willow cottage,'" and then he turned and "stamped" out.
Of course, this was not to be borne, and heedless of Jack Bobolink's words a committee was organized to wait on "that girl," and tell her she must leave the village.
Considerable difficulty was experienced in forming the committee, but at last it was made up of six of the oldest and most respectable of the feminine inhabitants of Yelville. They did not think that Jack Bobolink would attempt to injure them.
The committee started the next day to perform their duty. When they neared the "willow cottage," they saw that the parlor windows were open, a thing which had never been seen before since "that girl" entered the cottage, and they wondered at her audacity. They were not to be stayed, however, and up to the door they went.
The chairman of the committee reached up her hand to the knocker, and then

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD ROMANCE.

It has been twenty years since Jerome Bonaparte and Elizabeth Patterson were married by Bishop Carroll, in Baltimore, yet the interest attaching to that remarkable and short-lived union has stimulated many a modern interviewer to seek out the venerable heroine of the romance, and to expand her courteous but firm refusal of gossip into four columns of imaginary description and dialogue. At last, however, a book has appeared which, if it fully satisfies the craving curiosity that ancient affairs, will at least shed a new light upon the attitudes of the various parties to it.
Messrs. Hontine & Murdock of Baltimore, dealers in paper-makers' material, bought a lot of old rubbish, which had lain neglected for half a century in a warehouse once occupied by Madame Bonaparte's father. Among those dusty papers was found a package of letters, which proved to be his long-lost correspondence with the Bonapartes and others in relation to his daughter's marriage. These letters, coming into the possession of a Mr. Sewell, he proposed to publish them, and did so after ascertaining that Madame Bonaparte was entirely indifferent on the subject, and that her grandson, Col. Jerome Bonaparte and Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, only asked him to state in the preface that they were opposed to the publication from considerations of delicacy.
A glance at these letters shows that the opposition of the grandsons is altogether on account of the particular Bonaparte from whom they are descended. The correspondence reflects honor upon the Patterson side of their house, and anything but honor upon the character of Jerome Bonaparte. A young naval officer, smitten with the charms of the Baltimore belle, he insisted on marrying her without knowing the designs or consulting the wishes of his powerful brother, the "first consul" and prospective emperor of France. Mr. William Patterson saw nothing inviting in such a union for his daughter, and opposed it until he found that nothing but force and violence could prevent it.
He had received anonymous letters acquainting him with the history and character of Jerome, and when at last with many misgivings he permitted the marriage, he set about persuading his son-in-law to give up all hopes of a career in Europe amid storms of revolution, and to settle down in Baltimore as a citizen of the United States. But the young couple went to France, and the blow fell—Napoleon, with his dreams of empire, contemplated matrimonial alliances for his family with all the crowned heads of Europe and the building up of a many-throned dynasty. Holding that his marriage was incompetent to contract a valid marriage without his consent before the age of twenty-five, he affected to regard the whole affair as the mere intrigue of a wild young man, and refused to recognize the beautiful bride as his brother's wife.
Three months after his sister's marriage, Mr. Robert Patterson went to Europe to procure her honorable recognition, and this correspondence shows that all the members of the Bonaparte family, Napoleon alone excepted, were pleased with the match. In a letter to Capt. Paul Hentland, Lucien Bonaparte writes: "The Bonapartes, my mother, myself, and the whole family, with one voice, and as heartily as I do, highly approve of the match. The consul, it is true, does not for the present concur with us, but he is to be considered as isolated from his family. Placed on the lofty ground of a great and powerful nation, all his actions and ideas are directed by a policy which we have nothing to do with."
But the approval of the family and the advice of his friends, however, were not some annuity and to retire with his wife to the United States, did not nerve the feeble and selfish Jerome to refuse the bribe Napoleon offered him for deserting her whom he had just sworn at the altar to love and cherish. For the barren honor of a crown wrenched from him from a crushed nation by the bloody hand of his brother, he repudiated his young wife and his infant son, and thus earned the contempt of all mankind. She returned to her father's house, and though her son died at a good old age, she still lives to show how calm and beautiful are the last years of a stainless life. And if the memory of her youthful hopes, so cruelly blasted, there lingers any vindictive feeling, it must find ample gratification in the fact that after all the ambitious marriages contracted by the brothers of Napoleon her grandsons are the only scions whose Bonaparte blood is unquestioned.

The First—All of Balwer's plays were produced under an assumed name.—On the night of the production of the *Lady of Lyons* he was obliged to speak on a great question in Parliament, and could not be present to see his play. After the Gobate he hastened to the theatre, and, leaving the corridor, met the Marquis of Salisbury, who was just entering it.—"Not at the theatre, my lord?"—"No, I felt steady, so I went to the Gardens to see the 'new piece.'"—"And how did you like it?"—"Oh, trash," was the short reply of the marquis, as he entered the House.
They both had many hearty laughs over this encounter in after years. This was the first honest opinion Lord Lytton received upon the production of his new play.
Be faithful and true to all your engagements, and you will enjoy the confidence and esteem of others.
The life of the beast is the blood.

WOMEN AS THEY WERE.—Young ladies of the time of Edward IV. were brought up with greater strictness than at the present day. Mammas in those days kept their daughters the greater part of the day at hard work, exacted almost slavish deference from them, and even, as an antiquarian states, counted on their earnings. After they had attained a certain age it was the custom for the young of both sexes to be sent to the homes of powerful nobles to finish their education by learning manners, and thus a noble lady was often surrounded by a bevy of fair faces, from the owners of which she did not scruple to receive payment for their living.
For their occupations they were something of this wise:—She rises early, at seven or half-past, listens to matins and then dresses. Breakfast follows, and this is her costume—a silk gown, richly embroidered with fur, open from the neck to the waist in front, and having a turn over collar of a darker color; a broad girdle, with a rich gold clasp; skirts so long as to oblige the wearer to carry them over her arm, and a pointed hood, with a crown all the steeple cap, with its pompadour gossamer veil. After regaling herself with boiled beef and beer she will possibly, if religiously inclined, go to the chapel, if not to the garden. This, endured by gossip with her friends, takes her until noon, when dinner is served, after which an hour or so will be spent with the distaff or the spinning wheel. At six o'clock supper is served, after which, possibly, follow games of cards or dice, or possibly a dance, of which last our young lady is extremely fond. Later on another meal is served called the eve supper, or banquet, after which she may drink a glass of warmed ale or a cup of wine and then retire for the night, while another day in the proper season she may go hawk, or ride on horseback, or hunt the stag, or shoot rabbits with bow and arrows, or some other such refined amusement.
The next most striking point—in female customs at least—is the reign of Elizabeth, during which epoch extravagance may be said to have reached its height. Before the Virgin Queen came to the throne she was remarkably simple in her attire, but in latter days she changed, and historians remind us of her eighty ways of various colors, and of her three thousand dresses. A gaily attired queen makes an extravagant Court. A Court lady of that date wore a low dress with a long stomacher, an immense ruff around her neck, a small hat, crinoline, a large fan of ostrich feathers with a mirror attached, highly scented gloves, and frequently a velvet mask. Her feet were clad with shoes of scented Spanish leather, her hair was dried in imitation of the royal locks, and her face was painted roughed. To supply the great demand for wig women were sent round the country to buy up country girls' tresses, and female thieves in London robbed children of their hair or disposed the dead.
Of all curiosities in costume the ruff is the most eccentric. These monstrous wigs were frequently made a quarter of a yard deep, so that the wearer was obliged to eat with a spoon a couple of feet long. When these ruffs first came into fashion the Dutch merchants only sold the lawn and cambric by ell, yards, half ell and half yards, for there was not so much lawn and cambric to be had in all London as now can be had in one shop. Also, as yet, umbrellas were not, and when a shower did come down, ladies suffered terribly; while yet another difficulty was that no laundress could be found who was able to starch and stiffen cambric till Elizabeth sent over to Holland for starchers. Between Dingen Plazzo was the first teacher of starching, and taught the Court beauties for a few of four or five pounds, with an extra charge of twenty shillings for initiation into the mysteries of starching the compound.—*London Society.*

A sorrowing friend, writing of the death of an estimable lady said, "She has gone to her eternal rest." His ditty can only be faintly imagined when, upon a "proof" of his obituary notice being sent to him, he read, "She has gone to her eternal rest."

Mr. Merrick of Maryland.—In some pen and ink sketches of the speakers in Congress on the Credit Mobilier resolutions, a correspondent of the New York World thus speaks of the Hon. Wm. M. Merrick:—
"This gentleman in appearance is the exact counterpart of William M. Evarts, slim in the extreme, with a very pale face, he shows at once the force of his intellect in his splendid forehead. If the speeches in the Credit Mobilier debate were to be classed so as to divide the powerful logic from the beautiful rhetoric, the palm of the former belongs to Judge Merrick, while the honor of the latter is decidedly due to Gen. Banks.
It was Mr. Merrick's painful duty to defend the report of the Committee, of which he was one, which demanded the expulsion of Messrs. Ames and Brooks.—Step by step, in the most clear, logical, and unanswerable argument, he welded link by link the chain of evidence against Messrs. Ames and Brooks until he made a cable strong enough to hold a wholenation. There was a strange feeling of sympathy that followed the speaker in his speech. Instinctively the House and the whole audience felt that they were listening to a honest man; not only honest in the conventional meaning of the word, but honest when that much battered veteran braves dangers and sneers, and is considered out of fashion. Would that the whole country could have heard the Spartan judge as he delivered his speech on the 25th of February. There is no fear of the republic being swallowed up and wrecked by the absorbing money powers and chronic corruptions as long as the voice of men like Mr. Merrick can still be heard in the Council Chamber. He was not only listened to with great attention, but in spite of the rigid House rule he was rewarded with applause that was with difficulty suppressed. When Mr. Eldridge asked him why he did not find the implicated members guilty as well as Ames and Brooks, he replied: "I am not here to demand the punishment of the guilty only, but I am also here to shield and exonerate the innocent." A terrific applause followed these noble words.
How much more forcible were these few simple words of eloquence than all the concentrated stores of ingenuity which for two days and two nights tried to exonerate the implicated members besides Ames and Brooks.
Judge Merrick is a dangerous warrior; interruptions, questioning, and badgering, cease to have no more effect on him than lightning on a conductor. The Speaker justly called gentlemen to order by telling them to ask questions of Mr. Merrick one at a time. But the Spartan judge dismissed every such a clemency. "Never mind," said he, "I am an old lawyer, and can stand interruption as well as any other man."
The photograph of this honest, able, and certainly great man is then only complete when it is stated that not only most of his own party, but every honest and true republican, conceded him to be a man of justice, honesty, and ability, worthy of the esteem and admiration of his countrymen.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.
The following appeared in the New York Evening Post, June 12th:—
We all know that mechanical inventions are the peculiarity of our age, and have much to do with producing and distributing our most important commodities, while they promote the education of our people by taking the heaviest burdens from their hands, and by securing time and means for instruction. It is proper, therefore, to hold our inventors in honor and to present them and their inventions to the public eye in fitting monuments.
It has occurred to a number of our citizens that a suitable monument should be erected in the Central Park, in memory of the late ELIAS HOWE, JR., the inventor of the sewing machine, and that the money should be raised by voluntary offerings of not more than one dollar each from ladies who have known the benefits of the invention. Elias Howe, Jr., was not merely a successful inventor, whose needle machine, more powerful and handsome than the famous "needle gun," has changed wholly the face of one of the most universal and fatiguing kind of domestic toil; he was also a good citizen and earnest patriot, who freely gave his money and time, and was ready to risk health and life for his country.
It is understood that an experienced sculptor has a satisfactory design for an impressive monument, with studies modeled from life, and that a gentleman of well-known integrity and thorough acquaintance with the history of the invention is ready to act as Treasurer.
Samuel Osgood, Howard Crosby, William C. Bryant, Charles O'Connor, H. Ward Beecher, Henry W. Bellows, Willard Parker, E. H. Chapin, Fred. de Puyser, Cyrus W. Field, John Cotton Smith, Alex. Masterson, R. Ogden Doremus, J. S. Gibbons.
We now beg leave to say that the Committee having organized and appointed Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, Chairman, Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Secretary, and Alex. Masterson, Esq., Treasurer, we trust that the public will respond freely to the call, so that there may be as little delay as possible in this merited testimonial to the great inventor will be added to the noble work of art that adorn our Park. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Alexander Masterson, President, Manufacturers and Merchants' Bank, No. 561 Broadway, New York.