Saint Mary's Beacon

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To Fishermen!

To Gardeners!

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Washington D. C.

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march 6, 1873—1y.

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ASSETS, OVER $40,000,000

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REFER TO

R C Combs, Raphael Downs, Wm F Greenwell, Am A Lawrence, John F King, Bernard Freeman.

JOS H KEY.

Feb 20, 1873—3m*

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 me a note at Leonardtown. Teeth inserted in any manner desired, and at reasonable prices Office and residence in Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md. Very Respectfully,

PAGE EDMUNDS.

Dec 14, 1871—tf*

LARGEST and cheapest stock of SHOES the county at the

BIG BROWN STORE,

Leonardtown.

May 9, 1872

THE ROTTEN CROSS.

It has been many a long day since then, yet I remember it all, just as though it had occurred but yesterday.

I was a carpenter, the foreman of a large establishment, and as such possessed the entire confidence of my employer, who, by the way, had been a schoolmate of mine.

One day he called me into his office to look at some rare coins he had just purchased.

'Here,' said he, placing in my hand a heavy gold piece, 'is one which is worth more than all the rest put together. It is a great curiosity. I paid £200 for it, and considered it cheap at that. I could easily double my money in selling; and so you see Harvey, it is really a good investment.'

'No doubt it is,' said I, 'though it seems a large sum to have lie idle.'

I breathed an involuntary sigh as I laid the coin down on the desk, for £200 would have seemed a fortune to me just then.

The severe illness of my wife, and one of my children, and the death of another made serious inroads on my purse, and it had required the exercise of the utmost economy to keep myself free from debt; nay, I had been obliged to withdraw from the bank the small sum, which, besides my salary, was all I possessed of worldly treasures. Thinking of this, I laid the coin down with a sigh, and turned away to attend to my duties.

The next morning I was again summoned into the office, but this time I met with no friendly greeting, as usual.

'Harry,' said my employer, abruptly, 'that coin we were looking at has disappeared. I have made a thorough search, but it is not to be found. It has been carried away by some one. You alone saw or knew of it, and—'

He paused and looked significantly into my face. I finished the sentence for him, the hot blood dying cheeks and brow as I spoke.

'You mean, therefore, that I took it—I!'

'What else can I think? The coin was here; you alone saw it. I cannot recall having seen it since it was in your hands. You are in need of money; you have told me that yourself. It was a great temptation, and I forgive you because of our old friendship, but I cannot retain you in my employ. Here is the salary due you.'

'Very well,' said I, with forced calmness, 'so be it. Since you have so poor an opinion of me after years of faithful service, I shall not stoop to defend myself.'

Then I took the money he had laid upon the desk, and went out from his presence a well-nigh broken-hearted man.

But for the tender love of my wife, I doubt not but that I would have buried my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.

Supported by that love, however, and the consciousness of my own innocence, I took fresh courage, and set resolutely to work to find a new employer.

But powerful is a breath of slander; turn which way I might, I ever found that the story of my dismissal for theft had preceded me, and my application for employment uniformly met with a refusal.

Time went on; piece by piece, our furniture, and every spare article of clothing, found its way to the pawn-brokers, until, at length, even this poor resource failed us, and my children cried in vain for food.

Yet I did not sit down in idle despair; I could not afford to do so; the life or death of all I loved on earth depended on my exertion—and so turning away from them with a heavy heart, I once more set out on the weary search for work.

All in vain! refusal after refusal met my entreaties for employment, and I was turning homeward with a listless step, when passing an immense church I was attracted by a group of men at its base.

Impelled by some strange impulse, I approached and mingled with them.

A workman was standing near by, looking up at the great steeple, which towered aloft some 250 feet above them, while a gentleman, evidently an architect, was addressing him in earnest language and at the same time pointing toward the golden cross at the summit of the spire.

'I tell you,' he exclaimed, as I drew near, 'it must and can be done. The cross must be taken down, or the first heavy gale will send it down into the street, and lives will be lost. Coward! is this the way you back out of a job after engaging to do it?'

'I didn't know the spire was so high up there. Do it yourself if you want it done!'

'I would if I were able,' said the architect. 'But go if you will; let it be! My honor is pledged to have it done at any price—and I can find a braver man than you to do it.'

The carpenter walked away with a dogged, slouching step, and the gentleman was about to move away, also, when I stepped forward.

'What is it you want done, sir?' I asked, 'I am a carpenter; perhaps I can do it.'

He turned eagerly toward me.

'I will make it worth your while. Take down that cross and I will pay you a hundred dollars. You will have to ascend those ornamental blocks, and I tell you candidly they are not to be depended on; they must be weak and rotten—for they have been there for years.

I looked up at the spire; it was square at the base and tapered to a sharp point, while along each angle were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.

'It's a dangerous place to work,' I said, 'and there will be tenfold more peril in descending than ascending. Suppose I succeed in moving the stone, and then—'

'If any accident happens to you, my brave fellow, the money shall be paid to your family. I promise you that. Give me your address.'

'Here it is,' I said, 'and as you value your soul keep your word with me. My wife and children are starving, or I would not attempt this work. If I die they can live on the hundred dollars for a while until my sick wife recovers her strength.'

'I'll make it a hundred and fifty!' exclaimed the architect, 'and may God protect you! If I had the skill necessary to ascend that steeple I would ask no man to risk his life there. But come, and keep a steady hand and eye.'

I followed him into the church, then up into the spire, until we paused before a narrow window. This was the point from which I must start on my perilous feat which I had undertaken.

Casting a single glance at the people in the street below—mere specks in the distance—I reached out from the window, and, grasping one of the ornamental blocks, swung myself out upon the spire.

For an instant my courage faltered, but the remembrance of my starving family came to my aid, and with a silent prayer for protection and success, I placed my hand on the next block above my head and clambered up.

From block to block I went steadily and cautiously, trying each one ere I trusted my weight upon it.

Two-thirds of the space had been passed, when suddenly the block that supported me moved—gave way! Oh! heavens! never, though I should live to see a hundred years, shall I cease to shudder at the recollection of that terrible moment.

Yet even in the midst of my agony, as I felt myself slipping backward, I did not for one second lose my presence of mind.

It seemed to me that never before had my senses been so preternaturally acute as then, when a horrible death seemed inevitable.

Down, down I slipped, grasping at each block as I passed it by, until at length my fearful course was arrested, and then, while my head reeled with the sudden reaction, a great shout came from the people below.

'Come down, come down!' called the architect from the window; 'half the sum shall be yours, for the risk you have run. Don't try it again! Come down.'

But, no! more than ever now I was determined to succeed. I was not one to give up, after having undertaken a difficult task.

Coolly, but cautiously, I commenced the ascent once more, first seeking in vain to reach across to the next row of blocks, for I did not care to trust myself again on that which had proved so treacherous.—This I was compelled to do, however, until the space between the angles became sufficiently small to allow me to swing across. Accomplishing my purpose at length, I went up more rapidly, carefully testing each block as I proceeded.

Ere long I reached the cross, and there I paused to rest, looking down from the dizzy height with a coolness that even astonished me.

A few strokes with a light hatchet that the architect had hung at my back, and piece by piece the rotten cross fell to the ground.

My work was done, and as the last fragment disappeared, I found a sad pleasure in the thought that should I never reach the ground alive, my dear ones would have ample means to supply their wants until my wife could obtain employment.

Sad and cautiously I lowered myself from block to block, and at length reached the spire window, amidst the cheers of those assembled in the street.

Inside the steeple the architect placed a roll of bank notes in my hand.

'You have well earned the money,' he said. 'It does me good to see a man with so much nerve—but—bless me! what is the matter with your hair? It was black before you made the ascent, now it is *gray!*'

And so it was! That moment of intense agony, while slipping helplessly downward, had blanched my hair until it appeared like that of an old man.—The work of years had been done in an instant!

Entering the bare, cheerless room which was now all I called a home, I found a visitor awaiting me, my late employer.

'Harvey,' said he, extending his hand, 'I have done a great wrong. It cost me a terrible pang to believe in your guilt, but circumstances were so strongly against you, that I was forced to believe it. I have found the coin, Harvey, it slipped under the secret drawer in my desk. Can you forgive me, my dear old friend?'

My heart was too full to speak, I silently pressed his hand.

'I will undo the wrong I have done.—All the world shall know I accused you unjustly, not through my words only, but through my actions, too. You must be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse, I shall feel that you have not forgiven me.'

I did not refuse. Instead, I thankfully accepted the offer which my friend so generously made, knowing that no surer method could have been divised to silence forever the tongue of slander, and free my name from the unmerited reproach which had of late rested upon it.

Unmerited prosperity has attended my steps ever since that eventful day, but neither prosperity nor wealth can efface its memory from my heart, nor restore my withered locks to their own raven hue.

"The following sentence was dictated by the late Lord Palmerston, to eleven British cabinet ministers, not one of whom, it is said, spelled it correctly: "It is disagreeable to witness the embarrassment of a harrassed peddler gauging the symmetry of a peeled potato."

THE FLEA AND THE [illegible]

There was [illegible] things were [illegible] bled the [illegible] His boy he had [illegible] horse back he was [illegible] with [illegible] accounts too, [illegible] no means of [illegible]

But [illegible] himself to the act of legerdemain and to talking in his stomach; in fact he became a ventriloquist as they say. He was young, good-looking, and when he got a moustache and had his best clothes on, he could be taken for a nobleman's son. The ladies seemed to think well of him; one young lady even was so taken with his charms and his great dexterity that she went off with him to foreign parts. There he called himself Professor—he could scarcely do less.

His constant thought was how to get himself a balloon and go up into the air with his little wife, but as yet they had no means.

"They'll come yet," said he.

"If only they would," said she.

"We are young folks," said he, "and now I am Professor." She helped him faithfully, sat at the door and sold tickets to the exhibition, and it was a chilly sort of pleasure in winter time. She also helped him in the line of his art. He put his wife in a table-drawer, a large table-drawer; then she crawled into the back part of the drawer, and so vanished in the front part—quite an optical illusion to the audience. But one evening when he drew the drawer out, she was also out of sight to him: she was not in the front drawer, not in the back one either, nor in the house itself—nowhere to be seen or heard—that was her feat of legerdemain, her entertainment. She never came back again; she was tired of it all, and he grew tired of it, lost his good-humor, could not laugh or make jokes;—and so the people stopped coming, his earnings became scanty, his clothes gave out; and finally he only owned a great flea, which his wife had left him, and so he thought highly of it. And he dressed the flea and taught it to perform, to present arms and to fire a cannon off—but it was a little cannon.

The Professor was proud of the flea, and the flea was proud of himself; he had learned something, and had human blood, and had been besides to the largest cities, had been seen by princes and princesses, had received their high praise, and it was printed in newspapers and on placards.—Plainly it was a very famous flea and could support a Professor and his entire family.

The flea was proud and famous, and yet when he and the Professor traveled they took fourth-class carriages on the railway; they went just as quickly as the first-class. They were betrothed to each other; it was a private engagement that would never come out; they never would marry, the flea would remain a bachelor and the Professor a widower. That made it balance.

"Where one has the best luck," said the Professor, "there one ought to go twice." He was a good judge of character, and that is also a science of itself.—At last he had traveled over all countries except the wild ones, and he wanted to go there. They eat Christian men there, to be sure, the Professor knew, but then he was not properly Christian and the flea was not properly a man, so he thought he might venture to travel there and have good success.

They traveled by steamship and by sailing vessel; the flea performed his tricks, and so they got a free passage on the way and arrived at the wild country. Here reigned a little Princess. She was only eight years old, but she was reigning.—She had taken away the power from her father and mother, for she had a will, and then she was extraordinary beautiful—and rude.

Just as soon as the flea had presented arms and fired off the cannon, she was so enraptured with him that she said, 'Him or nobody!' She became quite wild with love and was already wild in other ways.

'Sweet, little, sensible child!' said her own father. 'If one could only first make a man of him!'

'Leave that to me, old man,' said she, and that was not well said by a little Princess when talking with her father, but she was wild. She set the flea on her white hand.

'Now you are a man, reigning with me, but you shall do what I want you to, or else I'll kill you, and eat the Professor.' The Professor had a great hall to live in. The walls were made of sugar-cane, and he could lick them, but his was not a sweet tooth. He had a hammock to sleep in.—It was as if he were lying in a balloon, such as he had always wished for himself—that was his constant thought.

The flea lived with the Princess, sat upon her delicate hand and upon her white neck. She had taken a hair from her head and made the Professor tie it to the flea's leg so she kept him tied to the great red coral drop which she wore in her ear-tip. What a delightful time the Princess had, and the flea too, she thought, but the Professor was not very comfortable. He was a traveler; he liked to drive from town to town, and read about his perseverance and cleverness in teaching a flea to do what men do. But he got out of and into his hammock, lounged about and had good feeding, fresh birds' eggs, elephants' eyes and roast giraffe. People that eat men do not live entirely on cooked meat—no, that is a great delicacy.

'The Princess was tired of it all and would rather go away from the wild land, but he must have his flea with him, for that was his 'prodigy,' and his bread and butter. How was he to get hold of him?

[illegible] room in which they were seated and two doors, one that led into the outmost hut of the officers' barrack, the other into Wynward's bedroom, from which there was no other mode of egress.

Both officers were engaged in study, till Sherbrooke, on raising his eyes from a book, suddenly saw a young man about twenty years of age open the entrance door and advance into the room. The lad looked pale, ghastly and thin, as if in the last stage of a mortal malady. Startled and alarmed, Captain Sherbrooke called Wynward's attention to their noiseless visitor; and the moment the lieutenant saw him he became ashy white and incapable of speech, and, ere he could recover, the figure passed them both and entered the bedroom.

'Good God—my poor brother!' exclaimed Wynward.

'Your brother!' repeated Sherbrooke, in great perplexity. 'There must be some mistake in all this. Follow me.'

They entered the little bedroom—it was tenantless; and Sherbrooke's agitation was certainly not soothed by Wynward expressing his conviction that from the first he believed that he had seen a specter; and they mutually took a note of the day and hour at which this inexplicable affair occurred.

Wynward at times tried to persuade himself that they might have been duped by the practical joke of some brother officer; yet his mind was evidently so harrassed by it, that when he related what had occurred, all had the good taste to withhold comments, and to await with interest the then slow arrival of the English mails.—When the latter came, there were missives for every officer in the regiment except Wynward, whose hopes began to rise; but there was one solitary letter for Sherbrooke, which he had no sooner read than he changed color and left the mess table. Ere long he returned, and said:

'Wynward's younger brother is actually no more!' The whole contents of his note were as follows: 'Dear John, break to your friend Wynward the death of his favorite brother.'

He had died at the very moment the apparition had appeared in that remote Canadian barrack. Strange though the story, the veracity of the witnesses were unimpeachable; and Archdeacon Wrangham alludes to it in his edition of Plutarch, who, like Pliny the younger, believed in specters. Of Wynward, we only know that he was out of the regiment soon after his brother's death; and of Sherbrooke, that he lived to see the days of Waterloo, became Colonel of the Thirty-third, Commander of the Forces in North America, and died a General and G. C. B.

A SIGHT OF CARLYLE.—I had imagined that the next best thing to seeing England would be to see Scotland; but as this latter pleasure was denied me, certainly the next best thing was seeing Scotland's greatest son.

Carlyle has been so constantly and perhaps justly represented as a stormy and wrathful person, brewing bitter denunciation from America and Americans, that I cannot forbear to mention the sweet and genial mood in which we found him—a gentle and affectionate grandfather; with his delicious Scotch brogue and rich melodious talk, overflowing with reminiscences of his earlier life, of Scott and Goethe and Edinburgh, and other men and places he had known.

Learning I was especially interested in birds, he discoursed of the lark and nightingale and marvis, framing his remarks about them in some episode of his personal experience, and investing their songs with double charm of his description and his adventure.

"It is only geese who get plucked there," said my companion after we had left—a man who had known Carlyle intimately for many years; "silly persons who have no veneration for the great man, and come to convert him or change his convictions upon subjects to which he has devoted a lifetime of profound thought and meditation. With such persons he has no patience."

Carlyle had just returned from Scotland, where he had spent the Summer.—The Scotch hills and mountains, he said, had an ancient, mournful look, as if the weight of immeasurable time had settled down upon them.

Their look was in Ossian—his spirit reflected theirs, and as I gazed upon the venerable man before me and noted his homely and rugged, yet profound and melancholy expression, I knew that their look was upon him also, and that a greater than Ossian had been nursed amid those lonely hills.

Few men in literature have felt the burden of the world, the weight of the inexorable conscience as has Carlyle, or drawn such fresh inspiration from that source.—However we may differ from him (and almost in self-defense one must differ from a man of such intense and overwhelming personality), it must yet be admitted that he habitually speaks out of that primitive silence and solitude in which only the heroic soul dwells. Certainly not in contemporary British literature is there another writer whose bowstring has such a twang.

☞ A Glasgow minister examined his schoolboys thus: 'What is the meaning of the word repentant?' 'Please, sir, don't know.' Minister: 'Now, if I had stolen a loaf of bread what should I be?' Boy. 'Please, sir, locked up.' Minister: 'Well, should I feel sorry?' 'Yes.' 'Well, why should I feel sorry?' 'Please, sir, cos you was cotched.'

A Scotch terrier, advertised in Indiana, is "½ wag tail, and ¾ fight."

GHOSTS.

A remarkable detection of murder, through the alleged appearance of a ghost, occurred in 1724.

A farmer, returning homeward from Southam market in Warwickshire, disappeared by the way. Next day a man presented himself at the farm-house, and asked of the wife if her husband had come back.

'No,' she replied; 'and I am under the utmost anxiety and terror.'

'Your terror,' said he, 'cannot surpass mine; for last night as I lay in bed, quite awake, the apparition of your poor husband appeared to me. He showed me several ghastly stabs in his body, which is now lying in a marl-pit.'

The pit was searched, the corpse was found, and the stabs, in number and position, answered in every way to the description given by the ghost-seer, to whom the specter had named a certain man as the culprit; and this person was committed to prison and brought to trial at Warwick for the crime, before a jury and the Lord Chief Justice Sir Robert (afterward Lord) Raymond, who was succeeded in 1733 by Sir Philip Yorke. The jury would speedily have brought in a verdict of guilty; but he checked them by saying:

'Gentlemen, you lay more stress on the allegations of this apparition than they will bear. I cannot give credit to these kind of stories. We are now in a court of law, and must determine according to it; and I know not of any law which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; nor yet, if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence. Crier,' he added, 'call the ghost.'

The farmer's spirit being thrice summoned in vain, Sir Robert again addressed the jury on the hitherto unblemished character of the man accused, and stoutly asserted a belief in his perfect innocence: adding, 'I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition was himself the murderer, and knew all about the stabs and marl-pit without any supernatural assistance; hence I deem myself justified in committing him to close custody till further inquiries are made.'

The result of these was, that on searching his house sufficient proofs of his guilt were found; he confessed his crime, and was executed at the next assize.

In the list of the officers of the Thirty-third Regiment, when serving under Lord Cornwallis in America, and then called the First West York, will be found the names of Captain (afterward Sir John Coape) Sherbrooke and Lieutenant George Wynyard. The former had recently joined the Thirty-third from the Fourth, or King's Own Regiment. These young men, being similar in tastes, and very attached friends, spent much of their time in each other's society, and when off duty were seldom apart. One evening Sherbrooke was in Wynward's quarters. The

ST. MARY'S BEACON

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

THURSDAY MORNING, April 24, 1873.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.—The pressure of original communications upon our columns this week has compelled the abridgment of our usual editorial notices. We are authorized to withdraw the name of Henry Watts from the list of candidates for the Clerk of the Circuit Court, subject to the decision of the Democratic Party at the ensuing April election.

HORSES IN BATTLE.—Many horses, generally speaking, were brought out of Chancellorsville, and in their general conduct were specimens of animated quietness on four legs. The boys had a theory that all the kicking, biting and bitty horses were sent to the army, but the majority of these soon yielded to discipline, and the trooper had his horse soon true to each other.

The horse followed his master, came at his call, obeyed signs as well as words, and in these learned his share of danger. Horses learned the bugle calls readily as well as their places, and to start the horses it was only necessary to sound feed or water call. In action many horses would about face, turn right or left, half, move forward, etc., at the bugle call, without word or sign from the rider.

Coming off Chancellorsville battle-field the captain of a battery dismounted to look after a disabled gun. His horse broke loose, joined the column, took his place at the head and would allow no one to approach him until two or three miles had been traveled.

The concussions of the artillery discharges affected the hearing of horses as it did that of men. Often the ears would lop down instead of standing erect, making so much change in the appearance of a horse, that his rider would hardly recognize him.

Tired men moved much better under the influence of music, and horses worked better under the bugle. On one occasion the guns of Capt. Paddy A.'s battery were stuck in the mud of the bad roads. Everything had been done to make the horses pull through, but they could not do it. At last Captain Paddy turned in desperation and shouted, "Sergeant, sergeant, have the bugler sound the forward call; they'll fetch 'em then." And so they did.

GENTLE WORDS FOR HORSES.—If horses were next thing to deaf, there would be an excuse for the shoutings and yellings so generally indulged in, but they are not, and therefore need not be spoken to so loudly and harshly. The ear of a horse is very sensitive, and, save in exceptional cases, it is possible to control his motions by a command in a moderate tone of voice.

A horse is a teachable animal, and is always affected by kind treatment. The fact of the matter is that if kind words and gentle treatment throughout were given to these noble animals instead of oaths, curses and blows, we should find their docility greatly increased. Just imagine, if you will, a gee! or whoa! uttered in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard half a mile distant, and this command given to an animal within five or ten feet of the party giving it.

What is the necessity of it? Why not resort to more rational, and certainly more pleasing means? Why not speak in a moderate tone? This is all that is required. The horse, if not deaf, can hear the command, and will obey as readily as if it were given in thundering tones. One of the best managed teams ever seen was controlled by the driver without the indulgence of this unmusical yelling. The driver rarely spoke above his ordinary tone of voice, and yet his horses laid into their work with as much willingness and apparently greater earnestness than if they had been driven to it by fearful shoutings and blows. The horse is an intelligent animal. None of the brute creation more readily appreciate kind words and kind treatment. Such facts should be considered always by those who have the care of these animals.

AN INDIRECT REMEDY.—Doctor W— tells the following story of himself, which is certainly very amusing, and characteristic of the skilled practitioner:

'One evening I received a call from a seedy-looking individual, who, with a snarl, informed me that he had a 'cussed sore throat,' which he thought 'ought to be 'tended to at once.'

'I examined his throat, and found it to be very much inflamed, gave him the necessary medicine, and advised him to go home and stay there until his throat got well.

'About two months afterward, the same party slouched into my office and asked for some more of 'that air medicine,' remarking that he wanted it for a friend, and not for himself. Having put up the medicine, I handed it to him, and inquired if his throat was quite well, when the fellow coolly replied:

'Yes; but that medicine you gav me didn't do it a bit of good. It cured an ulcer on my leg, though, and that's what I want this other for. Good day.'

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

While standing in front of the Post Office yesterday, our attention was attracted by an entirely new and stylish "turnout," in the way of a business wagon, which surpasses anything of the kind we have examined in our town. It is owned by The Howe Machine Co. of Baltimore, and is to be used by their enterprising salesman here, Mr. O. A. Simms, Leonardtown.

It affords us pleasure to see that the increase of his business renders such an establishment necessary in order to facilitate the delivery of the celebrated Howe Machines, the demand for which, in this form, is not larger than ever.

Mark Twain, in speaking of extremely long-grown animal for one, and generously declares that for his own part he "would rather go hungry for two days than eat an old personal friend."