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CARPENTER'S "LADY FRIEND" IN THE TREASURY.—The day during the special session of 1871 was the day in June—Carpenter had made a speech on the Alabama treaty, and had come home to his obscure lodgings on the corner of F and Thirtieth, tired, mad, and out of breath. Fahrenheit marked 100 in the shade. The air was still and shimmered over the hot brick pavements as an oven. It was not a day for good nature. Matt climbed up the rickety stairway that leads to his rooms, stripped off coat, vest, collar, and boots, and laid down on the lounge to smoke a cigar and incidentally to go to sleep.

"Cling! cling! cling!" went his little bell.
"Damn!" says Matt, spitefully, "can't they give a fellow a minute's peace?—Come in! come in!"
The visitor was a fine, decent old Irish woman, between fifty and sixty. She looked tired and worn. She had walked into town from somewhere up in Maryland about twenty miles.
"And is this Senator Carpenter, Lord bless him?" she inquired.
"Yes, madam; can I do anything for you?" responded the "Senator," not in the kindest tones.
"Maybe ye might," said the woman.
"You see, Senator, I am a poor Irishwoman. Me husband got sick in the war, and he never has been able to do much since, and I've had a hard time of it to get along with all the doctor's bills to pay, and—"

"Well, well, what has all this story to do with me? Here is a dollar."
"Ah, Senator, oh, isn't he begging I am, and I wouldn't handle or touch yer money—it's only a chance to work like a decent woman I want, and they told me that Senator Carpenter was a good-hearted man, and if I went and told him me story he would help me to get a place in the Treasury Department."
"Treasury Department?" broke in the astonished Senator, "what the—can you do in the Treasury Department?" and he began to imagine either that the woman was crazy or that some heartless practical joker had sent her to him.

"What can I do in the Treasury Department, is it?" What can I do? Why, scrub the floors, what else?"
"Scrub," said Matt; "well, here is riches! An old Irishwoman seeking Senatorial influence to get a job of scrubbing!—Just you wait till I pull on my boots and put on my hat, my good woman, and I'll see what can be done for you."
And in about five minutes the Wisconsin orator, in his shirt-sleeves, was on his way to the temple of the exchequer with his protegee. The Senatorial influence was potent, and if you call at the Treasury Department and inquire for a woman who holds her position at the request of Matt Carpenter, they will show you a fine decent old Irishwoman, with gray hair and wrinkled face, who mops the floors and scrubs the stairways, and she is Matt's "lady friend." There may be something improper about it, but it isn't worth mentioning.—*Washington Correspondent, St. Louis Republican.*

THE SECRET OF DRESS.—The great mistake made by many ladies is that of wearing a large sum of money on one or two very handsome toilettes. Intended for dressy occasions, and by this means not only rendering these dresses so expensive that they are rarely worn, and then in "fear and trembling," thus becoming old-fashioned before half worn out, but at the same time so curtailing the sum set aside for toilette purposes that all the other articles of dress have to suffer. This is a mistake never made by the true Parisienne; she, on the contrary, pays particular attention to the dresses for every day wear, and seen by every one, and that, while spending far less, appears always well dressed, to the utter eclipse of those who do not happen to have on their best dresses. This is exemplified even in so small an article as a fan. The foreigner or provincial will have one very handsome fan for grand occasions; the Parisienne will buy several for less money, and of course, not so handsome but of different colors assorted to her toilette, and giving her a far more elegant finished appearance that the lady who is forced to use the same fan, whatever color her dress may be.

A derby gave the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white: "All men are made of clay, and like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored."

JIM ELUDSO.

Well, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
What have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Eludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Bell?
He weren't no saint—them engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike.
A keelson man in his talk was Jim,
Who'd hold her nose like a bank
Till the last soul got a shore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last;
The Moverster was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line,
With a bigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed with pine,
The fire burst out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she burned, and made
For the miller bank on the right.
There was rumina and cursin', but Jim yell'd out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nose like a bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burning boat
Jim Eludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure you're born, they all got off
Before the smoke-stacks fell—
And Eludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shoop hands with him.
He seen his fault, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

LOS ROBLES, NEAR LOS ANGELES,
March 24, 1874.
The Mission of San Gabriel is the general title of the region in which your special correspondent is at present luxuriating. For the carrying out, on his part, of the plan indicated by you, Mr. Editor, however much of a matter of business it may be to you and your readers, is to your correspondent only the enjoyment of a luxurious feast of all good things that can delight the eye and charm the senses. To me is afforded the rare opportunity of inspecting thoroughly and at my leisure, all those natural and cultivated beauties of scenery which the Eastern tourist who has traveled thousands of miles and spent hundreds of dollars to obtain the privilege, thinks himself well repaid if he can only glance at in passing; and if there is any alloy whatever in the pleasurable emotions which make up my present daily life, it is only the shadow of the fear that the *duodecim mense* in which I now revel, may render the sterner tasks to which I must in the very nature of things sooner or later betake myself, more than usually irksome to your-not-overly-fond-of-hard-work correspondent. (There is a compound word for you, almost equal to the title of Robert Browning's latest poem, which I believe is red-hot-iron-hot-iron-hot-iron-hot.) But badinage aside I have been called for a day or two past at "The Oaks," the hospitable residence of General Stone-man, U. S. A. The slow, sad susurrus of the ocean surf, lapping a sandy beach, and murmuring of far off isles in summer seas, no longer greets my ears; but instead thereof at "the hour of prime" I hear
"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds,"
soon to be followed by "the cock's shrill clarion" each individual of which particular branch of feathered race, from some cause or other, seems pertinaciously bent upon adhering to the custom his progenitors had so far back as Shakespeare's time that we know of, of doing "salutation to the morn." The lover of nature, whatever particular feature, he, or she, may most particularly affect, can find in this highly favored region an epitome of all her charms. From an eminence not half a mile from the house in which I am writing, can be seen Wilmington harbor through a depression in the foot-hills, which "with verdure clad" seems like an emerald frame for the beautiful picture; beyond, the sea gleams like a mirror, and now and then the eye can follow an outward-bound vessel and watch
"Her tall masts fading to thinnest threads of gold,"
while dim and seemingly far remote, is the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina uprising

like the type of those "happy days" to which Ulysses thought he might attain.

"And see the great Archites whom he knew,"
Looking seaward the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills, while to the east the eye wanders over a broad and fertile plain extending some twenty miles, its entire surface diversified with groves, orchards, vineyards, dwellings, school houses, churches and whatever else betokens the bounty of nature and the prosperity of man. To the north the coast range lifts its towering summits, at the very base of which are seen the cottages of the poor, who have sought out the best spots on the mountainside for their habitations.
One night, with scarcely an effort of the imagination, deem that he had been transported to the very scene which England's noble hero, but misanthropic poet, has immortalized in Manfred; and listening might almost expect to hear the "*Rondeau cacher*" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, catch the faint and far off music of
"Pipes in the liberal air, mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

I spent a most delightful hour with my host at this point. At our very feet, half hidden in a bosky dell, already embowered in densest foliage,
"A burriel rumbled down the glen."
And if the poet Laureate had never seen "The Brook" which he has made famous in song, and had been one of us he would have made this very stream to say,
"I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trobles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I tumble on pebbles,"
and so on to the end of that "word painting" of an crystal stream, except that he could not have said that in its waters could be found,
"Here and there a lusty trout
And here and there a grayling."

But the fortunate owner of this beautiful stream intends to remedy all that and at no distant day to stock the stream with trout as well as the capacious reservoir into which it debouches with black bass. It so happened that in the course of conversation we ascertained that sixteen years ago, my host and myself met each other at a frontier post in northern Texas, and the day waned in mutual enquiries as to friends whose names had been locked up in memory's storehouse for years, and in recalling scenes and incidents of a long line of travel, whose initial point was the father of waters, for so the Aborigines styled the Mississippi, and whose further boundary was the mighty ocean which we could just discern through the gathering twilight. Looking around me ere we turned our steps homeward the words of the poet of the fields and forests of America came to my memory like an embalmment of the scene. Well might he exclaim,
"Oh, there is not lost,
One of earth's charms, upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie."

The further mountains showed only ghostly outlines in the gathering gloom and
"Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad"
as we approached the house. We had seen the spire of the Episcopal church, which forms so pleasing a feature in the bosom of the valley, pale and fade from sight; the lofty walls of the old Mission of San Gabriel were no longer visible.—Suddenly from out the silence and gathering shades fell upon our ears a chime so musical and sweet, so spiritually clear and delicate, that had honest John Bunyan heard it, he might well have deemed himself arrived at the land of Hephah where the sun shineth night and day, and listening to the melody of the bells whereupon the Pilgrim is greeted when he reaches that delightful country. I turned to my companion for a solution of the mystery. It was the hour of vespers at the old Mission. In an instant I was, in fancy at least, "In the Arcadian land on the shores of the basin of Minus." The rest of the picture, as it is not painted by Longfellow in that matchless story where he has embalmed the memory, the life-long sorrow, the triumphant faith, the deathless love of the sweetest and saddest woman who ever lent a charm to poet's page,
"Then came the laborers home from the field
And serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest and twilight prevailed. Anoon
From the bellry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs
Of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace
and contentment."

So ended my first day in the San Gabriel. I will try and tell you something about it in my next.
VIATOR.

A young wife once cured her husband of a disposition to absent himself from home at nights by providing him with an excellent dinner, and saying to him afterwards: "George, if you find a specter spot than our home, describe it to me, and I will rival it if I die in the attempt." A kiss and a few tears completed the victory.

Because Judge Nott, of the Court of Chancery, in his decision against the application of Mrs. Lockwood to practice law, said "that the masculine gender (which is generally used in the statutes) frequently embraces the feminine," the St. Louis Globe has come to the conclusion that it does—every time it gets a good chance.

THE LAST HOUR OF STRIFE.

It was a sad hour at Montford Hall when the doctor announced in a low voice, to attendants at the bedside of Joseph Montford, that the poor fellow must die. In that gloomy chamber where death's grim visage played courteously about whispering voices arranged for the last hour of a fond husband and loving father.

Joseph Montford was but the father of one child, and for him to get possession of his father's immense estate it was necessary that a will should be signed by the dying man and his wife; both signatures being essential in consequence of the property having been left by the grandfather of the child with a proviso. This whim of the ancestor, which seemed in the execution a mere nothing, now demanded the attention of the dying man, and the Sordid Ass Montford, his discarded brother.

The doctor struck nine; and yet no lawyer was at hand to give cognizance to the last testament of the dying father and bereaved mother. What should be done? The little child knew nothing of the deep world that heaped the lips of Joseph Montford for the last time in this world. There, alone, that wife and death gazed upon what was left to return to the dust of earth, to mingle with the moisture and until the trumpets of Zion shall awaken the just and unjust to answer to the Maker's call.

Let us return to the doctor and his errand of mercy. While listening along the avenue leading to the mansion he was doomed to bitter disappointment, in the event of being met by a murderer, hand whose daring moments were equal to those of a skilled and experienced highwayman. After the ruins of the house he presented a pistol to the head of Doctor Mansfield, which shone brightly, as the moon had just stepped out from behind the dark clouds to protect the innocent and reveal the secret enemy.

Frank, the driver, cried, luckily, on the evening in question a loaded whip, with which he dealt the villain a terrible blow, falling at full length upon the horse in order to do so, and rolling over upon the front of earth. Simultaneous with the action of the driver, was heard the sharp report from a pistol in the hands of the would-be-assassin; this naturally frightened the gallant steeds, which dashed away in the returning darkness unmindful of the fearful consequences. Frank gained his feet as soon as possible and throttling the monster, tore from his face a mask which concealed the image of death. Here he found in its cold embrace the form of Ass Montford, whose desire for fortune had brought him eternal death.

"I would advise you, my dear friend, to prepare for the worst," responded Doctor Mansfield, laying his hand confidently upon the snow white pillow where that aching head had rested so many weary days.
"I thought it—I knew it!" muttered Joseph Montford, whose eyes now fully gazed upon the objects of his love—his wife and little child.
"What do you wish?" enquired the doctor, knowing if the duty was an important one, no time should be lost.
"My will has not been signed?"
"Will you require the signatures of Mary (meaning his wife) and I, and that must be accompanied by some legal forms which can be executed by no other person than a lawyer?"
All was silent for a moment. Joseph Montford fell back with a groan and turned his head away to think, to wait the action of his wife's friend, not being able to direct the desired movement.
"Will he live an hour?" These words were whispered in the heart of Doctor Mansfield while marking closely every action of the poor fellow who would soon be engaged in a violent struggle with the dread monster—death. All the while he marked that pallid face thoughts flew rapidly through his mind concerning that all-important "master of the law." He thought of that innocent child who would find no sympathy when dependent upon the charity of envious relatives; the thought of the reverend workings of a brother who had long sought the golden

UNBRED.

For days and weeks upon the lips has hung
A precious something for an absent one—
Some tender confession but lately sprung,
Some dear confession that but one must hear.
The heart repeats it over day by day,
And fancies how and when the words will fall:
When conversation opens the face will play,
What tender light will linger over all.

But eager eyes that watch for one alone
May grow reluctant; for the open gate
Lets in, with him, perchance a guest unknown,
On whom slow words of courtesy must wait.
Or when the presence waited for has come,
It may be dull or cold, too sad or light;
A look that shows the heart away from home
Can open but the dearest words to fight.

Perhaps the time of meeting, or the form,
May chide or wither what we've longed to say;
What fits the sunshine will not fit the storm—
What blends with twilight, jars with noon of day.
Again, when all things seem our wish to serve,
Full opportunity may strike us dumb—
May sink our precious thoughts in deep despair
And to the surface bid the slightest come.

THE BAD BOY.
CHAPTER I.—Introductory.—His name was John Henderson Tompkins, and he was going on thirteen years old. He had freckles all over his nose, chewed plug tobacco, and loafed around select schools and put tin ears on boys smaller than himself. His father was killed by a Canada saw-log, his only sister slept in the silent tomb, and his mother divided her time between gossiping and canvassing for money for the heathen in Africa.

CHAPTER II.—Thud.—Thus it will be seen that there was no one to give John Henderson Tompkins any domestic attention beyond an occasional smack with a slipper, which made him the worse. He wasn't sent to school, never had to take a dose of castor oil, was allowed to go around with a letter in the post-office and his pants supported by a magnificent belt of sheep-twine, and if he wasn't home by ten o'clock at night his mother felt perfectly sure that he would dump down somewhere and be home in time for colfish and potatoes in the morning.

CHAPTER III.—Shameful Neglect.—John Henderson Tompkins's mother never took him on her knee and asked him if he knew what was beyond the bright stars, and if he knew where he'd go if he grew up an awful liar and horse-thief. She never told him about the Children of Egypt, Moses in the bulrushes, or Daniel in the lion's den, and it is no wonder that he grew up to be a bad boy. She didn't never have sticking plasters ready when he got a cut, and Sunday mornings there was no one to rub him behind his ears, fill his eyes with soap water, and comb his hair the wrong way.

CHAPTER IV.—His Peculiarities.—Everything that happened in the village was laid at John Henderson Tompkins's door. "It's some of that boy's work," they said, whenever a bushel of plums, a water-melon, or a peck of peaches mysteriously disappeared. He was probably guilty of everything charged, as when he died they found where he had hidden seventeen stolen cow-bells, forty axes, ever so many saw-bucks, fifteen or twenty front gates, and I can't remember how many snow-shovels.

ENGLISH SYNTAX.

The English tongue, as well as the difficulty of acquiring the ability to use its immense vocabulary correctly, is well illustrated in the following array of synonymous words; which, if not new, are yet a capital illustration of the nice distinctions, which differ from so many of our vocabularies. It is no wonder that we slip occasionally, even the wariest of us!
A little girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See, what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships is called a *fleet* and that a fleet of sheep is called a *pack*.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a *bevy*, that a bevy of wolves is called a *pack*, that a pack of thieves is called a *gang*, and a gang of angels is called a *school*, and a school of porpoises is called a *herd*, and a herd of children is called a *troop*, and a troop of partridges is called a *galaxy*, and a covey of beauties is called a *galaxy*, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a *horde*, and a hoard of rubbish is called a *heap*, and a heap of oxen is called a *drove*, and a drove of blackguards is called a *mob*, and a mob of whales is called a *school*, and a school of worshippers is called a *congregation*, and a congregation of engineers is called a *corps*, and a corps of robbers is called a *band*, and a band of loonies is called a *swarm*, and a swarm of people is called a *crowd*, and a crowd of gentlemen is called the *elite*, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the *roughs*, and the miscellaneous crowd of the city folks is called the *community*, or the *public*, accordingly as they are spoken of by the religious community or the secular public.

"HEirlooms" of SENATOR STEWART.—There is a clever story going the rounds about the aristocratic proclivities of one of our Senators. It seems that some time ago this ancient and honorable house discovered that one of its principal founders in its foundation walls—probably the corner-stone, so to speak—was Plymouth Rock. As a matter of course, this discovery rendered it necessary to have heirlooms in the house. Now, it is not difficult to have heirlooms. There are several establishments in New York and one in Washington that deal largely in heirlooms, the business having become immensely profitable in this period of the renaissance. So among the heirlooms of the house of Stewart is a "Continental uniform"—big bell-bottoms, white facings, epaulettes, knee-buckles, and all. Of course one evening, when the traditions and idylls of the family were under discussion, the old uniform was brought out and placed on dress parade. But the stupid keeper of the family archives had neglected to remove the price-tag of the dealer in heirlooms.—*Washington Correspondent, St. Louis Republican.*

It is pleasant to become a parent, twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be tripped with twins, but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. Now there dwells in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, a worthy German, who a few years ago was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her:
"Katrine, dat ish good."
A couple of years later the good woman placed before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins.
"Vell," said Hans, "dat vash petteer ash der oder time. I thinks more ash ten glass here on dat."
But the good woman next time gave birth to triplets, and that made him "shpoken mit his mout shust a liddle."
"Mein Gott, Katrine! vat is the matter on you? Petteer you shopt dis piassee fore der come more ash a village full. I get guff mit such foolishness!"
No later returns have been received.

One of Disraeli's admirers, in speaking about him to John Bright, said: "You ought to give him credit for what he has accomplished, as he is a self-made man." "I know he is," replied Bright, "and he adores his maker."

It occurred to a Danbury scholar, while writing a composition, last week, to make the remarkable statement that "an ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but it can run faster."
"Where did you learn wisdom?" inquired Diogenes of a man esteemed wise. "From the blind," was the reply, "who always try their path with a stick before they venture to tread on it!"

A pugilistic Irishman, being bound over to keep the peace on all British subjects, remarked: "The minute help the first foreigner I meet."
Mark Twain believes in the Woman's Movement if it is confined to the wash-tub.