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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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SHEEP HUSBANDRY—FENCING—PUBLIC ROADS.

The following extracts are taken from an address delivered at a rural meeting in Baltimore county, by Henry C. Halliwell, of Sandy Springs, Md.:
Sheep Husbandry—Sheep husbandry is a subject with which you are familiar. Yet more attention will be given to this most valuable branch of our business. A reliable farmer in New Jersey received a return of \$1,200 from an outlay of \$150 within twelve months, in addition to the beneficial effects of the sheep upon the soil. This is an extreme case, but indicates the margin of profit that may be realized with care. The only drawback is the fear that our outlay may be totally lost by the ravages of dogs. For the present our only safety lies in folding them every night into a yard suitably protected. This does not materially injure them, even in hot weather, as they are creatures of habit, and immediately lie down and ruminant, and are ready to go to feeding as soon as released in the morning. I have recently protected my own yard, already enclosed with a board fence, by running two wires around it four inches above the top rail. But is this the limit of our power? Can we not rise in our might and demand, not as a favor grudgingly granted, but as an imperative necessity, that legislation shall be shaped as to protect our flock from this intolerable scourge? Can we not make the politician feel that we have some rights which he is bound to respect? We read in the old fable that the giant Enceladus was buried under Mount Etna, and when he turned upon his weary side, he clattered the resources of his soil and his foundations. There are indications that another long-slumbering giant, the "American farmer," is awakening, who, if once aroused, will crumble to powder such fabrics as selfish interests and short-sighted policy may have reared above his prostrate form.

Public Roads—Our State shows many symptoms of arousing from the lethargy that has benumbed her, and of preparing to take the position to which she is entitled by her commercial facilities, her climate, and the resources of her soil and mines, but she needs a thorough awakening on the subject of public roads. To convey an adequate idea of our "so-called" highways in mid-winter and early spring is almost beyond the power of language. To quote from an article written a few years since: "It is sufficient to say that they effectually stop transportation to market, communication by vehicles with mill, shop and store, and even with six visiting and attendance of church." Yet it will be a matter of good roads that we will be enabled to supply our growing needs of country life, the bringing of the people together, and that conflict of mind with mind that seems necessary for man to reach his highest development, and which indeed constitutes one of the great advantages to be claimed for a residence in the city. On a grade of thirty feet to the mile, the force required to perform a certain duty is twice as great as on a level; on one of sixty feet three times as great. Yet year after year our poor toiling animals labor over grades that a little judicious expenditure would soon reduce to a level, and their shoulders against stones that have bleached in many a changing season, and rack our vehicles in a way that brings brisk business to the wheelwright and blacksmith. Few have an idea of the cost to the State and its citizens of this condition of affairs. Not only are the small sums now doled out frequently wasted without any adequate return, but even where work is done for the money expended, it is either unskillfully used, or spread over so large a surface that it scarcely serves to last a single season. The whole question should be taken from the domain of party politics and placed in the hands of our ablest men. Some wise and efficient law should be devised to give us that essential of civilization, good roads at all seasons, with the least necessary cost. My own preference, I believe, would be for the system adopted in Washington county, through the influence of the late Robert Fowler, where the Commissioners and such citizens as may wish to construct roads, by a subscription, the interest on which is equal to the annual expenditure for repairs.

Fencing—Closely connected with this subject of roads is that of the great cost of fencing and the increased amount of the latter from the unreasonably, thriftless and most selfish practice of letting stock run at large. A writer in the *Rural Messenger* has calculated the cost of one mile of "worm" or Virginia fence, made of pine poles, and lasting ten years, to be about \$119. In Montgomery, the cost of one mile of substantial post-and-rail fence is \$430. The same writer says that the fences of the United States, according to published reports, are estimated to cost more than the houses, cities included—more than the ships, boats and vessels of every description that float the ocean, lakes and rivers—more than the manufactures of every kind, with their machinery—more than any one class of property aside from real estate, excepting it may be the railroads of the country. Robinson gives the first cost of fences in the State of New York at \$144,000,000. Nicholas Bidwell estimated that the fence tax of Pennsylvania was \$10,000,000 per year.—Gen. Worthington, of Ohio, says that "there are eleven millions acres of land in this State enclosed with four

hundred and fifty thousand miles of fence at a first cost of one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars, and at a yearly expense for repairs of \$7,000,000. Moreover, a fence run in the Virginia style occupies five acres for every one hundred enclosed." Is not this a most unreasonably and exhausting tax? As far as it is caused by stock roaming upon the roads, would it not be cheaper for us to supply pasture to the animals of those who thus weight us with such burden? My venerable father, Benjamin Halliwell, in an exhaustive article upon this theme, says: "When land is condemned for a road it is for a 'public passage,' and for no other purpose whatever. All rights and privileges, therefore, not connected with such a highway, remain on every principle of right and justice, with the owner of the property from which the land was taken. No one, therefore, has a right to turn his cattle, swine or other stock into a road that passes through the premises of another, in order to use it as a pasture ground, or for any other purpose than that of travel from place to place. I am very glad to say that the decisions of the courts are unanimous, as far as I have learned, as to this view of the case, and the Grand Jury of Burlington county, N. J., recently presented to the court as a nuisance requiring abatement, the practice of allowing stock to run at large upon the country roads.

Practical Notes—An eminent physician, who devotes his whole attention to diseases of the throat and lungs, says that about three-fourths of all throat diseases would get well by wearing wide collars and no neckties. He said that throat singers would come to him for throat disease and loss of voice, and he would tear open their cravats, and cure them with no other treatment whatever. "The pressure of the collar round the arteries of the neck is very bad for the health," said he. He also added: "If you have a disease of the throat, let nature do the curing and the physician just as little as possible."

Mr. Lowry, the chief propagator at the *Exposition de Paris*, has given to the *Revue Agricole* his method of destroying cockroaches, which are found very destructive and annoying both in greenhouses and dwellings. "This plan is to take a package of matches and dissolve the phosphorus on them in a quart of water and make a paste with this water by mixing it with a pound of flour and six or seven ounces of sugar. Place this mixture where the cockroaches will most readily find it, and it will destroy them effectually."

Suel Foster tells the *Western Farm Journal* that he is now, after much observation and experience, "fully satisfied that orchards should be plowed every year, the less grass the better. Plow in late fall and early spring." Of his own orchard he says: "I know of none, nor have I seen or heard of one in this county that is in this year so productive. I have kept it under the plow all the time, usually with a crop of potatoes or corn, no manure."

A farmer informs the *Kentucky Home Journal* that he always turns his sheep on his standing corn after it is in full ear. They destroy many weeds that would otherwise reseed the ground, clean up the fence rows, and get much good food that at this season of the year comes well to hand. He adds that you can continue to let them in the field, and so long as they find anything else to feed upon they will not molest the corn.

An Ice-House for Five Dollars—A neighbor of mine, says a correspondent, has an inclosure of about six feet square in the clear, and six feet high. The walls are formed of old, refuse timbers, thrown closely together, with no regard to form or comeliness. The roof is made of henlock boards. The entire cost of this building did not exceed five dollars. And, practically considered, it is a success—not ambitious of containing thirty-five loads of ice, but simply five loads. Ten years since this little, unpretentious house has been used for ice, and never yet dishonored a draft upon its crystal deposit!—About six inches of sawdust was spread upon the ground floor; and, in packing, a space of about nine inches was left between the ice and the walls of the building for sawdust, and about nine inches of sawdust was spread upon the top of the ice, and the sides were fixed. The three main principles observed here will all ways insure a supply of ice, viz.: good ventilation, good drainage, and plenty of sawdust. With these rules adhered to, a corner of any old pen-and-hill will prove quite efficient in preserving ice.

Raw Beef for Dysentery—Take half a pound of juicy beef, free from any fat, rub it very finely, then rub it into a smooth pulp, either in a mortar or with an ordinary potato masher, and press it through a fine sieve. Spread a little out upon a plate and sprinkle over it some salt, or some sugar if the child prefer it. Give it alone or spread upon a buttered slice of stale bread. It makes an excellent food for children with dysentery.

Remedy for Insect Stings—M. Dauvergne says that 30 or 40 grains of quick-lime dissolved in water is a thorough remedy for the stings of insects, and far superior to ammonia or any other astringent. They all faced from the

THE COURT.
Clifford and Davis are the only sitting members on the Bench. His life and privacy are strictly judicial. Little or nothing is known of his daily walks and ways. His enormous size and stature prohibit him from much exercise. He is a diligent judge. Behind him stretch the years of public action far away to the City of Mexico, where he made the treaty of peace with Texas was the public question, and her annexation the policy of the party to which Clifford belonged. Faithfully the old man—his skin, and hair, and the light of his eye, of almost muscular strength—stands by the opinions he formed as a Van Buren Democrat. Nobody imputes anything but high conscientiousness to him, yet he differs with the majority less on the facts than on the flavor of the Constitution. What a commentary on the flintic mind? A little primer of laws, called "The Constitution," does not read the same way to two equally pure, equally wise judges.

While Clifford boards by Davis at the National Hotel, Field keeps house on Capitol Hill. He is a wonderful home-body, and is always repairing or adding something to his establishment. There, in a part of the same building where Calhoun died, and Congress met, and prisoners-of-war were kept, the Judge reads everything under the sun, new or old, and is a little more in love with his home every day. How could he go against the Legal-Tender decision, being so much that way himself? The court is a queer little world.—Its greatest practitioner is dead. Curtis. He was a man of letters. His mind could cross an ocean on stepping-stones, so exact and so all embracing, but he was not a man to sit on the bench, but to practice and make a competence; and every day, going to and fro, from law to liquor from ethics to tiddy, he described with his elbows, by repeated bendings of the same, several circumnavigations of the globe.—The vast processions of common law, the stately pile of the Roman statutes, which Legare labored so hard to reconcile with the common law, and thus mingle the classical and Gothic arches, all the clearer to Curtis' sight, rose all the clearer to Curtis' sight on the vulgar compound called a cocktail.

When a new man is to sit on the bench, they chatter together like a number of great clucking hens, each of whom expects a new hen to sit mutually on the general eggs which she had no part in laying. They look at him when he arrives, and make up their minds, and go home and report to their wives every day. Of course their wives know very little about it, but it is quite a subject for a great while. The new man, meanwhile, is advised by his wife on the subject of his gown. "There she is a great authority, on the subject of backstitch and the size of the sleeves." It is not every woman who can get her husband into petticoats. She goes to court slyly, to see if he is gowned as well as the rest of them; and sometimes, perhaps, suggests that it is time he had a new one—intimating that her old silk is also shabby.

But Hartie told me a good story about his visit to Washington a year ago. He had not been in the city at any time previously. "I was delighted with that Capital," he said. "It is so wide-reaching, so pure, so worthy of the country! I strolled up I down, knowing little about it all, until I saw a sign, 'Clerk of the Supreme Court.' Then, guessing the door, I entered that awful tribunal of which I had heard so much. Sure enough, there they were, in their silk gowns—large, grave, Greek-looking fellows, all in a row, with one lawyer talking, two listening, and no spectators."

"I sat down, the solitary intruder, in a far corner. The sounds of the pleadings monotonously arising made the only disturbance besides."
"In a few minutes one of the judges, automatically turning his head, looked at me. He said something to the next judge. The next to the third. So along the whole line the mysterious communication went. They all faced from the

advocate and looked right at me. Then the judge nearest me winked. I could not have believed it, but he winked twice!"
"I blushed like Ann Page when Falstaff winked."
"The awful presence winked three times."
"Suddenly I remembered that it was Field. This was the bench he was on, and I had been acquainted with him in California."
"Well, Hartie, it is the first time a joke ever went round the Supreme Court. They couldn't even take the joke of Cushing's confirmation.—Galt, in the *Chicago Tribune*.

GOLDEN GRAINS OF THOUGHT.—Pride is precarious, but virtue is immortal. We have made justice a luxury of civilization. Every dog has its day, and so does every dog's dog. Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing. It is easier to be a harmless dove than a devious serpent. It is little trouble to a graven image to be patient, even in fly-time. Humor must fall out of a man's mouth like music out of a bobolink. Envy is like a fly, that bosses all a body's sounder parts, and dwells upon the sores. Mice fatten slow in church. They can't live on religion any more than ministers can. Repentance begins in the humiliation of the heart, and ends in the reformation of the life. Life is a masquerade. There is scarce a man, or a woman, or a child, who appears in his true character. Wealth is an awful trust! How solemnly will the thought of ill-gotten wealth comfort many on a death-bed. Some men marry to get rid of themselves, and find that the game is one that two can play at, and neither win.

Educate the whole man—the head, the heart, and the body—the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act. Fashion cheats the eccentric with the clap-trap of freedom, and makes them serve in the habiliments of the harlequin. They who were most weary of life, and are yet the most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose—who have rather breathed than lived. Men discover that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves. They will not adduce their minds to the standard; therefore they lower the standard to their minds. Error is the negative of truth as darkness is to light, or as death is to life. These are essentially irreconcilable and antagonistic. Truth will make us happy, can conduct us to God, to immortality, to heaven.

The world is governed by three things—Wisdom, Authority, and Appearance. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, Authority for rough people, and Appearance for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside. Be careful to make Friendship the child, and not the father, of Virtue; for many ardent-knit minds are rather good friends than good men. So, although they do not like the evil their friend does, yet they like him who does the evil; and, though no counselors of offence, yet they protect the offender.

SIZE OF COUNTRIES, ETC.—Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is one-fourth the size of New York. Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine. The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States. The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario. The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior. The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore. The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester. Great Britain is two-thirds the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China, and one-twenty-fifth of the United States. The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk, or Japan Sea. Lake Ontario would go in either of them more than fifty times. The following bodies of water are nearly equal in size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea; Hudson Bay is rather larger; the Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf, and Aegean Sea, half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

TO REMOVE WARTS FROM HANDS.—Purchase a dime's worth of spirits of hartshorn; bathe warts, or, if very numerous, that portion of the hand where the warts are, with a small portion of the spirits of hartshorn, each night and morning, for about three weeks, not washing the hands immediately after. The use of it will not cause any pain unless it comes in contact with a cut or bruise. A cure is usually effected in about three weeks.

TOBACCO SELLERS AND BUYERS.—Some recent suspensions in the commercial world have turned the attention of the farmers to the tobacco trade. The condition of that trade seems to us rather anomalous. By some combination, made among the tobacco buyers, a planter cannot sell his own crop, he must, whether he wishes or not, entrust an agent to do it for him. The buyers will not deal directly with the planter. They, for their own convenience, insist upon dealing with an agent. We have not examined the matter ourselves, but a gentleman who claims to have knowledge on the subject says that this is the case nowhere but in Maryland. If it were the case elsewhere it would not be less objectionable in Maryland. Tobacco agents are, as a class, as good as any other class of people, and are a great convenience and advantage in many, if not most cases. But it is the compulsory part of it that is objectionable. Under the present system the whole product of the crop is obliged to pass through the hands of a third party before it comes into the pocket of the owner. The safety of the money, in its transit through the hands of an agent, is an object of a good deal of concern to many, and various plans have been suggested to make it a penal offense for a commission merchant not to pay over the proceeds of the sale of crops. But it would be most manifestly unfair to single out commission merchants as the only class to be persecuted criminally for a breach of trust. Any such law should operate equally on all who have the handling of other people's money. Bankers and lawyers should come under it. By these latter classes, we are sorry to say, we believe the people have lost more money than by the agents, and under less excusable circumstances. The chances are rather against the early passage of any law punishing criminally all breaches of trust, even if such a law could be made to operate practically.

Another plan suggested is to incorporate a company, and for the company to appoint a salaried agent for the sale of tobacco, and take from him a bond with ample security. The agent to be under the control of a board of directors. We do not see why this plan would not work well if it were put in operation. It might be a little cumbersome but it would certainly insure safety, if the corporations were men of character and the bond of the agent a good one. It would be, in fact, the banking system, with its checks applied to tobacco agencies. If any general interest was taken in it, such a corporation would not afford safety to the planter, but would pay a fair interest on the shares. While we only mentioned tobacco, these remarks apply to all the products of the farm.

At any rate the relation between the farmer and the buyer seem at present in an unsatisfactory state, and it is well worthy of the consideration of the people whether these relations cannot be improved.—*Maryland Independent*.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—Professor Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accidents: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water into them; remove eyelids; &c., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut compress above the wound; if a vein is cut compress below. If choked get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with vasoline. Smother a fire with carpets, &c.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath, then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, then walk erect. Suck poison wounds, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisons give acids; in case of opium poisoning give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting lay the person flat.

GOOD BYE.—It is a hard word to speak. Some may laugh that it should be, but let them. Joy hearts are never kind. It is a word that has choked many an utterance and started many a tear. The hand is clasped, the word is spoken, and we part and are out on the ocean of time—we go, to meet again—when? God only knows. It may be soon, and it may be never! Take care that your good-bye be not a cold one—it may be the last you can give, ere you meet again. Death's cold hands may have closed his eyes forever. Ah! he may have died thinking you loved him not. Again it may be a long separation. Friends crowd and give you their hands. How do you detect in each good-bye the love that lingers there, and how may you bear with you the memory of those parting words many days? We must often separate. Tear not yourself away with a careless boldness that defies all love, but make your words linger—give your heart full utterance—and if tears fall—what of it? Tears are not unmanly.

DELICATE PEOPLE.—There is constant sympathy expressed by robust people for those of slight physical constitution. We think the sympathy ought to turn in the opposite direction. It is the delicate people who escape the most fearful disorders, and, in three cases out of four, live the longest.—Those of gigantic stature are almost always reckless of health. They say: "Nothing hurts me," and so they stand in drafts, and go out into the night air to cool off, and eat crab at midnight, and doff their flannels in April, and get their feet wet. But delicate people are shy of peril. They know that disease has been fishing for them for twenty years, and they keep away from the hook.—No trout can be caught if he sees the shadow of the sportsman on the brook. These people, whom everybody expects to die, live on most tenaciously. We know of a young lady who evidently married a wealthy man of eighty-five years on the ground that he was very delicate and with reference to her own third. But the aged invalid is so careful of his health, and the young wife is so careless of hers, that it is now uncertain whether she will inherit his storehouses or be inherit her wedding-rings. Health and longevity depend more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit. Paul's advice to the sheriff is appropriate to people in all occupations: "Do thyself no harm."

WHY PENKIVES?—Isn't it about time that people stopped talking about penkives? In our opinion, penkive-knife would be a far more fitting term. Now, in olden times, the house-wives used to tell us Jack-in-the-pulpits, how human folk wrote altogether with the quill of the gray-goose family, and that, as it was a necessary accomplishment for ladies or gentlemen to know how to make a pen, every one wished to have a sharp quill for the purpose. Hence it was quite a recommendation to any knife to call it a penknife. But who uses penkives nowadays? Very few, if the birds know anything about it. Gold pens, steel pens, and even indiarubber pens, have left the goose question nowhere, as far as people in general are concerned; and the few folk who use "quills" rarely take a so-called penknife to them. They use patent quill-cutters—that is, when they don't buy the quill pens ready-made. Yes, patent quill-cutters! that open their brass mouths with a click, and bite the quills into pens before you can say "Jack Robinson."

So, boys and girls, let's put an end to this small sham, and abolish the word "penknife." Call the useful article, with which you do so much damage, a pocket-knife, a furniture-scratcher, a chestnut peeler, a chip-maker, anything but what it isn't—a penknife.

ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.—St. Andrew, apostle, was the son of a fisherman; St. John was also the son of a fisherman; Pope Sixtus V. was the son of a wine-herder—he was also one; Aristotle, a doctor; Boccaccio, of a merchant; Columbus, of a woolcomber; John Bath, of a fisherman; Diderot, of a cutter; Cook, of a servant; Hamperley, of a carpenter; Talma, of a dentist; Geauser, of a bookseller; Salvador Rosa, of a surveyor; Euripides, of a fruit woman; Virgil, of a baker; Horace, of a linen-weaver; Voltaire, of a tax-collector; Lamoth, of a hatter; Fletcher, of a chamber; Massillon, of a turner; Tadmecran, of a shepherd; Quintault, of a baker; B. Lin, of a cutter; Moliere, of an upholsterer; Rossau, of a watchmaker; Sir Samuel Bowditch, of a silversmith; Ben Jonson, of a mason; Shakespeare, of a butcher; Sir Lawrence, of a custom-house officer; Collins, of a hatter; Gray, of a notary; Beattie, of a laborer; Sir Edward Suzzell, of a barber; Thomas Moore, of a sword-maker; Rembrandt, of a miller; Benjamin Franklin, of a chandler; Cardinal Woolsey, of a butcher; Napoleon, of a farmer; Lincoln, of a backwoodsmen.

Dan Davis, of Virginia City paid a visit to Promontory, on the Central Pacific Railroad, and was charmed with the manners and customs—almost patriarchal in their frank simplicity—of the people. He stopped at the principal hotel of the town. It was a nice place, and the landlord was very agreeable and a friendly sort of a man. Says Dan: "When dinner was ready, the landlord came out into the street in front of the hotel with a double-barreled shot-gun. Raising the gun above his head, he fired off one barrel. I said to him, 'What do you do that for?'—'Said he, 'To call my boarders to dinner.' I said, 'Why don't you fire off both barrels?'—'Oh!' said he, 'I keep the other to collect with.'"

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher makes this sensible reply in the *Christian Union* to a query as to whether it is wicked to dance: "It is wicked when it is wicked. In itself it has no more moral character than walking, rowing, or wrestling. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances, may make the exercise evil, good company, wholesome hours, a good influence may make it a great benefit."

Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

Drawing materials.—Corkwood.

Natural clippers.—Eds.

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