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SCHOOL NOTICE

THERE WILL BE A MEETING of the Board of School Commissioners on TUESDAY, the 14th INSTANT, to act upon the appointment of Teachers for the ensuing Scholastic year and to transact whatever other business may need attention.

Teachers are requested to have their appointments in the Office by the day of meeting.

By order of the President,
BENJAMIN TIPPETT,
Secretary.

Sept. 2, 1875—2t.

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A DAY OF SUMMER BEAUTY.

Out in the golden Summer air,
Amid the purple heather,
A woman sat with drooping head,
And hands close knit together;
The latter word, she said,
Though all her life looked cold and dead—
Cold in the glowing haze that lay
Over the fair green earth that day,
That day of Summer beauty.

Far, far away, where leafy woods
Touched the sky, cloud-riven,
A thousand birds rang out life's bliss
In jubilee to heaven;
How could the poor old, withered throat
Carol echoes to each soft note?
Every soul must pay life's cost—
Her deepest silence praised God most,
That day of Summer beauty.

Too dulled her soul, too worn, to feel
Summer delight so gently;
While earth was praising God aloud
Her patience praised Him mutely.
Her narrow life of thought and care—
Not life to live, but life to bear,
Contented that her life was sad,
While all God's sunniest things were glad,
That day of Summer beauty.

And where she stayed, a dusky speck
In gorse and heather glory—
A weary spirit watched and read
The pathos of her story.
A spirit doubt-spread and worn,
Hath found another more forlorn,
That trustful stayed, nor sought to guess
Life's meanings—which are faithless,
Through all the Summer beauty.

From the New York Tribune.

THE AMERICAN TRIUMVIRATE.

[From the Address of Hon. T. L. Clingman at the University of the South Commencement].

The Commencement exercises of the University of the South were held at Sewanee, Tenn. An address was delivered to the graduating class on the "Defects of Public Speakers and the Characteristics of Popular Orators," by the Hon. T. L. Clingman. This address contained many interesting reminiscences of the great orators of this country, with descriptions of their styles of speaking, and personal anecdotes concerning them. A large portion of the address is given below.

Let us, however, now consider the peculiarities of some of the most distinguished orators of the country. I will in the first place call your attention to two prominent Senators of the same State, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts. Among orators deservedly eminent, I can recall no more striking contrast than they presented. When I first heard Mr. Webster his voice, though not in any sense melodious, was strong, clear and very masculine. At times it reminded me pleasantly of the ringing tone of a raven's note heard at a great distance through the air. During his later years it lost much of its strength and volume, but was always distinct and pleasant. In 1848 he made an elaborate speech on the subject of the proposed acquisition of territory from Mexico. He differed with his colleague, Mr. Davis, had much feeling on the subject, and only spoke after thorough preparation. That may be remembered as the one in which he said: "Politicians are not sunflowers; they do not turn on their God when he sets the same look they turned when he rose." On this occasion he spoke with unusual earnestness, and was very impressive. There were several of the new members of the House present, listening to Mr. Webster for the first time. Toward the close of his speech a member from one of the northwestern States said to me, "What is the matter with the old fellow? What makes him so dull?" "Why," I answered, "he is to-day speaking with very unusual animation." "Heaven's!" he exclaimed, "if he were to speak to one of our Western crowds in that manner and they did not know who he was, they would go off and leave him." It was then the custom of certain Western speakers in the House to declaim with great vehemence of manner, clinching their fists and marching forward and backward with a formidable aspect, and when they reached the most eloquent part of their speeches the cravat was pulled off with a sudden jerk and the vest was unbuttoned and thrown open, partly to diminish heat and perspiration and doubtless also to impress the audience with the greatness of the effort then being made. To persons accustomed to such speaking it seemed very strange that Mr. Webster should sometimes speak for several minutes without making a gesture. In spite, however, of his usual want of action, he kept the attention of his auditors, and his speeches had that remarkable quality that when one looked back to them from week to week they seemed to stand out more prominently and loomed in the distance.

Early in 1844, in the Senate, he spoke on the Oregon question. Several Democratic Senators, following in the debate, assailed his speech with remarkable vehemence. It was evident that they intended to make party capital by attacking Great Britain. Conspicuous among them were Messrs. Benton, Silas Wright and Buchanan. Though denouncing the pretensions, the injustice, the arrogance, and the insolence of Great Britain, they disclaimed any purpose to go to war with her. While these speeches were being made, one evening at a social party, on meeting Mr. Choate, I said, "Why has not your Oregon speech been published?" He replied: "I have not yet made a speech on Oregon question, but I mean to." Soon after, he delivered the finest effort of his Senate career.

After discussing for per-

haps a couple of hours the merits of the question with an earnestness, a beauty and an eloquence seldom equalled, he turned his attention to the Senators who had assailed him. Quoting in succession the words of each one, denouncing the oppression, the insolence and the arrogance of Great Britain, he exclaimed: "But the Senator wishes for no war with her." Then, with consummate skill, he repeated Mark Antony's oration over Caesar's body, drawing a parallel between each Senator and one of the conspirators. "Great Britain," said he, "has always been our enemy, she was arrogant, domineering and insolent, but the Senator wishes for no war with her." Pursuing the parallel, he exclaimed, "here the well-beloved Brutus stabbed, but Brutus is an honorable man." Then quoting another Senator, he cried out, "See what a rent the envious Casca made; but he, too, is an honorable man." So admirably had Mr. Choate prepared the minds of the auditors that it is difficult to give an idea of the effect of these quotations. As one looked over the Senate, it seemed ready to burst into laughter, but in fact every one restrained his feelings lest he might lose some of the speaker's words. The effect on the Senators arraigned was not less striking. While Mr. Benton strove to throw it off, with a poorly assumed air between indifference and defiance, Mr. Buchanan hung his head with the sheepish look of one who has been detected in a shallow stratagem. After getting through with his adversaries, Mr. Choate drew himself up to his full height, with an air of great dignity, and said: "But, Mr. President, there is one great and striking difference between Mark Antony and these honorable Senators, and it is due to their high character as well as to the courtesy of the Senate that I should state it." As he uttered these words in a fine, manly tone of voice, and with an air of generous courtesy, the Senators raised themselves up in their seats with a countenance and manner which seemed to say, "Well, he has hit us rather hard, but he is about to make amends handsomely." Mr. Choate said, with striking emphasis: "Antony was a villain; Antony was a hypocrite; these honorable Senators are perfectly sincere." Had he swept the Chamber with the keen scimitar of Saladin, it would seem that heads could not have sunk more suddenly. When the speech was concluded, Senator Foster, of Tennessee, and G. W. Summers, of Virginia, both fine speakers and orators, with whom I happened to be standing began to express their admiration most warmly. "If that man," said one of them, "only had the manner of Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun, he would universally be regarded as the greatest orator in the world." "I differ with you," I said; "it is his fine manner that in a great degree makes him so impressive, but his ideas are not in themselves as large as those of the men you mention, and are not calculated to make so great an impression." They, however, reiterated their opinions with much emphasis. Some weeks later, on speaking to them again, I found that the effect had been greatly diminished.

I regard Mr. Webster's greatest effort as that delivered on the 7th of March, 1850. No mere report of it will give one an idea of its greatness without such a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was made as perhaps none but those then present could realize. Intense anxiety prevailed in Washington in the minds of men of all shades of opinion. The shadows of those events which occurred a dozen years later seemed to oppress the minds of all present. With this anxiety there was a hope that Mr. Webster might solve the difficulty. He spoke to such an audience as had never been previously assembled in the Senate chamber. All felt the truthfulness of Senator Walker's words when in moving to postpone the subject on which he had the floor, to take up that on which Mr. Webster was to speak, he said there was "but one man in America who could have drawn that audience together, and he alone could satisfy it." It was not merely that all the sitting and standing room in the Chamber was filled with a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen, but the distinguished character of the persons assembled was most remarkable. Being fortunate enough to get a seat on the arm of Mr. Corwin's chair, and thus being quite near Mr. Webster, I had a fair view of every countenance turned toward the orator. There appeared in every face anxiety and intense earnestness. He had been speaking for nearly an hour on the subject in general terms before he indicated the position he meant to take. Every face retained its intense anxiety of expression, until at the close of one of his sentences, he said, in an emphatic manner, "I will not vote for the Wilcox proviso." There seemed at once to be a sense of relief in the audience, accompanied by a slight rustling sound, caused by the relaxation. He proceeded, and fully met the public expectation and hope. It was a purely intellectual impression made on the minds of all present, and yet the effect was greater than any mere oratory alone could have produced. I never witnessed such a sense of relief in the public mind. He had drawn from the dark cloud of lightning which seemed ready to burst on the country. But for this effort we should then probably have had, with what result cannot now be known, the collision which occurred a dozen years later.

Of those resembling Mr. Webster in

the largeness and power of their thoughts I can recall no one so remarkable as Geo. McDuffie. I once asked Col. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, whom he regarded as the greatest orator he had ever heard. He instantly replied, "McDuffie." Of Col. Preston, that after hearing him under favorable circumstances, I have never doubted that he was by far the greatest orator that I ever listened to. His thrilling, impassioned eloquence, his bright and noble sentiments, his wonderful and imposing attitudes, placed him far in advance of any orator that I ever knew. When for the first time in Rome, my eyes fell on that colossal statue of Pompey, the base of which was bathed with the blood of the great Dictator as he expired under the thrusts of Senatorial daggers, I was instantly reminded of some of Preston's attitudes. As often as I afterward looked on it the same impression would strangely come over me. After the torrent of Preston's impassioned eloquence was fairly under way he had a complete control over his auditors. When, for example, warmed with the vehemence of his action, as graceful as it was impetuous, he would sometime as it were, unconsciously take of his wig with his left hand and place it beside him, so as to expose his head, which was entirely bald, there was in the audience no more of a tendency to smile than when Chatham for the third time pronounced the word "sugar."

McDuffie, with the largeness of thought which characterized Webster, possessed the earnestness of Choate, and a vehemence and force immeasurably superior. The array of his arguments was most powerful, and his denunciation of wrong absolutely terrific. He had not the poetry of Choate, and lacked the polish of Webster, but his massive thoughts, thrown out with tremendous energy, seemed to fall among his auditors like thunderbolts. His whole manner was that of a man calling into action every faculty he possessed, not to save his own life, for a brave man could not plead earnestly for himself alone, but as one who was making a dying struggle for the life of his country, or for truth itself. It would be interesting for one to compare Mr. Webster's speech, delivered in the House of Representatives in 1824, against the tariff, with one of McDuffie's on the same subject made in 1832. McDuffie's speech against the removal of the deposits, made in 1834, bears marks of a higher degree of finish and greater polish in its language than most of his efforts show. It is, however, less forcible and vehement than some others.

Entirely different from any one of these speakers was Henry Clay. When in the meridian of his power his voice was perhaps unequalled. Both in the richness and melody of its fine tenor and the grandeur of its deep bass, it seemed capable of indefinite modulation and expression. Perhaps the nearest approach to it in excellence and compass that I can recall was that of General, of Tennessee. But even his voice, remarkably musical and varied in its tones, was scarcely equal to Mr. Clay's in compass, was not so emphatic, and could not strike with so much force, nor was it capable of so great expansion in its deep organ tones. Though Mr. Clay was very tall, and usually stood very erect, he never seemed stiff, as Mr. Calhoun often appeared. His gestures were abundant, easy, appropriate, very impressive, and yet always graceful as well as dignified. He never strove, as some speakers do, to make an impression by the exhibition of bodily force. He was always animated, often impassioned. Whether he seemed to be addressing himself wholly and earnestly to the presiding officer, or threw the glances of his bright, blue eye over the audience, by his animated, varied, and earnest tones, and by his graceful and sometimes commanding gesture, he kept the undivided attention of his hearers. He appeared like a champion in battle, delivering his blow right and left, and enlisted the feelings of his auditors on his side so completely that they seemed to regard it as their right, and were ready to shout of each success won. Mr. Clay was, perhaps, least felicitous when he attempted to utter merely handsome things, or to make poetical quotations. He did not use well such prettiness as Sargeant S. Prentiss would culminate in poets and novelists, and with the entertain an audience without ever making a deep impression on it. Mr. Clay then appeared to the greatest advantage when discussing personal attacks, or when discussing the honor, the safety, of the liberties of the country. His high sense of personal honor, his dauntless courage, and at times haughty daring, with his great public spirit and ardent patriotism, rendered him often imposing and grand. It was not the possession of great powers alone, remarkable as they were, that made him the greatest orator of his time in the world. He was a good fighter, and could take care of himself in every kind of debate. There were at times as great an actor as Chatham himself, will be evident to who merely reads his eloquent and patriotic appeal to Mr. Van Buren to use his influence with President Jackson to induce him to restore peace, or, at a later period, his interview between the two great Senators and John C. Calhoun, men whom he could not do better won by his sur-

address. He, however, lost nothing in the estimation of the country by the occasional exercise of these powers, for his perfect frankness, high courage and public spirit relieved him from all concealment. Such means, when used at times to secure great and honorable objects, were viewed merely as we do the efforts of a skillful horseman, who, to manage a fiery steed, is equally ready to use the spur or to coax the animal. No man ever lived who was more prompt to repel all that was not alike honest, honorable and manly.

The session closed on the 4th of March, and owing to the pressure of Congressional business I had not seen Mr. Clay for many days. Such was his health, that it seemed doubtful if he would again return to Washington. The Senate was detained by some executive business, and for a while sitting with open doors during the consideration of a contested election case. Not being willing to leave without seeing Mr. Clay, I walked in, and after the usual salutation, said to him "I called last evening to see you, but you were out." "I am very sorry," he replied, mentioning where he had been; "some this evening. But no," said he, seeming to collect suddenly, "I am to dine with Sir Henry Bulwer; but you must come and see me to-morrow evening." "No," I replied, "I leave in the morning. I only called to bid you farewell. I shall be a candidate for re-election, but you know that politics are uncertain, and I may not meet again. I wish you to know that though I have of late opposed some of your measures, the greater part of my life has been devoted to the effort to make you President." A wonderful change instantly came over his countenance. It seemed as if the remark called up to his mind the images of thousands of friends who had labored so long, so ardently, and so vainly for his promotion. The tears fell on his flushed cheeks, he covered his eyes with his hands for a moment, suddenly recovered himself, and taking me by both hands, said, in a subdued voice, "I know it, my dear fellow, and am very grateful for it."

The disappointment was equally shared by Webster and Calhoun. They all, however, had the good fortune to die while their great intellects were still in their meridian splendor. "Before destiny's effeminate fingers" had robbed them of a single element of strength or grandeur. Mr. Calhoun's last speech ranks as his best efforts. When it was delivered by Mr. Mason in a masculine voice, as Mr. Calhoun sat by his side, thin and pale as marble, the compression of his brow, the active glance from Senator to Senator, an eye as bright as that of an eagle, told unmistakably that while his noble heart was no cloud on his mind, his noble heart was no cloud on his mind. Mr. Clay shortly before he lay on a sofa, because it was almost impossible to utter a complete sentence, that while his noble heart was no cloud on his mind, his noble heart was no cloud on his mind. Mr. Clay shortly before he lay on a sofa, because it was almost impossible to utter a complete sentence, that while his noble heart was no cloud on his mind, his noble heart was no cloud on his mind.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hie for boot and horse, lad!
And around the world away!
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the geese are stags, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Green home, and take your place there,
The spirit and soul among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

ALGERNON CHAS. SWINBURNE.

Swinburne is, probably, best known in America by his poorest work—his "Poems and Ballads," published here under the title of "Ianus Veneris." These poems were written many years ago, and are filled with all the wildness and passion of his boyhood. A large majority of people, of course, not students of his poetry, have an idea that Swinburne is a name synonymous with dissipation and unbridled passion. Those who have carefully watched his career know that this is untrue. It is noticeable that the foremost British journals, such as *The Saturday Review*, *The Spectator*, *The Fortnightly*, always treat Swinburne with the dignity and respect only awarded an author of high character, as well as of genius and culture. Algernon Charles Swinburne is still a young man. He was born in London April 5, 1837, and entered Oxford in 1857. He left the University, however, before graduation. The father of the poet, Admiral Swinburne, is the son of Sir John Swinburne, a person whose life is well worth reading. Swinburne's mother is the daughter of the late Earl of Ashburnham, whose family, though one of them was the closest follower of Charles I to his death, afterward held sensibly aloft from the cause of the latter Stuarts, and increased in wealth and titles. Swinburne was five years at school, four of which were passed at Eton. He never cared for any pursuit, sport, or study as a youngster, except poetry, riding, and swimming; and though as a boy his verses may have been bad enough, he was far from bad at this time.

Swinburne rates "Horiba" highest as a single piece. There certainly is a good deal compressed and concentrated into that fine lyrical poem. He is now writing in the form of an essay a sort of history of the style of Shakespeare, and its progress through various stages of growth. This he will undoubtedly do well, as he has been studying Shakespeare ever since he was six years old. Some biographers have had Swinburne born in France, but he never was in France or Italy for more than a few weeks together, and that not more than three or four times in his life, and never was out of England at all till he was eighteen. This letter will have been written in vain if it does not give its readers a clearer and more favorable view of Algernon Charles Swinburne's life. The larger portion of his time is passed at his residence, Holmwood, Henly-on-Thames where he is pretty steadily occupied with his untiring pen, turning out his lyrical verse and glowing critical prose with equal facility and vigor. At times he runs up to London for a few days, commencing with his friends, among whom Rossetti and Morris are perhaps the most distinguished. When he seems to be the most at leisure, and careless of literary reputation, he often is engaged upon some laborious production, as was the case during the composition of his opial drama, "Bothwell," the longest and in some respects the most significant of modern dramatic poems. There is no doubt that Swinburne has been careless, and even defiant of public opinion, and often unjust in the satire and scorn with which he has retaliated upon the meaner class of his conators. The wonder is, considering the attacks made upon him, and the gross miscomprehension to which he has been retaliated, that he has not been confirmed in a wild and reckless career. His poetic genius, ardent scholarship, and generous aspirations have saved him from becoming either a misanthrope or profligate. But he has long passed the errors and bewilderment of youth, and become in his own country a man of recognised leadership.

DRINKING WATER.—Dr. Hall is opposed to the immoderate drinking of water. He says: "The longer one puts off drinking water, the more he gains."