

Saint James's Beacon

VOL XII

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1875

NO. 61

ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday by
J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum, to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions is not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbidden, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

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(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

JEFFERSON DAVIS IN THE WEST.

INVITATIONS, RECEPTIONS & ADDRESSES.

St. Louis, Sept. 27th, 1875.

Editor of the Beacon.—The reappearance of Hon. Jefferson Davis into public life, and especially his recent visit to Missouri, have been the subject of so much journalistic comment throughout the country, that I have thought a few lines from the scene of action might be of some interest to your readers. And here I may remark that it must be a subject of universal congratulation to all patriotic citizens throughout both the entire North and South, that though scarcely ten years have elapsed since the close of the war, such a spirit of concord and reconciliation is manifesting itself in all parts of the country.

As it has been made known to most of your readers I presume, Mr. Davis has been the recipient of a large number of invitations to deliver addresses before various Agricultural Associations or Fairs this Fall throughout the West and North West. Most of these he has declined on account of the feeble condition of his health—many from political reasons, especially since the unfortunate and disgraceful result of the invitation to Winnetka Co., Ill., which has met with such universal condemnation, but which has no doubt won golden opinions for him from both friends and foes.

ADDRESS IN MO.—AN Oration by the PEOPLE.

Mr. Davis delivered three addresses in Missouri—at De Soto, Fulton and Kansas City. His first appearance was before the Jefferson County Fair at De Soto, a beautiful suburban town of St. Louis.

It was an event looked for with unusual interest, not only in this immediate section, but throughout the West, to hear what the ex-President of the Confederacy would say and whether he would touch upon the domain of politics or not. Special trains were run from this city and a large assembly greeted the distinguished speaker.—His address was fully up to his reputation as an able orator and met with a general applause from men of all parties. No allusion of any importance was made to politics, the great problems of Agriculture and Commerce engaging his entire attention. He dwelt exhaustively and ably upon the great need of improving the great streams of the West, which could only bring about cheap and ample transportation for the immense agricultural products of the Mississippi Valley.

ADDRESS IN OHIO RAG BART.

He, however, remarked that he had shaken hands with politics, though he made a brief allusion to the all-absorbing financial problem and seemed inclined to endorse the Inflationists, or, in present political parlance, the "Ohio Rag-baby." His addresses at the other named places varied but little. A spirit of patriotism and a recognition of the binding and connecting power of the Union pervaded them all. His entire trip through the State, with exception of St. Louis, (where no public demonstration was considered prudent,) was a perfect ovation. All along the railroad crowds of people assembled to greet him and the curious to get a look at the ex-President, and in some places the hand shaking almost overpowered him, on account of the feeble state of his health. This demonstration came from men of all shades of opinion, and was no more than due honor to Mr. Davis' worth as an eminent man and a scholar, without any recognition of the ill-fated principle he represented in the past, Oliver P. Morton, Wendell Phillips and the "Bloody Shirt" Chicago Infidels to the contrary.

Though there may be a few in Missouri who yet persist to hold the phantom of the "dead dead Cause," the majority and the substantial men of the State have accepted the issue of the war as a finality.

WHO IS JEFFERSON DAVIS?

A few facts concerning Mr. Davis' history may not be out of place here, as a great many people know but little of him, except that long ago in the unhappy past he was in some way linked with a fated and dead fanaticism over whose unconsecrated grave some laugh, some mock and a few shed pathetic tears.

Jefferson Davis was a son of one of the revolutionary patriots and was born in Kentucky. His father emigrated to Mississippi during his early years, af-

ter which he sent him to West Point, where he graduated with distinguished honor in the class that turned out such illustrious soldiers as Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnson, as well as many other compatriots who served on the other side in "the late unpleasantness."

EDUCATION OF HIS EARLY CAREER.—He served afterwards in the cavalry with marked distinction, but bitterly offended Col. Zachary Taylor by eloping with his charming daughter, who proved him an affectionate and exemplary wife as long as she lived. This was the romance of his early life.

"Old Zach" did not relent for many years after the death of his daughter, not until Jeff. serving in the Mexican war, saved the entire American forces by his intrepidity and gallantry at Buena Vista. He was after this occurrence one of his most ardent friends. Mr. Davis was elected to the United States Senate in 1848, serving continually until the outbreak of that ill-fated conflict.

HIS FAREWELL SPEECH TO THE SENATE.—His farewell speech upon the withdrawal of Mississippi from the Union was a most eloquent and brilliant effort, and when he cut loose from the old Ship of State many hearts were made sad.

He was soon after elected at Montgomery to the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy. It was a perilous and most arduous position. The war came and is over. How well Mr. Davis executed this difficult and high trust imposed on him remains to the historian.

HIS PRECARIOUS CONDITION.—The war left him, as it did thousands of others who linked their fortunes with the Confederacy,—land poor. Mr. Davis owned a large plantation, before Vicksburg, of the finest river bottom or alluvial lands. This he sold a few years ago to his old servant, Ben Montgomery, for \$30,000, payable in installments with interest, which may seem to some of your readers a perilous contract.—This it may result. This old man was educated, I have learned, by Mrs. Davis and through a pure African, is rather an extraordinary man, as witness this trust of his old master. He with his two sons, who are well educated, have in charge two large plantations, aggregating perhaps over 3,000 acres of land, for the cultivation of which he employs a thousand hands. Three large stores for furnishing supplies are operated by him on this plantation, thus keeping the money at home.

He has thus far been successful and is held in high estimation by the Conservatives in the State. Mr. Davis sometimes visits the old place when he is waited upon at the table somewhat as of old.

The late liberal movement to erect a home for him will not probably be encouraged in any way by him, since he has but recently refused the Presidency of an Agricultural College in Texas.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE, ETC.

In appearance Mr. Davis is rather tall and slender, his features are sharp, though not so much as is observed in the photographs of him.

Since your correspondent had the pleasure of meeting him a few years ago in the South, he has become more delicate and feeble in looks.

He is now in Colorado, where he extended his trip with hope of improving his health. His son, Jefferson Davis, Jr., and Col. Keating, Editor of the "Appeal," an intimate friend, accompany him. He will probably speak in Missouri again on his return.

Very respectfully,
MARYLANDER.

My son wouldn't steal peaches from Mr. Gammon's orchard, I hope?

"No, ma, I wasn't in that crowd the other night."

"That's right, my boy. Keep out of bad company, and you'll never do wrong. Let your conscience be your guide in all things, and the fond mother father her son approvingly on the head, and went about her duties with a light heart."

Left to himself, the noble boy, thus soliloquized:
"You don't catch me foolin' around old Gammon's. My conscience can guide me to lots of better orchards than his, where there ain't no dog, nuther."

Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coolness have done themselves incalculable injury—the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never found Elizabeth in the mud for proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career in life would have scarcely been worth recording. Scores of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone.

At a city market the other day, a fat, smooth, solemn man took off his hat, smoothed back his hair, and said: "My friends, we know not how soon we may fall by the wayside. We stand here to-day—next week we may sleep with the dead. I feel that I have only a few days to stay, and I wish some of you would lend me fifteen cents so that I can get a dish of baked beans." The crowd at once moved away.

The utmost that severity can do is to make men hypocrites—it can never make them converts.

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,
Sept. 27, 1875.

Editors St. Mary's Beacon.—Dear Sirs:

Your readers were no doubt somewhat interested by the publication in your columns about the 22nd of July of a letter from Hon. J. A. J. Creswell, addressed to Mr. Jno. M. Graves, upon the subject of alleged expressions used by Hon. Jefferson Davis in a speech at Stevenson, Ala., in Feb. 1861, and about the genuineness of which Mr. Graves and myself had previously had a controversy. The allegation for which Rosewater, Editor of the Bee, is the sole and unsustained authority, being—"We will carry war where it is easy to advance"—where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities."

I delayed any notice of this letter at the time in the confident hope of receiving positive and conclusive evidence as to the false foundation upon which this allegation rests. That evidence I have now received, the same has been published in the Independent, edited by A. R. Wigg, at Huntsville, Ala., and its perusal will show the quicksand character of foundation upon which Mr. Creswell and his associates have built their accusations against Mr. Davis.—

The correspondence, the reception of which by me was delayed by my present absence from St. Mary's, I now send you with the request that you will publish it entire, with the editorial explanation and comment.

Mr. Creswell gives "Greely's American Confidant" as his authority for the quotation employed by him in his oration on the death of Hon. Henry Winter Davis, and states in substance, that it had received an acquiescence from Mr. Davis from the date of its publication, his oration, &c., as if Mr. Davis could be expected to notice and contradict all the false and erroneous things that were said about him by his enemies, even had he known them.

It would not have given it the dignity of a denial at the time he did not I written to him for information on the subject, the publication of his letter at the time being impliedly left discretionary with me. In that letter Mr. Davis said: "It has always been a principle with me to leave criticisms upon my public conduct to be judged by the record of my official acts. I can not, however, under existing circumstances, hesitate to comply with your request for information bearing on 'the issue you have joined.'" Mr. Creswell introduces a reply to Mr. Davis' letter to me from the Editor of the Omaha "Bee," which he professes to think settles the controversy beyond dispute, but fortunate for the vindication of the truth of history and the cause of justice, this evidence of the Editor of the "Bee" (one Rosewater) stands impeached, contradicted, discredited and denied by the most respectable citizens of Stevenson, who were present on the occasion and distinctly remember the character of that speech, and that Mr. Rosewater was not on a committee to invite Mr. Davis to make a speech as he represents himself. It is not strange, however, that those whose leaders carried conflagration, ruin and desolation through the South should seek to charge a similar intention on the part of the Southern leaders as an excuse for their own atrocities. But in vain will they seek to cast odium upon the cause of the Confederates and their Chief, the truth of history will in due time be vindicated and the name and fame of Jefferson Davis will be held in greater veneration by his people and revealed in brighter lustre from having endured this temporary obscurity, as the sun shines forth more brilliantly after a partial eclipse.

Men should be judged by their acts rather than by any alleged words their enemies may charge them with using, and Mr. Davis' acts during his whole official career has been a direct contradiction to this charge. The conduct of the Confederate armies whilst in the enemy's country demonstrated and reflected the views and received the approval of their Government and its Chief, and will stand like a monument against the calumnies of those who were unable to appreciate, as they were unwilling to give credit, to such conduct on their part.

Very respectfully yours,
WM. F. PERRY.

(From the Independent.)

TRUTH OF HISTORY.

A LIBEL ON PRESIDENT DAVIS AND ITS AUTHOR.

It has been published in many northern papers—and some of them of decided character and influence—and has lately been vehemently repeated by ex-Postmaster-General Creswell, that ex-President Davis, while on his way to Montgomery in 1861 to be inaugurated President of the Southern Confederacy, used the following language in a speech delivered at Stevenson, Alabama: "We will carry the war where it is easy to advance—where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities," &c.

The author of this false charge is discovered to be one Rosewater, a northern man, who was telegraph operator at Stevenson at the time Mr. Davis made the speech there, and was looked upon by the citizens of Stevenson at that time with suspicion—supposed to be a spy, who desired by such report to fire the northern cities.—

The following letter from President Davis, to the editor of the Independent, (marked A.) explains itself, and early introduces the subject of the article:

MEMPHIS, TENN., July 18, 1875.

(A.)

My Dear Sir.—In the case of my name that a controversy had been between himself and one, N. M. Graves, as to a speech said to have been made by me at Stevenson, Ala., in Feb. 1861, I was on my way to Montgomery, and I reply was to the effect that I did not recollect to have made a speech at Stevenson, but as I had addressed the people at many of the stations on the route, I might have done so at Stevenson, but that having no such purpose as to carry the torch into the enemy's country, I could not have made such a declaration either here or elsewhere as that attributed to me. I feared my inaugural address delivered a few days afterwards to show what were my views and purposes.

Mr. John A. J. Creswell has written on July 1st to the said Graves and quotes from northern writers, adding the fact that I had never contradicted his statement made in a speech nine years ago (erroneously assuming that I had read his speech) and then introduced a witness, designated as the editor of the Omaha Bee, who testifies that he reported my speech and telegraphed it to Nashville, &c., &c. His present location suggests his former sympathies, and his associations in Maryland show his political creed.

I do not know to whom to apply to find out about this witness, and the reported speech. The statement is certainly false, and the manner in which it is made shows the intent.

Under those circumstances I turn to you, as likely to know some one there in Stevenson, who can tell about that telegraph operator and about the speech, if made as stated. I regret not having a copy of my letter to Mr. Perry to send you, in which my early efforts to secure a peaceful separation, as one of my first acts, was referred to as corroborative of the inaugural and contradictory of the policy of savage, indiscriminate destruction. This ex-Postmaster-General has twisted and chopped my letter as one might expect of him, but the extracts contained in his letter and his citation from the letter of the editor of the Omaha Bee, will give you a clear view of the case.—I send it to you, and will thank you to return the slip to me, when I do further use to you.

Your uniform kindness has encouraged me to apply to you in this matter, and I hope any former true confederate will not hesitate to give you information to rebut this last effort of the radical slanderers, to affix on the South, as well the wish for war, as the policy of arson, robbery and murder, which must some day be recognized as that of our enemy, of him only.

With much pleasure I read the "Independent" and truly thank you for returning the slip to me, when I do further use to you.

Believe me ever respectfully and faithfully, your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Upon the reception of this letter some weeks ago, we wrote to some of the best citizens of Stevenson, Ala., for information as to the character and antecedents of the said Rosewater, former telegraph operator at Stevenson, and present editor of a Radical paper in Omaha, styled the Omaha Bee. The following replies from a number of the most respectable and veracious citizens of Stevenson, convict Rosewater of falsehood generally, as well as gross and willful misrepresentation of the speech actually made by Mr. Davis on the occasion in question. In that view, we invite public attention to the following letters, B. and C. respectively.

(B.)

STEVENSON, ALA., Aug. 10, '75.

MAJ. A. R. WIGGS.

Dear Sir.—Your letter of the 7th inst. was received on yesterday, asking information as to the character of Rosewater, who was the telegraph operator at this place in 1860-61. I was well acquainted with him, being at that time agent of the N. & O. Railroad at this place, and having constant business to transact for the road with the telegraph office.

Rosewater had come from the North here. Was, perhaps, about age, was quite a negative character; had while few acquaintances or associates here, and established for himself but little character, except inefficiency in duties as operator, and his constant abuse of the South and its institutions, and created in the community very great contempt for his ignorance of the speech actually made by Jefferson Davis passed through here on his way to assume the duties of President of the Confederacy, as many citizens were—having arranged to call Mr. Davis for a speech. Capt. Bagdale had paraded his company, then being raised, and formed it fronting the depot. When the train arrived Mr. Davis was loudly called, and finally came upon the platform of the depot, merely responding, thanking the people for the honors shown him, and in general war the South would be no greater loser than the North; as the latter could not live and prosper without the former, and before its termination in subduing the South, grass would grow in the Northern cities.—

As to making the war an aggressive one, or carrying the torch into the Northern States, was not uttered by him or language to make such impression on any person, and the charge as made is wholly untrue, as well as the arrogant impudence in the article that he, Rosewater, was one of the three selected by the citizens here to try and influence Mr. Davis to make a speech, was its statement only creates a desire contempt for the creature that, at the time, every one in the place, without one solitary exception, looked upon as a spy that had to do such dirty work for his masters. I have conversed with Dr. Cotnam, who took an active part in calling out Mr. D., who endorses, and corroborates my statement. Also W. J. McMahan, and with many others I have been unable to see since receiving your letter. You fail to inform me for what purpose you make the inquiry, for publication or your own satisfaction. If the latter, I hope this is sufficient, but if for publication, numbers of others will take pleasure in making statement of denial to his publication, and to give such character to Rosewater as will differ very materially from the estimate that may be placed upon him by strangers, his statement remaining uncontradicted. Any way I can favor you, will cheerfully do when desired. Write me if further testimony is desired.

Your ob't serv't,
Geo. W. RICE.

(C.)

STEVENSON, ALA., Aug. 27, 1875.

MAJ. A. R. WIGGS.

Dear Sir.—Your letter of the 23rd inst., with inclosures came to hand, asking information as to the correctness of facts, published by one Rosewater, then telegraph operator at this place, in reporting a speech said to have been made by Jefferson Davis, in 1861, in this town on his route to Montgomery, to assume the duties of President of the Southern Confederacy. We were present at the time alluded to. The citizens having been warned of his approach, a number hastily assembled with Capt. J. D. Bagdale's company, then being raised, and loudly called on Mr. Davis to make a speech. After repeated calls Mr. Davis came out of the car upon the platform of the depot, and thanked the people for the kindness and honor shown him; that he was then en route to Montgomery to take upon himself the Executive duties of the Confederacy; that a sectional war he deeply regrets and one to be deplored; but the South had no other alternative but to resist in defense of her rights under the Constitution, and spoke hopefully for the future if the war should become general, and result in a separation of the sections; that the South was the producing section and had less to lose by a separation than the North, and that her cities now so prosperous in commerce and manufactures by the withdrawal of supplies from her by the South instead, grass would grow in their streets, and mentioned as one, the city of New York; but on the contrary, by the separation the South would advance in peace and prosperity. That the language reported as made by him in Rosewater's publication that "we will carry the war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities" was most positively asserted was not spoken by him then or any other time in our presence or hearing, and the reported speech by Rosewater only confirms the opinion entertained of him in this community in coming here to avail himself of the favorable position at Stevenson, being the connection of the Memphis & Charleston with the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, that he might be the better able to send abroad by telegraph such misrepresentations against our section and people as his vile nature and unscrupulous actions of his employees might require, a fit subject for all such dirty work and employment. And the statement that he was one of a committee of three selected by the citizens of Stevenson to wait on Jefferson Davis and invite him to make a speech, is only equalled in arrogance and falsehood by his published remarks at that time made by Mr. Davis, that "we will carry the war where it is easy to advance, where food for the sword and torch awaits our armies in the densely populated cities," both statements being entirely fabricated. We have given the substance, if not the exact language used by Mr. Davis, who said he greatly desired a peaceful separation of the sections and would do all in his power to effect it without future hostile collision, and did repeatedly declare that the war on the part of the South was alone for defense and not aggression on the North. We make you this statement in order that you may use it in such manner as you may wish. We are very respectfully,
Your ob't serv'ts,
Geo. W. RICE,
T. T. COTNAM,
W. J. McMAHAN,
J. T. WALKER,
B. L. DAVIS,
N. B. BURCH.

It seems that the fellow Rosewater was not a member of any committee to wait on Mr. Davis (no committee being appointed on the occasion) nor did he then enjoy the confidence of the community. He was regarded as that very time, with suspicion as a Northern man—a stranger, and, perhaps a spy. At all events, his statements, made and uncorroborated, as to the tone and temper of Mr. Davis' brief address re-

marks from the platform of the depot, are flatly contradicted by quite a number of the best citizens of Stevenson, who were present and distinctly remember the character of that speech.

This grave misrepresentation of Mr. Davis' remarks at Stevenson has found its way into so-called history, and been copied into Greely's "American Confidant," Draper's "History of the American Civil War," "Lossing's Pictorial History of the Civil War," and into other Northern publications of lesser weight and authority. The whole libel, however, finds its origin in this Rosewater's unfounded statements. He is the sole, unsustained, uncorroborated authority for it all. He is now contradicted, discredited and impeached. His false utterances will now find their level in the refuse political slanders of the past; and, in this matter at least, the truth of history will be vindicated.

WONDERS OF THE SEA.—A correspondent of the Graphic, writing from Shanklin, Isle of Wight, says: After several days' energetic sight-seeing in very hot weather, we packed our valises and stole away to the Isle of Wight, by way of Brighton, where we stopped over three hours to see the aquarium. You descended a series of elegant terraces and found yourself apparently at the bottom of the sea. Cool, arched, grotto-like halls extend in every direction, ending in fountains bright with falling water, while along the sides of the long arcades, only a crystal wall separates you from the watery home of fishes, eels, and all the innumerable finny and funny inhabitants of the deep.

You look up through the green water as if you were a fish yourself, and know for the first time how it feels to be at the bottom of the sea. Great, solemn aldermanic-looking cod-whiting swim up and stare into your very eyes; enormous conger eels writhe playfully about your head; idiotic-looking dog fish flapped on one another, and blink placidly into your face like so many sheep, while the skates and the stingrays are flattened out in panting flatidity upon the gravel at the bottom. Little silver herring and golden-lined young salmon drift about like clouds lit by the moon, and on all sides, against the rocks that vary the surface of the tanks, wave the exquisite fringes of the sea-anemones. Here above all, is the supreme beauty of the water-world.

Every variety of fringe and flower-cut is mimicked here in hues that fairly rival the roses of the garden. Pastel white, soft, creamy yellow, rich salmon color, every shade of tender rose and glowing red and royal purple and vivid green spring from these rocks a living flower, with petals as delicate as fringes and ethereal looking bubbles of color are so many murderous arms outstretched for food. As we watch them swaying gently in the current, a poor little transparent shrimp comes paddling swiftly by. He touches a rose-colored petal, it flashes round him, he is sucked into the gorgon's head of the flower, and it closes contentedly over his vanishing form. They know their danger generally, these poor little creatures, and did they touch ever so lightly the tip of a flowing fringe, would spring away from it with an electrical recoil. It is a very interesting thing to spend a few hours at the bottom of the sea to see the eight armed pincers hanging from the rocks, or the green turtle sleeping peacefully just below the surface of the water; to watch the hermit crabs scuttling busily about, each in his stolen shell; and to study the manners of the tip-toeing cray-fish and the unboiled lobster. There are curious fresh water fish here, too, in large globes.—Among others the Mexican azotus, most melancholy of fish, draped in inky hues, black as a bear's and feathers, with plummy tufts waving all about their disconsolate heads. Then there are the telescope fish from China, swollen and distorted golden carp, with eyes so goggled that they really look like spy-glasses.

His head was the shape and size of a Bullitt county watermelon, and he was so black that charcoal would make a light mark on him. The goat was asleep, leaning against the side of the house. The darkey was smoking a decayed cigar. He espied the goat, looked at the lit end of the cigar, grinned, then at the tail end of the goat, "grinned louder," looked all around to see that nobody was looking, and touched the lit end of that cigar to the tail end of that goat. The goat turned a hand-spring, and the negro opened his big mouth to laugh, but the goat butted him so quickly between the chin and his breeches pocket that his jaws came together, making a noise louder than the report of a gun. The negro's hat, boots, and cigar lay in a pile, ten feet off, while his body was curled up like a horseshoe in the mouth of a sewer opening. When he "came to" he looked round at each one in the crowd, and dispersed the crowd by saying: "Will some of you gentlemen shoot me with a pistol? A nigger dat's as big a fool as Lis don't deserve to be hbin."

A Nashua man sang, "Don't be angry with me darling," while he larcoded his wife with a stirrup strap.—But she got bulge on him, and his breeches pocket that his jaws came together, making a noise louder than the report of a gun. The negro's hat, boots, and cigar lay in a pile, ten feet off, while his body was curled up like a horseshoe in the mouth of a sewer opening. When he "came to" he looked round at each one in the crowd, and dispersed the crowd by saying: "Will some of you gentlemen shoot me with a pistol? A nigger dat's as big a fool as Lis don't deserve to be hbin."

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took a landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why they stopped.
"Too much fog, can't see the river."
"But you can see the stars overhead."
"Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the blifer busts we ain't goin' that way."
The passenger went to bed.

"What object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a Jackson, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

PALESTINE, TEXAS,
Sept. 30, 1875.

Moore, Editors.—As most of your readers are unfamiliar with this part of our country, some observations of a wanderer from old St. Mary's may perhaps interest them. But as my adopted home, Palestine, and surrounding country so nearly resembles in every way Leewardtown, and your own country, will only with this passing notice wander off to the far South-west in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande, among the "Cattle Kings" and "Huntor Millionaires." Palestine, Tex., is a chero is fraught with dangerous and exciting adventures, having been accustomed from infancy to make "head quarters in the saddle," dash with lightning speed through thorny bush and prickly pear, throw the larri and handle the wildest steer with as much ease as an ordinary man would a suckling. The habitations of these Ranchmen are usually constructed of poles set upright in the ground for walls, and a thatched roof, the surface of the ground is their floor and upon this they sit, eat and sleep, yet seem contented and happy as tis said any people must be who are so little governed and so unconcerned about political affairs.

One noticeable trait is their readiness to render to a stranger any kindly office within their power. They only complain, and justly too, of high taxation without protection, that their stock is stolen by Mexicans and Indians from across Rio Grande. These raids sometimes provoke retaliation and it becomes a two handed game, equally interesting and profitable no doubt to both parties. North of the Nueces River we enter the sheep raising region, where may be seen flocks from thirty to fifty thousand, moving softly, like snowy clouds, over the green carpet, in detached bodies of two or three thousand, each in charge of a single Mexican shepherd, afoot, who never quits his post day or night, sometimes for many months, his only shelter being the mesquite or cactus, and with his walls of dried beef on his shoulder he strolls from point to point, solacing himself with his cigarito and his song. For this service the shepherd gets about fifteen dollars per month and a frugal supply of rations. But even this poor fellow is not without his troubles, for he sometimes meets a deadly enemy in the "Cow-boy" who is always mounted and well armed and despises the shepherd for his humber station, and begrudges the blades of grass so smoothly cropped by the sheep. The increase very rapidly, disease among them being almost unknown, yield two coats per annum, and the wool is always clean. Large fortunes have been and can still be made in this business with very small capital to begin with. Picked ewes can be bought in Mexico for \$1.50 and \$1.75 per head. Two crosses only are necessary, first with the largest sized Mexican Merino for frame, then with any you please for fleece, and you have a fairly profitable animal.

The agriculturist has not yet found his way to this part of Texas, although soil is exceedingly fertile. I have seen excellent corn raised here which had received but one rain and had been cultivated with the prodig of a tree for a plowshare. The numerous streams afford sweet running water and abound in excellent fish. The climate is remarkably healthy, the south breeze coming fresh from the Gulf renders the evenings and nights truly delightful. Those afflicted with pulmonary or malarial disease can here find relief, and even those who are in the decrepitude of old age will become rejuvenated in a wonderful degree. More anon.
P. C.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—I have seen a man build a house so large that the sheriff turned him out of doors.
I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in the insane hospital.
I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.
I have seen a young girl marry a man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.
I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bringing their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace.
I have seen a prudent, industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.
The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took a landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why they stopped.
"Too much fog, can't see the river."
"But you can see the stars overhead."
"Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the blifer busts we ain't goin' that way."
The passenger went to bed.

"What object do you now see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied: "It appears like a Jackson, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow."