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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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COMMUNICATED. A GHOST STORY.

It was in the year of '72 that I concluded to change my home. I was going to leave a family fire-side, a fire-side surrounded with cheerfulness, to seek one of cheerlessness, which might have suited a recluse, but not being on that order, I found it rather uncomfortable. The time at last rolled around for my departure; the confronting barriers were by my friends well impressed upon my mind, and one of more years and experience could tell me all kinds of ghost stories surrounding my new place of abode. "This, I felt, was only done to tease me, but I will admit that I brought about rather an uncomfortable state of mind."

It was early in the evening that I gathered together all my effects and bid farewell to all. I arrived at my new home just as "Old Sol" had ceased to shine for that day. Ah! how desolate did it appear. I thought of what my friend had said about the ghost, indeed, I thought it better fit for ghosts (if such did exist) than for me; anyhow, I was resolved to spend one night with them. After the room was arranged for my lodging, I dismissed the servants, who retired to their respective places for the night.

Finding myself all alone, I took my pipe and began to smoke, this being the only resort in the way of a companion. I think my memory must have been that night like David Copperfield's, for every little incident that had ever transpired in my life came fresh in my mind. Being worn out by a superfluity of tobacco, for I had smoked a month's allowance, I retired, but having to undergo another revolution of different themes, it was still some time before I went to sleep. However, I at last retired to the room of "Morpheus" to dream of ghosts.

It was midnight. I was asleep. There was a noise; I was conscious of it, but it did not at first break my repose. It occurred to me in my sleep, that something was trying to hoist one of the windows. Presently there was another noise. This time the noise was much greater. It sounded as if something very large had fallen on the floor. I now was awakened, and with trembling hands I seized my gun, which was in readiness at my side. I thought I saw a tall figure standing close by one of the windows. I brought my gun to my shoulder and waited for its advance.

Then was my eye like orions' beard. My hair stood straight upon my head. Ah! 'twas a night of fear indeed. As I lay prostrate on my bed.

Now, I do not believe in ghosts, nor did I then, but I would have preferred most any other situation to the one I occupied. My gun was still at my shoulder. I did not intend to show unless the figure advanced. In the meantime my attention was attracted by a slight moving along the floor. Then jumped from my bed and at the same time that which was moving gently quickened its pace and ran from the room. I then struck a light, and behold the figure! It was nothing more or less than a piece of furniture which had been placed beside the window, and when the noise came, it had escaped my memory. I then went in search of what I knew was not a piece of furniture. I found it in one of the other rooms. It was a black cat, one of rather a large size. It seems that the house had been vacant for some time, and the cat, which in search of prey, through the broken window panes, had made its way into the house, and had been the cause of all the trouble. After giving the tramp a good chastening and replacing the broken panes, I never was troubled with the ghosts afterwards.

It was the habit of Lord Eldon when attorney general, to close his speeches with some remark justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of all present, Mitford, the solicitor-general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke; "what an inheritance is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He's a crying for a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

COURAGE AND DEATH.

L. A. Tollemache has in a late number of the *Fortnightly* an article on "Courage and Death," which contains some thoughts and many illustrations of interest, inquiring how far physical fear and how far what may be called moral fear is a chief ingredient in the fear of death. "Moral courage" is not, he considers, of necessity laudable. Lady Macbeth's courage and that of Louis Napoleon when he planned the coup d'etat were atrociously immoral, yet they were forms of moral courage if that is the only alternative to physical. Xenophon disclaimed this dubious kind of courage. When being charged with cowardice for refusing to gamble, he said he was the greatest coward in the world, for he was afraid to do what was wrong. Not so a late dignitary nicknamed "Presence of Mind" from his own story of how, when he had gone boating with a friend who fell overboard and threatened to overtake the boat by his struggles to get into it again, "provisionally" having brought his umbrella with him, "he had the presence of mind to strike him two or three hard blows over the knuckles. He let go his hold and sank. The boat righted itself and we were saved."

The hybrid courage of a physical sort, that can so easily exist without moral courage, is easily illustrated. Almost every state suicide has it. Sir William Eyre, when Governor of Jamaica, was not wanting in what a soldier understands as courage, but lost his head in a panic. The slaves of the Seythians are instances, who, after a long and indecisive war with their masters, submitted when the latter cast away their swords and took whips. Remarkable men have displayed less physical courage than was expected of them. Turanne sometimes felt great nervous excitement at the beginning of a battle; Conde was much agitated in his first campaign; Frederick the Great at Mollwitz gave little promise of ever becoming a soldier. Allowance must, however, be made for Generals, since, while the private soldier has but to shut his eyes to danger and confront it with the help of some dog, the General must have two selves—one in deliberation, that calculates the exact amount of danger to his troops, the other that in action, craves the calculation from his mind. Nelson, when young, asked, "What is fear?"

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

For four years the Confederate States of America have been suffering from the effects of a currency which has become almost worthless. The Federal Government, by its issue of greenbacks, has driven the Confederate currency out of circulation. The result has been a general depression, and the people of the South have been suffering from the effects of a currency which has become almost worthless. The Federal Government, by its issue of greenbacks, has driven the Confederate currency out of circulation. The result has been a general depression, and the people of the South have been suffering from the effects of a currency which has become almost worthless.

A great philosopher has observed that presence of mind is best tried by sudden and uncertain perils, to withstand which courage must have become a second nature. This is why the dread of assassination has so often thrown brave men off their balance. It acts in opposite ways. Some men, as Cromwell and Geniz, it makes moody and suspicious; others, as Caesar, Wellington and Henry IV., only appear to avoid thinking of the overhanging sword too much by refusing to think of it at all. Caesar had rather suffer death once than live always in fear of it and neglected all the precautions that might have insured his safety; Henry IV. said: "He who fears death will undertake nothing against me; he who despises his own life will always be master of mine." This aphorism is fallacious, though plausible, since, if given risks of failure and execution will damn the average assassin, the increase of either or both of them will deter almost every assassin.

Cases of apathy or ostentatious indifference in the hour and article of death are—whether real or imaginary—sufficiently numerous. There was the French Academician, who announced his imminent departure: "I go—yet I am going; the Academy has just decided which; Augustus Caesar, who sent for a mirror and deliberately arranged his hair, asking if he was not a good comedian; Buchanan, who, forbidden to drink wine during his fatal illness, chose to expire theatrically, holding a glass and reciting verses of "Properius"; or La Fontaine, who, after putting on a silk dress and painting her face, stopped her departing confessor with her dying words: "Wait a moment; we will go hence together."

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
In pursuance of the above order, I have obtained from the Orphans' Court of St. Mary's County, Md., a copy of the will of the late James T. M. Raley, Register-Will for St. Mary's County, Md., and the same is hereby published for the purpose of giving notice to all persons interested in the estate of the said James T. M. Raley, that they may appear at the said Court on the 10th day of April, 1876, to show cause why the said will should not be admitted to probate. All persons interested in the estate of the said James T. M. Raley are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

JOS. H. LEWIS, Builder & Contractor.
I am prepared to contract for building and repairing for year 1876 in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Thankful for the patronage he has received the past year, he respectfully beseeches all favors during the present. He will endeavor to give satisfaction to all who engage his services and he pledges himself to fill his coat with despatch and in workmanlike manner.

FOR RENT, ETC.
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ENGLISH BANKS AND LEGISLATION.

The first London bankers were the Goldsmiths, whom Charles II. robbed so barefacedly. Almost as soon as the present Constitution was fixed by the Revolution of 1688, the Bank of England was started as a monopoly. No other joint-stock bank was allowed to be formed in England; and no bank, joint-stock or private, was allowed to issue notes within sixty-five miles of London. In this way the formation of large banks, such as the Scottish banks, with numerous branches, was prevented; and so the banks of large towns, where money is always in demand, were unable directly to obtain the deposits of the smaller towns, where money is always plenty. Owing to this the class of money brokers, of which Overend, Gurney & Co. was the type, grew up toward the close of the last century. Their legitimate business was to obtain money from country bankers and capitalists, and to give them in return the bills of town bankers. No doubt some of these restrictions were gradually abolished; but the process itself was a slow one, and as soon as the older restrictions were abolished, new ones were created. In fact, if one might use the illustration, the old twist or bias in the system was not removed till a new one was created. Thus, for example, the first permission to establish joint-stock banks compelled all to adopt the principle of unlimited liability, although in the oldest banks—the Banks of England, Ireland, and Scotland—the liability was limited. The capital of the banks was thus made small when compared with their liabilities, as many parties would object to take shares in unlimited companies; and of course when the shareholders were limited in number, the capital of the banks would also be limited. This restriction has now indeed been removed, and banks with limited liability have been created; but there is still a prejudice against them, which—as will be shown in the sequel—it will require years to overcome. Then again this permission to found "unlimited" joint-stock banks was, by a curious fatality, almost coincident in time with the withdrawal of the right to issue notes under £5.—But, as a very considerable proportion of the business of new banks depends upon the power of issuing notes, this prohibition was really a formidable check upon the formation of new banks. The Legislature, indeed, seems to have had special difficulties in dealing with these small notes. They were prohibited in England between 1772 and 1797, and again from 1825 till the present time. They had, indeed, been withdrawn from circulation a year or two previous to 1825, and the panic of that year was, by the testimony of many witnesses, allayed by the discovery in the vaults of the Bank of England of a quantity of these £1 notes, and their issue to the public. Under the Act of 1844—the last great system of banking legislation—aided also by the Act of 1845—which prohibits any new bank from issuing notes, and presents the existing English banks from issuing notes against gold—the banks all look to the Bank of England to furnish them with its notes, which are a legal tender; while the bank is prevented from doing so unless it holds gold against these notes. The banks, in fact, are all indebted to depend upon the Bank of England; and the bank cannot even use its credit to help them. It may receive their money, and issue to them in return deposit receipts or post bills, or place it to their credit on its books, against which they can themselves issue checks; but it is prohibited from giving them the one form of acknowledgment which they require for their customers—viz.: bank notes. An English banker, thus carefully shut off from all obligations to provide gold for his liabilities, looks to the bank to give him its notes; and the bank, if we may judge from its action for some time back, is more than ever determined to lean upon the Government, and to regard a suspension of the Act of 1844 as a remedy for all financial evils.

HOW A SIDNEY JOHNSTON DIED.
After a lapse of nine years the following interesting letter will be read with interest by the Southern people, and the defenders of the Lost Cause:
In a recent issue of the *New Orleans Times*, I notice an article speaking of the incidents attending the death of General Albert Sidney Johnston, that does great injustice to a portion of the General's staff.
It states, in substance, that General Johnston, induced his staff, who were his intimate personal friends, to remain in the rear, whilst he, with a single member of his staff, and Dr. Yandell, rode forward and was wounded. Such, however, is not the case. No doubt his kind and generous heart would have willingly made the sacrifice, but it would be little to the credit of his staff had they permitted it.
I can speak positively for myself. He had given me his last order. I can never forget his appearance at the moment. He had witnessed the maiden fight of the 2nd Texas under Colonel Moore, and our troops were driving the enemy in every direction. "Lieut. Baylor," said he, "go tell Gen. Chambers to sweep forward towards the left and drive the Yankees into the river." With sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, leaning forward in his saddle, and waving his hand majestically as he gave the order, he seemed to me the personification of Southern chivalry.
Dr. Yandell was not with him, or the Yankees might have been driven into the river. As the General passed a group, he saw, lying prostrate and helpless, Confederate and Federal wounded—in the midst and heat of battle—his great and noble heart was moved, and he ordered Dr. Yandell to stop and dress their wounds. Perhaps, too, the old blue uniform brought back memories of happy hours passed with his brother officers, and he gave that courtesy to a fallen foe that has been denied his remains.
Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, and Capt. Leigh Wickham, A. A. Q. M., and Major O'Hara, and perhaps others of his staff, were with him when wounded. Gov. Harris, in my memory serves me right, gave me the following account of his being wounded: "A portion of his staff were carrying his orders, and was absent, but those I have mentioned were with him in the charge when he was wounded. Gov. Harris asked him after the charge, 'General, are you wounded?' The General answered, 'yes, but 'tis only a scratch,' and then gave the Governor an order to carry. Gov. Harris was gone but a moment, and saw when he returned that the General looked pale, and asked him if he had been wounded again. 'No,' said he, 'but I am more seriously wounded than I imagined, and will ride to the rear and find a surgeon.' He began to reel in his saddle, and was taken by those with him from his horse, and placed in a ravine.
In seeking for Gen. Johnston, I met Maj. O'Hara, who asked me if I knew where he could get a surgeon and ambulance. I then asked him where the General was; he directed me to him, and I told him where I had seen some surgeons at a farm house near by, and we rode together and found Gen. Johnston lying speechless. I took his hand and spoke to him, but Gov. Harris said: 'It is useless, Lieutenant, he has been insensible some moments.' Gov. Harris then asked for some brandy, which Gen. Preston handed him in a flask. I raised his head on my knees, and he swallowed the brandy, but became weaker every moment. Lieut. Jack relieved me, as I had become cramped from being on my knees. In a few moments the General expired. The enemy had now advanced, and our troops were holding them at bay. Thus, amidst the whistle of minie balls, the scream of shells, and the shouts of contending hosts, this noble spirit passed away and his last act, which cost him his life, was pity and help to the Federal wounded! This act has been miserably requited, but his memory can never be made infamous by such orders as desecrate the dead.
Many of his old companions in arms in the U. S. A., will drop a tear in memory of Albert Sidney Johnston, when they know how he died.
Geo. WYTHE BAYLOR.

BOARDER.—We don't know much about that matter now. We boarded once. It was a long time ago. We think the preparation you speak of was in use then. It looks like beef and chews like car spring. It is optional with you whether you eat it or not. You needn't unless you choose, you know. Show peas do not furnish nourishing soup. We don't know how it is with shank soup. It depends on where you get the shank. Wouldn't like it for a sole article of diet.

STAMMERING.—says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the coldheartedness of the Duke of Cumberland in preventing the duchess from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state, "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stammering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cumberland."

YOUNG AMERICA.—No, it is not right to require a young man of fourteen who goes to school to black his own boots. No well regulated mother would insist on such a thing this year. If your mother persists in refusing to black your boots perhaps you can get your sister to.

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