

ST. MARY'S BEACON.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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ANTIQUITY OF THE FAMILY.—

The family institution was prior to every other social form. It is not a creation of government, or a product of legislation. It is not the offspring, but the parent, of states and of civil authorities; and it has been the wisdom of states in all ages to regard the family institution with reverence. "The common law itself," says Lord Bacon, "which is the best bond of our wisdom, does often prefer the prerogative of the king." Fathers were before kings, and the patriarchal staff before the sceptre of royalty, and the simple majesty of parental rule before the oldest thrones. Kingly and imperial wars are mere ephemera in comparison with the family. The first rule of domestic life is the palm leaf of the Euphrates, and the enduring and prevailing than that of the Caesars. No other human relation is comparable to that. Whatever changes may yet take place in earthly governments, and whatever the form that shall ultimately prevail, the permanence of the family is assured to the end of time. The moral power of such an institution as the family cannot be too great. Each one of the families in the country form in itself a small society, efficiently organized, and compacted by ties of the most inviolable nature, and it is these organizations which are constantly occupied in the primary education of our future rulers in Church and State, from the lowest to the highest. How important, therefore, from this point of view is the discreet and wise management of each and every one of this vast array of societies! The soil is theirs, the power is theirs—in a word, they are the nation.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—

One day a strange customer came to a Detroit grocer. He wanted some goods and he paid cash down. The next day he made another purchase and paid cash, and as the days went by his face and his cash became familiar. One day he returned with the change given him and said: "I believe I am an honest man. You paid me twenty cents too much."

The grocer received it and was pleased. Two days after that the stranger returned from the curbstone to say:

"Another mistake on your part; you overpaid me by forty cents."

The grocer was glad to have found an honest man, and was puzzled to know how he could have counted so far out of the way. Three days more, and the stranger picked up a dollar bill in the store and said: "This is not my dollar, I found it on the floor, and you must take charge of it."

The grocer's heart melted, and he wondered if the world was not progressing backward to old-time honesty. A skip of one day, and then the honest man brought down a wheelbarrow of varied eighteen dollars' worth of groceries, and would have paid cash had he not forgotten his wallet. He would hand it in at noon as he went past, he said, and it was all right with the grocer.

That was the last of the honest man; morning fades to noon, and noon melts away in darkness, but he cometh not. There are no mistakes in change—no more dollars on the floor, and the grocer's eyes wear a way-off expression, as if yearning to see some one for about two minutes.

THE RICHEST HEIRESS.—

The richest heiress in the world was married in London the other day, when Hannah de Rothschild, the only daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, wedded Lord Rosebery, the noted turman. The late baron was a great sporting man, and he was also very much attached to Lord Rosebery, who has now taken to himself one of the most amiable, if not the handsomest, of all the Rothschild ladies. Lord Rosebery was born in 1847, and is consequently in his 29th year. The late baron left \$40,000,000, and this daughter, being his only child, received \$35,000,000 of it under her father's will. The Rothschilds are very averse to these marriages; and even when Hon. Elliot Yorke, about two years ago, married Miss Annie de Rothschild, the second daughter of Sir Anthony Rothschild, the feeling about the marriage was so keen that Sir Anthony's fortune was so much reduced by the dowry. The ex-querer of the Duke of Edinburgh could afford to put up with the loss, for she had an income of £18,000 per annum which she derived from her grandfather.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little foot above the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little bed of dark brown hair,
A little snowy face and hair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blossom, winsome maid,
A little hand within her maid,
A little cottage, acre four,
A little old time household store.

A little family gathered round,
A little lamp-burned, sea-dewed mound,
A little pencil, slate and rule,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool, and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

(From the Ball Evening Bulletin.)
ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.

There is much interesting history connected with this famous old seminary that may be repeated in brief form here. The institution dates its origin back to 1791, when it was opened by the French order of Sulpicians, so named from the parish of St. Sulpice, Paris, where the society was established by the Rev. J. J. Olier in 1641, for the purpose of educating clerical students. When the French revolution broke out the Paris seminary had several branches in Europe, besides one in Montreal, Canada; and the Superior, fearful that the National Assembly would destroy these houses, as it had destroyed others, gained the consent of Bishop Carroll, who had gone to England to be consecrated, to locate a new house in this city. The Rev. Francis Charles Nagot, accompanied by three other Sulpician priests, sailed from St. Malo, France, on April 8th, and on July 24th opened the college, first at Superior, Father Pere Levadoux, as procurator, and Fathers John Lessier and Anthony Garnia, assistants. From 1791 until 1809 Father Nagot governed the Seminary, which soon received valuable additions from France. Many interesting events happened in this interval, notably the first ordination by Bishop Carroll of Mr. Stephen V. Badin, a seminarian, and the opening, in 1799, by Father William Valentine Dubourg, of St. Mary's college for secular students which, with brief interruptions, continued until 1852. In January, 1805, the College was raised to the rank of a University by the Legislature, and empowered to hold public commencement, and to admit students to degrees in any of the faculties, arts and sciences. Father Dubourg finished the present St. Mary's Chapel on the Seminary grounds, which Bishop Carroll consecrated, June 16th, 1808. It is a pretty little stone building of Gothic architecture, having two rich altars, stalls for seventy seminarians, and an ample choir gallery. There is a smaller chapel in the basement, where Bishop Carroll's remains rested from his death in 1815 until 1821, when they were transferred to the Cathedral.

Father Nagot, who relinquished the control of the Seminary in 1809, was succeeded by the Rev. John Tessier, whose administration continued fourteen years. In 1819 Father Nagot died, and Father Tessier resigning four years afterwards and expiring in 1833. The dignity of Superior was then conferred upon the Rev. Louis Regis Delour, who had been presiding over the secular college. His administration began in September, 1823, and ended in July, 1849, when he went to France, and died at Paris in 1855. The Rev. Francis L'Honnore took the office in September, 1849, and died five years afterwards. In July, 1852, the secular college closed its existence, after surviving for half a century. The present Superior, the Rev. Joseph Paul Duboué, assumed the position twenty-two years ago. A new addition was begun in 1856 on the north side of the grounds, when Archbishop Kenrick laid the cornerstone. In August, 1867, the last diocesan synod met at the Seminary under Archbishop Spalding.

Of the many eminent men who once held connection with St. Mary's, either as professors or students, may be mentioned the following prelates: Archbishop Marechal and Eccleston, of Baltimore; Archbishop Duboué, of Besancon; Bishops Flagnet and David, of Bardonia, (now Louisville), Ky.; Bishop Dubois, of New York; Bishop Brute, of Vincennes; Bishop Chanche, of Natchez; Bishops McGill and Gibbons, of Richmond; Bishop Verot, of Florida; Bishop Foley, of Chicago; Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, and Bishops Wadhams, of Ogdensburg, and Kain, of Wheeling. Of these only Bishops Foley, Gibbon, O'Reilly, Wadhams and Kain survive. The Emmitsburg College was founded in 1808 by Father Joseph Dubois, formerly connected with St. Mary's, and Mr. Samuel Cooper, a student at the Seminary, established by a liberal donation, the St. Joseph's Convent, also located at Emmitsburg, the mother House of the American Sisters of Charity. The community was organized in Baltimore by a Mrs. Eliza Ann Seton, of New York, on June 2, 1809, when she and four other ladies appeared at St. Mary's clad in the garb of the order. Among the converts made at St. Mary's was the Prince Demetrius Augustus Gallatin, son of a Russian nobleman, a proselyte from the Greek faith. The Rev. Father Alfred Curtis, who assisted Holy orders in December, 1874, and is now one of the assisting

priests at the Cathedral, it will be remembered, was formerly the rector of Mount Calvary P. E. church of this city. Mr. Francis Fowler, who was ordained at the same time, had been a member of the Orthodox Society of Friends. In 1873 the Rev. Edward Southgate, another Episcopal clergyman, embraced Catholicism. In Calvary, the graveyard attached to the Seminary, there are buried Fathers Nagot, Tessier, L'Honnore, Levadoux, Joubert, Elder, Hickey, Shrieber, Wheeler and other celebrated members of the faculty. The library of the institution is the largest and most complete of all the Catholic colleges in the United States, with the exception of that at Georgetown College. It contains twenty thousand volumes.

ROUGH PEOPLE.—

I do not like rough people! Say what you will in regard to their possible goodness of intention—disguise and palliate their defect as best you may in your superabundance of charity—still the fact remains that they are among the most disagreeable of mortals, and inflict an immeasurable amount of unnecessary suffering. There is indeed, a roughness born of ignorance, or lack of cultivation which may be counter-balanced by genuine good qualities and thorough-kindness of heart. But no one has a right to make himself rough and forbidding, from the notion that his savage neglect of the "small, sweet courtesies of life," so essential to its proper enjoyment, will be mistaken for honesty. Who has not writhed under their savage thrusts, or recoiled, as from an unexpected blow at some sharp, sudden sally?

Gross and vulgar as may be their real composition, immeasurably inferior in the finer qualities, they yet have power to wound far deeper than any mere outward hurt. "A wounded spirit, who can be healed?" You enter their baneful atmosphere—perhaps, feeling bright and hopeful—things may indeed have gone somewhat awry, but you trust to luck for Providence to set them all right again, but suddenly the battery opens upon you.

"It is all your own fault—your carelessness, heedlessness, or want of common sense!" "You hadn't order do as you do." "Why don't you do as you'd do?" It is astonishing how natural it is for such folks to want to regulate other people's affairs, and how ready they are with their judgment of cases, while entirely ignorant of the circumstances. You may pluck up sufficient spirit to resent the insult—for such it is, or, if nervously sensitive, and tired out with physical ailments, it may be "the last feather which breaks the camel's back." Your finer organization shrinks from the rude assault; any cherished remnant of self-complacency withers, as flower-bells between their hard, nervous, insensitive, and your nervous, impulsive nature, the contest for the time is unequal. Your feelings are cut to the quick, and all the deeper because done with a dull, blunted weapon. The remainder of the day, perhaps is embittered, and often afterwards you will recall, with a pang, this sharp passage in your experience, particularly if the wanton infliction of your pain is one you have esteemed and trusted but can scarcely again regard with the cordial warmth cherished before.

The advantages of a hardy manner and winning address can hardly be over-estimated. Politeness always pays; there is hardly anything which costs so little and goes so far. In a mere, worldly sense it is a good investment. The mere semblance of a ready good will is often preferable to the brusque, forbidding manner which repels and chills, even if a stratum of rough honesty and kindness underlies it. But deception is not necessarily an accompaniment of agreeableness. "A man may smile, and be a villain," but smiles are not necessarily a mask for villainy. The sunny beaming of the frank, open, countenance—which diffuses balm and healing to the weak and desponding, is quite a different thing from its villainous counterfeit. There are those born to smooth over the rough places in life's pathway; who see the best of everything and everybody—genial, gentle natures, who turn to the light as instinctively as flowers—and find the sunny side of everything. God's blessings on the tender, sympathetic soul.

NOVEL CURE FOR LOVE.—

A new and amusing cure for love has just been found effective in a fashionable Parisian quarter. The son of a wealthy nobleman became enamored of his father's chambermaid, and determined to marry her. The aristocratic papa opposed, but moved at last by the despair of his son, gave his consent, with the proviso that the smitten youth should go to sea twelve months before the marriage. Shortly after his departure, the father, who had previously observed a stoutness and fattening in the young intended, took her under his special charge, gave her the most nourishing food and wines, forbade her to take exercise as unbecoming in his future daughter, and in fact staid her to such an extent, that when the enamored swain returned from his year's voyage, he was horrified to find, in stead of the slender, elegant girl he had left, an immense fat woman large enough to put in a museum. Of course, the ruse was successful, and the unfortunate victim of good cheer has been banished off.

THE KHEVIE'S BEAUTIES.—

Hasten to the Shoobera, and for two hours or more drive up and down the most strange avenue under the sun. The Shoobera road leads from Cape to the village of Shoobera, about four miles distant. It is as straight as an arrow, and is bordered by sycamore, fig and acacia trees. The dense bushes and acacia are scattered here and there, and upon each side you look off upon great meadows, dotted with ibises and sprinkled with palms, and see in the horizon the summit of the pyramids. All the way and unobscured by the trees, the Shoobera beauties and the people, the prince, the beggars, the idle of the harem, donkey boys, foreigners, camel trains and the odds and ends of humanity. You drive up one side of the way and down the other, ogling and being ogled to your heart's content. The fat gentleman in European costume, with a turban and a half dozen mounted attendants, is the Khevrie. In that close carriage under the protection of a eunuch on a splendid horse are two of his favorite wives, milk-white Circassian beauties, with their faces wreathed in snowy folds of gauze; the exquisite curving lips, even the faint rose-tint of the cheek, are visible through this coquettish mask; high arched eyebrows and eyes as black as night are busy with the world they know so little of. Lovely beyond description are these slaves, but spite of this dazzling loveliness you can see that it is chiefly artificial. The eyebrows are painted; the eyelids are tipped with hohl, and a dark line extending from the outer corners of the eyes make them much larger than they are. That white skin is softened and made whiter with powder; the flush of the cheek and the glow of the lips have been heightened for the occasion, and all that gaze that covers the forehead like a turban, and the lower part of the face like a transparent mask, adds immensely to the brilliancy of the feminine charms. White camel's hair shawls, covered with rich gold embroidery, lemon colored kids, a Parisian fan, the light of the harem is suffered to blaze upon the world for a brief hour, but she must stop within her prison like a gorgeous tropical plant under glass, or that light will be put out. Two, three, a half dozen carriages, and some of them having three or four veiled beauties in them, wheel slowly by, a eunuch to each, and a brutal looking boy in the rear; and you have some of the more favored of the wives of the many of your eyes. You may look as earnestly as you choose and you will not outstare them; smile even, and the chances are that they will hide a smile in their fans. Ya Mahomet! Is your harem stocked with such beauties? Look at the look of the world for a brief hour, but she must stop within her prison like a gorgeous tropical plant under glass, or that light will be put out. 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