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NO. 29

NEW YORK

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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March 29, 1878—3m.

Constitutional History.

George Ticknor Curtis lectured on the above subject in New York on Tuesday last. The lecture was a review of the events preceding the ratification of the first English treaty with this country. The boundaries of the United States as fixed by this treaty, the speaker went on to say, were on the west, the Mississippi and Missouri rivers; on the south, the thirty-first parallel of latitude, which is about the northern boundary of Florida, thus cutting the United States from the Gulf of Mexico. The Northern boundary was fixed as it now stands.

Mr. Curtis said that his lecture related to a very curious piece of history—the negotiation of the treaty of peace which recognized the independence of the United States at the close of the Revolutionary war. He first alluded to what he called the disastrous administration of Lord North as the Prime Minister of England, on whom the conduct of the American war had devolved. That Minister, Mr. Curtis said, had carried on the war in submission to the will of the King and to the temper of the nation, but always against his own judgment. Lord Rockingham succeeded him, taking office on conditions dictated by himself, among which were peace with the Americans, the acknowledgment of their independence, not to be a bar to the attainment of that object. The hopes, however, which were entertained by the friends of the American cause in consequence of his accession, were not fulfilled because the King, who hated the Whigs and who had been forced by circumstances to place the Marquis of Rockingham at the head of the new Cabinet, introduced into that Cabinet the means of discussion in the person of Lord Shelburne, and the point which the King was most disposed to yield was that of the independence of America.

The new administration, however, was short-lived, Lord Rockingham dying after holding office but three months. His party was never a large one, but it included among its members Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox, men, Mr. Curtis said, of wide and comprehensive thought. In the settlement of the American question there arose difficulties between the two Secretaries. Fox was at the head of the Foreign Department, and if the American colonies were to be treated with an independent status he had charge of the negotiations, but if their independence was not to be first acknowledged, and they were to be treated with as revolted colonies of Great Britain whose independence was one of the points to be embraced in the treaty, then the business belonged to Shelburne.

After Lord Rockingham's death Lord Shelburne became the Premier. The lecturer then referred in detail to the events which followed the accession of this Minister, and the constant refusal of Mr. Adams and the other American Commissioners to treat with the agents of Great Britain unless the independence of the United States was first acknowledged. In the negotiations which ensued the American Commissioners had some advantages. They had long been represented at the court of France, and had all the benefit of that alliance, and they also had the indirect advantage of the participation of Spain in the general war against England. From Holland

Loved at Last.

And so he loves me, though they tell
His lover's word would come to me,
That I should never be so good or true,
Or sure a child upon my knee,
Or sure a girl, that I should see,
The woman's virtues of bliss.

And so, in the end, I found
That through low days and so many hours,
And when the slow September showers
Somed nature's tears for summer showers,
I murmured with a long and sigh,
"My summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what I've
Somed nature's tears for summer showers,
I murmured with a long and sigh,
"My summer also has gone by."

Love's sunlight brightens everything
He says he loves me, and today
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I asked of him,
He says my face is sweet and fair,
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,
And on this brow are lines of care,
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat,
The best assurance every hour
I have of his love, and I repeat,
That yesterday was sharp and sour,
Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

Oh love, love, love! Oh blessed word,
That never did I understand
Till in my ear his voice I heard,
And felt the pressure of his hand,
No more I walk with eyes cast down,
I am his queen, love is my crown.

Women as Physicians.

The above theme was the subject of discussion at a recent meeting of the "Association for the Advancement of the Medical Education of Women" in New York and we give the following synopsis of two of the addresses made on the occasion.

Mr. Roosevelt's address was entitled the "Social Influence of Women Physicians," and he pointed out very plainly the benefits that were to arise from a general employment by women of other-going women doctors. "It is said by a writer upon the subject," began Mr. Roosevelt, "that the vast majority of women of the present day are in poor health or at all events far from being perfectly sound; taking the standard of absolute health at 100, the vast majority are not above seventy-five. How many women there who drag through a sort of life, who look with dread upon a walk, who are tired out as by a day's labor almost before the day has begun. Nature never intended that one-half of the race should be in a continual state of illness. Woman may be the weaker vessel, but she was not intended to drift over a life-long sea of suffering, with a liability to sink at any moment. This consequence of bodily ill-health in women is deplorable. It causes unhappiness to parents, breeds trouble between husband and wife, and perpetuates itself in children. Men look upon the continuous illness of women first with surprise, then with pity, and very often with contempt. The most kindly disposed call it affectation, and the brainless idiot bases upon it his claim to be considered woman's mental superior. It is true that in these times the physical standard among men is said to have deteriorated, but nevertheless the average man can tolerate life, and is not incessantly hindered by feebleness and ill-health. The same should certainly be the case with women. They have even better opportunities for taking care of their health than have their brothers, for man must earn the bread, while the majority of women need exert themselves only as they think well and best." This deplorable state of affairs the speaker went on to attribute mainly to a lack of proper medical advice and treatment. He spoke very plainly and pointed out many instances in which the possibility of obtaining medical assistance and advice from one of her own sex would have saved a woman from a life of suffering.

"This association," he concluded, "is intended not only to give women confidence in women, but to make husbands and fathers trust their wives and daughters to the care of this class of physicians."

Dr. Emily Blackwell, a pleasant, middle-aged lady, with silver hair brushed back from her forehead, was the next speaker introduced by Mr. Dodge. She was received with much applause, and narrated the history of female medical education in this country. The movement, Mrs. Blackwell said, began in 1849, when her sister, Elizabeth Blackwell, graduated at the Medical College in Geneva, N. Y. Previous to this there had been women practicing midwifery, and engaged in various parts of the country as nurses. She was, however, the first woman regularly graduated with a medical education. After this lady some half dozen others were made M. D.'s at various "men's colleges," but the number increasing a discussion began to arise, the result of which was that all the doors of regular medical colleges were again closed to women after having admitted this little group. In 1853 Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell applied for a position as a physician in one of the New York dispensaries, which position was denied her. An independent dispensary was thereupon established, which led eventually to the present Infirmary. In 1857 the dispensary of which Dr. Blackwell had charge was changed or enlarged into a hospital, which began in a small way in a room with ten beds in Bleeker street. There were at this time medical colleges for

women in Philadelphia and Boston, but the students were given during the course little better than a theoretical education, and could with great difficulty find any opportunity of obtaining practical knowledge. It was then that Dr. Blackwell, who was laboring, became able to assist the women who were then struggling for a medical education by taking the graduates of those institutions and drilling them. In 1863 a charter to establish a medical college in connection with the Infirmary was obtained. This step was taken with reluctance, it having been hoped that the doors of the regularly established colleges of the land would be thrown open to women. The refusal of one of the principal medical colleges in this city, however, to allow the Infirmary to establish scholarships at the college was proof enough that this hope of wide open doors to all was in vain. In 1870 the first class was graduated from the new Women's Medical College, and the number graduated up to last year was forty-six. Of this number nine only were married, and these all being wives or daughters of physicians are now in active practice with their husbands and fathers. Four graduates from the college have gone abroad as missionaries, and one of the four has succeeded in establishing a hospital for women in China. Sixteen of the forty-six have gone into various kinds of hospital work. Seven have gone abroad for further study and instruction. Two applied for positions in hospitals where competitive examination existed, and both were successful, though one was afterwards refused the position on account of her sex. In regard to the power of women to endure and continue in the work of the medical profession, Dr. Blackwell said she thought it was abundantly proven by a twenty years' trial in the New York Infirmary. Among the women who have been engaged, these for that period of time fewer days have been lost on account of illness than would be found to be the case in almost any institution where men are employed. "That women's thorough education in the medical profession is an established fact, and that she can abundantly support herself in the profession," concluded Dr. Blackwell, amid much applause, "there is not to-day the least doubt."

Evils of Gossips.

The following, which we take from an exchange, is worth a careful perusal by those who are in the habit of meddling the good name of their neighbor, and ever ready to create scandal, and of such is the glory of some people.

"We have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly and then ran away to water, only because of this, love that promised a future as enduring as heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into a morning mist turned to a day's long tears only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash, which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the grave where all and to silence words they never heard, and all because of this. We have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black evil-ence, because of the small works of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work wrongs and deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions but woful and most mournful are the uncalculated tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction, most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the sting—they cannot see, and to silence words they never heard, gossip and slander are the deadliest cruellest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's harm."

In the memoirs of Lord Melbourne, recently published, the following anecdote of Lord Beaconsfield is given:—When a young man, and before he had entered Parliament, he met at Mrs. Norton's Ball Melbourne, the Home Secretary, who talked with him for a long time. Lord Melbourne was attracted more and more as he listened to the uncommon language and the spirit of the youthful politician, and he thought to himself that he would be worth serving. Abruptly, but with a certain tone of kindness, which took away an air of assumption, he said:—"Well, now, tell me, what do you want to be?" The quiet gravity of the reply fairly startled him: "I want to be Prime Minister."

PAROL ON A SNAKE.—Suspend an acorn by a piece of thread tied about it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a tumbler or vase, allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and a small root will seek the water, while a straight green stem with tiny leaves will shoot upwards. A little charcoal in the water will keep it sweet.

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little dark or fair—
Whose smiles honestly glisten there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal pans where earth-fire glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance produces griefs.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Insistent by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to God and to
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of hourly care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight are those of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
O'er worn-out hands—O, beautiful sleep!

For the Beacon.

Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free-liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden times. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me.

As near as I can recollect, the inflection was couched in the following language:—"We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivier state of divinement all the time.

"This was Jim Wolf I was talking about, was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted fellow, he was, and the most forgiven' and outselfish I ever see. Well, there couldn't be a more bullier boy than he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was to see him for the last time.

"Elsie and Henry was always pestering him and plastering his bills on his back and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, not standing his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long, and lank, and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless. So that night, you know, that my sister Maty gave a candy pullin, they started us off to bed early, and so as the company could have full swing, and we hung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our wander looked out onto the roof and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to ravin and chargin around on it and carry on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright and we could see them cats like daylight.

"First they'd stand off and e-yow-yow-yow, just the same as if they were a cussin one another, you know, and bow up their backs, and bash up their tails, and well around and spit, and then all of a sudden the grey cat he'd scratch a handful of fur of the yaller cat's ham, and spin him around like a button on a barn door.

"But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge and bite and howl, and the way they'd make the fur dy was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row, and loved he'd climb out there and shake 'em off that roof. He hadn't really no notion of doing it likely, but we everlastingly dogged him, and bully raged him, and loved he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till himself, he hopped up the window, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin on but a shirt, and it was short; but you ought to see him a-craw-a-paw over that ice and diggin his toes; nails and his finger nails in for to keep him from slipping, and 'bove all, you ought to have seen that shirt flappin in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his a-glisten in the moonlight.

"Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em, all still as found about two dozen sassafras of hot candy, which they'd set in the snow to cool; and they was laughin and talkin lively; but bless you they didn't now nuthin 'bout the parorama that was goin on over their heads.

"Well, Jim he went a sneakin and a sneakin 't' unbenknow-as to them tom cats. They was a wishin' their tails and yow-yow-yow and threatenin to clinch, you know, and not payin any attention. He went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed five and slipped his hold, and his heels flew up, and he flopped on his back and smothered on that roof like a dart!—went a smashin and crashin down thro' them old rusty vines

and lighted right in the dead centre of all them company people!—sot down, like a yearquake, in them two dozen sassafras of red hot candy, and let off a howl that was bark to the tomb! Them girls—well, they left, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company and so they left. All done in a second—it was just one little war-whoop and a wish of their dresses—and blame the wench of 'em was in sight any where. Jim he was a sight. He was gormed with the bilin hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassafras hangin to him than if he was an India princess, and he came prancing up stairs just a whoopin and a cussin, and every jump he got he shed some china, and every squern he fetched he dropped some candy.

"And blistered! why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't really set down comfortably for so much as four weeks.

For the Beacon.

A WAVELET.

BY V—E.

In a secluded glen beneath a clump of withered leaves grew a tiny evergreen. By degrees it peeped through the interstices of the protecting cover and as strength increased it grew bolder, stretched out its tendrils, then clung with gentle tenacity around its sister shrub, and stealing to the base of the majestic oak twined itself around it, content to feel its protecting influence. The spirit of the seasons touched it not with blighting power and a few sunbeams came to kiss away the dew tears that bedewed its leaves.

Silently and in seeming security it performed the part allotted to it by nature, but one day the sweet pervading stillness was broken, the listening zephyrus caught the merry voices and rippling laugh of the intruders.

Soon the fair gleaners espied the evergreen, with gentle hands it was removed from its wildwood companions and carried in triumph to deck the halls of mirth and pleasure.

Graceful and beautiful it looked intertwined with the bright flowers which soon began to droop beneath the surrounding influence.

For awhile the evergreen resisted the subtle influence, but soon it too faded. And all Elysium, it can delight no longer, so like some worthless toy it is thrown aside. Chilling winds sweep over its snowy couch, but vitality is gone. Perchance some little wail may come, and remembering its own sad lot, take up with pitying hand the faded vine and bear it to its own desolate home. But vain are the efforts. It is blighted forever more, so with a sigh perhaps it is consigned to the earth and ere long forgotten.

It had answered its purpose, but now it is useless. What if now, is forgotten: what it is, is only remembered. And all Elysium, it can delight no longer, so like some worthless toy it is thrown aside. Chilling winds sweep over its snowy couch, but vitality is gone. Perchance some little wail may come, and remembering its own sad lot, take up with pitying hand the faded vine and bear it to its own desolate home. But vain are the efforts. It is blighted forever more, so with a sigh perhaps it is consigned to the earth and ere long forgotten.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—At the end of the first year comes the cotton wedding; at two years comes the paper; at three the leather; at the close of five comes the wooden; at the seventh anniversary the friends assemble in wood-land, and at ten comes the tin. All twelve years the silk and fine linen; at fifteen the crystal wedding. At twenty the friends gather with their china, and at twenty-five the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century, are rewarded with silver gifts. From this time forward the tokens of esteem come rapidly and more valuable. When the thirtieth anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls; at the fortieth comes the rubic; and at the fiftieth occurs the glorious golden wedding. Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their many gifts in peace. If, however, by any possibility they should reach the seventy-fifth anniversary, they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained, at the celebration of their diamond wedding.

LADY ROSEBERY'S BLUE BLOOD.—Several of our contemporaries profess to believe that the marriage of Miss de Rothschild to Lord Rosebery and her consequent elevation to the rank of a peeress of the British realm is a triumph for the Jews. The Jews are not likely so to regard it; mirabile dictu, they claim that the Jews are the noblest of all the nobilities. Lady Rosebery has bluer blood than her husband; her family tree is much more ancient than his; to quote D'Israeli, her ancestors were princes in the Temple when Lord Rosebery's ancestor's were savages in the woods. The Jews will hold that all the advantages of the Rothschild-Rosebery marriage are on the Rosebery side of the house.—*Jewish Times.*

ONIONS.—Onions are far more nutritious than people are generally aware of, containing from twenty-five to thirty per cent of gluten. It ranks as a food, in point of nutriment, with beans and peas. It is not merely as a relish, therefore, that we should eat this vegetable, but as a sustainer of bodily strength.

FOR HOARSENESS.—At this season of the year, when colds prevail, it may be useful to know that hoarseness is relieved by using the white of an egg, thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A teaspoonful taken occasionally is the proper dose.

I loved my wife, said Mr. Candie, and for the first two months I felt as if I could have eaten her up. Ever since I've been sorry that I didn't.

How a Story Grows BY THE TALLING.—As I write, an old lady in the opposite seat interrupts me to ask me if I am "going fit."

"I am, I blushingly tell her, awful fit."

"Where did I come from?"

"Black Hills."

"No? well I didn't look like it. I explain that I have not been out there mining or roughing it, but went out to get the body of my brother, who was a miner, and had been shot by the Indians."

"Oh—oh with a smiling infection of sympathy that makes me ashamed of myself. But curiosity soon conquers pity, and the old lady goes on probing my lacerated heart."

"Did I get him?"

"Yes ma'am," very solemnly. "I have him in the baggage car."

A long pause, for mournful reflection, I suppose, and to give me a chance to nerve up and prepare for the next question.

"Was he scalped?"

"Yes," I said, with a sigh, "scalped, shot through the body with arrows, all his fingers chopped off, his eyes gouged out and his ears bored out in the manner described."

Then, in the course of time, after many repetitions of this narrative, she would involuntarily and innocently glide into the statement that she went into the baggage car with me and I showed her the mangled tortured body and she would mangle it more and more as the narrative grew upon her. Then she would, after a little while, declare and in all innocence, and truthfulness and belief in her own statement, that she was on the train when it came through the Black Hills, and from the car window, saw the Indians chasing the doomed man and perforating his body with arrows, and dancing around him in fiendish glee, while she begged the conductor to get off and stop them, and how he declined on the flimsy ground that he had a wife and nine children to support, and no insurance either on the top of his head or his life.

Then, after a few more rehearsals, arrows would fly right in at the window where she was sitting, and one or more passengers would be killed. One arrow would pass through her bonnet.—The train would be the scene of the wildest confusion and carnage.

And, at last, after the old lady had been gathered to her mothers, her grandchildren would tell their grandfathers about their noble old grandfather who both fell by the hand of outnumbering savages, while defending a railway train from the attack of a band of Sioux Indians under the command of Sitting Bull, whom their grandfather, just before he died, killed with his own hand.

A Boy's Composition on Girls.—Girls is the only folks that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousand other girls if she wants to do anything. Girls is alike one way, they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way or step on their tails, they'll claw you. So long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet; but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse nor a cat. Girls is also like mules. If a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so.—Brother George says he doesn't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him a kissing Jennie Jones last Sunday, and told him of what he'd said, he said he was a biting her, 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and ran, and there was a big red spot all over both of her two cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says I less I know about them the better off I am.

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