

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XV.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 23, 1878.

NO. 30

NEW YORK ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 184 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE sterling reputation that marked the successful career of this House from the day it opened business for

Fine and Perfect Fitting Clothing

is still maintained and can be relied on in every department. Our establishment is filled to its utmost capacity with

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

and each garment sold can be safely accepted to be what it is represented. We extend a cordial invitation to all to give us a call.

NEW YORK

LEADING ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 184 West Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE.

BRANCH 503 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ Samples sent on application.

March 20, 1878—3m.

The reputation of our Philadelphia House is a Guarantee of the High Standard of CLOTHING of which we have an

IMMENSE ASSORTMENT,

NOW READY FOR THIS

Spring and Summer.

A FULL AND VARIED STOCK OF

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Piece Goods for Order Work.

WANAMAKER,

166 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE.

April 1, 1878—1y.

DISSOLUTION—The firm of BURNS & SLOAN dissolved Feb. 18th, 1878, by mutual consent. The books of the late firm will be found at the Office of GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO. who are fully authorized to settle the same.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

132 Light Street Wharf,
(BURNS & SLOAN'S OLD STAND.)

LUMBER.

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

LOW PRICES.

If You Need Any of the Above Please Write for Prices.
March 8, 1878—1y

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

CHANGE OF LOCATION.

The firm of BURNS & SLOAN having been dissolved February 18th, 1878, by mutual consent, the undersigned will conduct the

LUMBER BUSINESS,

in all its branches, and offer a full and well selected stock of BUILDING AND HARDWOOD LUMBER, SHINGLES, FENCING, &c., &c. in lots to suit, and at Lowest Prices.

SAMUEL BURNS & CO., 104 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.
March 8, 1878—3m.

J. WEINMANN & SONS

Marble Works,

4 and 6 North Front Street,

NEAR BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE.

Monuments, Headstones, Statuary.

And all kinds of Carving and Sculpture in Marble and Sandstone, designed and executed in an excellent style, and at reasonable prices. We sell 25 per cent cheaper than any other House in Town.
Nov. 30, 1877—1y.

Infelix.

Where is the promise of the years,
Once written on my brow?
See errors, agonies and fears,
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers,
Where dost thou promise now?

Naught left to reflect those hours,
Still, still to memory sweet!
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all and evil powers
Sweep above her sister powers,
Of sorrow and deceit.

I look along the columned years,
And see life's riven face
Just where it fell amid the jeers
Forever like within mine ears,
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life in vain—
A detestable void of care,
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That bids Fame's fever in the brain,
And bids Earth's tumult cease.

Myself! Alas, for these so poor—
A theme but rich in fear,
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A specter not within the door,
A homeless shadow evermore,
An exile lingering here.

[From "Constantinople," by Edmondo de Amicis.]

LIVING CONSTANTINOPLE.

To see the population of Constantinople it is well to go upon the floating bridge, about one quarter of a mile in length, which extends from the most advanced point of Galata to the opposite shore of the Golden Horn, facing the great mosque of the Sultana Valide. Both shores are European territory; but the bridge may be said to connect Asia to Europe, because in Stamboul there is nothing European save the ground, and even the Christian suburbs that crown it are of Asiatic character and color.

The Golden Horn, which has the look of a river, separates two worlds, like the ocean. The news of events in Europe which circulate in Galata and Pera clearly and minutely, and much discussed, arrives on the other shore confused and garbled, like a distant echo; the fame of great men and great things in the west is stopped by that narrow water as by an insuperable barrier, and over that bridge, where every day a hundred thousand people pass, not one idea passes in ten years.

Starting from the gate, can see all Constantinople in an hour. Whatever can be imagined that is most extravagant in type, costume and social class may there be seen within the space of 20 paces and 10 minutes time. Behind a throng of Turkish porters who pass running, and bending under enormous burdens, advances a sedan chair, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and bearing an Armenian lady; and at either side of it a Redoubt wrapped in a white mantle and a Turk in muslin turban and a sky-blue caftan, beside whom centers a young Greek gentleman followed by his dragoman in embroidered vest, and a Dervise with his tall conical hat and tunic of camel's hair, who makes way for the carriage of a European ambassador, preceded by his running footman in gorgeous livery. All this is only seen in a Redoubt wrapped in a moment you find yourself in the midst of a crowd of Persians, in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakan fur, who are followed by a Hebrew in a long yellow coat, open at the sides; a frowsy-headed Gypsy woman with her child in a bag at her back; a Catholic priest with breviary and staff, while in the midst of a confused throng of Greeks, Turks and Armenians comes a big eunuch on horseback, crying out, "Larva!" (make way!) and preceding a Turkish carriage, painted with flowers and birds, and filled with the ladies of a harem, dressed in green and violet, and wrapped in large white veils; behind a sister of charity from the hospital at Pera, an African slave carrying a monkey, and a professional story-teller in a necromancer's habit, and what is quite natural, but appears strange to the new-comer, all these diverse people pass each other without a look, like a crowd in London; and not a single countenance wears a smile. The Albanian, in his white petticoat, and with pistols in his sash, beside the Tartar, dressed in sheepskins; the Turk, astride of his caparisoned ass, threads pompously two long strings of camels; behind an adjutant of an imperial prince, mounted upon his Arab steed, clatters a cart filled with all the odd domestic rubbish of a Turkish household; the Mohammedan woman afoot, the veiled slave woman, the Greek with her red caftan and her hair on her shoulders, the Maltese hooded in her black falda, the Hebrew woman dressed in the antique costume of India, the negress wrapped in a many-colored shawl from Cairo, the Armenian from Trebizond, all veiled in black like a funeral apparition are seen in a single file, as if placed there on purpose to be contrasted with each other.

It is a changing mosaic of races and religions that is composed and scattered continually with a rapidity that the eye can scarcely follow. It is amusing to look only at the passing feet and see all the foot coverings in the world go by, from that of Adam up to the late fashion in Parisian boots—yellow Turkish babouches, red Armenian, blue Greek and black Jewish shoes; sandals, great boots from Turkestan, Albanian gaiters, low-cut slippers, leg pieces of many colors, belonging to horsemen from Asia Minor, gold embroidered shoes, Spanish algarotes, shoes of satin, of twine, of rags, of wood, so many that while you look at one you catch a glimpse of

a hundred more. One must be on the alert not to be jostled and overwhelmed at every step. Now it is a water carrier with a colored jar upon his back; now a Russian lady on horseback, now a squad of imperial soldiers in massive French or Italian words that reach the ear seem like luminous points upon a black darkness. The figures that most attract the eye in all this crowd are the Circassians, who go in groups of three and five together, with slouching, bearded men of a terrible countenance, wearing bearskin caps like the old Napoleonic guard, long, black caftans, daggers at their girdles and silver cartridges in their breasts; real figures of banditti, who look as if they had come to Constantinople to sell a daughter or a sister—with their hands imbued with Russian blood. Then the Syrians, with robes in the form of Byzantine dalmatic, and their heads enveloped in gold-striped handkerchiefs; Bulgarians, dressed in coarse serge and caps encrusted with fur; Georgians in hats of varnished leather, their tunics bound round the waist with metal girdles; Greeks from the Archipelago, covered from head to foot with embroidery, tassels and shining buttons.

From time to time the crowd slackens a little; but instantly other groups advance, waving with red caps and white turbans, amid which the cylindrical hats, umbrellas and pyramidal head-dresses of Europeans, male and female, seem to float, borne onward by that Musselman torrent. It is amazing even to note the variety of religions. The shining bald head of the Capuchin friar, the towering janissary turban of an Ulema, alternate with the black veil of an Armenian priest, imams with white tunics, veiled nuns, chaplains of the Turkish army, dressed in green, with sabres at their sides, Dominican friars, pilgrims returned from Mecca with a talisman hanging at their necks, and Dervises, convulsions very strange, Dervises that tear their own flesh in expiation of their sins, and cross the bridge under a sun-umbrella, all pass by. If you are attentive, you may notice in the throng a thousand amusing incidents. Here is a eunuch, showing the white of his eye at a Christian exquisite, who has glanced too curiously into the carriage of his mistress; there is a French cocotte, dressed after the latest fashion-plate, leading by the hand the begloved and bejeweled son of a pasha; or a lady of Stamboul, feigning to adjust her veil that she may peer more easily at the train of a lady of Pers; or a sergeant of cavalry in full uniform stopping in the middle of the bridge to blow his nose with his fingers in a way to give one a cold chill; or a quack, taking his last sobs from some poor devil, and making a cathartic eyer over his face to cure him of sore eyes.

Sometimes there passes a mighty pasha with three tails, lounging in a splendid carriage followed by his pipe-bearer on foot, his guard and one black slave, and then all the Turks salute, touching the forehead and breast, and the mendicant women, horrible witches, with muffled faces and naked breasts, latest fashion-plate, leading by the hand two and three and five together, cigarette in mouth, and are recognized by their corpulence, their long arms and black habits. Little Turkish girls dressed like boys, in green full trousers and rose or yellow vests, run and jump with telling agility, making way for themselves with their henna-lined hands. Book blacks with gilded boxes, barbers with bench and basin in hand, sellers of water and sweetmeats cleave the press in every direction, screaming in Greek and Turkish. 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