

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XV.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1878.

NO. 39

## BEWARE!

It having come to our knowledge that in numerous instances inquiries having been made respecting our place of business, either evasive answers were given, or some other shameful excuse made that we were absent for a time, thereby misleading and practicing deception; now, therefore, we would respectfully say to our numerous Friends and Patrons that under no circumstances to buy at any of the places claimed to be ours unless you distinctly see

## OUR NUMBER, WHICH IS

No. 184 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

ORIGINAL NEW YORK

ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE.

JAMES F. BYERS,  
R. B. JOHNSON, New York,  
EDWARD S. LINSEY,  
R. L. HOWARD, New York,  
EDWARD DURALL,  
H. S. LANAGAN, New York,  
P. R. WILLIAMS, New York,

GEO. W. NOWBRAY,  
JAMES T. KEENE, Va.,  
WM. H. HOYT,  
J. BECKER, Washington,  
J. L. PRESTON,  
J. W. GASKINS,  
J. WESLEY BROWN, Cashier.

BRANCH 503 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

March 29, 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.

WANAMAHER,

166 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

April 1, 1878—1y.

## SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,

(late of BURNS & SLOAN, dissolved.)

No. 104 Light St. Wharf, BALTIMORE.

Building, Cabinet and Wheelwright,

## LUMBER,

Sash, Doors, Felloes, Bricks, &c., &c.

REDUCED PRICES.

May 30, 1878—9m.

RESOLUTION—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 6, 1878—1y

**Stay at Home.**  
Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Homelike joys are happyest  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.  
Wear and homelike and distressed,  
They wander East, they wander West,  
And are buffeted and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best.  
Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest,  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is fluttering in the sky;  
To stay at home is best.

**To G—**  
To it true growth is best;  
Then keep it where it rests;  
Let it not wander to parts unknown,  
But dwell within some loving breast.  
Stay at home, wearied one, and rest,  
Wander not to the Western shore,  
Where dwelleth an angel supremely blest,  
Surrounded by friends that beradore.  
Then stay at home, be contented in heart,  
For homelike joys are happyest,  
Those that wander so far apart  
May never know true happiness.

### ROUMANIA—SERVIA.

In the fall of the Turkish empire two new nations have already come into existence, and both seem prepared to maintain their freedom by the desperate resort of war. One of them has had a history so remarkable that it may yet form the theme of some native Macaulay or Motley. Rumania, which stands on the brink of a great conflict with Russia, surrounded by all the fiercest elements of the Eastern strife, with Servia, forms the most recent of those new powers that have joined the European family of nations. It stretches a broad extent of fertile territory enclosed by the Danube and the Carpathian mountains, and bounded on the east by the Pruth. It has a small coast-line, Bessarabia, north of its great river on the Black Sea, its only outlet for navigation. The new kingdom has a surface of about 48,000 square miles, a little less than England, and a population of perhaps 5,000,000. A strange blending of discordant races appears upon this inland region, so shut in by its encircling range of mountains, and by the vast river that bounds it on the south. The Rumanians claim a descent from the Romans, who under Trajan first planted a colony in the midst of Dacia, and whose cities, roads, bridges, once covered it with the first traces of civilization. After a century or more of dangerous occupation it was found that the mountains and the rivers failed to protect the exposed province. A Roman emperor withdrew his garrison, Dacia was abandoned, and the Danube, diligently fortified, became the upper boundary of the Roman power. But Rumania has been ever the refuge of wandering races. Among its most remarkable inhabitants are 300,000 gypsies—wild, half-savage, who were long held in slavery by the Turkish rulers, but who seem to have clung with tenacity to a land which offered them only a miserable oppression. Why these wanderers have fixed themselves in this inland and inhospitable region can scarcely be imagined. But since Rumania has become a nation the gypsies have been set free; they were purchased from their masters by government aid, and it is said are now employed as servants in various useful pursuits. A still more unfortunate class of the population are the Jews. They, too, seem to have thriven in the midst of persecution and tyranny, and have refused to fly from a land of bondage. They number almost one-tenth of the people. They are often of light complexion and hair, of Spanish descent. Their activity in trade excites the jealousy of the ruling class. They are still exposed to various disabilities. But it is stated that since its erection into a separate state, and its freedom from Turkish control, Rumania has made progress toward toleration, and that equal rights will at last be awarded to all its people. In its early history, when the Romans retreated across the Danube, their place was supplied by the savage Goths, and on the wide plains of Rumania took place that fierce conflict between Goth and Hun that led to the conquest of Rome and the foundation of modern Europe. The Goths were driven across the river; the Huns filled their place, and held all the wide and fertile region and its subject people that had once formed the Dacian province. Under Attila the wandering race was formed into an obedient nation. The master genius of the famous conqueror founded a brief and powerful empire. To the Germans he was known as Etzel, the most potent of earthly princes. His capital was fixed somewhere upon the Danube within the boundaries of Hungary, or at Vienna, and here were performed or witnessed the stately nuptials of Kriemhild, and all the dreadful scenery of the close of the German epic. But Attila as a real character exceeded the exploits of all that was told of him in romance or legend. He swept the Roman provinces, ravaged Greece, fought on the fields of France, pillaged Italy, and in comparatively short period established the supremacy of the Huns in Europe. The horrible race seemed destined to rule over all civilization. But the conqueror died, and his empire vanished. New states arose, new races of barbarians crossed the fertile fields of Rumania. The Turk, Selave, Tartar, Russian, Pole, have left

their impress upon the population. At last, as Wallachia and Moldavia, it became a Turkish province; the Roman element of the people must have sunk into slavery. The fierce and imperious Turk ruled with a heavy hand the upper bank of the Danube. But the Turkish power, too, decayed, and the Russian arms were carried into Moldavia and Wallachia. The people, who were still Christian, begged for help for independence; the race revived, the Turkish rule was in part thrown off. The Roman element has outlived Hun, Goth, Turk, Roumania, being almost independent under Alexander, under Prince Charles it has developed into

Of its two rulers, the first, Prince Couza, was elected by the people, a native of Moldavia. He ruled from 1859 to 1866, one of the most radical reformers. Serfdom was abolished, the landowners satisfied from the public funds; the church lands were confiscated, the clergy paid by the state; the press was declared free; railways, roads, bridges, introduced; education encouraged, honesty, frugality, practiced; and the reforming prince was driven from office perhaps because he was only too sincere. He was succeeded by the present ruler, Prince Charles. Rumania has still advanced. The land of the Goths and Huns has become the seat of renaissance. A new nation has been formed; Jassy and Bucharest are the centers of a rising civilization; and the Rumanians have proved on many a bloody field their resolution to be free. A large export and import trade has sprung up on the Danube, and the flag of almost every European nation is seen in the harbors of the towns and cities that line its shores.

Still more remarkable is the sudden rise of Servia to freedom and prosperity. The Servians were Slaves who settled in ancient Asia; a famous King Stephen Dushan, in the fourteenth century, defeated the Turks, Byzantines, Hungarians, and created a powerful state. But when he died, the Turks, at the battle of Kosovo (1389), aided by treachery, destroyed the might of Servia; Milos, the Servian Leonidas, stabbed his conqueror, Murad, on the battle-field, but the miserable country sank into a lasting subjection. Its rising literature was suppressed, its children were snatched away to fill the armies of his early hereditary king. People sank into intense ignorance; oppression checked their progress, and in five hundred years. During all the five centuries, that have witnessed the rapid progress of France and England, Servia has slumbered in this medieval decay. Within the present century it has sprung into new life. Through all its period of miserable subjection Servia still retained the memory of its earlier freedom, and expressed in mournful songs and ballads the pains and shame of present decay, or celebrated the glory of its early hereditary kings. One famous ballad recalls the story of the Janizary who, carried away in early youth by the cruel law of the Turks, came back in a hostile invasion to Servia, sacked and destroyed unconsciously the home of his childhood, killed his own parents, bore off into captivity a beautiful girl, his sister, and at last discovers his crimes with ceaseless remorse. Others celebrate the great deeds of Milos-Obilic, who fought on the field of Kosovo, and stabbed to the heart Murad, the exulting conqueror. Servian literature outlasted its nationality, and many of its beautiful pieces have recently been translated into English by Mrs. Robinson, Lord Lytton and others. These touching songs, written in unrhymed verse, may be called the tears of Servia. But since 1815 Servia has been, in a measure, free; in 1856 it received a recognition from Europe, and in 1878 it has become an independent state. Its modern princes have assumed the historical names of the early heroes; and the first of the line, the uncle of the present prince, was known as Milos I., so intense are the national traditions of these subject races. The two kingdoms of Servia and Rumania are democratic communities, founded upon universal suffrage. Every male citizen over twenty-one, except the gypsies and servants, can vote in Servia; in Rumania the voter must be twenty-five, and know how to read and write. One of the striking traits of the progress of the past twenty years is the adoption everywhere of the republican principle of manhood suffrage; it would be improved if the Rumanian restriction should be imitated, and the only qualification demanded for a voter should be an educational one. Germany, and in part Austria, have already adopted universal suffrage and a general toleration; the cruel treatment of the Jews in Rumania as one of the lasting blots upon its fame; humanity should be the leading trait of every new nation, and every act of cruelty or murder tends to destroy its hopes of progress. The Rumanians promise improvements in all these matters. Russia holds at present the peculiar position of being the only government in Europe which summons no house of representatives, nor trusts to the intelligence of its people. To this cause, this want of political foresight, is due, no doubt, much of the weakness and restlessness of its suffering population. Nihilism rests upon despotism. There would be no plots, no secret societies, if a house of representatives opened its doors to the expression of the wants, complaints, and murmurs of the people. Russia, too, still persecutes its Jews and

its dissenters. And hence, as the clouds of war seem gathering once more around Rumania, Servia, Bulgaria, the sympathies of the cultivated world will follow that power which shows itself the most firm on the side of popular progress. Russia cannot safely enforce its own institutions upon any foreign country, for all other lands are pledged to the cause of freedom. The rulers of St. Petersburg are humane; their officials are not always faithful; and as Russia treats the rising nationalities on the banks of the Danube, will be the treatment it will itself receive from the civilized world. Against a Turkish rule it carried with it a general support, the Turkish rule will be exchanged for something milder and purer. The Servians and Rumanians have fought bravely for freedom, and deserve it.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### The Human Foot.

An exchange says:—No part of the human body contributes so liberally to its locomotive powers as the feet. How rarely we see the feet of our fair sisters in the beautiful and useful form the Creator made them. Each trotter has twenty-six bones, most wisely and admirably fitted to each other. They support the body, however heavy it may be, and bear it easily on its wonted way. These many bones vary in size in different persons, but always, if treated fairly, retain their natural form and relations to each other. Wonderful to say, they are more beautiful and delicate in the females of our race, as if they were intended to be objects of admiration. We rarely see them, unless it be in the mazes of the dance, and then they are covered. So we must say that the normal female human foot makes a right angle with the body, flat and curved upon its upper surface, concave and widely arched below, and narrow behind. The number and beauty of its curves are wonderful. It has no straight lines, unless made by art. The instep has an arch of seven bones, the number of perfection. These support and protect all the adjacent parts from compression and displacement. Attached by ligaments to the larger bones of the leg, or tibia, of the lower leg, are the astragalus. So this tibia and the astragalus form the ankle joint, so useful in "shaking the light fantastic toe." Below this is the heel bone, that not only supports the body, but aids in raising it as the cultivated foot moves quietly along. Too many ladies do not move these lower limbs with grace. They imitate the Indians of our plains and forests, and throw their feet straight forward, as if they expected to meet obstacles in their walks. Projecting the feet slightly outward, lends grace and beauty to the lower limbs. Some of the lower races, if not all, are marked by a lower heel, a flatter calf and straightforward movement of the feet. Grace of motion charms the eye hardly less than the grace of character attracts the soul.

In front of the astragalus are a second row of five bones. They form the arch from side to side, and from front to rear. This arch, or hollow of the foot, has been long admired by all men of thought and science. Its elasticity gives ease and comfort to the spinal column and all its dependent parts. In the normal state of woman, the second toe of each foot is the longest of the total row. But in civilized communities, the length, direction and comfort of this leading member "of the human form divine" is totally disregarded. Ill-fitting shoes change their course. They displace the bones and compel the several toes to ride upon each other. No part of the human body, unless it be the chest, is so much abused as those on which it rests. A compressed and contracted chest invites disease and death. A compressed and contracted foot invites corns and bunions, sufferings and pains. Let the toes be free to move easily among themselves, and let their common covering be so large that they may retain the form, direction and beauty Nature gave them. High heels should be as indicative of low life as long ones are. Small feet even now indicate the smallness of the mind. Let the arch so wisely made be allowed to retain its beneficial elasticity. A compressed waist and contracted feet form a pitiable illustration of human folly.

The beautiful arch of the human foot is flexible and yielding, so as to adapt its form to inequalities of surface, and so elastic as to relieve the brain from shocks in the ordinary walks of life. The heel was made to be the chief basis of support. The toes were made to steady the action of the foot. If the balancing of the body is changed, the whole body suffers. The feet are distorted, the limbs are unsteadily supported, the trunk is thrown into an abnormal position, the spine is very often harmed. The whole process of walking is unnecessarily laborious. The results are fatigue, nervous and spinal irritation. Some nations consider an arched foot a mark of beauty and intelligence. They consider that female slaves under whose feet the water cannot flow. In some degenerates it races the mental powers keep pace with the arching of the foot. A flat-footed race is always an inferior one. Preserve the feet in all their curves and beauty.

### Walking.

Going a foot is not popular with us.—We are too much in a hurry to be willing to walk even a short distance. As a consequence, the amplest provisions for the relief of the human legs and feet from the drudgery of locomotion are everywhere at hand. To ride is cheaper and more expeditious than to walk. Time and shoe-leather are both economized, and the natural desire for ease gratified. What wonder, then, that walking has fallen into almost complete disrepute amongst us? that is, amongst civilians and people engaged in the ordinary business of life. Even the common laborer proceeds to his daily toil by horse-car. He certainly is excusable, because, as the very nature of his employment involves a continual and strenuous expenditure of vital force, he is right in his endeavor to *evade, elude, elude, elude*, to and from the scene of his labors. He does not need the exercise of walking, as he gets more than enough of that in earning his bread. Horse-cars are in his case a most admirable and justifiable device for locomotion.—As a nexus between business centres and very remote suburbs, enabling the jaded merchant, lawyer, broker, banker and clerk, to immerse himself at the close of each day in quietude and every way salutary environment of the country, horse-cars are admirable and promotive of health.

But when business, distance, and health will permit, when there is *vacuum corpus* and an employment in which the brain is principally active, and where the distance is not over five miles, for example, walking is to be preferred to riding. For be it remembered that we are not yet spiritual creatures purely in this state of existence. We are spirits served by organs, and those organs require constant exercise to develop them properly and keep them in a fitting condition. Soul and body are so mysteriously and intimately inter-connected in this life that if they are not exercised and developed *pari passu*, the man deteriorates. The brain the material condition of mental phenomena, with its delicate, involved and labyrinthine structure, wants below it a full chest, buoyed and distended by well-inflated lungs, and a highly assimilative stomach and sturdy columnar legs, the way and sinewy. To be constantly sitting on chairs, stools and cushioned car-seats—in other words, to relieve the legs constantly from duty, is to finally unfit them entirely for the performance of their natural functions; and as each member of the body acts upon every other and is reacted upon in turn, the disuse and inertia of one impairs all the rest. It is said that our atmosphere is unfavorable to walking, that whereas in the moist air of the British islands a ten or twelve miles stretch is followed by little or no lassitude and exhaustion, here it is otherwise. It may be so, but *non constat*—it is not probable. Sherrill's army, after their long circuit through the south, came in fresh and strong, with their muscles wonderfully developed and strengthened. The talk about the exhaustive quality of the American atmosphere is a weak invention of the enemy. Our atmosphere is the finest in the world, equal to that of the most pure and brilliant air of Athens, "native to famous wit, or hospitable," of which the ancient Attic poets sing. It is just the thing wherewith to inflate the lungs and feed the brain with sparkling and exhilarating blood. Indeed, during the greater part of the year we may be said, like the old Athenians, to be always "walking" (in our case, however, it should be riding) through a most luminous atmosphere. The experience of our soldiers, and their fine and vigorous physical condition after marches of almost unparalleled length, sufficiently dispose of the slander against American air as unfavorable to walking. This being so, what excuse is there for so much riding, where walking would be every way more conducive to our health and general well-being?

The reader of Rousseau's *Confessions* will remember with what gusto and lingering delight he dwells upon his many pedestrian rambles in youth amongst the inspiring scenery of Savoy and Switzerland. To read his glowing account of his youthful and wayward rambles on foot is enough to make one try the experiment of a similar excursion. Rousseau represents himself during his pedestrian rambles as glowing with physical and mental excitement, his mind inspired by the charming rural scenes through which he was passing, being full of reveries or actively engaged in building castles in the air. In fact, one of his works is entitled *The Reveries of a Walker*. Walking is indeed most exciting exercise, and soon kindles a glow in the blood, which imparts a delightful exhilaration to the mind. In fact, the practiced walker feels no sense of weariness when his blood is fairly warmed up, but a pleasant excitement pervading mind and body both. We believe that our scholars, artists and writers are getting to be great walkers, fully aware of the pleasure and healthfulness of the natural method of locomotion. Thoreau set a good example in this respect. He was a walker, an accomplished pedestrian, otherwise he could never have become so familiarly acquainted with our natural scenery, and his writings would never have been so thoroughly imbued with its spirit.—If we are not mistaken, it is getting to be fashionable for the students of our academies, colleges and other seminaries of learning, during summer vacations, to travel long distances to the

mountains and sea-shore on foot, camping out at night, gipsy like. This mode of travel brings men into close communion with nature, and is most salutary in its effect. The readers of the life of Professor Wilson, by his daughter, will remember with pleasure her account of the long ramble of the Professor and his fair young wife through the Highlands of Scotland, and their varied and sometimes ludicrous experiences. Wordsworth, the high priest of nature, was a great walker, so was De Quincey, despite his puny and insignificant frame.—In George Sand's *Consuelo* there is a most charming account of a journey on foot of the heroine, in company with Hayde, the poor and unknown youth, from Castle-Roubaud to Venissia. There is a description of a similar journey in Rousseau's *Confessions*, made by him in company with Mercedes, a maid servant of Madame de Waresen; from Chamberi to Fryburg in Switzerland.

From June to Indian Summer New England is a fairy land to ramble over on foot. In the height of summer there is a portion of the day when the wayfarer will find it convenient to shun the fervid heat, either under the shelter of a roadside roof or some wide-spreading tree, but even in mid-summer there are many cool, dewy hours, both at morning and at evening, when a sufficient length of way may be traversed to answer every purpose of the pedestrian. Herodotus calls an accomplished walker "a well-zoned man," and expresses disapproval by the length of time it would occupy such a one to traverse them. Among the other incidents of foot-travel is a most voracious appetite, which is of itself a blessing in our own well-peopled and well-provisioned New England.—Thirst can be quenched at short intervals from old cask buckets hanging in the shadow of mighty elm trees. To the pedestrian, when he has drawn somewhat extensively upon his legs in climbing mountains and performing other arduous exploits, Professor Wilson, who was a giant in body as well as in mind, after a most exhaustive journey on foot, relates how he drank to quench the thirst caused by heat and travel, a whole pan of milk, dashed with a bottle of Mountain Dew. This was a Cyclopean feat, indicating the vigorous nature of the man. To partake properly in communion with natural scenery you must traverse it on foot. Seen from the window of a rail-car, mountains, rivers, lakes, meadows and valleys form a sort of indistinguishable and flying panorama. Unsatisfactory, momentary glimpses are only afforded, such as Faust caught in his wild gallop with Mephistopheles to the witch festival in the Harz:

The limits of the sphere of dream,  
The bounds of true and false are past;  
Lead us on, thou wandering gleam,  
Lead us toward air and fast,  
To the wide, the desert waste;  
But see how swift advance and shift,  
Trees behind trees, rocks by rocks,  
And cliff by cliff; rocks band and lo!  
Their frowning foreheads as we go;  
The giant-enclosed crags, ho! ho!  
How they snort and how they blow!

[Byron Courier.]

THE LAST SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—The most memorable, in some respects, of all the fourteen sieges to which Gibraltar has been subjected, was the last, called the "great siege," one of the mighty struggles of history, which began in the year 1779. The famous General Elliott was commander of the fortress; Spain, in alliance with France and Morocco, endeavored to surprise Gibraltar, but a Swedish ship gave Elliott the alarm. The garrison comprised but five companies of artillery, and the whole force was less than five thousand five hundred men. The enemy's force was fourteen thousand. The siege began by the blockading of the port, and a camp was formed at San Roque with the design of starving out the garrison. When the English Governor resolved to open fire upon his besiegers, a lady in the garrison fired the first shot.—Never did a siege of war wage more furiously than did this for nearly three years. The garrison was often reduced to sore straits for food; "a goose was worth a guinea," and Elliott tried upon himself the experiment of living upon four ounces of rice a day for a week.—Exciting stories are told of the privations that ran in, amidst terrible dangers with provisions, and of the storm, which threw welcome wood and cork within reach of the besieged. The rock at one time would surely have been taken, had it not been for Admiral Boscawen, who sailing off the strait, captured a small fleet of Spanish war ships, and merchantmen, and clearing the strait of besiegers, brought his prizes into port. But all danger was not yet averted; Gibraltar was again blockaded; scurvy broke out in the garrison, and Morocco refused her harbors to English ships.—The enemy crept closer and closer to the fortress, but relief coming every now and then, enabled the English to still hold out. The bombardments were fearful to endure. The city was almost destroyed; scarcely a house habitable, and those left standing pierced by shot and shell. At one time the desperate garrison fell to plundering the town; Elliott shot the leaders in this outrage. The long agony, full of terrific combats and frightful privations, ended by the final abandonment of the siege early in 1783. If in that year the English had to make up their minds that they must let go their American colonies, they had at least the consolation that Gibraltar was still theirs.