

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY J. F. KING & T. P. YATES.

Terms of Subscription—\$3.00 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be sent until full amount is paid except at the option of the publisher.

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Advertisements for a personal character will be accompanied with the real name of the author or person to whom they refer, and no attention will be paid to them.

Remember the cash must accompany all advertisements for publication.

### For Sale or Rent.

**THE SCORE-HOUSE** and **LOT**, known as the Head of the Bay, now occupied by Dominick Mattingly, Esq., is offered for sale or will be rented. Possession given the 1st of January, 1880. Apply to T. P. YATES, Beacon Office, Leonardtown, May 25, 1879—4.

**FOR STATE ATTORNEY.**

**Messrs. Editors**—The friends of DANIEL C. HAMMERT request you to announce him for State Attorney at the coming election this Fall and say if he will become a candidate, he will be warmly supported by Many Friends.

Feb 18, 1879.

**FOR THE STATE LEGISLATURE.**

I announce myself as a republican candidate for a seat in the Lower House of the next General Assembly of Maryland, and respectfully ask the support of my friends and personal friends.

WM. B. BEAN.

April 5, 1879.

**FOR THE CIRCUIT COURT.**

**Messrs. Editors**—Please announce Dr. L. J. SUTTON as the republican candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county at the election in 1879 and say that he will receive the liberal support of his party and friends.

April 26, 1879. Chantico-istriet

**FOR SHERIFF.**

**Messrs. Editors**—Please announce B. R. ABELL, Esq., as a candidate for Sheriff at the coming election in St. Mary's county, and say that he will receive the liberal support of his party and friends.

June 26, 1879. Seventh District.

**FOR ORPHANS' COURT.**

We are authorized to announce Dr. JAMES H. NILES, of St. Inigo's, as a candidate for the Orphans' Court at the ensuing election.

June 12, 1879.

**FOR THE LEGISLATURE.**

I announce myself as a candidate for the next Legislature and respectfully solicit the support of my fellow-citizens.

FRANK N. HOLMES.

Feb 20, 1879.

**FOR SHERIFF.**

**Messrs. Editors**—You are authorized to announce JOHN H. BUCKLER as a candidate for the next Sheriff at the coming election in St. Inigo's District.

March 23, 1879. St. Inigo's District.

**FOR THE LEGISLATURE.**

**Messrs. Editors**—You are requested to announce THOMAS H. BOND, Esq., of Patuxent District, as a candidate for the next Legislature of Maryland and to state that he will receive the liberal support of his party and friends.

MARY DEMAREST.

March 30, 1879.

**FOR REGISTER OF WILLS.**

**Messrs. Editors**—Please announce JOHN B. ABELL, Esq., as a candidate for the position of Register of Wills for St. Mary's county at the election in 1879 and say that he will receive the liberal support of his party and friends.

Sept 21, 1879. The People.

**FOR THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.**

I announce myself as a candidate for a seat in the next General Assembly of Maryland and respectfully solicit the support of my friends and fellow-citizens.

W. W. BRADY.

July 31, 1879.

**FOR THE ORPHANS' COURT.**

**Messrs. Editors**—Please announce J. CLINTON BEAN as a suitable person to represent St. Mary's county in the Orphans' Court and say that he will receive a warm support from his party and friends.

July 31, 1879. St. Inigo's District.

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.**

**Messrs. Editors**—Please announce Mr. C. G. HARRIS, of the 8th district, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of a Democratic County Convention, if one be called.

July 21, 1879. Eighth District.

**FOR SHERIFF.**

We are authorized to announce W. FRANK FORD, of the Eighth District, and to ask for him the support of his friends and fellow-citizens.

July 31, 1879.

**MEAL FOR SALE.**

On and after THURSDAY, May 22nd, instant, I will sell MEAL from my mill, Leonardtown, at \$3 per barrel.

F. N. DYER.

May 23, 1879—4.

## WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Bogert street, crying from without, "His no use, Harry Mayhew; open the door." On entering he said, cheerfully: "Well, young gentlemen, you'll admit an old fogey." When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: "By the bye, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-dollar note I lent him a long time ago. I shall expect to see him here hereafter, and tell him when his pocket will bear it to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye." He was gone.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour was to return 25 per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been lured by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark, "My friend, will you be so good to accept a sovereign?" he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card, "Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call." Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health restorer, he was found by a friend, who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some Napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written, "One to be taken occasionally." When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill and in distress, and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." To a young literary man, afterwards his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: "I am sincerely sorry to hear of your loss, and send the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled to help. When you're well-to-do again I know you will pay it back; and I dare say somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service."

It is interesting to remark the sentiments he entertained toward his great rival, Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unflattering terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so, but I will say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against him; that if the one set are true, the others are false. But 'Pickwick' is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale." When "Dombey and Son" appeared in the familiar paper cover, No. V contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting No. V in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in the Punch office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such a power as this; one has no chance. Read that chapter describing young Paul's death. It is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When "Vanity Fair" was at its best, and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one-half of ten thousand. Why, look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known Cornhill Magazine. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being 110,000 copies. Under the excitement of this great success Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked, "London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!" said he, throwing up his long arms, "where will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall to my clutches, and only the Rocky mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewellers' shops and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and other trifles; "for," he said, "I know how an I spend the princely income which Smith allows me for editing Cornhill, unless I begin instantly somewhere?" He complained, too, that he could not sleep at nights, "for counting up his subscribers." On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the Cornhill he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: "When I read it I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, so honest; and my little girl wrote it—every word of it."

Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his seeming cynicism, and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hays's sketch, he expressed himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he says, "I mean, I think him a truculent fellow; I love Horace better than you do, and I love Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do, but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred, and when you get one or two more of these, you'll come over to the side of the kind way, I think, rather than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris he married, and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterwards sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was therefor entrusted to the care of a kind friend, every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines of the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

## A LOVE STORY FROM ITALY.

Two young people, looking for a place in a police court about yesterday, were General Tommaso Zola and nephew of Colonel Nicolo Zola, both of the Italian army. The young woman is Adelina Ocheti, the daughter of an Italian gentleman. The parents of both live in the suburbs of Turin. For some years past there has been a feud, arising out of political differences, between the elder members of the families. The Zolas are conservatives, while the Ochetis are the reddest kind of radical Republicans. Edward and Adelina, however, have long been lovers and privately engaged themselves to be married. The engagement was discovered and was followed by the requisite anger on the part of the heads of both houses.

A marriage between two such families could not be thought of, and everything was done to keep the young people apart and break off the engagement. But that was all nonsense. They met secretly and became daily more and more in love. Finally the persecution became too much for them, and they decided to leave their homes and friends, come to America and live happily as man and wife. The day was fixed for their departure, and late in the evening they met, went to Genoa and boarded a steamer on which they had already engaged passage for America via Glasgow.

About four years and a half ago they arrived in this country. Neither of them had much money. Neither of them had any friends. They were in a room in this city, but soon found that they not only could not afford to get married, but that they must go to work, and hard work, for their livelihood. Zola got work with A. Guarina, an importer in Beekers street, while the young woman engaged herself in the millinery house of Muscovitz & Russell, at Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue. Zola had been employed as a clerk at \$10 a week in the wholesale commission house of Mr. Monflore, in Pearl street. With the money they earned they were able to rent three rooms in the house No. 115 East Fifth street, and there they lived up to three weeks ago. Zola began to feel that he was jealous of his companion, told her that he was afraid she loved another, and became more and more anxious about her daily. Three weeks ago he was in such a state of mind that he threatened her (with bodily violence should she receive the attention of any person other than himself). The young woman had discovered, as she says, by this time that Zola had an ungovernable temper, and fearing for her safety left him and went to live with some friends. He became desperate, and on Saturday afternoon last waited for her in front of the milliner's shop. When she came on the street he walked up to her and drawing a razor threatened to kill her on the spot if she would not return to him. She was frightened and did return, but the next morning left him again and returned to her friends. Zola after several days began to write letters to her, two of which are as follows:

**Monday Night.**—Lina: How you have treated me! Great heavens! why could you not have spoken to me frankly or at least have written to me that you were thinking of before you did what you have done? You have abandoned me so coldly without a word. I will not seek any further for you and will cease to have longer honest sentiments for you. I wanted to make you my adored wife, to have loved you all my life. I have looked upon you as I would upon an idol, but you have left me, and alas! your heart no longer beats for me. Lina, I will always love you, and if I find in the future that you are dead, I swear to you that I will find your body if I search to the ends of the earth. Towards the end of this month I go away, and for a whole month after I will wait for you. If you do not come then, I will look for a little room, though I have not a cent; Lina, dear, write to me frankly your heart. If you love another, all will be ended, but if I shall always love you, dear. EDWARD.

**Monday Night, 10 o'clock.**—Lina: This is the third letter I have written you since yesterday, but I cannot longer keep the promises I made you in my other letters. You know I love you, that I repeat ever having done you harm, and the day on which you will return to me I will make you my wife. I pray you to write me right away what you will do. Tell me all from your very heart. I know that I cannot do you to do anything contrary to the wishes of your heart. I wish I could, I see that you love another; but for the love I bear you—for all the good that I wish you, please Lina write me frankly your intentions. I will submit to you, whatever you may say. I beg of you, Lina, to relieve me of this painful suspense. What have I done that you should abandon me a second time? Do what you think best, only write me

## The Story of a Dinner-Set.

Pleasant as a summer resort, Asbury Park, N. J., is also invested with interest as the temporary home of an artist engaged in a work designed to do credit to American industry. This gentleman is Theodore B. Davis, who has been connected for many years with Harper's Weekly. I have just come from his studio where he is engaged on a most unique work for an American artist, and one which interests every American and will challenge the attention of the connoisseurs of the Old World. He is making the designs for a State dinner-set for the White House, which is now at work upon, and declares will be the finest dinner-set ever made in Europe.

Upon a high shelf is a large photograph of the conservatory of the White House, with Mrs. Hayes in the foreground surrounded by her two youngest children, and Mr. Davis's little girl, who makes pies in the sand outside while her father lays in the water-color. On this photograph hangs the whole story. Early last spring Mr. Davis was in Washington on a mission for the Harper's, which was to make a picture of the President and the Cabinet, and which appeared in due time in the Weekly. Mrs. Hayes invited him into the conservatory, and after turning the camera on the group described above, the President's wife entered into conversation on a topic very dear to the housewife's heart.

The china brought into the White House during the reign of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant had gone mostly the way of all porcelain that servants handle at the State's expense. She found it difficult to set the table for a State dinner, since the china closet held only a Babel of remnants. She had ordered a new State dinner set of Haviland, the contract was signed, and Haviland was under \$5,000 bonds to deliver the set by January, 1880. Mrs. Hayes regretted that she had been obliged to go to France for a dinner set. "They make very good ware at Trenton," said Mr. Davis, "but of course Haviland, of Limoges, makes the best. Still, if you cannot have American ware you could at least have American designs, representing the fruits, vegetables, game, fish and fauna indigenous to this country."

Mrs. Hayes caught at the idea and acted upon it with the decision and authority of a Queen. "Scott," she said to her little son, "see if you can find 'Webb, will you ask General Casey to come to the conservatory?' General Casey appeared and was requested to write at the lady's dictation. She began: "Haviland & Co.: I desire to cancel the contract for the dinner set." "But," interrupted General Casey, "remember, I am dictating," said Mrs. Hayes, enjoying his surprise, and continued, "and to enter a new one similar to the first with the exception that Mr. Theodore B. Davis is to have exclusive supervision of the designs." This was the substance of the letter, which was dispatched at once.

It was now Mr. Davis's turn to expostulate. He argued that he was under contract to the Harper's, not to do work for any one else. Mrs. Hayes, with a woman's faith, could see no obstacle in that contract, any more than she could in the first contract with Haviland. It may be that a President's wife can make and unmake business treaties at her will. At any rate, Haviland acquiesced with incomparable grace, and Fletcher Harper, when Mrs. Hayes' wish was mooted to him, said to his faithful artist: "I don't ask you to try to surpass everything of the kind that Haviland has done. I expect you to beat them, and I'll have one of the duplicate sets for myself."

Haviland was in this country, and offered Mr. Davis every assistance and co-operation, but at first he was disposed to doubt if any one could surpass his favorite artist, Bracquemond. He brought out an oyster plate. "That," said he, "is the best oyster plate that was ever made." Mr. Davis didn't like it, and frankly said he thought he could do better. "If you do I will break this plate," said Theodore Haviland. A few days after Mr. Davis showed him the design, and the favorite plate was seized and dashed into a hundred pieces that strewed the warehouse floor. The artist has already furnished fifty designs, and Haviland grows more enthusiastic over them as they come in. There are to be twenty-five sets bearing the signature of the artist and artist proof engraving. Eleven of these come to this country, and the remainder will be sold in Europe. Mrs. Hayes will probably have two sets. Fletcher Harper is to have one, and Mrs. Theodore B. Davis is not to be forgotten.

Mr. Davis has had everything his own way, both as to the shapes of the pieces and the designs, and has aimed at striking originality and strong, bold effects of color and form combinations. Everything that enters into the designs is distinctively American. To give a running description of the different pieces: The tea-cup is in the form of a Chinese mandarin's hat, the handle being formed by a curling tea-sprig, the leaves of which decorate the sides of the cup. For the oyster-plate decoration there are five Blue Point half shells in a curve. He has discarded the conventional halftone, adopting Emerson's saying that nature loves the number five. Opposite the shells is a scene representing down on the seashore, a sea gull, and

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I do not write me I will find you. Then our families will be sorry what will happen. I am writing you from my friend's letter. Remember you always and readily. Good-bye. EDWARD.

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"Ah me! how quick the days are fitting! I mind me of a time that's gone, When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting, In this same place, but not alone. A fair young form was nestled near me, A dear, dear face looked fondly up, And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me— There's no one now to share my cup."

In dictating to his amanuensis the composition of the lectures on the "Four Georges" he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no visible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and like George Eliot, gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form that he rarely required to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute, and he was a most accurate all trades failed he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his bridge, and he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works.

While Alfred Tennyson, the future Laureate, received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the University for the best English poem, the subject being "Timbuctoo," we find Thackeray satirizing the subject in a humorous paper called the Snob. Here are a few lines from his clever sketch on the prize poem:

"There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars, Who gormingly sits in lackluster blackcoats; All that he leaves of them the monster throes To jacksals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows, His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts. And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoanuts."

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubbed at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of his countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and, being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I do drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired not to do; and so some morning he then I was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death, with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness, to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.

"A hairpin," says an exchange, "is a very useful thing to a woman. It serves the purpose of a toothpick, buttonhook and hair-restorer, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket when your wife don't know where it comes from."

An Irishman adorned with a blue ribbon entered into an apothecary shop and said to the clerk, "If ye please, sir, I'm a temperance man, but if ye have any soda water of the strength and quality of whiskey, I'll trouble ye for a little."

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While Alfred Tennyson, the future Laureate, received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the University for the best English poem, the subject being "Timbuctoo," we find Thackeray satirizing the subject in a humorous paper called the Snob. Here are a few lines from his clever sketch on the prize poem:

"There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars, Who gormingly sits in lackluster blackcoats; All that he leaves of them the monster throes To jacksals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows, His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts. And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoanuts."

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubbed at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of his countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and, being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I do drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I do smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I do eat. In short, I do everything that I am desired not to do; and so some morning he then I was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death, with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness, to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.

"A hairpin," says an exchange, "is a very useful thing to a woman. It serves the purpose of a toothpick, buttonhook and hair-restorer, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket when your wife don't know where it comes from."

An Irishman adorned with a blue ribbon entered into an apothecary shop and said to the clerk, "If ye please, sir, I'm a temperance man, but if ye have any soda water of the strength and quality of whiskey, I'll trouble ye for a little."

## Whether or not, you want me for your husband, I can say no more.

I do not write me I will find you. Then our families will be sorry what will happen. I am writing you from my friend's letter. Remember you always and readily. Good-bye. EDWARD.

P. S.—Have pity on me, Lina, but you do, but I don't desire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty, shall we say? Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred, and when you get one or two more of these, you'll come over to the side of the kind way, I think, rather than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris he married, and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterwards sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was therefor entrusted to the care of a kind friend, every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines of the ballad of the "Bouillabaisse" are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

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"You are going far away, far away from us, Jeannette," but you have your best friend with you, the North Pole you may get.—N. Y. News.