Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1879. NO. 17

THE

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less of Brevier type constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

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July 17, 1879—3m.

From the Washington Gazette.

On The Sidewalk.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart,
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps steps with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of the city's jills,
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills!
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his lean, wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by
As he gives him little or much.

When Time has beaten the world's tattoo,
And in dusky armor dight,
Is trending with echoless footsteps through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of these shall be daintily fed
And shall sink to slumber sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed,
And never a crumb to eat.

Ah me! when the hours go joyful by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brothers and sisters despairing cry
In their woe, their bitter need!
Yet such a world as the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Was felt by each and all.

John Wesley's Chapel and Grave.

The cable last evening announced the partial burning on Sunday night of the famous chapel of John Wesley in London. The fire entirely destroyed one of the wings, irreparably injured the more recent frescoes of the main ceiling and weakened the original roof. The cable despatch accurately speaks of the "Wesleyan Chapel in City Road." American visitors to London who look up the antiquities of Methodism are often shown another "Wesleyan chapel" in Kentish town to the north of the Midland Station, another near Lincoln's Inn Fields, another in Islington near the Agricultural Hall, and one near the extreme East End of London in East India Road. These chapels are all more pretentious in architecture and decorations than the little modest building on City Road, opposite to the entrance of the Bunhill Fields Burying Ground and between Finsbury Square and the Grecian Theatre. It stands about a hundred feet back from the street and is of a simple and utterly unambitious appearance. It is fronted by a churchyard of about seventy-five feet square, through which runs a broad walk. In the yard are several old trees, and portions of it are laid out with flower-beds. The chapel also has a churchyard of no mean proportions in the rear. It can be reached by the omnibuses which run between the Angel at Islington and the Bank of England, or by tram-cars from Moorgate street and London Wall, or by other omnibuses that run past the Langham through Portland Place, Euston, Pentonville and the City Road down to the Bank of England. The chapel was finished in 1778. The corner-stone was laid the year before by John Wesley himself, and in it was inserted a brass plate inscribed with his name. Upon that occasion Southey tells us that Wesley said: "Probably this plate will be seen no more by any human eye, but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burnt up." In this chapel, excepting when travelling, John Wesley preached during twelve successive years. The Bible which he used is still there; and it appears from the cable despatch that his original pulpit was uninjured by the fire. The great apostle of Methodism himself was buried March 2, 1791, in a vault in the churchyard, within a few feet of the street frontage. Over the vault is seen by every passer-by a plain square white marble monument, surmounted by a shaft which rises to a point, and altogether only about twelve feet high. It bears his name and all the necessary dates, and also inscriptions in memory of his mother and his brother Charles, the "sweet singer," whose remains, however, rest in the Bunhill Fields Burying Ground immediately opposite. Into this chapel, according to Wesley's last request, his body was carried in a plain coffin after being shrouded in plain woollen cloth. Over the shroud were put his gown, cassock and band. On his head rested the familiar clerical cap. In one hand a Bible was clasped and in the other a white handkerchief—such as he had always carried in the pulpit. Within the chapel the remains reposed one whole day and were visited by such immense crowds that it was deemed best—in expectation of the greater crowds which might come the next day—to have the remains interred at daybreak the ensuing morning. This was done in strict accordance with the dying directions of John Wesley—"Let me be borne without hearse, coach or escutcheon by six poor men, who shall each receive a burial fee of a guinea. In place of pomp I wish the tears of them that love me and who are following me to Abraham's bosom." But notwithstanding the sudden change of the hour of interment many hundred persons heard of it and filled the churchyard during the brief but impressive services.

All of these events had imparted to the chapel in City Road and its surroundings a tender interest, and doubtless no American Methodist has ever visited London without recalling them as he stood in the chapel and was shown the very spot whereon Wesley's coffin had rested; or as he lingered near the vault and the monument, or crossed the busy street into "Bunhill Fields" and looked there upon the modest headstones which mark the burial-places of Susannah Wesley and of Charles Wesley.

Many other historical reminiscences are associated with this old Dissenters' burial-ground of Bunhill Fields. Within its confines—now incongruously beset with the loudest "London hum"—repose Doctor Thomas Goodwin, the preacher who attended Oliver Cromwell's death-bed; Dr. John Owen, who preached the first sermon before Parliament after the execution of King Charles; Lord Deputy Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, who married the widow of General Ireton; John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, William Blake, the painter and poet, Thomas Stothard, Thomas Hardy, the Radical, and many other distinguished "Nonconformists." It was originally called Bonehill Fields, because thither during the reign of Queen Elizabeth were conveyed "nigh upon a thousand cart-loads of bones removed from the charnel of old St. Paul's." Several years ago the burying-ground was laid out in walks, planted with shrubbery and flowers and furnished with seats, and it is always thronged while it stands open throughout every day.

Doubtless the burned portions of the famous Wesleyan chapel will be speedily repaired and restored. But the mighty company of the Methodists throughout the world will rejoice that the old monument house of their faith and the chapel of John Wesley's latter days has escaped the calamity of a total destruction.

General Jackson's Shrewdness.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* in a series of reminiscences relating to 'Old Hickory,' gives the following as having never before appeared in print: Another of Judge Philips stories related to the war with the United States bank. Gen. Jackson had many friends in Tennessee who disagreed with him on the bank question. They did not want the deposits removed, and sought to reach the general through a friend of his, a Presbyterian pastor of Nashville, and to thus persuade him to change his course. They found that the preacher was in sympathy with them, and easily persuaded him to make the attempt. He went to Washington at their request and called upon the President.

General Jackson received him with great cordiality, told him that while he stayed in Washington he made the White House his home, and had his trunk brought up to the executive mansion.

The good pastor meanwhile sought to introduce his mission to the President, and took occasion to do so when the general was taking his afternoon smoke. He commenced by commiserating the President in general terms on the perplexities and annoyances of his position, on the conflicts with opposition and the differences among friends, and finally wound up by asking the general what it was that gave him the most trouble, expecting, of course, that he would reply that it was his conflict with the United States bank.

Mr. Jackson very gravely informed him that he was indeed very much troubled about one matter—so much so that it often kept him awake at nights, and he had long contemplated whether or not he could not put oil upon the troubled waters—and here he paused.

The good brother, who, meanwhile, had been rubbing his hands and showing deep interest, anxious to bring the matter to a close, asked bluntly what this trouble was.

Jackson answered in a serio comic tone: "It is the divisions in the Presbyterian church."

This was during the time of the contest between the old and new school Presbyterians. General Jackson had evidently understood his visitor from the first. The conversation after the above remark came to a close very soon, and the next day the preacher left Washington for Tennessee.

A BENEVOLENT JUDGE.—There is a venerable and benevolent judge in one of the Parish tribunals who at the moment of passing sentence on a prisoner consults his assessors on each side of him as to the penalty proper to be inflicted.

"What ought we to give this rascal, brother?" he says, bending over to the assessor on the right.

"I should say three years."

"What is your opinion, brother?" to the assessor on the left.

"I should give him about four years."

The Judge, with benevolence: "Prisoner, not desiring to sentence you to a long term of imprisonment, as I should have done were I left to myself, I have consulted my learned brothers and shall take their advice. Seven years."

☞ A perplexed German, who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fullness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared, vociferously, that "de coat is goot. It is no fault of de coat. De poy is too slim!"

☞ The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster on his younger brother than she did on him.

Took the Frills Out of Him.

He was a shrewd, white-haired, old gentleman tourist, who was sipping lemonade in the Baldwin barroom the other day, and who remarked as a good-looking individual came in and haughtily ordered a whiskey straight,

"Now, I 'spose that gentleman is one of your bonanza-fellows, and owns about two-thirds of the real estate round here?"

"No," he replied; "he's a much greater personage. He is one of the successful candidates of the last election?"

"I might have known it!" exclaimed the old gentleman, emphatically. "He acts just as I did when I was elected to Congress."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was elected M. C. from the Fourth district just after the war. We had a pretty lively campaign of it; and, as I had never been in politics before, I somehow got the idea that the whole country had quit work and was watching my contest with quivering anxiety. Every time the other side accused me of being a chicken thief, or a bigamist, or something, and I'd get back at them with a card in the Redville *Warwhoop*, headed, "Another Lie Nailed!' I'd send a marked copy to every leading paper in the country."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, and I was disgusted to find they never paid the slightest attention to me neither. What surprised me more was, although I kept the President and Cabinet advised of everything that occurred, I never got the slightest sympathy from any of them. I was an Administration man, too, and I thought it was blamed singular."

"Did they notice you at all?"

"Not at all, sir, and when I was elected, and the boys lighted a bonfire in the main street, and serenaded me, and I spoke for six hours in the open air as to my future course on the tariff and finances, the New York papers merely said that 'a Mr. Gun had been elected by a small majority'—my name being Gonely, as you know."

"That was hard."

"Well, I put that all down to envy and malice, and I started for Washington. I expected that at least the Speaker of the House and a committee appointed by the Senate would be down at the depot to welcome me to the Capital."

"Did they do so?"

"The only persons that met me were a committee of hackmen, who tore my overcoat half off, rammed me in a hack, and robbed me, with the aid and assistance of a hotel clerk, who then gave me a dark room on the top floor, and asked the first week's board in advance; said it was the rule of the house with Arkansas members."

"The impudent rascal."

"That's what I thought. Well, the next morning I got away from the bedbugs as well as I could and went up to the White House to see if the President would like to stroll down to the House to introduce me and see me sworn in. I sent up my card, and in an hour or two some secretary or other sent back word that the President was at breakfast and couldn't be bothered."

"Well, I was just dumbfounded. However, I went down to the Capitol and told the Sergeant-at-Arms to go in and announce to the members that I had arrived. 'That's devilish good, that is,' and rushed off. I expected that, of course, the members would come crowding up to congratulate me and say something like, "Magnificent speech of yours, that last one, Gonley! Beat 'em by forty-eight votes, too, old fellow!' And then mebbe, they'd give me three cheers and all that sort of thing.'"

"And did they?"

"No, sir; hope I may never stir if they didn't give me a back seat in the cloak-room until my name was called, and a doorkeeper fired me out into the corridor twice under the impression that I was a lobbyist. Well, after I had been put on the Joint Committee on Spittons and Window Washing, and spent a couple of months trying to wedge in my great four-hour speech on the match tax, something occurred that let down my check-rein, and took all the frills out of me for good."

"What was that?"

"Well, I was taking a drive out to the Soldiers' Home one afternoon, with three other members, when a light buggy went by like a streak of greased lightning—the trotter driven by a solemn looking man in a rusty plug hat, who was smoking a cigar and steadying a small terrier on the seat with his elbow."

"That's Butcher Boy," said one of my companions, with great interest; "trots in 2.20. He's a rattling good stepper, bet your life!"

"Did you notice that dog?" said another. "Best bred pup in town; tail no bigger than a rat's; infernal fine dog, that!"

As I had nothing else to say, I casually inquired who the driver was.

"Why, that's the President," said one of them, with a yawn. "By Jove! how I'd like to have one of those pups!"

"That settled it. I've been as meek and sad as a car-horse pulling a picnic ever since."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

☞ Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals during the day: "Fanny Finch tried five floundering frogs for Francis Fowler's father."

A WIFE'S APPEAL.

The wise people—those who manage their neighbor's affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their councils when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was bad enough when Hepworth married a chit of a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face near the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved her, and had gone from one home of luxury to preside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in a shabby morning suit, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question in return.

"Certainly. You look tired."

The stranger accepted a chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply. "I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I was married, until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes. "Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never even spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever.—Three months later, on the very day this boy was born, I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon, but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright!"

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely. "What is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first child was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his armchair.

A light step aroused him from his reverie and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant she carried with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to the most conceited of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lips quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to chose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied, "but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguery, Harold, only a true penitent; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg?"

"Clarice?" he asked, hoarsely. "Who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her. For the sake of you own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead.—She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting room, where Clarice awaited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling lips, for the words that were to give her sorrowing lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfishness of her stepmother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience and the six years of absence.

He remembered that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of:

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossips are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarence Manderson and Hepworth's second wife.

☞ Judge V. of this state has a rich vein of humor running through his ordinary dignified demeanor. Counsellor H. was arguing before him, recently, a case of domestic infelicity. Said the attorney: "Separating the apartments of my client and this lady was a curtain from ceiling to floor; certainly there was nothing out of the way in that." "No," replied His Honor; "and not much in the way, either."—*Biddeford Minature.*

☞ This country is no sooner saved by an election than the politicians go into training to save it again. What people want is a country that can be salted down to keep awhile.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.—Two plainly dressed men entered a restaurant yesterday, and drawing chairs up to a table ordered dinner. Several waiters and the proprietor were present, but paid little attention to the visitors. When the dinner arrived the men began conversation.

'General,' remarked one, 'I was very much pleased with the Chicago reception.'

"Yes, the demonstration was magnificent, but I don' believe that the mayor should have advised me so publicly not to accept a third term. If the American people want me to be President again it is no more than right that I should accept the position.'

'But, general, ain't you growing tired of these receptions?'

'I tell you, Mr. Evarts, I am actually tired. But I can't stop it. Now just so soon as the people find out that I am here there will be parade like a circus procession. I think the best plan will be for us to slip over to Hot Springs on to-morrow's train. By the way, Mr. Evarts, this is an excellent restaurant. If I am elected again it is my idea to establish a restaurant in the White House. Just give it to some one you know.'

'General, don't you think this man could run it well?' said Mr. Evarts in an undertone.

'Just what I was thinking about; and these waiters, I think would adorn it.'

'I say general, I don't see how we can keep down an ovation here. We'd better let things take their own course.'

'Yes I think so.'

About this time they had finished eating. The restaurant man had been paying close attention to the conversation, and when the men arose and started out without having paid for the meal the 'harsh' man advanced and asked:

'This is General Grant, I believe?"

'Why, I knew the people would discover my identity.'

'And this Secretary Evarts?'

'Well,' said Mr. Evarts, 'I must confess that you have dropped on us.'

'General,' said the restaurant man, 'I was in your army.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, sir; and I am delighted to see you. Don't you remember we were all digging a big ditch near Vicksburg?'

'Perfectly well.'

'Don't you remember one rainy Friday afternoon when a man walked into your tent and handed you two boxes of cigars?'

'I remember it as though it had only been yesterday,' said the general, 'and since I have scanned your features a little more closely, it strikes me that you are the man.'

'Yes, sir I am the man. But there is one feature, general, that you have forgotten. I was a sutler, and you haven't paid me for them cigars yet. And now if you don't hand over $20 I'll have you jamed in the city prison along with Fatty McGinnis, Jack Ross or any one who happens to be there. Pony up.'

'I guess I had better pay for this dinner,' said the secretary, taking out two 50 cent pieces, along with a lot of pecans and shoestrings.

'That's all right,' remarked the restaurant man, receiving the money.—'I'll let you off with the $20.'

They went out, and late in the evening, when one of them was taken from the sidewalk, where he lay stretched out, he had lost his official air.

WHO ARE AMERICAN ARISTOCRATS.—Twenty years ago this one made candles, that one sold candles and butter, another butchered, a fourth carried on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, and their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you find these toiling worms hatch butterflies—and they live about a year. Death brings a division of property, and it brings new financiers. The old gent is discharged, the young gent takes revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do if he does not, so that, in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed rank, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all. The father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money. The children in turn inherit pride and go shiftless to poverty. Next their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebian blood and by the smell of the clod, come up again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into seed and blossoms, spreads them around in great glory, sheds them, to fall to the earth again, to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new dress and fresh garniture.

☞ A bridal couple from Washoe Valley at breakfast conversed as follows:—He—"Shall I skin your pertater, honey?" "No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."—*Virginia Chronicle.*

☞ As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.

☞ You never see a woman button anything that she can pin and you never see a man pin anything that he can tie with a string.