

Saint Andrew's Beacon.

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TALMAGE ON THE SOUTH.

Brother Talmage, of Tabernacle fame, has been visiting the South of late and he brings away from the cotton and orange land impressions which will very likely astonish the ordinary New York and New England audience. We make liberal extracts from his "sermon."

The first misrepresentation in regard to the South is that it is a land of "negroes." The South is a land of "white people" who want to get back and have re-instated slavery. Why, all the people are glad to get rid of it. The planters told me that they could cultivate their land now at less expense under the new system of labor than under the old. A planter who had a hundred and twenty slaves before the war said that there was so much care necessary in looking after so many slaves and in looking after the aged who could not work, and helpless childhood, that there was constant anxiety and vast expense and exhaustion. Now they have nothing to do but pay the wages when they are due, and each family looks after its own invalids and minors. Submit to the ballot-box of southern people to-day the question, "Shall negro slavery be re-instated?" and all the wards, and all the cities, and all the counties, and all the states would give a thundering negative.

They fought for the institution eighteen years ago, but now they congratulate themselves at the overthrow of the institution. God be thanked that north and south at last have one sentiment on that subject, and those northern politicians who keep the subject of American slavery rolling on and rolling on are doing a thing as useless and inept as it would be to make the Dorr rebellion of Rhode Island, or Aaron Burr's attempt at the overthrow of the United States government, a test for our fall election. The subject of American slavery is dead and damned. I said to the planters: "How do these men work now under the new system?" and they replied: "They work well; we have no trouble; there was a good deal of trouble just after the war closed, and a demoralization and disorganization consequent upon a change of things, but now they work most admirably, and they work far better than the northern men who come here, because the climate seems better adapted to the colored people, who will on a summer day, at their nooning, go out and lie down to enjoy the sun." My friends, all this talk about the dragging of rivers and the lakes of the south to haul ashore negroes murdered and flung in, while it may be believed by many of the north, is a falsehood so absurd it is hardly fit to mention in a religious assemblage.

The white people of the south feel their dependence on the dark people for the culture of their lands; the dark people feel their dependence on the white people for the payment of their wages. From what I have seen of the oppression of female clerks in some of the dry goods stores of the north, and from what I have seen of the oppression of some young men at the north on small salaries, which they must take or get nothing at all, I have come to the conclusion that there are more considerations and sympathy for colored labor at the south to-day than there are consideration and sympathy for some of the employees in some of the dry goods stores on Fulton avenue, Brooklyn; Broadway, New York; Washington street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia. In all the land and in all the earth there are tyrannical employers, and their maltreatment of subordinates, white or black, deserves execration. But in the work of reformation let us begin at home.

Another impression in regard to the south that I wish to correct is, that they are antagonistic to having northerners come down there and settle. The whole impression given here at the north has been that if northerners go down south, they are killed, kept out of society, or getting into society thrown out again, and in every way made uncomfortable. From the states where I visited the cry comes, and I bring it to-day to their name, "Send down your capitalists, send down your northern farming machines, come and buy our plantations, open stores, build cotton factories and rice mills—come by the hundreds, by the thousands, by the millions, and come right away." I declare here that that is the sentiment of the south. Of course there is no more admiration at the south for northern fools and northern bragging south shall put his raise at the depot, then go up on the nearest plantation and say, by his manner or by words: "We have come down here to show you southern people how to farm, we whipped you in the war, now we are going to whip you in agriculture; I am from Boston, I am; that's the 'hub'; how much you look like a man I shut at South Mountain; I believe I was your brother. I marched right through here in the Fourteenth regiment of volunteers, I killed and quartered a heifer on your spot; what a poor, miserable race of people you southerners are, didn't we give it to you? ha! ha!"—such a man as that, to say the least, will not make a favorable impression! And he will not be very soon elected as elder of one of their churches, and if he should open a store he would not get many customers, and if such a man as that should get a free and rapid ride on that part of a fence which is most easily removed, and be set down without much reference to the desirability of the landing-place, you and I would not be

protestants. If a moral man go south, and he exercises just ordinary common sense, he will be welcome. He will be made at home, and, coming from Brooklyn, he will be just as though he came from Mobile. A southern gentleman (in the audience) rode his horse, as much as to say, "That's so; I could give many illustrations. I give one. There went from this church seven or eight years ago, a member by the name of Charleston, S. C. He took his horse and went to the south. He was received well? Was he treated well? Judge for yourselves, when I tell you a few days ago, when his life-plate was carried into the Episcopal church of Charleston, where he was a vestryman, the members of the board of trade assembled in the church, the children and the patrons of the orphan asylum of which he was a director, and a great throng of the best citizens, amid a wealth of floral and musical tribute that the Charleston Courier describes as making an occasion almost unparalleled in the history of private obsequies. Why, this side of heaven there is not a more hospitable people than the people of the south, and I bring you from those states which I had the pleasure of visiting, I bring you to-day an invitation of immigration that way. The south is to rival the west as an opening field for American enterprise. Horace Greeley's advice of "go west" is to have its advantage in "go south." The first avalanche of population that way will make their fortunes.

It is a national absurdity that such a large proportion of the cotton of the south, at great expense, should be sent north in order to be transferred into useful fabrics. The few factories at the south are the pioneers of innumerable spindles which are soon to begin the hum of the grand march on the banks of the Savannah and the Appalachicola and the Tombigbee. There is Georgia with its 58,000 square miles; there is Alabama with its 50,732 square miles; there is South Carolina with its 34,000 square miles; there is North Carolina with its 50,704 square miles, and other states, not ten per cent. of their resources yet developed. When will our over-crowded population in these northern cities take the wings of the morning and fly to those regions where they may have room to turn around, and plenty of place to take a full breath and expand, and be masters of their own cornfields, their own rice swamps, their own cotton plantations, their own lumber forests? Land to be had here from \$1 to \$20 an acre. Travel from here to that region \$15, if you are not too particular about the way you go. Afraid of the heat? Why, the thermometer in New York every summer rises to a higher point than in Georgia or North Carolina, although in those states the heat is more protracted. Afraid of the fever? The death-rate in Georgia just equals the death-rate in Michigan. The death-rate in Georgia, according to the number of the population, is less than the death-rate in Connecticut and Maine. Going either west or south you will probably have one acclimating attack. It will only be a different style of shake! There is no more need that England, Ireland and Scotland should send their emigrants to the south, there is such a vast population coming from foreign lands here—21,568 people arriving in New York in one month, to make their residence in this country. And, let me tell you, many of them the very best people of Europe. What do I mean by "best"? I mean industrious and moral. Five thousand people last Tuesday in and around Castle Garden waiting for transportation. While you put on the extra trains to carry them west over the Pennsylvania and the Erie and the New York Central, put on extra trains on the Baltimore and Ohio, and all the great routes to Charleston and Atlanta and Chattanooga, that they may go south. Vast opportunities opening. Stop cursing the south, and stop lying about the south, and go south and test their resources of mine and plantation and forest. Why, my friends, that is the way the national difficulty is to be settled. Tens of thousands of young men from the north, moral young men, intelligent young men from the north, are to go south and make their residence there, and they will invite their daughters of the south to help them build houses amid the magnolias and orange groves, and their children will be half north and half south, half South Carolina and half Vermont, half Georgia and half New York, and then to divide the country you will have to divide the children with some such sword as Solomon sarcastically proposed for the division of the contested child, and the northern father will say to the southern mother: "Come, my dear, let us put our political feud to sleep in this cradle!" The statement so long rampant at the north that southern people do not want moral and industrious people to come from the north to the south—I brand that statement as a falsehood, gotten up and kept up for base political purposes.

Another wrong impression in regard to the south that I want to correct is, that the people there are antagonistic to the United States government. Those people submitted to the settlement of the sword certain questions, and now they are submissive to the decision. There is no fight in them. We talk about the fire-eaters of the south. If they eat fire, they have a private platform of coals in a private room. I sat at many of their tables, and I saw no such

style of diet. Neither could I find a spoon or a fork or knife that seemed to have been used in eating fire. Why, sirs, they are the most placid people you ever saw. Some of them, their property all gone, at forty or sixty years of age, standing like one arm and one foot and one eye, the missing members sacrificed in battle. It is simply miraculous, and the work of the Lord Almighty, that these people are as amiable and as cheerful as they are, and it is ostentatious mean in us to keep speaking of them as waspish, and acrid and asturine, and malevolent. I have traveled as much as most people have in this and other lands, and I am yet to find a more amiable, more delicately sympathetic, more whole-souled people than the people of the south. The people of the south are loyal to-day, and its foreign foe should try to set its foot on this country by way of intimidation or conquest. I believe the forces of McClellan and Beauregard, Bragg and Geary, Grant and Lee, would come shoulder to shoulder, the blue and the gray, and the guns of Forts Hamilton and Pickens and Sumter would join in one great chorus of thunder and flame. The fact is that in this country we have had a family fight, and if a neighbor should come in and try to interfere, you know what the result would be. Husband and wife in contest, the one with a cane and the other with a broomstick—let an intermeddler come in and he gets all the advantage of both cane and broomstick. I have sometimes thought that the north and south will never understand each other until the approach of a common enemy makes a common cause. God forbid that that day should come. But if foreign despots think there is no our government no cohesion, no centripetal force, they have only to test it. Instead of the thirteen original colonies, we own from ocean to ocean; but that is no sign of lack of governmental grip. By steam and electricity the government is under more speedy and easy control now than it was at the start. At the foundation of the government it took an official document two weeks to cross the country; now it takes two minutes. San Francisco and Galveston and Des Moines are to-day nearer Washington than Richmond was then. There never has been a day of more thorough consolidation and unity than now. Would that the people all appreciated it. You see the whole impression of my southern journey was one of encouragement. The great masses of the people are right. If half a dozen politicians at the north and half dozen politicians at the south would only consent to die, there would be no more sectional acrimony. You see it is a mere case of undertakers! If they bury out of sight these few demagogues we will pay all the expenses of the catafalque and round up Lookout mountain and tip up, up! Standing there on the tip-top for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevada, and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from Lookout mountain. Why, sirs, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party, while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of internecine strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk navy-yard on fire, Fort Sumter on fire, Charleston on fire, Chambersburg on fire, Columbia, South Carolina, on fire, Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and McPherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stone wall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave-trenches afterwards cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of the north, the other for the dead men of the south. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp, tramp of enlisting armies, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the "swamp angel," and the groan of dying hosts falling across the pulseless hearts of other dying hosts; and I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot, and the Oregon, and the Ohio, and the Hudson, and the Roanoke, and the Yazoo, and the Alabama, widowhood,

and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and others stark mad, and I said: "Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout mountain. Oh! God, show me the future." And standing there, it was revealed to me. And I looked out, and I saw great populations from the north moving south, and great populations from the south moving north, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the foot-prints of the war-charges. And I saw the angel of the Lord of Hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment." And I looked, and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton, and such golden harvests of corn as I never imagined; and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages down, and the war barracks were all down; and I saw the rivers winding through the valley, making letter "S" after letter "S"—no more "S" for shame, but "S" for salvation. And as I saw that all the weapons of war were turned into agricultural implements, I was alarmed, and I said, "Is this safe?" And standing there on the tip-top rock of Lookout mountain, I was so near Heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two Christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh—the one a Federal, the other a Confederate. And they were brothers!

"THE AULD WIFE."

Many a man a little past the so-called prime of life, looking at his pretty young daughter just blossoming into girlish beauty, loves her all the better for the thought that comes to him, like a thrilling realization of his youth again, that she is the very picture of what his mother was at her age. And then an unconscious sigh disturbs him as he glances at the mother, and sees the havoc that has been wrought in that once smooth fair face as the years have been slipping by, taking many things with them besides rosy bloom and dimples; bright teeth and luxuriant locks. He is not so foolish as to complain of the inevitable, to ask why she cannot always be young, or to forget that he himself has suffered a change, that his forehead is very much higher than it used to be, and that his old wedding coat would not by any means meet across his shoulders now. But, nevertheless, he feels it a subject of regret, even if he does not acknowledge it to himself, that when beauty dies, the love of beauty does not die as well, or that some other and more satisfactory and lasting beauty, the beauty of the soul, which transfigures the worn and weary flesh, does not always and surely take its place.

Perhaps he is so fortunate, when gazing in his wife's face, as to see this beauty of the soul that has grown there, till now, illuminating and irradiating, it shines like a flame burning in an alabaster vase. Or perhaps, as in a very few extraordinary instances it has happened, the original beauty is all that it ever was, even after the lapse of many years, and has only mellowed and deepened with time. But neither of these possibilities is a universal or frequent one.

If, however, he sees neither the original beauty, nor the spiritual beauty that has grown under the discipline of life to replace the other, there is some reason for sighing; and if any little shade of self-reproach mingled with the sigh, there would often again be reason.

For how many times has he paused, for all his love of her, and thought, as their youth was deepening into middle life, how best to save that bloom on the cheek, to spare that smooth forehead, to keep the old sweetness that he loved round the eye and lips? Care must come in spite of him, care and grief and troubles, since the tale of no one's life is made without them. But has he constantly remembered to make himself the wall against which they first should break, or to be personally the means of bringing none of them upon her? Has his pride, his ambition, his love of pleasure, exceeded his means, required her, in the effort for respectability, to do something much like making bricks without straw? Has he allowed his quiet temper to keep her nerves always at concert pitch, with fretting and fault-finding and exactions, till she has become little but nerves? Has he demanded of her in all her departments a perfection that he has not rendered in any of his? Has he given her any cause for contempt of him as for one caring more for eating and drinking than for anything else? Has he forgotten all the strain on a delicate frame that the birth and bringing up of children are, not to speak of housework or the direction of servants, if she has them? Has he taken care to remember that even if supplied with every bodily comfort, and perhaps luxury, her soul years more after the old tender assurances and words of admiration? Has he, in fact, just so far as in his power, warded off trouble, brought home happiness, taken pains to put on a smiling face when coming in the door, and added to her stock no unreasonable solicitudes?

Of course almost every wife knows that she is indispensable to one phase of her husband's contentment, to the management of his food just as the ex-

perience of years has taught her his tastes, the care of his clothes, the cheerfulness of his home. But there is no wife living who does not long to be made constantly aware that she is indispensable to him for herself, and herself alone, as well as all the rest, and there are too many wives dead, for no other reason than that the assurance failed to come, and so life lost its savor, and they slipped out of it unheeded and unwept.

That husband who wants to see the beauty of youth on the "auld wife's" face, or as much of it as the positive laws of nature can spare him, has loaded her with no care that could be avoided, and if he could not give silk gowns and plum cakes, has seen to it that he gave her no anxieties either. Physical burdens greater than the strength so much toward undermining the good looks of youth, but there are other destroying influences more potent yet. It is anxiety and the wear and tear of tired-out nerves that whiten and thin the hair, that engrave the lines upon the forehead and about the mouth, and that, far sooner than time would do it, make the weary muscles flaccid, and let down all the plump roundness and lovely curves into loose skin, and call the blood from the cheek to the aching heart. The wife, too, whose husband does not now and then glance at her teeth, is apt to let the time for going to the dentist slip by; whose husband does not ever pass a carousing hand over her hair, cease to care how it is dressed.—"There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ," says Hamlet; and all the more, then, it needs to be kept in tune, and the husband who wants the old beauty of her girlhood, or the beauty of the sweet and contented spirit, must take some heed to retaining the one and creating the other; and he will see the result of such conduct on his part by observing the face of any thoroughly happy and not overtaken wife.

To be sure, no woman who has any respect either for herself or her marriage vows will, by reason of overtaking or neglect, pretermitt any duty devolving on her. The one, she knows, owing to various household exigencies, may, after all, be unavoidable; the other may be fancied, and the consequence, of preoccupation; but whether they are or not, they would not excuse her for failure in fulfilling her part of the obligation, either to her own conscience or to the eye of the world. But the woman who is wise in her day and generation will, irrespective of any encouragement, do the best she can to maintain and preserve the charms that once pleased, and will not the less smooth the hair and brighten the teeth, and add grace and variety to the toilette, because the one who doubtless loves them yet does not every day think to praise them, or make old raptures new again concerning them.

LYING IN THE SHADE.—The following is taken from Mrs. Aynsley's "Visit to Hindostan." At Uwar, the political agent wished to plant an avenue of trees on either side of the road in front of the shops, for the purpose of giving shade, and had decided to put in peepul-trees, which are considered sacred by the Hindoos; but the *banians* (native shopkeepers), one and all, declared that if this were done they would not take the shops, and when pressed for a reason, replied: "It was because they could not tell untruths or swear falsely under their shade." adding, "How can we carry on business otherwise?" The force of this seems to have been acknowledged, as the point was not yielded, and other trees were planted instead. A few days later, when we were at Delhi, I had an opportunity of assuring myself of the correctness of this anecdote. A Hindu merchant brought some goods for sale to the bungalow where we were staying. His wares being very dear, I said to him, "Would you ask so much if you were standing under a peepul-tree?" He replied, "No," I rejoined, "Suppose yourself in that position, and tell me what, under those circumstances, would be the price of the articles that I required?" The merchant at once named a lower, and I believe a correct sum.

WHY THEY ARE NOT NATURALIZED.—The San Francisco Chronicle has ascertained that Chinamen decline to become naturalized because the Chinese penal code declares that all persons who renounce their country and allegiance shall be beheaded. The property of all such criminals is to be confiscated, and their wives and children distributed as slaves to the great officers of state.—Their parents, grandparents, brothers, and grandchildren, whether habitually living with them under the same roof or not, are to be banished to the distance of 2,000 leagues. All who conceal or connive at the crime are to be strangled. Those who inform against the criminals are rewarded with the whole of their property.

It was all the fault of the newspapers. They said the new comet couldn't be seen "without a glass." Mr. Starlington wanted to see it, so he took a glass. It still eluded his vision, and he took two more glasses. Still he couldn't see it, and after taking seven glasses altogether, he fell down four steps into an area, and was rewarded with a sight of the comet. But he is positive that just as he caught a glimpse of the comet, he saw a million pieces of one of which struck him right between the eyes.