

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVIII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1880.

NO. 3

Tournament and Ball.

THERE will be a Tournament and Ball at the Casino on THURSDAY, the 26th of August, (if fair, if not the first fair day thereafter), for the benefit of the Catholic church at Mechanicsville, Maryland. The prizes are: George's, Charles and St. Mary's counties are cordially invited to ride. Those wishing to ride can do so by applying to H. H. Edwards, Charles Hall, E. L., or to C. B. Barber, Sylvan at Adams or W. H. Burroughs, Mechanicsville P. O. Orator of Day, Hon. A. G. Chapman; Orator of the Evening, H. H. Edwards, Esq., and Col. John E. Smith, Chief Marshal; Major J. F. Frazar; Cranes, Harada, Igo, E. Mattingly, A. B. Elye and J. Frank Smith, Esq.; Judges, Col. J. Harrison, Dr. T. A. Curran and James H. Almy; Sept. Lady Managers, Mrs. E. H. Edwards, Mrs. S. B. Hancock, Mrs. S. V. B. La Rue, Mrs. C. B. Barber, Mrs. W. B. Burroughs and Mrs. James Burroughs; The successful Knights will receive, besides the crown, a saddle, two bridles and a buggy whip. Dinner and supper, with all the delicacies of the season, will be provided. Dinner, 25c; Supper, 25c. Admission to Ball, 25c; Admission to tournament grounds for teams, double and single, 25 and 15c; on horseback, 10c; walkers, 5c; charge for lights, 25c. A pleasant and enjoyable time is promised. All are invited.
Aug 5, 1880—1d.

Friends, Take Warning!

SPEND not your time and money in visiting the Pirates of Penzance or H. M. S. Plover, nor lead a listless life to those

That palter with us in a double sense; That keep the word of promise to our ear, And break it to our hope, but come at once and see for yourselves

CAMALIER'S STORE,

which is now full of

New Goods in Every Line

to suit the season, and where you can buy the cheapest

Dry Goods and Groceries

and family articles of every description. Our goods are all new and purchased from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore markets, and the selection we claim cannot be surpassed.

Fine Dress Goods,

LAWNS, TAMISE CLOTH, SCONE GINGHAMS, BUNTINGS, POPLINS, etc.

SHOES AND SLIPPERS

of every style and best makes.

IN READY-MADE CLOTHING

we defy competition, either in style, quality or price.

TAYLOR HATS and STRAW HATS of every style.

A very large stock of

Notions and Fancy Goods.

The finest GROCERIES, LIQUORS, WINES, CIGARS, etc.

We are determined to be moderate in our prices and will be glad to see all our friends and customers throughout the county.

T. M. CAMALIER & CO.

May 30, 1880.

HOME FERTILIZER.

NAME Copyrighted and Formula Patented by

Boyd, Carmer & Co.,

BALTIMORE.

This is the cheapest and best Fertilizer ever offered to the farmer. Call and get a Circular with formula, suggestions, certificates and references. For sale by

WM. J. EDELEN & CO.,

LEONARDTOWN MD

We refer to the following gentlemen who have used the Home Fertilizer several years:

Joseph H. Key, Leonardtown

H. H. Yates, " "

Joseph S. Ford, " "

George H. Bohman, " "

William H. Tippet, Great Mill

CARD.

CHARLES W. OWENS. JAMES J. GRAY.

CHAS. W. OWENS & CO.

Commission Merchants,

NO. 10 CAMDEN ST.,

BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to inspection and sale of Tobacco, the sale of Grain and all kind of Country Produce. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to our care.
Jan 29, 1880—1v.

FOR RAFFLE.

A first-class Clark & Selder BRECH-LADER, No. 12, cost \$115, will be raffled off for \$75, including all the fixtures appertaining to a first-class gun.

\$1 PER CHANOP.

Any person wishing a chance in the above gun will forward name to

H. F. MOORE, Leonardtown, Md.

April 15, 1880.



A fearful sacrifice in Spring and Summer clothing for Men and Boys; 25 to 50 per cent. deduction to close out our entire stock and not carry it over to next season. 230 W. Pratt St., extending through to 55 Hanover Street.

BUY YOUR LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c AT LOW PRICES, FROM SAML. BURNS & CO., 104 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.



NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich. Established ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE "VIBRATOR" Thrashing Machinery and Portable and Traction Engines. THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the world. MAXIMUM OF Efficiency, True-Setting, Perfect Construction and Durability. INCOMPARABLE in Quality of Material, Precision of Work, and Reliability of Operation. It is the only machine that will thresh any kind of grain, and is especially adapted to the threshing of wheat, corn, and clover. It is the only machine that will thresh any kind of grain, and is especially adapted to the threshing of wheat, corn, and clover. It is the only machine that will thresh any kind of grain, and is especially adapted to the threshing of wheat, corn, and clover.

March Under Fire.

We do not remember to have seen anything in reference to the march of the Potomac and the Potomac, without it being a mere reference to the series of engagements had with the rebels during the first days of the Grant advance on Richmond.

That General Hancock had been placed in command of the entire army of the Potomac was generally known, and the army had moved out of

Richmond, under General Grant and General Meade. But the experiences of Generals McClellan, Hooker, Pope and Burnside with the government had caused a settled conviction in the army that the success of any movement upon General Lee depended in a large measure upon the support the government was disposed to grant the general in command, and while the government was censured by the rank and file of the army for its "shortcomings" in support of the general commanders, no doubt existed that General Hancock was the way in which his associate commanders had one by one dropped out of place under the persuasive powers of the government, felt no desire to take up the scepter of command and run the gauntlet of a political fire in the rear. He was content with the simple command of the best corps in the army. His decision was a wise one as the sequel shows. To be a commander then was but a sinecure. To command a corps the way was open to do service to the country alike of profit to the cause for which the army was contending and the men whom he had the honor to lead into the thickest of the fight.

It was well understood in the commencement of the memorable campaign of "On to Richmond" that General Grant's reliance of individual support and co-operation, as well as in an advisory capacity, was in General Hancock. The confidence of the army was in Hancock. He was equally as popular with the army as was McClellan in his palmy days. Grant saw in Hancock the make-up of a thorough soldier and disciplinarian, whose banner had never been trailed in the dust or shadowed by defeat. He was the man to lead, the one of all others in whom the chief commander placed his reliance for the successful encounter which must pave the way to a final success. Some one must bear the brunt of the battle and Hancock was chosen, so to speak, as the right-hand man to Grant.

At the dawn of day, May 19, 1864, sheltered by a dim twilight and a dense mist, the Hancock corps moved quietly and cautiously up from its position on the south side of the Potomac to the north side and towards the enemy's lines. Imagine a bluff covered from base to top with rifle pits and breast works, with a half dozen tiers of cannon—eighteen and thirty-two pounders—stretching along over the rugged and woody space, and you have a fair idea of the position of the two rebel divisions when attacked by the Hancock corps.

The troops gallantly surmounted all the difficulties in reaching the base of the hill, the excitement increasing until it broke out into a splendid rush at the rebel intrenchments, which the troops leaped with loud cheers, dashing into the enemy's camp and compelling their surrender en masse. Three thousand men, forty guns and two major-generals, with several stands of colors, were the trophy of the first dash on the rifle-pits. The charge of the Second Corps was followed by heavy cannonading all along the line, and under the cover of which the whole line moved up to the support of Hancock's corps, and immediately an incessant rattle and roar of battle arose along the whole line. Often rival bayonets interlocked, and a fierce and death-like grapple over the intrenchments lasted for hours, the rebel flags now surging up side by side with those of the Union, and the air was riddled with disappearing in the woods.

It was here that Hancock exhibited the true ideal of a general. Finding his men likely to waver, they being considerably outnumbered, he rode up close to the lines and in a loud voice called to his men to "stand firm," and as if necessary to encourage them at this critical moment, he drew his sword and led the column forward until they had scaled the pits. Then the air was rent with huzzas and cheers of the victorious band.

The losses had been fearful, yet the Second Corps held its position, though repeatedly attacked. They went there to stay, grand old guard of the army. It completed the first act in the campaign on Lee's army and closed the eighth day of almost continuous fighting. The Union forces suffered 25,350 horse and mules, and the rebel loss exceeded 30,000, forty cannon, twenty-two stands of colors and 8,000 men taken prisoners. It is thus we speak of a single engagement and of the commander of the Second Corps, who in all the battles of the campaign was conspicuous among the many brave officers of the army, for daring enthusiasm and steady valor.

Will he not make equally as steady an executive of the nation, and govern, as he was wont to do, the men who love and adore him as a ruler in firmness, yet with simplicity, given to moderation and kindness.

When a tramp desires a glass of water now, he steps to the front door, rings the bell gently, and politely asks for a Dr. Tanner breakfast.

A Dreamer's Vision.

The following singular statement of facts is contributed to the editor's drawer of *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. George A. Hanson, of Lowell, Massachusetts:

The reading of the "Puzzle for Metaphysicians," in the June number of your *Monthly*, recalls to the writer the most remarkable occurrence of like nature which a nautical experience of twenty years has witnessed. This is another of those experiences which go to prove the occasional thinness of the curtain which limits the natural vision of mortals.

In 1869 I was in Suez, in command of the British steam-ship *Neera*, belonging to the Bombay and Bengal Steamship Company—a company owning a line of steamers born of the necessities of the manufacturing world when the supply of American cotton was so largely cut off by the war of the rebellion. The line was under the management of William F. Stearns, now deceased, son of the late Professor Stearns, of Amherst College—a man who, going to India penniless, developed qualities which enabled him to rise on the flood tide of prosperity to a colossal fortune and high social position, but, as it proved, only to see his riches float out on the receding tide, and leave his family but poorly provided for at his untimely death.

The *Neera* was lying in Suez Roads, the canal being not yet open, awaiting passengers, etc., before making on her return voyage to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Carnatic* was also about ready to sail for the same port, and only waiting mails and passengers. It happened that the passengers for the two steamers came across the isthmus together, and that two old friends and school-mates met, the one to join the *Neera*, the other the *Carnatic*. A day was spent by the friends who unexpectedly met on the Egyptian desert, in recounting their experiences since they last parted, and, naturally enough, there was a good deal of badinage between them as to the comparative merits of the two steamers, and as to which should first land on the "coral strand," upon which these "grit-fins" were to be initiated into their duties in the "civil service," to which they had been newly appointed.

The *Carnatic* was the first to be ready, and sailed from Suez in the morning; the *Neera* left early in the evening, some ten or twelve hours after the mail steamer. The night was fine, and at breakfast-time we had passed Shaduan Island, were out of the Gulf of Suez, and into the Red Sea proper. Breakfast was served on deck, under double awnings of heavy canvas. The young gentlemen who had left his friend the day before seemed somewhat depressed in spirits and during breakfast said, rather anxiously, "Captain, at what time did we stop last night?"

"Stop! We have not stopped since leaving," was the reply.

"Not even to take soundings?"

"No; the engines have not been ceased since leaving port."

The young man seemed much surprised, and finally said that he had a most vivid and remarkable dream during the night, and this he proceeded to relate in substance as follows: "In my dream it appeared to me that the steamer was stopped during the night, and that I went on deck to ascertain the cause. I saw a boat pulling off from an island to intercept us, and a lantern was waved to attract attention. As the boat came nearer I saw my friend Morton standing in the stern. As he came up the gangway ladder I said, 'For God's sake, Morton, what brings you here?' I never saw him plainer, nor heard his voice more distinctly than when he said, 'The *Carnatic* has struck a rock, and gone down; the passengers and crew are on an island close by all safe, and we want your ship to take them on board.' I dreamed that our ship stopped until other boats came off with the remainder of the people, and that we then proceeded."

The narration of the dream made a profound impression upon the passengers, but the Captain, as in duty bound, laughed it off. The young man proved a jolly sort of fellow, but was called "the dreamer" during the rest of the voyage.

On arrival at Aden, five days later, before our anchor was down, we were hailed by a boat which had been dispatched from the Peninsular and Oriental office, and asked if we had any news of the *Carnatic*, that ship being a day overdue. We had no news to give; but our dreamer quietly remarked to me, "You may find that there is more to my dream than you supposed."

A few hours completed our coaling, and we were off again for Bombay. On arrival at that port we heard the news of the loss of the *Carnatic*, and the circumstances were just as narrated to me two weeks before. The ship struck on a rock near Shaduan Island, some twelve hours after leaving Suez. The passengers and crew were landed on the island; the steamer subsequently slid off the rock, and went down in deep water. During the night a steamer's lights were seen by the shipwrecked crew, and a boat was sent out to intercept her. Our dreamer's friend Morton went in the first boat; the remainder of the people were subsequently taken on board, and the rescuing steamer proceeded on her voyage to Suez. Except that another steamer, not the *Neera*, rescued

The article of commerce called chamois skin is another fraud.

Nobody could skin a chamois. It is too small. The creature is a humbug in every way, and every thing which has been written about it is sentimental exaggeration. It was so pleasure to me to find the chamois but he had been one of my pet illusions. All my life it had been my dream to see him in his native wilds, some day, and engage in the adventurous sport of chasing him from cliff to cliff. It is no pleasure to me to expose him now, and destroy the reader's delusion in him and respect for him, but will it must be done, for when an honest writer discovers an imposition it is his simple duty to strip it bare and hurl it down from its place of honor, no matter who suffers by it. Any other course would render him unworthy of the public confidence. "A Tramp Abroad."

First Political Conventions.—The first political national convention in the United States was not held until as late as 1830, Washington was chosen first President under the Constitution, and re-elected by an almost unanimous vote. His successor, John Adams, became the candidate of the Federal party and Thomas Jefferson of the Republican party by general consent. In 1800 Jefferson was nominated for President by a caucus of members of Congress, who met in Philadelphia. James Madison was nominated in 1808, and renominated in 1812 by a Congressional caucus. In September, 1812, representatives of seven States met in New York City and nominated De Witt Clinton. James Monroe was nominated in 1816 by a Congressional caucus, receiving sixty-five votes and W. H. Crawford fifty-four. The Republican party in 1824 opposed nomination by a Congressional caucus, and when the call for such caucus, was made only sixty-six members responded, and they nominated W. H. Crawford for the Presidency. Jackson, Clay and Adams were the same year nominated by various States. There was no election by the people, and, according to the provisions of the Constitution, the House of Representatives elected John Quincy Adams President. Almost immediately after the election of Adams by the House, the legislature of Tennessee nominated Andrew Jackson for the Presidency, and he was elected by the Democratic party in 1828.

The first political national convention held in this country met in Philadelphia in 1830, and was called the United States Anti-Masonic convention. The same convention met in Baltimore the next year, and nominated William Wirt for President.

The first Democratic national convention met in Baltimore in May, 1832. Its purpose was to nominate a candidate for Vice-President. Jackson, by universal consent of the party, being the candidate for President, Martin Van Buren was made the nominee, and Jackson and Van Buren were elected.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

BY ILLUMINATION.—Some supposed friends of a newspaper have particular ideas as to what kind of items a paper really requires. Not long since a gentleman came into the *Galveston News* sanctum and said: "Look here! You miss a heap of live items. I'm on the streets all day; I'll come up every once in a while and post you."

"All right; fetch on your item; but remember we want news."

"Next day he came up, beaming all over. 'I've got a live item for you. You know that bow-legged gorilla of a brother-in-law of mine, who was in business here with me?'"

"I believe I remember such a person," said the editor, wearily.

"Well, I've just got news from Nebraska, where he is living; that he is going to run for the legislature. Now just give him a blast. Lift him out of his boots. Don't spare him on my account."

"Next day he came up again. 'My little item was crowded out. I brought you some news,' and he hands in an item about his cat, as follows:

"A Remarkable Animal. The family cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow-townman Smith, who keeps the boss grocery store of Ward No. 13, yesterday became the mother of five singularly-marked kittens. This is not the first time this unheard-of event has taken place. We understand Mr. Smith to be favorably spoken of as a candidate for alderman."

The editor groans in his spirit as he fights a cigar with effort. It is not long before he hears that Smith is going around saying that he has made the paper what it is, but it is not independent enough for a place like Galveston.

Many readers will say this sketch is overdrawn, but thousands of editors all over the country will lift up their right hands to testify that they are personally acquainted with the guilty party.

"The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a cambic needle into a mill-pond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

"A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

"Washington, D. C., Dec. 13, 1867."

THE "CHAMOIS."—We left the train for Switzerland, and reached Lucerne about ten o'clock at night. The first discovery I made was that the beauty of the lake had not been exaggerated. Within a day or two I made another discovery. This was that the lauded chamois is not a wild goat; that it is not a horned animal; that it is not shy; that it does not avoid human society; and that there is no peril in hunting it. The chamois is a black or brown creature, no bigger than a mustang seed. You do not have to go after it; it comes after you. It arrives in vast herds, and skips and scampers all over your body, inside your clothes. This it is not shy, but extremely sociable. It is not afraid of man; on the contrary it will attack him. Its bite is not dangerous, but neither is it pleasant. Its activity has not been overrated. If you try to put your finger on it, it will skip a thousand times its own length at one jump, and no eye is sharp enough to see where it lights. A great deal of romantic nonsense has been written about the Swiss chamois and the perils of hunting it, whereas the truth is that even women and children hunt it; and fearlessly, in fact, everybody hunts it. The hunting is going on all the time, day and night, in bed and out of it. It is particularly ticklish to hunt it with a gun. Very few people do that. There is not one man in a million who can hit it with a gun. It is much easier to catch it than it is to shoot it, and only the experienced chamois hunter can do either. Another common piece of exaggeration is that about the scarcity of the chamois. It is the reverse of scarce.—*Doves of 100,000,000 chamois are not unusual in the Swiss hotels.* Indeed they are so numerous as to be a great pest. The romancers always dress up the chamois hunter in fanciful and picturesque costume, whereas the best way to hunt this game is to do it without any costume at all.