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Nov 26, 1881. T. M. PETER

[For the Deacon] Come Home to Rest.

Mother earth claims the mortal remains of James A. Garfield. White-robed angels hovered around the "Beautiful Gates Ajar," chanting "Come home to rest." Cherubs with harps are singing "Come home to rest." His guardian angel, who watched over that death-bed on Jersey's coast, joyfully exclaimed, "Come home to rest."

The spirits of good and great men who rest under the tree of Everlasting Life, those who dwell in walls of Jasper triumphantly say as the pure white soul of James A. Garfield winged its flight, "Brother, come home to rest."

The aged mother's anguish has deepened the lines on that noble brow, has bent that tottering form; an angel whispers in the mother's heart, "your boy's come home to rest." Ohio, with her broad bosom bare, a heart torn and lacerated with sorrow, sends forth a wail which echoed and re-echoed from every hill and dale, "my son's come home to rest."

The goddess of Liberty is weeping. She holds in her hand a wreath of immortelles to encircle that cold brow. She folds carefully around that wasted form the "Starry Banner." She says, in a voice broken with emotion, "well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been true to thy trust."

The great, warm heart is cold—the restless hands are still. That voice which has so often been heard in the great debates in Congress is hushed—nevermore will his tongue thrill us with its eloquence. The work-shop of that gigantic brain is closed—the great lever is stopped.

The man wounded unto death lay on his couch suffering, never a word of reproach, never a murmur. He bent his great will power to aid nature. God decreed otherwise. His great, loving soul meekly submitted to the will of his Maker. For three long, weary months the civilized world was convulsed with grief. Men and women with blanched cheeks and pallid lips asked in whispers, will he live? Some said yes; others shook their heads mournfully and said no. The heart of this great nation was wildly throbbing. As the great waves of torrid heat swept over this continent and threatened to scorch and wither the whole face of nature, the great sufferer would faintly say, "I am so tired; I want to go home to rest."

He sighed for his beloved Mentor, his home in the "Western Reserve." Persons who knew him in his home say he was a good and true man. Good and true! These little words hold a world of meaning. They cover a vast deal. All remember that wonderful voyage to Elberon when all nature was hushed, and the world stepped on tip toe for fear of disturbing the dying man. His weary eyes longed for the blue sea.

"In the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is the stillness that precedes a storm—a mighty tempest when a frail bark will be tossed hither and thither? Will the breakers swallow the broken timbers? Will the storm-wrecked sands cast up its precious burden? Will the life-boat, manned with stout hearts and willing hands, be in time? Will the cruel waves snatch the precious burden and cast it out to sea? Or will the gentle walet bear upon its bosom the weary Pilot and go drifting with the tide while the gentle zephyrs are sighing, going home to rest?

The feeble light flickered, flared, went out. The immortal soul of James A. Garfield bade good-bye to earth. The evening of his life was calm, peaceful as the slanting rays of an Italian sunset. The great tragedy is over! The noble wife keeps vigil with the dead through the long, long, weary night. She has seen all, heard all. Has she forgotten all? No, no. While memory was busy with the thoughts of the dead.

The Atlantic casts mighty shadows across the Plains, over the Rocky Mountains to Pacific's coast. The people see in the dim shadowy outline of the great gloom "Garfield's dead!" The St. John throws forth a banner of mourning, which is caught up by the Rio Grande. Amid the drooping folds of the sombre pall can be read "Garfield dead!"

"Garfield dead!"

The old lumbering stage coach stops at the little post-office by the way with the sad tidings, "Garfield dead!" The fast ebbing tide along our storm-beaten coast carries the news to Briton's Queen.

The gentle winds of the English Channel waft to fair Republican France, Garfield's death. Mighty, educated Germany, tells her despotic neighbor, Russia, that Garfield has passed away.

The beautiful blue Danube bears upon its bosom to the Ottoman Empire that Garfield's dead! The Balkans whisper through "Thermopylae's Pass" to classic, aesthetic Greece, that America is dead! Beautiful poetic Greece, the cradle of learning of the arts and sciences, clasps hands with the Ionian Isles and mournfully casts her soul-lit eyes over the watery wastes and soliloquizes thus, "A boy who struggled with poverty and hardships that he might learn his teachings. A man who preferred his precepts to gold is slain. I, too, am sad. I have knelt in my widow's weeds and stretched forth my manacled hands to the followers of the Cross to aid me in my struggle against the Crescent. They heard me not! Alas! I've seen an end to all perfection!"

I took around on the crumbling decay, I took an aim, an passing away.

Under the Alps to historic Rome, the great and good man who sits in the Vatican piously raises his eyes to Heaven and devoutly says, "Peace to his ashes!" Across the Pyrenees to Hispânia's King, the good Alfonso, who says he will pray for America in this her hour of trial. Boom! boom! is heard the minute guns of rock-ribbed Gibraltar, as our flag-ship lowers her ensign and sends the news far out to sea. The enchanting Mediterranean, with azure depths and sunlit billows, catches the reflection of Atlantic's troubled waters. It swiftly flows by Barbary's coast and breaks its pent up sorrow on the drifting, shifting sands of Syria's waste. The sighing of the Cedars of Lebanon is heard all over Palestine. The sacred waters of Jordan say unto Jerusalem that a disciple, a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth, has gone home to rest! The whole land of Judea is sorrowful!

The great flood-tide is homeward bound; the swelling, restless sea is rolling in; on its white-capped billows is a silvery sheen; out of the mist is seen a rainbow; in prismatic colors can be read, Consolation!

Far more precious than rubies are the messages, "Egypt, the oldest people, weeps with the youngest nation. Far off India sends words of comfort. Ethiopia casts her face down on the burning sands of the Great Desert and cries out in agony, "Our champion, our friend, has gone home to rest!" The Orient grieves with the Occident. Euphoria of high degree weeps with her younger sister.

Brave Scotland plucks from the "Grampian Hills" a Thistle. Poor, down-trodden Ireland in great sorrow gathers a Shamrock from the moss-covered banks of Killarney. Proud England wanders

O'er the heath and o'er the heather, To find a flower that will not wither.

Victoria culls from Stratford-on-Avon a pure white daisy. She twines around it the Shamrock and Thistle, bedews them with a pure woman's tears, And sends them far, far o'er the sea. To the land of the brave, the home of the free.

Our chief is laid to rest, amid the booming of cannon, firing of minute guns and drooping, waveless banners. The stricken people gird on the shield, the Constitution and Union. They clasp the Star Spangled Banner as they Westward the course of Empire takes its way; They love the boys who wore the blue; They love the boys who wore the grey; God bless our country brave and true.

A BEAR HUNT.

In the summer of 1842 a small party of us took a jaunt to the White Mountains, well provided with implements for gunning and fishing.

There were three besides myself in the party. First came Ben Gilroy—rare old Ben—one of the best men that ever joined any party. He had a big body, for his height would not have been held in a small man. He had seen some forty years since, his natal moon, and if he had not sorrowed he never told them. He was not tall—not over five feet seven, and yet he turned the beam at a hundred.

Next came Harris B. Horne—a short, square-shouldered Vermont, in the middle-age of life, with black hair, and dark brown eyes; a face made up of shrewdness and good-nature; frame firmly and compactly knit; and a genial flow of humor and anecdote, ever ready to fill up the gap of what might otherwise be a silent moment. He was a crack shot with his rifle—sure of a bull's eye at two hundred yards.

Last, but by no means least, came your humble servant—a very fair specimen of the genus homo—looking for all the world like a colonel of infantry on a pleasure trip.

The summer was drawing to a close—so near it that one or two nipping frosts had been experienced upon some of the intervals—and we had come down as far as Conway, N. H. Bears were then generally plenty in that section late in the season, and on the present occasion quite a number of corn-fields had been visited by them. So we determined upon a bear hunt.

One bright morning we took our trap and guns, and started off for a corn-field where we had been informed, these black "varmints" had done considerable mischief. The field in question was upon a high piece of table land—or, rather, a long, wide swell—in the town of Albany, which rises upon one side from Swift river. We reached the spot a little before noon, and found the old farmer just in the act of cursing the "infernal creatures." When we told him the object of our visit, he was highly delighted, and offered us all the assistance in his power. With him we went out to the corn-field, which we found to be a piece newly cleared, upon the edge of the forest, and surrounded by a common "bush fence." We easily found the place, upon the wood side, where the bears had entered, and here we made arrangements to set our trap.

The trap is shaped like a fox-trap, with jaws from ten inches to a foot in height, and stout springs upon both ends. These jaws are armed with sharp teeth, or spikes, from two to three inches in length, which are firmly riveted upon the under side, and when closed stand about an inch and a half apart. To this trap is made a long chain, long enough to allow a fair sweep, upon the end of which is an iron ring some six inches in diameter. Into this ring is driven a "clog"—a stick of strong wood some three feet in length, or longer or shorter according to the nature of the path by which the bear will make his exit. If the trap were made fast, so that it could not be dragged away, the bear would be sure to either tear himself out or break the trap. Upon finding himself in such a "fix," and fast at that, his rage would know no bounds. But by driving in the stout "clog" we have him secure enough.—The moment he finds himself in the trap he starts off. We will be sure, if the fence be not far off, that he can get over that. When he reaches the woods he will ere long find himself fast. The clog has got across two small trees through which he has passed. Now he has gone that far without any insurmountable obstructions, and he naturally fancies that he has blundered into fault; so he carefully begins to study his way out.—He knows the trap is not absolutely fixed, because he has already dragged it a long distance, and hence he will not make any effort to tear himself out. Perhaps he frees himself from his trouble, and once more jogs along. But very soon he finds his clog in another "fix." The trees are thick, and he can pass where the transverse clog cannot. Maybe in this effort, or the next one, he gets the chain turned about a tree. All his ingenuity is at fault. His leg has become inflamed and sore, and every effort now gives him the most excruciating pain. He lies down, and finds that he feels easier, and there he is likely to lie until his trappers find him—when powder and ball put an end to his life.

We found the place where the bear entered the corn-field to be an excellent spot for the trap, as a quantity of fine boughs had been trodden down directly in the path. The farmer set a clog from a small beech butt,

and having fixed it within the ring,

he hid our trap under the brushwood, and then fixed everything as nearly as possible to what it was before. After this we returned to our host's cot, where we made a late dinner upon bread and milk, enlivened by the frank smiles of a pretty "darter."

After this we set the girl to watch the trap occasionally to see that no one disturbed it, and then we took our fishing tools, and followed down a small brook that wound its way through a piece of woods back of the house. The result was that we had a delicious supper of trout, and left enough with our host to keep himself and family in fresh fish for several weeks. We had supper earlier than usual, because one of the boys wanted to go "down to the corner" on some important business; and he was anxious to be back in season to see the "fun," as he called it.

As soon as supper was over, which was very near sundown, the oldest daughter and a younger brother started off for the cows. The former was seventeen years of age, and though decidedly pretty, yet she was removed the trim from her plump cheeks, and been rigged up in "costly array," she might have caused envy in the bosoms of those who were already denominated beauties and belles. Her name was Mary, and I had not observed her long ere I made up my mind that whoever got her for a wife would get a Mary worth having.

Her brother was eleven, and answered to the name of "Lant," and "Lanty." His real name I found to be Elanson. The sun was some three or four times its own diameter above the tree tops when they started, and they calculated upon finding the "critter" in ten or fifteen minutes, as the dog, which always went with them, was good at hunting them out among the thickets. The dog was a medium-sized animal, a cross between the "bull" and the "spaniel," with considerable pluck, but with little cunning.

Mary and her brother had been gone some fifteen minutes, and we were all out in front of the house, smoking, when we were startled by a quick, sharp yelp of the dog. It was not a bark, nor was it such a cry as the dog gives when angry at a tree game; but it was a perfect yell of anger and fear combined. We instinctively started to our feet, and as we did so a loud, quick, agonizing shriek from "Mary's" lips came breaking through the air. "Marcey!" screamed the hostess, who had hastened to the door upon hearing the cry of the dog. "Sumthin'" she the matter with Moll. It may be the bear!"

We sprang for our rifles, which were all loaded, only Harris waiting to get his flask and shot pouch, and at once started for the scene under the guidance of the host, his wife keeping pace with him.

At the distance of about a hundred rods we came to the woods, and some twenty rods farther on we had to descend into a deep ravine, where, at some former time, a stream must have been. This was thickly wooded with heavy beech, and as we reached the bottom of the run the cries of the children were near at hand. The dog had been barking and "yelping" by turns, but just as we arrived at the edge of the ravine his noise ended in a sharp cry of pain. We heard his voice no more, but the others were still crying for help.

When I came up I saw a scene that made my blood run cold, and caused my heart to leap to my throat. Upon the rocks below us, which were at the depth of some fifteen feet, I saw the mangled carcass of the dog and a dead cub. In a low, brown ash tree, which grew out from the side of the bank, and hung over the gorge, were the two children, one more cub, and an enormous she-bear! The cub had run up to the body of the tree, and was now clinging thereto, with his back hanging downward. Mary had taken to the tree also, and was upon a stout limb which ran out parallel with the ravine, while Lanty had found a perch upon another limb near to us. The old bear was just making her way up to the limb upon which Mary was seated when we came up.

What was to be done? The dog had evidently made the first attack upon the cub, and having killed it, had himself been killed. The second cub had taken to the tree, and Mary, while the dam had been engaged with the dog, had leaped up the tree, hoping that the dog might overcome her enemy. She had heard that a person should never attempt to run up hill when chased by a bear. But she had exercised little reason. She had seized the first thought of safety that presented itself, and hence we found her where we did. The boy had simply followed her example, being himself too much frightened to think of anything else.

Of all the furious and fearless animals none can excel in these respects the she bear while her young are in danger. The mad beast was bent for Mary, and in a few moments she would be upon her. We, standing upon the rock, dared not fire, for Mary and Lanty were in a line with the bear, the boy being directly between us and the brute, and his sister beyond.—The agonized mother shrieked like a maniac, and the loud cry of Mary for help came upon us with startling force. I saw that the dam took no

notice of us new-comers, save once to

turn her head and see where we were, but was only aiming at the girl. She had already placed her fore paws about the limb, and had one hind foot raised with which to lift herself on.

We all saw that not a moment was to be lost. We called to Lanty to drop from his perch, but he did not understand us. The shrieks of the mother drowned all else. On the next instant I resolved upon a hazardous movement. To reach either bank of the ravine, which was here very wide, made it necessary to go back some distance. Of course that would not do. One more cry from Mary, and I hesitated no longer.

"Look sharp," I cried to my companions. And then, aiming for the body of the dog, I gave a leap down into the rocky gorge. I struck both feet upon the soft carcass, and fell forward upon my left hand, but was instantly upright. This movement, independent of any intent of mine, was evidently the means of the result which followed, for it attracted the bear's attention, and gave me time to level my rifle. Had not the brute turned her head she would have ere her fatal paw upon the poor girl ere another effective movement could have been made. Bruin saw me—saw that I was upon the rocks—and then turned once more towards the intended victim. On the instant I raised my piece and fired. I had aimed just behind the shoulder, but missed the heart.

"Down! down! Drop!" I cried out to Mary, as the bear hesitated.—The hope of escape had given the girl new strength, and while the beast yet made another angry motion towards her she slipped from the limb by her hands, and dropped upon the rocks with a few unimportant bruises.

With a snort—a half grunt—of rage, the bear leaped from the tree and turned her head towards me. At that moment the report of Harris's rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge brute rolled over, with a slug through her heart.

Mary sank down utterly powerless, and even Lanty had to be helped from the tree, as his fright had taken away all his strength. But we got to them on the rocky shelf at length, and for a while I feared we should have to bring the mother to her senses also, she was so completely overcome. Ben Gilroy put a ball through the head of the remaining cub, and ere long we started for home, the sun having sunk from sight a few minutes before I leaped into the gorge, so that now the shades of night were fast creeping on.

When the elder son returned from "the corner" we took the horse and lantern, and went out to the place where we had left the bears. It was past ten when we got them home, but we had been surely repaid for our trouble. The skins were taken off, and the dam was found to weigh three hundred and eighty-nine pounds, all dressed. A heavy brute, surely.

The feelings of the parents, and of the brother and sister, may be imagined; and the reader will not wonder that at midnight we took up our empty trap without the least regret. Yet we meant to set it again, and in the same place, too, for we knew there were more bears in the neighborhood.

SOME CONFEDERATE DINNERS.—Mr. James D. McCabe has recorded some interesting experiences of Christmas under the Confederacy. The dinner of 1861, he says, did not differ materially from that of his predecessors in the "piping time of peace," and though in 1862 the feast was home-made, it was enjoyable. Turkeys were only \$11 apiece, and salt had fallen to 33 cents a pound. The Yule log was obtainable at \$15 a cord; wine was to be had by the very rich, and sorghum run or apple, peach, or blackberry brandy cost \$30 a gallon.

A few toys were left in the stores in the cities, and firecrackers, essential to the Southern festival, were \$5 a pack. By 1863 the closest search of Santa Claus revealed no playthings, and firecrackers indicated great want, or reckless extravagance. The few turkeys in the market were \$40 and \$50 apiece, whiskey or sorghum run for egg nog cost \$75 or \$80 a gallon; sugar cost \$5 and \$10 a pound, and flour \$125 a barrel. With gold at 2,800, a plain Christmas dinner for a large family cost \$200 or \$300. In 1864, when Christmas fell on Sunday, gold was at 5,000. Flour was \$800 a barrel; sugar, \$2 an ounce; salt, \$1 a pound; butter, \$40; beef, \$35 to \$40. Wood was \$100 a cord. Mr. McCabe describes a Christmas dinner at a country house near Richmond. The four gentlemen were in uniform, the three ladies were in homespun. They had for dinner a \$300 ham, and the last turkey on the plantation, value \$175, with \$100 worth of cabbage, potatoes and hominy. Corn bread was served, made of meal at \$80 a bushel and salt at \$1 a pound. The desert was black molasses at \$60 a gallon, and after one cup of tea—real tea, worth \$100 a pound, treasured for the occasion as a surprise, and not sassafras—there was coffee at discretion, made from sweet potatoes cut into little squares, toasted and ground down.—Richmond State.

When a girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

IRISH SUPERSTITIONS.

Several readers of this journal have rather reproached me, of late, in good-tempered private letters, with having, as they affirm, said very little about Ireland in these articles which I have contributed during many years. It was simply by accident, let me say, that such apparent neglect occurred.

There is an abundance of what is called "folklore" in all ancient countries. It literally is the growth of ages, and in many instances is very curious.

In many places, a tingling of the ears denotes that some one is speaking of you. In Ireland, the belief is a tingling of the left ear denotes that an enemy is at hand, whereas a tingling of the right ear intimates that a friend is bestowing his praise in your absence.

It is an ordinary saying in Ireland, though not acted upon by the middle or higher classes, "If you wish to have luck, never shave on a Monday," and of Irish artisans who were too much addicted to making a holiday of the second day of the week—facetiously called "Saint Monday"—to take the trouble of using the razor.

It used to be a custom to propitiate the fairies, at christenings, by giving the nurse who carried the child to church a piece of bread, with cheese, which she handed to the first person she met. This was intended to save the infant from witchcraft or the fairies.

In some places, salt is put into the churn, when butter is being made, to insure a large produce. Stale water was thrown on a plow to keep it from the mischievous influences of wicked or enraged "good folks." Flowers growing on a hedge, particularly green or yellow ones, are regarded as efficacious in keeping off the fairies.

The purple flower of the fox-glove is usually regarded by Irish children as supplying the caps which the fairies are reputed to wear.

It is regarded as unlucky to go, on May morning, into a neighbor's house for fire, so a turf was therefore kept burning all night at home. Nothing was considered more unlucky than to come across a red-headed woman immediately after leaving your house in the morning.

In Ireland, if you notice a man at work, whether in the fields or at his trade, it is considered unfriendly, or "unlucky," to pass by without saluting the workman and audibly saying, "God bless the work!"

Many of the superstitions of Ireland are derived from Pagan times and Pagan worship; that is, before the middle of the fifth century, when Christianity, introduced by St. Patrick, was generally adopted by the nation, which then was powerful, populous and independent.

The making of large bonfires on the eve of St. John, in each year, though nominally a Christian practice, is of Pagan origin. On the 23d of June, which is the eve of Midsummer Day (St. John's) in Ireland, bonfires are lighted upon most of the hill-tops, particularly in the south of Ireland. The effect on the rich sunset is very grand. The people dance around these fires, children jump through the flames, and, in some districts, live coals, or flaming brands of wood or turf, are carried through the corn-fields to prevent blight. All this I have witnessed in my youth, and perfectly remember.

This certainly is a remnant of the worship of Baal, which was introduced by Phœnician settlers in Ireland, centuries previous to the beginning of the Christian era. It used to be a popular belief that the round towers of Ireland were intended and used for the display of signal fires in conjunction with this Pagan worship.

In Galway, the extreme central west of Ireland, and generally regarded now as the most Celtic, the superstition of the Evil Eye, largely continued, when an infant is first presented for admiration by the proud mother, it is expected that the courteous visitor shall use the gesture of spitting on the child's face, and of exclaiming, "God bless it!"

In Italy, in the Greek Islands, and in Turkey, the superstition of the Evil Eye is firmly accepted to this very day. Byron alludes to it in "The Giaour," a Turkish tale, and the Irish probably owe their belief in it to their undoubtedly Oriental origin.

To assess is considered (as among the Greeks and Romans) a preface of good luck. The witch the eyebrow is an omen of good-luck in the right eye, of misfortune in the left.

To catch a sparrow may be a bit of boy's fun, but if the bird be put into a cage, the death of the lad's father or mother may be speedily expected. Besides, as it builds its nest in the eaves of thatched cottages, it would be a breach of hospitality to deprive it of its liberty.

The Irish are fond of cats. They believe that white animals of this species are usually deaf. To prevent their straying away and not returning, it is common enough to butter pussy's feet! This, and kind treatment, keep her at home, it is said.

A great many stories are told, in Ireland, about the fairies. It was to be expected that, among a people so imaginative, there would be a great deal of folk-lore, of which there is more in England than in Scotland. The fairies are (Continued on Fourth Page.)