# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Having leased the property known as Moore's Hotel, Leonardtown, Md., for two years, commencing the 1st of January, 1882, I respectfully inform the public that its management will now be under my exclusive direction and that no pains or expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation as a public resort it has obtained in the past and to increase it in the future. Thankful for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to the House, I respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of the favors of the traveling public. All parties indebted to Mrs. M. J. Moore on Hotel account are reminded that the accounts due from them to her have been placed in my hands for settlement and that no further indulgence can be allowed them.

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Leonardtown, Md.
Jan 12, 1882—tf.

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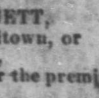

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[*For the Beacon.*]

**To My Wife.**

'Tis hard to leave the one we love,
 Though only for a day,
Without the parting kiss to prove
 That love shall ne'er grow gray.

The kiss we give, the kiss we get,
 When true love fills the heart,
Hangs on the moistened lips of love
 While we are far apart

Not like the kiss that Judas gave
 To Him who for us died,
Betraying Christ into the hands
 Of those who pierced his side.

But like those by David given
 When with Jonathan alone,
They wept and kissed each other
 Hard by the Ezel Stone.

Theirs were kissed fervently,
 Filled with truth and love,
Bearing fruit of holy kindness
 For the heart sent from above.

The gentle touch, the warm embrace,
 At morn and eve are given,
With smiles so bright and kisses sweet
 Make earth to us a heaven.

The pleasant look, the sweet reply,
 What fountains of love they start!
They scatter wide the clouds of woe
 And lighten up the heart.

Then happy may our greetings be,
 Our partings fraught with love,
That our earth may be an Eden
 Like the Heaven above.

H.

[*Correspondence of the Beacon.*]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept., 1882.

I think that probably a few reminiscences of the meeting of the Scientific Association in Montreal may not be uninteresting. This body is, as is well known, recognized as a representative society for the continent and numbers on its roll the names of America's most distinguished scientists.

We all reached Montreal by routes best fitting our whim or taste, and after thorough investigation by the Custom House Officer were permitted to feel ourselves entitled to the privileges of first-class foreigners, that is, to pay out all our money to first-class hotels and second-class cab drivers.

The day of the opening session, which was to be held at McGill College, dawned amidst the tears of Heaven, so we wended our way to the building under the protection of a friendly umbrella. There is no doubt that scientists are a genial set among themselves; why I saw more hearty grasps of the hand, more faces illumined with hearty sympathy, more genuine good fellowship than I might honestly say I have seen in years of ordinary life. A little thickset man, a noted mineralogist of Montreal, threw himself on the neck of a mighty man of height and limb and cried out that David and Goliath were reunited in friendly embrace. So, on all sides, were smiles and friendly greetings, making us feel deeply the genuine bonhomie of the man of science. After a general session in the Molson Hall, the members divided up into sections, some going to the section on Biology, some to Anthropology, some to Chemistry, etc., all selecting the subject they were most interested in, and I must say that all the papers I had the pleasure and profit of hearing were well and carefully prepared documents. Every advantage was thrown open to us for making ourselves thoroughly acquainted with Canada and the Canadians, and while we would never care to become H. M. subjects, we would be uncourteous indeed did not we carry away with us a sense of the beauty of the place and kindness of the inhabitants.

Out of 140,747 inhabitants in Montreal, 78,684 are of French origin. Every one knows the French are addicted to garlic, and as we are not so much accustomed to it, naturally enough it was at first rather trying to see appetizing food brought on the table saturated with garlic. We visited the Bon Secours market, the largest and best known in the city, and saw piles of onions and garlic in all directions, with the habitans moving around cheerfully handling this mass. Ugh, I cringe to think of it!

One of our pleasantest trips was up to Sachine by the cars and back by boat on the St. Lawrence, shooting the Sachine rapids. The water is a very beautiful blue, and as we approached the rapids, lay in little whirlpools in every direction. Four pilots took their places and the captain stood in front of the pilot house, while the passengers laughed and chatted on deck. No one but the experienced men guiding the vessel probably realized the danger a vessel shooting the rapids really is in. The water is tossed about in long foaming billows, causing the boat to rock as she would on an ocean swell. Several times we could feel the distinct slide downwards as we descended a rapid of unusual length. In some places hidden rocks lie not more than three feet on each side from the boat, and were the pilot to make a slight miscalculation as to the channel, the passengers would most likely be *nil.* We came through successfully, ready and willing to try it again, and sailed under Victoria Bridge, that wonder of engineering. The bridge is 60 feet above the Summer level of water, but looking at it you say how in the world can this vessel pass under? You think that the smoke stack will have to be taken down and the upper deck lowered, no matter how, but in some way before we can pass under. Then it does seem strange to steam calmly between the massive piers and looking up see how high above us the bridge is yet.

The funny part of this trip was, that just opposite the city, when a gentle zephyr was playing over the St. Lawrence, my friend and I turned at the same moment and both pronounced the word "garlic," and it was really so, the odor was borne to us from the city by the wind.

We were entertained in grand style in the city of Quebec, dined and wined and toasted and shown the great natural and artificial beauties of the city. The citadel occupies the highest point in Quebec; built on a precipitous cliff, it commands the country round for miles; such a view; I have never seen it equalled in all my adventurous climbs for beautiful prospects. Below us lay the city, spired and domed, with its glistening roofs, so bright the eye turned for relief to the calmly slumbering St. Lawrence, winding in and out and seeming almost to envelop the city in its serpent folds. Standing on the battlements, we strained our eyes to measure the extent of the Plains of Abraham, to be sure and locate just the ravine that Wolfe came up on that memorable night, and after another good sight from the top of a 96 pounder, we went down and felt our enthusiasm was at flood tide as we stood beside the monument of Wolfe and Montcalm. The good-natured gardener gave us little bouquets of flowers and a great deal of odd information about Dufferin and Durham Terrace. This is the noblest terrace I have seen and is used as a promenade by the Quebecers. Here of an evening can be seen all classes of society, strolling in idle enjoyment of the music.

We went through Laval University, with its rare collections, to aid and interest the student, also through the little chapel connected with it, and wondered at and admired some of the paintings, one of which, a crucified Christ, impressed me deeply.

Of course we rode in a calashe, a two wheeled vehicle, looking like a rocking baby carriage on a large scale, and enjoyed the sensation of being almost shaken to pieces on the rough stones of a Quebec pavement. The city is quaint beyond description, and had I the time to tell and you the time to hear, I might say much more of this old-time city. We returned to Montreal by train, we had gone by boat, and our stay at that city ended with an excursion to Lake Memphramagog. This is a very beautiful sheet, and though not as the Canadians claim for it as fine as Lake George, still merits much praise. Sailing up the lake in a beautiful little steamer, the Lady of the Lake, controlled by the celebrated Capt. Fogg, a man of ample proportions, with an expansive smile that wins your heart, you feel the influence of the scene and are at peace with man and in harmony with nature.

Influenced by the magic of the place we swung our hats, gave three cheers and a tiger for our kind entertainers and demanded a speech, and speeches we had; even Capt. Fogg, modestly recovering his balance, after being pushed to the front on the hurricane deck, made a short speech to tell us he had nothing to say. This created more enthusiasm, and grave professors took off their hats and yelled like school boys. We sailed up as far as Owl's head, and after vainly endeavoring to find the eyes, the characteristic feature of that bird, we decided that it must be asleep, and if we could but stay till night we should have the pleasure of viewing its glowing orbs. A night train bore us swiftly back to Montreal, and then in the depths of that city the merry party scattered.

ERLE.

[*For the Beacon.*]

Messrs. Editors:—As the time is already at hand for the colleges and public schools of the country to begin their Fall session, I would like, through the kind offices of your paper, to say a few words in this connection to the people of my county.

The time has fully come when the people of our country, and especially of our State, must see and feel the need of higher culture. It was a time when patriots and the sidelity to country inspired the noble cause and no perversion of principles and integrity in seeking remunerative positions to plunder the people of their hard earnings. Then a moderate amount of learning met the requirements of the people and parents were content to send their children to log huts, which were the best school houses provided, while honest men made and executed their laws without making *public favor* an object for spoils. But times have changed, and the people must do likewise, and there is no possible means of elevating our *political* except by raising our *educational* standard. The people must be equal to their position; their intelligence must lift them to an eminence from which they can think and act prudently for themselves, for it is a lamentable fact that our people as a class do too little thinking for themselves. It has been said, and there is no reason to doubt the assertion, that some of the best speeches delivered on the floor of the *House of Representatives* are productions compiled by *private* secretaries. If this be so, then the secretary is entitled to the honor of the office, for whatever is said under such circumstances, are his opinions and his views going before the people and the country through the lips of a *mere* automaton, and whatever impression they may make, whatever good they may produce, whatever recognition they may claim in the House in which they are uttered are due to the *good* sense and *sound* judgment of the secretary and whatever praise or commendation they merit should be accorded to him.

But pardon me for this little wandering from the more direct connection which I wish to make. Our government is yet an experiment and the chemists should have full knowledge of the substances they put in the *crucible* ere their misguided hands cause an explosion. The people should have thorough knowledge of the qualifications of every office-holder elected by their votes; 'tis this alone that can maintain *republican* forms of government and save them from ignoble failures. The nomination of candidates by party "bosses" has already become a stench in the nostrils of our State and deserves the condemnation of all honest men. It has been an obstacle in the way of free expression of opinions, free voting and free government; it has been an impassable barrier to the unpretending laborer as well as many intelligent citizens by giving them neither expression of sentiment in selecting nor a choice after the selection is made. The well informed people of the State have long been wide awake to the fact, but they are powerless as long as they figure such a minority; as long as thousands go to the polls with their ballots in their hands, making themselves slaves to their own ignorance, who vote, as a matter of course, but cannot give a word of reason for it. Ignorance is the greatest evil that republics and free institutions of any kind have to deal with, and it is against this we are to fortify ourselves to avoid future grievances and abuse in our *civil service.* The people must learn and appreciate the fact that knowledge is power, that without education they are *mere* drones in the hands of petty "tyrants," who use them at their will and make their ignorance a fortification behind which they heap their *harvests* and revel at their *banquets.* And this is not only so in our "civil service," but is equally applicable to every occupation and profession in life. The people lose more through ignorance than they profit by their good sense and judgment. But it will be asked, what preventions have we against it? The answer is, none other than "educate the people to think and act wisely for themselves and instruct them to look upon their ballot as a sacred and inviolable trust." The progress of our "public schools" within the last quarter of a century has worked a grand result in our national history—one that we should be proud of. But the advacement, great as it has been, has not kept pace with the *industries, requirements* and *onward* march of our country. The standard of our "public schools" should be raised to such a grade that every child, without distinction in class or color, can acquire an education which will keep him in sight of the bold strides of civilization and the living world of "progress." To this it might be objected that "parents will not send their children to school regularly, and therefore only a few would enjoy the higher advantage." But such objections are easily met in legislative action. The next step in the right direction is for the States to make strict supervision over the colleges and academies they support. There is generally too much lukewarmness in this respect. It is just and reasonable that the States should lend assistance to some of their institutions of learning, but public money donated and appropriated for educational purposes is not always done so in the right way and under the right conditions.

In conclusion, I would beg the people to open their eyes to the great duties devolving upon them that they may avoid the extreme humiliations in the future they have sorely witnessed and elevate both their educational and political standards, the one of which should be the handiworker of the other.

T.

A TALENT FOR WRETCHEDNESS.—There are fortunate people who have what may be called a talent for happiness. There is the habit of looking on the bright side. However perplexing the situation, however hedged about with embarrassments and obstructed by hindrances, they either see beyond it halcyon skies and a smooth pathway, or they manage to extract the present sweetness from its bitterness.

It is almost impossible to wear a radiant face when one has a deranged digestion, or to be equable and tranquil when the nervous fountains are in a state of exhaustion. Yet who does not know invalids whose rooms of suffering are full of a divine peace; and who can not think of some, who, out of great tribulation, have entered into a hallowed region which no storms invade? And on the other hand, there are those who, regarded as to outward circumstances, appear to have everything in their favor, yet who manage to be so uniformly miserable that it may be assumed that they have a talent for wretchedness.

To be successfully wretched, one must have a certain measure of self-love. Wounded vanity is a more potent faculty and a more subtle source of trouble than we sometimes imagine. The over-sensitive woman, who is always feeling slighted and neglected, who thinks her acquaintances and friends do not treat her as well as she deserves, and who goes about her home with a tearful, injured air, is not as uncommon as we wish she were. Nothing should be more resolutely discouraged in children than the touchiness of disposition, which is easily affronted, and which is, after all, only a form of inordinate selfishness. I know some people who are so marred by this peculiarity of character that, in talking with them, one has always the feeling of a sailor among quicksands. There is no predicting the unseen and unexpected shoals on which the conversational boat may strike. Unhappy themselves, these victims of morbidness make others unhappy, and go through the world without having the good times to which every honest and conscientious person is entitled.

It is easier to be wretched than to be cheerful, if we consent to let lower feelings rule us, or, yielding to them, we may make ourselves as frost to the tender flowers of love and charity at home.

☞ They tell of a man out West who was putting a blast in a well, and it went off prematurely and blew him out into an apple tree about fifty feet away. In a moment he recovered himself, and remarking, "The Lord knows better than I do, after all; I guess it is almost time to go to pruning," took a large pruning knife from his pocket and set to work.

☞ An Arkansas editor in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is abler than we are, financially, to handle it. This gentleman is well known in this community. He is the Sheriff."

☞ The poor man's riches and the rich man's bliss is maintained by the judicious use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla which strengthens and invigorates the system by purifying the blood. It is so highly concentrated that it is the most economical medicine for this purpose that can be used.

☞ Nervousness, debility, and exhausted vitality cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

[*Written for the Beacon.*]

## BERNETTE.

BY ERLE.

"Say, you keep still there," was the cry that greeted my astonished ears. Now, I belong to the race of Stanlys, blue blood, monsieur, and men and women are wont to lower their heads in deferential acknowledgement of any smile or nod from me. Imagine, then, my indignation at this impertinent and unceremonious speech. My occupation, too, did not warrant this interruption. The day was sultry, one of those perfect days in June the poet rhapsodizes about, with just a suspicion of a sudden gust lurking in the distance. I had wandered out of town down by the banks of a little stream in quest of fragrant bloom, repose, and refreshing shade, if possible to be had. I had found a spot of ideal beauty, and having stretched my weary limbs on the cool moss, was languidly throwing stones at a mud turtle on the opposite banks of the stream and watching the effect of stray hits. The effect was all that I could have desired, the turtle performing with unvarying regularity. To add to my enjoyment I began to hum, "How so fair," and was thinking what a paradise this earth would be could all my life be spent in just such delicious idleness. To be sure, on all sides, nature seemed to reproach me for inactivity. I knew that the birds flitted ceaselessly or brooded over their young; the ants were toiling at my feet; some big black bugs were running down my back or poking into my ears; a hideous caterpillar was steadily mounting my body, thereby causing me to calculate lazily how long it would be before I would have to sweep the crawling beast into space; the fish, which I had vainly coaxed that morning to "bite," were glancing back and forth in the water; I knew, too, that, were not my ears so dull, I could hear the endless flow of the rivers of sap coursing through the trees and plants and, if gifted with clearer vision, could see the working protoplasm in all living objects around and the swift flight of the sun rays. Did this knowledge imbue me with a desire to rise up and join the mighty band of laborers? Not in the least, a warm day brings a slumbrous restful feeling, and I was content to decide that it was best to rest in the shade with ants and bugs to furnish an entertainment of acrobatic feats, a concert of birds to charm my ear, and the musical tinkle of a tiny waterfall to fill in the vocal interstices. Fully persuaded that this was my duty, I did not like to be told to keep quiet, when I opened my mouth to give vent to the harmonious joy within me. A natural feeling of indignation prompted me to rise on my elbow and direct a wrathful look at the object of my ire—a woman, feeding a flock of turkeys—the birds thronged around her, and she seemed to take a genuine delight in satisfying their wants.

"Here," I said, is a benevolently disposed individual whom I will study as I would one of my snakes or bugs. She belongs to the genus homo, species benevolentia. Let me see as to characteristics. Love to all objects displayed in many small ways. As to the rest—bah! silly, insipid, like all womankind. Ralph, you will do well to keep to the study of entomology and perpetology, for, sure as you go beyond, you will rue it. Yet she comes within my province, for is not woman a hornet, forever buzzing around your ears, stinging when occasion offers, but forever buzzing? If she would only sting in silence she might be endured.

As the female in insect life is the class which stings, so the woman in our higher order of existence forever inflicts her aimless, insufferable venom on all masculine forms of humanity so unlucky as to wander too near. Still, it is certain that, with the experience I have had, I need not fear to approach the nymph, quite goodlooking, too. I wonder what she'd say if I were to throw a stone at one of her turkeys? I'm almost tempted to try, just to get an angry look from those black eyes. I dare not interrupt her majesty, till she has finished feeding her hideous fowls.—Confound this coming storm! it will give me a chance, however, to speak to her. I'll ask shelter, though, perhaps, she won't take me in. Accordingly, I arose and approached the young lady, and asking pardon for the disturbance, called attention to the threatened tempest, and begged that she would direct me to some place of shelter till the storm had past. She turned towards me slowly and read my face with wondrous black eyes that absorbed the rest of her face, as it were, and left the impression of two glowing restless orbs. A strange sympathy, a feeling that I had always known her, and that we were only renewing a friendship of long standing, come upon me so forcibly that I started, while she seemed utterly unmoved. There are strange meetings and dim recollections that would seem to point to a connection in a previous existence. We laugh them down in the open day, but in our secret souls we believe. We come suddenly in our wanderings upon an old ruin, a tower with crumbling walls, moss grown, o'erhanging a river that frets in its stony bed. We say we have seen this before. We ascend the stair in the tower, we come to a turn, and pause to gaze from a narrow slit of a window on a scene that seems strangely familiar. Bodily, we have never been here, and yet, in spirit, under other conditions we have surely looked upon all around us.

We hear music. Day after day, new combinations, new harmonies, delight us, till some day comes a haunting chord, never heard before, so familiar, so soul-penetrating that we pause and wonder why this spirit-chord came not long ago and why it comes not again. Alone in a foreign city we pass down a crowded street, on and on, at last into quieter thoroughfares, and startle as we recognize houses seen only in dreams, if then. Again, as now, we meet a person whom we seem to have known all our lives, and to speak is easy, natural. It would be so strange not to tell this friend our thoughts.—Something of this floated rapidly through my mind as she, looking at me with her lambent eyes, calmly said, that her uncle's house was near and I would be welcome to stay there during the storm. She betrayed a most ludicrous anxiety about the turkeys, I thought, requesting me to help drive them to their coops! Since the days that turkeys were evolved—oh, how I blessed them, as I ran and shouted, growing red in the face and angry in my soul! If those fowls knew how to run straight it is very sure they took care not to exemplify their knowledge, for, like all perverse and wretched animals, they took the longest and crookedest ways. At length, I succeeded in housing all my share, except one, and this fowl crept under the raised floor of a barn. Come forth it must, but I could not coax it out either by dint of sticks and stones or sundry other missiles projected at it, as it crouched far back out of reach. After working myself into an undue state of excitement, I decided to crawl under the barn, too, and bring the naughty fowl forth, a most unfortunate resolution for my dignity, but I was determined not to be outwitted by a turkey. Accordingly, I worked my way toward it, and was congratulating myself that in a moment more I would seize the ungainly fowl, when lo, I found I was wedged in between the ground and floor so that I was unable to budge an inch. Nothing was left for me but to wait and allow the young lady to pull me out by the feet, or to paw the earth out with my hands and so extricate myself from this awkward position. A merry peal of laughter made my blood tingle.

"Let the turkey stay where it is, but do come on, if you don't wish to be caught in the storm," said she.

I knew just then how Old Atlas must feel as he bears the world on his shoulders. Oh, for the strength of a Samson so that I might heave the old barn over on that confounded turkey, and rising up a conquering hero, I would observe with wicked contempt, "the Philistines be upon thee!" The reality was too mortifying to be thought of, the young lady would have to take hold of my boots and pull till she loosed the clinging grasp of mother earth. Mournful and hollow sounded my voice as I called out from under the barn, "just wait I am endeavoring to persuade the turkey to come out."

"Oh, hurry," cried she, impatiently, "and don't talk nonsense."

"Was never more serious in my life," yelled I, "but as the beast has charmed me so I can't move, will you take hold of my feet and help me out?" I felt her shake with convulsive laughter as she grasped my dainty boots, but nevertheless I quickly emerged into daylight, wildly pawing the ground, my hair smoothed the wrong way, my petted moustache full of straws and sand, my light suit begrimed and considerably ruffled, my watchchain broken in two, watchcase smashed, and wrath darting from my eyes,

"O, wad some power the gift to gie us,"

I said lightly trying to make the best of a very embarrassing position.

"What could have possessed you to crawl under the barn?" she said, inquiringly.

"Pure perversity of the turkey, Mademoiselle," I said, "did you think I went under for shelter from the rain?"

She laughed, but the clouds, which had before only threatened, now opened their flood-gates, and we received the torrent of water from above.

"We will have to cross this stream," she said, composedly, though the lightning glared in her face and the thunder bellowed loud and long.

Taking her hand I steadied her on the slippery log, and we reached the other side in safety. I drew her arm through mine, it slightly trembled and she hesitated, but did not withdraw it from its resting place. Thoroughly soaked, we wended our way across a field of high grass in perfect silence, and yet I knew we were speaking in that sympathy which does not require words. The field passed, we came to a grove of trees. How the wind shrieked and howled at times, moaning and wailing in fitful agony, and then bursting into a clamorous

[Continued on Fourth Page.]