

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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VOL. XX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 13, 1883.

13, 1883.

NO. 63

NOTICE.



THE UNDESIGNED respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are prepared to build

WAGONS and JAGGERS.
PAINTING, TRIMMING and general repairs neatly executed.

BLACKSMITHING OF ALL KINDS done at reasonable rates.

UNDERTAKING.
We keep on hand COFFEINS and CASKETS, with the latest improvements. We also furnish the above at city prices. Call and see the designs. Select your tombstones and don't let the dead be neglected. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of same.

J. J. JARBOE & SON
March 22, 1883.

UNDERTAKING!



COFFEINS AND CASKETS of latest styles furnished at notice and at prices to suit the times.

TWO HEARSES always at hand.
FORRESHOING, \$1.00 Cash.

I am prepared to attend to
BLACKSMITHING, WHEELWRIGHTING, & COACH-PAINTING.

Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I solicit a continuance of the same.

J. A. DILLON.
Feb. 1, 1883—17.

NOTICE.



I MOST respectfully inform the public that I have opened at MECHANICSVILLE, MD., SHOPS, where

BLACKSMITHING, WHEELWRIGHTING, COACH-PAINTING, TRIMMING and UNDERTAKING business will be carried on. I hope by faithful work, low prices and strict attention to business, I may receive the patronage of the general public.

CHAS. R. CLARKE.
May 16, 1883—17.

CARROLL & BRADLEY.
GENERAL

Commission Merchants
FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.

REPRESENTS BY PERMISSION:
Jesse O. Gadsborough, Cambridge, Md.;
Hos. D. H. Henry, Cambridge, Md.;
T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
Hurst, Purcell & Co., Baltimore, Md.;
R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.;
Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. Market, Md.
Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md.

Oct. 18, 1883—y

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.

NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHERIDAN'S GRAMMARS.
FRENCH UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
SCHAFFER'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & CO.
BALTIMORE

J. BOYKIN LEE & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN & TOBACCO.

Baltimore, May 24th, 1881
We have engaged the services of Mr. R. H. BYATT, who, with Mr. J. G. ESTEP, of Charles county, have charge of the Tobacco department of our business and will give their strict personal attention to the inspection and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us.
J. BOYKIN LEE & CO., 17 Camden Street,
One door West of Charles.
April 12, 1883—y

HARRY SPALDING sells the **ROYAL GLUB.**

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your victory;
Faded like leaves, or e'en like flowers,
Your time is over, and your glory o'er.

Only the acts of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
James Shirley.

[COMMUNICATED.]
December 3, 1883.

Messrs. Editors:—Upon reading the first portion of the reflections of "Senex" published in your issue of the 22nd of November, I would have sung had not my musical education been so sadly neglected in my youth:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."
The conclusion forces from us the expression,
"He stared aloft, on wings of fame,
And lit—on daddy's woodpile."

I mean no offense to the old gentlemen, by this method of commencing my reflections upon the past. I, Messrs. Editors, have been a voter for 16 years, and have watched the course of politics in this county for nearly 25, with more or less interest. I cannot see that there is any less honesty in them now than heretofore.

It is true that in those days of "auld lang syne," wealth in slaves or land, and position, otherwise birth, were the sole credentials by which a man could reach public favor. Then, if any aspired to lead, he would have to measure his farm, weigh his purse, count his slaves, or failing in these, take a stroll to the churchyard and examine the tombstones in order to ascertain the height of his genealogical tree. Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not wish to convey the idea that these credentials are unfit. On the contrary, wealth if properly employed brings culture, and if all wealthy men were honest and willing to accord to others the rights they claim for themselves, no one would or could object to it in would be leaders. If a man's father, grandfather and perhaps great-grandfather have been honorable, intelligent and honored men, people naturally expect the same qualities in him, and I believe more readily put their trust in him, but it gives him no inherent rights more than others.—

In this "land of the free, and home of the brave," he must, or should rise or fall by his own merits. If he has those qualities that rendered them conspicuous, he deserves success, and will succeed. If he has not, but on the contrary turns his back upon the bright records left for his guidance, and becomes a sot and a rake, he deserves and should receive no more consideration than the son of the most common laborer in the land. In fact, not so much, for his position, the examples of his ancestors and his opportunities for learning the right way should teach him better.

We have also, in our midst, families of laboring men, who for generations have maintained as bright a record for honesty, sobriety and all the qualities that make the useful citizens, as any of our wealthiest men. Are they to be ignored and given no voice in our affairs, beyond the mere act of voting? They are the bone and sinew of the land. Without them capital and birth would soon collapse. Must the sturdy yeomanry of our country be forced to submit to the rule of others? Such was the order of things in those good old days spoken of. If, perhaps, an unworthy man has been lifted into power of late years, we must consider it but a natural rebound from the high tension of yore. Besides, I have known of many unworthy men, who held office during my younger days. Men of wealth, high birth and education—but unfortunately no merit was there. Some were corrupt, others, fools. Some say that a fool cannot be educated. Perhaps, not in a correct sense, but I use the word in its popular acceptation. Of course, it is rather hard for old men who have been trained in a different age, to adjust themselves to the altered cir-

cumstances. Many prone to regard all change and innovation as pernicious. They look back with yearning to their younger days and compare the bad of to-day, with the good of yesterday, and forthwith conclude that the world is going to ruin. They determine not to be drawn into the whirlpool of what they deem error and plant themselves as sign-posts by which a future generation may mark its progress.

It is often asserted that politics has grown to be simply a profession in the past few years, in which the candidates generally base off the palm.—

Now, with my limited experience, and the little history I have read and studied, I have reached a different conclusion. Politics has always been a profession, if I read aright; unworthy and cheeky men have always been more or less its managers, and I judge will be until the end of time.

I remember often listening to the tales of old political warriors—some of your old wealthy men—of high position, talents and merit, said the world. With what glee they would tell of the scowry tricks they had played upon their adversaries; tricks that had they been practised in trade would have brought disgrace upon the perpetrators! The motives by which men are actuated and the principles by which they are governed are the same to-day as yesterday. They may seem to change, but it is only the new light that is cast upon them. The dishonest of to-day, would have been dishonest yesterday, and so with the honest.

Senex proposes the abolition of primary meetings and trusting to a grab-bag method of selecting officials. He hopes by this method to eliminate, or check the wire-puller. Now, Messrs. Editors, the last named individual is irrepressible. Head him off at one corner and immediately he appears at another. When there was but one organized party in our county, and the grab-bag method in all its glory, was he silent? Did he rest upon his laurels and await the coming of another party? Methinks not. Ask some of our old politicians, and they will unhesitatingly tell you that he was as busy and as potent then as ever.

Besides, if you could prevail upon both party organizations to abandon the primary meeting and convention, do you think the voters would abandon their parties? Would not a man's party draw to him the votes of it regardless of his merit? While not wishing to be personal, I am forced to cite the late election in this county as an instance. The Independent ticket was seemingly put up without any organization. Were all the men on that ticket worthy of support by honest and intelligent citizens? Yet all received very nearly the entire support of the party with which they affiliated. It is now, just as it has been and always will be. Dishonest and scheming men, by knavery and duplicity, may obtain temporary advancement, but in the end will sink.

"Honesty is still the best policy," though the man who is honest only from policy needs watching.

The per capita tax is a relic of barbarism and has been found, wherever tried, one of the most potent engines to foster fraud and corruption. The law compelling men to work upon the public roads has been submitted to our people under much more favorable circumstances than at present and most emphatically condemned. Charles county, I believe, adopted it, but found that it was impossible to enforce it. This is another reason why wealth should not be allowed to have exclusive control. It tried to make the laboring man pay what it was its duty to pay.

There really should be some definite road law passed. The Commissioners have not only too much liberty but too much responsibility in the matter, more I think than many of them wish. But I do not think that any too much is expended upon the roads provided it can be judiciously spent.

I heartily join with Senex in his desire for a "local option" law for our county. No intelligent person can for a moment deny that the people have the right to regulate this matter. They, by their representatives, regulate the sale of whisky, say who shall sell and who shall not, who can buy and who not. If it is unreasonable that the people should decide whether they

will prohibit or not, it is just as unreasonable to attempt any regulation. The number of shops where it is sold is a forceful argument for prohibition. It wrecks more property, destroys more wealth and creates more discord than any other agent known. Senex, must excuse me, but I am forced to say, that it is sarcasm refined to speak of whiskey ruling us or being one of our weapons of warfare, seeing as I suppose it does, from a member of that party, which in Ohio, entered to the beer-pulling only on three deprecating occasions in the last year.

Another member of the party, Senex I was about to speak of, viz: that the more intelligent voters should instruct the ignorant how to vote. Why, really, friend Senex, that is just what they have always been trying to do, but there has been such a diversity of opinion among the intelligent that the majority of the ignorant have been so confused by the conflicting advice, that they have been forced to rely upon their own judgment in the end. Besides, some of these intelligent men may have axes to grind themselves, or they may be corrupt. If such was to be the rule, each section would have its political boss and the wire-puller would be in clover. This would be nineteenth century feudalism with a vengeance.

In selecting officials, Messrs. Editors, something more than wealth, education, birth or social position should be considered. True merit and ability to perform the duties of the office are the prime requisites. If a man has wealth the question should be asked, did he inherit or earn it? If he inherits it, how has he used it? Has it decreased in his hands? Has he spent it in riotous living? Has he looked it up, intending to return it in the end as did the steward who buried the one talent entrusted to him by his master? Or has he used it intelligently, not only for his own benefit, but for the benefit of the community in which he lives? If he has earned his wealth, it should be known how it was done. Has he robbed and oppressed the widow and the orphan? Has he swindled or brutalized his fellow-man to fill his coffers? Or has he earned it honestly by industry and economy? Is he of high birth or good family? This should count for nought unless he manifests in himself the traits of character that rendered his ancestors illustrious. Is his social position one that he has acquired by his own actions, and is he worthy of it? Or does he merely shine by the reflected light of his wealth and birth? Has he education? Upon what foundation is it built? We must remember that while education enhances the value of common sense, it cannot be used as a substitute for it. Is he virtuous and honest? For though it enlarges the sphere and renders virtue and honesty brighter and more useful, it also sharpens the intellect of the scoundrel and renders him more dangerous to the world. Education, like everything else, has its consequent evil.

In examining all these things, we simply look to find his merit and fitness for the position. These, as I have said before, are the prime requisites, and they may be found in the poor of humble birth as well as in the wealthy and high born. If we would have our affairs managed properly and justly to all classes, all should be allowed to participate therein. None but the truly unworthy should be debarred from office either by the law or public opinion. We have been making rapid strides in this direction of late years, and I think that if prejudice and averseness to progress be eliminated from our minds we will find many advantages accruing therefrom. Our taxes are no higher than they were twelve years ago. Our public schools are doing far, better, and as a consequence our children have much better opportunities of being educated. Our public roads have been greatly improved. Our jail and our almshouse is a credit instead of a disgrace to our people; and, best of all, the intelligent and thrifty portion of our county welcome these advancements. Our land is undoubtedly deteriorating in value, yet we might as well blame politics for the malaria that plays such havoc with our citizens living contiguous to our rivers and creeks. If our farmers insist upon following a system of agriculture that impoverishes their lands, we cannot conceive how they can attach blame to those who give

them better roads and schools. These really enhance the value of land in any community.

Messrs. Editors, as I have trespassed so much upon your valuable space, I will conclude with the suggestions, that our farmers turn their attention more to improving the quality of their land, and that our citizens endeavor to elect as their servants in office the best and most fitting men, whether rich or poor.

JUSTUS.

DON'T BE TOO URGENT.—Don't believe all you read. Don't believe too quickly half you read. Don't believe anything as regards thought, opinion or assertion till you've run it through the mill of your own judgment and see if it emerges without a flaw.

Remember that a book is generally one man's talk on paper. Remember that his conclusions and deductions are often based on other men's statements which time may prove, partly or wholly wrong.

Remember that it is as easy to err with the pen as with the tongue. Remember that for two men to give the same account of the event of which both are witnesses is extremely rare. Remember that no conscientious scribe can read what he wrote twenty-five years ago without finding many opinions and assertions which will make him squirm and feel like hunting for a hole to hide his head in.

Remember that the man, be he writer or not, who all his days sticks to one opinion, simply because it is his opinion, ceases to grow intellectually and imprisons himself in his own dogmatism.

Remember that the man who is searching for the truth must give up his mistaken convictions, no matter how dear they may be to him or how sorely it may hurt his pride to own up that he has been mistaken. Remember to apply all the foregoing remarks to this article after you have read it.

LINCOLN ON BUTLER.—Some one asked Mr. Lincoln why they had tried Butler in so many different places—Big Bethel, New Orleans, Peninsula, etc. It "reminded him of a story":

"When I was a young man I was a 'rail splitter.' I wanted an ax made, and called on a blacksmith I knew in order to get him to make one for me. 'Abe,' said he, 'I have just the piece of steel for such an ax, and have been saving it for some time, thinking you might need one.' Having said this much, he put the piece of steel in the forge and having raised it white heat, placed it on the anvil and beat it powerfully with his hammer. The sparks flew around, and all present had to stand aside; but, after working on it for some time, he turned to me with a rueful face and said: 'Abe, it won't make an ax, but it will a clevis!'" Next he having put it into the forge, and having heated it as before, placed it on the anvil, and striking it with his hammer, the sparks flew around smartly, and all had to get out of the way of them. After awhile he said to me: 'Abe, I'm sorry to say it won't make a clevis, but it will answer for a bolt.' He again introduced it into the fire, and, after pounding it on the anvil, and the sparks flying from it as before, and all present having to stand out of the way of them, he, with a most lugubrious expression of countenance, said to me: 'Abe, it won't make a bolt, but there is one thing I am damned certain it will make, and, having heated it again as highly as he could, he plunged it in a bucket of water and exclaimed: 'It will make a big fizzle!' and it did."

A NEW INVENTION NEEDED.—Who will invent a housework machine for us that will take as many steps in proportion to the housemaid's steps, as the sewing machine takes stitches in proportion to the needle of the seamstress; something that we can wind up in the morning, and be at ease about? Even if we have to turn a crank we won't mind very much.

In other words, what we want is a steam servant girl. Fire made, breakfast served, washing done—all the rest of our little affairs accomplished without any hitch. How we shall bless the man who invents it.

Even if it does explode or "collide" occasionally, we shall mind it much. It will not be so bad as a sudden departure of the laundress at noon on "wash day," or a tumultuous retreat of the kitchen army. And even if it should "go off" just before a dinner party, the probabilities are that you would go off with it, and that "subsequent proceedings would interest you no more."

A gentleman meeting a friend who was wasting away with consumption, exclaimed, "Ah my dear fellow, how slow you walk!" "Yes," replied the consumptive, "I walk slow, but I'm going fast."

A gentleman subject to the gout, being told by the doctor that the disease gave a long lease of life, replied, "That may be so, but unluckily the lease is a rack-rent!"

Sowing and Reaping.

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate and hate to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

THREE WARNINGS.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when brick ovens were in the land, when Mr. Hubbard bought his house, and bought it very much against his wife's will. It was a long house, and reported to be haunted. It was next to a graveyard which though unused, was not at all cheerful, and which likewise had the reputation of a ghost. However Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful to be depressed by warnings and never intended to be lonely.

"Mrs. Hubbard," he said, when his wife shook her head at the purchase, "I got it cheap and it is a good one. You will like it when you get there; if you do not, why then talk."

So the house was bought and into it the Hubbard family went. There was scarce a chance for a ghost to show his face in such a family of boys and girls. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard counted ten of them, all noisy ones.

Having once spoken her mind in regard to the house, Mrs. Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and soiled, tacked down carpets, put up curtains, and owned that the place was pretty.

As not a ghost appeared for a week she made up her mind that there were no such inhabitants. She even began to mind the tombstones. So the house got to rights, and baking day came about. In the press of business they had a great deal of baker's bread, and had become tired of it. Mrs. Hubbard never enjoyed setting a batch of bread to rise so much as that which was to be eaten—for the first time in the new house.

"For I cannot get up an appetite for stuff that nobody knows who had the making of," said Mrs. Hubbard, "and all puffery and alimony besides."

So into the oven went the bread, and out it came, at the proper time, even and brown as loaves could be. Mrs. Hubbard turned them up on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread-tray, glorious proof of her skill and the excellence of the oven, when Tommy Hubbard bounded in.

Tommy was four, and when at that age we are prone to believe that anything will bear our weight. Tommy, therefore anxious to inspect the bread tray, swung himself off his feet by clutching the edge of the bread tray, and over it came, loaves and Tommy and all.

Mrs. Hubbard flew to the rescue, and picked up the loaves. All were dusted and put in the tray once more but one. That lay bottom upward upon the table.

"A bothersome child, to give me so very much trouble," she said, as she crawled under the table to get it. "A—O—ah—dear—dear—oh—O—my—"

And there on the floor sat Mrs. Hubbard screaming, wringing her hands and shaking her head. The children screamed in concert. Mr. Hubbard rushed into the house from where he was at work.

"What's the matter, mother," he gasped.

Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

"Look there and see!" she said. "It is a warning, William, I'm going to be taken from them all!"

And he looked, and he saw a death's head and crossbones as plainly engraved on the bottom of the loaf as could be.

"It is accident," said Mr. Hubbard. "Some queer pranks do come you know."

But Mrs. Hubbard was in a troubled state of mind, as was natural. "The stories about the haunted house were true," she said. "The spirits have marked the loaf, and I am afraid it is a warning."

And the loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not dare to eat any of it himself.

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through the neighborhood, and the people came to Hubbard's all the week to look at it. It was a death's-head and crossbones, certainly—every one saw at a glance—but as to its meaning, people differed. Some believed that it was a warning of approaching death, some thought that the spirits wanted to frighten the Hubbards away, and get possession of the house all to themselves.

The latter supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage. Finally, being a brave woman, she adopted the belief; and when another day arrived for baking put her loaves into the oven once more, prepared for crossbones, and not to be frightened by them.

The loaves baked as before. They came out brown and crusty as Mrs. Hubbard turned each in her hands. There were no skulls and crossbones, but on the last were sundry characters of letters. What, no one could tell, until there dropped in for a chat

A certain printer of the neighborhood, accustomed to reading things backward.

"By George!" said he, "that is curious—r-o-o-u-r-g-a-n—reurgana; that is what is on the loaf—reurgana."

"It is what they put on toms, isn't it?" asked poor Mrs. Hubbard, faintly.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard, being obliged to admit it. "But it is not so bad as crossbones and skulls." Mrs. Hubbard shook her head.

"It's even sadder," said the little woman who was not so good a linguist as bread-maker. "I feel confident, William, that I will soon be reurganed and what will these dear children do then?"

And now that the second loaf was before her eyes, marked even more awfully than before, Mrs. Hubbard grew really pale and thin and lost her cheerfulness.

"I have a presentiment," she said over and over again, and the third baking will decide who the warning belongs to. I believe it is meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I am getting?"

And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he began to be troubled.

The third baking day was one of gloom. Solemnly, as at a funeral, the family assembled to assist in the drawing.

Five loaves came out markless; but one remained.

Mrs. Hubbard's hand trembled, but she drew it forth. She put it on the tray. She turned it softly about. At last she exposed the lower surface. On it were letters, printed backward, plainly enough read this time and arranged thus:

Died April 24,
lamented by
her large family.

"It's me!" cried Mrs. Hubbard, "I am to go to-morrow—this is the last I do feel faint—yes I do. It's awful, and so sudden!"

And Mrs. Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of men and husbands.

The children screamed, the cat mewled, the dog barked. The oldest boy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the Hubbard's. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mrs. Hubbard's warning—her call to quit this world.

She lay in bed, bidding good-bye to her family, her strength going fast. She read the Bible, and tried not to grieve too much. The doctor shook his head. The clergyman prayed with her. Nobody doubted but that her end was near, for people were so very superstitious in those days.

They had been up all night with good Mrs. Hubbard, and dawn was breaking, and with it she was sure that she must go, when clattering up the road and up to the house came a man, who alighted. He rattled the knocker and rushed in. There was no stopping him. Up the stairs he went to Mrs. Hubbard's room and bolted into it.

Everyone stared at him as he took off his hat.

"Parding," said he breathlessly, "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was dying, and she'd waning on her baking. I came over to explain. You see I was sexton of a church here a few years ago, and I knew all about it. You needn't die of fear just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for it's neither spirits and demons about, nor yet warnings. What makes the loaves is old Mrs. Finkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven bottom, seeing there were no survivors, and bricks were dear. The last folks before you didn't get them printed off on their loaves because they used time; and we got used to the marks ourselves. Crossbones and skulls we put up with, and never thought of caring for reurgana. So you see how it is, and I am sorry you have been scared."

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his book. The doctor waited to the window.

There was a deadly silence; Mrs. H. sat up in bed.

"William," said she to her husband, "the first thing you do get a new bottom for that oven."

And the tone assured the assemblage of anxious friends that Mrs. Hubbard was not going to die just yet.

Indeed, she came down the next day. And when the oven had been reconstructed, the first thing she did was to give invitations for a large tea-drinking—on which occasion the loaves came out all right.

A young druggist clerk committed suicide in Bristol a few days ago. In the inquest the coroner asked a fellow-clerk of the deceased if he knew of any cause for the suicide.

"No," was the reply: "he was getting along nicely, and was going to be married next month."

"Going to be married, was he?" exclaimed the coroner. "That will do. We've got at the bottom of this business!"

School Committees, examining schools:
"Where is the North Pole?"
"I don't know, sir."
"Don't know! Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?"
"Why, sir, if Sir John Franklia, and Dr. Kase, and Capt. De Long couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"