Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published every Thursday Morning at

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AT

$1.00 PER YEAR.

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Respectfully,

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Will leave Pier 8, Light Street, every Saturday and Wednesday, at 6:30, A. M., for Fair Haven, Plum Point, Governor's Run, and Patuxent River as far up as Benedict. Returning, will leave Benedict every Monday and Thursday, at 5:30, A. M., Millstone Landing at 10 A. M., Plum Point at 1 P. M., and Fair Haven at 2:30 P. M. for Baltimore.

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Will leave Pier 9, Light Street, every Sunday Night, at 9, P. M., for Patuxent River, direct, as far up as Bristol. Returning, will leave Bristol at 12 M., on Monday and Millstone at 6 P. M., for Baltimore, calling at no Wharves below Leitch's, except when signaled from Wharves on the River for Passengers and Perishable Freight.

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March 10th, 1886—y

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I take pleasure in informing my customers and the traveling public that I have thoroughly renovated my house, improved and refitted the same and am fully prepared to accommodate both

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The BAR, in every particular, complete. My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-class condition for accommodation of horses and the storage of all kinds of vehicles. Call and see for yourselves.

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June 25, 85—tf†

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch.

In Old St. Mary's.

From Alleghany's giant crags to ocean's dancing wave,
The land we love—the native air of beauty and the brave—
The refuge of the tempest-tossed, the sanctuary planned
By hearts of tenderest human throb—'tis lovely Maryland.

There, 'neath the silent arches of the forest, and in view
The sunny waters of the West—a band devout and true—
The wanderers of the mighty main, the the grand old Saxon band,
First made the wilderness to bloom in lovely Maryland.

First, the stately Baron, rich in high ancestral fame,
And next the gallant Cecil and the courtly Talbot came;
And then a noble retinue at watchword or command
To pace the [illegible] Saxon [illegible]

"Here shall no bigot stake be reared, or martyr's cry ascend;
Our Heaven-born mission is to cheer, to comfort and defend;
And hearts long palsied with despair shall in these beams expand,
And bless the name, and rear the fame of lovely Maryland!

And e'en these dusky forms that lurk on treach'rous mission bent—
The human tigers of the woods—our hearts towards them relent,
And long to smoke the pipe of peace and grasp the tawny hand,
And know no foe within the fair domain of Maryland!

And He, the sovereign Lord of States and nations, humbly now
Before His sacred altars we in supplication bow;
And in this sanctuary to His praise and worship planned,
Invoke his choicest benisons on our dear Maryland!.

—*The Baltimorean.*

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

During the month of December, 1858, I was traveling in a stage coach through the interior of Illinois; but ere I reached my journey's end a furious snowstorm blocked up the road, and the whole party, consisting of the driver and three passengers besides myself, were obliged to take refuge in a wayside inn, where we remained weather-bound for two days and nights.

To while away the time, it was proposed by one of the party that each should relate a story of some personal adventure, and the gentleman who made the suggestion was unanimously chosen to take the lead. He was a man about forty years of age, small in stature, and delicately framed, with fair skin, light hair and deep blue eyes. He was neatly dressed in a suit of black, and had such an air of fine breeding and refinement, that no one would have suspected him of having spent any portion of his life among the trappers, traders and Indians of the far West. It suits my purpose to give his name as Howard Wayne; for if living now, it may not please him to be introduced to the public under his real appellation.

As a preliminary to his story, Mr. Wayne very quietly and deliberately exhibited to us a long, broad, ugly scar across his breast, and in a modest way and a soft musical tone, observed:

"That, gentlemen, is one of the few evidences, which I shall retain during life, of my perilous encounter with a carcagieu."

"A what?" exclaimed a Mr. Wade, while a sensation of breathless interest seemed to pervade the whole party.

"A carcagieu," quietly replied Wayne.

"And what in the name of wonders is a carcagieu?" inquired th other.

"If you were to put that question to a superstitious trapper, or an Indian, he would tell you, with a shudder, that it is either the devil himself, in the shape of an animal, or a cross between the devil and a bear; but as I am not superstitious, I shall merely state that it is a ferocious animal, sometimes, though rarely, seen by the intrepid hunters of the Rocky Mountains."

"And where did you see it, if I may inquire?" said the inqusitive Wade.

"I saw it on the Rocky Mountains, within twenty miles of Pike's Peak."

"Then you have been out there?" returned the other, with an air of surprise; for this was the first time that Mr. Wayne had made mention of having been in the far West; and there was nothing in his appearance, as I have remarked, to indicate that he had ever journeyed beyond the limits of civilization.

"I have certainly been out there," replied the hunter, with a smile, "or else I could not say I saw the animal where I did."

"Well, then, pray do tell us how this car—this car—what did you call it?"

"Carcagieu."

"Ah yes—carcagieu; pra[illegible] how this carcagieu looks?"

"That is what I am abou[illegible] you will allow me to proce[illegible] story," smiled Wayne.

"I move that Mr. We[illegible] more questions till the gentl[illegible] told his story," said anoth[illegible] party.

"I am dumb," s[illegible] Wa[illegible] laugh, "but all ears."

"We were aware of the [illegible] and that you are not the o[illegible] your kind," said another [illegible]

[illegible] a general and for the party; a[illegible] Wayne forthwith proceeded with the following, which I present to the reader as nearly as possible in his own words:

"A party of us," resumed the narrator, "accompanied an expedition across the great prairies to Fort McHenry, during the Summer of 184–, with the intention of spending the Fall and a portion of the Winter in hunting among the mountains Westward. We numbered six in all, including a French trapper, our guide, who had spent a great portion of his life in the wilderness. Six mules took out our camp baggage and provisions, and whatever else we though might come in use during a sojourn of several months; and each man, armed to the teeth, and with his rifle carefully protected from the weather in a leather case, rode out on a high spirited horse. We finally pitched our camp upon a pleasant plateau among the hills, near which was a clear mountain stream, and capital grazing for our animals; and sallying forth from our headquarters, we scoured the country round for many a mile. Game was plenty—bears, deer, elk, antelopes, mountain goats, occasionally a buffalo, and wolves without number; and there was scarcely an hour in the day, for a long period, that some of us were not taking a crack at some four footed beast.

"Now to my story:

"One evening, as we were sitting around our camp fire, taking our supper, Francois our guide, who had been off through the day on business of his own, came running in, his face white, and his teeth fairly chattering with terror.

"'What is the matter?' was our eager inquiry, as each man started to his feet, and grasped his rifle.

"'*O sacre enfant de Garce!* I was seen him, by gar!'

"'Seen what? who? where? Speak, man, and not stand there chattering. Are we in danger here? Are there Indians about?'

"'No Indian, monsieur, *mais un diable*—(one devil, you was say—) O sacre!'

"'A devil! You have seen the devil, then?' said I. 'If that is all, suppose you just sit down and take your supper, or a little whiskey, first, to bring up your courage. You need have no fear of the devil here; we are all good fellows, and owe his satanic majesty nothing.'

"'Ah! mais Monsieur Wayne, you must not, for must understand him one grand two-leg Beelzebub, by gar! tonnere et lightzing, you sall know him one four foot beast, as ze diable was enter—eh!'

"'O yes, I understand—you saw a hog—for the devils, you know, went into the swine.'

"Here the little Frenchman came down upon me with a tremendous oath, and assured me it was not a hog he had seen, nor yet an ass (at least before he got into camp), but *un feroce carcagieu*, whose father was a devil, and whose mother was a bear.

"This was an animal whose name I had not before heard," pursued the narrator, "and, like my friend, Mr. Wade here, I felt not a little curious to learn all I could about it. Half a pint of whiskey settled Francois's nerves; and a large tender steak with accompaniments put him in good humor; and then he condescended to enlighten us on a point in natural (or if his word was to be taken, in unnatural history,) to which our attention had never before been called. He said the carcagieu which he and all his friends believed to be a cross between the devil and a bear, was a terribly ferocious animal, which at different periods had been seen by mountaineers and Indians. It was black, he said, zo black as ze stack of ze tom cats; but [illegible] he could give us no definite [illegible] though we gathered the fact that [illegible] somewhere between a beav[illegible] elephant. Wild and in[illegible] the stories he told of [illegible] of broken English and [illegible] could leap from an [illegible] on the back of a pas[illegible] and rend it to [illegible] and pounce upon a [illegible] him, before he was [illegible] danger; how it [illegible] into camp, [illegible] there, and, [illegible] flight, [illegible]

"Well, [illegible] cois paused to take breath, and looked nervously round upon the surrounding darkness, as if he feared the dreadful creature might be upon him at any moment; 'only put this terror of the wilderness within good range of my double barrel, and be it devil or beast, or both combined, I pledge myself to prove to you, and as many friends as you like, that it cannot dodge a well-armed ball.'

"Francois laughed in derision.

"'What you do, Monsieur Wayne, eh?' he inquired.

"'Put a ball into it, of course—a couple of them, for that matter,' returned I.

"'*Sacre enfant de Garce!* you soot him—but no matter—he spit out ze balls zo quicker as ze lightzing—*mille tonners!*'

"'What do you mean? You are crazy!'

"'No crozzee, by gar! no—aha! I avoir try him. I soot zo good I was put ze ball in ze bull's eye sometime—mais I try ze terrible carcagieu, and soot ten—fifty ball, and he was throw zem all back. Monsieur! no, no—no crozzee me!'

"I quietly inquired if he had that day performed the prodigious feat of shooting fifty balls into the body of this wonderful carcagieu, not one of which had done more than to amuse his beastship.

"'By gar! not zis day I try—but long time ago—then I was more brav' and more ze fool.'

"'That must have been a long time ago, indeed,' laughed I.

"Further inquiries elicited the fact that Francois had that day seen a carcagieu, at a distance of some three miles from the camp; and if he could be believed, the beast had turned upon him, spitting fire from its mouth; and he had only escaped by climbing a tree, and remaining there till dark when, lowering himself cautiously, he had made for the camp, with fear and trembling; and even now considered his situation and ours in the highest degree precarious.

"That there was some strange animal in the forest, which neither my companions nor myself had seen, we were at length prepared to admit; and we resolved that the coming day should be spent in search for it.

"The night passed off without any disturbance, and the following day we set out to explore the country in every direction, in search of this wonderful animal. We took a range of several miles, but met with no adventure worthy of recording. Our second day's adventure resulted in the same manner, and we came to the conclusion that Francois had been frightened at some imaginary object, though he still persisted in affirming that the carcagieu was a living reality, and no creature of fancy.

"A few days after this, as I was exploring one of the wild passes of the mountains, in company with our guide, my friends having taken a different course, the former suddenly sprang back to my side, the picture of terror, and in a nervous tremulous tone, exclaimed:

"'The carcagieu! the carcagieu! Monsieur sall look for hisself!'

"I raised my eyes, and there, on a wild beetling crag of the mountain, I beheld an animal about the size of a panther. It was long, black, apparently without any tail, and different in appearance from anything I had ever before seen. That it was ferocious there could be no doubt—for it had a certain wild glare of the eyes, which seemed to be fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. The distance was just a good rifle range; and as I raised my piece to my eye for a deliberate aim, Francois with a trembling exclamation of terror, broke for the nearest cover, leaving me entirely alone to combat with this terror of the forest.

"Finding the animal still remained quiet, and being nothing daunted myself, I slowly advanced a few paces, in order to make my aim more certain, and discharged both barrels in quick succession. With a wild spring the carcagieu leapt from the rock into the pass, and made directly toward me. I had always considered myself a good marksman, and rarely ever before missed an animal of that size at such a distance; but from [illegible] which I cannot even now [illegible] peared to be [illegible] mendati[illegible] Ah certa[illegible] Now, to d[illegible] ern phrase, I was in for the figh[illegible] clubbing my rifle, and drawing my knife, I prepared for the encounter. The velocity of the animal seemed more like that of lightning than any other comparison I can make, and by the time I had fairly put myself upon my defence, he was upon me. I struck out with my rifle, and missed him; and dropping the piece, I made a lunge with my knife, when, quick as thought he sprang upon my breast. His motions were so quick as to take me completely by surprise; and as I staggered back, and gave him a severe lunge with my knife, I slipped and fell. I was now completely at his mercy; and with a terrible ferocity, increased by the pain of his wound, he fastened his fang into my quivering flesh, and lacerated me in the most horrible manner. I still retained my knife and my presence of mind, and lunged desperately; but my blows, from some cause, seemed to be turned from a vital part. How long the struggle lasted I am unable to say; it might have been a minute—it might have been ten—but it seemed to me an age. Death, with all the horrors of dying young, alone—far from home and my companions—in the wilderness, and by such a cause, came upon me with a terrible power. I seemed to recall, in an instant of time, all the great events of my life. I still struggled manfully—I still lunged desperately—but every moment I felt myself growing weaker. My garments were rent, my flesh mangled, the blood was streaming from my wounds, and I felt a faintness coming over me which I believed to be the faintness of death. I thought of Francois, and called loudly for assistance, but no answer was returned. I tried to pray—but a thousand thoughts rushed upon me, with such overwhelming force, that not one seemed to linger long enough to be paramount to the others. O, the horrors of that moment! Even now, gentlemen, I shudder as I recall them—describe them I cannot. The beast, I was aware, was still at his bloody work—but the sensations of pain grew every moment less acute. I felt that I was nearly dying. My sight grew more and more dim, and at last all terrestrial objects began to fade away from me, as I believed, forever. Darkness, unconsciousness, death, I might say, succeeded—but that I am here to tell the tale.

"When I again opened my eyes, I found myself in the camp of my friends. Francois, it seems, had fled; but having, by good fortune, found a couple of my companions not far distant, he had related to them, in his own marvelous way, the story of my adventure with the wonderful carcagieu. He told them how he had met us in a certain pass, and that against all persuasion of his own, I had deliberately resolved upon an encounter with the magic beast. He said he had remained long enough to see the monster spring upon me; and, with the superstition of his class, he solemnly declared, and called upon all the saints to witness, that the next moment he had seen both disappear in a cloud of smoke and fire. My companions, of course, were not prepared to credit his wonderful tale, but were inclined to the belief that something fearful had happened. Much against his will they compelled the terrified Frenchman to guide them to the eventful pass, where, to their horror, they found what they believed to be my mangled remains, surrounded by a pool of blood. There were traces of blood far up the pass, and from the appearance of the knife, which was still clasped in my hand, it was evident that the beast had not escaped scathless. Though apparently dead, a careful examination showed signs of life in me; and relinquishing all thoughts of following the beast, which, on any other occasion they would have done, they hastily prepared a litter, and took me back to camp, where my wounds were dressed as well as circumstances would permit.

"It was some days ere I recovered consciousness, and I found that during the interval I had been attended with brotherly care. As soon as it was considered safe to remove me I was taken to the station of Pueblo de San Diego, where I was placed under the care of a Mexican padre, who had considerable skill in the art Esculapian. Still my recovery was slow, tedious and painful, and it w[illegible] months before I was [illegible] My com[illegible]panions meanti[illegible] returned to the mountains, and had been successful in the capture of the mysterious carcagieu, whose skin they brought me as a trophy. It was regarded with a kind of superstitious veneration by the mountaineers and Indians, the latter considering it "a great medicine," and offering the most extravagant price for it.

"I had no particular veneration for it," said the narrator, with a laugh, "but as one of the species had cost me a great loss of time and an immense amount of suffering, I came to the conclusion that the skin of that particular animal was not for sale. I brought it home with me, and it now hangs in my wigwam in the interior of Virginia; and when, under the influence of a fine Havana, I sit and gaze upon it in a reflective mood, I recall the scene of my perilous adventure, and thank God for my wonderful preservation. Such, gentlemen, is my story, which, if it serve no other purpose, I trust will be the means of bringing a still better one from some of you."

"But," said the inquisitive Mr. Wade, as Howard Wayne concluded, "I yet do not understand what a carcagieu is, after all. What do you really think it is?"

"Well, my opinion is, sir, from what I saw and the best information I could obtain, that it is not an animal of a distinct genus, but a cross between the bear and wolf. However, I do not know that my opinion is correct; but with the experience I have had, I certainly feel no particular desire to investigate the subject. Be it devil alone, or devil and bear, or devil, bear and wolf combined, the whole, or in part, plural or singular, I have not the remotest desire to make any further acquaintance with one of the kind."

It may not be improper to remark here, that although this was the first time I had ever heard the name of the carcagieu, I have since learned, from reliable authority, that such an animal really does exist in the far West, and I have no reason to suppose that the story told by Howard Wayne was not a truthful one. I have given his brief narrative, not so much for the mere interest of the story itself, as for the information which it conveys of a ferocious animal, of which I have never seen any mention made in natural history.

☞ It has been positively asserted by many prominent persons, that after a good trial of hundreds of supposed remedies for the dread diseases of the kidneys, liver, and stomach, all to no effect, one bottle of Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron has worked a wonderful change. Dr. Henley makes no [illegible] of the ingredients of his wonderful specific. It is composed of Celery, the best nervine, extract of beef, very nutritious and invigorating, and pyrophosphate of iron, a great blood tonic and also food for the brain. For sale by all druggists.

☞ At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him, and exclaimed. Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion."

Twain replied gravely: "Madame, you must excuse me; I am silent of necessity; I have friends in both places.

☞ "How do you like the new minister, Aunt Lucy?" asked a gentleman of an old colored woman.

"I haint got much respeck for his ability, Sah. He don't mount ter much."

"What's the trouble with his ability, aunty?"

"He's prayed foah Sundays now fo' de health of Deacon Johnsing, Sah, an' de poo' ole man is gettin' wuss an' wuss."