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FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,

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BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF

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ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

R. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention. March 18, 1886-y.

THE WHITE.

An improved high arm sewing machine.

The advantage of a high arm, admitting the passage under it of bulky garments without muzzing or soiling the compacting by them, is too well known to require description.

It will last a life time and its range of work exceeds that of any other machine.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Among the many advantages of the White machine are its needle, self-setting in every sense of the word, always tight.

It has the least complicated, the most simple, durable and complete shuttle ever made, simplicity in threading being an especial feature. The shuttle tension is so arranged that you can increase it or decrease it without removing the shuttle from the machine or disarranging the work.

All wearing parts of the White are made adjustable, so that any loss incident to long uses can be easily taken up, thus avoiding the delay and expense in duplicating parts. The simplicity in threading the White is unequalled by any other machine, and we would particularly call attention to the fact in either the upper or lower thread, there is no hole to thread through excepting the eye of the needle.

For Family Use, Dress Making, Tailoring, the White is without a peer.

T. Lee Harden, Agent,

COMPTON, MD. July 29.

A CARD.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

J. W. MONTGOMERY

BULLEN & MCKEEVER,

939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Burch & Montgomery having dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the reliable firm of BulLEN & MCKEEVER for the transaction of a General Commission Business, for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal, Hogs and all kinds of country produce.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past, I respectfully solicit the same in the future.

Very respectfully,

J. W. MONTGOMERY.

Nov. 18, 1886-y.

R. A. GOLDEN,

GROCER AND

Commission Merchant,

CORNER 10th and F. NOS. 941 and 943 S. W.

OLD STAND WAREHOUSE

931 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE

MECHANICVILLE, MD.

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livery attached and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 24-47

For Ice Cold Beer and

good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to

E. WALTER MATTINGLY,

Mechanicville, St. Mary's county, Md.

Real Estate.

PARTIES wishing to sell farms, by furnishing the undersigned a description, etc., will have the same advertised free of charge. We have made arrangements with several Real Estate Agents for the sale of lands in lower Maryland.

MOORE & MORGAN, Leonardtown.

TO TAXPAYERS.

PERSONS indebted to me for taxes for the year 1884 are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise I shall be compelled to collect the same by process of law.

W. J. WATKIN, Late Tax-Collector of 3rd District. Sept. 24, 85-4f.

Saint Mary's Beacon

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties of Charles and St. Mary's and Washington city. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims, &c. Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. S. Chasity & Co., all parties desiring to sell farms in Maryland can place them in our hands. Persons desiring to buy or exchange should call or send for list of property. Jan. 20-y.

DAN'L C. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call.

All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.

Jan 8/85tm

JO. F. MORGAN,

Attorney and Counselor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,

LEONARDTOWN, MD. April 1, 1886-4f.

HENRY P. SPALDING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care. Jan 1, 85-4f

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,

Attorney-at-Law,

745 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties. June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, 41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md. Jan. 16, 1873-4f.

R. C. COMBS,

Attorney-at-Law,

Leonardtown, Md. Aug. 12-4f.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Leonardtown, Md.

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,

Attorney-at-Law,

(late of the Court of Appeals.) Has associated himself with B. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address Annapolis, Md.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency

220 S. CHARLES ST.,

BALTIMORE.

For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of Country Produce.

JOS. SHEPHERD, Pres., Dr. G. W. DORSEY, Treasurer, L. E. HINKS, Sec., SAM'L. M. HINKS, Cashier, G. W. DORSEY, Tobacco Salesman, JER. TOWSEND Assistant.

Salesman for Grain, Hay, Wool, Fruit and Poultry. JOHN E. BRISCOE.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers and agents for Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground Bone, Kainit and

Peruvian Guano. Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments. March 17-y.

G. W. CARROLL, J. W. BRADLEY,

CARROLL & BRADLEY,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 16 Camden Street,

BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION. Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.; Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md. T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md. Hurst, Purnell & 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-yf

HAYDEN & TENNISON,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

CANDIES, CAKES, CRACKERS, &c.

Cigars and Tobacco a Speciality.

N. E. Corner Pratt and Light Sts.,

GEORGE S. HAYDEN, Baltimore.

WM. B. TENNISON, Baltimore.

March 24-y.

QUINTOLEO!

A SEVERE FEVER. CURE FOR CHILLS & FEVER. DUMB AGUE, Bilious Fever, LIVER DISORGE, MALARIA, and all types of Fever and sickness arising from miasm and malarial heat. A specific tonic for strengthening the whole system. J. M. Winkelman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

[From the Church News.]

Early Footprints.

BY FELIX CONWAY.

Published by Request.

Cradled between beautiful rivers, its low shores washed by the bold waters of the Chesapeake, lies a narrow slip of pine and sand, Ultima Thule of the Western Shore of Maryland—the "Sleepy Hollow" of the State—"the world forgetting by the world forgot," yet it is to this spot should they seek the cradle land of their faith in the United States that the footsteps of every Catholic would turn. It is here the pilgrims visiting the land first made glorious by the light from the over-shadowing of the angel of liberty should come.

The ancient county of St. Mary's is little known and seldom visited by the stranger, who, when he finds himself wandering there, little dreams of the chapters of unwritten history that live in local tradition or else is hidden away among the ancient papers, buried in dark nooks and crannies of the old Colonial homes, where tall chimneys occasionally greet the eye from amid stately groves of forest trees. Names familiar to the student of the early history of the Colony are here household words—words long obsolete elsewhere. Vigorous old English, such as were used by their ancestors, are still heard from the lips of the uneducated, and in visiting the old family graveyards, and locating the time-worn inscriptions on the lichen-veiled stones the mind flies back involuntarily to the civil wars of merry England, when the young King Charles watched from amid the nestling boughs of oak,

"While far below the Roundhead rode, And humm'd a surely hymn."

for many of them bear the patronymics of families of note, who fled or were exiled from England after having lost all save honor in the Stuart cause. It is from the chronicle of the tomb we gather the history of the past, so it is in the ancient graveyards and among the records of the churches that we must seek the links which bind together the Catholic traditions of Maryland.

Time, which has dealt most gently with many things in the old Colony, has not been so merciful to the sacred edifices, and there is at present but one church in the county within whose walls the early pilgrims knelt, though with few exceptions they have been rebuilt on or near the sites granted by the early landed proprietors to the disciples of the saintly Loyola.

Among the earliest missions established was that of St. Joseph's, some thirty or forty miles from St. Inigo's, situated in the heart of a dense forest, which was called "St. Joseph's Forest," the tract of country it formerly covered still bearing this name.

Tradition locates the first church that was dedicated in Maryland to the nursing-father of Our Divine Lord on a hill overlooking the cemetery, which is one of the oldest in the State. Though there are to be found there the tombs of the Taneys and Thomas families, there are none bearing the names of any family of Colonial distinction, for it was customary for "the gentry" to inter their dead upon their own estates, and thus we find attached to the ancestral homesteads throughout the State the family graveyards.

The first St. Joseph's was a log hut, built by the joint labors of the pilgrims and the Patuxent Indians, who under the just rule of Calvert had been converted to Christianity. Within the roughly hewn walls the Chalice of Oblation was first offered to heaven by the hand of the saintly White, while from the forest around arose the smoke of the sacrifices offered to Barclay, but the Indians sacred cry, "Tah," was lost amid the hymns of joy that rolled heavenward, as the black robe "broke into the child of the soil and the pale-face" the Bread of Life as side by side they knelt, the red man destined to vanish and become but a tradition in the land and the stranger from over the sea, whose children's children still hold as their most sacred treasure the faith their ancestors planted amid the wilds of the New World.

No bloody wars reddened the letters of their history; no dangers, save from the prowling beasts of prey, lurked in the footsteps of the holy missionary as unarmed he made his way through the pathless forest. The three notches (the road still retains the name) blazoned upon the darksome

pinewoods his guide by day, and at night dusky warriors bearing torches of lightwood piloted him on his errands of love and mercy to the inland mission of St. Joseph.

For awhile the woodland chapel prospered, and then the shadow of the evil genius of Maryland fell over the land.

The sound of many feet, not the martial tramp of men trained to arms, broke the sylvan silence. There was for a brief space the sound of battles; hard blows were given and blood was spilled, for the Neales, the Taneys and Fenwicks came of no favored race, and fought bravely for their faith, but in vain. The midnight sky was reddened by the flames of the little church, built amidst so many hardships, sanctified by so many prayers, and the morning sun shone on the charred ruins of the mission.

Nothing daunted, the settlers, aided by the Christian Indians, again erected a place of worship. This time a more pretentious one, for though built of log, it was faced with English brick—in spite of an article recently written to prove that none were imported from the mother country. Tradition holds and points clearly to the fact that ships carrying tobacco from Maryland to England brought back as ballast the quaint bricks that faced so many of the ancient houses of the Colony, and that the first chapel at St. Mary's city was built of them.

The bricks from the ruins of this church, passing into the possession of a bigoted Protestant, have been used by him in erecting a stable, although he was offered a liberal price for them by some Catholic gentlemen who were most anxious to rescue these relics from so base a usage.

Sad as it seems, it is nevertheless true, that the spot which should be dearest to the Catholics of the United States is in possession of the Protestants; who, in the last year or two, have even seized upon the remnant of the old historic mulberry tree, under which Mass was first celebrated in Maryland, and having it converted in canes, napkin-rings and like articles of devotion, sell them for the benefit of an Episcopal Church, as relics of a tree under which Calvert signed a treaty with the Indians. It is almost unnecessary to add that the legend of the treaty being signed under "the Mass tree," as it was fondly called by the Catholics, is a mere figment, "invented to suit the occasion" by zealous workers, anxious to replenish the coffers of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary's.

Extensive grants of lands were made to many of the gentlemen who accompanied or followed Baltimore to the Colony, and soon stately homes arose amid the forests surrounding St. Joseph's. A descendant of the great O'Neale, flying from persecution in Ireland, settled at Hillylea. The Fenwicks held the grant of St. Cuthbert's Manor; the Coles owned extensive estates bordering on the Patuxent, adjoining the lands of the Taneys, who first dwelt at Drum Cliffs, but subsequently moved across the river to Battle Creek, and it is probable that most of these families aided in rebuilding the church destroyed by Clayborn. A fierce feud existed between the Coles and Taneys, each laying claim to the land bordering on St. Cuthbert's, now called Cole's Creek. It must have been a rather inconvenient quarrel for the Taneys, as it was the landing nearest the "three-notch" road, which, after crossing the river in canoes, they were obliged to take to reach St. Joseph's, where still there may be found in its desolate graveyard some tombs of the family. The writer remembers, when a child, reading an inscription on an old broken headstone erected in 1705 to "Mary Taney, aged 16."

How fancy paints the scene, the white palled coffin borne on the shoulders of the slaves, and followed by the long procession of mourners through the almost impenetrable woods. The groups of Indians, watching with hidden interest the burial rites of the Christians as they laid to rest beneath the Titanic oaks of "the forest primeval" the fair English girl, for whom no Dies Irae was chanted within the unbewn walls of the mission church. The serpent had stung the breast that warmed it. The Catholic priest was no longer permitted to celebrate the divine office of the Mass in the colony the Catholics had founded.

The graves of the Taneys are scattered. Some are interred at Drum Cliffs, but no one knows where rests the father of Maryland's purest son, Roger Brook Taney, for though supposed to be buried at or near Battle Creek, he, a fugitive from justice, found a grave in a foreign land. A man of violent passions, his home was made wretched by his insane jealousy of a pure and lovely wife, whom for years he kept as a prisoner in her room. Death mercifully released her from her life's martyrdom, and Taney then wooed the belle of the county, a beautiful girl who was betrothed to a wealthy young planter. Having a love of freedom and fresh air, the young lady rejected with disdain the offer of her elderly suitor. A few weeks later Taney gave a breakfast to the neighboring gentlemen, his successful rival being among the number invited.

Battle Creek, a quaint old house, faces the Patuxent, and it was on the lawn, in view of the dancing waters, that the tables were spread. Under the blossom-laden boughs of the locust-trees the red wine was quaffed, and merry jests went around, though many noticed the host's brow was gloomy and his mirth forced. A guest, raising his glass, called for a toast—"health, happiness to the fortunate lover and his fair fiancée." There was but one who left his glass undrained, and that was Taney, who, as the young planter arose to acknowledge the compliment, cleared the table at a bound, and luried his dagger to its hilt in his breast.

The body of the unfortunate youth was borne into the house and placed in an upper chamber. For years after there was to be seen along the old hall and stairway the dark stains of blood, silent witness of that fearful tragedy.

Though eagerly sought for by the family of the murdered man, who were unceasing in their efforts to discover his hiding place, Taney effected his escape, and within less than a year the tidings came that he had died abroad and that his remains were to be brought home for interment. His funeral was conducted with pomp, but one of the pall-bearers chancing to remark in the presence of a relative of Taney's victim, upon the great weight of the coffin, suspicion was aroused. That night the grave was violated, the lid of the coffin removed and the coffin found to contain heavy stones, held in place by pillows.

Local tradition claims that in the Mission Church of St. Joseph, the waters of Baptism were poured upon the brows of the successor of Archbishop Carroll, Leonard Neale, and his brother Henry, and at the humble altar in this little chapel they received their First Communions. Col. Henry Neale, of Hillylea, at the outbreak of the revolution, equipped a regiment at his own expense and led it gallantly throughout the war, returning at the close of it to his home, which at his death was inherited by his son Robert. The log church, proving too small for the rapidly increasing congregation, another was built within the cemetery inclosure.

Scarcely was it finished ere it was seized upon by Thomas Ataway Reader, a Protestant gentleman, who claimed that under a former grant the site to the church was vested in him. In spite of the fact that his wife was a Catholic, this wealthy land owner, obtaining possession of the building, used it for a tobacco barn, but probably wearied by the importunities of his French spouse, who, if ancient gossip does not malign her, was no "patient Griselda," he finally deeded the land to its rightful owners, the Jesuits.

In a short time the palmist days of the mission dawned, and as one listens to the recital of its bygone glories, it requires but little imagination to paint the picture. The old brick church, shaded by giant oaks, and environed by alleys of murmuring cedars, bathed in the glory of an early summer's day, which touching the tree tops, fingers lovingly over the white tombs that stand like sentinels pleading for prayers for those who rest beneath. The doors are open wide; song birds flutter about the long, narrow windows, and there is a soft rustle of leaves that blend not unbecomingly with the frou-frou of silken robes, as proud dames and fair maids, handed from stately family coaches by low-bowing gallants, sweep

slowly up the aisles. For here often gathered on Sunday mornings the elite of the county, descendants of many an illustrious family in England and Ireland; the Neales, of Hillylea, the Fenwicks, of St. Cuthbert's Manor, the Forests, of Forest Hall, the Edlens, Goughs, and last, but by no means the least, the Plowdens, whose ancestors in childhood romped about the sunny slopes of St. Germain with the unfortunate Chevelier de St. George and his fair young sister La Consaltrioe, and in after years, staking and losing all for his rightful king, left England and hung his sword upon the walls of Bushwood.

Generation after generation of the same families worshipped at St. Joseph's. The veterans of the revolution gave place to the heroes of the war of 1812. The warriors of the second combat with the mother country listened with soldierly pride as their sons told of the bloody fights at Buena Vista and Monterey. But the old church was destined soon to become "portion and parcel of the past." Time's hand fell heavily upon it, and just before the last war it was found necessary to erect another. The new building, one of the largest country churches in the State, stands on a hill some distance from the old site.

The war wrought many changes in the congregation. Death or loss of fortune scattered the families whose names are so closely identified with the early mission. And the last link that bound its past history with the present was broken by the death of the venerable Colonel Heard, a distinguished officer of the war of 1812. The last of an ancient Catholic family, he "passed away wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

The old church was for a time left to the bat and owl, and the hare couched where the altar of sacrifice once stood; but finally the crumbling walls were demolished, and now a heap of debris alone tells where they once were. Neglect marks the desolate graveyard; the grand old oaks and shadowy cedars have, in the last decade, been ruthlessly destroyed, and cattle wander at will and nip the brambles and thistles that cover the sunken graves. There is naught that speaks to the heart of the tender love which, lasting unto the end, makes beautiful the resting place of those who have gone before. And gazing on the uncared-for spot one involuntarily murmurs:

"How soon we are forgotten when we are dead."

JEFF DAVIS IN HIS OLD AGE.—I saw Jefferson Davis the day after my visit to Beauvoir in the office of his friend, Mr. Payne. Undoubtedly his strong constitution and stubborn vitality show the encroachments of time; but, tall, slender and erect with a remnant of military rigidity of bearing of his younger manhood, he still stoops less under the weight of his crowding years than men of his advanced age. His white, thin hair and beard have long since lost the trace of gray; the veins stand out under the shrunken and sploching skin of the slender hands; the thin, sharp features of the aquiline profile seem to stretch the fading complexion as the bridge of a violin stretches the strings. The chest is sunken and the shoulders rounded, adding something to the slight stoop of the tall figure as it crosses the floor with a rather feeble step, but without the assistance of a cane.

We talked five or ten minutes upon insignificant themes, Mr. Davis conversing with gentle and courteous interest. He reminded me once that he was slightly deaf. He recalled an anecdote of Sheridan (the Irish wit and statesman, not the Federal General,) in connection with the unfortunate predicament of Judge Fenner of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, upon the interruption of his address at the unveiling of the Lee monument in New Orleans two years ago by the terrific storm which stopped the ceremonies and dispersed the immense crowd. It was suggested that the address be postponed till next day. "Impossible," replied Judge Fenner; "it has been in print for hours." It was delivered that night to a few of the faithful and read next morning by the multitude.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

One of the penalties of lying is the distrust of the liar when he speaks the truth.

VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.—I hold the deepest and most unqualified respect for any person who is habitually cheerful.

Though he be plain to ugliness and ignorant to boorishness, or though he be as poverty-stricken as the proverbial "Job's turkey," if he is naturally and thoroughly and heartily cheerful, he has more of the true principle of earthly happiness than was ever extracted from the mines of Ophir.

Under Dickens' pen the irrepressible Micawber became a hero and a philosopher, not from any marked achievement or talent, but purely from the man's supreme ability to face the most humiliating reverses with the same serene, unruffled exterior.

What sugar is to coffee, so is a cheerful man to the neighborhood in which he lives. While the society of which he is only a single member is self-sustaining and independent without him, it is much the pleasanter for being generally flavored by his influence. And who does not know all about the "world of good" it does us, when a score of small annoyances set in a tide against us, to hear the hearty laugh and look into the wholesome face of our cheerful neighbor?

A talented author once said that "a cheerful disposition was more essential than talent." A sweeping assertion, but who admires talent in a human porcupine. Soundly sensible people prefer less talent and more geniality.

The man who entertains you for an hour with a statement of his colds, and his headaches, his losses and his crosses, and ends with an excruciating report from the dyspeptic locality, is invariably a sullen, grumbling misanthrope.

Beyond a doubt laughter is healthy. Whenever we are thoroughly pleased, we are in a measure nourished. Hence the old maxim, "Laugh and grow fat."

All really healthy people are likely to be good-humored, and good-humored people are quite as likely to be strong in spirit.

Kind words and smiles and genial greetings, and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit each after its own kind.

Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal; the more is spent the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

Jovial, sweet-tempered, pure-hearted people are charitable; they are liberal; they are not jealous. They are the sweet, their opposites are the bitter; the two elements combine and make the social world a better sweet; unfortunately, the flavor of the bitter is most powerful.

The mountain is grand, majestic, and sublime, so are great deeds and achievements. But as there are more hills than mountains, so are there more little deeds than great ones in our lives. If the hills vary our landscape, and by culture yield us our daily bread, then are the hills better for us than the snow-cap mountains.

Let our acts of sympathy and love, our words of cheer, and smiles of joy, lighten others' burdens or strengthen faint hearts; it is better for us to be kind and gently considerate, than that we had won a fortune.

BILL NYE ON HIS BIRTH PLACE.—A man ought not to criticize his birth place, I presume, and yet, if I were to do it all over again, I do not know whether I would select that particular spot or not. And yet, what memories cluster about that old house. This was the place where I first met my parents. It was at that time that my acquaintance sprang up which ripened in latter years into mutual respect and esteem. It was there that what may be termed a casual meeting took place that has, under the alchemy of resistant years, turned to golden links, forming a