Saint Mary's Beacon

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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CHRISPIN & DAWKINS,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, - - - BALTIMORE.

(Written for the Beacon.)

IMMORTALITY.

My soul proclaims "I will not die!
I was not made by God on high
To live but three score years and ten,
Then with the flesh and blood of men
To fade, and die, and pass away.
The life of man is but a day,
A span long, or a tale that's told,
While I, when set free from my prison cold
Will leave the body, break its bars
And take my flight up to the stars.
I will not then have pains or fears,
But dwell in peace for eternal years."

—GEORGE C. PERINE.

THE FOREST OF DEATH.

There is living to-day a monarch whose horrible orgies and bloody superstitions are comparable only to the stories of Rider Haggard, for the accounts of the deeds done by the King of Ashantee read like fiction.

The probability of another war between England and Ashantee is now seriously discussed. Lord Salisbury has sent an ultimatum to the savage King in regard to alleged violations of the treaty of 1874, and the matter of the reception of a British representative at Coomassie. Should another war occur the rule of the bloody monarch would likely come to an end.

The account of the King of Ashantee's sacrifices given by Mr. Melton Prior, the famous war correspondent of the London Illustrated News, in a recent issue of the Album, reads like the chapter of "King Solomon's Mines" which describes the "witch dance." That which most of the readers have taken for the work of a luridly imaginative brain turns out to be sober truth and fact.

"I have felt all along that the treaty promises made by the Ashantees after the capture of Coomassie would never be kept without the presence of a British resident at the capital, especially as regards the discontinuance of human sacrifice." said Mr. Prior. "It is fundamental principle of their religious belief, and rests on a wild idea of piety toward parents and chiefs whose rank in the next world would be the better assured by the number of attendants sent after them, and also as propitiation to their gods generally. Not only the King but each chief has his own slaughter-house, where slaves or prisoners of war are regularly massacred.

IN THE KING'S SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

"As to the King's slaughter-house in the forest, it is a perfect catacomb of skulls and bones, and the dead bodies of 30 victims sacrificed a few hours before our arrival, to avert the final taking of Coomassie, were still warm, while—but the scene was too awful and offensive to describe in detail. I suppose I shall never forget the head of one poor wretch whose tongue protruded from his grinning mouth, while his eyes stared at us in the most ghastly manner, as if he were still alive."

"And you think such episodes of butchery still go on?"

"Undoubtedly, I should say. I don't believe they ceased even under the late King, and you can well understand they would certainly be revived under the present youthful potentate, who would pay little attention to pledges given by his predecessors as long as 25 years ago. The King of Ashantee, regarding himself as an independent monarch, would be eager to show his people that he adhered to the religion of his forefathers, and gain credit by objecting to the interference of repressive measures."

"Tell me, please, some of the most thrilling incidents of the advance up-country."

"Well, the danger of being picked off in the impenetrable forests could scarcely be said to be tranquillizing. It was not particularly exhilarating to come across the dead body of a slave, his feet pointing to Coomassie, while his servered head was in a reversed position and facing us, while certain mutilations were accompanied by a paper of menaces, with a blood spot in its center, through which a nail was fastened to a tree. Their superstitious belief is extraordinary. They took our telegraph poles and wires for some kind of fetich, and actually carried a cotton thread tacked to trees from C[illegible] all the way down to the[illegible] to obtain the same success [illegible] as we enjoyed."

"I suppose [illegible] have not kept the road open [illegible] they promised, from Coomassie to the Prah."

"I cannot say [illegible] I should think it very unlikely. The neglect of a season or two would soon render the tropical fo[illegible] and underwood as impenetrable as ever," he replied, as he lighted another cigarette.

"You would not expect the Ashantees to [illegible] ng of a stand surely?"

"I should say not, if they are armed with the old flintlocks; but, perhaps, they have been provided with arms of greater precision by foreign merchants; besides, who can tell what they may not do under a head-strong young King? You must remember they were able on the last occasion to put 40,000 warriors in the field. For my own part, I should think no European troops need be sent out. I should say the Gold Coast police, with one or two West India regiments, would suffice. They have a very wholesome fear of our machine guns, I can tell you. During the last campaign I remember a native chief, who came as an Ambassador, after witnessing the practice of a Gatling, committed suicide during the night, either through his astonishment at its execution or possibly from fear of disgrace on the failure of his mission."

"What was your impression of the Ashantees physically?"

"They are a fine race, fairly tall, and remarkably thin, except the chiefs, who show signs of good living. There is less of the nigger type—less of the flat nose than is to be found among the natives on the coast, in spite of the fact that the se[illegible] and the Fantees are [illegible] one people, migrated from the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, or even from the Soudan. Famine separated them, one division living on 'san' or Indian corn, hence their name Santees, and the other subsisting on 'fan' or herbs, whence Fantees is derivable."

"And they are fairly expert in matters of industry?"

"They can make very pretty things in gold. This ring I habitually wear on my scarf was made by a native in the veranda of my quarters at Cape Coast Castle. They are splendid sword artificers, as witness their sword of state, of which we brought several away. The gold masks are very curious as well as many of their buckles. As among many people, the umbrella is an insignia of royalty and power. Many of these curios were brought to this country and were publicly exhibited. Their cotton fabric is very fine and beautiful. However, we were only two days in Coomassie, before we set out on our march back, and on reaching the River Prah, Sir Garnet ordered all the troops to be searched for unlawful loot."

W. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee and country stores will tell you that no one is better qualified to judge of the merits of an article than the dealer, because he bases his opinion on the experience of all who use it. For this reason they wish us to publish the remarks of other dealers about an article which they handle. Messrs. C. F. Moore & Co., Newberg, Ore., say: "We sell more of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy than all others put together, and it always gives good satisfaction." Mr. J. F. Allen, Fox, Ore., says: "I believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be the best I have handled." Mr. W. H. Hitchcock, Columbus, Wash., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy sells well and is highly praised by all who use it."

THE CAUSE OF THE FIGHT.—Grinnen—You would hardly believe it, but since I began taking a swimming bath at the natatorium once a day I have run my weight down from 207 pounds to 192.

Barrett—I can easily believe it. You use soap.

TO ETHELBERT RALEY.

O why not wait till I was dead
To put your laurels on my head?
"NIL NISI BONUM" then had been
Fit epitaph for one so THIN.

JOHN B. TABB, St. Charles' College, Md.

STORIES OF SENATORS.

'Perhaps to the Senators themselves there's no more interesting character than Hill. He is a Presidential candidate for one matter. What? Why centainly he is. If he isn't his fellow Senators are egregiously fooled. He wants the nomination of his party in '96. Whether he gets it or not is another story.

'But he is interesting nevertheless. He is aggressive, and there is a sort of sinister dark courage goes with Hill, and an eager readiness to do battle with any or all, which keeps his fellow-statesmen watching him.

'Perhaps the Senate notion of Hill can as well be told by quoting honest old Senator Coke. A Texas man, one of Coke's constituents, asked the old gentleman what he thought of Hill.

'Why,' responded Coke, looking solemnly at the questioner and refreshing himself with a giant mouthful of tobacco, 'Hill, is a remarkable man. I've watched him narrowly. I take it, Hill has the making naturally of a very desperate man. Do you know, if Hill had been born and raised in Texas I reckon he'd killed a dozen men by now.'

'And Coke was as simple and honest about it as could be. It was exactly his impression of Hill. To tell the truth, it is, when we stop to think, the impression of all of us.

II.

'Gorman? Yes, his fellow Senators like Gorman. He is a Senatorial combination making. Among other men Gorman has but little to say. He makes no confidants; has no play spells; no moments when he relaxes. He is never off his gnard; never talks idly or at raudom.

'In a word Gorman listens much and talks but little. And from first to last, whatever his object may be, Gorman is pursuing it and pushing for it, with the inveteracy of a blood hound.

'Where he lacks is in courage. He can't stand the crash and actual collision of battle.

'His speech, wherein he assailed Cleveland, during the tariff war was to the Senators the most surprising thing Gorman ever did. And while not so trenchant or so severe as what Vest has said a dozen times of Cleveland on the floor of the Senate, it made a profound impression on us because it was so unlike Gorman's method; so at war with his history, and at variance with all we knew of the Marylander.

'If it had been Vest it wouldn't have surprised us at all; albeit we wouldn't have attached the least importance to it. Vest is in the habit of attacking people and propositions with the most caustic severity one day, and being found amiably arm in arm with them the next.

III.

'Speaking of Vest, it might be said that he easily bears off the palm as the best off-hand speaker on the Senate list. No one can approach him. Especially is this true, if, as is frequently the case, his temper is aroused, and the affair in hand has a personal flavor. He is quick as a flash, sour as a lime, and keen as a knife. I've heard Vest talk an hour by the Senate clock, and his speech, entirely off-hand, would be a classic in sarcasm. Addison never wrote purer English than Vest will talk; Junius was never more trenchant.

'Yet for all his genius—and he has with it, too, a sort of peevish courage, of itself rather respectable—Vest has no weight with the Senate. The uncertainty of Vest is a Senate byword.

'In this repute for being shifty and unstable Vest is directly in contrast with Cockrell, his colleague. There isn't a man in the Senate but will take Cockrell's statements in or out of the Senate as absolutely and fully true. He has a unique reputation in that behalf. He never forgets, and he's very careful. He's sure of his facts before he makes an assertion.

'During the twenty years he has been in the Senate no one ever found him in a misstatement. And to-day all over the Senate Cockrell's word is at absolute par and regal tender with all.

'Cockrell is not bright and imaginative like Vest; can't make the speech Vest does. But he is a man of tireless industry; much common hard sense, and invincible courage. This makes him a very valuable man.

'He has been for years on the Appropriations Committee; chairman of it now, and he probably knows more about the details of government finance; where it gets its money, and how it spends it, than any member of the Senate. Hardly a day goes by but some Senator, talking, will pause and appeal to Cockrell to set him right on dates and figures. All of them do this; Sherman, Teller, Cullom, Allison, and the rest of the Republicans, as much as the others.

For the Blues.

Harper's Bazar: If a remedy for the blues could be offered the public of the efficacy claimed for a quack medicine to cure all the ills that beset mankind, a fortune would surely await the patentee. But of several receipts given by persons of different sorts and conditions, it may be possible to choose one to suit one's own case.

'I take a walk,' said one young woman, vigorous of mind and body. 'If the trouble comes from indigestion, as it usually does, there is nothing like a good run.' The reply of a Boston maiden may be deemed characteristic: 'I sit down to the hardest mathematical problem that I can find.' 'I go into one of the alcoves in the reading-room,' said another, the possessor of that Boston patent of nobility, a share in the Athenæum, 'with the new magazines or a pile of local histories.' 'I suppose the saintly-minded would say that the best plan is to go to see some one who is worse off than yourself,' said a young woman of feeble constitution, but brilliant mental environments. 'I only add this misery to mine, and the sum total is suicidal. I just think 'It isn't illness and it isn't death; nothing else matters.' Or I try to bring myself to the admirable frame of mind that Dolly Madison attained at 80: 'My dear, when you have reached my age, you will learn that nothing matters.' 'I sweep my room,' said an energetic little housewife, 'usually to the indignation of the maid, who has just completed the same task.' Perhaps the best suggestion of all came from the tired little bookkeeper: 'I try to do something for somebody else.' For, as the Salvation Army sister phrased it, 'If you make other people 'appy, you've a 'appiness in your 'art that don't come in no other way.'

But, whether caused by a derangement of the liver, by some one walking over our future grave, or rising like an exhalation without known cause, it is safe to insist that the blues should be struggled against. There is a certain critical period in the life of every man or woman, at or near middle life, when he or she becomes morally tired. It may be that it is because then the ambition of youth is stilled in its 'wild pulsation,' and that the vague sense of the future holding a beautiful something is seen to be only a mirage.

NOT BETWEEN TWO FIRES.—Dinklebaum—Vat's der matter, Isaacs? You look vorriet.

Isaacs—Vorriet? S' hellup me gracious! I vos nearly grazy. I haf now no chance to make a brofitable investment mit mein store no more. I schoost yesterday gets me mein entire stock insured for double its value, und der landlordt goes undt rents der floor above for a schwimmin' school undt der basement to a fire-exdinguisher goncern.—Puck.

Advice to Girls.

You wonder how you will know when love comes, and you seek for a definition of it in poetry and romance. That wild feeling which sometimes possesses an untrained girl and results in her eloping with a young man, who does not know the meaning of love in its best sense—is that this great emotion? No, a thousand times no. Is that exaggerated passion described in novels, and which seems to you to entirely ignore the sensible side of life, and to express in extravagant words and more extravagant deeds—is that love? No, a million times no. Love is, first of all, unselfish. Then it is sympathetic. Then it is reverential. No man ever loved a woman who urged her to disobey her parents. No matter what he may have said, the love that suggested this was a poor love—a base imitation of the real metal. It is not love which wishes you to think only of it and to drive away from you every other good feeling.

Why my dear girls, when love comes to you it will make you eager to be more thoughtful of every one of those who care for you. It will make you pitiful and anxious to help those who have not had this great blessing, and it will make you long to be close to God himself, for this feeling surely comes from Him and is of Him. Your lover is a poor one if he is not your friend, and yet you may have a friend who is not a lover. Your lover becomes a part of your life. What you do interests him, what you think about is a pleasure to him, and when you are with him each of you unconsciously lays bare the life that has been spent apart, and each gives a sympathy as to all that has been done. True love is forgiving. The to your faults, but he will also help you and stand well by you, so that leaning on him you do not commit this same error again. And you? Well, when without a word from him, you kown there is trouble and worriment, you will prove yourself, if you love him, his angel of consolation. Asking no questions, you will be told all, and the instinct of love will guide you to the right, and you can offer, not only sympathy, but wise speech. This is only possible between people who love strongly; between friends there may be confidence, but there is nothing absolutely like this. To a friend one cannot lay bare one's heart's desire or heart's ache, but to that one being who has the best of you there is nothing too sacred to tell and nothing to secret to whisper.—Ruth Ashmore in the Ladies' Home Journal.

TRUE SYMPATHY.—The railway world witnesses daily so many piteous partings that weeping travelers seldom attract official notice, but G. A. Sala records an exceptional instance. It was at the time of our civil war, and he was about departing for America, as correspondent of a great London daily.

"My wife was bitterly opposed to my going to America at all, and the idea of my travelling in a country convulsed by war so preyed upon her mind that she became positively ill. Still she insisted on coming to the railway terminus with me, and a party of friends were on the platform to give us a parting cheer.

"It was a desperate moment. I had parted from all that were dear to me, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in a corner of the carriage of the mail. I glared feebly at the burly, bearded guard who thrust his head into the window. He leaned toward me, and in a voice hoarse with sympathy whispered:

"Excuse me, sir, but you have another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another hug.'"

TAKE THE REST.—'Now,' said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, 'I must take your temperature.'

'All right,' responded the patient, in a tone of utter resignation, 'you have got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that too.'