

St. Mary's Beacon.

BY GEORGE S. KING.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES.

LEONARD TOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1859.

Vol. 8.—No. 7.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY GEORGE S. KING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 per annum, to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—\$1.00 per square for the three first insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Twelve lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be for one insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

To receive attention, all communications addressed to this office must be POST-PAID.

TO FARMERS
AND
Agricultural Dealers.

COTTINGHAM & JOHNSON, Manufacturers of Ploughs, Agricultural Implements, &c. No. 121 Pratt Street Wharf, corner of Millingworth and Pratt streets, Baltimore. We keep constantly on hand a general assortment, and are prepared to execute all orders for AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY, at the most notice and on as favorable terms as can be had in the City. Having fully fitted up a Factory, in Paxson's Alley, between Eutaw and Paca Streets, for the purpose, where they are prepared to manufacture every article in their line, and can assure their friends and the public that their work will be executed with fidelity, and the materials of the highest quality, and they flatter themselves that all articles sold by them will compare favorably with any to be obtained elsewhere.

The farmers and planters of Maryland and the neighboring States, may find it to their interest to call and examine their stock, and judge for themselves.

Among the things they keep on hand, will be: Cottingham & Willett's Improved Horse Power, with wrought shafts, various other levers, stationary and way powers, and threshing machines of various patterns. Harrow Mills, Drills, Horse Rakes, Rows, Cultivators, &c., &c. Straw Cutters, &c.

Casting above are warranted. Repairs done with expedition and fidelity. April 1.

CHAS. H. DRURY, (Holds a Patent) 121st Street, corner Pratt Street, head of the Basin, BALTIMORE.

HAVING completed his establishment, with Foundry connected for making his own castings, he prepared to furnish all varieties of

Agricultural Implements and Castings. Following is a list of PLOWS kept on hand—Davis, of the different patterns for cast and wrought shafts; S. & W. Mowbray's; Wiley, 2 & 3 furrow, No. 0, No. 1 & 2 Hill-side, No. 1 & 2 Connecticut, &c. Improved (or Peap) with common Da-Vis's share, Self sharpener or Wrought Share.

Reapers, Wheat Fans, Harrows, &c. Cultivators, plain and expanding; Tobacco; Wheat Fans; Corn Shellers; with hopper Old Vertical and Virginia Sheller; Harrow; superior Pennsylvania-made Gray Castles, Revolving Horse Rakes; Cylindrical Straw Cutters.

Horse Power, Threshing Machine, and Grist Mill. Horse-power Grist Mills, a very useful and saving article and coming into very general use; Horse Power and Threshing Machines—of these, I need not say anything, as wherever they have been in use any time they are preferred to all others.

Small size Power and Thresher. C. H. Drury will this year make a smaller size Power and Thresher—price of Power, \$100; Thresher, \$30; Band, \$10; or, when purchased together, \$150.

Persons in want of Implements made of the very best material, and put together in the strongest and best manner, to answer the purpose for which they are made, are invited to call on the subscriber. February 16, 1859. C. H. DRURY.

King's Magnetic Washing Fluid.

Has been tested, and found to be a very valuable preparation for washing greasy articles from clothing of all kinds. For sale by J. E. LEO SPALDING.

TREE TUN HOTEL, 121st Street, corner Pratt and Paca Streets, BALTIMORE.

Accommodations equal to any in the city. Board—ONE DOLLAR PER DAY. Stables attached to the establishment. B. ROBEY, Proprietor. Baltimore, 13, 1851.

Poetry.

LINES BY MILTON.

Upon his own Blindness, not to be found in any edition of his works, excepting the first.

I am old and blind— Men point at me as smitten by fate; And I am deserv'd of my kind— Yet I am not.

O merciful One! When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;

When friends pass by, my weakness shun, Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face Is beaming towards me, and its holy light Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place, And there is no more night.

On my bended knee I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown: My vision Thou hast dimm'd, that I may see Thyself; Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear; This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing; Beneath it I am almost sacred; here Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been, Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land, Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go; Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng; From angel lips I seem to hear the flow Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now, When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes: When the earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime My being fills with rapture—waves of thought Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre! I feel the stirrings of a gift divine: Within my bosom glows unearthly fire, Lit by no skill of mine.

At this crisis of affairs, a solemn visage—
A man, dressed in black, with a white
scarf, stepped forth from the dense
crowd on the edge of the boundary which
the balloon had beckoning to
him in a peculiar manner,
and in a peculiar manner,
said: "I am getting away! I am going
to the moon!—I am going to the moon!
—I am going to the moon!—They can't
catch us in the moon!"

He had exhausted nearly all the bal-
loon—except what was under or near me,
and we were rising at such an astounding
rate that I expected every moment that
the balloon would burst from the force
of its own expansion, when I observed
that the two hundred thousand miles
from the moon! said he, and we must throw
over some more ballast or we shan't be
home till morning."

"So taking he tore off his coat and
threw it over—next his waistcoat—and
was fumbling at his pantaloons, evidently
for a similar purpose. But a new thought
seemed to strike him:

"Two are too many for this little bal-
loon," he said; "she's going too slow!
We shall not reach the moon before
morning at this rate. Get out of this!"

"I was wholly unnerve. I could have
dared the fears, or reasoned down the
apprehensions of a reasonable companion:
but my present *compagnon du voyage*
'tired discourse of reason' as much as
a brute that perisheth, and remonstrance
is of no avail.

"Get out of this!" he repeated, in
a strangely piercing, in the hush of
upper air; and thereupon I felt myself
sized by a grasp, so often superhumanly
powerful in madmen, and found myself
suddenly poised over the side of the til-
g car, and heard the hum of the tor-
red gas in its silken prison above us:

"Good-night!" said the infuriated
man; "you'll hear from me by tele-
graph from the moon! They can't catch
me now! Ha! ha!—not now! not now!"

It was but a dream
of the night before his
vision; and this sketch is but a dream
of a dream; for it is from memory, and
not from the record."

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

Twenty years ago, a certain
Winn State (which we shall not name)
waterbury, and with a few inhabi-
tants young lawyer from one of the
States, emigrated thither, and settled
in town of K—. He succeeded abun-
dantly in his profession, and rose rapid-
ly popular favor. He had been there
two years, when he had induced a
patriot to come and print a weekly paper,
of which he was editor and proprietor.

Squire S— was much pleased for a
whilst editing a paper. He was a
man of very low stature, but he used the
editorial "we," as frequently as if there
was dozen of them, and each as big as
Dad Lambert or the Kentucky Giant.

Strife to say, there were men then in
office who were not a particle more honest
than they should be—a thing which prob-
ably never happened before, and never
will again. Squire S— felt all the
parish of a son of '76, and poured out
grip and canister against the public
ables. This stirred up a hornet's nest
about his ears; but as there was no other
pay in the territory, there was no reply,
and he enjoyed his warlike propensities
in security.

At length he published an article more
sere and cutting against malfeasance in
office than any that had preceded it. In
fact, though pointed at no one individual
in particular, it was a scorcher. His pen
was busy with a paragraph, when the
door opened without much ceremony, and
a stalked a man about six feet in his
skings. He asked: "Are you S—,
proprietor of this paper?" Thinking
he had found a new patron, the little man
with one of his very blindest smiles,
answered in the affirmative. The stran-
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from his pocket, and pointing to an article
against rogues in office, told the affrighted
editor it was intended for him. It was
a vain that S— protested that he had
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of the visitor rose to fever heat, and from

being so long restrained, boiled over with
double fury. He gave the choice, either
to publish a very laudable recantation, or
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He agreed to retract, and as the visitor
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to the desk. Squire S— made an ex-
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satisfied with the recantation, and he
had one more offender white neck tinged
with a darkness which puzzled all, ex-
cept those who were aware of the effect
of sulphur fumes upon bisulphur cosmetics.

**THE GREAT MORAL WANT OF THE PRO-
PLE.**—What is the quality in which the
improvident masses are so deficient?—
self-restraint, the ability to sacrifice a small
present gratification for a prospective
great one. A labourer, endowed with
due self-restraint, would never spend his
Saturday-night's wages at the public
house. Had he enough self-restraint,
the artisan would not live up to his in-
come during prosperous times, and leave
the future unprovided for. More self-
restraint would prevent imprudent marriages
and the growth of a pauper population.
And were there no drunkenness, no ex-
travagance, no reckless multiplication,
social miseries would be trivial.—*Social
Statics.*

If your "Editor's Drawer," writes a
Correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*, is
not already full, you may think the in-
closed, although an old story, worthy of
being squeezed in.

"Soon after the close of the American
Revolution, a deputation of Indian chiefs
having some business to transact with the
Governor, were invited to dine with some
of the officials in Philadelphia. During the
repast, the eyes of a young man were
attracted to a castor of mustard, having in
it a spoon ready for use. Tempted by
its bright color, he drew it to him, and had
soon a brimming spoonful in his mouth.
Instantly detecting his mistake, he never-
theless had the fortitude to swallow it,
although it forced the tears from his eyes.

"A chief opposite, at the table, who
had observed the consequence, but not
the cause, asked him 'What he was cry-
ing for?' He replied that he was 'think-
ing of his father, who was killed in battle.'
Soon after, the questioner himself, prompt-
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ment, with the same result, and in turn
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At a cheap boarding house, where
board was at two dollars and a half a
week, there was a huge feeder, who
'earned' the price of a week's board in
three days out of the seven. Butcher was
extravagantly high, and of this he was
especially fond, preferring it

On corresponding 'chunks' of bread."

One day the landlady, whose patience
had become exhausted, said to him:—
"That butter, Mr.—, that you were
eating, and appear to like so much, cost
two shillings and sixpence a pound."

"Did it though?" asked the gourmand;
then reaching out his knife, he took up a
big lump, and putting it upon a little piece
of bread, he rolled it round in his mouth
appreciatingly, saying:
"Well, now, I should say that butter
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"It is the gift of poetry to hallow every
place in which it moves; to breathe round
Nature an odor more exquisite than the
perfume of the rose, and to shed over it
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A fellow stole a wood-saw and, on trial,
told the judge he only took it in a joke.
"How far did you carry it?" asked the
judge. "Two miles," answered the pris-
oner. "That's carrying the joke too far,"
remarked the judge; and the prisoner was
committed for further examination.

Miscellaneous.

From Harper's Magazine.

A "MEMORY OF BALLOONING."

Mr. Green, the great London aeronaut,
who has ascended some hundred and fifty
times from Vauxhall Gardens, London;
who has taken his air-journeys at all times
of the day and night; who has sailed over
a continent with passengers in his frail
bark, when it was so dark, that, according
to the testimony of one of his fellow voy-
agers, it seemed as though the balloon was
making its noiseless way through a mass
of impenetrable black marble—this same
Mr. Green—to come back from our long
sentence—once gave out, by hand-bills
and the public prints, that on a certain
afternoon in July, he would ascend from
Vauxhall Gardens, London, at four o'clock
in the afternoon, with a distinguished lady
and gentleman, who had volunteered to
accompany him on that occasion.

The day and the hour at length arrived.
The spacious inclosures of the Garden
were crowded with an excited multitude,
awaiting with the utmost impatience for
the tossing, rolling globe to mount up and
be lost in the blue creation that spread out
far above the giant city, pavilioned by
its clouds of smoke. But the hour passed
by, and the "distinguished lady and gen-
tleman" came not.

"It's an 'oax'!" exclaimed hundreds,
simultaneously among the crowd: "There
isn't no such persons."

Mr. Green assured them of his good
faith; read the letter that he had received
from "the parties," and his answer; but
still the "madness of the people" increased,
and still the "distinguished lady and gen-
tleman" came not. Matters were
growing more and more serious, and a
"row" seemed inevitable.

"What do I do?" repeated the mad-

man: "I am getting away! I am going
to the moon!—I am going to the moon!
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