St. Mary's Beacon.

BY GEORGE S. KING. DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. $1,50 PER ANNUM.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Accommodations equal to any in the city. Board—ONE DOLLAR PER DAY. Stables attached to the establishment. Call and see.

T. B. ROBEY, Proprietor.

Baltimore, Dec. 18, 1851—tf

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 God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I [illegible] not cast down.

I a[illegible] yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

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 dimmed, 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 airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
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.

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-voyagers, 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 gentleman" came not.

"It's an 'oax!" exclaimed hundreds, simultaneously among the crowd: "There isn't no sich 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 gentleman" came not. Matters were growing more and more serious, and a "row" seemed inevitable.

At this crisis of affairs, a solemn visaged man, dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, stepped forth from the dense crowd, to the edge of the boundary which inclosed the balloon, and beckoning to Mr. Green, said in a very modest manner, and in a low tone:

"*I* will go with you, sir, with pleasure; I should be *glad* to go. I wish to escape, for a while, at least, from this infernal noisy town."

The aeronaut was only too glad to accept the proposition, as some sort of salvo to his disappointed auditory, whose denunciatory vociferations were increasing every moment.

Mr. Green, standing up in the car of his tossing and impatient vessel, now announced, that "a gentleman present, in the kindest manner, had volunteered to make the ascent with him," and that the "monster-balloon" would at once depart for the vague regions of the upper air.

This announcement was hailed with acclamations by the assembled multitudes; and giving some necessary orders to his assistants, who had become fatigued with holding the groaning ropes that had until now confined the "monster" to the earth, the balloon was liberated, and rose slowly and majestically over the vast crowd of spectators and the wilderness of brick and mortar, and towers and steeples, and spacious parks, that lay spread out below, and gradually melted into the celestial blue.

What followed is best represented by the partially remembered words of the aeronaut himself, as shadowed forth in the memorandum already referred to.

"As we rose above the metropolis, and its mighty mass began to melt into indistinctness, my companion, whose bearing and manner had hitherto most favorably impressed me, began to manifest symptoms of great uneasiness. As we were passing over Hanwell, dimly seen among the extended suburbs of the great city, his anxiety seemed to increase in an extraordinary degree. Pointing, with trembling finger, in that immediate direction, he said:

"'Can they *see us* from THERE? can they *reach* us in any way? can they telegraph us?—CAN they, I say?'

"Surprised at the excitement, and at the abrupt alarm of one who had been so remarkably cool and self-possessed at starting, I replied:

"'Certainly not, my dear sir; we are half a mile from the earth, at least.'

"Ah, ha! then I am safe! they can't catch me *now!* I escaped from them only this morning!'

"With a vague sense of some impending evil, I asked:

"'Escaped!—how!—from where?'

"'From the lunatic asylum! They thought I was crazed, and sent me there to be confined. Crazed! Why, there's not a man in London so sane as I am, and they knew it. It was a trick, sir—a trick! A trick to get my estate! But I'll be even with 'em! *I'll* show 'em! *I'll* thwart em!'

"Good Heavens! I was now a mile from the earth, with a madman for my companion!—in a frail vessel, where the utmost caution and coolness were necessary, and where the least irregularity or carelessness would send us, through the intervening space with the speed of thought, to lie, crushed and bleeding masses of unrecognizable humanity, upon the earth.

"But I had not long to think of even this apparently inevitable fate; for my companion had seized upon the sand-bags, and, one after another, was throwing them over the side of the car.

"'Hold! rash man!' I exclaimed; 'what would you do? You are endangering both our lives!'

"All this time the balloon was ascending with such rapidity, that the rush of the air through the net-work was like the wild whistling of the wind in the cordage of a ship under bare poles, in a gale at sea.

"'What do I *do?*' repeated the madman; 'I am getting away! I am going to the moon!—I am going to the moon!—Ha! ha! They can't catch us in the moon!'

"He had exhausted nearly all the ballast except what was under or near me, and we were rising at such an astounding speed that I expected every moment that the balloon would burst from the increasing expansion, when I [illegible] him loosening his garments and taking off his coat.

"'It's two hundred thousand miles *now* to the moon!' said he, and we must throw over some more ballast or we shan't be home till morning.'

"So saying 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 balloon,' 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 unnerved. I could have calmed the fears or reasoned down the apprehensions of a reasonable companion; but my present *compagnon du voyage* 'lacked discourse of reason' as much as the brute that perisheth, and remonstrance was of no avail.

"'GET OUT OF THIS!' he repeated, in tones strangely piercing, in the hush of the upper air; and thereupon I felt myself seized by a grasp, so often superhumanly powerful in madmen, and found myself suddenly poised over the side of the tilting car, and heard the *hum* of the tortured gas in its silken prison above us:

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

It was but a dream of an aeronaut, reader, after all, on the night before his ascension; and this sketch is but a dream *of* that dream; for it is from memory, and not "from the record."

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

About twenty years ago, a certain Western State (which we shall not name) was a territory, and with a few inhabitants, a young lawyer from one of the Old States, emigrated thither, and settled in the town of K—. He succeeded admirably in his profession, and rose rapidly in popular favor. He had been there nearly two years, when he had induced a printer to come and print a weekly paper, of which he was editor and proprietor. Squire S—— was much pleased for a while with editing a paper. He was a man of very low stature, but he used the editorial "we," as frequently as if there was a dozen of them, and each as big as Daniel Lambert or the Kentucky Giant. Strange to say, there were men then in office who were not a particle more honest than they should be—a thing which probably never happened before, and never will again. Squire S—— felt all the patriotism of a son of '76, and poured out grape and canister against the public abuses. This stirred up a hornet's nest about his ears; but as there was no other paper in the territory, there was no reply, and he enjoyed his warlike propensities in security.

At length he published an article more severe 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 in stalked a man about six feet in his stockings. He asked, "Are you S——, the proprietor of this paper?" Thinking he had found a new patron, the little man, with one of his very blandest smiles, answered in the affirmative. The stranger deliberately drew the last number from his pocket, and pointing to an article against rogues in office, told the affrighted editor it was intended for him. It was in vain that S—— protested that he had never heard of him before. The wrath 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 take a flogging on the spot.

He agreed to retract, and as the visitor insisted on writing it himself, he sat down to the desk. Squire S—— made an excuse to go to the printing-office, with a promise that he would be back in season to sign it as soon as it was finished. S—— had hardly gone fifty yards when he encountered a man who inquired where Squire S——'s office was, and if he was at home. Suspecting that he was on the same errand as the other suitor, he pointed to the office, and told him he would find the editor within writing a most abusive article against office holders. This was enough. The eyes of the comer flashed fire. He rushed into the office, and assailed the stranger with the epithets "liar," "scoundrel," "coward," and told him he would teach him how to write. The gentleman supposed it was some bully sent there by the editor, sprang to his feet, and a fight ensued. The table was upset, and smashed into kindling wood—the contents of a large jug of ink stood puddled on the floor—the chairs had their legs and backs broken beyond the skill of surgery to cure them. This seemed to inspire the combatants with still greater fury, blow following blow, with the rapidity of lightning. First one was kicked on the floor, then the other, each taking it in turns pretty equally. The ink on the floor had found its way to their faces, till both of them cut the most ridiculous figures imaginable. The noise and uproar was tremendous. The neighbors ran to the door and exclaimed that two negroes were fighting in Squire S——'s office. None dared to separate them. At length the circumstances became known, and the next day, hardly able to sit on horseback, their heads bound up, they started homewards, convinced that that they had obtained very little satisfaction from their attempt to flog an editor.

From the Illustrated Family Friend.

ARTIFICIAL BEAUTIFIERS.

The chemistry of the toilet-table has provided many preparations under the name of Cosmetics, for external adornment or artificial beautifying. Hair dyes, pomatums, pomades, depilatories dentifrices, tooth-powders, &c., may all be deemed more or less as belonging to the class of cosmetics; but the name is usually confined to those preparations which are applied to the skin.

The best cosmetic is plain soap and and water. To soften the skin, however, many substances are used, such as almond soap, Naples soap, Castile soap, milk of roses, cold cream, or almond paste. Sometimes it is desired to harden the cuticle or outer skin, and this is done by spirit, astringents, and acids. For removing or hiding freckles, various lotions and washes are employed. To give an artificial tint or bloom to the skin is the chief work of the cosmetic artist. Rouge and carmine are much employed to give a red tint; starch and magnesia to impart a delicate whiteness. Several of the salts of bismuth and lead, under the various fine names of pearl white, flake white, cream of roses, &c., are often employed as cosmetics; but they have an injurious effect on the skin, and sometimes produce a sort of skin-poisoning.

A want of attention to the chemical action of colors has sometimes led ladies into an embarrassing predicament. Bismuth powder, sometimes sold as a substitute for genuine pearl-powder, has the property of turning black when in contact with fumes of sulphur, or with sulphuretted hydrogen gas. A lady who painted with this cosmetic, happened to bathe in a mineral water impregnated with this gas; and the consequence was, that the artificially whitened skin turned nearly black, and so remained for several weeks. Another lady, who used the same cosmetic, attended a lecture at Harrogate on mineral waters; and the lecturer handed round a bottle containing sulphuretted water, that its odour might illustrate the point on which he was directing attention; the lady did as others did—smelt at the bottle; and the result was that she became, not merely figuratively, but literally "black in the face." Even the coals of a common fire often contain enough sulphur to produce in a slighter degree an analagous effect. Instances have been known in which a lady, seated near a [illegible] fire at Christmas time, has had one side of her white neck tinged with a darkness which puzzled all, except those who were aware of the effect of sulphur fumes upon bismuth cosmetics.

THE GREAT MORAL WANT OF THE PEOPLE.—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 income 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 extravagance, 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 inclosed, 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 chief 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 nevertheless 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 crying for?' He replied that he was 'thinking of his father, who was killed in battle.' Soon after, the questioner himself, prompted by curiosity, made the same experiment, with the same result, and in turn was asked by the younger Sachem 'What *he* was crying for?' '*Because you were not killed when your father was,*' was the prompt reply."

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. Butter was extravagantly high, and of this he was especially fond, preferring it

——" *thickly spread*
On corresponding 'chunks' of bread."

One day the landlady, whose patience had become exhausted, said to him:—

"That butter, Mr.——, that you are 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 was really worth it!"

"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 a tint more magical than the blush of the morning.

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 prisoner. "That's carrying the joke too far," remarked the judge, and the prisoner was committed for further examination.