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BY GEORGE S. KING.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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MORRIS & WILLIS,

Editors, 107 Fulton-street, New York.

Poetry.

HE WANTS A WIFE.

BY MRS. NICHOLS.

He wants a wife, and she must be
A model of propriety;
A brilliant pattern—wise, discreet,
A centre where all virtues meet:
Good tempered, just, and always kind—
As warm of heart as pure in mind;
Devoted, tender, gentle, fair;
Accomplishments and culture rare;
Low-voiced, refined with every grace—
An angel half, in form and face;
A sweet, harmonious, charming thing,
At his command to weep or sing.
He wants a wife!—we'll advertise it:
Consents to wed—his friends advise it!

He wants a wife, with modest look,
Whose heart is like a costly book,
Which he is proud and glad to own—
Which can be read by him alone;
He wants her slender, too, and tall,
And fair as woman since the Fall;
Her eyes—it matters not their hue—
He worships black—adores the blue;
Her hair must with her loving eyes,
Agree in shade, or compromise.
He wants her sensible and mild—
In form a woman's heart a child;
He wants a wife—to love him blindly,
A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for neatness noted—
For taste unquestionably quoted;
With wholesome pride a very little—
Of self conceit no jot nor tittle—
A harmless, guileless vanity
He'll not object to, if it be
A soft desire that he should praise her—
Indeed, in his esteem 't would raise her;
He wants her to have youth and health;
He wants her to have beauty, wealth;
He wants a careful, prudent wife,
To share the nameless ills of life—
No will but his may ever answer—
A downright "Yes"—not, "If I can, sir."

He wants a wife to nurse his joys—
To school his girls and spoil his boys;
To make and mend their clothes, when
ably
To sit as mistress at his table;
To boil his coffee, brew his tea,
To sweep his household comfort see;
To hand his slippers, make his bed,
To softly bathe his aching head;
To be as fond as she is weak,
And in all things his pleasure seek.
He wants a wife!—poor, modest man,
Built on this grand and perfect plan:
He'll take her then, for worse or better—
Let us devoutly hope—he'll get her!

Miscellaneous.

[From Peterson's National Magazine.]

"JUDGE NOT."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I don't like Mrs. Stewart, at all," said Emma Huntley, as the door closed on two morning visitors. "She has such a loud voice and rude manner. How different from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Penrose!"

"Mrs. Penrose is certainly the most lady like," replied the mother, quietly. "But we must not always determine from appearances."

"You don't mean," answered the daughter, in some surprise, "that you prefer the rude Mrs. Stewart to the elegant Mrs. Penrose?"

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Huntley, smiling. "A fine manner is assuredly a great accomplishment: and of two ladies, equally meritorious in other respects, the one who is well-bred is undeniably that most deserving. But there is such a thing as a finished behavior being accompanied with a cold and selfish heart; as a rude exterior often conceals a noble and generous soul."

"And you think our visitors are of this description?"

"You are too hasty in your conclusion again," said the mother smiling. "All I wish to impress on you is charity, and to refrain from judging your neighbors. You pronounce against Mrs. Stewart because her manner is bad, and in favor of Mrs. Penrose for her graceful politeness. Now both these qualities are mere outward ones, so to speak, and though not without value, are less important than those of the heart. As yet you know neither of our neighbors well enough to tell accurately what these

latter are. It was against your own judgment that I protested.

"You may be right, mamma, as I suppose you are older and better and wiser than I am," said Emma, fondly kissing her parent. "But if, as I have read, the qualities of the soul be imprinted in the face, and displayed in the manner, then Mrs. Penrose, after all, the best of the two."

"I never knew general rules to apply to all cases," answered Mrs. Huntley. "And I doubt," she continued, "whether your principle is correct. It is certain that some of the worst people that ever lived have been the handsomest and most fascinating, while others, the very best of their kind, have been plain-looking."

Here the conversation stopped. But it was not long before an incident occurred, which developed the characters of the sisters-in-law in their true light.

Not far from the elegant residences of the Huntleys, Stewarts and Penroses, was a row of meaner houses, where day laborers, widows, and others of the poor lived. One day a little boy, about two years old, the only child of a bereaved wife, was run over by a careless carman and so seriously injured that he died that night.

The news of the accident spread immediately throughout the vicinity. Among the richer neighbors Mrs. Penrose heard it first. She listened to the tale as told by an affrighted servant, but though she well knew the widow's poverty, and though the distance to the house of affliction was but a step, she contented herself with saying how unfortunate was, and what a shocking affair, but did nothing.

Not so Mrs. Stewart. The moment she heard of the disaster, she flew to the aid of the half frantic woman, who sat wringing her hands by the bedside of the crushed child, while a dozen poor neighbors looked on. The first inquiry Mrs. Stewart was if any one had gone after a physician, and on receiving a reply in a negative, she sent for her man servant, and despatched him immediately for a surgeon. When the medical man came, it was Mrs. Stewart who filled the place, which the agonized mother could not: it was she who afterward watched by the little sufferer until he died; it was she who prepared him for the coffin, finishing one of her children's most elegantly worked frocks; and it was she who paid, out of her private purse, the undertaker's bill, and the charge at the cemetery. It was she, too, who consoled the almost heart-broken mother in this sudden and awful affliction.

In a word, Mrs. Stewart proved herself a kind hearted and thoughtful neighbor, who allowed no differences in station to interfere with her human sympathies, who felt as warmly and acted as energetically for this poor widow as for the wealthiest.

Mrs. Penrose, if the sufferer had been one of her intimate friends, or even a rich neighbor, would, perhaps, have gone to her assistance; but the indigent woman in a back alley, could not enlist her sluggish heart.

When Mrs. Huntley heard of the accident, which was not until the next day she heard also of the different conduct of the two sisters-in-law.

"Now, Emma," she said, "you see how wrong we should have been, if we had judged our new neighbors from their appearance."

"Ah! mamma, you are always right, and I am always wrong," said the daughter. "But who would have thought that Mrs. Stewart's awkward manner could be united with so much benevolence of heart?"

"When you become older, my love," replied the mother, "you will learn that it is often those who have the kindest feelings, that possess the rudest exteriors. Such persons are so engrossed with the useful in life, that they fall into the error of neglecting the mere ornamental.

Mrs. Stewart, I suspect, is one of this kind."

"But Mrs. Penrose. How can such a polite and elegant woman be so heartless? I almost detest her."

"Hush my child. Let us hope that there has been some mistake here, and that she knew all, she would have gone to relieve the sufferer too. You know we heard nothing of the accident till all was over."

"But Mrs. Penrose did. She was the very first to hear of it."

"Then, if we are certain on that point, silence is our best course. When you can't speak well of a person, Emma, say nothing. Remember, there may be always something behind, which you have not heard, and it is wisest and fairest in consequence to be charitable. In other words *JUDGÉ NOT.*"

From Littell's Living Age.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

Just before he died, and after his recovery was despaired of, one of his physicians approached his bed-side, and asked how he found himself. "I feel like the Jackdaw in the Church Steeple," was the strange reply. The physician withdrew sadly from the bedside to another part of the room, where some members of the family were standing together, and, shaking his head, confessed his apprehensions that the brain of the dying statesman was affected, that the stately oak was perishing at the top. He could see no method in the answer which his question had received. One of the ladies present, who knew Mr. Webster better, did not believe his mind was wandering, and, quietly stepping to the bedside, asked him what he meant by saying he felt like the Jackdaw in the Church Steeple. "Why Cowper; don't you remember?" was the reply. She did remember Cowper's delightful translation of one of Vincent Bourne's little poems, entitled *The Jackdaw*. I send you a copy of the verses, which some of your readers may have forgotten or never read, that they may perceive the perfect fitness and point of the reply;

THE JACKDAW.

There is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather.
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the rare show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that with this great round about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its custom and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—*Caw!*

Thrice happy bird! I too, have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em,

A CURE FOR STUPIDITY.—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

Farmer's Department.

AMMONIA—HOW IT IS PRODUCED.

This substance is placed by agricultural chemists at the head of all fertilizers. Guano derives its chief value from its presence, as it contains over 50 per cent of it. Could it be obtained cheap in the state of salt, like the muriate (sal ammoniac), a valuable and cheap substitute for guano could be made artificially. But it is a dear substitute, and farmers cannot afford to buy it. There appears, however, to be some prospect of obtaining a cheap supply, as it is stated that Prof. Gale, of the Patent Office, has recently received some crude sal-ammonia, brought from the Chincha Islands (whether the Peruvian valley or not we cannot say) which has recently been discovered in a vein like that of metallic ore, and in quantities sufficient to render it an article of commerce. Ammonia is a compound of two gases, viz. nitrogen and hydrogen. They do not combine directly in their gaseous state, but if a great number of electric sparks be passed through a mixture of them, especially if acid vapors are present, a combination takes place, and a third body—ammonia—NH₃ is formed. It is always found in the rains of thunder storms, hence it is concluded that the lightning is an active agent in its formation—it is the marrying minister.—These two gases, however, readily combine in a nascent state; a piece of iron rusting in the air is almost constantly giving rise to a small portion of ammonia. The moisture which covers the iron dissolves the atmospheric air; the oxygen of this air unites with the iron to form the rust—oxide—and the pellicle of oxide constitutes with the metal a voltaic element strong enough to decompose water. The oxygen thus set at liberty unites with a new quantity of iron, and the nascent hydrogen of the water finding nitrogen in solution in the moisture, unites it and forms ammonia.

Animal matters burned under exclusion from the air, give off a considerable quantity of the carbonate of ammonia. This is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and produces the sal-ammoniac of commerce. Ammonia is obtained in a gaseous form by mixing powdered sal ammoniac with about an equal quantity of dry slacked lime, and heating it in a retort having a bent tube. The gas is abundantly discharged, and may be collected in the common way over mercury in a trough. Ammonia is a colorless gas of a very pungent odor, causing tears to flow freely. It is a powerful alkali, and neutralizes strong acids, such as sulphuric, &c.—In water it is very soluble, and being mixed with it, is called aqua-ammonia. Under a pressure of five atmospheres, it becomes liquid; it extinguishes the light of a candle, and does not burn under ordinary circumstances; if breathed undiluted it is fatal to life. It is very volatile as a liquid, and is employed to give that pungent odor to what are called smelling salts. The producing of tears, which is a peculiarity of onions, is attributable to ammonia. In the destructive distillation of bituminous coal in making gas, a quantity is produced which has all to be removed, for it detracts from its illuminating properties. This is done by a water cooler, a vessel through which the gas passes before it goes into the retaining tanks and pipes for distribution. It would be well for agricultural chemists to devote their attention to the artificial production of a cheap ammoniacal salt, as the Lobos Islands are not yet free property for all the world.—*Scientific Amer.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—One of our exchange papers, speaking of the candidates for the Legislature, in one of the counties of Wisconsin, says that J. M. Root is the democratic, Robert Hogg the free soil, and T. H. Dye, the whig candidate. So with the voters we suppose it will be *Root, Hogg or Dye.*

BRING NEGROES.

The following article (says the *Marlboro' Advocate*) which we transfer to our columns from the December number of the *Southern Planter*, contains many wholesome truths, which hold good as well in this latitude as in Virginia; and, we believe, are of interest to the attention of every one interested in the hiring of servants.

We have proposed for sometime past to write one or two essays on the management of negroes, but various business engagements and the desultory life of an individual who has to read, write, electioneer and solicit contributions for a paper, and at the same time to manage a large plantation, not in the best manner, by the way, leave us but little leisure for the preparation and reflection we would bring to the task. We have not proposed to undertake this task from an idea that we possess a peculiar fitness for it, or that our own management is unexceptionable, or even much better than ordinary; but we have long perceived that therein lies the greatest defect of slave agriculture, and we think that the attention of every slave-holder ought to be called to it.

For the present, we shall limit our remarks to one department of the theme which it is appropriate to speak of just now, because in one month more it will be too late for a year to come.

We allude to the hiring of negroes. As this thing is at present conducted, it is an injury to all parties, the hirer, the hiree, the negro himself, and society at large. Formerly, the owner himself exercised some care in selecting a master for his slave, and placed him where, in his judgment, he ought to be; but now the negro is permitted to "choose his master," as it is called; in other words, he is permitted to exercise a faculty of which he has less than of any other quality, to wit, *discretion*, and under circumstances which leave him no room to give fair play to what little he has. The strongest characteristic of the negro, whether it proceed from his original nature, or the circumstances in which he is placed, is idleness. And when this liberty is allowed him he will select that master who will grant him the largest license in that respect. The consequences are what might be expected; he either selects a master who he knows will indulge him, will exact but little labor, and grant him many privileges and a good deal of time for himself, or he is bribed by money, or the promise of privileges, to live with some one who, possibly from hope of a certain profit to accrue from a modicum of labor, is willing to take him on such terms, and thereby plants the germ of rebellion in the contract for obedience, and stipulates himself into a certain amount of servitude.

The insubordination of the negroes in Richmond, attributed, as it has been, to certain other causes to which it is not due in any great measure, if at all, is mainly owing to this mode of hiring. If a tobaccoist agrees to give negroes five or ten dollars to get them to live with him, allows them to board themselves for a pittance which is but another name for grog money, and grants them privileges, which are not less demoralizing to their characters than deleterious to their health, it should not be deemed surprising that the overseer in defence of his own life is sometimes compelled to substitute the pistol for the lash. If the servants in private families are permitted to act as nightly porters at railroad depots, to get money as they can by occasional jobs, to lead idle lives, to roam whither they will, to give suppers, sometimes champagne suppers, and to go quit of punishment or reprimand for many a fault, we cannot wonder that drunkenness, discontent, mutiny, and sometimes crime should supervene.

And when the farmer or planter so far forgets the proprieties of his station as to electioneer with negroes whom he wishes to hire, he must expect to lose respect of the slave, and be compelled either to deal rigorously with him in the outset, or to relax the discipline of his whole plantation, to the injury of his own negroes, the derangement of all system, the forbearance of all just accountability, and the consequent detriment of his affairs.

One would suppose that deductions as obvious as these would be made by all—and so they are. But none are willing to act on them independently. Each distrusts another's inflexibility, each fears the influence of competition from his fellow, and so all follow a road which will do more to render the slave worthless than all the efforts of Garrison, Birney, Beecher, Stowe, Hale, and that whole class of fools and Pharisees, who, under the guise of philanthropy, would feed fat

Concluded on the second page.