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SELECTED MISCELLANY.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

It will be forty years ago next month since the ship I was then in came home from the West Indies station, and was paid off. I had nowhere in particular to go just then, and as was very glad to get a letter, the morning after I went ashore at Portsmouth, asking me to go to Plymouth for a week or so. It came from an old sailor, a friend of my family, who had been commodore of the fleet. He lived at Plymouth; he was a thorough old sailor—what you young men would call, "an old salt"—and couldn't live out of sight of the blue sea and the shipping. It is a disease that a good many of us take who have spent our best years on the sea. I have it myself—a sort of feeling that we must be under another kind of Providence when we look out and see a bill on this side and a bill on that. It's wonderful to see the trees come out and the corn grow, but then it doesn't come so home to an old sailor. I know that we're all just as much under the Lord's hand on shore as at sea; but you can't read in a book you haven't been used to, and they that go down to the sea in ships, they see the marks of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. It isn't their fault if they don't see His wonders on the land so easily as other people.

But, for all that, there's no man enjoys a cruise in the country more than a sailor. It's forty years ago since I started for Plymouth, but I haven't forgotten the road a bit, or how beautiful it was; all through the New Forest, and over Salisbury Plain, and then on by the mail to Exeter, and through Devonshire. It took me three days to get to Plymouth, for we didn't get about so quick in those days. The commodore was very kind to me when I got there, and I went about with him to the ships in the bay, and through the dock yard, and picked up a good deal that was of use to me afterwards. I was a lieutenant in those days, and had seen a good deal of service, and I found the old commodore had a great nephew whom he had adopted, and had set his whole heart upon. He was an old bachelor himself, but the boy had come to live with him, and was to go to sea; so he wanted to put him under some one who would give an eye to him for the first year or two. He was a light slip of a boy then, fourteen years old, with deep set blue eyes and long eye lashes, and cheeks like a girl's; but as brave as a lion and merry as a lark. The old gentleman was pleased to see that we took to one another. We used to bathe and boat together; and he was never tired of hearing my stories about the great admirals, and the fleet, and the stations I had been on.

Well, it was agreed that I should apply for a ship again directly, and go up to London with a letter to the Admiralty from the commodore, to help things on. After a month or two, I was appointed to a brig, lying at Spithead; and so I wrote off to the commodore, and he got his boy a midshipman's berth on board, and brought him to Portsmouth himself a day or two before we sailed for the Mediterranean. The old gentleman came on board to see his boy's hammock slung, and went below into the cockpit to make sure that it was all right. He only left us by the pilot boat, when we were well out in the channel. He was very low at parting from his boy, but bore up as well as he could; and we promised to write to him from Gibraltar, and as of course afterwards as we had a chance.

I was so on as proud and fond of little Tom Holdsworth as if he had been my own younger brother, and for that matter so were all the crew, from our captain to the cook's boy. He was such a gallant youngster and yet so gentle. In one cutting-out business, we had, he showed over the bantam's shoulders, and was almost first on deck; how he came out of it without a scratch, I can't think to this day. But he hadn't a bit of interest in him, and was as kind as a woman to any one who was wounded or down with sickness.

After we had been out about a year we were sent to cruise off Malta, on the lookout for the French fleet. It was a long business, and the post wasn't so

good then as it is now. We were sometimes for months without getting a letter, and knew nothing of what was happening at home, or anywhere else. We had a sick time too on board, and at last he got a fever. He bore up against it like a man, and wouldn't knock off duty for a long time. He was midshipman of my watch; so I used to make him turn in early, and tried to ease things to him as much as I could; but he did not pick up, and I began to get very anxious about him. I talked to the doctor, and turned matters over in my mind, and at last I came to think he wouldn't get any better unless he could sleep out of the cockpit. So one night, the 29th of October it was—I remember it well enough, better than I remember any day since—it was a dirty night, blowing half a gale of wind from the southward and we were under close-reefed topsails—I had the first watch, and at nine o'clock I sent him down to my cabin to sleep there, where he would be fresher and quieter, and I was to turn into his hammock when my watch was over.

I was on deck three hours or so after he went down, and the weather got dirtier and dirtier, and the scud drove by, and the wind sang and hummed through the rigging—it made me melancholy to listen to it. I could think of nothing but the youngster down below, and what I should say to his poor old uncle if anything happened. Well, soon after midnight I went down and turned into his hammock. I didn't go to sleep at once, for I remember very well listening to the creaking of the ships timbers as she rose to the swell, and watching the lamp which was slung from the ceiling, and gave light enough to make out the other hammocks swinging slowly together. At last, I dropped off, and I reckon it must have been about a half an hour, when I awoke with a start. For the first moment I didn't see anything but the swinging hammocks and the lamp; but then suddenly I became aware that someone was standing by my hammock, and I saw the figure as plainly as I see any one of you now, for the foot of the hammock was close to the lamp, and the light struck full across on the head and shoulders, which was all that I could see of him. Their hair, the old commodore's, his grizzled hair coming out from under a red woollen night cap, and his shoulders wrapped in an old threadbare blue dressing gown, which I had often seen him in. His face looked drawn and pale, and there was a wistful disappointed look about the eyes. I was so taken aback I couldn't sleep, but lay watching him. He looked full at my face once or twice, but didn't seem to recognize me; and just as I was getting back my tongue, and going to speak, he said slowly, "Where's Tom? This is his hammock. I can't see Tom," and then he looked vaguely about and passed away somehow, but I couldn't see him a moment or two I jumped out and hurried to my cabin, but young Holdsworth was fast asleep. I sat down, and wrote down just what I had seen, making a note of the exact time twenty minutes to two. I didn't turn in again, but set watching the youngster. When he woke I asked him if he had heard anything of his great uncle by the last mail. Yes, he had heard; the old gentleman was rather feeble, but nothing particular the matter. I kept my own counsel, and never told a soul in the ship; and when the mail came to hand a few days afterwards, with a letter dated late in September, saying that he was well, I thought the figure by my hammock must have been all my own fancy.

However, by the next mail came the news of the old commodore's death. It had been a very sudden break up, his executor said. He had left all his property, which was not much, to his great nephew who was to get leave to come home as soon as he could. The first time we touched at Malta, Tom Holdsworth left us, and went home. We followed about two years afterwards, and the first thing I did after landing was to find out the commodore's executor. He was a quiet, dry little Plymouth lawyer, and very civilly answered all my questions about the last days of my old friend. At last I asked him to tell me as near as he could the time of his death; and he put on his spectacles, and got his diary, and turned over the leaves. I was quite nervous till he looked up and said, "Twenty-five minutes to two, sir. A. M., on the morning of October 21st; or it might be a few minutes later."

"How do you mean, sir?" I asked. "Well," he said, "it is an odd story. The doctor was sitting with me, watching the old man, and, as I tell you, at twenty-five minutes to two, he got up and said it was all over. We stood together talking in whispers, for it might be, four or five minutes when the body seemed to move. He was an odd old man, you know, the commodore, and we never could get him properly to bed, but he lay in his red night-cap, and old dressing-gown, with a blanket over him. It was not a pleasant sight, I can tell you, sir. I don't think one of you gentlemen, who are bred to face all manner of dangers, would have liked it. As I was saying, the body first

moved, and then sat up, propping itself behind on its hands. The eyes were wide open, and he looked at us for a moment, and said, slowly, "I've been to the Mediterranean, but I didn't see Tom." The body sank back again; and this time the old commodore was really dead. But it was not a pleasant thing to happen to one, sir. I do not remember anything like it in my forty years' practice.

Brilliant Strategic Move of an Eastern Shore Military Company.

The Eastern Star of Tuesday relates the following extraordinary military exploit upon the authority of a traveller: A short time ago there was raised a very handsome uniform military company in one of the towns in Worcester county. Some time after the company had become quite familiar with the drill, an oyster party from New York anchored in the waters of Worcester, and commenced catching oysters contrary to the laws of Maryland in such cases made and provided. The fact coming to the notice of the Sheriff, he forthwith went to work to capture the punny. To "make assurance doubly sure," he bethought him that the new military company would be the best posse comitatus he could summon; accordingly the military was ordered out, in full uniform, properly officered and equipped, with "guns shouted" ready for action. Arriving at the shore, opposite the punny, it was decided to put the military in ambush until the "overt act" was committed in order that there might be no mistake about the proof, in the Court of Admiralty.

The military did not have to wait long behind their masked battery, made of cedar bushes, before the overt act was committed. The New York captain, not having the fear of the Worcester Sheriff before his eyes, and being anxious to load his punny, very soon put down his rakes, and commenced to draw up the contraband bivalves. This was the signal for the military to advance to the charge. The Sheriff having given the wink to the officer commanding the military, that gentleman gave the word—"forward—march!"—and the company was soon on board of a bateau, making directly for the "prae." In the meantime the captain of the punny, discovering what was ordered, his locks to be cleared and prepared for action, resolved not to surrender without a struggle worthy of the days of the immortal Paul Jones. When the military got within about one hundred yards of the prize, the captain of the punny, being without swivels or columbards, drew out a piece of stove pipe, and placing it upon his "cannon," commenced to sight it at the military, which at once manifested symptoms of discomfiture, evidently disliking such a terrible gun to be pointed directly towards them.

The hesitation manifested by the military encouraged the captain of the punny to press matters to extremities, and calling to one of his hands for a chunk of fire, he commenced to blow it, till the sparks flew in all directions. This murderous proceeding of the savage captain brought the military to their feet, ready for the most desperate deeds of daring. The moment was critical, with every advantage on the side of the captain of the punny who straightened up, and at arms length, prepared to apply the match. Simultaneously as he thrust the chunk of fire into the end of the stove pipe the military jumped overboard, and such a "dash" about, and diving was never witnessed in the waters of Worcester. It is needless to add that, while the military were under water, the captain of the punny basted sail, and bid farewell to the waters of Maryland; and that, since this marvellous adventure, the military company are said, for behaving so gallantly, his been called the "Stove-Pipe Invincibles."

[Correspondent of the Balt. Republican.] LEONARDTOWN, April 16.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of this morning, a goodly number of our people collected here to hear the news from the seat of war, and from the country generally. The result of the contest in Charleston caused lively emotions of joy. The sympathies of every man were for the success of our Southern brethren, and they were gratified. We regret war, and civil war especially, but we justify the Southern Confederacy, in doing what I hope our people will be ready to do, defending themselves against outrages, threats and encroachments upon their dearest rights. The proclamation of Lincoln was read with perfect contempt, and every man uttered a counter proclamation that no requisition from Lincoln or Hicks should, even be the consequences what they might, force them to fight against their Southern brethren.

I found here with a declaration of our people in regard to the course of Governor Hicks in refusing to call together the representatives of the people, to which is appended a most significant pledge, which, I assure you, means something, considering the men who signed it. The declaration was endorsed by every man present, and was then calmly and deliberately subscribed by nearly every

one. The men who signed will meet tomorrow for organization, and scouts are out to notify the people of the county to come up to this place, in order to unite with us in the vast majority will. We shall send a small ball here which we hope by the time it reaches Annapolis will be an available. The people here generally look upon Hicks as an infamous traitor, and are ready to serve under the standard of our Southern brethren. I have no doubt myself that the fellow's head is turned by the elevation of position, by the applause and approval of his Black Republican allies, and by a desire to distinguish himself, as Jackson did (to compare small things with large), by assuming responsibility. He thinks because he was nicknamed "old Caesar" when he was constable down in Dorchester county.

(As a mastiff dog in common phrase, are called Pompey, Scipio or Caesar.)

that it is extremely consistent and becoming to him to put on the airs of the "mightiest Julius." Like a poor journeyman tailor who having tied a band of list around his head, to keep his hair out of his eyes, began to think that the circle of list was a crown, and thereupon commenced acting the king, much to the annoyance of his brother journeymen. I read all his effusions with surprise, but when I read his letter to Mr. Price, in which he put forth the brazen assumption that Maryland had spoken, and the people of Maryland had taken their stand against the calling of a Convention, when nobly constitutionally authorized to speak had spoken for our State; and only he had interfered to prevent her from speaking. I confessed my blood boiled with indignation at the audacity of this "outpourse of the nation and the rule."

Planting Evergreens.

Transplanting evergreen trees differs very little from deciduous trees. The principal difference is in the time. Evergreens should not be planted before the 15th or 20th of March, and if deferred to the first of April the better, and the planting may run into the second week in May. They can be set out with entire certainty even when they have sprouted half an inch. The different spruces, pines, arborvitae, &c., will do well where any common tree will grow, and will be better satisfied with poor soil than deciduous trees. But they must be well and firmly planted in a large, carefully prepared hole, and set a trifle deeper than they stood in the nursery, where sometimes they stand very shallow, especially if they have been transplanted there, for quick sales, which is frequently the case. They should be well staked, that the roots may not be jarred by the spring winds, which make a full broadside charge upon their unsheltered flanks, while the ground is still moist from frost and spring rains.

The after culture of evergreens is all important. The soil underneath the branches must be often stirred with an iron rake or garden fork, and no grass or weeds permitted to grow. Dogs, hogs, chickens, much less cattle, must not be allowed in the enclosure with the trees. Dogs are particularly injurious to young evergreens, and so are chickens which dust themselves in the soft earth beneath the branches. The fine leaves once rubbed off—and this it is easy to do—the branch frequently dies, and none other ever sprouts to take its place.

In selecting evergreens, be particular to take those which are well and uniformly branched down to the ground, and rise in pyramidal form. A dark color and thin branches are always the best.—German-town Telegraph.

How they turned out.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to become useful and respectable characters in life. These daughters married one after another with the consent of their father. The first married a man by the name of Poor, the second a Mr. Little, the third a Mr. Short, the fourth a Mr. Brown, the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters with their husbands were there, and the old gentleman said to his guests: "I have taken pains to educate my daughters, that they might act well their part in life, and from their advantages and improvements, I fondly hoped that they would do honor to my family. I find that all my pains, care and expectations have turned out nothing but a Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hog."

A Poor Woman's Idea of a Poor House.—Not long ago a destitute of Erin walked into a broker's office, and in a very insinuating tone begged for a little aid to support her starving family. "Why my good woman," said the comfortable looking gentleman to whom she addressed her petition, "you ought to take your family and go to the poor house, instead of begging the streets this way." "Sure, yer honor," she replied, "it wouldn't be easy to go to a poor house nor my own." The rich man could not answer this clincher with anything less than two shillings, and Nora went out with a smiling face.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Not many years since, says Frazer's Magazine, certain miners, working far under ground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for awhile, still it remained away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No corruption had passed over the face in death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died. They were rough people, of course, who were looking on a liberal education and refined feelings as not deemed essential to a man whose work is to get up coals, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to its deaf ear many words of endearment nursed for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young these long years ago; but time had gone on with the living, and stood still with the dead.

Why Mr. Boteler Rubbed his Hands.—In the year 1855, when Mr. Wise was a candidate for Governor of this State, he published an announcement of his intention to address the people of Berkeley county at Martinsburg. The disciples of Sam, who was a mighty man in those times, were exceedingly anxious that some one should reply to Wise, and as Mr. Boteler was then an aspirant for Congressional honors, it was thought not inappropriate to pit him against the "fearless tribune of the people." But fortunately for Mr. Boteler, and much to his delight, as the sequel will show, a gentleman from Maryland offered to take the job off his hands. For his tenacity this Maryland gentleman received a complete skinning, was regularly used up, and so dissatisfied were his friends with the discussion, that we have heard it said, that not one of them accompanied him to the depot on his departure, which took place very soon after the speaking was ended. Mr. Boteler was a listener to the discussion. He wrung his hands, he twisted and squirmed in his seat; his performance gave evidence of ecstasy or anguish, and from his peculiar conduct on the occasion, Mr. Wise was led to believe that he was anxious to "pitch in." Meeting Mr. Boteler the next morning, he addressed him somewhat in the following language:—"Boteler, from the way in which you were wringing your hands yesterday, during the discussion, I concluded that you were anxious to take a part in it." Mr. Boteler replied, "Nothing was farther from my thoughts. I assure you, Mr. Wise. One of my hands was only congratulating the other that it was not in the scrape."

REMEDY FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated by a correspondent of the Medical and Surgical Journal that a cauterization with hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says: "The patient on whom I tried this was a young lady who had been unable to put on a shoe for several months, and decidedly the worst case I had ever seen. The disease had been of long standing. The edge of the nail was deeply undermined; the granulations formed a high ridge, partly covered the skin, and was constantly oozing from the root of the nails; the whole toe was swollen, and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this: I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, dropping two or three drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was almost magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeding, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tested this plan repeatedly since, with the same satisfactory results. The operation causes little or no pain, if the tallow is properly heated."

WESTERN POLITICS.—"Do you support Abe Lincoln?" "No, sir." "Do you support Douglas?" "No, sir." "Do you support Bell?" "No, sir." "Do you support Breckinridge?" "No, sir," shouted the screamer. "I support Botey and the children, and it's mighty hard screwing to get along at that, with our twenty-five cents a bushel."

THE ALBANY ELECTION.—The Albany Atlas and Argus says of the election there on Tuesday: "It resulted in a more decided and emphatic Democratic victory than was ever before achieved here. The Democrats elect their city ticket by over 1,000 majority. They carry the Aldermen and Supervisors in six of the ten wards—1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 7th, 8th and the Aldermen in the 10th. This complete triumph by a largely increased majority—just at the moment when the Republican Administration has announced its policy of precipitating the nation into a war—is a verdict significant of popular sentiment, and of the reaction now setting in, which will sweep like a deluge over the nation."

SEVENTHARY LAWS.—In England, in the year 1588, it was enacted that "no lady or knight's wife should have more than one velvet or damask gown for the summer; that all ladies should wear ruffs or canifs three days in the week; under penalty of three shillings per day; and that a surveyor should examine the ladies' wardrobes." Just fancy such a surveyor in these days!

THE NEXT HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The next House of Representatives will stand Administration 106; Opposition, 99. Should the Opposition carry three of the vacant districts, the tables will be turned.

"TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE."—The Boston Journal of yesterday has done us the honor to whine about our appeal to the people of America.

The summer sun of the departed year did not shine upon a country so happy, so prosperous, so free as Massachusetts. No man now invades our borders, our property is protected, our persons are free; but the direct slavery which Providence permits to afflict the human race has fallen upon us, and we are to suffer from the horrors of civil war. This is the bitter bread of Republicanism. The Journal and its party have led on a mad, furious crusade against the South because they hold slaves. It took various forms; sometimes as the freesoil party—sometimes the form of the Chicago platform; but it was always the same unreasoning, unreasonable abstraction—opposition to the South because they held slaves.

It began in the cant and hypocrisy that the people of the North were holier than the planters of the South, and had the right in their immaculate purity to lecture them from the pulpit, the lyceum, the political stump and the party press upon their sins against humanity.

It is ending in the madness which is now plunging us into civil war. But enough.—Boston Courier.

EVIL COMPANY.—Sophronius, a wise teacher of the people, did not allow his daughters, even when they were grown up, to associate with persons, whose lives were not mortal and pure.

"Father," said the gentle little Eulalia one day when he had refused to permit her to go in company with her brother, to visit the frivolous Lucinda, "father, you must think it very weak and childish, since you are afraid it would be dangerous to us in visiting Lucinda."

Without saying a word, the father took a coal from the hearth, and handed it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child," said he, "only take it."

Eulalia took the coal, and beheld her tender white hand black; and without thinking touched her white dress and it was also blackened.

"See," said Eulalia, somewhat displeased as she looked at her hands and dress, "one cannot be so careful when handling coals."

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that the coal, even though it did not burn you, has nevertheless blackened you! No is the company of immoral persons."

HOW TOM WAS CAUGHT.—One of our friends sends us the following anecdote of a Maryland lady and her negro servant. The lady was unable to account for the great consumption of butter in the family, and one day she followed a new purchase to the kitchen, in time to see the cook's friend, Tom, deposit one of the rolls in his hat, and put it on his head. Without seeming to notice it, she sent the cook, who was browning coffee over the fire, on an errand, and desired Tom to take her place. Not suspecting her object, he readily complied. Presently, as he stirred, a violent perspiration broke out on him. "Stir away Tom," said the lady, "or the coffee will burn." "Oh, mistress," groaned Tom, "I see so hot, I sweat so!" "Well, you do sweat, that's a fact, but stir away!" The perspiration now became too strong for Tom's control, and poured over his face and eyes in streams. Catching a smile on the lady's face, he dropped the spoon, exclaiming, "Oh, mistress, I never do so again," and made a dash for the door. Tom was fully cured.

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