Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 19, 1874 — NO. 20

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

[Translated from the German.]

THE FIRST PATIENT.

Among the North German students who received their diplomas at the Medical College in Wurzburg, early in 1860, was a young Russian, whom we call Heinrich. Report said that though he belonged to no corps, yet there was no better dancer, fencer, or rider; indeed the latter accomplishment was a passion with him, yet he did not allow it to divert him from his studies and he was said to be a favorite with the professors.

During the last part of his stay in the old "city of Bishops," he seemed greatly changed. In his quiet there was a certain dejection, and instead of joining his friends as formerly, he wandered long hours by himself, accompanied by a snow-white greyhound. This extraordinary and symmetrically-formed animal Heinrich had found severely wounded, without a master, and had cured him. As this was scarcely six months before the students commenced practice, he jestingly, called it his first patient, and among his acquaintances the dog soon became known by his name and would answer to it.

The day came, at last, for Heinrich to leave Wurzburg. He had already bidden adieu to his acquaintances, and was to leave by the early morning train.—Late the previous evening he left his residence, accompanied, as usual, by "Patient," and with hasty steps proceeded to an adjutant part of the city, carefully opened a garden door, let Patient enter, bade him remain, then cautiously closing the door, hurried away. He hastily snatched a flower, in the darkness, which by the light of the next lamp, he discovered to be an immortelle.

He remained in the street a moment gazing at the house to which the garden belonged. Several windows were lighted, and open, from whence came the sound of a piano and a rich soprano voice.

"It must be!" at last, he exclaimed, half aloud, to himself, when he felt some one softly touch him on the shoulder. He turned, and to his surprise saw before him his best friend Ernst.

"Have you one moment to spare for me," asked Ernst, his voice slightly trembling.

"Two, three; for I have nothing to do but return home and try to sleep till four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Well, let us go then. I have received to-day very important news. An old uncle whom I never saw, has bequeathed to me his handsome estate, Rosenthal in Niederschliesen."

"I wish you joy, from my heart, Ernst," said Heinrich, warmly pressing the hand of his friend.

Ernst continued: "You travel; it was my purpose to have followed you, three days later, but this surprising affair of the property has awakened other thoughts.—You know, Heinrich, I never pried into your secrets, but, pardon me, I, also, love her. I am now, in a condition to have a home of my own, and to take her to an elegant residence; yet, I respect your right—if"

"I have no right!" murmured Heinrich. "She does not suspect, perhaps, that I, in short, conceive it to be worse than folly for me to involve the hopes and expectations of a noble, kind hearted maiden in a suspense of years. I have no relative to leave me a fortune, and I may, perhaps, live at home for years a professional physician without practice. I have decided; try your luck. If you win Marie's heart, may God bless you and her."

With these words he hastily left his friend, who would have followed him, but he motioned him back and vanished in the darkness.

The next day Ernst, to indulge his thoughts sauntered alone upon the shore of the Main. Walking along before him were two ladies, accompanied by a young lad of perhaps fifteen years; the tallest and slenderest of the ladies led by a ribbon a white greyhound. Ernst's eyes could not deceive him; the ladies were, Frau Dumot and her daughter Marie, the object of the secret admiration of himself and friend Heinrich. The dog was no other than Patient.

Involuntarily Ernst called "Patient!" The dog turned his head. Madame Dumot approached Ernst, and said with pleasing dignity: "If this dog belongs to you, I beg of you to take him; my daughter found him this morning in the garden, and we received him from pity. We will willingly return him."

During this speech the fair young maiden blushed.

Ernst replied, "The dog is not mine; it did belong to my best friend, but he departed this morning for North Germany, to be gone a long time."

'O mamma," quickly cried the young lady, "let us keep the dog, he is so gentle, and papa is fond of pets."

'O pardon, pardon lady, I, too, travel soon, and with pleasure leave the dog in such good hands." He politely lifted his hat and passed on.

"Love me, love my dog," said Ernst to himself. "I know enough. Perhaps her parents would advise her to give her hand to me, the wealthy man, and Heinrich has not confessed his love, but then, I would be loved with the whole soul, and the first place in her heart evidently belongs to Heinrich."

In the summer of 1866 a quiet family sat in the rose arbor of their garden, which stretched away to the shore of the plain. A neighbor, (one of the first clergymen of the city,) of the proprietor of the garden, had just dropped in to discuss the city news, when the son of the family, a youth full of life, rushed into the garden, exclaiming, "Fresh news from the seat of war; a quarter-master has arrived, and in a few hours we may expect several thousands of Prussians." "Is it certain, Moritz?" exclaimed Frau Dumot, (for this was the Dumot family, who at present found themselves in this pleasant little city on the Main, where an estate had allen to them from a rich relative,) "is then, the rage of this unfortunate war to be forced upon this little place?"

"I hope that I (as a clergyman) shall be exempt from quartering any of the soldiers." "Hardly, my good sir," replied Herr Dumot; "for where can the officers find accommodations, unless each family receive a portion of these guests. Already, I have promised to receive a good number of the blue-coats, and have no doubt but they will be very orderly. Have no anxiety," he continued, turning to his wife and daughter. "You, Marie, were pleased to dance with Prussians when you were at the seminary in Wurzburg."

The parson took his hat and cane, and Herr Dumot went toward the house with his wife and daughter. Marie, however, remained alone in the garden; her eyes filled with tears as she thought of that time and her short girlhood's dream, out of which she had long since awakened, and with a sorrowful look glanced out upon the realities of life.

The amiable Marie Dumot had many suitors; but she encouraged none; but there was one, ah! one, who of her had long since ceased to think.

In an hour the infantry entered; some were directed to the house of Herr Dumot; he received them cordially; said to the tall man who was foremost, "I am glad to greet a surgeon among you; you come to heal, not slay." The doctor bowed, entered into a conversation with the host, which soon took a friendly turn.

Presently the door opened and Frau Dumot entered. Patient behind her, who suddenly bounded toward the doctor, then leaped upon him, barking joyously. The former student was thus stormily greeted by his first patient! Moritz came into the room, and soon after Marie, looking more matured, paler, and more serious, but still as lovely in the eyes of Heinrich as when he floated through the dance with her, or in the dark under the chestnut trees before the house, listening to her song.

Now, Heinrich was in circumstances to marry; now, told the beloved maiden all that was in his heart, and learned from her lips how long and faithfully he had been loved.

As the light of the moon illumined the garden, the lovers, after Heinrich had obtained the blessings of the parents, wandered, a betrothed pair, up and down the vine-clad arbor.

The sun had not yet appeared in all his majesty behind the mountains ere the trumpet signal called the officers to their regiment. The Dumot family hastily assembled in their sitting room, while the cook prepared a warm breakfast for the soldiers. Heinrich stood at the window, hand in hand with his betrothed, endeavoring to cheer her. Finally, the parting could no longer be delayed; with one kiss for his beloved, and pressing the hands of the parents and brother, he was gone.

The little city, in which for a short time one could scarcely move, being so thronged with soldiers, was now quiet as the grave. Those who had accompanied the marching troops had returned to their labor, to forget the bloody work that death was soon to begin.

Bye-and-bye the church began to fill, and Marie knelt in the convent chapel to implore God to keep her beloved.

An hour after the line of Prussians had departed, the thunder of the cannon could be heard in the distance. Through messengers and country people, whose business led them that way, it was reported that the Prussians near Hundheim had met a band of troops, and there had been a bloody encounter.

Marie's nature was not communicative. For long years she had loved Heinrich in the secret depths of her heart, without her mother having the least suspicion of the fact. So, to-day, the dear girl in her joy and sorrow, was equally undemonstrative. But, as later in the afternoon the thunder of the cannon ceased, her usual self-possession forsook her, and she went to seek her brother. She found him in his room preparing to go out.

"Moritz, dear Moritz," she began with a trembling voice; "if you knew."

"As if I could not read your soul. I know you, my good, faithful sister, as well as my own self. You are anxious about Heinrich. I am already on my way to procure intelligence of him."

"Moritz, I am sick with anxiety. I beg of you to let me go with you."

The brother shook his head, and said gently: "I cannot consent to that. You have ever been our self-reliant Marie; deserve this praise to-day, in this trying hour. Remember, that a surgeon is not surrounded by as much danger as the combatants; that the bitterest enemy will not injure the one who can help him.—Your going would only hinder me, dear Marie. A forsaken battlefield is no sight for a woman. You know I am a good walker, and I will return to you to-night with intelligence of Heinrich."

"At least take bandages, and strong essences, and Patient."

"I will, I have all prepared, and here comes Patient. Adieu."

"God go with you, Moritz."

The sister pressed his hands, and the young man hastened away.

There is no more shocking sight than a battle-field immediately after the conflict. Although it was late when Moritz reached Hundheim, the light of the moon was sufficient to show him the field torn by the horses hoofs, broken arms, fallen horses, lost caps and knapsacks, and unburied dead. The wounded had been taken to the hospital, and the Prussians had already buried their dead. A pioneer had dug a large trench, and men from the vicinity, apparently day laborers, were engaged in placing the dead therein. They emptied the pockets of the fallen. The living took what they could find, for which the dead had no further use.

Moritz inquired of these men about this and that one, but they answered curtly, they knew nothing but that there had been a bloody contest, and the troops had gone on; that there had been a hospital hastily constructed, that some of the wounded had been carried on to the next city.

Moritz heard the pioneer say, "Let us look behind every bush, Buckman, that none of our people be left. The Prussians have removed all their wounded."

Involuntary Moritz followed these men. Now his eye would fall on the dead, on whose young faces the moonlight streamed. Moritz folded his hands and breathed a prayer. Behind moved the dark figures of the pioneers; he thought of the Lemures.

"Here is a dead Prussian!" cried one of the pioneers.

"It is a surgeon!" cried another.

At this moment Patient, who was close by Moritz, leaped out with a loud howl; Moritz whistled to the dog, but he would not obey, and would not stir from the spot.

The young man turned around, and stood transfixed with quivering lip and wild eyes, he gazed upon the dead, whom the pioneers were about to lay in the trench. The moonlight spoke with fearful distinctness: "This dead surgeon is Heinrich, the beloved of your sister!"—Patient continued to howl and snuff around the body. Moritz now began to collect his thoughts, and with deep emotion said to the men, "Permit me to take charge of this dead; he is my friend."

The pioneers stretched the dead Heinrich upon his side, on the grass. One made the remark: "This man has no visible wound; perhaps he is only stunned by a ball."

Moritz knelt down by Heinrich and looked in his pale face, which looked calm. He prayed as though he would assail Heaven to work a miracle. He bathed the lifeless temples with cologne water, and held some volatile essence to his mouth. Was it an illusion? Did he see aught? The dog sprang to the side of his former master and looked in his face, then laid his head on his cheek, and began to jump about and bark with joy.—Heinrich opened his eyes, and in a weak voice said, "Where am I?"

"Rest, now, dearest friend," cried Moritz, joyfully, "Is it possible for you to go with me?"

"Yes."

"Come, then, lean on me; soon you will learn all."

"Tell me, first, dear Moritz, if any wounded are yet here, or if there is a hospital near?" asked Heinrich.

"The wounded are well cared for, they having brought all to our city. There are those who, to-morrow, will miss the doctor more than those in the hospital at Hundheim. Marie is in agony about you."

"Then let us go, Moritz," decided Heinrich. "I believe it will be no neglect of duty if I accompany you."

Patient, after a little pause, again broke into ecstacies leaping and barking, then trotted on in silence before his old and new masters, his white coat gleaming through the night.

Heinrich then related, that after he had dressed several of the wounded, and the federal troops had retreated, he heard a deep groan in the bushes at his left.—"The part of the wounded assigned to me were only slightly injured, and as soon as dressed would follow on to the hospital. So I hastened to the bushes and found on the ground a countryman, whose face was covered with blood and dirt, and whom, as I wiped away the blood, found one of the dearest friends of my youth. He felt that his last hour had come. Yet he was fully conscious and knew me. It was a comfort to him that I, his best friend, could perform for him this service of love. With a weak voice he gave me a message for his parents and bride, and with one sigh was dead."

After a pause Heinrich continued:—"Already wearied with the great exertion after the day of battle, the death of my friend so shocked me that I fell in a dead faint, and might easily have been taken for dead. But for you, dear Moritz, I would perhaps have been thrown into the trench and covered with earth, and have been suffocated," and he heartily pr[illegible] the hand of the brother of his Marie.

Moritz replied, "I came at the [illegible] moment, but neither I nor Marie [illegible] you, for I was on the point of leaving [illegible] battle-field, as Patient's determined [illegible] ing around you induced me to retur[illegible] Before us there goes your preserver, [illegible] tient."

"It is true, Marie's faith, which [illegible] love for me received the dog which [illegible] cretly left in the garden of your par[illegible] will, through him receive its reward. [illegible] am weary and hungry; I have yet a p[illegible] of the bread Marie gave me. Ha[illegible] Patient, come, you shall have the [illegible] mouthful. Come, my old true, first [illegible] tient!"

COUNTY ROADS.—To devise a re[illegible] good system of County Roads, would [illegible] fer inestimable benefit, not only upon [illegible] riculture, but every interest and indu[illegible] of the State; but it involves a problem [illegible] ficult of solution, and so far [illegible] chiefly of contrariety of opinion and legislation. However easy it may be to point out its defects in past or existing road laws, practical remedies are hard to find. Perhaps one of the chief chief difficulties is to secure sufficient agreement as to any one plan to give it a fair trial. If the suggestions here offered are unsatisfactory, it can be safely said that the systems heretofore adopted are not less so. Whatever may be its value, however, the opinion of your memorialists is that road making is exclusively a question of civil engineering, and as such clearly beyond the capacity and province of unscientific farmers to whom it is now entrusted.

The present system of making and mending roads directly violates every principle of science, and the money expended is therefore almost a total loss.—True economy, in this connection, is found in good, substantial roads only, and these can be constructed by engineers only.—Your memorialists respectfully recommend that county roads be put in charge of competent engineers, and that to secure such, liberal salaries be paid, and satisfactory evidence of capacity required, that fidelity to duty be secured by bond and careful regulations, and that the present inefficient and wasteful system of Road Supervisors be abolished. One important engineering duty might be found in a revision, under direction of the Commissioners of the several counties, or of a State Board, of the location of public roads, so that they shall be in conformity with public needs. Many roads now paid for out of the public purse, are justly private roads. Many other roads are conveniently located, and by slight and inexpensive changes which would at once suggest themselves to a competent engineer, can be vastly improved. Your memorialists further suggest that the present system of repairs of roads is radically defective. Under this system, while the aggregate expenditure is enormous, the roads are often impassable, and never really improve, as annual repairs never go beyond restoration to former condition, and often fall short of it. These annual expenditures for repairs would doubtless pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for payment of principal, of such a sum as would suffice to make and maintain good roads.

It would be far better then for the several counties to borrow on their bonds, sufficient money to make good roads and raise, by taxation, the means required for interest, and a sinking fund for the redemption of the bonds. In case of roads of large, general importance, State aid might be properly extended.

Such bonds, if not forced on the market but sold gradually as their proceeds might be needed to make roads, (care being taken not to undertake too much in any one year,) would at once command good local market, and in time be sought as a general investment.

The appreciation of property resulting from good roads, would much more than pay within a reasonable period, the bonds issued and thus the tax of redemption would never be felt as a burden, even if an increase of taxation over that required by the present system, should be found necessary at first.

But it would be true economy to secure good roads even at the expense of a very large increase of taxation.

The true test of judicious taxation is the advantage returned to the tax payer, and measured by this rule taxation for our common road repairs are extremely injudicious and wasteful each year, only restoring—if it does restore—what the proceeding year expended without real improvement. Good roads, well made, might cost more in the beginning, but would pay for the outlay; bad roads repaired in perpetuity, without permanent betterment, must always remain a loss.

Your memorialists think these suggestions, however crude, may be made useful by careful and detailed consideration of this subject of County Roads, which, in view of its exceeding importance to the State at large, they do not hesitate to press most earnestly upon the consideration of every member of your Honorable Body.—*From the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association.*

☞ "You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked a city clerk of a Quaker who had just arrived. 'Yes.' 'Well, here is an essay on the rearing of calves.' 'That' said Aminadab, as he turned to go, 'thee had best present to thy mother.'

A lad, fourteen years old, is conducting an animated revival in Illinois. It was the only plan his parents could think of to keep him out of mischief.

(From the Daily N. Y. Herald.)

PEN PORTRAITS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE DISRAELI CABINET.

On Saturday Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues formally resigned their places, and the members of the new Cabinet, of which the following is a complete list, waited upon the Queen at Windsor, to kiss hands and receive the various seals, keys and other insignia of office:—

First Lord of the Treasury,
Mr. Disraeli.
Lord Chancellor,
Lord Cairns.
Lord President of the Council,
The Duke of Richmond.
Lord Privy Seal,
Lord Malmesbury.
Foreign Secretary,
The Earl of Derby.
Secretary for India,
The Marquis of Salisbury.
Secretary of the Colonies,
The Earl of Carnarvon.
Secretary of War,
Mr. Gathorne Hardy.
Home Secretary,
Mr. R. A. Cross.
First Lord of the Admiralty,
Mr. Ward Hunt.
Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Sir Stafford Northcote.
Postmaster General,
Lord John Manners.

A brief personal sketch of each of the new Ministers will probably be acceptable. I do not propose to enter into any biographical detail concerning Mr. Disraeli, for the particulars of his life are too well known to need recapitulation. It will suffice to say that, springing from Jewish origin, having no advantage of wealth or position, and having been openly jeered at when he first attempted to address the House of Commons, he is now, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, for the second time Prime Minister of England, and on this occasion with a firm, compact and decisive majority.—More than ever now does he seem to me the realization of Tennyson's "Divinely gifted man of low estate,"

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees
And shape the whisper of the throne.

Are not these prophetic words, which seem in Mr. Disraeli to have had their exact fulfillment? I met him two days ago walking down St. James street, leaning on the arm of his faithful private secretary, Mr. Montagu Corry, a long, brown great coat reaching nearly to his heels. He looked remarkably well, more animated and less Sphinx-like than usual. Oddly enough, I encountered Mr. Gladstone five minutes afterwards. The result of the election and the east wind combined seem to have had a bad effect on the ex-Premier, who looked as seagreen as Robespierre himself.

Lord Cairns, who for the second time holds the Lord Chancellorship, is an Irishman, and was educated at Trinity College. In appearance he is tall, thin and foxy looking, a sound lawyer and an excellent debater, with a power of keeping his temper, but unforgetful and vindictive.

The Duke of Richmond, though not very aristocratic to look at, being broad and stout, with a homely face and the usual English side whiskers, is of old family and has always been eminently patrician and conservative in his tendencies. Having held a commission in the Guards, it was thought he would be made Secretary of War, but he is far better placed as Lord President of the Council, an almost honorary office, yet with title and position.

Why Mr. Disraeli retains the services of Lord Malmesbury cannot be explained, for His Lordship is a very weak vessel. On two previous occasions he was Foreign Secretary for a short period, and kept the nation in a constant state of fermentation lest it should find itself involved in war. He is a worthy old gentleman, but with peculiar crotchets about orthography and the civil service, and is quite sufficiently brilliant for the sinecure office of Privy Seal.

In Lord Derby the new Premier has one of the most powerful and most popular of followers. A tall, ungainly man, with heavy, dull face and awkward figure, his appearance much belies him.—With good natural gifts and a Rugby and Cambridge education, Lord Derby has worked hard at the possession of statecraft, and laboriously climbed up the official ladder until he has almost reached its topmasts rings. He has been successively Under Foreign Secretary, Colonial Secretary, Secretary for India and Foreign Secretary. He now holds the latter office for the second time, and there is no one in whose discretion and foresight the English people would put more trust.—In any further Franco-German complications it is understood that the leaning of the new ministry would be towards the latter nation, which is in accord with the general feeling of the people.

For some time there was a doubt whether the Marquis of Salisbury would serve under Mr. Disraeli, with whom he has been for some time on not the best of terms. The Marquis, who, under his title of Lord Robert Cecil, won his spurs in the House of Commons, is looked upon as the head of the old tory party, who are supposed to regard Mr. Disraeli as a charlatan and his doctrines as dangerous. Brilliantly written articles embodying this idea, and appearing from time to time in the *Quarterly Review*, have been publicly ascribed to the Marquis. The statesmen, however, seem to have laid aside their points of difference, and Lord Salisbury has returned to his former post as Secretary for India, where, under the present circumstances of the famine, his former experience and his business qualifications (notably shown in his management of the affairs of the Great Eastern Railway, of which he was for some time chairman, will be invaluable. Lady Salisbury is a daughter of the late Baron Alderson, the well known judge, very *spirituelle*, and, it is reported, an occasional contributor to the *Saturday Review*, on which her brother, Mr. Pakenham Alderson, is an authority. There is an alliance between the houses of Derby and Salisbury, Lord Derby having married the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, stepmother to the present Marquis.

The Earl of Carnarvon is another of the old tory party, and it was doubtful whether he would join Mr. Disraeli's Ministry. He has, however, followed Lord Salisbury's lead, and returned to his former post as Secretary for the Colonies. He is facile, fluent and forcibly feeble, a neat speaker and a conscientious official. He is much interested in the amelioration of the social status of the working classes and has a turn for amateur authorship.—This is, perhaps, Mr. Disraeli's weakest important appointment.

The new Secretary at War, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, is, to look at, the beau ideal of an English country gentleman, tall, handsome and somewhat reserved in manner. He was Home Secretary under the Derby administration of 1866, and is universally admitted to have discharged the duties of the position better than any one within the last quarter of a century. He would have probably returned to his old post, but Mr. Disraeli felt it necessary that some one in whom the general public have confidence should be at the head of the great spending department of the army, and hence the selection of Mr. Hardy.

A similar reasoning placed Mr. Ward Hunt at the head of the Admiralty. The biggest man in the House of Commons, with a remarkably handsome and intelligent face, Mr. Hunt's heart is as large as his body; but he has been a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and knows how to control his feelings. His predecessor at the Admiralty in the last conservative administration was Sir John Pakington, who had been ejected from his borough at Dreitwich, and who will probably be made a peer.

Mr. Richard Assheton Cross, the new Home Secretary, is at present an untried man, and without official experience. It is seldom that a Minister obtains a post of such eminence without some training in subordinate service, but Mr. Disraeli is not a man to be bound by red tape fetters, and is given to reliance on his own instinct. Moreover, Mr. Cross is said to have distinguished himself as the Chairman of the Lancashire Quarter Sessions and to be a man of great business energy.

Mr. Disraeli certainly cannot be congratulated on his new Postmaster General. At fifty-six years of age Lord John Manners is as bigoted a tory and as weak and namby-pamby a creature as when, in extreme youth, he wrote the poem in which was the celebrated couplet:—

Let laws and learning arts and commerce die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Mr. Disraeli seems to forget that the Post Office, with which is combined the Government Telegraph Department, is one of the most important offices of the State, and should be governed by a man possessing, not merely business qualifications, but a strong will, in both of which Lord John Manners is lamentably deficient.

Finally, Sir Stafford Northcote, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, would be able to cope with far greater difficulties than are likely to beset his path at present. Indeed, after Mr. Gladstone, he is supposed to be the best financial minister whom England boasts, his theory on ways and means being based on that of his great predecessor, to whom he was private secretary many years ago. Readers of Mr. Trollope's "Three Clerks" will recognize a sketch of the new Chancellor as "Sir Warwick Westend." Sir Stafford, who was one of the Alabama Commissioners, is well known in America, and everywhere esteemed as an intelligent, courteous gentleman.

As regards minor appointments, Mr. W. H. Smith ("Newspaper Smith,") proprietor of all the railway newspaper stations in Great Britain, member for Westminster and an excellent man of business, becomes Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Mr. Forster, the celebrated Vice President of the Counsel for Education, is succeeded by Lord Landon, whose principal qualification is that he represents Liverpool, and Lord Henry Lennox, a finical, *dilettante*, weak-kneed brother of the Duke of Richmond, becomes First Commissioner of Public Works, in place of the offensive Ayrton and the unknown Adam. It is supposed that the magnificent Duke of Abercorns, who might well cry "save me from my friends," so mercilessly was he caricatured in "Lothair," will be again sent as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a position for which his wealth and his love for pomp and glitter specially fit him. It is not yet known whether Sir John Karstake's state of health will permit him to become Attorney General, but in any case his reward cannot be long forthcoming, as it is stated that four judges are anxious to retire from their labors, and that among them is Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who is merely awaiting the conclusion of the Tichborne trial to subside into private life.

THE OYSTER POLICE REPORT.—Capt. Wm. E. Timmons, commander of the oyster police force of this State, makes some interesting statements in his last report to the Commissioners of the State Fishery Force. In speaking of the large extent of territory in the State of Maryland which produces the oyster, he says:

"The Chesapeake Bay and the rivers emptying into it are said to produce more oysters than any other waters in the world of the same area. That portion of the Bay which lies within the territory of Maryland, commencing at the mouth of Potomac river, to the head of the Bay, above Swan Point, where the waters become too fresh for oysters to exist, extends a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, and oysters appear to be over a large portion of this area. Many of these oyster beds have never yet been dredged."

It will be thus seen that we have within the boundaries of our State a source of wealth if properly cared for and attended to by our Legislature, superior to any other of a like character in the world.

"The Captain's experience has taught him that the opinion entertained by many that dredging is injurious to the oyster beds and will finally destroy them is incorrect. In alluding to this subject, he says:

"Many persons think that the oysters having been made scarce in the English Channel and its tributaries by dredging, that the same result will follow here, which I am inclined to doubt, for I do not look upon them as analogous cases, from the fact that the rise and fall of the tide is so very great in England, say at least twenty-five feet, and the current must be very rapid, say ten miles an hour, that the oyster spat must be very much injured and torn to pieces by the rapidity of the current, while in our waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries we have a dull sluggish current from one to three miles per hour, which gives the spat plenty of time to stick to any hard substance with which it may come in contact. * * I think to stop dredging would be very detrimental to the interest of the people and the State."

He says (and we think very justly) that the present Fishery Force is not large enough for the requirements of the service. The Force consists of but three boats which have to patrol an extent of water one hundred and twenty miles long, with a large number of tributaries, with over six hundred dredging vessels, besides the scoopers and canoes.

In relation to the time fixed for dredging, which is from the 15th of September to the 15th of May; the captain says his impressions are, from all the information he has been able to obtain, that it would be proper to commence the 15th of October and close on the 15th of April.—Oysters, he says, will keep much better in the frosty season than they will after frost disappears. This would increase the opportunity of the tongsmen when the days are long and the weather is warm. In conclusion, it is just to state, though the Captain does not allude to the fact in his report, that there has been a larger revenue paid to the State from oysters during Capt. Timmons' term of office than ever before for the same length of time from this source. This fact speaks for it itself.

CENTRAL NURSERIES.

EDWARD J. EVANS & CO., YORK, PA.

In this issue of our paper we depart somewhat, perhaps from our general rule, in representing the business of the above firm, but probably many of our readers, at least, do not comprehend the utility nor vastness of this branch of trade. Nature is the greatest and most beautiful adorner of this world, far exceeding all man's feeble attempts of beautifying earth; while years ago one might travel and see and love those beautiful shrubs and flowers of the foreign world, amble amidst groves of lovely trees, and eat the luscious fruits of other climes; we can now with little expense have all these things right at our houses. The firm of Evans & Co. was established in 1857, and though began with perhaps exceedingly unfavorable circumstances, and insignificant local patronage, the business has through the energy and perseverance of the firm, and satisfactory business relations with all their customers, reached a magnitude that places it as one of the first Nurseries of the State; their business extending both in the State, and through the Southern and Southwestern portions of the United States.—They deal in and furnish every variety of

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS,

the choicest varieties of Fruit Trees adapted to the Middle and Southern States; Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Shrubs, &c., and every description of Ornamental Trees, in fact everything in their line of business, both of Foreign and Domestic Varieties. This firm makes a speciality of furnishing Flower and Garden Seeds by mail, and the railroad facilities, and coast shipment for West and South, are so good that there is no delay in delivery of goods. Not being entirely devoted to the Horticultural, they also furnish Agricultural Seed Oats, Potatoes, Corn, &c.; also deal extensively in Bulbs, Flowering and Bedding Plants, and are likewise agents for Terra-cotta Vases, Statuary, &c., as well as all sizes of Drain Pipes, in fact every article connected with the business can be obtained here; and the gentlemen composing the firm are thoroughly and practically acquainted with their business, and will be found prompt and upright in their dealings. They invite inspection of their stock by purchasers in this market, and from all parts of the country. Circulars and information furnished on application; and satisfaction guaranteed to the trade and others.