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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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THE DISCOVERIES OF '71.

At a meeting of the American Geographical Society in New York on Monday last, Judge Daly spoke the annual address, his subject being "The Geographical Work of the World in 1877."

We give the following synopsis of the address:

Beginning with the year's research on physical geography, Judge Daly said that there have been many successful general periods with semi-tropical intervals, and that the fossils of the Arctic zone showed that a warmer climate prevailed there in the past. These phenomena have been referred to astronomical causes, which have produced changes in the position of the globe to the sun. W. L. Watts, who has recently explored the Yana Jokol, 3,000 square miles of ice and snow, in Iceland, thinks that the ice there as well as throughout the interior of Greenland is growing, that the Gulf Stream is being gradually deflected towards the south, and that a glacial epoch appears to be creeping down from the north. Mr. R. A. Wallace, who has been studying the antiquity of the continents, believes the temperate regions of the Old World to be the most ancient. North and South America, he thinks, were once divided by a strait. They have each a distinct fauna, but the mollusca of the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific coast are similar. But our knowledge is not sufficiently advanced to admit of a theory as to the age of the earth that can be relied on as probable. Judge Daly closed his address with a reference to the mention of Mr. Edison's wonderful photograph.

After referring to M. Broca's address to the French Association at Havre upon the fossil human remains of Western Europe, the speaker turned to the archeologists; to Mr. Layard's Armenian relics; to Mr. Chaco's identification of fifty common words in the Basque language with the Sanskrit; to the discovery of an inscribed bronze tablet at Olympia, mentioning an unknown town, Chaladrus, and dating back to 600 B. C.; to General Di Cesnola's and Dr. Schliemann's treasures and the books descriptive thereof both published during the year, and the transfer of Cleopatra's Needle to London and the discovery of Columbus's remains in Santo Domingo. As to the obelisk he feared that it will decay in the air of London as the column of Luxor has been decaying at Paris. He sees no reason why the Statue of Liberty should not be accepted as genuine.

The work for the year of the United States Engineer Corps under its distinguished chief, General Humphreys, is reviewed at some length. From Lieutenant Maguire's account of the Arica reefs may be quoted a few lines: "They are sedate, even the young never smiling. They acknowledge the existence of a supreme being, but also worship 'The Mother,' who, they believe, on leaving them ages ago, left them an ear of corn as a legacy and who has a special reason why the Statue of Liberty should not be accepted as genuine. They are sedate, even the young never smiling. They acknowledge the existence of a supreme being, but also worship 'The Mother,' who, they believe, on leaving them ages ago, left them an ear of corn as a legacy and who has a special reason why the Statue of Liberty should not be accepted as genuine."

Leutenant Wyse, of the French Navy, who conducted the expedition for ascertaining a route for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, has published a preliminary report, that as navigable channels exist both between the Tuira and the Otrato without locks and tunneling. The water parting, he finds, sinks in the Col du Thulo to 480 feet. He recommends the route from Chucumaque to Gradi Bright, west of the outlet of the Gulf of Uraba or Darien, and he is to make further investigation this winter.

M. de Puységur's plan for the canal to start on the Atlantic side from Puerto Escandido, about one hundred and forty miles south of Panama, following the River Tuira, to the valley of Tuira, thence across the Cordillera range through the defile between Mali and Estola peaks, at a height of forty-five metres above the sea level, and continue thence by the valley of the River Puerto to the Pacific side.

Dr. A. Le Plongon has been able to decipher by means of the alphabet preserved by Bishop Landis inscriptions on ruins in Yucatan. He thinks that relations formerly existed between these people and the inhabitants of the islands of the west coast of Africa.

From the result of recent observations it appears that Aconcagua is the highest peak of the Andes—probably more than 23,200 feet high.

Arctic exploration was of a limited nature during 1877. Captain Wiggins steamed through the Kara Sea and ascended the Yenisei River. A Russian society has fitted out an expedition to explore the Gulf of Obi, and M. Sibirev is at his own expense to explore the Angara River. Judge Daly paid considerable attention to the discovery by Thos. F. Barry, mate of a whaling vessel stranded on the northeastern shore of Hudson's Bay, that the Netchelli Esquimaux had relics of Franklin's crew, as will be remembered by readers of the *World*, through which his discovery was first made public, brought home with him a silver table-spoon which was the property of the crew of the *Arctic*. Judge Daly saw Barry and became convinced of

the truth of his story, and Esquimaux Joe Eschbacher, captain of Barry's knowledge of the Esquimaux language, and Barry with Captain Potter, who in 1873, obtained similar relics from the same tribe in Repulse Bay. As it was not supposed then that the expedition could have gone in that northerly direction, not much attention was paid to the first discovery. This information is of a very interesting character. There is of course the difficulty when last heard from the parties under Captain Crozier were going south in the direction of the Great Fish River, and the question arises why they should afterwards change their course and go in a northerly direction. Still, there is the probability that they, or some of them, may have done so. They knew that there was a large depot of provisions at Victory Harbor, on the southeastern shore of Boothia Felix, where Sir John Ross abandoned his vessel, the *Victoria*, in 1832, and which place, it may be remarked, is in the vicinity of the island of Cape Eschbacher, where, according to Barry's information, the party of white men died and were buried. When Sir Leopold McClintock found the boat with two skeletons in it, he was astonished to find that the ledge was directed to the northeast. But whatever conjectures may be indulged in, Judge Daly thinks there is sufficient information communicated to Captain Potter to justify a search for the spot where the Netchelli, with his party of white men died, and where they say they buried their dead. It is not likely that they could be easily done at a comparatively small expense. Apart from the interest that is felt in knowing the final fate of the officers and crews of this large expedition, there is the expectation that where the last of them perished some record will be found, and which will be of scientific value if it should contain the observations made over this part of the Arctic in the expedition. The record of his journey is the very last thing that an explorer will part with. Everything will be sacrificed for its preservation, and the assurance may be felt that some memorial containing documents and papers, the precious record of their labor and their fate, was erected in the vicinity of the place where the last of them died, in the hope that at some time in the future it would be found by civilized man.

The great event of the year was Mr. Stanley's exploration of the Congo. After describing his journey at some length Judge Daly said: "Fault has been found with Mr. Stanley, especially in England, for the warlike conduct and destruction of negro life attended his exploration, which it has been said will make it difficult for any future explorer to follow in the same direction, and which the objectors attribute to a too ready disposition on his part to employ fire-arms, instead of trying conciliatory measures. In this respect an unfavorable comparison has been made between his journey across Central Africa and that of Lieutenant Cameron, in whose track any one may hereafter peacefully follow. But the conditions in his case were not the same, and his condemnation, Mr. Stanley is, in my judgment, very unreasonable. What Stanley encountered in the regions traversed was what the people of Nyangwa told both Livingstone and Cameron they must expect to find if they attempted to follow the Luabala in its course to the north, and that it should be so in the vicinity of the equator was to be expected, independent of their information. For a century at least, and probably long before, Arab slave traders have harried and desolated the interior of Central Africa, and when Stanley, a white man with a body of followers, entered that country, the conclusion on their part was a most natural one that he and his party were slave traders who attempted to get into the country was to be resisted by every means within their power. It may appear, the cannibal tribes of Africa, as we know from the journals both of Du Chaillu and Schweinfurth, are highly intelligent, brave and honest, and when Stanley, a white man with a body of followers, entered that country, the conclusion on their part was a most natural one that he and his party were slave traders who attempted to get into the country was to be resisted by every means within their power. It may appear, the cannibal tribes of Africa, as we know from the journals both of Du Chaillu and Schweinfurth, are highly intelligent, brave and honest, and when Stanley, a white man with a body of followers, entered that country, the conclusion on their part was a most natural one that he and his party were slave traders who attempted to get into the country was to be resisted by every means within their power."

It is into this Basin of Minas and up along its affluent Windsor River that the Fandy's tides pour with their great volume and force, rising, it is affirmed, to an occasional height of sixty feet, and with such sudden velocity as now and then to surprise and overwhelm cattle feeding on the marsh lands by the shore. In the Windsor River, however, it is said, have to dodge the tides.

The extreme length of the Bay of Fandy is about one hundred and seventy miles; its width ranges from thirty to fifty miles; its depth is generally great. Its shores are for the most part bold and rocky, sometimes grandly precipitous. It is a spacious ocean pocket, filled and emptied twice in twenty-four hours. With its tides, fogs, winds and "sea-bands" shores, it is anything but an inviting water to mariners, and has been the scene of some of the direst catastrophes of the sea, while not without situations of the strongest sort for the artist, the tourist, and the sportsman.—Edward Abbott, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

Two Princes.—The Prince of Wales made a speech highly complimentary to Stanley, at a meeting. The Prince would not take a gold medal prize as a speaker. He begins very much as if it were a disagreeable task, and rushes through it in a stinging, but still British style. He does not mention many Englishmen, for which let us be truly glad; but he gives small impression of refinement or culture in his public addresses. He is in conversation, however, quite delightful. The fact is that the English do not understand how to "unbend" enough to make easy and graceful public speeches. The exceptions prove the rule.

Young Napoleon was present. He has a striking, almost expressionless face, handsome in regularity, but that is all. It has a certain "beauty" in this world, it is a "beauty" in this world. He is, I believe, a painstaking, hard working student but he has not received a heritage of talent from his father, unless I am greatly mistaken. Perhaps, however, he will as a North Carolina girl once told me of her sweetheart, "be a powerful smart man when he breeds."—London Letter on the Stanley Reception.

formation. In respect to the great water-system of Asia, in its connection with the mystery of the Nile, and the mystery of the Congo, he has found an enigma that has attracted the attention of the world for ages, and that some of the foremost ranks of geographers, explorers and travelers.

One of our own countrymen, the Fall of Ganges, the great river of India, near Hoorah, little known as it is one of the wonders of the world. The writer says of it: "Difficult it is to convey any picture of the stupendous character of the river, some three hundred yards in width, flowing through soft woodland, its waters split into many glassy currents, gliding round many worn boulders and islets, when instantly they break and surge, and in their place are savage, terrific walls of green rock plunging to depths of hundreds of feet, down which the shuddering waters fall at four points nearly equidistant on the irregular curve of the rim of the abyss."

From the lip of the precipice to the dark pools at its foot is an accurately measured distance of eight hundred and thirty feet, and down this prodigious descent pour the local cataracts, each arising in its own special robes of grandeur and beauty. First on the western side is the Great or Rajah fall; a branch of the river runs over a projecting ledge, and nowhere touching the Titanic wall, which hollows in, descends in a stately unbroken column, gradually widening its shining skirts into a black, unfathomable pool, eight hundred and thirty feet deep.

The precipice runs backward, curving in an irregular bay on whose farther side the fall, named the Roarer, shoots slanting down a third of the height into a rocky basin that shoulders out, whence it boils out in a broad massive cataract, plunging for a hundred feet into the same pool opposite its kindly neighbor.

Leaving the bay, next on the general plane of the precipice comes the Rocket fall, running impetuously over the rim and down the face of the stupendous wall, to which it only just clings with a broad band of glistening foam-white water, speeding in quick gusts, incessantly darting out myriads of watery rockets and vaporous arrows, with which all its volume seems alive, and pouring clear at last in a dense shining curtain into its own pool.

Last and loveliest, La Damselle glides down the grim column apart in lapse after lapse of delicate lace-like veils, now blowing out in bright, misty spray, and again quickly gathering up the white folds, and so stealing downward with a whispering murmur, till gently sinking in a sparkling shower into a pool whose ink-black surface is hardly ruffled. The exact depth scientifically measured is eight hundred and thirty feet.

FATHER SECCHI.—A cable dispatch from Rome announces the death of Father Pietro Angelo Secchi, the well known astronomer. He had been ailing for several weeks, and although his physician, Dr. Cecconelli, did not absolutely despair of his recovery, yet he himself believed that his last days were approaching.

Father Secchi was born at Reggio, in the Emilia, July 29th, 1818. In 1833 he became a member of the Society of Jesus; he studied mathematics under Father Francesco de Vico, who subsequently was appointed to the position at the observatory which he himself filled up to the time of his death, and from 1841 to 1848 he taught physics in the College of Loreto. In the following year he commenced the study of theology at the Roman College, and finished the course at Georgetown College, D. C., in 1848-49, when he was summoned back to Rome and appointed director of the observatory of the Roman College.

In this position he displayed great activity, reconstructed the college on a new site and plan, invented a new system of meteorological observation, and published a monthly bulletin, which continued in existence till five years ago. He completed the trigonometrical survey of the Papal States which had been begun in 1761 by Boscovich, the celebrated mathematician and rival of D'Alembert, rectified the measures of the meridional arc, and brought a supply of water to Rome from Frosinone, forty-eight miles distant.

Since 1850 he has been one of the most noted and successful of European astronomers, being looked upon as a very high authority in solar and stellar physics and spectroscopic analysis. When the Jesuits were expelled from Rome in 1870, he was permitted to retain his post at the observatory and lecture on astronomy in the schools. He published numerous works in English, French and Italian, which have achieved a high reputation.

The oldest duke in Britain is His Grace of Portland, aged 78; the youngest is the Duke of Montrose, who is 26. The oldest earl is the Irish Earl of Kilmorey, aged 90; the youngest is the Earl of Hereford, aged 18. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Donegal, aged 61; the youngest is Marquis Camden, aged 6. The oldest baronet is Sir Richard John Griffith, who is 94; and the youngest is Sir Thomas Lewis Highes Neave, who is 4.

Traces on an Anaximus.—The Hon. Hugh Gage of Lyon county was in Virginia City last week. He is a naturally good-natured and unassuming man, but don't presume too far or he will be sure to drop on your little game. Some time ago Hugh was in Europe. Not having anything to do when he first arrived in town, he wore away a good bit of time at a school kept by an old acquaintance, whom he happened to find there.

One morning his friend had some business out of town and got Hugh to take charge of the bar during his absence. Hugh laid aside his hat and took up his position.

Some person who was in the saloon when Hugh took command, went out among the beer-jobs of the town, in pursuance of the plan agreed upon, the first customer that arrived said, as he reached up to the bar: "Got any real straight whisky?"

"Have I got any good whisky?—Never! You don't find anything else passed over this bar. Never! I was a first package of whisky before you were born, but what you get on the back room."

The man poured out a big hunk, took a swallow of it and began coughing. He coughed so hard that he was obliged to set down his glass. He then clapped both hands upon his stomach and coughed himself all around the room—coughed his hat off and coughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks—till he seemed not to have breath enough left to cough more, or to utter a syllable, when he took his handkerchief in his eyes, shook his hat at the astonished deputy bartender and rushed out of the saloon without a word, leaving his glass of liquor standing on the counter.

Hugh was frightened and bewildered. He took the whisky bottle, held it up to the light, and carefully examined it, fearing he had made some mistake—finally, to make sure, he tasted it, and found it to be whisky, and pretty fair whisky, too.

He had just recovered his usual self when a gentleman came and said: "Have you got any good brandy—real, good brandy—no manufactured stuff?"

"What do you take us for?" cried Hugh. "There's not one drop of doctored liquor of any kind about this establishment. No such liquor as this was ever brought to Eureka. It costs \$92 a gallon in San Francisco. It's like oil!"

The customer poured out a liberal allowance, but had no sooner attempted to swallow it than he commenced coughing and spat out what he had in his mouth. He held both hands to his cheeks and whirled round on one heel like a dancing dervish, and ran for a water pitcher and then began coughing as though he would cough up his lungs.

A SENSITIVE GIRL.—They were seated together, side by side, on the sofa in the parlor, in the approved lower-fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, etc.

"Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred," she answered, very calmly; "you have certainly been very attentive."

"But Lizzie, during do you love me? Will you be my wife?"

"You wife, Fred? Of all things! No indeed; not say one else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, Fred. I've two married sisters."

"Certainly; and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have very good husbands, I believe."

THE GREAT GEYSER OF ICELAND.—Iceland is an elevated plateau about two thousand feet high with a narrow marginal habitable region sloping gently to the sea. The elevated plateau is the seat of every species of volcanic action, viz., lava-spouts, volcanoes, mud volcanoes, hot springs, and geysers. These last exist in great numbers: more than one hundred are found in a circle of 100 miles diameter. One of these, the Great Geyser, has long attracted attention.

The Great Geyser is a basin of pool fifty-six feet in diameter, on the top of a mound thirty feet high. From the bottom of the basin descends a funnel-shaped pipe eighteen feet in diameter at the top, and seventy-eight feet deep. Both the basin and the tube are lined with silica, evidently deposited from the water. The natural inference is, that the mound is built up by deposits from the water, in some way the same manner as a volcanic cone is built up by its own eruptions. In the interval between the eruptions the basin is filled to the brim with perfectly transparent water, having a temperature of about 170 to 180 degrees. The following are its peculiarities:

First. Immediately preceding the eruption sounds like cannonading are heard beneath, and bubbles rise and break on the surface of the water. Second. A bulging of surface is then seen, and the water overflows the basin. Third. Immediately thereafter the whole of the water in the tube and basin is shot upward one hundred feet high, forming a fountain of dazzling splendor. Fourth. The eruption of water is immediately followed by the escape of steam with a roaring noise. These last two phenomena are repeated several times, so that the fountain continues to play for several minutes, until the water is sufficiently cooled, and then all is again quiet until another eruption. The eruptions occur tolerably regularly every ninety minutes, and lasts six or seven minutes. Throwing large stones into the tube and effect of bringing on the eruption more quickly.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE IN A FIX.—Vivier, the eccentric Frenchman, who has made it the business of his life to worry the custom-house inspectors of all European countries, has returned to France. His wont formerly was to pack a large trunk full of trousers—such as are worn with garters—using hydraulic pressure. If a space necessary to cram five bushels into a three bushel space; then to lure the inspector to open it as a suspicious package, when, naturally, the contents were overet, and the whole force of the custom-house was occupied for hours in putting them back. A powerful jack-in-the-box was another device of his that was very successful. His latest performance at Boulogne is thus recounted: M. Vivier placed his valise and traveling-sack on the counter.

"What is in this traveling-sack?" "Two rattlesnakes," said M. Vivier, meekly. The inspector jumped back, and said it was unnecessary to open it. "And in this valise?" "Three more rattlesnakes," softly responded M. Vivier. The inspector knitted his brows for a moment, consulted a tariff, and replied, in an awful voice: "That makes five rattlesnakes; there is no duty on rattlesnakes unless there are six or more. Pass the gentleman's luggage!"

MISUNDERSTOOD.—Mr. Perkins, a small farmer in N. H., during the war was drafted for the service of his country. His wife, though she possessed but a small stock of information, was much troubled at the thought of parting with her husband. As she was engaged in scrubbing off her doorsteps, a rough looking stranger came up and thus addressed her:

"I hear, madam, that your husband has been drafted."

"Yes, sir, he has," answered Mrs. Perkins, "though, dear goodness, there's few men that couldn't be better spared from their families."

"Well, ma'am I've come to offer myself as a substitute for him."

"A what!" asked Mrs. Perkins, with some excitement.

"I'm willing to take his place," said the stranger.

"You wretch! I'll teach you to insult a distressed woman that way, you vagabond!" cried Mrs. Perkins, as she discharged the dirty soap suds in the face of the discomfited and astonished substitute, who took to his heels just in time to escape having his head broken by the bucket.

Tell the truth and shame the devil, but there isn't any—N. Y. Herald. Oh, yes, there is. You will find one in every well regulated printing office in the country.—*Verrilltown Herald*.

A Covington man died and they put him on ice, but he awoke in the night and yelled: "Why don't you put some more wood in that stove?"

Some people complain because they can't find bread for their families; others have given up trying to find it and go to work for it.

To cure a bachelor's aches—carry to the patient eighteen yards of silk with a woman in it.

A wicked man in Davenport, being on his death bed wished to consult some proper person regarding his future state, and his friends sent a fire in trance agent to him.