

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1869

NO. 5

ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.

GROCERS

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Washington D. C.

ARE happy to announce to the citizens of St. Mary's county and its vicinity that having at much expense provided increased facilities for the accommodation and storage of goods and articles to them for sale on Commission, that they are prepared to offer to those who may entrust them with their patronage assurances that their merchandise will receive the highest market prices.

Our extensive communication with the wharves and our long establishment in the Grocery business, enable us to command better prices for country products than possessed by any Commission Merchant in the city.

Remember the place
R. A. GOLDEN & BRO.
Warehouses No. 44 and 46
Street South
Washington D. C.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL AT PRIVATE SALE the farm upon which I reside in St. Inigo's district, in St. Mary's county, Maryland, called Waverly, containing 200 acres, more or less. This farm is situated about three miles from Point Lookout, is adapted to all the crops grown in the county, with a good creek belonging to said farm, sufficient to plant about 20,000 bushels of oysters, which grow rapidly and command the largest prices. The improvements are an old fashioned BRICK HOUSE, four rooms below and two above. The barns and out houses are sufficient for the estate and in good repair. Sufficiency of wood, timber, &c.

Terms apply to
STANISLAUS CLARKE,
Judge Post Office,
St. Mary's county,
Md.
April 29, 1869.
(Baltimore Daily News and National Intelligence publish 5 times and send bills to this office for collection.)

A. BRAFFMAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Ready Made Clothing.

No. 32 1/2 North Market Street,
N. W. Cor. Second St. Opp 34 Institute,
Baltimore.

Keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of ready made clothing—also clothes made to order in the latest and most fashionable styles. Persons desiring to secure bargains, would do well to call and examine my stock before going elsewhere to purchase.

May 2, 1867—14.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned take this method of informing the public that they are still associated together in the Carpenter's business, and will contract for the building of Houses of every description. All work will be executed with dispatch, and in all contracts for Buildings special attention will be paid to Bricklaying, Plastering and Painting.

All orders addressed to them at Leonardtown, Md., will receive prompt attention.

GEORGE HORNE,
THOMAS C. GREENWELL,
June 6, 1867—14

FRANCIS NEALE, J. H. NEALE

NEALE, HARRIS & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Sell Leaf Tobacco, Grain and all country produce.

Buy fertilizers and all supplies for farmers. No commission charged for buying goods when funds are in hand.

may 27, 1869—14.

SEATON HOUSE

Washington City, D. C.

JOHN H. SEMMES, Proprietor.

G. W. BOWSER, Clerk, Clerk of the National Hotel.

April 12, 1867—14

OCTOBER COLORS.

The year grows splendid.—On the mountain

Now lingers long the warm and gorgeous light,
Dying by slow degrees into the deep,
Delicious night.

The final triumph of the perfect year,
Blossoms the wood's magnificent array,
Beyond, the purple mountain heights appear,
And slope away.

The elm with mistle, slow motion leaves
His long, little branches in the tender air,
While from his top the Virgin's flower waves
Her scarlet hair.

Where Spring first hid her violets 'neath the fern—
Where Summer's fingers opened, fold after fold,
The odorous wild rose's heart—now burn
The leaves of gold.

Now Nature hushes her last and noblest wind!
Like some balmy breeze the singing streams,
Reclines the enchanted Day, wraps in Divine,
Impassioned dreams.

The loveliest hill, the loveliest flowering herb,
The latest fruit of season and of time,
All wear alike, the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.

But where the painted leaves are falling fast,
Among the trees, beyond the farthest hill,
There sits a shadow, dim, and sad, and vast,
And lingers still.

And still we hear a voice among the hills,
A voice that mourns among the thicket woods,
And with the melody of its sorrow fills
The solitude.

For while gay Autumn glides the fruit and leaf,
And doth her fairest garments wear,
Lo! Time forever in his mightiest sheaf
Binds up the year!

The mighty shade which never is unbound!
The Reaper whom our souls beseech in vain!
The loved but lost that never may be found
Or loved again.

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NATURAL GHOSTS.

Without saying a word for or against the supernatural appearance of dead and dying men, ministering spirits, hell spirits, and all demons that are found in fire, air, flood, or underground, let us give a good word to the ghosts that are no ghosts. Some of them are quite natural and wholesome, some by healthy persons, and often by others than one person at the same time. Others are natural and wholesome, seen usually by sick persons, and in early life seen by one person only. The familiar form of the healthy, natural apparition is our good old father, our other self, whom we have had the pleasure of seeing a great many times in print.

I think the Brocken to see the sunrise on a calm morning, and standing on the granite rocks known as the Tempelshanzel, observe that the other mountains towards the southwest lying under the Brocken are covered with thick clouds. Uprises the sun behind me, and forth starts the giant, five or six hundred feet high, who strides the clouds for a couple of seconds and is gone. To second's shadow in this fashion there needs a horizontal sunbeam and a bank of vapor of the right sort in the right place. We may go up the Brocken at sunrise a dozen times and hardly have a chance of finding sunbeam and vapor-bank disposed to favor us with the raising of his ghost. The ghost of Caesar that appeared to Brutus at Philippi is assumed to be a natural. Was not Hobbes of Malmsbury a great philosopher, who called it "knowing"? "We read," says Hobbes, "of Marcus Brutus, (one that had his life given him by Julius Caesar, and was his favorite, and notwithstanding murdered him) how at Philippi the night before he gave battle to Augustus Caesar he saw a fearful apparition, which is commonly related by historians as a vision; but considering the circumstances, one may easily judge to have been a short dream. For sitting in his tent he was troubled with the horror of his rash act, it was not hard for him, slumbering in the cold, to dream of that which most afflicted him; which fear, as by degrees it made him awake, so also it must needs make the apparition by degrees to vanish; and having no assurance that he slept, he could have no cause to think it a dream or anything but a vision." Then there is a moonshine. It makes many things half visible, which still folks interpret into shapes of terror; burglars, perhaps, if their fears are as they deserve, and if their taste incline to the eerie, when the light is dim and silence rules, they will know how to suspect.

In every bush a hovering shade,
A groaning, wailing sound,
Moreover, there is a hoarse-voiced in its regular commercial aspect, as it was abroad in the days of the Egyptians, and as it is at home in these present days. It is not difficult to understand how the Egyptian priests showed visions on their temple walls, or reflected pictures from the surface of great bodies of water. The devils shown by a conjuror to Benvenuto Cellini were doubtless let loose from a magic lantern. Some drugs give a man spectral illusions. A conjuror offered Dr. Addison a prescription for a mixture of antimony, sulphur and other things, which should cause the person taking it to be haunted by spectres.

A philosopher older than Hobbes, the poet Lucretius, supposed that all ghosts were natural productions, being merely the middle of the seventeenth century the doctrine of phlogiston prevailed. This was a chemical explanation of the theory of Lucretius. It asserted that if a flower were burnt and pulverized, a salt might be obtained which was the essential part of the flower on mixing this substance with something which would arise, corresponding to that which was burnt. This was explained by supposing that the particles of salt, when heated, attracted one another, and flew off into the respective places they had occupied when in the living plant, so that they thus formed a shadowy representation of it. That being taken for an established fact, it was easy enough to apply it to the human body, which, when fermenting under ground, threw off such particles of the essential salt to rise into the air, be drawn into their old relative positions, and thus form

Horrid apparitions tall and ghastly,
To walk at dead of night, or take their stand,
O'er some new opened grave.

But why the windingsheet, threw off this salt, and not the coffin—or the ghosts always came up dressed in their grave clothes, never naked in their coffins—Philosophers have not explained.

Another theory, metaphysical, not chemical, made Fancy an incomprehensible material thing lodged in the lobe of the brain, which acts the part of the servant to the mind in arranging together the different material ideas brought to the brain by its other servants. The over-zealous industry of this servant in working after the others were gone to bed, supposed to produce the appearance of spectres, which were thus taken to be, in a very liberal sense, the workings of Fancy.

Now we come to the unwholesome class—the natural ghosts; ideas made, usually vivid by some morbid condition of the mind or body. Ghosts of this kind are as natural as those of the other class. Ideas are copies of sensations, only less intense. If any unhealthily excited adds to the intensity, they may be indistinguishable from impressions of objects really seen and heard. The writer of this, having seen a large number of ghosts, and heard many ghostly voices in his childhood and youth, has, as a wise man once put it, seen too many ghosts to believe in them. And yet how clear and distinct they were.

A long flaming sword, for example, in the air at roundly over London, at the time of the cholera visitation of 1831, or thereabouts; and not only a flaming sword, but the clouds arranged in a frame about it to bring out the picture, as they were certainly not arranged in the sky. Bill the pattern of the sword was that chosen by the artists of the great illustrated edition of Paradise Lost, whose pictures were often perused over by the young natural ghost-seer, and it was a shape radiating little credit on the genius of the heavenly sword-smiths, if they have sword-smiths in heaven.

Take the third experiment of Sir Humphrey Davy in an atmosphere of nitrous oxide. He says, "A thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable, in every limb; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of the least motion of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime; and for a moment I walked round the room, perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavored to recall the ideas—they were feeble and indistinct."

Inhalation of nitrous oxide increases the force of the pulse, expands the blood. A like effect is produced by the febrile uterine of Calz, in which the spectral impressions are of a painful character. Suppose we say, then, that expansions of the blood are favorable to the producing of spectral impressions. If not that, some other fact as natural, accounts for the spectres in hectic and other fevers. The ghosts seen by Novalis, the philosophical book-seller of Berlin, disappeared gradually on the application of leeches. Spectral impressions may result also from direct irritation of the brain, or from a high state of nervous irritability acting upon the body generally. The spectres will agree most with the mind they spring from. A philosophical man like Novalis has visions of men, dogs, and horses, such as he would see in daily life. Others, who have their minds full of supernatural tales, and who associate with darkness, instead of nature's rest, the spirit's unrest, will see the sort of ghosts they occupy their minds with. Others, again, whose philosophy leads to a faith in visible intercourse between the living and the dead, will not fail to obtain excellent corroborations of their doctrine.

When supernatural are not repetitions of familiar shapes, but follow current superstitions, it has been always observed

that they correspond to the forms adopted by popular belief from familiar paintings and sculptures. The riches of Lorraine, who professed to be familiar with devils, was questioned particularly as to the appearance of these devils. He had simply realized them by the rule allegorical painting and sculpture of the ancients. They said they were black-faced, with horns like fiery coals, their mouths wide and smouldering of sulphur, their hair's hairy, with claws, their feet horny and gloved. The cloven foot comes of a tradition that the devil was in the habit of appearing to the Jews in the form of a hairy goat. Saints, when they appear, correspond in the same way with the conventional form of church painting and sculpture. Visions seen in the ecstasies of saints themselves were commonly true visions; natural, as results of an overstrained mind in a wasted and often tortured body. The visions seen by the dying may be explained also by the condition of the body in the last stages of many diseases, when the commotion of spectral delusions has given rise to a strong faith in our frequent visible communion with angels and departed spirits in the hour of death.

Next to sight, hearing is the sense most frequently imposed on, and no sound is so commonly imagined as the call of a familiar companion. Dr. Johnson fancied he heard his mother call "Sam," when she was a hundred miles away, and was much disappointed when nothing came. This call by a familiar voice was a frequent occurrence of the present writer. It was commonly a home voice, and a loud, clear and almost monosyllabic call. But he has heard the voice of a brother miles away, speaking as from behind his shoulder in a country village library, and turned to answer in a voice itself so insensibly subdued to harmony with the impression, as considerably to surprise a fellow-student who was standing near. In this case, not confined to voices, the sound of opening doors with the bedroom at night, when there was no door opened, and other such tricks on the ear, were also not uncommon, but these (though not the sudden voices, which seemed to be connected with some momentary leap of the blood, as in the sensation that one has sometimes when going to sleep, or falling suddenly with a great fall) were always to be explained by reasonable relations to a thought within the mind.

Next to hearing, touch is said to be the sense most frequently imposed on; as when people have fancied themselves hit on the nose by a right fist, or felt considerable pain from it. The present writer can remember in his own ghostly experiences but one delusion of the sense of touch. It was associated with delusion of hearing, and repeated nightly for a week or ten days. Sometimes the sense of smell is deceived, as when the spectral sight of a demon is joined to a spectral smell of brimstone. Considering how often people are saying that they "smell" their souls, one might think they play upon this sense, to make the delusion more convincing. Thus, a lunatic mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, fancied his porridge dinner to consist of every delicacy, but complained that everything he ate tasted of porridge.

The Lion's Paw.—A delicate, soft, hairless-looking foot is this, with a beautiful fringe of fur around the edge; but what do we see under the fur? Scarcely concealed, like rind men in ambush, are three dreadful claws, which, when extended and intent on blood, will tear furrows an inch or more deep in the thick skin of a buffalo or giraffe, or hold the powerful dand with a vice-like and deadly grasp. Then, again, the full round orb long from slightly above the waves—a bridge of gold running due north across the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which our lot in the month of Norway, and maintain. In half an hour the sun had swayed up perceptibly on his beat, the colors, changing to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

There is much difference in the quality of Coffee as respects the place of its growth. The Mocha coffee takes precedence of all other, the grains of which are small and oval. In our country, the Java is generally sought after; but very little of that called by this name really comes from Java. It is often brought from the West Indies or South America. Very good coffee has been received from Liberia.

What is called the mole coffee is smaller, rounder, of a darker color, and stronger than the Mocha. Hence the mole-bean makes the richest beverage. Very little of the mole species is brought to this country. It is said to be chiefly sent to France, and this has been assumed as a reason why the French make the best coffee.

The Mohammedans were prohibited from using coffee by their Koran; coffee-houses were closed among them for a long time. It is now, however, much used among the Mohammedans.

Coffee has been used in France about one hundred and fifty years, and in England about as long.

It has a delightful aroma, and has been much used to flavor liquors and lozenges. Roasting improves both the taste and the fragrance of coffee.

In the great progress that chemistry has made it has discovered that the alkaloid caffeine is precisely the same as, or similar to, theine found in tea. Thus, when we drink coffee, we at the same time drink tea; rather the same active principle. The alkaloid theine is much more abundant in tea than caffeine in coffee. Tea is more stimulating than coffee, but it does not contain so much nourishment. Coffee, taken in moderation, promotes health; it aids in digesting food. In some constitutions it causes sleeplessness. It helps to make a good dinner set light upon the stomach, and renders even the dyspeptic sociable, sometimes languid. Strong coffee, however, taken in the morning upon an empty stomach, often causes a sinking feeling, tremor, headache, dizziness, and where this is the case it should be discontinued, or more serious disease may result from its use. But, let it be remembered that it is a salutary beverage when taken in moderation, with hearty food. We are aware that many persons who have written upon hygiene have totally discarded the use of both tea and coffee, but we think they have made a mistake. There are some persons so constitutional, they made that they would have better health if they were to leave both tea and coffee out of their beverages. But their number is small, while most would be better off to use them.

Coffee is often useful as a medicine. Many patients will bear opium better when administered with coffee. When an overdose of opium has been taken, but after as much of the poison has been removed as can be, strong coffee is a good stimulant to overcome the effect of what is still residual in the system. Caffeine is still useful in many nervous diseases.

It is better to buy coffee before it is ground, because you can then tell what you buy. In this way, when everything that is valuable is adulterated, coffee comes in its full share of miserable articles, such as rye, chicory, trippis, peas, barley, and many other things of little or no value. But if you purchase coffee and roast and grind it yourself, you know what you get, and are sure not to be cheated.

The following graphic passage is from the description of a scene witnessed by a Mr. Campbell and his party, in the north of Norway, from a cliff one thousand feet above the sea: "The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its waves severely reached our ears; far away in the north, the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb long from slightly above the waves—a bridge of gold running due north across the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which our lot in the month of Norway, and maintain. In half an hour the sun had swayed up perceptibly on his beat, the colors, changing to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

It was at a dinner table at Walsingham's table that Dr. Johnson made this excellent reply to the poet, who, absolutely lashed him during dinner-time: "Pray now," said he to the Doctor, "what would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am?" "Why, sir, I think," replied Johnson, "I would almost consent to be as foolish."

The young lady who said she had nothing to do, of course meant on her shoulders. People in the show business often make like complaints.

COFFEE.

This bean is a native of Arabia. It grows especially in warm climates, and has been cultivated in the West Indies. It is the seed of a shrub, which bears transparent, well, and flourishes better than when allowed to remain in its original bed. The plants are usually set out in rows, and in three years they begin to bear fruit, and continue to bear for forty years. They have flowers upon them at all seasons; and usually some fruit; but they properly yield fruit but twice a year.

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A lady went into one of our bird-stores yesterday for a black-bird, but asked for a "colored" bird. Nothing like delicate expression.

News of Days.—Their Origin.—transfer to your columns the following waif of useful information. I know it will be new to many of your readers:

The idols which our Saxon ancestors worshipped—some which the days of the week derive their names—were various, and were the principal motives to their adoration.

The Idol of the Sun.—This idol, which represented the glorious luminary of the day, was the chief object of their worship. It is described like the bust of a man upon a pillar, holding, with out-stretched arms, a burning wheel before his breast. The first day of the week was especially dedicated to its adoration, which they termed the Sun's Day, hence is derived the word Sunday.

The Idol of the Moon.—The next was the idol of the moon, worshipped on the second day of the week, called by them Moon's Day; and since by us Monday. The form of this idol was intended to represent a woman, habited in a short coat and hood, having two long ears. The moon which she holds in her hand represents the quality.

The Idol of Tuisco.—Tuisco was first called as the father and ruler of the Teutonic race, but in course of time he was worshipped as the son of Earth. From this came the Saxon word Tuisco's Day, which we call Tuesday. He is represented as standing on a pedestal, an old, venerable sage clothed in the skin of an animal, and holding a sceptre in his right hand.

The Idol of Woden, or Odin.—Woden, or Odin, was the supreme divinity of the Northern nations. That he is supposed to have emigrated from the East, but from what country, or at what time, is not known. His exploits form the greater part of the mythological creed of the Northern nations, and his achievements are mentioned by all credulity. The name of the fourth day of the week, called by the Saxons Woden's Day, and by us Wednesday, is derived from this personage. Woden is represented in a martial attitude, with a broadsword upflashed in his right hand.

The Idol of Thor.—Thor, the eldest and bravest of the sons of Woden and Friga, was, after his parents, considered the greatest among the Saxons and Danes. To him the fifth day of the week, called by them Thor's Day, and by us Thursday, was consacrated. Thor is represented as sitting upon a throne, with a crown of gold upon his head, adorned with a circle in front, wherein were set twelve bright burnished gold stars, and with a regal sceptre in his right hand.

The Idol of Friga, or Frea.—Friga, or Frea, was the wife of Woden, or Odin, and next to him, the most revered divinity among the heathen Saxons, Danes, and Northern nations. In the most ancient times, Friga, or Frea, was the same with the goddess Hirth, or Earth. To her the sixth day of the week was consacrated, which by the Saxons was written Friga's Day, corresponding with our Friday. Friga was represented with a drawn sword in her right hand and a bow in her left.

The Idol of Sater.—The idol Sater is represented on a pedestal, wherein is placed a perch, on the sharp pricked back of which he stood. His head was uncovered, and his visage wan. In his left hand he held up a wheel, and in his right hand was a pall of water, wherein were flowers and fruits; and his dress consisted of a long coat, girdled with linen. The appellation given to the day of his celebration is still retained. The Saxons named it Sater's Day, which we call Saturday.

Light.—The planet Mars is undoubtedly wrapped in an atmosphere loaded with vapor and clouds, and possesses a surface diversified by oceans and continents, lakes and peninsulas.

The growth and decrease of the snows, which surround either pole, and which creep out in the Winter of each hemisphere, and melt away again as the time of Summer comes to each, is also a curious evidence of a series of meteorological and climate phenomena, wonderfully in accordance with our own terrestrial experience. The consideration of these things gives us a vivid impression of the wonderful revealing power of the agent, which we are now studying.

We often admire the wonders of the electrical messenger and his untold flight, annihilating distance, and bringing together the ends of the earth, but what are these achievements compared to those here accomplished.

The electric fluid flashing along the globe-covered wire, can give warning to the coast of England, that a tempest had begun its march across the sea. At a distance, will soon be hovering across the chink cliffs of the island and thundering light, flashing out from the sun across the fields of space, and turning back to us from its momentary resting place on the continents, or oceans, the mountain summits or their chilly crowns, the polar snows or equatorial forest, of the distant planet, tells how a herald of snow and sleet is at the same instant sweeping over that globe 35,000,000 of miles away.

One of the best wishes that we know of for ordinary wounds on horses is to take a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, half a pint of turpentine, and put them into a bottle; shake up well before using; apply to the wound three times a day until a scab forms.

A lady in this city is trying to better her disposition by dieting on sweet potatoes.

Never apply the whip to a "blower."—One fool would never strike another.

LADY BYRON'S NAME AND LINEAGE.—The writer of "Table Talk" in the London Guardian supplies the following information:

Everybody is asking just now who Lady Byron was, and how she came to be known also as Lady Westworth. She was, as most people know, a Miss Augusta Milbank, the only child of Sir Ralph Milbank, Baronet, of Sahan Hall, county Durham. Her mother was the Honorable Judith Noel, daughter of Sir Edward Noel, Baronet, who, in 1745, succeeded his cousin, Martha Lovelace, in the ancient Barony of Westworth and was subsequently created Viscount Westworth. This latter title became extinct at the death of Thomas, second Viscount, in 1815, when Sir Ralph and Lady Milbank succeeded to the Westworth property, and took in consequence the name of Noel, as also did their daughter and her husband. At the same time the Barony of Westworth fell into abeyance between Lady Milbank and her sister's son, afterwards Lord Sarsfield, whose death without issue in 1836 terminated the abeyance, and the Barony fell to Lady Milbank's only child, the wife of the poet. She lived to enjoy the title only about four or five years. Though when young she inherited an ample fortune, it is a mistake on the part of Mrs. Beecher Stowe to say that in her declining years she lived at one time at Edging, and eventually purchased a small house in St. George's terrace, adjoining Primrose Hill, in the Regent's Park, and there she died in the year 1809 or 1811. The half-sister of Lord Byron, whose name turns up so unapparently in the recently published notice of Lord and Lady Byron's married life, and is there mentioned as "Augusta," was the only child of John Byron, the poet's father, by his first wife, Amelia Aron, in her own right Baroness Compton, who had herself been divorced from the Duke of Leeds. She was born January 25, 1753, and was consequently older than the poet by just four years.—In 1807, she married Lieutenant Colonel George Leigh, of the Tenth Dragoons, by whom she had issue. She died in November, 1851.

The largest of the western Norwegian islands, Sator, which is three Norwegian miles in length, has a mysterious inhabitant, of whom strange things are told by trustworthy people. There is on the island a large water called the Karole; it lies out of the way, with two farmsteads, far apart from each other, on its margin. People tell of the depth of that water as of several Norwegian lakes, that it is in some places fathomless; but another thing they tell of it too, which is far more remarkable. For during a long series of years, after various and uncertain intervals, there has been observed a monster, which raises its arched back above the dark, lonely lake, and remains there lying like a hulk. Its upward movement sends a circle of powerful waves towards the shore, but then it becomes quiet, and one sees only a kind of trembling round its sides, like as when the soft Medusa basks on the surface of the water. People have often tried to watch for the arrival of the monster, and have waited many days on the coast; but this being keeps no computation of time, and its appearance is coming far years. Once, two men were pulling a little boat across the water—then suddenly the smooth hulk lay there; the rowers had their backs toward it, and almost touched the animal with their oars. One may imagine their horror when they perceived it. They pulled back again with all their might, and saw from the shore the immense mass dive down into the deep. We never hear of any attempt to describe other parts of the monster, but just that arched back which always appears. They never light on the wonder of this apparition with any fancy colors, but all the witnesses tell the same story. And this, at all events, is a favorable feature in the tradition when compared with others about similar beings. What are we to believe? The tale is stranger than that told of the sea-serpent and the Kraken; for those have the water for their playground, whereas the monster of the Sator lake is confined within a prison, where the rocks stand around as sentinels.

A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.—Nicholas Wain, though a regular Quaker preacher, was a great wag, and many are the good things said by him which are still current in certain Philadelphia circles. He was once traveling on horseback in the interior of Pennsylvania in company with two Unitarian preachers. They discussed the points of difference in their respective sects, until they arrived at the inn where they were to put up for the night. At supper, Wain was seated between the two Unitarians, and before them was placed a plate containing two trout. Each of the Unitarians placed his fork in a fish and transferred it to his plate, after which each shut his eyes and said an audible grace