

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. VIII

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 22, 1871

NO. 35

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
JAMES S. DOWNS.

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

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POLITICAL GRENADES.

FITTING PRESENT.—In view of General Grant's projected visit to the shores of the Pacific, certain loyal Republicans in San Francisco propose to present him with a palanquin. Almost anybody else would reject such a gift; but the people of San Francisco have a pure thing on Grant. He declines nothing. All is fish that comes to his net. They are safe in offering him a palanquin, a platform-car, or a box-car; and if they were to throw in a locomotive, or a station-house, he would have no hesitation in accepting the donation. The Administration seems to be something in the nature of a gift enterprise; and he was a thoughtful Radical who proposed that Grant should be content with his accumulations and retire at the end of four years, and give some other good republican a chance to make himself rich.

OLD DEMOCRATIC HONESTY.—A correspondent of a Republican paper, who has lately been traveling in South Carolina, and visited the ruins of the residence of the Hamptons, Rhett, Prestons, and other great families, says:

"The Prestons, Middletons, Pinkneys and Rhetts have all been reduced from their high estates. They are no longer the rulers of South Carolina. But let us pass every thing to their credit with a due and say that, through the long years that these families ruled the State, they stole none of its revenues, nor disgraced its high places by ignorant and corrupt men. Faulty as the old-time Southern Democratic politicians were, they were honest. Whatever they did, they did not steal." Upon the dynasty that succeeded them no such praise can be bestowed. They all steal, and steal largely.

NOT FOR CANADA.—It may safely be questioned by what right a Canadian paper dares to criticize this great and glorious first-class blessing a President whose equal history has never recorded. It must be that the scribbler for the Canadian press are persecuted with a growing jealousy when they contrast the condition of the Dominion with that of the United States, and their officials with General Grant. The Montreal *Nes* is blind or craven enough to say that the Ku Klux bill puts an end to all idea of annexation in the minds of Canadian people. "No Canadian," says the *Nes*, "however poorly provided with brains, would dream of abandoning a land where freedom exists, where the course of justice flows its way, for a country under the iron heel of an ambitious and little scrupulous general."

CONDITION OF ALABAMA.—The Radicals who are constantly representing the South as full of outrage and lawlessness, are as constantly having their mouths stopped by their own fellow-partisans. For example, last week a member of the joint Ku Klux committee received the address of the grand jury to the United States District Court of Northern Alabama, as delivered by that notorious Radical, Judge Busted. In the course of this he said that there was but a single case of alleged offense, and that was one robbery of the United States mails. As it was a year since the grand jury met, the court declared that there could be no better evidence of the condition of law and order in Alabama, and of the protection of life and property in that State.

HOOKER OR GRANT.—Gen. Joe Hooker thinks Grant could not carry half a dozen States. He says: "It is my absolute conviction that were you to walk the length of Broadway you could not meet a man less qualified for the Presidency than Grant. We of the army know him better than the people at large. When his Adjutant, Gen. Rawlins, was alive, the President seemed to be efficient and successful; but when Rawlins died Grant's bottom fell out. He is now in his normal condition."

When the Democrats attain power the present tariff will be assailed with an unalterable purpose to modify it in every important feature. The tax on a half dozen articles, none of them necessities, will suffice to meet the wants of the Treasury. With the reforms the Democratic party proposes in this respect the people will be relieved of far the most onerous, though insidiously imposed, burdens of this day of taxation.

PAYING LOYALTY.

Carpet-bagging has its pecuniary emoluments as well as its political honors. As an evidence, we have the case of Governor Scott, of the model Republic of South Carolina. The Hartford *Times* says that Gov. Scott, in 1868, asked a gentleman of Hartford to become his security in the sum of \$5,000. He had not fifty dollars in the world.—That was scarcely three years ago. Now, after one good pull at the teat, having been a Governor of that plundered State, he is worth, we learn, \$750,000. This is making patriotism pay.

RADICAL MILLIONAIRES.

Ex-Senator Richard Yates of Illinois, famous for his rickiety while under the influence of whisky, is building a splendid residence in Jacksonville, in that State. Senator Pomeroy of Kansas offers to give \$10,000—two thirds of the amount needed—toward the endowment of a feminine professorship of medicine in the Harvard University. Both Senators must be flush of funds. Formerly, Senators often went to Congress poor, and returned so.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHOICE.

In view of the vital issues at stake, Democrats will discard all personal or sectional preferences in selecting their standard-bearer.—They aim solely to choose a tried and true man who will fill the exalted position of President with honor to himself and fidelity to the oath he will take, one above the reach of a bribe, and who can neither be coaxed, flattered nor intimidated into wrong-doing.

THE DICTATOR'S PLEASURES.

The President has laid out his plans for a Summer of ease and enjoyment. The public business, he says, must take care of itself, as he intends staying at Long Branch until the middle of August, when he proposes a trip to California. This junketing costs a country pretty dearly; but as "His Excellency" will dance, somebody must pay the piper.

WHEN DEMOCRACY RULES.

The man who now pays \$100 annually for dry goods, will under Democratic rule get the same articles for \$30, allowing the merchant as good a profit as he does to-day. The axe, the plow, the manifold articles of hardware will all be cheapened in about the same proportion, while the Government will be curtailed of no needed revenue.

THE PARTY OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The Democratic party is the party of constitutional liberty, and its fidelity to constitutional obligations has been its pride and boast, and was what lost it the ascendancy of the Federal Government since 1860. And adherence to that fidelity will be maintained by the Democratic party if it shall keep it out of power for a century to come.

GREENE'S FAITH IN K. K.

Had Mr. Greene been one-half-yaa, one hundredth part—of what he has published and dilated upon in the *Tribune* about the terrible Ku Klux, he never would have trusted his benign countenance in the land he has so persistently reviled no more than would he have faced Mace, or Coburn, or Collins, or Edwards in the P. R.

STATE RIGHTS.

Democracy claims that the States have rights which should be maintained, guarded and respected; that neither the President nor Congress can rightfully interfere in the local affairs of a State unless duly called upon by the State Government. Democracy declares that United States soldiers have no business at or near the election polls.

A DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION.

Should the Democracy prove triumphant in '72, the checks and restraints of the Constitution will be respected and enforced. The civil will take precedence of the military power of the Government. The Supreme Court will be clothed with all its rights and duties under the Constitution.

TOO MUCH PEACE.

Gov. Scott of South Carolina says there is no need of declaring martial law in that State, and Judge Busted of Alabama, says he has had one case to try in a year, so the presumption is a fair one that Grant is going to have more peace than he bargained for.

RADICAL "LAW."

Radicalism maintains that the will of the majority in Congress, sanctioned by the President, is law, to be enforced by the bayonet and drum-head court-martials, regardless of the Constitution or the judicial branch of the Government.

THE AIMS OF RADICALISM.

Radicalism seeks to clothe the President and Congress with supreme power—supreme over States and people, and sovereign above the Constitution and the decisions of the Supreme Court.

RADICALS AND MARTIAL LAW.

Radicalism claims that Congress, or the President, by its authority, may ignore the writ of habeas corpus, and declare martial law in and over any portion of the country at pleasure.

When James Russell Lowell was in Italy, a begging friar came to him one day with a subscription for repairing his convent. Lowell said, "Ah, but I am a heretic." The friar replied, "Undoubtedly, but your money is perfectly orthodox."

A MEMORABLE JOURNEY.

What I am about to relate occurred more than thirty years ago, and as my pen is seldom used except in a business way, I must ask the indulgence of my readers if I prove somewhat garrulous.

Though late in the season, I resolved to carry out a long-cherished plan; that of making a hunting tour through the famous—and then not as well known—north woods. It was with a feeling of freedom and excitement I at length set out on my journey. At Ogdensburg I met an old class-mate going with a party of hunters into the forest, and a cordial invitation to accompany them was readily accepted.

I found them genial, whole-souled fellows, whose numerous adventures and narrow escapes formed the subject of many an hour's entertainment, as we sat around our camp-fires, the star-gemmed sky our canopy. I remained with them two weeks, gaining new strength each day. A trifling matter of business in that place decided me at once to start for Montreal.—After a short stay there, I found it necessary to go on to Quebec.

I at once made myself and business known to a firm, with whom we were in correspondence, and was cordially received by the senior member. With true Scotch hospitality he urged me to make his house my home during my stay; and when I declined, insisted on procuring quarters for me with a widow who lodged some of his friends, saying I would be disappointed in the hotels, as they were greatly inferior to those of the States.—This arrangement proved fortunate, for Mrs. McClellan I formed the acquaintance of a young man who was going to a settlement beyond the point, proceeding fifty miles further west, reach a far trading station I desired to visit. As we were about starting, an officer from the garrison came to bid his friend good-by, and advised me on leaving him to obtain a guide, as the remainder of my journey was through a rough country, which he—though not a coward—would not care to travel alone. His advice was not regarded, however, when I found, on reaching the settlement, that it was difficult to procure the services of any one.

It was a cloudy bleak November morning when I set off, after receiving minute instructions as to the course I should pursue. I jogged on without incident until late in the afternoon, when gradually I became aware of a sound other than that of the wind which he bore me constant company. Was it the echo of my horse's hoof? No, it was the tramp of another animal, which soon became so distinct that I knew my solitary ride was soon to be interrupted. For some time the horseman kept far behind me, until prompted by curiosity to see what my fellow traveler was like, I slackened my pace and allowed him to overtake me. He also was well mounted. His age seemed about thirty-five; his figure thick set and about the medium size; his hair sandy, and curling closely to his head; his complexion was fine, despite sun and wind; his nose well formed, and his mouth handsome. Altogether his face was attractive, combining intelligence with kindness.

As we rode on, side by side, and in subsequent events, I found him to be a man of general information, acquired in actual contact with the world.

A dark and stormy night was gathering round, and we were numb with cold. While deliberating whether it would not be best to light a fire and remain where we were for the night, a far off light caught my eye. Could there be a dwelling in this wilderness? At any rate we would approach this light and ascertain. We shortly discovered among the trees, a low, rambling building, barn-like and forbidding in its appearance. After some time we succeeded in finding the door, at which I knocked loudly for admittance. An old woman answered the summons, holding a dim, rush light, that did not improve her repulsive appearance. It would be difficult to describe the color of her eyes, unless their evil expression gave them a greenish line. Her face might have been good in youth, but was now wrinkled and hideous. I told her our situation, offering to pay her for a night's lodging. She snubbed something in reply, and motioned to us to follow her. Greying along a narrow passage, we were admitted into what seemed a family room or kitchen.—At the hearth, on which some damp logs were smouldering, sat an old man, who looked up on our entrance and addressed us in a foreign tongue.

My companion turned to the old woman who let us in and said: "We speak only English." "That's well enough," she answered in a harsh voice. "I'll take care of you.—Suppose you want something to eat, though what I can give you will hardly please such fine gentlemen." "We shall be thankful for food however plain," I said.

She left the room, returning with dried venison, coarse bread, butter and the glasses filled with what she called cordial. I satisfied my appetite, tasted the drink, but not liking it, left it standing. I did not see my companion drink his, though his glass was empty when we left the table. He seated himself on a bundle of skins near the fire, while I endeavored to interest myself in a late paper, though unsuccessfully, for I soon began to nod.—The man, who had been caring for our horses, now came in, and making a sign to the woman, she asked me if I would like to go to bed. I said yes, and that my friend seemed desiring comfortable where he was. She made no reply, but started for the door.

On leaving the room I glanced back toward the fire, over which the old man was bending, his back toward my companion, who, as I looked, suddenly arose himself, closed his eyelids with his finger, shook his head as if warning me against sleep, then drew his finger rapidly across his throat. Confused and startled by this mysterious intimation, with a bewildering feeling I followed my companion to a small attic room, where a cot was prepared for my use. The woman set the light upon a stool which served as a table, and left without a word. Alone with my thoughts, I began to question the motives of my companion. Even supposing this couple intended violence, it was many as they, well armed, and capable of strong resistance. Certainly there was nothing around me to awaken suspicion. Neither antiquated wardrobe, nor moldering tapestry, nor curtained bed afforded a hiding place to the midnight assassin; on the contrary, my room was close to the roof, containing the cot and stool before mentioned, an old sea chest, a bundle of bedding in one corner, a pair of antlers and some trophies of the chase.

Then again, I thought he might have good reasons for these signs. Perhaps he understood those gibberish. At any rate there was some mystery which I could not solve. I threw myself down without undressing, having a knife and pistol beside me in case of attack. I tried to keep awake, but the pattering storm against the roof, lulled me into a doze, from which I was aroused by the tapping on the window beside my bed. I listened breathlessly, and found the noise was occasioned by small stones, thrown against the glass from the outside. I peered cautiously out, and recognized the figure and voice of my companion, who begged me, in God's name, to escape, saying we were in a den of cut-throats, at the same time placing a strong sapling against the window. I quickly descended. He grasped my hand, and we moved on in silence.—Behind an old out-house we found a horse, which my friend said we must both mount and get into the highway with all possible speed.

I hesitated to do this, saying my own horse must be near; but he said, "No, the old villain has taken yours; and gone to summon comrades near by. I'll tell you how I know all this as we hasten on." I mounted behind him, and we were soon on the road, when my friend continued:

"I have always had a remarkable faculty for remembering faces, and as soon as I saw the old man's face, remembered having seen him in a criminal court, under conviction for horse-stealing. I gathered from their broken conversation between him and the old woman that this was a general rendezvous for characters like themselves, and some of them might be expected at any time; and there were many significant remarks regarding ourselves and business. I once stared for a short time on the detective police, and was on the alert for making observation. After you went to bed, I was shown to a room on the ground floor, containing one small window barred from the outside. The light was withdrawn, and the door fastened upon me. I lighted a small taper, with which I am usually provided, and proceeded to examine the premises. The room was separated from an adjoining one by a thin board partition, in which was a small door, fastened on the other side by a wooden latch.

There might be means of exit there? I took my knife and cut the latch, through the slit between the boards, and stepped into a closet, from which came forth a death-like odor. It apparently contained nothing but a pile of skins, and a window crevice covered with leather. I was extinguishing my light to make my escape when a foot protruding from the hides, caught my eye. Removing the uppermost, a right met my gaze which froze me with horror. The body of a man lay stretched out before me, which had evidently been dead for two or three days. His clinched hands, battered head and blood-stained clothing gave evidence of a fearful struggle. For a moment I stood unable to move, the next, tearing the leather from the casement, I was in the open air.

"I heard you ascend the stairs, and knew from the sound of your footsteps the direction you had taken, and determined to save you if possible." "During this recital he often stopped to listen, while we made what progress we could over the rough and uneven ground. We could not have gone more than three miles when we heard the barking of a dog."

THE INDIAN LISTENED GRAVELY.

The Indian listened gravely, shook his head, and answered: "White man may not speak truth; he loves not red skin."

He then gave a peculiar call, and several warriors approached from the thicket. They surrounded us, consulting in their own tongue, but my friend's face grew pale as they proceeded, and turning to me explained that one of their number had been killed by the whites, and they would retaliate on us. "We may as well make up our mind to die," said he, and I could almost feel the scalping knife, and see the kindling faggots, when an Indian entered the circle and walked toward my companion said:

"Is the white man's name Lockley?" "Yes." "You remember me? White man friend to poor Indian twelve moons ago. Know this? Showing a large, ornamental knife. Lockley smiled, stretched out his hand to the Indian, who warmly grasped it and turning to his brethren, addressed them in earnest, and what appeared to us, eloquent language.

Lockley afterward explained to me that he had met this fellow at a trading station. "He came into the store for tobacco, and gave the clerk—a contemptible rascal—a piece of money, double its value. He waited some and then asked for his change. The clerk said: 'That is all right, the price of tobacco has raised, winning slyly at me, who had just purchased the same quantity.' The Indian looked quite dejected, saying he wanted to get a knife, and this was all he had; he then asked if he would not trust him for it till he came again. "We don't trust red skins," sneered the clerk.

"I am quick tempered, and at this my blood rose. I stepped up to the scamp, and thrusting my fist under his nose, said: "Give him his change this minute, you villain, or I'll pound you to a jelly." "He trembled, like the coward he was, and handed down the money; I then told the Indian to select a knife and I would see that he was not cheated."

"He took one, paid for it, looked steadily at me for a moment, and went away. I had quite forgotten the circumstance until it was just now recalled."

The hostile manner of the Indians soon disappeared; they invited us to the fire, and prepared for our defense. A bloodhound was the only one of our pursuers who appeared, and he was instantly dispatched by one of their number. At the same time uttering a terrible war-whoop. As it echoed and re-echoed through the woods, I could imagine the terror of the early settler, as with blanched face he listened to that death-note.

Next morning we left the encampment, guided by several Indians, and at nightfall we had reached a station with which we were familiar, and where, after loading them with presents, we bade our guides farewell.

From this place my friend and I returned to Montreal, where we made a deposition of what we had undergone. Lockley took me to his home, and introduced me to his wife and children. His helpmeet was a sensible, kind-hearted woman. I soon learned their circumstances. He was a collector and agent for a couple of Montreal firms at a salary of seven hundred dollars. I asked him if he would like to come to the States if he could do better. He said he would gladly do so, if sure of employment; but he did not think it best to leave a certainty for an uncertainty. I told him he was right in this.

On parting, I pressed upon him the acceptance of my watch, as a slight memento of my esteem.

The following Spring, when my father left the business, I wrote my friend, offering him the situation of traveling agent for the house, at \$1,000 per year. He gratefully accepted the proposal. I found his integrity and knowledge so necessary to me that I soon doubled his salary.

He has been my partner for the last ten years, and I have reason to be thankful for the perilous adventure which brought me so true and worthy a friend.

A PROPHECY.—Victor Hugo in 1848 wrote:

"Two Republics are possible. One of them will tear down the *tri-corne* and hoist the red flag, *coin sans pieces* from the *Vendome Pillar*, tear down the statue of Napoleon and erect in its stead that of Marat, destroy the Institute, the Polytechnic School, and the Legion of Honor; it will add to the beautiful device: 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity' the sinister alternative: 'Death.' It will bring about bankruptcy, ruin the rich without enriching the poor, destroy the public credit, which is the fortune of all labor, which is every man's bread; will abolish property and the family, carry heads en lances, fill the prison with suspected persons, and empty them by the massacre, set Europe afire, lay civilization in ashes, and make France the home of darkness; it will kill Liberty, stifle art, decapitate thought, and deny God. It will erect the guillotine, and, in short, do everything in cold blood that the men of 1793 did in the frenzy, and after the horrible but grand spectacle which our fathers have seen, it will show us the monstrous in a contemptible pusillanimity."

The old poet probably did not think when he wrote the above, which characterizes the present Parisian Government admirably, that he was delineating the government which his own wild fanaticism has since then helped to create in the French metropolis.

Lying before it was the athletic figure of an Indian, who started burrily to his feet. My companion told him of our danger, and begged for protection.

VAMPIRES AND GHOULS.

William of Newburn, who lived in the twelfth century, narrates that in Buckinghamshire a man appeared several times to his wife after he had been buried. The architect and clergy, on being applied to, thought it right to ask the advice of the bishop of the diocese as to the proper course to be pursued. He advised that the body should be burned—the only cure for the vampires. On opening the grave, the corpse was found to be in the same state as when interred—a property, we are told, generally possessed by vampires.

Calmet in his curious work relating to the marvels of the phantom world, quotes a letter which was written in 1738, and which added one to the long list of vampire stories belonging to the Danubian provinces. "We have just had in this part of Hungary some of vampirism, duly attested by two officials of the tribunal of Belgrade, who went down to the places specified; and by an officer of the emperor's troops at Graditz, who was an ocular witness of the proceedings. At the beginning of September three died in the village of Kisiony, three leagues from Graditz, a man sixty-three years of age, three days after his burial he appeared in the night to his son, and asked for something to eat. The son having given him something, he ate and disappeared. The next day the son recounted to his neighbors what had occurred. That night the father did not appear; but on the following night he showed himself, and asked again for food. They do not know whether the son gave him any on that occasion or not; but on the following day the son was found dead in his bed. On that same day five or six persons in the village fell suddenly ill, and died one after another in a few days." The villagers resolved to open the grave of the old man, and examine the body; they did so, and declared that the symptoms presented were such as usually pertain to vampirism—eyes open, fresh color, etc. The executioner drove a stake into the heart, and reduced the body to ashes. All the other persons recently dead were similarly exhumed; but as they did not exhibit the suspicious symptoms, they were quietly reinterred.

Mr. Pashley, in his *Travels in Crete*, states that when he was at the town of Askly he asked about the vampires or *katakoumbas*, as the Cretans call them—of whose existence and doings he had heard so much, stoutly corroborated by the peasantry. Many of the stories converged toward one central fact, which Mr. Pashley believed had given origin to them. On one occasion a man of some note was buried at St. George's Church at Kalikrati, in the island of Crete. An arch or canopy was built over his grave. But he soon afterward made his appearance as a vampire, haunting the village and destroying men and children. A shepherd was one day tending his sheep and goats near the church, and on being caught in a shower went under the arch to seek shelter from the rain. He determined to pass the night, laid aside his arms, and stretched himself on a stone to sleep. In placing his fire-arms down (gentle shepherds of pastoral poems do not want fire-arms; but the Cretans are not gentle shepherds) he happened to cross them. Now this crossing was always believed to have the effect of preventing a vampire from emerging from the spot where the emblem was found. Thereupon occurred a singular debate. The vampire rose in the night and requested the shepherd to remove the fire-arms in order that he might pass, as he had some important business to transact. The shepherd, inferring from this request that the corpse was the identical vampire which had been doing so much mischief, at first refused his assent; but on obtaining from the vampire a promise on oath that he would not hurt him, the shepherd moved the crossed arms. The vampire, thus enabled to rise, went to a distance of about two miles, and killed two persons, a man and a woman. On his return, the shepherd saw some indication of what he believed to have caused the vampire to threaten him with a similar fate if he divulged what he had seen. He courageously told all, however. The priests and other persons came to the spot next morning, took up the corpse (which in daytime was as lifeless as any other) and burnt it. While burning, a little spot of blood spurted on the shepherd's foot, which instantly withered away; but otherwise no evil resulted, and the vampire was effectually destroyed. This was certainly a very peculiar vampire story; for the coolness with which the corpse and the shepherd carried on their conversation under the arch was unique enough. Nevertheless the persons who related the affair to Mr. Pashley firmly believed in its truth, although slightly differing in their version of it.

In 1854 an American newspaper, the *Norwich Courier*, said: "Horace Bay of Griswold died of consumption in 1846; two of his children afterward died of the same complaint; eight years afterward, 1854, a third died. The neighbors, evidently having the vampire theory in their thoughts, determined to exhume the bodies of the two first children, and burn them, under the supposition that the dead body remained in a fresh or semi-fresh state, all the vampire mischief would be produced. In what state the bodies were really found we are not told; but they were disinterred and burned on the 8th of June, in the above named year. Baring God narrates the history of Marshal de Betz, a noble, brave and wealthy man of the time of Charles the Seventh in France. He was sane and reasonable in all matters save one; but in that one he was a terrible being. He delighted in putting young and delicate children to death, and then destroying them,

without (so far as appears) wishing to put the flesh or the blood to his lips.

In the course of a lengthened trial which brought his career to an end, the truth came to light that he had destroyed 800 children in seven years. There was neither accusation nor confession about a wolf here; it was a man afflicted with a morbid propensity of a dreadful kind. Somewhat different was the case of Joan Grenier, in 1608. He was a hard-boiled, aged fourtimes, who was brought before a tribunal at Bordeaux on a most extraordinary charge.—Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, accused him of having attacked them under the guise of a wolf. The charge was strange; but the confession was still stronger; for the boy declared that he had killed and eaten several children, and the fathers of those children asserted the same thing. Grenier was said to be half an idiot; if so, his idocy on the one hand, and the superstitious ignorance of the peasantry on the other, may perchance supply a solution to the enigma.

One of the most extraordinary cases on record occurred in France in 1849. The facts being brought to light before a court-martial, presided over by Colonel Massaban. Many of the omelettes near Paris were found to have been entered in the night, graves opened, coffins disturbed, and dead bodies strowed around the place in a torn and mangled condition.

This was so often repeated, and in so many cemeteries, that great anguish and terror were spread among the people.—A strict watch was kept. Some of the patrols or police of the cemeteries thought they saw a figure several times fitting about among the graves, but could never quite satisfy themselves on the matter.—Surgeons were examined, to ascertain whether it was the work of the class of men who used in England to be called resurrectionists, or body-snatchers; but they all declared that the wild, reckless mutilation was quite of another character.—Again was a strict watch kept; a kind of a man-trap was contrived at a part of the wall of Pere la Chaise cemetery, which appeared as if it had been frequently used. A sort of grenade connected with the man-trap was heard to explode; the watch fired their guns; some one was seen to flee quickly; and then they found traces of blood, and a few fragments of military clothing, at one particular spot.

Next day it became publicly known that a non-commissioned officer of the Seventy-fourth Regiment had returned wounded to the barracks in the middle of the night, and had been conveyed to a military hospital. Further inquiry led to a revelation of the fact that Sergeant Bertrand, of the regiment here named, was the unhappy cause of all the turmoil. He was in general demeanor kind and gentle, frank and gay; and nothing but a malady of a special kind could have driven him to the commission of such crimes as those with which he was charged, and which his own confession helped to confirm. He described the impulse under which he acted as being irresistible, altogether beyond his own control; it came upon him about once a fortnight. He had a terrible consciousness while under its influence, and yet he could not resist. The minute details which he gave to the tribunal of his mode of proceeding at the cemeteries might suit those who like to sup on horrors, but may be dispensed with here. He was sentenced to the galleys for his confession to corporal punishment; that he was sentenced to the galleys, and that eminent physicians of Paris endeavored to restore the balance of his mind during his quiet incarceration.

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who ultimately succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Fortresses are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exertion, steady labor in the field is the best gymnastic in the world. Either labor or exercise carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even to great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, running to catch up with a vehicle or cars, are extremely injurious to every age, and sex, and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run thirty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every day acts of life with calmness. Quakers are a proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk, the world over.

A SEASONABLE PARAGRAPH.

Many persons lose their life every year by an injudicious change of clothing, and the principles need repetition every year. If clothing is to be diminished it should be done in the morning, when first dressing. Additional clothing may be safely put on at any time. In the Northern States, the undergarments should not be changed for less heavy earlier than the middle of May; for even in June a fire is very comfortable in a New York parlor. Half the diseases of humanity would be swept from existence if the human body were kept comfortably warm all the time. The discomfort of cold feet, or of a chilly room, many have experienced to their sorrow; they make the mind peevish and fretful, while they expose the body to colds and inflammations, which often destroy it in less than a week.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB.—The boomstick.

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