

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### MY DOG "NAP."

"Lie down, lie down, sir!" "Oh, never mind him, Frank, he won't hurt you go right on."

"Oh, yes," said I, "it is all well enough for you to say 'never mind him,' but by George, he looks as if he would bear a great deal of minding."

"Nonsense," said Allick laughing; "I tell you the dog will not touch you; but, if you will not believe me, wait a moment and I will go along with you."

"I certainly was afraid to go into the room alone, and I think you, my readers, would have thought discretion the better part had you been in my place."

"Allick was talking with his agent as I came to the hall door, and had walked toward his library to wait his leisure; but when I opened the door, a large black dog, that had evidently been lying on the floor, started to his feet with a growl, and exhibited a row of teeth that would have made a good stock in trade for a first-class dentist. He was a villainous looking brute, and I declined trusting myself to his mercy, as I have told above."

"Allick finished his business, then took me by the arm and led me into the room, the dog slowly drooping on his haunches when he saw his master, and I paid no more attention to him until I had finished the business I had in hand."

"What in the world do you want with such a vicious dog?" I inquired, as I lit the cigar my friend gave me.

"Don't think much of your judgment if you call him a vicious looking dog," was the answer.

"What breed is he?" "He's a cross of several breeds."

"Yes, I should think from the way he showed his teeth that he was a cross."

"Come, come, Frank, you must not run down old 'Nap.' He has been too good a friend for me to listen to anything but praises of him."

"What did he ever do that was particularly friendly?" I inquired.

"Nap, I will tell you what he did; he saved me fifty thousand dollars during war times."

"I was about to give an unbelieving chuckle, but a glance of Allick's face told me that he was in earnest, so I bowed I told the story."

"It was about the middle of the war," said Allick, "when I was treasurer of the Grafton Drilling Company. Our office safe was as unsafe as a pine box would have been, and I disliked to leave a dollar in it. There were several burglars about the place and all of them were skillfully planned and executed."

"One night our office was visited, the safe opened up with wedges, and the contents carried off. The burglars found but a few hundred dollars, but the worst feature of it was that they had hit upon a night when they ought to have been a large amount of money there. We had received a large cash payment the day before, but instead of trusting it to our old safe I had taken it home with me."

"We wondered if the burglars had any knowledge of this payment. If they had, then they must have extraordinary means of gaining intelligence, and would know whenever we received any large amounts again, and would they not come at once to my house, now that they had seen that I did not trust the safe? The question was a very perplexing one, and I had an angry debate over it with some of our directors. I was in favor of getting a reliable safe and employing a night watchman, but I was out-voted."

"Old Evans, indeed, went so far as to say that, as lightning never struck twice in the same place, neither did burglars visit the old safe the second time. And he was inclined to think our money would be safer if left in the office than carried to my residence. And he talked so many of the others into his way of thinking that a resolution was passed declaring it against their wishes to have any of the company's funds kept any where except in the office safe!"

in that board of directors another year.

"About a week after this our secretary returned from Boston on the evening train and brought with him fifty thousand dollars, and all in greenbacks, the proceeds of our monthly bills receivable. He brought the money in bills because the day following was our pay-day."

"I was in a most perplexing state of mind when he handed me that money. I knew the office safe was no protection whatever, and yet if I carried the money home with me I was assuming a great responsibility. Without saying a word to any one I determined to keep the money with me. I found an old dinner-basket in the office and I carried it home in that."

"You may be assured that I did not feel very comfortable that evening. I thought of every nook and corner in the house, and wondered where would be the safest. At last I determined upon carrying it, leaving half here and the rest in the other room. I had not mentioned the matter at home, not even to my wife, but pleaded a headache when mentioned of my pre-occupied mind."

"I came in here and placed twenty-five thousand dollars in that ottoman at your feet. See! the top is on hinges, and is fastened by the hook on the side. This ottoman I pushed near 'Nap.' The balance I carried to my own room and put it in the stove, thinking that would be the last place where any one would look for it. I went to bed, and it was nearly midnight before I fell asleep."

"I was awakened to find a man's hand on my mouth, and to be informed that he did not intend to harm me if I kept quiet. My hands were then tied behind me, a towel fastened in my mouth, and the muzzle of a pistol placed against my head. Another man was treating my wife in a similar manner. They had a dark-lantern and wore masks."

"After securing us they began to search the room. First my clothes, then the bureau drawers, under the bed—everywhere but where the money was. I began to think I had out-witted them, when one said to the other, 'How that stove?' Another man, and they were pulling out the stove."

"Imagine my feelings if you can! Even if they got with this amount it was so small sum to lose. I could almost have cried right then and there. One ran over the amount and said to the other, 'Only half here.' My heart grew colder than before. They went to the easy chair and out open the stuffed seat; they picked up the ottoman, examined it, and went out of the room."

"I was trying to get up when one came back; the other had the money; he pushed me back into the bed, saying I had better lie quiet. I heard the other man walk down stairs, and I knew my money was gone. They evidently knew how much money I had, and from the way they ripped open chairs and cushions in my room, they would not be long searching for that which was down stairs."

"The fellow must have come straight to this door. I heard him turn the latch, and then—a most unearthly scream! I knew that 'Nap' was doing his duty. In a flash I jumped to the floor, and in doing so, gave a wrench to the band about my wrists that broke it, and then I leaped from the man on guard and fired. I caught his revolver. He made a stroke at me, I dodged it, caught him by the legs and threw him. As he fell he gave up his hold on the revolver."

"I cared nothing for him, I wanted the man who had the money; so I dashed down the stairs, only to see him going out of the hall door. I fired, but missed him; I fired again and heard a cry of pain; I fired once more and broke his ankle, and down he dropped. The other man jumped out of the window and escaped."

"Of course I secured my man, recovered my money, and old Evans had to admit that he had been wrong, for the robbers had first gone to the office, and came to my house only when they found the safe empty. Another revelation that the morning brought, was a confession from my prisoner that our book-keeper was one of his gang, and pointed them about our affairs. The book-keeper did not come to work that morning, nor have we ever seen him since."

"And the dog?" I asked.

"Yes, the dog had all the credit. You see, the thief supposed by the silence that there was no dog about the premises, and he thought he was done for, when he opened the door and 'Nap' sprang at him."

"But," said I, "he was frightened rather easily; these fellows usually do not care much for a dog."

"I guess he never saw quite such a dog as 'Nap' was that night," said Allick, laughing. "I had rubbed his eyes and mouth with phosphorus, and put on the strong spring. I don't blame the fellow for imagining the evil one was before him."

"Phosphorus and strong spring?" I exclaimed; "what are you talking about?"

"His eyes are glass, you know."

"Glass! Have you been drinking, or have I?"

"Why, old fellow, don't you see that 'Nap' is a fraud?"

"I jumped to the dog, and sure enough I had been badly sold—the dog was India-rubber! Allick laughed loud and long at my sheepish face."

"Is the story as true as the dog's?" I asked.

"Oh, the story is true as preaching. I bought 'Nap' when I was in Paris. I have springs fixed on the door and in the floor, so that when the door is opened the dog stands up, and when he is up, there is an arrangement in his throat that makes the growl you heard. By putting on that upper lever he is made to jump as high as a man's head, and that jump was what frightened the burglars."

"I sympathize with that burglar, and I hope he did not lose caste among his professional brethren, for certainly the dog was a villainous looking brute, as well as a most unmitigated swindler."

"An Indian had been picked up drunk, and though it was proposed to let him go over the river, it was desirable to have him understand that no Indian has any more rights than a white man."

"Child of the whispering forest, son of the grassy plains, it grieves my spirit to see you here," said his Honor. "Only a few more moons will come and go before you will be gathered to the happy hunting grounds of your brothers gone before. You are an aged tree. Time has shorn you of your strength. You can no longer chase the wild condurango and follow the reobuck. The buffalo grazes in front of your lodge and your arm is not strong enough to draw the bow. The rumbling thunder and the sharp lightning make you afraid. Once you could not count the campfires of your tribe, so many did they number, now there is nothing left of your tribe but yourself, two old army blankets and a shot gun with the lock out of repair. Son of the forest why is this thing thus, and what do you mean by coming into my trapping grounds and getting drunk?"

"The white chief has spoken many wise words," replied the Indian in measured tones, resting one foot on the edge of a spittoon. "My race has fallen like the leaves—been washed away as water washes out the marks of clay. I stand alone. My camp fire has gone out and my lodge is cold and has no mat. Knowledge-kick has tears in his eyes when he looks to the West and no longer sees the smoke of many camp fires. Our great chiefs have fallen, our warriors are dust, and the wolf utters his lonesome howl on the spot where stood our big village. I am sad."

"The red man may go," said his Honor. "I cannot give you back your land; I cannot cover the hills and meadows with forests again; the wild fox and the deer have sought the deeper glens, and no power can waken the warriors whose whoops rang from hill to river. Go back to your lodge, beware of fire water, keep in nights, vote early and often, and be virtuous and you'll be happy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A BUSHEL OF CORN.**—One bushel of corn will make a little over 100 pounds of pork—gross.

When corn costs 13½ cents per bushel, pork costs 14 cents per pound.

When corn costs 17 cents per bushel, pork costs 2 cents per pound.

When corn costs 25 cents per bushel, pork costs 3 cents per pound.

When corn costs 33 cents per bushel, pork costs 4 cents per pound.

When corn costs 50 cents per bushel, pork costs 5 cents per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes on his corn, when in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3 cents per pound, it brings 32 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4 cents per pound, it brings 42 cents per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5 cents per pound, it brings 52 cents per bushel in corn.

**WEIGHTS OF BOYS AND GIRLS.**—Upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than 7 pounds. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that age the boys acquire a decided preponderance. Young men of 20 average 135 pounds, while young women average 110 pounds each. Men reach their heaviest when about 40 years of age, when their average weight will be about 140 pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until 50 years of age, when their average weight will be 130. Taking the men and women together, their weight at full growth will then average from 108 to 150, and women from 80 to 130. The average weight of humanity all over the world, taking all ages and conditions, working men and women and persons without occupation, black and white, boys, girls and babies, is very nearly 100 pounds avoirdupois weight.

The late Dr. MacAdam used to tell of a tipsy Scotchman making his way home upon a bright Sunday morning, when good people were wending their way to the kirk. A little dog pulled the ribbon from the lady who was leading it, and as it ran away from her, she appealed to the first passer by, asking him to whistle for her poodle.

"Woman," he retorted, "with a solemnity of visage which only a drunken man can assume, 'woman this is no day for whistling!'"

The genius who is to invent a practical substitute for work has not yet been born—and never will be.

An era unknown to women—the middle ages.

### ACROSS THE SEA.

Far, far away across the sea, In the still hours when I dream, After the stillness of the night, And sad is the heart I bear, Far, far away across the sea.

Yonder, toward the Dardanelles, I follow the vesper dream, Slender must be the girl I see; Follow her whom I love and yearn, Yonder toward the Dardanelles.

With the great clouds I go astray, These by the blue sky, Those by the blue sky, In snow, in rain, and in their way, And with the clouds I go astray.

I take the pinions of the swallow, And swiftly to the sea returning, So swiftly I'm, during follow Upon the pinions of the swallow.

Homelessness hath my heart possessed, For now she treads an alien strand; And for that unknown fatherland Long, as a bird for her nest, Homelessness hath my heart possessed.

From wave to wave the salt sea over, Like a pale cor as I was seen, Ever to the feet of my sweet lover, From wave to wave the salt sea over.

Now am I living on the shore, Till, here, here, here, here, here, And take me in her tender keeping, And has her hand my still heart o'er, And calls me from the dead on a more.

I clasp her as and hold her long, 'Oh, I have suffered sore,' I cry, Like a downy nest, my grasp is strong; Like her eye and hold her long.

Far, far away across the sea, In the still hours when I dream, And often I venture in weeping; And sad is the heart I bear, Far, far away across the sea.

### PIO NONO'S DAILY LIFE.

The following translation of an article on Pio Nono's daily life, which has been recently written by M. Bernadine, is now "making the rounds" of the continental press:

"I formed in Rome the acquaintance of a *valet de chambre* of the Holy Father, who has been in his service ten years and never left him. He possesses the confidence of his venerable master, and he deserves it. I can mention more than one monsignor who has not his influence, and he is courted by persons from the four quarters of the globe. He ought to have a secretary to attend to his correspondence, and he is constantly receiving visits and requests, and he is asked for audiences as if he were a minister. Bankers worth millions, deputies and great ladies come to see him with letters of introduction. Generals and ministers, and high officials send him their photographs, with which he laces the walls of his chamber. All this does not spoil him; he has remained humble, gentle, polite, servicable, obliging, and unobtrusively, and never for a moment forgetting his humble station or seeking to abuse the confidence placed in him. I have often spoken with this clerical Catech—and always of Pio IX. The Sovereign Pontiff has no reason to fear the proverb which declares that no man is a hero to his valet. It is thanks to his confidence, enriched by the indiscretion of some other persons attached to the Papal Court that I am able to give the following account of how Pio IX. passes his day. Writer and sumpter the Pope, notwithstanding his eighty-three years, rises at 5:30 o'clock, and dresses himself without assistance. He nearly always awakens himself. After a short prayer, he enters one of his private chapels, where the Blessed Sacrament is always preserved, and among which are a fragment of the crib of Bethlehem, and another of the true cross; a piece of the skull of St. John the Baptist, and some of the teeth of St. Peter. Then he prepares to say mass. At 7 o'clock he descends to the smaller and less adorned chapel, where he says mass, and where those who have permission to do so receive communion from his hands. He celebrates mass with great devotion, and with such a piety that he is often moved to tears. The Holy Father next hears another mass, said by one of his chaplains, and then, after giving his benediction to the priest and his assistants, he retires. It is now 8:45 o'clock, and His Holiness takes his breakfast, which consists of a basin of broth and a cup of black coffee. Cardinal Antonelli now comes to confer with him, except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when he is replaced by his substitute, Monsignor Marino Marini. At 10 o'clock the Pope reads his letters, which, as will be easily imagined, are usually very numerous. He then looks over the *Ossevatore Romano* and *Voce della Verità*, but very rarely. I am sorry to say, does he ever undo the bands of the French papers, which reach him regularly. Then begin the special audiences. The men come in evening dress, with cravats. They genuflect three on entering, and then kneel before the Pope, who raises them up. The Pope is seated, his visitors stand or kneel. Cardinals and princes alone have the right to sit in the Pope's presence. This is one of the most fatiguing parts of the Pope's duty. The Secretary's department is literally inundated with demands, and the number of audiences, and during the winter season the number is incredible. At 11 o'clock the Pope takes a basin of soup and a glass of Bordeaux wine, which is sent to him by the Nuns of St. Joseph, and is made from a vine especially devoted

to his use. Formerly Pio IX. used only to drink common white wine, and he had reached his eightieth year before he could be induced to drink Bordeaux or Capri. Men only are permitted to enter the Pope's apartments.—When an audience is over the Sovereign Pontiff rings a bell placed on a table, and another person is admitted by the prelate who is on duty that day. At about 12 or 12:30, when the Pope leaves his chamber to walk in the garden, he is accompanied by the *valet de chambre*, the *valet de chambre* and *loggie*.

on his passage he sometimes meets a number of families, deputations, and persons who are received in public audiences. He blesses their medals, rosaries and the crosses which they bring in abundance. He exchanges a few words with them, and listens to their questions, and often pronounces a short allocution. At 1:30 the Pope returns from his walk. He dismisses his court, and re-enters one of his chapels, where he remains until 2 o'clock in adoration before the blessed sacrament. At 3 he dines. The dinner consists invariably of soup, fowl, and boiled meats, which are served up together with vegetables on a large plate. His Holiness rarely touches the meat or the fowl, but eats some Roman *fricasse*, vegetables, and fruits. His train bearer and private secretary, Monsignor Ciani, assist at his meals.

"In summer the Pope sleeps for about a quarter of an hour after dinner. The rosary and breviary, which he says as strictly as does any country pastor, then occupy the Pope. About 4 o'clock he takes his second walk; in winter in Raphael's *loggia*, and in the summer in the gardens of his palace. Some brilliant wits have ventured to say that the Pope is not a prisoner at all, and that no one prevents his going out. It is, however, true that Pio IX. is morally a prisoner in the Vatican, and just as much so as if he were caged with bolts and bars; he could not leave his palace without explicit demonstrations of the most opposite kinds, where the insults and the outrages of the freethinkers would respond to the transports of the faithful. To illustrate the truth of this assertion we need only recall the scenes which occurred last May 24th, when the mob thought it perceived Pio IX. at one of the windows of the Vatican. The alley of the garden which the Holy Father prefers, is one covered with cypresses, and bordered with fine orange trees. He likes to sit at its furthest end upon a wooden bench placed under a shadow of a weeping willow, and near a fountain popularly known as that of Zitelli. Some times he stops to feed his pigeons, which are contained in an aviary, and have feathers as white as his own robe. When the weather is very warm Pio IX. chooses another alley equally well shaded with orange trees, but of other and thicker growth. At the end of this garden is a miniature reproduction of the Grate of London, with a statue of the Virgin and of the miraculous fountain. Sometimes he pursues his walk further into the garden amongst the trees and statues; but he never descends to the lawn although his gardener has zealously designed with box plant the papal arms and the words *Pio Nono, Pontifice massimo* in gigantic letters upon its centre. Although he uses a cane, Pio IX. walks very firmly, although he is somewhat bent. He sometimes sits down, not to rest himself, but to rest, as he himself says, the legs of some of the old cardinals, who scarcely keep pace with him. The Holy Father re-enters the palace with his familiars about the hour when the "Angelus" rings, which heretics abound, and afterwards says the "D. Profundus." Then the special audiences recommence until supper-time. The Pontifical supper is served at nine o'clock, immediately before the Pope goes to bed, and is, if possible, more frugal than the dinner. It consists of broths and two boiled potatoes seasoned with salt and some fruit. I do not think there are many princes or commoners who would relish such plain diet. His Holiness gives a bed at ten, always unassisted by his attendants. The linen needed to bind up a wound he has upon his leg is brought to him, and he binds it on himself.—Sometimes during this operation his valet hears him singing some hymn in an undertone. Every one knows that Pio IX. has a charming voice, rich and sonorous. His bed resembles a casket, being made of iron, without curtains, and has only a strip of carpet two feet long in front of it. In this simple chamber the Holy Father takes his well earned rest. Pio IX. sleeps as quietly as a child. His health is extraordinary for his age. Once a week his doctor and surgeon come to visit him in order to discharge their duty.—He lets them feel his pulse, and when they declare him to be free from fever he gives them their coinage with a few kind words and pleasant jokes, such as are natural to his gentle and amiable character. All kinds of trials have fallen upon the august old man's shoulders without crushing him, and without depriving him of his natural serenity. The bark of Peter is accustomed to encounter storms, and floats in the sea in its natural element. If ever you wish the admirable library of the Vatican you will see in one of its show-cases a little golden cross, which was found in an ancient urn buried in the basilica of San Lorenzo. This cross belonged to Pio IX. He gave it to the library, and wrote under it these words, which are a resume of all his life, and will very aptly close this little chronicle: *Oratio eius mea. Nova incense tico.*

### HOW TO PLOW WELL.

The *Western Rural* gives the following directions for plowing, which are as nearly perfect as language without illustration can give:

There are three principal things necessary to good plowing, first, the ability to properly guide a team; second, knowledge and tact to arrange the plow to the work in hand; and third, an intelligence in gauging the furrow. These being learned, the rest is easy.

The greatest difficulty with plowmen is in laying out and finishing the lands. This being properly understood, the act of plowing becomes simple enough.—Let us give one easy, efficient and ordinary plan:

Set a line of light stakes across the field; gauge the reins so that, when placed on the team handle of the plow, at the point where it is grasped by the hand, the team being in motion, they will just bear kindly on the bits of the horses. Place the team so that the line of vision will be over the mold-board of the plow and between the horses to the stakes. Set the plow so that it will turn a furrow from one-half to three quarters the depth the land is to be plowed; grasp the lines with two fingers of the left hand, at the near or left side of the handle, so that when the rein is pulled straight back there will be leverage enough against the handle with the off rein to draw both alike.—Thus, pulling slightly to the left will sweep the team to the right, and easing on the rein will bring them to the left. A steady rein will keep them straight; and, however fresh the team may be, if steady, no trouble will be experienced in keeping them in a direct line to do good work. There is no other plan that we have ever tried which a team is under so good control. Some practice is required by the plowman to plow work, but less than any other plan, next even excepting the Irish way of grasping a rein in each hand while holding the plow.

Keeping the eye directly along the stakes, seek to plow them down that they shall fall sideways. Upon reaching a stake, do not stop, but continue to the end of the furrow. Bringing the team directly about, gauge the plow to the full depth you wish to work.—Turn the next slice, and the previous one into the furrow already opened, stopping at each stake to place them for the next haul, and thus proceed until you have reached the starting point. Then go once more about, drawing two more furrows. An ordinary plowman may then be trusted to finish two-thirds or three-quarters of the land.

In plowing the lands after they are laid out, the lines, without any detriment to the work, may be carried around the hips of the plowman; but if the team be fairly trained, they may be lightly held with the two fingers of the left hand, or even be allowed to rest upon the handle, which leaves the body entirely free, and it is the motion of the body, such as anything else that assists in doing perfect work.

Each bolt about the plow should fill the holes, and every nut should be drawn tight. The beam should be in direct line of draught, so that, when the team is going forward, the plow will cut its ordinary furrow with the guide-pin in the center hole of the beam, and when the side of the plow is running level, the furrow slice shall be turned naturally, and perfectly in the preceding furrow. If this be carefully attended to, any intelligent man can be taught in half a day on clear land, to do fair work in plowing, by instructing him in holding the plow, gauging, and turning the furrow, and in bringing the team and plow about at the ends.

It is even more difficult to finish a land neatly and well than to lay it out. In laying out the principal thing is to see that the team draws even and walks directly forward. Not only must this be observed, but, having a strip equal to two furrow slices, the plow should be gauged to take a furrow only two-thirds the usual depth. Having turned one of the furrows thus, readjust the plow to the ordinary gauge, and turn the last furrow, making no talks. If it be necessary to clean the furrow for drainage, the plow may be passed again, back and forth, leaving the cut-off full of mellow earth, through which the water will percolate readily.

Excellence in plowing consists in laying out the lands, and thereafter keeping the furrows perfectly straight; in having them of uniform thickness, and in laying them in such manner that they may best continue perpendicular to the air, in perfectly covering weeds and trash, so that they may not interfere with the subsequent working of the crops; in so varying the implements that they may do a perfect work possible, whether in mellow soil, in stiff clays, among rubbish or weeds, in stiff soil or ordinary sward. All these may be reached by study—not only of the proper shape of the plow used, but also of the nature of the soil to be worked.

All this the farmer should understand. To the mere plowman it is not essential. It is, however, essential that he be able to take a team along, stake and strike out the lands; adjust and readjust the plow, to suit the various contingencies that may arise, and to perform his work in a uniform and workmanlike manner. This constitutes good plowing, and the performer is a good plowman. The perfect plowman is he who can, not only do all this, but knows why it should be done. This constitutes intelligent labor. What portion of our plowmen

may properly claim this perfection?—Comparatively few. Why not? The simple act of plowing, the knowing when and how to do it properly, is one of the most important labors of the farm. It is what often makes or causes serious loss therein.

In an essay entitled "Notes on Ghosts and Goblins" in his recently published volume, "The Borderland of Science," Richard Proctor gives an instance of optical illusion experienced by himself, which aptly illustrates the way in which a belief in the appearance of a ghost might originate in a superstitious age, or in any case where the person experiencing the illusion happened to have weak nerves or feeble wits. Mr. Proctor's mother had died some months before the time of which he writes—he was then a Cambridge student and the scene of the occurrence was his college.

I had on one evening been particularly lonely, I may say unreasonably, low-spirited. I had not brooded for hours over diabolical thoughts. These thoughts had followed me to bed, and I went to sleep still under their influence. I cannot remember my dreams—I did dream, and my dreams were melancholy, but although I had a perfectly clear remembrance of their tenor on first waking, they had passed altogether from recollection the next morning. It is to be noted, however, that I was under an influence of sorrowful dreams when I awoke. At this time the light of a waning moon was shining into the room. I opened my eyes, and saw without surprise or any conscious feeling of fear, my mother standing at the foot of the bed. She was not in her habit as she lived, but clothed in white, mystic, wonderful. Her face was pale, though not with the pallor of life; her expression sorrowful, and tears which glistened in the moonlight, stood in her eyes. And now a strange mental condition followed. My recollection that I was deceived by appearances; the figure I saw was neither my mother's spirit nor an unreal vision.

I felt certain I was not looking at a phantom of the brain, which would show itself without, and I felt equally certain that no really existent ghost had there before me. Yet the longer I looked, the more perfect appeared the picture. I racked my memory to recall any objects in my bedroom which could be mistaken for a shrouded ghost, but my memory was fairly recalling the features of the dead, and my brain (against the action of my will) was tracing those features in the figure which stood before me. The deception grew more and more complete, until I could have sworn aloud as to a living person. Meantime, my mind had suggested, and at once rejected, the idea of a trick played me by one of my college friends. I felt perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness.

How long I remained gazing at the figure I cannot remember, but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that (to my mind, in its probably unhealthy condition) the picture was perfect in all respects.

At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet further away hung my college supplies. "The tears which glistened in the moonlight," Mr. Proctor accounts for in this way:—"Over my surprise, I had hung my rowing belt, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the surplice) shone in the moonlight."

**THE EFFECTS OF A SUNBEAM.**—If the curious things in science were communicated rather than the materialistic, presented by Professor Tyndall and others, both profit and great pleasure would be the result. Take in its contrast the effects of a sunbeam, for example, and one sees the grand result of the most gentle and powerful, and yet variable and versatile forces. As painted by an artist pen, we see that the most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hairbreadth by the sun's faintest breath would set it in a turbulent motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye, though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, blesses the useful light. Yet a few of those rays insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia tubular bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one point than another, and it desolates a whole region in its lancing wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a manner.