Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1882. NO. 33

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Jan. 5, 1882—y.

To the Traveling Public.

Having leased the property known as Moore's Hotel, Leonardtown, Md., for two years, commencing the 1st of January, 1882, I respectfully inform the public that its management will now be under my exclusive direction and that no pains or expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation as a public resort it has obtained in the past and to increase it in the future. Thankful for the liberal patronage which has heretofore been extended to the House, I respectfully solicit a continuance and increase of the favors of the travelling public. All parties indebted to Mrs. M. J. Moore on Hotel account are reminded that the accounts due from them to her have been placed in my hands for settlement and that no further indulgence can be allowed them.

HERBERT F. MOORE,
Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 12, 1882—tf.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Orphans' Court of St. Mary's County, Sct: Feb. 23, 1882.

ORDERED by the Court, That Ephraim Chesser, administrator of Walter Chesser, late of St. Mary's county, Md., deceased, give the notice required by law to the deceased's creditors to exhibit their claims and that the same be published once a week for six successive weeks in the St. Mary's Beacon.

Test: JOHN B. ABELL,
Register of Wills for St. Mary's county.

NOTICE.

In pursuance of the above order, I hereby give notice that I have obtained from the Orphans' Court of St. Mary's county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Walter Chesser, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby notified to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers attached thereto to the subscriber, on or before the 2nd day of Sept., 1882, they will otherwise by law be excluded from the benefits of the said estate. All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

EPHRAIM CHESSER,
Administrator.

March 2, 1882—6w.

Wall Paper.

Howell & Brothers,

MANUFACTURERS OF

WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES,

260 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Being desirous of enlarging their trade with Country Merchants, are prepared with their large stock to offer goods at prices that defy competition.

We will send Sample Books of Wall Papers, FREE OF CHARGE, to all Country Merchants who will apply to us by letter for the same.

Window Shades of every quality and variety at lowest prices.

March 2, 1882—3m.

DANIEL R. MACRUDER,

(late of the Court of Appeals.)

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Prince Frederick, Calvert County, Md.,

Will practice in the Court of Appeals and in the Courts of St. Mary's, Calvert, Anne Arundel, Prince George's and Charles counties. Office and address, Annapolis, Md.

March 23, 1882—y.

FOR CONGRESS.

Messrs. Editors:—As the time is drawing near for a Congressional election for this District, and as this county has not had a representative for several years, I take the liberty of suggesting the name of Col. R. JOHNSON COLTON, as a suitable candidate to represent us in the next Congress.

Jan 12, 1882.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Lines on Counting a Poor Dapper Man.

So long as a man has a friend of his own,
He knows all friends by his side;
To the poor we see but few favors shown,
Take the world over from man to man.

His money is mighty; on it he depends;
He fears not the morrow, lives at his ease;
His faults may be many, still he has friends
For the rich, yes, the rich, may do as they please.

He's a clever good fellow; his name is widespread;
He needs not the polish of those of less means;
He takes the world easy, has nothing to dread;
Life's journey before him fall with bright scenes.

But, lo! in adversity he knocks at the door,
Or a brother less fortunate who to fame was unknown;
Who's there ever ready to welcome the poor,
Penniless left in the wide world alone.

The friend of his pocket no longer holds good;
Oppressed now with poverty, bent down with years;
A crumb here and there, as perchance is his food;
Bright scenes of his life now changed into fears.

What have become of friends once so dear?
In youth did they mingle, where are they now gone?
Perhaps some are neighbors who live over there
On the fat of poor beggars in mansions of stone.

Now friendless and hopeless he totters alone;
Threadbare his raiment, a staff for his guide;
Insulted and mocked amid the gay throng,
Scorn and contempt on every side.

A glance at the mansion, a dream of the past.
A sigh, a why and a where—
Shall he stop for a morsel to break his strong fast—
Nay, says a voice, no beggars there!

Borne down with fatigue, he stoops now to rest;
Alone with his staff, his friend and his guide;
Reviewing the past, when once he was blest,
He knows now his folly, oh! the folly of pride.

Alas! when life's journey is o'er.
Not a friend is seen to be there;
His raiment, his TREASURE, his bed the cold FLOOR.
None to kiss off the last falling tear.

He sleeps amid circles in which he once moved,
Who were happy and prosperous here:
By the father of fathers, their actions are proved,
And who is the happier there? D.

[COMMUNICATED.

A CHAT WITH THE BEACON.

Messr. Editors:—Somewhere, near this date, a year ago, we indulged the pleasure of a chat with the BEACON. Now, as then, the ruddy glow of our Argand falls cheerily upon its trim columns as it lies upon the table at our side, with the books and papers of our weekly pastime. The *Sun*, the BEACON, the *Star*, a galaxy of light that shines

"Like those three stars of the sky Gideon's Zone"

Milton, Byron, Young, a galaxy of genius that burns with unquenchable splendor in the zenith of the heavens of immortal mind. He who stands first with us in the luster of epic powers; he who chose the God-head and the hosts of Heaven's cherubim-warriors for his heroes, and who employed the mission of his wonderful genius to

"——assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

He who

"Touched his harp and nations heard entranced,"

whose pen was fed by the sacred fire of poesy as that of no other has been fed; he whose lyre breathed forth strains that found in almost every heart a corresponding harmony and will ever keep alive the wonder and admiration his wild and beautiful genius awakened. He never *stabbed* a *grave*, as many weak and virtue-dazzling praters seek to stab his, now that he cannot *answer* them nor would we lift the shroud but to show the impress of Deity on man, that among the records of time can only be found at intervals of centuries, so partial as the divinity of mind in Byron. Hereditary blemishes owe their fault not to the sufferer; even if it were so,

"——it were profane
To quench the glories lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadow his illustrious close."

Ever, with us, will he stand preeminent in the glory of inspired authorship, the Prayer of Nature being alone sufficient to convince us that mind like his was not created to

"Share
With clay the grave's eternal bed."

And he who sings so beautifully of the

"——touch of the cross
Which touched not angels; more divine
Than that which touched confusion into form
And darkness into glory.——
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Disease'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life to death,
Turns Earth to Heaven, to heavenly throws transforms
The ghastly ruin of the mouldering tomb."

What a grand privilege it is to commune with minds like those! How insipid the shadows of *soi-disant* society, how pitiful

"The flower face of courtly pride,
One to superiors bended obsequious eyes;
On *hopless* worth the other scorn's disdain."

How less than little, the strutting pygmy,

"Tough to assume, but pliant to obey,
But trembling at the whisper of a lord."

How abject the "silky moth," how hideous the harpy band, how weak the smoot emollients!

"Recumbent virtue's drowsy doctors preach,"

compared to the exquisite companionship of such rich, transcendent sources of the

"Zest of reason and the flow of soul!"

To the grand objects of life, aroused, the worthiest *substance* it inspires us to grasp, the pure undissembled religion it teaches us to practice. We thank a kind Providence that our life was placed in an age of books and an untrammelled Press—Messrs. Editors, please do not disturb the capital, for if any word deserves to be written with a capital it is the word Press; indeed, it were better to make all the letters capital. We have strayed from the intention of our chat, somewhat, but the familiar forms of the treasured volumes in view possess a charm we can never resist, so will hope to be pardoned for the episode.

A year, as we have said, has passed since our first chat. We pass over its record of momentous events, now mingled with the footsteps of time along the line of vanished ages. The world moves on, While others, more worthy to occupy a place in its active arena, have passed to a bourne from which there is no return, hopes and thrills, tender and beautiful memories, gladsome notes, psalms of thankfulness, warble and chant about our life's pathway now as then. Now as then we sit in our rocker beside our "wee bit ingle blinkin bonnily," while as then the outside "chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh." But not as then have we to complain of St. Patrick, whose persistent sulks put a veto on our bill of rights in the question of gardening, for never appeared the old saint, in our recollection, so worthy of his canonization as he did on his last anniversary. His genial smiles gave us hope of absolution from the bonds of Winter, but the harsh winds raving so viciously to-night under a starless sky and thickening clouds seem to forbid the fulfilment. We took opportunity by the forelock, however—you know it is bald behind—and have made a visit to our garden daily for a week past to see if there be a germ peeping out from our potato "patch," which was in futuro then. On the whole, though March has behaved quite amiably in comparison to its general deportment, and in spite of present prospects, we do not despair, that after the equinoctial bluster it will forego its usual invasion upon Spring, thus ensuring results to the labors of the agriculturist that will repair the distressing failures of last season, for most certainly, a recurrence of the consequences which have been felt so sorely, would in this section at least, seriously reflect upon the "exquisite beauty of Carlyle's imagery of life being no longer a dark and wasteful chaos, but a blooming, fertile, heaven-encompassed world," so "deeply realized" by *Observer* when he made his "not so feelingly and humbly" to our anxious inquiry on the condition of his nerves, victimized, as we feared, judging from his "items," by the prophecy accredited to Mother Shipton of late world-ending fame. Apropos of that humble nod, our memory reverts to his kindly advice to "turn our attention to perusing what is supposed by many to be a recondite volume and to prayerfully consider the visions of Daniel and the grand *Apocalypse* of futurity, in reference to which God has said," "if any man has taken away from the words of this prophecy," &c. We remember to have been somewhat amused at this tangle of advice, wondering if he could possibly have taken the liberty to knot Shipton's doggerel into the visions of the prophet, whose prescience, given by the same hand that wrote the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, shamed the wisdom of the wise men and soothsayers of proud Babylon; or St. John the Divine, to whom was revealed the "things which must be hereafter." In no other sense could we connect a prayerful study of those inspired writings for an answer to our humanitarian query afore mentioned, nor do we see in what manner we could be benefitted by the proposition, since, according to our polemic friends assurance, the "recondite" volume is a "theme the most *thoroughly enlighted* fail to even *vaguely understand*." The exegesis of the Sacred Books, we would politely remind our adviser, is beyond our poor powers of interpretation, and we respectfully add, his too. As the great statesman and scholar of the North, Daniel Webster, whose god-like attributes, in our estimation, redeem in a high degree that isms-ridden population from its pernicious, political dogmas, answered, when asked his idea of the Trinity, by a perplexed descendant of a Mayflower-passenger, "the arithmetic of Heaven is beyond our calculus. Have faith in the Word and believe," so we would answer those who are perplexed on the subject of the prophecies. There is provision for all in the Bible; even the poor, wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. It is enough for us to know and believe that the mystic visions that appeared to the laborer in our Lord's vineyard on the isle of Patmos called with the city, whose twelve gates were of pearls and the "Lord God Almighty and the Lamb the temple" and he that overcometh shall inherit all things." An English Writer, who long before the prophecies under his particular charge, undertook to show that the revival of French Emperorship was indicated from the necessity of a renewal, making the great Napoleon the seventh head of the Beast of Revelation, Louis Napoleon following as the "eighth." Thus wrote G. S. Faber in 1853. Of course, if a man understood the visions as relating to temporal things, it was easy to apply to the most gigantic military genius the world ever knew, knowing what wonderful events he had accomplished in so short a space of time. "They worshipped the Beast, saying who is like unto him? who is able to make war with him? Power was given him over all kindreds, tongues and people. He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity." And of Louis, whose enemies spoke of him as a "lamb who spoke as a dragon," "and he exerciseth all the powers of the first." Such a conclusion as this is our opinion is as profane as it is fallacious. As our chat contained nothing that could be construed into any "taking away words from Prophecy," we infer that our pious friend, Observer, must have been essaying a hint at the revisers, if so, we heartily sympathize with his intention, for having lived thus long—and the world has been better than it is now under the teachings of the Scriptures as they are—it seems to us like an invasion on holy ground. The whole civilized world presents the sublime truth of the worth of the Bible of to-day, and we fail to understand why it should be disturbed, even to the adding or taking away of a single letter, or that any different interpretation is needed. If men undertake to alter and interpret the Gospel that has been the foundation of the blessed privileges we as a nation enjoy and the friend of freedom everywhere to suit every change ambitious leaders plot in ecclesiastic and State polity, the third and fourth generations to come will be startled by the comparison they may make between the Bible of to-day and that presented to their study. The churches, we fear, are gradually losing their missionary spirit and becoming polemic more particularly. The conversion of souls seem only secondary to the consideration as to whether it be heresy to bow to the east or a just cause of schism to kneel toward the West. God is everywhere. Now, as long as we have used our friend's "nod" for a text thus far, we will touch on one point more—his earnest appeal to us "to try" to account for the "unprecedented weather" that seemed to be another cause of ill effect upon his nerves. As to ourself, like all kind mortals, we sometimes find fault with the weather, but it behooves us, if we would give the subject thought, to submit with patience to Him who holds the treasures of the clouds in His hand. Scientists may explain the causes of the unseasonable rain or the blasting drought. They may tell why the genial sunshine of to-day is followed by the rough storm of the morrow, but cannot "number the clouds in wisdom or stay the battles of heaven." He who laid the measures of the earth and set the sea with bars and doors, marked out the paths of the myriad worlds that circle in his illimitable universe and decreed the laws of the sun—He who gave us day and night, seed time and harvest—He, only, knows for what purpose the clouds withhold the needed rain or burst into devasting flood—why the drouth is permitted to drain the substance of man's labor and the blight to fall upon the fertile field. He doeth all things well, but poor, complaining mortality cannot discern the bow in the cloud.

Messrs. Editors, a thought more and we close our chat. The writer we have quoted above in connection with the subject mentioned, also undertook to show from subsequent parts of the prophecy that a very terrible state of war and confusion was soon to come that would end in the extermination of all anti-Christian powers in 1864 when the millennium would come. He made a pretty fair guess of one war at least, and we as a people know of "time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation." As regards the millennium in the sense he meant, the signs are but faint as yet, but there seems to be dawning the beginning of a reign of reform in the political world which may ultimately lead to a millennium of rational behavior and fraternal well-being which have long been strangers in our land. England has set the grand example of thrusting out from her councils an element that, if permitted sway, would carry her back to her Druid altars, and both our National and State representation have laid their magisterial hands upon the carbuncles which have so long been cankering the body politic. Humble merit may, in the near future fight a triumphant battle with sneaking prejudice and pampered faveritism; friendless worth have an even chance with unblushing nepotism, and the highest bidder for what has been a political monopoly, feel more secure in the strength of his own capacity than the appointee subject to the humor of the "ring," while the *healthy* whipping post do as much to make a better citizen of the recipient of its favors as will give ease to the crushed spirit and bruised body of the weak and defenceless victim of the brutal lash. Of course this salutary bill was not intended for *gentlemen*, as they need not get uneasy; they are not supposed to need so pungent a cathartic. But there are creatures in every community that would disgrace the name, to be called men, whose animal natures—we fear we wrong the animal—whose idea of *matter* cannot be met in any other way. There are women in the lower walks of life—where the custom runs riot—tied to brutes for whom the post is hewed, who, though fate has not placed them under circumstances to receive the polish of body, have the hearts and feelings of their sisters of better fortune. Such are generally the victims; the Amazons can take care of themselves. In what better way is the helpless wife to be protected, the weaker vessel from being shattered against the sledge-hammer fists of her lege? Civil prosecution does not avail; the fine imposed in such cases, though only nominal, would doubtless prove an excuse for the brute to withhold the usual allowance of bread, and to extinguish the "blazing fire in the searching cold of dreary winter" that self-immolating husband, poor fellow, so kindly provides, while imprisonment, which ought to have been added to the post, would be as likely to arouse revenge, that would lead to the gallows, as the cat-o'-nine-tails would, as attempted a gument, declares in defence of wife-beating opposition to the whipping post is none other. Missionary interference would have no influence while King Whiskey is rampant. Her wifely appeal, her piteous cries of pain, her humiliation in the presence of perhaps her young daughters, her mortification in the sight of her gaping neighbors, the shameful sting of, likely, the *cart whip*, the goad of strong oxen, upon her tender flesh, make no impression on this hero—*master*—shielded by the palladium of *anger* or *drunkenness*. Is an innocent wife to bear this ignominy, because her big master gives himself the pleasure of indulging in a fit of anger when he feels like asserting his proprietorship? Is she to live in danger of her life because her swinish master loves whiskey better than he loves her? Perhaps, it were better that he exercise his muscle on the whiskey seller and save the constable a blush at the contact of a wife-beater at the whipping post. Can the finger of pity pointed at her, by those who shrink from her companionship, heal the cruel stripes? Is the jeer of the unfeeling or thoughtless, balm to her lacerated feelings? Is even the prattle of her infant as sweet music as before its father's hand bruised the faithful breast? What, is she scarred with the marks of the lash? What do her children think of her? Do not *her* stripes reflect upon her household? Can her teachings undo the terrible impressions made upon those young hearts by the father's exercise of a *mastership*? From the prison cell, from the fatal trap, comes the answer, no! Does the contrast of the scarred and drooping form, the spirit-broken wife and mother, to the fair, confiding girl of wooing days, help to awaken any tender memories of those hours? Are stripes at home any more decent than stripes at the post? Does whiskey or anger excuse a crime at the fireside more than in the courts of justice? Is she so strong that she can bear the degradation of the lash and do no murder, while sympathizers acknowledge the certainty of *nine* of ten cases of murder by the offender after his degradation of the lash? By what better right has she to receive it at his hands than he at the hands of public justice? Oh, ye tender object of compassion who cannot "strike her" while the post stares ye "insultingly in the face." O, ye whip-decorated head of the family, ye interrupted toiler for the the comfort of your lash-pitted wife, those post-shackled, caressing hands, aforetime, so busy in the very particular favor of her support, when not nerved by anger or too busy at the bung of the whiskey cask, what an expressive picture ye would make of a martyr to the manly cause of wife subjugation, of a meek visaged victim of tyrannical injustice to the "lords of creation," that debars you from the gentle exercise of "violence" to your wife while it gives an outsider the pleasant privilege! We cannot see what possible authority the whipping-post gives another man to walk in and keep the rod in practice on a wife whose "lord" is otherwise engaged against his consent. There seems to be a "crank" notion prevailing in certain quarters that violence to woman is a settled necessity. One "lord of creation" speaks of the *public* lash as a relic of the barbarous mediæval age, while he is silent upon the barbarity of the *private* lash, which, if his voice could prevail, future generations would refer to as a *necessity* of a Christian age, of a free country and *woman* the cause. Another goes further, and jumbles together a few far-fetched words to show the INHUMANITY, also! of the private lash in "correcting" a wife where the "magnitude of her offence" calls forth the application. If such things are, and still are to be, decency cries aloud for divorce. The great Authority upon which rests the dear privileges of a happy home under our own vine and fig tree, contains no injunction to man to use the rod, except in the contingency of child-spoiling—and by the way, if this precept were better attended to, wife-beaters would be less—but, it does sanction the remedy of divorce. If wife-beating, as is intended, perhaps unwittingly, in a hasty article before us, be an element essential to the preservation of the dignity comprised in the cherished term "lords of creation," happy then for MAN that the "nineteenth" came to his defence. That the most intelligent Legislature, with an exception or two, that has assembled for years in the historic chambers of the old State House at Annapolis, saw the necessity of a whipping post, is sufficient guarantee of the benefits to society at large that are to accrue. We have never had the misfortune to see a white wife whipped, but its observation from the records of the Courts show us to what a shameful extent it has reached and the unhappy consequences to weak woman and her oppressed offspring. In St. Mary's, be it said to her credit, as far as our knowledge goes, with perhaps an exception or two, white wife-beaters have not disgraced her records, but that it is considered a sort of a holiday frolic in the case of the other caste, is sorely to be deplored by every Christian man and woman. We maintain, that despite her mental inferiority and the adverse circumstances of her social status, the unlettered black woman has a heart that can be bruised, shoulders susceptible to the pain of the wanton lash. When she was a "chattel," the imagined lash in her master's hand aroused old John Brown and his horde of agitators to fall upon him with fire and the sword, and now, that she has fallen into the hands of a master who thinks the lash necessary to fix the dignity of the relation upon a firm foundation, it is not too improbable to be realized that the admirers of the infamous old assassin will raise a hue and cry throughout the State to "rally around the flag" of the wife-beater. So inexplicable are the workings of man's mind, so diverse his expedients, so fertile his inventions to maintain the MASTERSHIP—as he interprets the marriage vow—he holds to with a death-grip. Such a socialism should be consigned a kingdom in the weedy domain of the Sargasso Sea, with the tender shoulders of a wife bared to the masterful arm of her husband, as the insignia of its escutcheon, so that travel under Christian banners between Christian peoples may report how BRETHREN can live together in unity. The indecency of the whipping post lies alone in the cause of it; it is a remedy our towns and cities and out of the way places have required for years. TETE D' ARMEE were the last words of the great Napoleon, demonstrating the ruling passion strong in death; among ours, we hope will be "reverence woman." With a strong faith in the efficacy of the post in question, we would say in conclusion, as it is our invariable rule to take our pen in hand only once in a year in the indulgence of a pastime like this, except if necessary in a two or three worded "laconic," which maybe you wish this to have been, that if we have unconsciously made a cap to fit anybody of windy and wrathful pen, he will please give notice by advertisement in the BEACON when he proposes to bring his forces on, so that we may have opportunity to prepare our nerves for the shock. Since our first chat, in the spirit of economy we have curtailed the redundance of ornament attached to our title and with this ODD BUDGET, subscribe ourself,

Very respectfully,
DR. JALAP.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—Mormon wagons took sunflowers along with them on their way to Utah, and Iowa farmers have had a hard time fighting the pest. A single Scotch thistle planted in Victoria—the Scotchmen there had a congratulatory dinner over it twenty years ago—has covered tens of thousands of acres and been the destruction of farms. The scattered grain emptied from the bags of German troop-ships in the Revolution knocked millions off the value of our grain crop for all time to come by bringing the Hessian fly. A careless man set out a French grape-cutting a few years ago with phylloxera on it, and the pest is now sprinkled along the Pacific coast, creeping inland. Its ravages in France have cost $400,000,000. A man with a taste for peppery greens planted water cress in New Zealand, and the little plant has spread so that the local legislature has to appropriate a round sum yearly to improve the water cress out of existence and the water courses. A kindly, misguided man brought over to New York a basketful of sparrows, not twenty years ago, and the little wretches have already driven half our song birds into the woods. In South America the same thing was done, and the birds are cleaning out the fruit crop. They will be here some day. Natural selection is occasionally wiser in finding a place for men and animals than men.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Recommended to take:

12 ounces of dislike.
1 pound of resolution.
2 ounces of the powder of experience.
A large sprig of time.
14 drams of the spirit of dishonor.
1 quart of the cooling water of consideration.

Set them over the fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy. Put it to the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of sound conscience, and then let it remain, and you will instantly find ease and be restored to your senses again. These things are to be had of the apothecary at the house of understanding next door to reason, in Prudent street, in the Parish of Contentment.

☞ A lawyer said to his client, an honest farmer, "Did you go to your opponent and try to settle with him?" "I did, your honor," was the reply. "And what did he say?" "Why, sir, he told me to go to the devil?" "And what did you do then, sir?" "Then I came straight to you."

☞ No scrofula can be so deep seated, no sore so stubborn, but that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will be found helpful. It will effect a cure, if cure be possible.

CASES OF TRANCES ON RECORD.

In a late issue of the Baltimore *American*, we find the following communication on the Cases of certain Trances on Record, which we transfer to our columns, premising, that our esteemed friend and contributor, Col. A. L. Taveau, is a lineal descendent of the ancient family of Taveau de Mortimer mentioned by Bayle and referred to in the text of the *American's* correspondent:

In a recent issue of your paper under the title of "Buried Alive," you give the horrible experience of a young girl while lying in a trance. This recalls to my mind several similar incidents, of which the following are on record, viz: Mr. J. C. Weaver, of Franklinton, N. C., in the local journals says: Mrs. Martha Smith, of Chatham, reports a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial and resurrection in the person of a married lady in that county, who possessed a gold watch and finger-rings which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her. She was taken ill, the attending physician pronounced life extinct. At the burial her desire was strictly complied with and the second night after the burial two men went to her grave for the purpose of robbing the corpse of the jewelry. As they took off the lid of the coffin and one began forcing the ring from her finger, she rose up. Both men, taking fright, ran away. Upon their return, she requested them to take her home. They did so; and, upon knocking at the door, it was opened by her husband, who fainted when he saw, her, supposing it to be the ghost of his dead wife.

In Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, he says: "The most extraordinary miracle of all—of which legal attestations of its truth were furnished the Court of Rome—namely, the resurrection of Montezuma's sister, Papantzin, four days after her burial, to warn the Monarch of the approaching ruin of his empire."

In Bayle's Biography is also to be found another attested case of resurrection—a story with which we have all been familiar from the days of the nursery, but of whose authenticity I have only been recently assured by finding it in the great folio work of Bayle. "Renee Taveau, only daughter and heiress of Leon Taveau, Baron de Mortemer, etc., married Francois de Rochechouart, Lord of Tournay Charente, etc., in the sixteenth century. She lived in the odour of sanctity, and she exhausted herself by a long exercise of prayer and penitence. She fell into so violent a trance that she was thought dead, and was buried. One of her domestics, having observed that she was buried with a diamond of great value on her finger, went down into the vault in the night in order to steal it, and found her alive. She had afterwards several children. She had a great share in the esteem of the Queen Catherine de Medecis."

In a work entitled Familles de l'Ancien Poitou par Henri Filleau-Poitiers, 1840, the above is confirmed, in which the author mentions "that it was the effort to cut the ring from the finger of Renee Taveau that broke the trance."

ANTIQUARY

A STORY OF A PRIMA DONNA.—A baron told me of a scene that he witnessed at the opera long years ago, the trial-hearing of a pale plain girl with abundant fair tresses and great blue eyes. He brought, by his description, the scene vividly before me, the dimly-lighted house, the fair-haired child upon the stage, and, in the proscenium box, superb and haughty, the splendid prima donna of the day Rosina Stolz, whose empire over the opera and the heart of its manager was so supreme that none of the opera days contain more than one female role of any importance, as witness "La Favorita," "La Reine de Chypre," etc. The song ended, Madame Stolz leaned over and said something to the manager who advanced to the young singer, expressing in polite and empty phrases his regrets that her talent and her voice were unsuited to the requirements of the grand opera. She heard him in silence, and folded her modest shawl about her she glided from the stage. Arrived at the exit door she looked back. "I bid you adieu, monsieur," she said quietly. "One day you will implore me to return, but I never will return." A few years later, when every opera director in Paris was at that young girl's feet praying her to accept any possible terms, the memory of that night stood between her and the Parisian public and deprived Paris of the delight of ever listening to the greatest singer of the century, for the pale, blue-eyed maiden was Jenny Lind.—*Paris Correspondent.*

☞ "The bees are swarming, and there's no end to them," said farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy, George, came in a second afterwards and said there was a nest to one to of 'em, and it was red-hot top.

☞ For aged men, women, weak and sickly children, without a rival. Will not cause headache. Brown's Iron Bitters.