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THE SOUTHERNER.

"MY COUNTRY: RIGHT OR WRONG: MY COUNTRY."

VOL. XLIII.

TARBORO', EDGEcombe COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1867.

NO. 39.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

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OFFICE, one door below Post Office, and one above the store of D. Pender & Co.

DR. R. F. ROBERTSON,
DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office at the Edgecombe House, where he can be found on Monday and Tuesday of each week.

NOTICE.
A. E. RICKS, D. D. L., would respectfully say to the Citizens of Tarboro' and its vicinity, that he is again in the practice of his Profession—and will in the future be in the past—endeavor to discharge his duty faithfully for all those who require his service.

Address, Rocky Mount, N. C. Feb. 3, 1866. 10--14

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COTTON FACTORS,
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R. J. CONNER & CO.,
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Hats, Caps, Furs, Straw Goods,
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Nearby opposite Earle's Hotel,
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A. T. BRUCE & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND
General Commission Merchants,
For the Sale of Cotton and other Southern Produce.
No. 166 PEARL STREET,
NEW YORK.

PARTIES Shipping Cotton to us can be accommodated with funds to pay Tax by calling on Messrs. Brown & Pippen or Mr. H. D. Teel, Tarboro'.

JOHN S. DANCY, JOHN H. HYMAN, of Tarboro', N. C., of Scotland Neck, N. C.
JOSEPH H. HYMAN, late of Tarboro', N. C.

DANCY, HYMAN & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
for the Sale of all kinds of SOUTHERN PRODUCE, and purchase of General Merchandise,
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Commission Merchants,
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SPECIAL attention given to the sale of Cotton.
The following parties are authorized to receive and pay Revenue Tax on all Cotton for and for consignment to us:
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Thew Weddell, "
W. Parker, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Vick, Mebane & Co., Wilmington, N. C.
G. H. Brown & Co., Washington, N. C.
Our open Policy covers all Produce consigned to us from moment shipment is made.
Nov 3-49-6m

HAFFA, HUGHES & CO.,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
AND AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
Flour, Grain, Pork, Lard,
DRIED FRUIT,
And Country Produce Generally,
No. 414 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.
Feb. 14, 1867. 11--6m

JNO. W. WHITE,
Cabinet Maker and Undertaker,
Tarboro', N. C.
HAS on hand a large lot of Bedsteads, Chairs and other articles of Furniture, which he offers to the public cheap for Cash, all kind of wood Coffins, of all sizes on hand.
All kinds of Furniture Made and Re-paired at the shortest notice.
Jan. 27 9--14

\$250 REWARD.
THE ABOVE REWARD WILL BE paid for the apprehension or for such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons who fired the buildings in Tarboro' on the night of the 16th inst.
H. B. BRYAN, Com.
H. A. DOWD,
July 17, 1867. 33-14

Norfolk Cards.

RICKS, HILL & CO.,
COTTON AND
Gen. Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VA.
BAGGING and ROPE furnished—packed in Cotton. Liberal advances made.
Sep 1-40-14

J. D. REED, AGT.,
PRACTICAL HATTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Hats, Caps, Straw Goods,
Umbrellas, Canes, &c.,
No. 18 Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
ap. 18. 20-14

JAMES GORDON & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.
PROMPT PERSONAL ATTENTION given to the sale of Produce of every kind, and to the purchase of all supplies for Farmers, Merchants, and others in the country.
Nov 29, 1-14

L. Berkley, W. M. Millar,
J. W. Grandy, Formerly of N. C.

BERKLEY, MILLAR & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
Dry Goods & Notions,
53 Main Street,
Second & Third Floors,
NORFOLK, VA.
mar. 28. 16--14

SEAL & NEWTON,
Importers and Jobbers of
Pure Drugs and Chemicals,
NORFOLK, VA.
QUOTATIONS SENT BY RETURN Mail.
All orders promptly filled when satisfactory references accompany the orders.
April 4 1867. 18-14

CHERRY & MAPP,
(Late W. D. ROBERTS Jr. & Co.)
Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Cooking and Heating Stoves,
Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron
WARE,
House Furnishing Goods, and Brokers in Metals,
Cor. Roanoke and Wide Water Sts.,
Norfolk, Va.
mar. 28. 16-6m

L. L. Brickhouse, S. J. Thomas.

L. L. BRICKHOUSE & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES,
Trunks, Valises, Carpet Bags &c.,
No. 23 Main Street,
Opposite Taylor, Martin & Co.,
Norfolk, Va.
Full stock constantly on hand at Lowest Market Prices.
JOHN H. FERRIS, of Morganton, N. C.
mar. 28. 16-14

C. W. Grandy, C. R. Grandy, C. W. Grandy, Jr.

C. W. GRANDY & SONS,
[House Established 1845.]
FACTORS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
McIntosh's Wharf,
NORFOLK, VA.

FOR THE SALE OF COTTON, Grain, Naval Stores and Country Produce generally, and purchasers of General Merchandise.
Sept 15 42-14

KADER BIGGS, J. J. BIGGS,
GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
AND
COTTON FACTORS,
McPhails Wharf,
NORFOLK, VA.
Shipments made to Liverpool free of forwarding Commissions, and the usual advances made.
Special attention paid to the sale of Cotton, and all kinds of Country Produce.
[June 2-27-14]

Ed. P. Tabb, Ed. M. Moore, Ed. J. Griffith.

EDWARD P. TABB & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, CUTLERY
AND
FANCY GOODS,
West Side Market Square,
Norfolk, Va.
Sign of the Anvil.
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF OLD Dominion Nails, Emery's Cotton Gin, Boyle & Gambles Circular Pit and cut Saws, Warrent's Gum Belting, all sizes.
A large stock always on hand of Axes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Chain Traces, Hollow Ware, Horse Collars, Rope.
Agents for Fairbanks & Co's Standard

SCALES,
that will weigh a Gold Dollar or a Canal Boat Loaded.
A large stock of Queens Ware, China and Glass. Attention of the trade respectfully solicited.
mar. 28. 16-14

NORFOLK CARDS.

Geo. H. Freer, John B. Neal,
of N. C. of N. C.
FREER & NEAL,
Gen. Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VA.
LIBERAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS
Refer to Exchange National Bank, Norfolk.
ap 25 21-14

C. F. Greenwood, Fred Greenwood.
ESTABLISHED 1847.
C. F. GREENWOOD & CO.,
Watchmakers and Jewelers,
DEALERS IN
FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Diamonds, Pearl and other rich Jewelry, Solid Silver and Plated Ware, Spectacles, Clocks
AND
Fancy Goods,
No. 27 Main Street,
Norfolk, Virginia.
N. B.—Watches and Jewelry repaired by the most skillful workmen and warranted.
April 4, 1867. 18-14

ESTABLISHED 1831.
J. M. FREEMAN,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
NO. 29 MAIN STREET,
Corner of Talbot Street,
NORFOLK, VA.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver ware, &c.
Watches carefully and properly repaired.
apr. 4. 18-14

TAYLOR, MARTIN & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Hardware, Cutlery,
BAR IRON AND STEEL,
WAGON MATERIAL,
BELTING AND PACKING,
House Furnishing Goods, &c.
Circular Front, corner of Main street and Market Square,
Norfolk, Va.
Nails at Factory Prices, Trace Chains, Weed, Hilling and Grub Hoes, Horse Collars and Hames, Axes, Saws, &c., &c.
The trade supplied at Northern prices.
mar. 28. 16-14

S. W. SELDNER,
39 Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
ESTABLISHED 1854.

Wholesale and Retail
Clothing and Merchant Taylor.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND one of the largest and best selected stocks of Ready Made Clothing and gent furnishing goods, also a fine assortment of piece goods, which he is prepared to make up to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, a call is very respectfully requested.
S. W. SELDNER.
April 4, 1867. 18-14

Wholesale Grocery House.
SMITH, ELLIOTT & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
No. 12 Roanoke Square,
Norfolk, Va.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVE ESTABLISHED at 12 Roanoke Square, Norfolk, Va., as Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Provisions AND Domestic Liquors.
Orders promptly and carefully attended to. Consignments of goods in the Grocery line solicited, and prompt returns made.
WM. H. SMITH, Scotland Neck, N. C.
CHAS. G. ELLIOTT, Late of N. C.
GILBERT ELLIOTT,
April 4, 1867. 13-14

THE JOURNAL OFFICE
BOOK BINDERY,
In connection with our splendid JOB PRINTING OFFICE, we are now in successful operation, and we are making SUPERIOR BLANK BOOKS, Binding and Rebinding Periodicals, Old Books, Music, AND EVERY KIND OF WORK Done in a First-Class Book-Bindery.
THE BEST OF WORKMEN ONLY are employed by us.
This is the only establishment of the kind in Tide-water Virginia, and we can do work as well and cheap as it can be done in the North.
EVERY VARIETY OF BOOK and JOB PRINTING Promptly executed, IN PLAIN OR FANCY COLORS.
Call at the JOURNAL office, 12 Roanoke square, or address your orders to J. RICHARD LITTLE, Supt Norfolk Printing House Co.
May 2, 1867. 22-14

AUCTION! AUCTION!!
ON Tuesday and Saturday of each week, I will have an Auction—in front of the Court House. Persons desiring property of any kind sold, will do well to call on me. As no effort will be spared to obtain the highest prices.
J. B. HYATT,
Dec. 2-14 Auctioneer.

THE WEEKLY SOUTHERNER.

THURSDAY, - - AUGUST 29, 1867

Mysterious Persons in History.
The records of the past furnish us with half a dozen historical characters that seem to have had mysterious existence after the public have been informed of their tragical deaths. To such an extent has the belief of a post-existence been carried that one could say, with great propriety, in the language of Sir William Jones:

"The block may soak their gore, Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs Be strong to city gates and castle walls; But still their spirit walks abroad."

And these spirits seem generally to be encased in tangible earthly bodies, if we may credit the tales of travelers. This young public has not been slow in making startling history, and one that has in the romantic pages of century-old Europe. For have we not

J. WILKESBOOTH, who, like that phantom ship, the Flying Dutchman, is, from time to time, reported to have been seen in propria persona in various parts of the world; the latest story being that he now is the captain of a pirate vessel and the terror of the Chinese seas. At intervals the press informs the public that some reliable correspondents have seen the notorious assassin in Europe. One time he has been seen playing rumpstee at Baden Baden; another at the opera in Vienna. One positively swears that he saw him dining in the Bois de Boulogne at Paris. And another is equally confident that he beheld him visiting St. Peter's at Rome. One fact is certain in regard to the disposal of the corpse of Both, that its resting place is known to but few, and the public at large are in doubt as to whether it now moulders in a secluded and unknown grave, or whether the dark waters of the Potomac received his mangled remains. Both, indeed, may be said to be the only really mysterious personage we have had in our annals, although, perhaps for the few years we have been an independent republic, no nation ever made its history so fast.

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."
Whether or not the person who bears this pseudonym is the subject of a cleverly-concocted fable or not, it is at least a singular case. The person who is said to have borne this title was a Philip Nolan, a native of New York, who died in a New York jail, in 1805. He was on board U. S. corvette Levant, on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan. The story is as follows: When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, he met a lieutenant named Philip Nolan, belonging to the Legion of the West. The young officer became fascinated with the brilliant statesman, who enlisted him in his treasonable schemes. The authorities suspected Nolan as being an accomplice of Burr's, and on the court-martial the impetuous youth cried out, in a fit of frenzy, "D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" These words shocked the revolutionary officers that formed the court-martial, and Nolan was condemned to be sent on board a vessel, where he was never again to hear the words United States, and the instructions received were as follows:

"WASHINGTON," (with the date, which must have been late in 1867.) "SIR:—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army. "This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might never hear of the United States again." "The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled. "For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department. "You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape. "You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government. "The gentlemen of board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. "But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care, that in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken. "It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Be

fore the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours, W. SOUTHWARD, "For the Secretary of the Navy."

Nolan seems to have been passed from vessel to vessel, and to have remained a prisoner for over sixty years, and was made the subject of innumerable traditions and palpable myths.—He was strictly guarded, and the name of the United States never mentioned to him. It is generally supposed, however, that this myth was originated during the recent war by some highly imaginative individual who desired to institute comparison and similes between Nolan and the rebel leaders. Of course, Nolan repented of his folly, and died deeply regretting the inauspicious words that condemned him to a life of imprisonment, which was probably more painful, as it prevented him from interfering in the politics of the country.

MAN IN THE IRON MASK.
Within the walls of the Bastille during the reign of Louis XIV., was enacted the inexplicable mystery, which has continued a mystery to this day, of the Man in the Iron Mask. When first heard of, he was confined in the Marguerite Islands, in the Mediterranean, whence he was removed by De Saint Mars, who was his private governor, and answerable, it is supposed, for his safety with his own life, to the Bastille, where he died, on November 19, 1703, and was buried on the 20th, in the cemetery of St. Paul, under the name of Mochati. No man, except the governor, so far as is known, ever saw his face, or heard his voice; two persons, to whom he had conveyed written words, in one case marked upon a linen shirt, in the other engraved on a silver plate, died, without apparent cause, immediately afterwards.—During his conveyance from the Marguerite Isles, De Saint Mars dined at the same table, and slept in the same chamber with him, with pistols ever at hand ready to destroy him, in the case of an attempt on his part to reveal himself. In the Bastille he was waited on, at table and at his toilet, by the governor, who took charge of and destroyed all the linen he once used.—He was never seen but with a mask of black velvet, fastened behind his head with steel springs; and when he went to hear mass, the invalids, who were in charge of him with muskets and lighted matches, were instructed to fire on him instantly in case of his speaking or showing his face. A hundred conjectures have been risked as to who this mysterious person was, who was treated with such respect, yet with such jealous rigor—whose life was held sacred against taking off, yet made one scene of incessant misery. The absence of any person of sufficient note from the stage of history to account for such precautions alone baffles all inquiry. The general idea seems to be that he was an elder brother of Louis XIV., the fruit of an adulterous intrigue between Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, or some other unknown lover, who being born in wedlock, could not have been dispossessed of his claim to the throne had his existence been admitted.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.
Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, Cardinal York, the last male representative of the Stuart family, was born in Rome in 1825, died in Venice in 1807. He was the younger brother of the Pretender, Charles Edward, (the Prince Charles of Scottish song) whom he was preparing to aid with a body of French troops assembled at Dunkirk, when the overthrow of the Jacobites at Culloden ruined the Stuart cause in Britain. He subsequently took orders in the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1747 was appointed by Benedict XIV. a Cardinal. On the death of his brother, in 1788, he assumed the title of King of England as Henry IX., *gensita Dei, non volutate hominum*, as the medal which he caused to be struck of the occasion declared. He was subsequently obliged to take refuge from French invasion in Venice, and during the last years of his life was dependent upon the British Court for means of subsistence. He was the last male of the Stuart family, and with his death the line became extinct. His chief branches in the female line are the houses of Savoy and Orleans and the Duke of Modena, all descended from Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., of which king the present Duke of Modena is the lineal representative, being thus, but for the act of settlement, heir to the crown of England.—There are two families of the name of Stuart on this continent that claim falsely to be the descendants of the Stuarts, and if they be the descendants they cannot be the legitimate lineal representatives, because the last male of the line died a priest, and was never married; and the females, on marriage, changed their names. One of these females resides in Jackson, Mo., and the other in Lenoxville, Canada.

Mrs. Caudle's Lectures.

Mrs. Caudle has been to see her dear mother. Caudle, on the "joyful occasion," has given a party, and issued the subjoined card of invitation.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY."

Mr. CAUDLE'S compliments to Mr. HENRY PRETTYMAN, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past Eight o'clock.

It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern; a tavern?—a pothouse? Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for some things, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. Take 'em down, then? Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle.—You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future.—People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out that."

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would be come of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle-creation would be in very soon!"

"You must all have been in a nice condition? What do you say? You took nothing? Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; Susan shan't leave the house! What do you say? She hasn't right to tell tales and you will be master of your own house? Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? There wasn't fifty? That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drunk enough for fifty. Do you suppose out of my housekeeping money I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world? You don't ask me? Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do; for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I won't be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!"

"And here's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. You knew nothing about it? Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes, I will say it, you hadn't the feelings to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh no, if the truth were known, you were glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? You're not laughing? Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face,—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my china mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spot off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now I could have cried when I saw it.—Don't tell me it wasn't worth two pence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like me; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow. "And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps— "I was resolved," says Caudle, "to know nothing, and so went to sleep in my ignorance."

KEEPING FARM ACCOUNTS.—Let any farmer make the experiment, and he will find it as interesting as it is useful, and both interesting and useful to know from year to year the actual produce of his farm. Let everything, therefore, that can be measured and weighed, be measured and weighed; and let that which cannot be brought to an exact standard be estimated as if he himself were about to sell or purchase it. Let him likewise, as near as possible, measure the ground on which he plants, the quantity of seed which he uses, and the manure which he applies. The labor of doing this is nothing compared with the satisfaction of having done it, and the benefits which must arise from it. Conjecture in these cases, is perfectly wild and uncertain, varying often with different individuals, almost a hundred per cent. Exactness enables a man to form conclusions which may most essentially, and innumerable ways, avail to his advantage. It is that alone which can give any value to his experience; it is that which will make his experience the sure basis of improvement; it will put it in his power to give safe counsels to his friends, and it is the only ground on which he can securely place confidence in himself.

WEARING OF ARTIFICIAL HAIR.—There is nothing new under the sun, else would not Clement of A. Alexandria, who lived in the beginning of third century, have written as follows concerning wig-wearers: "Additions of other people's hair are entirely to be rejected, and it is a most sacrilegious thing for spurious hair to shade the head, covering the skull with dead locks. For on whom does the Presbyterian lay his hands? Whom does he bless? Not the woman decked out, but another's hair, and through them is head of the woman, and God of the man, how is it not impious that they should fall into double sins? For they deceive the men by the excessive quantity of their hair, and shame the Lord as far as in them lies, by adorning themselves meretriciously, in order to dissemble the truth. And they defame the head, which is truly beautiful."

THE DEAD LADY BROUGHT TO LIFE.—An interesting and astonishing event transpired on the 22d ult., at the house of Mr. George Chandler, a farmer living near the Lowell road, between Nashua and Tyngsboro, Mass.—A physician, Dr. Stroinski, stopped on the afternoon of the day mentioned at Mr. C.'s house to feed his horse. On entering the house, Mr. Chandler informed the doctor that her daughter Susan died on Saturday, and that the body had been placed in a coffin for interment on Sunday. The doctor, on looking into the coffin, remarked that the girl was not dead, but only in a fit. He ordered the removal of the body and placed it in a warm bath. After a long struggle, the girl was brought to life. After leaving some medicine the doctor took his departure. On the following day—the one assigned for the funeral—the resuscitated lady voided a tape worm measuring twenty-eight feet in length; and instead of burying Miss Susan Chandler, the parents interred the cause of all her troubles.

BEAUTIFUL.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into nightfall of age, and the shadow of the past year grows deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our early years. If we have a home to shelter us, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends gather together around firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful.