The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

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$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller or user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

Sept. 22, 1866.

JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS
Old and Popular Stand, The
CHEAP CORNER!

LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS JUST OPENING. *DRY GOODS.*

Invoice of Delaines, Alpacas, Silks, Mourning Goods and Calicoes, AT CITY PRICES!

Invaice of MUSLINS; bleached and unbleached 7-4 and 5-4 Sheeting—cheaper than ever offered.

All wool heavy Flannels, at prices unrivaled.

French and English Ginghams, Ticking & Shirting Stripes, at prices to suit the times.

All wool CASSIMERS, French and English, bought of importers.

Satinets, N. Y. Kersey, all ol heavy Kerseys, bought of manufactu .s. Mallalieu and Murphy's Kerseys.

Large and varied Stock of NOTIONS.

Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, from the commonest to the best. Gloves, Gauntlets, Hoods, Sontags, &c. Fine assortment of Cologne, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oil, &c., at prices ranging much lower. H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 22, 1866. Cheap Corner.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.
May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

PRODUCE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION wanted at EDESVILLE, for which the *highest Cash prices* will be paid, by
T. ROMIE STRONG & CO.
December 16, 1865.

Latest Fashions.

FALL MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods.

MISS SUSAN A. SPARKS respectfully informs her old customers and the ladies generally, that she has just returned from the City with a complete assortment of

Fall MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the latest Novelties in Bonnets Ribbons, Velvets, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c., which were selected with great care, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low. An inspection of her Stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

Stamping.—The latest styles and patterns in great variety. Call and see them.
Chestertown, October 13, 1866.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

No. 132 West Pratt Street,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A
GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS,
AND ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Having been extensively engaged in the
Fruit Business
for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price.

W. H. WEST,
132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:
Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

Chestertown BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,

SUCH AS
Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts,	Kisses,	Raisins,
Currants,	Dates,	Figs,
Prunes,	Citron,	Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

THE POPULAR
CLOTHING HOUSE.
BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS,
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS.
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS.
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS.
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
☞ *At Less Than Gold Rates!*
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

NOTICE:
To all Whom it may Concern.

I DESIRE Tax Payers to understand that Taxes are due on the first day of July, and not, as many seem to think, on the first of January. I also desire to collect all the taxes in my District before the first of January next, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due. This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

I can be found at the Court House, Chestertown, every day.

JOHN W. DUYER,
Collector Second District.
August 18, 1866—tf.

The Poet.

From the Catholic World.

THE CHRISTIAN CROWN.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

Ten centuries and one had trod
Jerusalem, since when,
In mortal form, the Son of God
Died for the sons of men.

And they who in the Martyr found
Their Saviour, wailed and wept
That gorgeous horrors should abound
Where Christ the blessed slept.

From clam'rous towns and forests' hush,
As cascades from the gloom
Of caves, Crusaders eastward rush
To win the holy tomb.

Their corselets, steel and silver bright,
'Neath swaying plumes displayed,
Now dance, like streams, in lines of light,
Now loiter on in shade.

Their crosses glow in every form,
Inspiring vale and mart,
As through the veins of earth they swarm,
Like blood back to the heart.

'Tis mid-day of midsummer's heat;
Faith crowns the live and dead:
Jerusalem is at their feet,
Brave Godfrey at their head.

Within the walls, the ramparts ring
As proudly they proclaim
Great Godfrey de Bouillon king!
A king in more than name.

The ruby-budding crown to bind
About his head they stood;
Another crown is in his mind:
For rubies, beads of blood.

"No, no!" and back the bauble flings;
"No gold this brow adorns
Where willed He, Christ, the King of kings,
To wear a crown of thorns!"

Let not the glorious truth depart
Brave Godfrey handed down:
A king whose crown is in his heart
Need wear no other crown.

Beauty of the Virgin Mary.

There is in no mythology ancient or modern, a more poetical idea than that of the Virgin Mary. The women whom poets dream of are all terrestrial. This one has nothing of the frailities or faults of her sex. Catholics believe her to have been born without original sin; to have been a mother without ceasing to be a virgin; and, loth to believe that a body that had been a tabernacle of God could suffer the decomposition and decay which is common to mortal remains, hold as an article of faith, that, instead of dying like others, she ascended bodily into heaven, borne by the tremulous hands of angels. She has no fault; she shines pure and spotless, and is believed to exercise a great influence upon the destinies of her votaries. The painters and poets represented her as beautiful. She is usually represented standing on a globe with a foot on the serpent, because, as mother of the Redeemer she is supposed to be the one that was to crush the serpent under her heel. She holds the infant Jesus in her arms, a divine example of the sancity of matrimony, and wears a long white dress, with a blue cloak, indicative of her great faith and supreme innocence.

Raw Meats and Spirits to Cure Consumption.

An English journal prints the following: F. Fuster proposes to cure all cases of consumption by the administration of raw meat and spirits. Although his method of treatment has not long been employed by Continental physicians, considerable testimony has been borne to the great success which has attended its employment. The new treatment has now been tried satisfactorily in two thousand cases of phthisic. The raw meat is reduced to a pulp, mixed with sugar to conceal its unpleasant flavor and administered in doses of one to three hundred grammes per day. The alcohol (of the strength of twenty degrees Baume) is given in doses of one hundred grammes a day.

A Polite Fool.

Will Hamilton, the half-wit of Ayr, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch, which was partly frozen. Three young ladies were deliberating as to whether they should venture on the lake's surface, and one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. The proposal was made to him. "Though I'm daft, I'm no ill-bred," quickly responded Will; "after you, leddies."

☞ "Dan," said a little boy of four years, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," said the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" said the little fellow.

"You!" was the reply.

"Then give me ten cents to buy the monkey some candy."

His brother 'shelled over' immediately.

☞ Lord Chesterfield called upon Mrs. Anu Pitts, the sister of the great minister of that name, and complained of his feeble health. "I fear," said he, "that I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it," replied the lady; "I was afraid you were growing an old man, which you know is much worse."

☞ The United States is the owner of 1,465,463,000 acres.

Farmers' Column.

Small Farms and Thorough Cultivation.

The celebrated Robert Bakewell, of Disbley, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicestershire sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding glee, of a farmer not only of the olden school but of the olden times.

This farmer, who owned and occupied 1000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one-quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found, by a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor, dry furze, covering in some places nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the product increased: he made more money, because his new broken up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more laborers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1000 acres; therefore he laid out double the money upon the land When the third and last daughter married he gave her 250 acres, or half which remained, for her portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one quarter of the land as he had at the first to farm the whole.

He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work to see how he was to make as much of 250 acres as he had of 1000. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed 20 stone! rose with the lark in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got twice as much work done for his money; he made his servants and laborers, and horses, move faster,—broke them from their snail's pace,—and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of his servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and laborers, instead of saying, "go and do it," he said to them, "let us go, my boys, and do it." Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed up the whole of his poor grass land, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for the sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for 40 to 50 years; straightened his sig-zag fences; cut his water courses straight, and gained a great deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in many places from 10 to 14 yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets, and threw 3, 4, 5 and 6 closes into one. He found out that, instead of growing whitethorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds.

After all this improvement, he grew more and made more of 250 acres than he did from 1000; at the same time he found out that half of England was not cultivated at that time, for want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr. B.), and told him the real value of labor, both indoors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off his old, deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep or horses, but the best of every kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age —*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Salt and Ashes for Horses.

Those keeping horses should, twice a week, throw in a handful to each of salt and ashes. Mix them by putting in three parts of salt to one of ashes. Horses relish this, and it will keep their hair soft and fine. It will prevent bots, colic, etc. A little ground sulphur mixed with salt and ashes, and given once in two or three weeks, is also beneficial. All domestic animals will be thus benefited.

☞ Mutton must have age in order to be good. In this respect it is different from beef. Five years is the time held in Europe to be the best—an age which our wethers seldom attain. It is all lamb with us and young mutton. We can taste of nothing better than well matured sheep, in which case the muscle is tender and solid, the succulent juices all in perfection.

☞ It is said that a New York millionarie recently gave a dinner at his residence to forty guests, one-half of whom were ladies, and by the side of each plate of the lady guests was a present worth five hundred dollars. Generous old boy.

☞ "I say, Brown, what a close shaver Smith is; why, he'll squabble about a penny!" "Well, what if he does?" said Brown; "the less one squabbles about the better."

"Brick" Pomeroy's Humorous and Scientific Account of the Great Meteoric Hailstorm.

My head will not be visible for a week. I read in the almanacs that on the 13th of November, A. D. 1866, there was to be a grand shower of meat or meteors from way up there way down here, commencing at 3 o'clock in the early part of the a. m. The papers all said so, too. The wives, widows, children, cooks, chambermaids; pretty girls and unpretty girls, all said so. What a meteor was I knew not. As the shower was coming from the Little Bear, I thought it was a sausage storm, which I could bear. Thought it was a sausage storm, for the sages foresaw, or the four sages saw it. Thought I could meet it with platonic emotion. Then I found it was not meat, but a shower of stones in a liquid form. Of course they were precious stones. So said the cook, the chambermaid, and everybody. I wanted some, so resolved to be on hand.

Midnight came. The subscriber sleeped not. Like Joseph, he slept not because he was not sleepy. I dosed till 2 o'clock in the a. m., and in the bed, or words to that effect. I wrestled with the ghost of five dozen raw oysters, four pigs feet, a head of cabbage, bottle of catsup, and ten mugs of ale. It was a severe wrestle, and breathed the free air of my own native hills as it went marching on. I rose at 2. It was the first rose of autumn at that hour. I looked at my watch. It was there. I thanked the Giver of all good that I was not in New York when the brave, bountiful Butler with his second-hand eye was there, or my watch would have run down to Lowell.

The meteor show was free. Reserved seats for ladies. I wanted a frout seat, and arose to onect. I manufactured my toilet *a la* Gen. Washburn as he torn it out of Memphis like a phantom flag of truce. I would have made a good ballet girl for the Black Crock, but my waterfall was not constructed right for the wear and tear of the stage. *Vide* Smyth! I went upward like Daniel in the lion institoot, or like Elijah with his skating park head. I arose through the skylight to the dignity of the roof. The morning was in the dim distance—very much that way. The twilight was colder than the skylight, and I tried them both. My opera glass was at my uncles—had been to three balls, and didn't return.

Must have glasses. Took one along in sections. The right hand barrel came to a focus on rye! The left hand barrel acted on cognac! To look through this style of upper-a-glass shut both eyes and open the mouth. Through a dark glass things are seen—at times. With this style of glass we had a skylight view. I sat on the roof. It was a "roof" place to rest on. Not like come rest in this bosom, to which we have a spi-rol. The air was foreign. It was chilli! But we were not a north of south a-merry cuss for all that. Who would be a merry cuss, sitting on a cold roof, dressed as I was, waiting for something to turn up? I dangled my feet over the ledge. I saw stars overhead. I looked up for once in my life, you bet. My neck ached. Then I tried the glasses—first one barrel, then two. Above us were stars. I saw stars on the street. They had blue coats on. The stars overhead winked at me when I raised "the rye!" The stars below didn't wink. They snored! The stars overhead were in the milky way. The stars below me were not in that way, but in Broadway. They were not the milky way style of stars.

I saw dimly. My opera glass was too strong. It made me nervous. I looked about and saw much ghosts on the roof. Felt quite grave. Felt like coughin'. Saw many ghosts. Didn't see the meteors. Saw many heads out of windows below me. Very pleasant morning. No rain. No waterfalls at that hour on Broadway.

How I winked! Was looking for meteors! The stars overhead were looking for meteors. At last they winked! It was very cold! Used the opera glass often! One barrel at a time Warmed me inwardly, but the heat lodged in my thorax. Like political sermons, it didn't warm the back part of its audience. My dress was like that of General Washburn when he left all his garments but one and fled through Memphis. He was a modest man, so he ran. Perhaps he wanted exercise and ran for that. I wanted exercise. The meteors didn't meet. So I thought to run over the roof. Ran against a ghost. It spoke to me. It screamed:

"Oh, my darling child!"

Says I: "Are you my mother—have you a strawberry or blackberry *mark?*"

Says the ghost:

"You've knocked me down—you've killed my babe held in my arms!"

"Oh, dear, I offered to get you another."

Said she: "You blundering brute!"

"My name is not Butler," quoth I to her.

The ghost was a married one. At least there was circumstantial evidence pointing that way. She was taking the morning air; and while taking it lost her morning hair! Says I to the ghost:

"Lend me a garment?"

"And go without," said she.

"Shiftless female," said I.

"You're another!" spoke she.

I tried the opera glass again. Said she: "Oh, you ain't a naughty, naughty man, then, after all?"

"Why so?"

"Hand me your nursing bottle?"

Mistaken ghost! Then I knew she was from the spirit-land!

The moon began to strengthen, but it came not to a focus. The gentle zephyrs zephered like the devil—or words to that meaning. I felt a coldness creeping over me. No meteors yet. The ghosts chattered all about me. I felt rheumatism. The opera glass grew lighter—both barrels. I found a chimney top. It felt generous. It gave out a subdued warmth. It was a brick chimney, therefore I sat on it. No meteors yet. The stars began falling back like Siegel. I thought it was strategy to induce the meteors to advance. The chimney felt a little warmer. I emptied the bottles and threw the corks at a red-headed ghost, without a water-fall. I slung the bottles over the battlements that a city editor below might see stars.

I remembered that the Fire Commissioners were to ring a bell ten times to wake me up when the meteors arrived, and like a ship on a billow, a child in a bath-tub, a hen on her nest, or a Butler taking his spoons, I slept like a babe across its grandmother's knee, getting warmth where I needed it.

No meteors yet.

I slept—but not long. "I smelt something; it awoke me; thought it was a meteor. Says I, "Bully for science!" The smell increased; I grew nervous, but could not tell where! I was in a bog; a meteor had struck—I knew it. Things were burning, and I had no Accident Policy! The world was on fire; the smoke was all about me—ghosts sat there in smoke and white cotton with frills.

Ah, ha! Fiend of the lower regions! But I have thee! I arose quickly—curses on the man who invented sleep! Confound the cook who built the fire at the other end of that chimney. When I arose a cotton cinder, fourteen inches long by four inches wide, floated off like an army balloon. Sleep is not good! Opera glasses are not good if unloaded too rapidly. I didn't see the meteor, but the doctor saw it. It was inflamed—red hot. I think I shall not sit on a chimney, or any thing else, for many days. No more meteors for me! It was a sensation—very mean one at that. The papers knew better—it was a Copperhead lie!

Tenderly thine,
"BRICK" POMEROY.

From the New York Musical Gazette.

Musical History in a Nutshell.

There are but few people who have any idea of the condition of music in past times, or of the laws which have governed its growth. Musical histories are not usually within the reach of the general reader, and we therefore propose to give a brief summary of its origin and progress which shall bring the whole subject before the reader in a single article.

The development of the art was the result, not of *invention*, but of *discovery*. It existed from the time of creation, as one of the hidden powers of nature, only waiting till the ingenuity and the poetry of the human mind should combine to reveal its unknown laws, and by the construction of various instruments, by the arrangements of the tones in a regular series or scale, and the invention of a system by which those tones could be represented or written, thus to give it a place among the arts. These steps were necessarily very slow.—Attention was first given to the production of simple sounds. What the Greeks say of the god Mercury may have been true of some man—some inventive genius among the ancients. They relate that he was walking by the sea-shore one day, and accidentally struck his foot against the shell of a tortoise, whose flesh had dried away, leaving its tendons, or cartilages, drawn tightly across its concave side.—The jar of his foot caused the tendons to vibrate, and produced such a delightful sound that he immediately seized upon the idea, and constructed a sort of lyre on the same principle, giving it the general form of a shell, and stringing it with the dried tendons of animals. Or, the first musical instrument may have been a hollow reed, the original use of which is ascribed to Pan. Certain it is that all kinds of instruments were for a long time of the rudest description. It is said that players upon ancient trumpets were obliged to use a contrivance called a capistrum, which pressed against the sides of the face to prevent the cheeks from bursting. Lord Elgin not long since took from a tomb at Athens, a lyre that must have lain under ground at least 3000 years. It had eight strings, and was tuned by means of a rachet wheel, which, of course, precluded all possibility of a delicate adjustment of the tones. The Greek system of musical notation, although by far the most complete one of that period, was exceedingly complicated and clumsy. It involved over 1600 musical characters and arbitrary signs, which it took years of the closest study to acquire. Yet with all this they understood nothing of harmony, and had no regularity of rhythmical structure in their system, the time of the music being governed entirely by the measure of the poetry.

But little accurate knowledge of the condition of ancient music can be gained from the records of sacred history. The bible speaks of Jubal as being "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ;" yet nothing positive can be inferred from this, as our translators have merely used the names of familiar struments, because they had no knowledge whatever as to what kind were actually meant. No further proof of this is needed than the fact that the word in the above passage, which we translate *organ* is rendered in the French *violin*, and one is probably about as good a guess as the other. We find few if any evidences of improvement in the art of music or in its method of representation till about the fourth century. So little were they given to change that there is no doubt the "hymn" sung by our Saviour at the last supper was a chant (still in use by the Jews) which had been sung for many hundred years at the Jewish festivals. It was a chant called the "Hallel," and was sung with the five Psalms from the 113th to the 118th inclusive. Upon the establishment of the Christian church, the use of music still continued to form an important part of worship in all the regular assemblies.—Even profane writers allude to this fact. One of the strongest impressions made by the primitive Christians on the outside world, was, that they were "a people who sang," yet their music was still of the crudest character. Like the ancient Greeks, they had no knowledge of harmony and no regularity of time. It was only of wild chanting in unison by the whole congregation together, and must have been more like shouting than singing.

In the fourth century some initiatory steps toward musical progress were taken by St. Ambrose. The improvements he introduced were slight, yet they were of great value in preparing the way for the more efficient labors of Pope Gregory the Great, who appeared in the sixth century, and whose services mark the boundary of a new era in the history of music. The art which had apparently stood still for thousands of years, received from him the impulse it needed to carry it on to its present degree of perfection. By him the Roman letters were first applied to the tones of the scale, a method of indicating the standard of absolute pitch which will, doubtless, never be superseded. The exceeding poverty of the resources of music before that time, could not find a better illustration than in the fact that the simple plan should have been such a [illegible] ous improvement. His method [illegible] ly to write the letter to be sung [illegible] word. This seems crude e[illegible] was undoubtedly the parent of [illegible] of notation now in use which is [illegible] and so well adapted to its purpo[illegible] there is not the slightest probabi[illegible] ever being supplanted by any o[illegible] mong the valuable services of P[illegible] gory should also be mentioned his in[illegible] tion of the tones or chants called afte[illegible] the Gregorian. For his arrangeme[illegible] those grand specimens of ancient ecc[illegible] astical music in such a form that the chu[illegible] could use and preserve them, the wo[illegible] should never cease to be grateful.*

Some time after the introduction of the Roman letters, the method of using parallel lines similar to the present staff was devised, and the words were written upon these lines, according as they were to be sung higher or lower. Guido Aretina in the eleventh century reduced the number of lines to four, (afterwards changed to five,) and made use of the spaces between. He also introduced the use of the syllables Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, and Si, afterward changing the *Ut* to *Do* as being more euphonious. These were merely the first syllables of Latin words heard by Guido in the chanting of the Pope's Chapel.

It will be noticed that up to that time no attention was paid to the subject of musical rhythm. Indeed, there was but little occasion for such a department, as nothing was known of harmony, and it was comparatively easy for all instruments and voices to keep together on a single part. But when (about the twelfth century) music began to be arranged in parts, it became necessary to devise some method of indicating a regular rhythmical form, to prevent confusion among the performers. This was accomplished by Franco of Cologne, who adopted a system which was virtually the same as that now in use, viz: by representing a long tone by a note of a certain shape, and the equal divisions and sub-divisions by merely altering the form of character.

The present system of musical notation of representation may be regarded as having been completed as early as the fourteenth century. Yet for a while the world seemed to have but little use for it. No music of any value is left to us till several hundred years after that period. We sometimes hear the expression, "ancient music," but the compositions referred to have all been written since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mention is made of the first opera in the year 1600, but some idea may be formed of its comparison with modern music of the same character by the fact that it was performed, like the first tragedy in ancient Greece, in a cart: There were, undoubtedly, men of genius in those times, who performed most valuable service in paving the way for the greater ones who followed them. But their works have perished, and even their names are scarcely saved from oblivion.

In 1684 was born George Fredrick Handel—the first of the great race of musical giants. With him was introduced the third grand epoch in musical history. The first may be called the chaotic period, in which the music was rude, uncultivated, and totally unscientific. This lasted from the beginning of man's history till the fourth century. From the fourth century till the seventeenth, music was in a formative and preparatory stage. The third period, extending to the present time, is one of fruition and accomplishment.

What may be done in the future cannot be foretold, but is not probable that there can be again a change so strongly marked as to constitute a new era. The resources of music are inexhaustible, it is true, but they, with the laws that govern them, seem now to be well understood.

* The Christian world has almost equal occasion for gratitude to Dr. Lowell Mason for the service he has rendered in constructing from these chants such tunes [illegible] Hamburg, Olmutz, and others, which [illegible] doubtless, continue to be used for t[illegible] pression of religious feeling as [illegible] hymns of praise are sung upon e[illegible]

A country editor is an individual who reads newspapers, writes articles on any subject, sets type, reads proof, works press, folds and mails papers, prints jobs, runs errands, saws wood, works in the garden, talks to all who call, receives blame for a hundred things which are no one's business but his own, works from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M., and frequently gets cheated out of half his earnings.

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