The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

—x—

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. ☜

PATRONIZE
HOME INSTITUTIONS!

WE would respectfully inform our customers, that they are no longer under the necessity of going North or East to lay in their supplies of Stoves and Hollow ware, as they can be accommodated at the

BALTIMORE
Stove House,

from the largest and most varied stock, and on terms as low as any similar establishment in the United States. Our stock comprises in part Cooking and Heating Stoves, Parlor Stoves and Grates, Hot Air Furnaces, Argicultural Boilers, Tin, Sheet Iron and Hollow ware, etc. We call particular attention to our popular Re-improved OLD DOMINION, for wood or coal, which we are selling this season at reduced rates; also, our GEM AND GAS BURNER FIRE PLACE STOVES, which for beauty and efficiency are unequalled by any known Stove. A call is respectfully solicited by

BIBB & CO.,
Baltimore Stove House, 39 Light St., Balt.
September 29, 1866—y

KENT COUNTY
MACHINE SHOP,
AT GALENA.

THE UNDERSIGNED beg leave to inform the Farmers of Kent and adjoining Counties that they are prepared to do all kinds of AGRICULTURAL MACHINE REPAIRING, at short notice.

They also put up in good order the celebrated *PENNINGTON IMPROVED REAPER*, which is of Central Draught, runs easy for four horses, and will cut from 25 to 30 acres per day; it cuts a 6 ft. 6 in. swath, and can have a MOWER attached in a few minutes. It gives general satisfaction, as has been certified to by many able farmers of Kent and Cecil counties.

They also build HORSE POWERS AND THRESHERS, of modern style, which in good wheat will thresh and clean from 4 to 6 hundred bushels per day.

They make and have for sale the following kinds of PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS: Nos. 9, 10 and 11 Concave; 1, 2 and 0 Pratt & Davis; No. 4 Wiley, and two-furrowed Plows of excellent model, and not surpassed in smoothness or temper by any made or used in this State.

Mill Spindles, Shafts and Picks made and repaired to order, and in good style.

Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth, Farm Hinges, Harrows, &c., for sale wholesale and retail, and on reasonable terms.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.
Galena, March 31, 1866—tf.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
May 13, 1865—y.

Notice.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR, two years old, for sale at Kennedyville, by
Sept. 15. C. W. WARREN.

TO THE LADIES!
And all others in want of
Rich Jewelry
FINE SILVER WARE!
Watches, Clocks,
Cutlery, Notions.

A NEW STOCK JUST OPENED AT
E. T. WILLIS',
ADJOINING T. W. ELIASON & SON'S.

THESE Goods have just been purchased from City Wholesale Dealers, at the lowest prices for Cash, and *can* and *will* be sold at very low figures. They are of the LATEST STYLES and most BEAUTIFUL AND FASHIONABLE DESIGNS. We name in part:

JEWELRY.

Genuine Gold Breast Pins,
Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Studs,
Heavy 18k. Rings, Scarf Pins, Pens,
Pencils, &c.; Silver Thimbles, Rings,
Pens, Pencils, Bogwood Jewelry, &c.

We have also a variety of common Jewelry, the character of which is always make known to purchasers.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES;

Among them a very fine Ladies' Gold Enameled Watch and Chain, a number of heavy-cased Silver Watches, manufactured by the best American makers, and warranted good time keepers.

CLOCKS,

In great variety of style and finish, made by the most celebrated manufacturers in the country, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Silver Plated Ware.

Dinner and Tea Castors, Butter Dishes, Salt Cellars, Napkin Rings, Table and Tea Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, &c.

NOTIONS.—A fine assortment of CUTLERY, Table Knives, Pen Knives, Pocket Books, Ladies Satchels, Purses, Cabas, &c.

☞ An examination is invited.

REPAIRING.—Watches, Clocks & Jewelry repaired in the best manner, at short notice.

E. T. WILLIS,
Nearly opposite the Court House.
Chestertown, March 23, 1867.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

CHARLES STANLEY respectfully informs his friends, and the Public generally, that he has this day associated with him his son C. A. A. Stanley, in the FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, which will hereafter be conducted under the name and style of

C. Stanley & Son,

at the Old Stand, opposite the Kent National Bank, Chestertown, where they will keep on hand (or furnish to order,) a general assortment of

Furniture

Office, No. 2 N. Eutaw St., Balto., Md.

DEVOTED TO

HORTICULTURE, Floriculture, Fruit Growing, Stock Raising, Housekeeping.

TERMS: One copy one year, in advance, $1. Advertisements inserted at liberal rates.

☞ Energetic Canvassers wanted everywhere, to whom a very liberal commission will be allowed.

For further information, address as above, enclosing stamp. [March 16, 1867.

FRESH ARRIVAL!

I HAVE just received from the City another large lot of

ORANGES,
LEMONS,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
COCONUTS,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
ALMONDS,
APPLES,
CRACKERS:

Together with a fine assortment of French Confectionery. Also, on hand a large lot of *CANDY and TAFFY*, of my own manufacture, which I am selling at City prices.

Give us a call and be convinced.

HUDGINS' BAKERY,
Next door to the Post Office.
Chestertown, Feb. 23, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION
—IN—
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

GARDEN SEED.—All kinds of Garden Seed, warranted fresh and genuine, now open for inspection at the Trappe Corner.
STEVENSON CONSTABLE.

The Poet.

MAUD MULLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From fairer hand was never quaffed.

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

☞ "Well Jane, this is a queer world," said a "brute" to his wife, after breakfast, recently. "A set of women philosophers have just sprung up."

"Indeed," said Jane, "and what do they hold?"

"The strangest thing in nature," said he; "they hold their tongues."

☞ The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because he hugged the shore.

☞ What's best to prevent old men from despairing? Echo: "Pairing."

Farmers' Column.

The Use of the Field Pea.

[From the American Farmer.]

We can hardly say too much of the value of such crops as have a well established character as fertilizers of the soil in which they grow. The method of improvement, by such means, is so cheap, and, in all respects, economical, gathering so largely, by the expanding foliage of the plants, from the slow bounty of the atmosphere, and pumping up from the depths of the sub-soil what lay far below the range of the roots of common plants, it illustrates that prudence which uses wisely the means at hand, rather than seek, in the ends of the earth, what is very costly and not so effective.

Many of our cultivated plants have been highly commended, at different times, for their value in this respect. Lucerne, buckwheat, Indian corn, rye, oats, clover, and the Indian pea, have all, in turn, had their advocates. Lucerne, sometimes called French clover, does not seem so to adapt itself to our soil and climate as to answer the purpose. We have found that such land as needs the improvement of a fertilizing crop will produce much more certainly and abundantly of our common red clover than of lucerne. Buckwheat we have used, turning under heavy crops, with indifferent results. Oats, rye, corn—neither seems to have recommended itself to general use. We fall back, therefore, on the red clover, and the field pea of the South.

On all limed lands, and on such as have been brought to a certain stage of improvement which insures a prompt germination and growth of the seeds, clover commends itself on every account, and is pre-eminent as an improver. Its peculiar fitness for the purpose may be the reason that other plants have not been more diligently sought for. It may, and should, be sown on the ground with the crop of wheat, or other small grain, and requires no special preparation of the soil. The cost of seed is small, not exceeding the average of a dollar per acre. It makes no growth which will interfere with the crop with which it is sown, but springs up quickly after harvest, making, before winter, a good covering for the ground. The year following it comes early to perfection, makes a dense mass of foliage, which preserves on the surface that combination of warmth, and moisture, and shade, which observation teaches is of itself very fertilizing; while the plant itself, perishing where it grows, supplies, when it finally rots, all that its tap-root has sucked up from below the range of ordinary roots, and that its wide spread leaves have gathered from the atmosphere; a rich store of plant food, to be brought by quick decay into condition for ready use.

The Southern field pea, or Indian pea, is, perhaps, quite as rich as clover in the elements that make a good improver, and its value has been as fully tested in Maryland, and in the Southern States, where it has been for a long time applied to this purpose. It has these drawbacks as compared with clover—it is an annual, and does not continue so long its good offices, and does not form a sod; it is more costly in seed, and above all it requires, except in the more Southern States, a special plowing of the ground for sowing; there, it is sown broadcast among the corn at its last working, and has time to mature, which it has not in Maryland. On the other hand there is some advantage in the early maturity of the crop; the seed may be economised by [illegible]ing a sufficient portion of the crop [illegible]e for the purpose; and the pea is applicable to the improvement of poor and sandy soils, where clover will not grow.

The chief obstacle to the use of this crop, for improvement, is in that extra ploughing needed. This difficulty may, perhaps, be overcome, and we purpose to make now a seasonable suggestion, which we have already made in a private note, in answer to the inquiries of a friend in Virginia. It is known that in the South some of the hardier sorts of the pea will lie all winter on the ground, and being ploughed in when oats are sown, come up and take possession after harvest. This fact is not available generally, and especially in more northern latitudes. Long before our connection with the *Farmer*, we made a successful experiment of this sort, which was communicated to *The Plough, Loom and Anvil*, when edited by Mr. Skinner, with the suggestion that further experiments be made. It failed, we believe, generally, when tried, because the pea does not admit of being sown so early as the oats. The seed would rot before germination, or perish with the cold after. But if seeding could be postponed so late that the earth would be warm enough to ensure the safety of the seed, we think that the purpose might be accomplished of having the pea come on as a secondary crop, make little progress till the oats should be harvested, but be in position then to take the start of everything else, and cover the ground early with its mass of vine and foliage.

The suggestion we would make in this connection is, that after the oats have made some growth, but still so early that they need be little damaged by the operation, the peas be sown among the crop with the wheat drill. Experiments may be made on a small scale at little cost, and and if they shall determine that this method of growing the pea is practicable, a great good will have been accomplished.

☞ In Washington a woman shot a man because he did not marry her; in Cincinnati another shot one because he did. What can a bachelor do to save his bacon?

☞ Those ladies who have a passion for tea parties should remember that tattle begins with T.

THE PRIEST'S TALE.

BY E. WILBERFORCE.

Lest it should be thought that the hinge on which this story turns is so great a departure from the usual habits of priests in the Church of Rome as to be impossible, I wish to state that the two chief circumstances—that of a priest being seen to faint in the confessional, and that of a priest drawing a criminal into conversation about his crime, and then taking part in giving him up to justice—were related to me by a friend who is closely connected with the Roman priest-hood. There would be no merit in such a story if it were an invention. But where stringent rules exist, and it would be unjust to infer that they are broken, there is good reason for occasionally dwelling on the exceptions which, rare though they may be, prove them to be sometimes evaded.

I was on a walking tour in the Tyrol. My companion knocked up at the village of Zell, in the Zillerthal, and as we had not much time to spare, I left him to recruit himself while I went alone to see the waterfall at Krimml. I was climbing the steep track which leads out of the valley, and groaning a little under the weight of my knapsack, as I stepped from one of the boughs of which the path is composed to another, when an old woman hailed me, and offered to relieve me of my burden.—She was a strong and hearty old creature, though bent almost double from a long life of porterage. My knapsack was soon transferred to the basket on her back, and while I went on twice as nimbly as before, the weight did not affect her visibly. I had full leisure to observe the grand scenery of the glen, which she did not seem to notice. When I stepped on a jutting stone by the roadside and peered over the precipitous side of the ravine to the torrent dashing and breaking some hundreds of feet below, I was not sorry to have my back and shoulders free from a weight that would have made craning perilous.

As we rose higher, the fir-woods grew more gloomy, the sides more abrupt, the roar of the torrent more awful. We suddenly turned a corner, and I almost started at the scene it opened. On the right the bank had been hollowed out, so that a man might have lurked there without chance of being observed till it was too late. In front and behind you nothing but the lonely path winding painfully though the somber forest; and on the left a gap in the trees disclosed a slide like the track of an avalanche going straight and sheer to the raging waters. The place had a fearful look; one could not help imagining tales of horror. Heaven help the unsuspecting passenger who met danger here! Still there was a strange fascination in the sight and thought, and I could not help taking a long and earnest gaze. My old woman noticed it, and began nodding her head significantly from one side of the path to the other. "Ay, ay," she muttered, "that's a fall, sure enough. Ay, ay."

"Was it an avalanche?" I asked.

She laughed feebly, and wagged her head again.

"An avalanche, gracious gentleman, ay, ay, perhaps it was an avalanche. No, no, it was no avalanche, though you may well look. And the bank hollowed out so well just behind the corner, and the tree just above which one could slip behind so easily if he was not alone! Ay, and where's the rock that stood there?"

This speech was uttered with such strange gestures that I feared the good old lady was wandering in her mind. The look of the place evidently affected her, and I was not sorry to move on a little briskly. She trudged after me, but still continued her mutterings. I could hear broken phrases, such as, "It's in the stream now, you can tell it from all the rest of them, the thunder it made, and the crash; but you heard his cry above it—down in the valley, upon the pastures I heard it."

My curiosity was roused, and I questioned the old woman; but nothing was to be got from her directly. She parried my leading questions with a skill that surprised me, and all the time she pretended to an ignorance which contrasted oddly with her former mutterings. So I turned the conversation or rather I allowed her to turn it.

"That's my village," she remarked, as we passed a few straggling houses at a great hight. "That's my house," pointing to the dreariest and most desolate among them.

"What is your husband?"

"Oh, he's dead this many a year."

"Any children?"

"Ay," she said, stopping short, "as fine a lad as any in the country. He's to be married next week to the prettiest girl in Zell."

I congratulated her, and resolved to add a small sum to her hire for the young couple.

"Ay," she repeated, "the prettiest girl in Zell. She wouldn't have the woodcutter. I saw him stamp and swear when he met them together. A bad lot, a bad lot. But they're to be married next week, and he can't prevent it."

The prospect of her son's marriage filled the old lady with such pleasant thoughts that she sang the rest of the way. When she took leave of me I gave her a trifle for the bridal pair, and she took my hand so warmly that I felt I had made a friend. I carried my knapsack into the great chamber of the small inn at Geroles with a light heart, and forgot my fatigue and the small chance of accomodation before me in the joy I had caused.

I was soon reminded of the smallness of the house by the embarrassed looks of the Kellnerinn. She asked me if I wanted to sleep there, and on my answering that I did, she kept silence. Then it came out that there was only one bedroom in the house, and one of the beds in it (there were four of them) was already occupied. Did the Kellnerinn know the person who occupied it? Yes; she knew him perfectly, he was the priest of Zell. But then she looked still more embarrassed, implying that she did not know me. I might be willing to sleep in the same room with the priest, but would he be willing to sleep with me? I might accept her assurance of his respectability, but who would assure him of mine?

This knotty point was settled by the production of my passport. I believe the neat leather case and the gilt lettering had more effect on the landlord and waitress than the signature, which was not so carefully scrutinized. While I was at my supper, my future companion came in, and, hearing that we were to share the bed room, asked leave to share my table.

Of course, the conversation turned on the road I had taken that day. The priest knew it well. Some of his duties led him that way almost every week. He was a good walker, thanks to constant exercise; and the trunks of trees which had wearied me so easily, were as familiar to him as his own staircase. Yet he could not say that he liked the road. It was not the gloom or the loneliness he objected to, for the stations of the cross were painted at intervals; but ever since that fearful murder——

"What murder?" I exclaimed.

"You do not know the story?" he asked "I thought no one could pass without hearing of it. Did not you notice a sharp turn in the path——"

"With a hollow place, and a slide down to the water like the track of an avalanche? said I, interrupting him.

"Yes; I see that you are on the track. That is the place. There was the foulest murder committed at the spot!—the foulest I ever knew or heard of in the whole country!"

The priest needed little pressing to repeat it.

"You will wonder at my being able to tell you," he began, "for such tales generally come to us through the confessional. Secrets told us there are inviolable; we cannot dare to repeat them."

"Then this was not confessed to you?" I asked, with some slight disappointment; for if the priest had heard the story second-hand, I could not count on its accuracy. I had hoped that he would reveal some of the "secrets of the prison-house." One hears so many fearful tales, told with such exaggeration, that one becomes sceptical or indifferent. One such story from the lips of the priest who has received it from the lips of the criminal, would outweigh all the added horrors of the newspaper reporter.

But the priest reassured me.

"This was confessed to me; it came to me under the seal of confession, and that seal shall not be violated. If the ministers of justice had suspected that such a confession was made to me, and had asked me about it, I could not have betrayed the culprit. Such a case has never been known among us. Crimes have been committed, we have known criminals, and we have seen them living in impunity! It was the will of God that this man should not escape."

"Some one had seen him?"

"Not a living eye."

"He told it to some one beside you?"

"To no living soul."

"Then how was he detected?"

"It pleased God to make me the humble instrument of His vengeance. It is no violation of the seal of confession to tell you that this man came to me. Many who were in the church and saw me will tell you that, in the middle of his tale, I fainted from horror. What did this prove? We are subject to the same weaknesses as other mortals. The confessional is sometimes close and hot; I recovered in a moment, and no help was needed."

"But I suppose that some one had observed you, and came to listen?

"Pray spare me such unchristian surmises. Did not I tell you that no one heard? that I had recovered before any one called attention? It was not by such means that the murderer was brought to justice."

My patience began to fail me. The worthy priest noticed it; and tantalized me no longer.

"Your questious only hinder my story; do not interrupt me, and you shall hear everything. The daughter of one of the innkeepers at Zell was betrothed to a young man in the village you passed on your way hither. They were to have been married in a week, when the young man disappeared. No one had seen him go from the village; no trace of him was found anywhere. His mother, a widow, searched all the woods, went to all the places round; asked, hunted, brooded day and night, and at last got distracted. No one was suspected of having made away with him; the girl had no other lover, as far as she or the rest of the world knew; the young man had no enemies. All that remained was a mysterious disappearance, a girl's hopes blighted, a mother driven to despair. You are going to interrupt me; let me beg you to reserve your questions.

"Some time after, a man of this place, who was occupied as a wood-cutter on the pass, came to confess to me. I do not tell you what he said; I will not breathe a hint about it. Suffice it that at one point of his story I was so overcome by horror, or by the heat of the confessional, that I was unconscious for a moment, and when I recovered I made a firm resolve that the wretch should be brought to justice.

"He was lingering about the church when I came out, and I signed to him that I wanted to speak with him. There was an uncomfortable look in his face as he approached me; he scrutinised me out of the corners of his eyes to see what I wanted. But I reassured him at once; I made no allusion to what he had told me. 'My son,' I said, 'I am walking over the Gerlos, and if you are going that way I shall be glad of your company. The [illegible]ly and gloomy, and there a[illegible] people who do not regard even the messenger of Heaven. Not that I fear aught for myself; but what would become of my poor flock if I was taken from them?—You, my son, I know, may be trusted.'

"He was flattered at my confidence, but still he tried to get off. After one or two excuses, which I overruled, he consented to accompany me.

"You know the road which we traversed. As we began to mount, and the way became lonely, I pointed to a crucifix on one of the trees, and reminded him that we were still under the protection of our Master. 'Who would commit a crime even here,' I asked, 'with that eye upon him? He might think himself safe from all observation, but would he really be unnoticed?' My suggestions had some effect on the criminal He got uneasy, flagged in his walking, shifted from one side of the path to the other, and at last, as we came near the spot itself, he implored me for mercy.

"'Mercy?' I asked, with surprise in my voice. 'Do you meditate a crime? Had you any thought of using this lonely road to slay me?' You will think that I was rash in making these allusions to the possibility of his committing a fresh crime, but I knew my man, and impiety was not one of his failings.

"'Father,' he said, 'you know my guilt.'

"'I know your guilt!' exclaimed I; 'God knows it, I do not.'

"'Did you not hear my confession?'

"'Your confession was made to God, not to the priest. I cannot dare to speak of it, even to you. If you want me to show mercy you must tell me the cause for which I am to show it.'

"And so he did. He told me the whole story. He had been jealous of the young man, and had sworn to put him out of the way; but he had kept his feelings secret, and had only betrayed them once by a slight gesture. The result was that no one suspected him; the young man took no precautions against him; and he was able to plot in safety. As he was far weaker than his rival, he would have no chance in open fight. Even if he had surprised him in a lonely part of the road, his success would have been doubtful. Accordingly he hollowed out the lurking place you saw, and on the other side of the road he loosened a large rock, so that it might give way with a slight push. He then lurked for days in his secret nook, slipping back behind a tree which grew above it whenever he heard footsteps. It often struck him, when strangers passed, that if one of them stood on the rock he had loosened his revenge would be baulked, and he would have committed murder without an object. But this never turned him from his purpose. Some days his victim came up with friends, and the villain slunk out of the way; once he came with his betrothed, and you can guess the feelings of the lurking wretch. At last the day came when he was alone. He was gay and light hearted, stepping quickly along. As he turned the corner his rival rushed out against him. The poor young fellow suspected nothing, and did not guard against the shock of their meeting; did not cry or struggle. One push, too slight to be meditated, and he reeled; but he sprang lightly on the rock to recover his balance. The murderer had counted on this: the rock yielded to the spring, and went crashing with the victim.

"Here I checked the wretch in his recital. I was almost fainting again. The thought of such a fearful death was too much for me. But I nerved myself and inquired further. 'Did the man scream as he fell?' 'Once,' was the reply, 'but that one scream was terrible.'

"By this time we had stopped at the place, and I marked the track which the rock had made in its descent. There, in the bed of the stream, he pointed it out to me; an enormous mass against which the water rushed with all its violence, as though it wished to heave it out on the bank, and show the human body that lay crushed below. With the sight of this place all my courage revived. 'You have told your tale to God,' I said, 'and to man. If it is not true, God knew that you were deceiving him, but how shall man know? Will you swear it to me? I made him swear to the truth of it, and then—I said nothing more on the subject.

"We finished our walk and returned together. As soon as I had seen him safe at home, I set a man to watch him, and went straight to the police station, where I repeated every word of his story."

"And the seal of his confession?"

"It was preserved inviolate. I never told any one what I had heard there. The man himself confided his crime to me. If he connected my sacred office with myself, what is plainer than that he was blinded in order that he might not escape his punishment?"

"And was nothing said about it? Did not your superiors question you?"

"My answers were quite satisfactory. Every one said that I had done wisely, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of attending the murderer on his last journey. Remember his crime and the misery he had caused, and you cannot think that I was wrong. The penalty he suffered was for the man he killed: he suffered nothing for the grief he had caused the survivors. Think of the young girl whose hopes were blighted—of the old mother driven to despair! To this day she goes about repeating that she saw the wood cutter's threatening gesture, that she heard her son's dying scream. And then she will tell you that her son is to be married next week to the prettiest girl in Zell. Which do you pity most?"

"I pity you most of all," I replied;" and the priest did not understand me.

☞ A clergyman gave a toast that was not very gallant at a late fireman's celebration: "Our fire engines—May they be like old maids, ever ready, but never wanted!"

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