# CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOSSIP TRANSCRIPT.

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### Lament of the Irish Emigrant.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

In view of the recent death of its author, a woman as lovely in nature as she was brilliant in mind, a melancholy interest attaches to this familiar poem, one of the simplest and most pathetic in our language.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
As I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friedds,
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was a good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break;
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And oft in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I'll see the little stile,
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright
May morn,
When first you were my bride.

### A NEVADA FUNERAL.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man"—not in his own quarrel, it is true—but in defense of a stranger, beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmate, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a Warwick in politics. When he died, there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a fourth story window, and broke his neck; and after due deliberation, the jury sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by their sorrow, brought in a verdict of death "by the visitation of God." What could the world do without juries?

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in the town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire company flags were hung at half-mast, all the firemen ordered to wear their uniforms, and bring their machinery duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed, and various committees appointed; among others a committee was appointed to call on a minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an Eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty Briggs," made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his hat upon an unfinished manuscript sermon, under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his nose and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice and said in a lugubrious tone:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and half sob Scotty rejoined:

"Why, don't you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle to you, that is if I've got the right of it, you are the head clerk of the doxology works next door?"

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of a little company of believers, whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You rather hold over me, pard. I call the card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How! I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've rather got the bulge of me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge somehow. You don't smoke me, and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send, and so the thing I[redacted] is to rout out somebody to j[redacted] h[redacted]

S[redacted] 'll have to pass, judge.

How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to comprehend your meaning."

"Why that lead of yourn is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up sorrowful but confident."

"I've got it now, so you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel sharp, parson."

"O! why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!" extending a brawny paw which closed over the minister's small hand, and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh—don't you mind me snuffling a lit-[redacted] than three minutes. He had the riot [redacted]ke up, and prevented, nice, before [redacted]dy got a chance to strike a blow. [redacted]as always for peace, and he would [redacted] peace—he could not stand disturb-[redacted]s. Pard, he was a great loss to this [redacted]. It would please the boys if you [redacted]d chip in something like that and do [redacted]justice. Once, when the Micks got [redacted]rowin' stones through the Methodist [redacted]ay school windows, Buck Fanshaw, [redacted] his own notion, shut up his saloon [redacted]mounted guard over the Sunday [redacted]ol. Says he, 'No Irish need apply!' [redacted]hey didn't. He was the bulliest man [redacted]he mountains, pard; he could run [redacted]r, jump higher, hit harder, and hold [redacted]e tangle-foot wiskey, without spilling, [redacted] any other man in seventeen coun-

Put that in, pard, it'll please the [redacted] more than anything you can say. [redacted] you can say, pard, that he never shook [redacted]nother."

Never shook his mother?"

That's it—any of the boys will tell you that's so."

"Well, but why should he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute."

"Well, some that average pretty so-so."

"In my opinion a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to be—"

"Cheese it, pard—you've baked your ball clean outside the string. What I was drivin' at was that he never *throwed off* his mother—don't you see? No, indeedy! He gave her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money, and he looked after and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm d—d if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself. Beg your pardon [redacted]saying it, it hopped out too quick for [redacted]s truly. You've treated me like a [redacted]leman, and I aint the man to hurt [redacted]r feelings intentional. I think you are [redacted]te. I think you're a square man, pard. [redacted]e you, and I'll lick any man that [redacted]s.. I'll lick him so that he can't tell [redacted]self from a last year's corpse. Put it [redacted]re!"

Another fraternal handshake—and [redacted].]

[redacted]he obsequies were all the boys could [redacted]re. Such a marvel of funeral pomp [redacted] never been seen in Virginia city. [redacted] dirge-beating brass bands, the closed [redacted]ts of business, the flags drooping at [redacted]f mast, the long plodding procession of [redacted]formed secret societies, military bat-[redacted]lions, and fire companies, draped engines, carriage officials, and citizens in [redacted] vehicles and on foot, attracted multitudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display in Virginia city was determined by Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

[redacted] his funeral aint going to be the [redacted] solid silver door plate on his coffin, six [redacted] on the hearse, and a nigger on the

### INTERESTING WEATHER FACTS.

From the "Law of Storms developed," by Professor T. B. Maury, in Popular Science Monthly, we make the following extracts:

THE GROWTH OF STORMS.

It is of incalculable importance to observe, and carefully digest the fact, that, when a storm-centre or area of low barometer is once formed, it is the *nucleus* for a vast aggregation and marshalling of meteoric forces. No matter how small at first, under favorable atmospheric conditions, the *courant ascendant* is formed, condensation aloft sets in, and the precipitation only serves to add "fuel to the flames" of the cyclonic engine. This process widens in geographical area, and, after a few hours have elapsed, the storm may so develop as to cover a continent with its portentious canopy of cloud, while simultaneously strewing an ocean with wrecks, and throwing out, in the upper sky, more than a thousand miles in its front, the fine filaments of the premonitory cirrus and cirronus.

WHAT ARE CYCLONES?

The word cyclone has frequently, but incorrectly been used as significant of an enormous or very violent meteor, as if its application was to be confined to the devastating hurricane of the West Indies or the terrific typhoon of the China seas. It simply means a storm which acts in a circular direction, and whose winds converge by radical or sinuous spirals, toward a centre, moving in our hemisphere in the opposite direction to that of the hands of a clock, and in the Southern hemishere in a contrary direction. Taking this as the definition of a cyclone, it seems clear, from observation alone, that all storms are to be regarded as cyclonic. Volumes have been written to prove that this is not the case. But we have only to examine a few series of weather maps from week to week to see that, wherever you have an area of low barometer, into its central hollow the exterior atmosphere from all sides will pour and that in so doing a rotary spiral or vorticose storm is generated. The tornado, the simoons, the dust-whirlwind, the fire-storm, even the slow and sluggish storm which moves on our Western plains as the laboring wheel of the steamship buried in a heavy sea, all attest that a body cannot move on the earth's surface in a straight line. It is not more true with us that the Gulf stream turns to the eastward, the Polar Stream to the westward, and the equatorial currents to the northward, than that every air-current, in obedience to the same law, should turn to the right of the line along which from any cause it is called to move. The meteorist has therefore only to ascertain by observation where the barometer is lowest, to know at once the direction of the winds from the circumjacent districts far and near, or at least to test the mathematical law by a grand experiment.

PROGRESS OF CYCLONES.

In close connection with the size and magnitude of cyclones must be considered the distance over which they pass from the initial point. Much has been said on this part of our subject, and not a few writers have accepted the doctrine of Admiral Fitzroy that they progress over but comparatively short distances. For such a view, however, it is impossible to find, either in the natural or physical office of the cyclone, any support whatever. The storm once engendered, no matter in what part of the world, may be stationary or progressive. There are well-authenticated instances of almost stationary cyclones and almost stationary typhoons, of which latter will be remembered the famous gale of the ship Charles Heddle—an Indiaman, carried round and round the storm-centre for five days—which progressed not more than ninety miles a day. Indeed, we may say, as has been said, regard every wet-monsoon region as a stationary and semi-perennial cyclone. Such a meteor has been shown to resemble an eddy moving in the current of a rapid river. The latter may be large or small, while it does not determine, but is determined by, the course of the on-flowing stream. It is true the centre of an eddy or water-hollow may be filled up and the whirl disappear; but it is because the depression is not maintained. If the depression could be maintained, it is easy to see that the eddy would continue, and pursue its way, as long as the current in which it is embodied continues to flow; it might be through the length of an Amazon or a Mississippi River. In the case of a cyclonic eddy or whirl, we know the atmospheric depression is maintained as long as the centre moves in a region sufficiently supplied with aqueous vapor to feed it. It is a physical impossibility, as has been often shown, that any storm, however vast or however violent, can prolong its advance or sustain its fury over a dry and desicated surface. The most extended typhoons of the East, upon entering the dry and rainless continental regions, dwindle into the well-known and diminutive dust-whirlwind, such as Sir S. W. Baker describes as witnessed in Nubia.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

It has long ago been demonstrated by meteorologic observations, taken both at sea and on land, that there is very much *less* atmosphere in the Southern Hemisphere than in the Northern, and for a long time physicists were at a loss to account for the difference. It has been, however, very satisfactorily explained by the eminent mathematician, Ferrel, in his work on the "Motions of Fluids and Solids, relative to the Earth's Surface," where he proves at length, and states in detail (p. 39): "As there is much more land, with higher mountain ranges, in the Northern Hemisphere than in the southern, the resistances are greater, and consequently the eastward motion of the air, upon which the flection force depends is much less; and the consequence is that the more rapid motions of the Southern Hemisphere cause a greater depression there, and a greater part of the atmosphere to be thrown into the Northern Hemisphere." It is, doubtless, to this tendency of the Southern Hemisphere to throw off much of its atmosphere north of the equator that we may attribute in part the superior force and power of the southeast trades, and their well-known ability to battle with the northeast trades and drive them from their own territory, at least all summer, and even in winter, as far back across the line as three or four degrees of latitude. Mr. Ferrel, speaking of the principle just enunciated, well says: "this also accounts for the mean position of the equatorial calm belt being in general, a little north of the equator. But in the Pacific ocean, where there is nearly as much water north of the equator as south and the resistances are usually equal, its position nearly all coincides with the equator." In other words just as a bucket full of water set to revolving on a perpendicular axis would show a depression in the centre, and the fluid thrown from all sides of its rim, the Southern Hemisphere throws its water and its atmosphere into the Northern Hemisphere, all along the equator.

ST. VITUS.—The *Nuremburg Chronicle* of 1493 relates a mediæval legend to this effect—that in the reign of the Emperor Henry the Second, while a priest was saying mass, on Christmas eve, in the church of St. Magnus, in Magdeburg, a company of young people amused themselves with dancing and singing in the churchyard. The priest remonstrated, but they derided his words and refused to desist. Then he, incensed at their conduct, prayed God and St. Magnus to cause them to dance and sing a whole year, without rest; and the prayer was granted. Neither rain nor dew fell upon them; they did not eat or rest, nor were their shoes or garments worn out. Three of the company perished in the time, one the daughter of a priest; the others were released at the end of the year and obtained forgiveness before the altar, but, after sleeping three whole nights, they also died. This same story is told of other places and churches. The involuntary dancers were styled in the Latin chronicles *coreizantes*, and the dance was spoken of in the 15th century, in some parts of Europe, as St. Vitus's dance.—A nervous disease, producing frequent involuntary motions, thus took this name among the common people; while medical men specified the disease as *Chorea Sanili Viti, or Sancti Modesti*. It has been also called the dance of St. Guy, and of other saints. It is possible that these several names came from different churches to which the old story was attached.

VALUE OF TROTTING HORSES.—The calendar for 1872 has not been made up, says a magazine writer, but will show an increase upon that of 1871. It shows that in 1871 there were 1,576 trotting and pacing races in the United States, representing over a million dollars in premium and purses, besides the great value of the horses. The horses would average $1,000 each, and not less than three to each race, which would be $4,728,000, say $5,000,000 in horses alone, who have actually trotted in the several contests during that year. From this and other reliable data, we calculate the value of those in training and exercising, but not contending in races, and those in the breeding studs, all united, would amount to not less than $18,000,000, being that sum invested in this country in trotting and pacing horses alone."

☞ What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her, and rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer to one, at least, than faces that are more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred to its innermost recesses above all other women! She can do anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influences, brighter, kinder, stronger, and life seems but a foretaste of heaven, and all her dreams are golden.

### HISTORY OF A PENNY—A FABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

In the mint, where all our pounds, shillings and pence are made, there once were a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, shining and clean, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them.

Then said the sovereign to the penny: You imp, get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about in the world with great lords and princes; I shall do great things: perhaps some day shine in the emperor's crown."

In the same room there by the fire sat an old gray cat. When he heard this he licked his paws thoughfully, turned himself round on the other side, and said "some things go by the rule of contrary."

And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned out very contrary to what the gold ducat expected.

It fell into possession of an old miser, who locked it up in a great chest, where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer he buried all his money in the ground, that no one might get it, and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.

But the penny traveled far about in the world, and it came in high honor. And this is how it happened:

First, one of the poor boys at the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home and, as his little sister was delighted at the clean shining penny, he gave it to her.

The child ran into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor, lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.

"I have not got any," said the child.

Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her new penny

The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pligrim, with mantle and staff and scrip. He gave to him some pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money into the little box he had in his hand. The beggar asked, "Where are you traveling to?"

The pilgrim answered: Many hundred miles away to the city of Jerusalem, where the Holy Christ dwelt and died. I wish to offer up my prayers at his grave, and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."

"Then take a mite towards it from me," said the beggar, and he gave his penny to the pilgrim and would have gone away hungry as he came had not the baker, who saw all that had passed, given him the loaf which he wished to buy.

And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived there he first offered up his prayers at the sepulcher of the Holy Ghrist, and then went to the Turkish Sultan who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the Sultan wanted more.

The pilgrim said: "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given to me by a poor hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you have pity as he had and this copper penny will secure you a reward."

Then the Sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.

The Sultan put the copper penny in his pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it so happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the Sultan. So the Sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed right at his breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The Sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined after the battle, the penny was found in the pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the Sultsn prized the penny very much, and had it fastened with a gold chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time afterward the Sultan was made prisoner by the Emperor, and had to yield up his sword to his conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the Emperor.

One day when the Emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the act of raising the goblet to his lips, the Empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the Emperor was showing it to the Empress the penny became unfastened, and fell into the goblet of wine. The Emperor saw it; and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison hoping to kill the Emperor, but he was ordered to execution, and the penny was set in the Emperor's crown.

So the penny made a child happy, bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a Sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an Emperor. It deserved to be set in an Emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day if we could only see the crown.—*Children's Hour.*

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.—It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this way men fret and laboriously destroy all their comforts in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserable, shifting from one thing to another till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grasp. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everthing that he does. There is no profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing his business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-trying necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure on the homiliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with pleasant associations, for Heaven has given us imagination, not alone to make us poets but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation, around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop honest pride.

☞ A party of tourists, in California, desirous of testing the cleansing qualities of the hot springs, attempted to wash a flannel overshirt belonging to the former in their boiling waters. After carefully soaping the garment, they committed it to one of the least active cauldrons in the basin, when to their astonishment the water in the spring suddenly receded, carrying the shirt out of sight. Curiosity led them the next morning to revisit the spring, which proved to be a geyser of considerable force; and as they stood in mute astonishment upon the edge, and gazed down its corrugated sides, listening to the gurgling and spluttering of the water and the ominous intonations from beneath, an eruption suddenly took place, which projected the missing shirt amid a column of water and vaper, to the height of twenty feet into the air, and in its descent it was caught upon one of the numerous silicious projections which surrounded the edge of the crater, and recovered.

☞ An Ohio postmaster has received a letter wherein the writer proffers a curious request, as follows: "If you can & will ascertain the names of Some rich old maid or widow worth from 5 thousand, to 50, or more let me know by return mail and I will pitch in and if I make it tie the Knot, it is a 1 hundred dollars in your pocket Keep this a profound secret between us two if it gets out all is spoiled I am pour but want to marry rich."

☞ There is a turtle still meandering about a farm in Hunterdon county, N. J., with the dates 1737 and 1777 carved upon its back. No doubt can exist of its longevity, for the present owner remembers hearing his father, who was born in 1760, frequently mentioning it as an acquaintance of his early boyhood.

☞ It is not generally known, we presume that Chief Justice Chase was the last of his line. Yet such is the fact. Although he had six or seven brothers, it so happened that none of them had male issue, and all died before the chief justice. And as he died leaving no son, it follows that the line and name of Chase, so far as his father's immediate branch of the family is concerned, became extinct with his death.

☞ The fast horses of the American turf are more numerous than is usually supposed, the Secretary of the Hampden Park Association of Springfield, Mass., having compiled an official list of seventy racers, including only seven not now on the turf which have made better time than 2.27. A few years ago this was considered exceptionally swift, but now seven horses are accredited with having made a mile in less than 2.20.

☞ Parasols with long, heavy silk fringe and having knobs and handles of pure gold, are all the rage among [redacted]

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