CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
TUESDAY MORNING
AT
ERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD
on Spring Avenue, next
Door to Main St.

SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:

E DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in ance; or, if not paid within six months from the e of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, JULY 2, 1878. NO. 7.

THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (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 must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

THE MISSING LINE.

F. H. W.

The storm was wild, the night grew cold,
And a poet's face peered through the pane,
A face whereon, in touches bold,
Were writ the thoughts of a teeming brain,—
A wondrous face with saddened eyes,
That, having sought through dreary years,
Had caught a glimpse of paradise
Gold hung in a silver mist of tears.
And still he watched the angry night,
Searching an inspiration there,
And still the storm rushed left and right
Like a moaning ghost in the startled air,
Till wearily he once more bent
O'er his paper, full of words which burned
With the dearest hopes that his soul had sent,
Like envoys, into a world which spurned
All that it failed to understand,
And still preferred on the husks to feed,
Like a prodigal in a foreign land,
Choosing the mean in word and deed.
For he had labored with thoughtful brow
And heart that yearned to find the truth,—
Had striven with might to still endow
His soul, where flamed the fires of youth,
With the large knowledge of that force
Which lies behind the face of things,
And battled fiercely to divorce
The lie of living a life that brings
A fleeting joy and a world of tears,
From the beauty of creation's plan;
And still he worked through waning years,
In fear of God, with love towards man,
And still he found not what he sought,
And life grew grey as the Winter sea,
Nor ever fruition the seasons brought,
Till his soul turned sad as sad could be,
And he bowed his head,
For his hope was dead,
While without the night,
Held spirits white
That chanted their ghostly minstrelsy.

Love meaneth something more than life,
Love needeth something more than love,
As laurelled victory follows strife,
As tears below reach joys above;
There is an end beyond the means,
Beyond the course there is a goal,
And thitherward the spirit leans
As turns the needle to the pole.
So dreamed the poet, as he strove
To find the bliss which crowns desire,
To find the joy where resteth love
As flame faints in the glow of fire;
Yet ever from his eager grasp
This something that o'ertops the whole
Fled like a maid who fears the clasp
Of her love's arms. And so his soul
Grew sad as sad could be, and so
There was a blot on his design,
Upon his life the blight of woe,
And in his poem a missing line.

For he had formed a high ideal,
Woven of webs of noble thought,
And colored with a brilliance real
As Heaven's blue and crimson, wrought
Into a bow of promise. Yet
There ever hung a shadow there,
That chased the sun till he proudly set,—
The god of hope in the cloud Despair,
And so the poem, like a mated thing,
Helplessly waited the missing line
To soar away on unsullied wing
And sing to the world its song divine!
For on the page of the poet's heart
Had dropped its treasures, one by one,
Like clustered flowers whose petals part
To drink the glory of the sun;
Like wedded ocean-shells, which hold
Rare pearls that flash a light sublime,
Or legends whose dim themes enfold
The mellow fruits of pregnant time;
Yet still there lacked the final word,
So long desired, so vainly sought,
That ever fled, like music heard
In some vague dream with beauty fraught:
And the poet wept,
And, wearied, slept;
While the storm sobbed low
With a tale of woe,
A tale of a sad, unfinished thought.

Like a dream there came a beauteous form,
Low browed, with a wondrous wealth of hair,
And up from the deeps of the angry storm
Hovered a melody on the air;
While the flush of morn, like a bridal veil,
From the forehead about to the finger tips
A radiance shed, till the eyelids pale
Were touched with a halo; and still her lips
Spake not, till the poet, reaching wide
His eager hands to the vision fair,
Filled with a new-found rapture, cried:
"Thy name, oh thing of beauty rare?"
And the spirit answered: "I am Love;
'Tis love thou need'st, and love is mine;
Thou hast sought below, but I dwell above;
My name will fill thy missing line."
Then faded away, as a form of mist
Fades in the ray of the tender moon,
When the leaves are still, and the hill tops kissed
With the touch of a light that shall die too soon,
And the poet's heart, like a thing of lead,
When he heard the sound of that sweet, fleet name
Sank down in his breast at the words she said,
For his poem was full of the spirit's fame;
And through its texture was woven love;
And its warp was the pale delight love brings;
And its woof the dreamful joys which move
The hearts of peasants, the hearts of kings.

And so it seemed,
As the poet dreamed,
Love held no key
To the harmony
Oft sought in his wild imaginings.
There came a rustle, as when wind flies,
Somberly grand, through the Autumn wood;
And a presence, grave, of heroic size,
Grew into shape, and as silent stood
As some dread form of omniscient fate,
Pondering well, in thoughts sublime,
The golden sands at the golden gate
That bars the passage of winged Time;
Deep lines of study crossed his brow,
And wisdom shone in his eyes so bright,
And the *Why?* and *Whence?* and *Whither?* and *How?*
Their answer found in that wondrous light.
And as the vision clearer grew
The poet lifted his chastened eyes,
And his hungry soul strange quiet knew.
Like the rest which followeth sweet surprise;
And the Spirit's voice was clear as bells
Outrung on the waves of lucent air,
When a tale of repose the curfew tells,
A tale of the hope that outweighs despair:
"Oh poet, who hast sought so long
In transcendental realms to find
The word to fill thy beauteous song,
Turn from thy heart and scan thy mind;
Thy visions are not what they seem,
And love, that gently beckons thee,
Is but the shadow of a dream,—
False as a mirage on the sea,
I come to bring thee quick release,
The thing thou need'st is part of me,
I am a messenger of peace,—
The spirit of Philosophy.
There is an entity which holds
Within itself the hidden source
Of every mystery which enfolds
Thy steps. That entity is Force.
Here thy ideal, though concealed,
Lies in its essence, pure and true;
A priceless guide by me revealed
To lead thy feet to pastures new."
And then the spirit swept away,
Dissolving into the howling night,
While the poet, stricken with blank dismay,
Shrank as a flower that feels the blight
Of a frost which steals its heart. It seemed
As though the words took out of life
The hope of all that he had dreamed
Should come when peace succeeded strife.
And without the blast
Whirled wildly past,
While the boisterous rain
Against the pane
Dashed like a ghost with envy rife.
A silence rested everywhere.
And nature seemed to turn to stone,
There was a something in the air
Between a discord and a moan;
While all the realms of nether space,
Full of a force unnamed, intense,
Pressed on the brain as a haunting face
Haunts the spirit and drowns the sense;
The room grew cold with a sudden chill,
The flame of the night lamp bluer burned,
And, like some bird of omens ill,
A form stood there, and as it turned
There fell on the poet a glance so cold
That the quick tide ebbed on his palsied heart,
And his nervous arm grew instant old,
And he sat transfixed, as though a dart,
Resistless hurled by relentless hands,
Had reached his life through the cloven air:
And still as Destiny's image stands
Stood that terrible figure there.
And as some sudden instinct flies
Like an inspiration from heart to brain,
So the poet, as he gazed in those rayless eyes,
Thrilled with a joy so near to pain
That he swept anew, and the mingled tears
Told of fruition, at last! at last!—
Of goal attained 'mid a host of fears—
Of a note of peace in the trumpet's blast.
For he felt that the spirit a message brought
To crown the beauty of his design,
And his sad soul said: "'Tis the needed thought,
The final word of the missing line."
Then quickly seizing his idle pen,
He cried, with his clear brow all aflame:
"Oh, Ghost that followest steps of men,
Take all I have, but tell thy name!"
And the spirit turned, his lips were gray,
And cold with the touch of that icy breath,
And mournful as departing day
Sounded the answer: "I am Death!"
A terror over the poet broke,
And his fingers closed on his waiting pen,
Till the keen point punctured his hand: he woke
With a sudden cry of pain, and then
Staggering up, he smote his breast,
And the words of that answer, far and near,
Like demoniac whispers in mad unrest,
Fled as the ghost of a haunting fear;
Sounded adown the vacant stair,
Broke on the angles hard and cold,
Rounded back from those walls so bare,
Wrapped in the silences, fold on fold,
Till the echo rambled from room to room,
A dying moan that faintly fell,
Repeating that strange name of doom,
In the anguished tones of a last farewell—
Death! Death! *Death!*

The hours dragged slowly, and forlorn
As faded laurels dawned the day:
And paler than the sickliest morn,
Prone o'er his desk the poet lay,
Beneath his hand the paper, where
The burning words held fire divine,
While piteously rested there
His finger on the unfinished line;
Unfinished still, yet new baptized,
Regenerate through that hallowed flood,
As an ideal, half realized,
The vacant line was red with blood;
The poet's pen, though impotent
To bear his grand conception, sought
To draw one crimson drop, intent
To symbolize the missing thought.
And he lay dead; a peace at last
Rested upon that yearning heart.
And down the vista of the past
There loomed no spectre to impart
A sting to present joys. The key
To life's fond aspirations lay
Within his nerveless grasp, while he
Had found the night which ends life's day,
And so had solved his problem. Here
The grand ideal of his soul
Was sweetly realized, while clear
Broke the new light that crowns the whole;
And as strange woodland voices stray
In lessening tones from hill to glen
Fell mystic murmurs, far away—
The echoes of a last Amen!

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

HER STOCKING DID IT.

She was very pretty—but there came a time when I don't think I cared the least for her beauty—her soul was so much more attractive than her body. She was no humble wild-flower maiden, but a woman who had received a magnificent dower of blue blood, including talent, and all that culture could develop in a beautiful and intellectual woman was hers; all that wealth could bestow upon her she possessed. She had the good fortune to have no singularity of nature, but all was a symmetrical and harmonious whole.

I loved her, and I possessed the humbleness of true love. The more intimately I knew her, she made me conscious of things that were mean in myself. Out of this feeling grew jealousy of other men.

A bitter jealousy. She was of too sunny and generous a temper to pick for flaws, nor could she know a man as other men knew him.

She could not understand that Dr Cosgrove was as irritable in private as he was suave and agreeable in public, and I would not tell her that Capt. Langdale seldom paid his debts. They were but two of her many admirers, and they were both handsomer and showier than myself. In time I was miserable on their account.

I cannot now, in cold blood, accuse her of coquetry, but Stephenie St. Jean was of French blood on her father's side. Beside speaking that language perfectly, she had the French woman's secret of fascination. A trifle more in vivacity, when surrounded by gentlemen, made her utterly irresistible.

I saw and felt the charm, and could not content myself with the thought that in the quiet hours we passed together I knew myself dear to her. Many a winter evening had we sat together on the little velvet sofa before the drawing-room fire, secure from intrusion, her beautiful hand resting on my arm, content in her eyes, happiness in her smile. And yet, swearing her to be the proudest and most delicate of women, I was madly jealous of other men.

For months I would not see her alone. She was one of a large family, and she had a favorite cousin, Lilly Lawton, who was her constant companion.

She was very young and a bright, sweet little thing; but of late she had seemed drooping, as if out of health, and Stephenie had been unusually protective and kind.

For Stephenie's sake, I often took Lilly out to drive, though her exceeding simplicity often bored me.

I could not but wonder that Stephenie associated with her so constantly; but Lilly worshipped her magnificent cousin, and the latter delighted in being kind to those weaker than herself. "Kitten," she called Lilly, and there had been something especially kittenish in the girl's round, bright, gray eyes and playful, graceful ways.

Her special charm was gone now. She was a pale, faded, spiritless little thing. Stephenie kept her constantly under her wing.

"Kitten must have green fields and pastures new," she said. "The May suns are getting strong, and I, too, long for a country trip. We are going to Branchville, and shall be absent a week. Mind you are a good boy till we come back."

I smiled, but on the wrong side of my face.

"A week," I murmured.

"A week and one day," she laughed.

"I shall be gray-headed when you come back," I said, smiling at my own vexation.

She laughed more gaily than ever; then a shadow fell over her face.

"It is for Lilly's sake," she whispered. "Look at her."

Lilly lay on a hammock on the piazza, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, not a shade of color in her cheek.

The thought came to me that the child was bound for the land of shadows.

"She must have help soon," said Stephenie.

"Yes" I answered.

I saw them off in the morning train, Kitten with her cheek on Stephenie's shoulder. I carried the picture before my eyes all the week—my magnificent, generous brunette supporting the failing strength of that pale, fair-faced child. And I had never loved her better in my life than in the new phase.

A week and a day Stephenie had said; therefore I had no expectation of seeing her when, at the end of five days, I entered the drawing-room of her father's house to find an opera-glass I had left there.

I had told the servant at the hall door what my errand was, and that I knew just where to look for the glass. But on the threshold of the apartment my steps were arrested by the sound of Stephenie's voice.

A rush of delight went over me. I was about to spring forward when I discovered Stephenie was seated in the alcove of an inner room beside a gentleman.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay, as they sat against the sunny windows beyond, and plainly outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Captain Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I demurred about going forward, I distinctively heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly with all my he t I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position and stumbled backward out of the room, and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some hunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch and then starting up and walking the room, looking at my pale face in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of unintentional things in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear: Stephenie—lost Stephenie!

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried in despair.

"I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God, what can I do?

For the truth would not be gainsaid, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Captain Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I never had suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason, and I had good cause to think differently. She had never plighted her troth to me, but by word and look and sweet privileges she had accepted my love, and I had such utter faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving me had never occurred to my mind.

The warmest and tenderest intimacy existed between us, and yet she never had given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hateful light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untiringly as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her bust, and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me.

It was of cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her foot she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle, and the instep showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with silken buds and vines.

The dress and the stocking, with its embroidery, were all of the same tint, and the whole costume but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! It was Stephenie, peerless among women; and in heartsick misery I at length gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in at my window, its sweet breezes bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter:

STEPHENIE: I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am as weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you never may know.

Inadvertantly yes'te-day, I heard you confess your heart to Captain Langdale. I heard you say that you loved him. Then you did not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! How could you let me wreck my heart on the shoals of your mere careless liking. I was only a confidential friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and his alone—farewell!

This passionate, incoherent letter I directed to her, hen called my valet.

"Pierre, pack my trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, monsieur, it is very dull down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently no waiting maids for you to ogle," I answered, with a dreary attempt at ease and lightness of spirits.

But the fellow still looked at me.

"Monsieur looks very ill. I will bid the doctor to call on you, and if he consents we will go to that horrid place to-morrow."

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impertinent, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rock was not inhabited by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune house, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old fashioned inn, not the least in the world like a modern seaside hotel.

My valet, of course, arranged the conveniences of my life, consequently I did not know the dark skinned old woman who one day presented herself at the door of my apartment with a long covered basket upon her arm. My man was dusting a coat on the back piazza.

"There is some one at the door, Pierre," I said to him, as I sat at the window with a book, which I was not reading.

"It is the washerwoman. She is a very nice laundress, monsieur."

"Yes," I said indifferently. "Pay her."

He received the carefully covered basket, settled the bill, and the woman departed.

Pierre prepared to arrange my linen by opening a bureau drawer. I turned a page of my book as he withdrew the white cloth from the basket, when my attention was arrested by his exclamations.

"Mon Dieu! Laces, ruffles."

"What's the matter, Pierre?"

"These are ladies' things. Here is a wrapper with fluted ruffles white skirts, and—ha, ha?—embroidered stockings. Mees Betsey, Mees Betsey, come back!"

He dropped the basket on the floor and rushed after the old woman. I glanced within and saw a mass of snowy lace and embroideries! beautiful as a bed of lilies. The clothing too dainty and expensive to belong to any but a lady, and I wondered who the owner might be.

In one corner was a pile of hosiery. The stockings were not all white—one pair was of cream color, with a silk embroidery of buds and vines; and, while I was carelessly considering how and where such exquisite needle work was done, the thought flashed across me that I had seen that very pattern of silken rose-bud on Stephenie St. Jean's foot.

My hand trembled. I dropped the book as Pierre came rushing back with the panting old woman.

"Yes, I have left the wrong basket. The other, outside, is yours, sir. Hope you'll excuse me. I am getting old and forgetful."

"Stay," I said, breathlessly. "Whom are the lady's things for?"

"For the young lady down stairs who came last week, sir—Miss St. Jean. I'll take them away directly."

Unheeding the wondering eyes of the two, I snatched up a handkerchief on which I saw a name marked. Yes, it was "Stephenie."

I grew faint and turned away to hide my emotion. My hand shook as I snatched up my hat and rushed out of doors.

The sun was setting across the water. The waves danced blood red in its light. The air had grown cool, and a pair of singing shore birds flew before me as I sought a favorite seat of mine, retired among the rocks.

I had not composed my mind, when there was a rustle of silk, and a soft hand was laid on my arm.

"Forest!"

"Stephenie!"

"You know I am here now, and so I have come to speak to you."

She sat down close beside me, facing me, her arm across my knee, her clear blue eyes steadily meeting mine; and before she spoke a word, I took the fair hand tenderly, feeling that she was to be restored to me.

"Forest, I had been here a week wishing to see you, yet repelled by your determined seclusion. If the old woman called Aunt Betsey, who frequents this place, had not told me to-night that accident had revealed my presence to you, I should have lost my last remnant of courage, and returned home without speaking to you."

"What have you to say to me now, Stephenie?"

"You overheard me talking as you supposed to Captain Langdale. Forest, I was reading a letter."

"A letter?"

"I have a startling story to tell. Listen. All the spring my cousin Lily's malady had seemed strange to me. I could not understand her loss of strength and color, until I learned by occupying the next apartment to her at Branchville, that she spent her nights in weeping. While I wondered that she should have a secret trouble from me, and perplexed myself how to gain her confidence. I entered her room one morning, and found it to be full of a strange, sickening scent, while Lily lay senseless upon the bed. She had taken an opiate powerful enough to produce death, and upon the table lay two letters. One was addressed to me, the other to Captain Langdale.

"As soon as I had procured assistance, and a physician's help had saved her life, I read the letter the poor child had addressed to me. Poor Kitten! Her heart was breaking, for she had set it on one friend, and she believed that he loved me. I am speaking of Captain Langdale. He is handsome, gay, and debonnaire, and the poor girl believed him necessary to her existence. So she confessed to me, yet her heart seemed to hold no bitterness for her supposed rival.

"She had always loved me, she said, and I was more worthy of her hero. But she was so pitifully miserable, poor little thing! Well, I considered the matter carefully. I was only an hour's ride from Captain Langdale, and I resolved to see him. Lily was sleeping a restorative slumber, and I could go to the city and return in about three hours. I did so. When I reached the depot I sent a carriage for him to come to our house. He came and read the letter. Our soldier has a tender heart; he was affected to tears. He gave me the letter to read, bidding me to read it aloud. As I did so, you entered and heard the words which so misled you."

Her eyes were swimming as they met mine; but after an instant she went on:

"Captain Langdale showed deeper and more delicate feeling than I had supposed him capable of."

"If little Lily thinks such harum-scarum fellows as I am worth dying for, I ought to make myself worthy of the blessing of such love," he said, and added: 'I will give myself to Kitten to-morrow, if she wants me, and I will be a better man than I ever have been, for her sake.'

"So," said Stephenie, brightening, "there is to be a marriage in early autumn. My Lily is quite happy in the prospects of sharing a soldier's life, and—and"—blushing radiantly, and flashing one beauteous look into my eyes—"there may be a double wedding if you please, dear!"

I tell my wife my happiness was saved by such a fragile thing as an embroidered stocking—certainly for this world, and I believe for the next.

—The horse chestnut, whose timber value, as compared with that of oak, has lately been the subject of much discussion in England, was first brought to Europe from Asia about 1550. Deer in English parks are so fond of the fruit that they have been known to show fight when driven off. In Bushy Park, close to Hampton Court, is a superb avenue of these trees, which in May thousands flock to see.

EFFECTS OF CONSCIENCE.

THE STORY OF A WEIRD-LOOKING PICTURE.

Coleridge is the author of this curious story: A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him.

In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:

"My father," said he, "was at Hamburg on business, and, while dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well-informed, poor, but not destitute, and living enconomically upon the profits of his art as a painter.

"Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, beside using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg.

"He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him, with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amid all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."

CHURCH MUSIC.

WHAT IT SHOULD BE LIKE.

A reverend gentleman writes:

Church music should be strictly ecclesiastical. Not that we are to be restricted to slow, heavy, monotonous strains in the house of prayer; for, while the wailings of the soul, when "out of the depths" it cries out to the Lord, may fitly express themselves in long-drawn and measured notes, there are other moods of worship which call for bright and cheerful utterance, and then "we would cry merrily before the Lord of hosts." And still even this sacred mirth should seek for another expression than that which is heard in the house of feasting.

The music of the church should also be intelligible. By this I mean that it should not be of such a character as to confound and bewilder us by complicated involutions, strange and subtle chords, and such feats of art as only a learned professor can comprehend. There is no edification in listening to a special exercise of their gifts on the part of the choir, when it is impossible to understand a word that is sung, or even to tell whether they are singing English or Latin or Choctaw.

There is a story told of a city clergyman who was once invited to preach in a small country church, and the choir thought they would get up a very elaborate performance for his benefit. They were more ambitious than successful; and when they were through, before giving out his text, the preacher looked up to the gallery and said:

"My friends, if the angels in heaven should hear you sing, they would come down and wring your necks."

It was not a courteous thing to do, but the provocation was probably very great.

The music of the church should never be allowed to become tedious. It is so when there is too much of it; or when it is all of the same sort; or when it is painfully elaborate; or when it is rendered listlessly, and with apparent indifference; or when the same words are repeated over and over again, until one's patience is exhausted.

I have heard the Te Deum stretched out to the length of an ordinary morning sermon, the closing sentence being repeated twenty-nine times, until it seemed as if the choir "would never be confounded."

When the entire Psalter is chanted, as is done in some churches, it should be sung with such a movement as to consume but little more time than is required to read it, otherwise it becomes a weariness and a vexation.

The music of the church should be such as is, for the most part, familiar to the people. I would not proscribe the introduction of new tunes altogether, but there should be a free proportion of old ones, in which the congregation may join, if they are so disposed.

And when a hymn has for a long time been wedded to a particular tune, so that the words spontaneously suggest the music, it is a great trial to be obliged to stand dumb, and listen to some strange air, which quickens no association, and sounds like the voice of an unwelcome intruder.

TROPICAL FORESTS.

A BAND OF TREES GIRDLING THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR.

The forests are the dominant feature of tropical scenery. "With few and unimportant exceptions," says a Mr. Wallace, [in a book just published], "a great forest band, from 1,000 to 1,500 miles in width, girdles the earth at the Equator, clothing hill, plain and mountain with an evergreen mantle. Lofty peaks and precipitous ridges are sometimes bare, but often the woody covering continues to a height of 8,000 or 10,000 feet." That which first strikes the observer on beholding these vast virgin forests is the aspect of the tree trunks, which, varied yet symmetrical, and set at considerable intervals, rise to a vast height, perhaps of 100 feet, without sending off a branch, and spread out their giant arms which, interlacing with those about them, form an almost unbroken canopy in the far off ether."

This lofty screen of dense foliage excludes the sunlight, save in scattered flashes, and creates "a weird gloom and a solemn silence, which combine to produce a sense of the vast—the primeval—almost of the infinite. It is a world in which man seems an intruder, and where he feels overwhelmed by the contemplation of the ever-acting forces which, from the simplest elements of the atmosphere, build up the great mass of vegetation which overshadows and almost seems to oppress the earth."

The variety in the forms and colors of these tall shafts that lift their heads so proudly aloft, forms a notable characteristic of tropical forests. "All are tall and upright columns, but they differ from each other more than do the Gothic, Greek and Egyptian temples." The majority have a smooth bark, of varying hues, according to the species; but some are deeply furrowed and cracked, and others have the outer integument hanging in flakes or long fibrous ribbons. Spiny or prickly trunks are rare. The large, thick and glossy leaves, like those of the magnolia and rubber tree, constitute another peculiar trait of this arboreal vegetation.

But, beneath the high ceiling upheld by the colossal monarchs of the forest, there exists an undergrowth of moderate-sized trees whose topmost boughs, from forty to fifty feet high, fail to reach the lowest arms of the canopy spread above them. Beneath this second forest there is often a third growth of small trees, six to ten feet high, of dwarf palms, tree-ferns, and gigantic herbaceous ferns. Finally, covering the ground, there is generally a rich carpet of mosses, with sometimes flowering plants, bearing pretty but usually not conspicuous blossoms. Occasionally the forest-soil is bare of plants, and lies buried under a cover of leaves, twigs, and fruits, in all stages of decay.

THE MISSOURI MOUND BUILDERS.

Twenty-five members of the Kansas City Academy of Science recently made an exploration of the ancient mounds in Clay county, Missouri. Three mounds were selected and opened. Two of them contained vaults seven to eight feet square with stone walls three feet and a half high. In one instance only was an entire skeleton found regularly lying on the back at the bottom of the vault. Most of the bodies had occupied sitting postures. One skeleton measured five feet eight inches and the bones of another indicated a height of six feet two inches. Eleven skulls were found, which indicated a type of men much superior intellectually to the present race of Indians. No pottery was found, and the only weapon discovered was a flint spear-head six inches long. Prof. Mudge, of Topeka, who accompanied the exploring party, is of opinion that the mound builders belonged to a very numerous race of people which once occupied the country between the Alleghany mountains and the Missouri river, and the Lakes of Northern Georgia and Alabama. He thinks that the Toltec race, which was afterwards discovered with the Aztecs in Old Mexico, once occupied the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri valleys, and that they reached an advanced state of civilization before they migrated to Mexico. He has found the pottery made by this extinct race of people upon the Kansas prairies, at least two hundred miles west of the Missouri river, but he has never discovered mounds or remains of mounds west of that point.

—Prof. Vogel, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, reckons the annual consumption of silver for photographic purposes to be 9,000,000 marks, or about $2,250,000, but considers that the Big Bonanza Mine in Nevada is more than equal to the supplying of this new drain upon the precious metal.

Varieties.

—An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes.

—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

—Public instruction should be the first object of government.

—The less we parade our misfortunes, the more sympathy we command.

—Death and love are the two wings which bear man from earth to heaven.

—A new English journal is called *Brains*.

—Kansas has a silk-raising colony in the town of Silkville.

—It is proposed to make cheese a ration for United States soldiers.

—An English scientist asserts that flies have a speech of their own.

—In youth the imagination is employed principally on the future; in old age on the past.

—The Sierra (Cal.) Flume and Lumber Company, makes 40,000,000 feet of lumber annually.

—An oyster shell was found in a pumpkin near Galveston, Texas, recently.

—Dr. Lemoyne, of Pennsylvania, the owner of the cremation furnace, has given $20,000 to a colored school in Tennessee.

—Rumors are current that the Queen will pay a visit in state to Malta to inspect the Indian troops as Empress of India.

—The Eclectic Medical College of New York city has just received a gift of $12,500, making a total of $20,000 given to the college within three years.

—Italy contemplates the early establishment of a colony at Shoa, in order, it is said, to lay the basis of commercial communication between Italy and Central Africa.

—An unsealed envelope, containing $42,000 of United States registered bonds, came on to the New York Postoffice from Washington, addressed to a bank in New York.

—Complaints are frequent that books are stolen from the library of the British Museum, and great difficulty is experienced in fixing the responsibility upon any particular person or persons.

—A painting by Paul Veronese, once the altar-piece of the Chapel of St. Helena, at Venice, has been purchased for the National Academy, London. The price paid was over 3,000 guineas.

—A curious antique silver watch, said to have once been the property of President Washington, is owned by a family in Ottawa, Kansas. It carries the initials "G. W.," and was once owned by Gen. Lewis Cass.

—A very strange cause is given in the Boston *Transcript* for the death of Thomas Winans: The ceaseless noises of an automatic buoy in Newport Harbor, near his house, so destroyed his rest that he died of exhaustion.

—The will of the late Mr. George Stone, of London, provides for the distribution of more than a million of dollars among four of the leading hospitals of that city, with which he was officially connected for several years.

—Yung Wing, of New Haven, Conn., a graduate of Yale College in 1854, has given to the college library a valuable collection of Chinese books, numbering about 1300 volumes, and embracing classical, historical and poetical works, encyclopedias, etc.

—In the stomach of a shark caught near New Zealand there was found an iron casket, air-tight, which, on being opened, was found to contain several letters that had been written by the unfortunate Blennerhasset, who was concerned in Burr's famous conspiracy.

—A decree has been issued from St. Petersburg for the foundation of a university at Tomsk, in Siberia; and the buildings, the construction of which will cost about £70,000, are to be ready in 1882 for the three hundredth anniversary of the annexation of Siberia to the Russian Empire.

—The British Council of the Society of Arts offers its gold medal for the best means of saving life at sea when a vessel has to be abandoned suddenly, say with only five minutes' warning, the shore or other vessels being in sight. Appliances for the competition are to be sent in not later than the 31st of October.

—Italy imported $7,000,000 worth of tobacco last year, in addition to the stock raised at home, and valued at $1,500,000 only. Italy has a good deal of land lying idle which might be utilized for the cultivation of the weed, whereby many strong arms that are now compelled to emigrate might be retained in the peninsula.

—In a copper mine in Austria, a number of years ago, there were found portions of a ship, and as the copper near it was in very large lumps and almost pure, it is very probable that the ship had been freighted with the copper and had then sunk in the ocean, land being formed ages after and the water retiring to other spots.

—A relic of the ship Avalanche, lost on the English coast while on a voyage from Liverpool to San Francisco, some years since, has been brought to the surface recently by some oystermen who were dredging for oysters off the coast of Portland, England. They brought up a leather bag, in which were two ten-pound notes and a check on San Francisco for £150.

—Jim Younger, one of the famous Missouri outlaws, now in the Minnesota Penitentiary, is failing, and likely to die. He was, when captured after the attempt to rob the Northfield Bank, shot in the mouth, and the wound has never healed nor can it be healed. But three of his teeth remain, and the dentists are unable to put a plate in his mouth so as to enable him to eat with ease.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0564