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S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

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WE COME AND GO.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay.
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded churchyard cold!

Yes, it is so,
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead,
A day or more!
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

BUTTERFLIES.

Once more I pass along the flowering meadow,
Hear cushats call, and mark the fairy rings;
Till where the lich-gate casts its cool dark shadow,
I pause awhile, musing on many things!
Then raise the latch, and passing through the gate,
Stand in the quiet, where men rest and wait.

Bees in the lime trees do not break their sleeping;
Swallows beneath church eaves disturb them not;
They heed not bitter sobs or silent weeping:
Cares, turmoil, griefs, regrets, they have forgot.
I murmur sadly, "Here, then, all life ends.
We lay you here to rest, and lose you, friends."

By no rebuke is the sweet silence broken,
No voice reproves me; yet a sign is sent:
For from the grassy mounds there comes a token
Of life immortal—and I am content.
See: the soul's emblem meets my downcast eyes;
Over the graves are hovering butterflies!

—*Good Words.*

NOBLE AND TRUE.

"It is so strange that you do not marry, Paul!" said Harry Needham to his friend, Dr. Thornton, when the tea things had been carried out, and they sat pleasantly talking by the bright fire of the Pennsylvania anthracite that lit up the cozy back parlor of his pleasant New York home.

The remark was a most natural one, since the cozy back parlor was so suggestive of all sweet home comforts. There were marks of somebody's tasteful fingers everywhere, and Harry's eyes dwelt lovingly on the closed door whence his household fairy had disappeared with the year-old baby asleep in her arms.

"It is strange, Harry; I wish I could."

"Why not?" asked Needham, in surprise at his friend's earnest tone.

"The witchery of the fire-light must be on me to-night," he said at last, with a smile. "It is not often that I am in a mood for confidences. Why not, did you say? Because I believe I am hopelessly in love—with a memory. Having once seen my ideal, I cannot be content with less.

"It was my first year at the German University. I had been miserably ill and my physician positively insisted upon out-door air and active exercise. So I set out in company with two or three others, with staff and wallet, to visit on foot various places of interest.

"We stopped for a week in Dresden. One day—how well I remember it—I had been strolling along the Elbe, through the public gardens, watching the groups of quaintly-dressed people sipping their coffee in the shade and chatting gayly to each other. My walk ended, as usual, in the Art Gallery, for pictures were my enthusiasm then as now. Going into the hall where hung the Sistine Madonna, I saw a party of tourists standing before the painting. My first glance assured me that they were Americans, and this of itself would have attracted me—a home face is so dear in a strange land—had not the central figure of the group riveted my gaze in a moment. The others were engaged in conversation, pointing out the various features of the picture, and indulging in the familiar rhapsodies; but this girl, a slender creature of not more than fifteen, stood motionless and silent, her lips parted, a faint flush on her cheek, and the whiteness of her finger-tips showing the firm pressure of her clasped hands together. You want me to tell you of her face; but it is useless to try—I cannot describe it. It was very beautiful; but no mere beauty could have held me with undiminished charm at this distance of place and time. Her expression indicated not so much simple admiration of the picture as a complete merging of her own personality into the sublime emotions which the theme inspired. The wonderful mingling of tender adoration was dimly foreshadowing suffering in the face of the Madonna seemed to have reproduced itself in her own until the canvas might have been a mirror, where the image of the dark-eyed, oval faced girl who stood there was portrayed.

"'We must be going,' said a lady, whom I judged to be her mother; 'the train leaves at six, you know, and there is the packing to be finished. Come, Annie! Why, the child would stay here a whole day!'—touching the girl's arm, who had not moved. She started, looked about her with a deep breath, and, still without speaking, turned to follow the company from the room.

"As she passed me at the door a knot of leaves disengaged itself from the brooch at her throat and fell to the floor; I stooped quickly and returned it to her, and to this day I cannot breathe the spicy fragrance of geranium without feeling again the thrill which her smile repaid me."

Dr. Thornton might have said more, but little Mrs. Needham came in at that moment.

"What! the gas not yet lighted?" she said, in surprise. "You gentlemen must have been asleep, or telling secrets. Shall I break the spell?"

"I wish it were always as pleasantly broken," answered Dr. Thornton, gallantly. Needham rose to light a taper at the grate.

"Mrs. Needham, cannot we have a game? Harry shall take two balls, and you and I will play against him." Then in an aside, "It is but fair, Harry, I have played my game of life alone so long."

When they were seated again, Needham said:

"You will hardly thank, me Paul, for sending you another case when you are overcrowded already. Our house has just lost the services of a young lady, one of the very best designers we have ever employed. You have seen our last edition of the 'Christmas Hymns?' The illuminations are mostly hers—some splendid work there, which you will know how to appreciate. Our last order had not been filled, so I looked up her address, and called today. I found her sitting with bandaged eyes in a darkened room and suffering great pain. Knowing that you made disease of the eye a specialty I recommended her to you. I had still another reason for doing so, which I will explain. She lives alone with her widowed mother, who has been an invalid for some years, and they are poor. I suspected as much before, but now I am sure of it. Their room was small, and scarcely comfortable, but several articles of furniture indicated former luxuries. A piano stood in one corner, and I learned incidentally that she had given music lessons in addition to her other work. I doubt if they have any resources beyond her hands, which must now be idle. Both mother and daughter are evidently refined and sensitive; and although I felt great sympathy I could think of no way of making an offer of substantial assistance. But I thought I would ask you in case of her application to you, to make your terms for the treatment of her eyes as nearly nominal as possible without offending her propriety."

"I should do so most gladly; what is the lady's name?"

"Miss Brayton—Annie Brayton," replied Needham, "here is her last work, a part of the unfinished order of which I spoke." He rose and took three or four sketches from a portfolio, marginal designs for a book of poems.

"I like this one particularly," said Thornton, after a pause, "although it is the simplest of all—this tuft of moss shot through by a spray of scarlet partridge berries; I like it because of the marvelous faithfulness with which it is finished, the evidence of a touch so tender and delicate as to be almost a caress."

* * * * * *

Among the visitors in the ante-room, when the physician's office-door was thrown open next day, sat a young lady dressed in black. She awaited patiently her turn for examination, then rose and went into the inner apartment.

"Dr. Thornton, I believe?" she said, in a voice singularly clear and musical. "I am Miss Brayton; will you please look at my eyes?"

As she spoke, she threw back the heavy veil, whose double folds had protected her from the light, and lifted toward him—the face of the Dresden Gallery! The same, yet not the same! By the influence of years of trial, patient endurance, and earnest, hopeful effort, the ungrouped capabilities of the girl had been crystallized into a many-sided character. She stood before him the perfection of his dream, his own out of all the world, he thought—yet he must school himself to the utterance of professional commonplaces, while not the tremor of a nerve should betray his long constancy.

"It is only a temporary difficulty Dr. Thornton?" she said with trembling eagerness.

"That depends upon the care you shall take of yourself," he answered, gravely; "as yet there is no organic disease. You must have strained your whole nervous system by some kind of overwork. Only rest and a careful obedience to prescribed treatment can give you back your eyes."

"For how long?"

"I cannot tell; six months at least."

The poor girl uttered an involuntary exclamation of dismay, and her lip quivered for a moment, but she controlled herself by a strong effort.

"I ought to be thankful for the hope of being well at all," she said, wearily; "but it seems very long to wait."

The autumn and winter wore on. Miss Brayton's eyes improved but slowly. It was true she needed utter rest of body and mind; the former she took of necessity, but the latter was beyond her power. To find her way through the glare of the street was a task so trying that Dr. Thornton forbade it, visiting her at her own home instead. Her heart sank at the thought of the long bill of charges to come in by-and-by, even while she could not repress a thrill of pleasure at the sound of his familiar step. There was the piano as a last resort, she thought; her treasured jewels, her father's gift, had been sold already to meet the emergencies of the present.

Mrs. Brayton's watchful and tender eyes could not fail to detect the brightness which Dr. Thornton's lingering calls brought into her daughter's face, and a secret trouble grew at her heart which she would not for the world have put into spoken words. Must a greater grief still be in store for the young heart that had labored so patiently and suffered so nobly?

One day the doctor brought a basket of rare fruit; again it was a bunch of hot-house flowers, fragrant with geranium and heliotrope; or a magazine with passages marked for Mrs. Brayton to read aloud. Indeed, he so succeeded in interweaving himself with all her few pleasures that it was no wonder if poor Annie said a dozen times a day "How kind of him, mamma!" with her pale cheek in a glow.

The time came at last when the bright sunshine might find its way unchecked through the windows. Annie's eyes were not strong enough for her painting, but the days of idle darkness were past, and she could at least look forward to the speedy resumption of her music lessons.

"You will not need me much longer, Miss Annie," said Dr. Thornton, finding her alone one day; "shall you be glad?"

She did not reply, but he went on, as if he had not noticed her silence: "I have brought you something quite in your line," unrolling an engraving.

"You have seen the original, Miss Annie."

"Yes; how did you know?"

"The poor student who picked up your book in the Dresden Gallery has remembered you too well to be mistaken."

A sudden illumination broke over her face.

"Can it be possible?" she cried. "Now I understand the strange consciousness I have often had of having seen you somewhere long ago. Here is the lost thread which has eluded me so long!"

"Annie," said Dr. Thornton, softly, "since then your face has been with me always. It has helped to subject the baseness of my nature and lift me to all things noble and true. When I saw it again in my room that day I dared to hope that God had given you to me. These few months of your darkness seem to have concentrated all the light of my life. Annie, have I presumed too much?"

* * * * *

Dr. Thornton's house is rich in painting and statuary. Connoisseurs go there to study and admire.

"Mrs. Thornton," said Harry Needham, as he went from wall to wall the other day, "your husband has mistaken his vocation—with his taste he should have been a great artist."

"No, Annie, tell him no!" said Thornton, coming to his wife's side and drawing her within the shelter of his arm; "no immortality on canvas or in marble could have made up to me for the loss of the case which I have so often blessed him for sending me, by merit of my plain profession."

WINTER.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION.

Winter is the coldest season of the year, because it comes in the winter mostly. In some countries, winter comes in the summer, and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in the summer in this country, which is the best government the sun ever shone upon. Then we could go skating barefoot and slide down hill in linen trousers. We could snowball without getting our fingers cold, and men who go out sleigh-riding wouldn't have to stop at every tavern to warm as they do now. It snows more in winter than it does at any other season of the year. This is because so many cutters and sleighs are made then.

Ice grows much better in winter than in summer, which was an inconvenience until the discovery of ice-houses. Water that is left out of doors is apt to freeze at this season. Some folks take in their wells and cisterns on a cold night and keep them by the fire, so they don't freeze.

Skating is great fun in winter. The boys get their skates on when the river is frozen over, and race, play tag, break through the ice and get wet all over (they get drowned sometimes, and are brought home all dripping, which makes their mothers scold, getting water all over the carpet in the front room), fall and break their heads, and enjoy themselves in many other ways.

There ain't much sleigh-riding except in winter. Folks don't seem to care about it in warm weather. Grown-up boys and girls like to go sleigh-riding. The boys generally drive with one hand and help the girls hold their muffs with the other. Brother Bob let me go along a little way once when he took Celia Ann Crane out sleigh-riding, and I thought he paid more attention to holding the muff than he did to holding the horse.

Snow-balling is another winter sport. I have snow-balled in the summer, but we used hard winter apples. It isn't so amusing as it is in winter somehow.

GAMES.

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR ORIGIN.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: —"Men," said Leibnitz, "have never shown so much ingenuity as in the invention of games." This is not quite true, for they displayed at least equal ingenuity for devising methods for destroying or torturing one another. Nor can it be alleged that purely utilitarian inventions, like the mangle or the smoke-jack, show less sagacity in conception than the bat or the battledore. Rabelais mentions about a hundred games which Pantagruel could play, and he seems to have cudgelled his brains for every pastime which he had witnessed or heard of. This was more than three centuries ago, but the list has not received many important additions since. Cricket and rackets are improvements upon some games with bat and ball which Pantagruel knew; whist would have been a novelty to him, but he could hold a hand at piquet, ecarte, cribbage and baccarat; he played chess, draughts, dominoes, backgammon, skittles and bowls, and he might have waltzed (though this is not specified among his accomplishments), for this dance was invented so far back as 1400, although it did not actually become fashionable in Paris until 1810, when it was imported from Germany in honor of the Empress Marie Louise. Dancing is one of the oldest of recreations. Homer speaks of a new dance invented by Dædalus for Ariadne; Theseus was immoderately fond of the reel or fandango, in which the arms move with the legs. The Normans revived rather than invented round dances in the twelfth century; the Bohemians invented the redowa; the Poles the polka, first danced in England in 1840; the Hungarians the mazurka and galop. The cotilion owes its origin to the courtly Duc de Lauzen, who, for his audacity in contracting a clandestine marriage with the "Grande Mademoiselle," was imprisoned for ten years by Louis XIV. To this now popular and long-winded dance many figures were added by Marie Antoinette, and some more by the Empress Eugenie. Under the Second Empire the post of conductor of cotilions at the Tuileries balls was one of considerable social importance, and was long held by one of the Emperor's equerries, the Marquis de Caux.

Dice and knuckle-bones were known to the Lydians 1,500 years B. C. Perseus is credited with the invention of quoits, and the Hindoo Tessa with that of chess. Ardschio, King of Persia, invented backgammon; Palamedes draughts, Pyrrhus tennis, and the Greeks the noble game of goose. Loto is a comparatively recent discovery, due to an Italian, Celestino Galiani, in 1753. Dominoes owe their name to the piety of a monk who originated them, and who was happy to pronounce a holy word while taking his amusement; and it is a nun who is believed to have invented both the game of battledore and shuttlecock and the catgut racket used in playing tennis. Excavations at Hissarlik, the presumed site of Troy, have brought earthenware "marbles" to light, and those at Pompeii have yielded a number of jointed dolls in ivory, which prove that the custom of giving costly toys to children is not one of modern development. Xenophon was acquainted with hoops, and we are told that Œbalus, father of Penelope, was a proficient in the gymnastics of the trapeze, when he had possibly learned from seeing monkeys swing from branch to branch by their tails. Œbalus's grandson, Telemachus, was versed in boxing, wrestling and chariot racing, which, along with the riding of races, is supposed to date from the Thurians; but he also contrived a new sport of his own, which has been improved upon in a multitude of ways up to these times. We read in the Odyssey that he set up twelve pillars, to each of which was suspended a ring, and that from his bow he sent an arrow whistling through all the twelve rings—no mean feat. Here we surely have the rudiments of tilting at the ring, at the quintain, tent-pegging, &c.; besides getting a precedent for the difficulties by which it is always sought to test the merit of good marksmen. The Swiss in their "stands" (rifle alleys) still have something akin to the young Greek's rings, for they aim at their targets through loopholes pierced in a series of walls; but if Telemachus really did send his arrow through twelve rings he achieved more than most of the best shots from the Bernese Oberland could do withrifle bullets. Six loopholes, ten yards apart, are generally considered enough to try any man's steadiness of hand and eye.

The invention of cards has often been erroneously attributed to a French physician, who designed them for the amusement of the mad King Charles VI. They are of much more ancient origin, having come from China to Persia in the twelfth century and thence into Europe through the Arabs. They are mentioned in a proclamation of Louis IX. (St. Louis), in 1254, among the ungodly pastimes which the pious should avoid; but Charles VI.'s doctor, who was abbot, restored them to the favor of the Church and thus licensed a game which has undoubtedly excelled all others in universal popularity. Cards are now a cosmopolitan means of social intercourse. Four men of different nations can play a rubber of whist without knowing a word of one another's language; and possibly the lower orders all over the world will come to adopt some one game as a general favorite. At present each State boasts a game in particular favor with its working classes. The Englishman likes cribbage, the Frenchman piquet, the Yankee and his Chinese friend euchre, the Dutchman and German "marriage," the Spaniard hombre, and the Italian a kind of ecarte. Dice have almost fallen into disuse, but roulettes have greatly multiplied, and every French wine shop has its "tourniquet" which customers spin round to gamble for drinks. Indeed, games of hazard seems to be on the increase everywhere, and Englishmen may notice with a mixture of regret and pride that theirs is the only country where there has not been a corresponding diminution in athletic pastime. The French used to be great players of tennis and bowls, they now play chiefly at billiards. This game, originally called table bowls, and invented by a courtier of Queen Elizabeth to amuse her Majesty when it rained, is athletic in a way, for it gives gentle exercise to all the limbs and keeps the brain and eyes on the alert; but its usual association with stuffy rooms full of tobacco smoke makes it unworthy to be named with the healthy outdoor sports in which Englishmen delight, and in which they seem fated to remain unrivalled. For all attempts to reacclimatize cricket, football, golf or rackets in the Continental States, where they once flourished, have failed. The Frenchman or Italian will not risk his shins to be scored by a hockey stick; the young German, who belongs to a *turnverein* and does gymnastics on scientific principles, cannot see the beauty of "fielding out" all day in a broiling sun; the Russian and Austrian will never take kindly to polo, though both have nimble ponies and wide plains which would do capitally for the sport. As for rowing, which is practiced after a fashion in France under the name of canotage, it is rather an excuse for summer day outings with young ladies than a serious exercise for wind and muscle. The French have no national style of rowing, and the days are not nigh when a picked crew from the University of Paris will offer to meet Oxford or Cambridge on the Thames. This lamentable decline in Continental athleticism offers no reason why Englishmen should be put out of conceit with their manly pursuits; it should, on the contrary, urge them to continue as they are doing. After all, an athletic race is a master race; and there need be no talk of British decadence so long as a hundred English schoolboys, taken at hazard, might safely be matched for strength and endurance against a like number frem any foreign schools. The time spent in handling bats and oars is not wasted.

DON'T WORRY.

Men and women given over to worry will worry about the strangest, the most out-of-the-way, the most unheard-of, the most laughable things it is possible to conceive.

It matters very little what are the outward circumstances—the will can find something in them to remind it of its own limitation of power, and to provoke its consequent resentment. It is curious to see how people of this habit will take anything that first comes to hand—good, bad, or indifferent—and instantly begin to find in it something to grow anxious and impatient over, and to pull about first on this side and then on that, until an exciting consciousness of their own inability to do anything in the matter, and an irritating feeling, in consequence of it, get the upper hand of their good sense. What we have to say upon this subject, by way of practical suggestion, is just what everybody says, and says to little or no purpose. Worry doesn't do you the least good. It relieves from nothing, it helps nothing, it qualifies for no work, it conduces to no desirable result. It very gratuitously puts an amount of wear and tear upon the nervous system without in the slightest degree obtaining in return any compensatory satisfaction. It is neither a duty nor a pleasure; and yet men almost invite, certainly entertain it, as if it were both!

—When an editor carefully contemplates his subscription-book and views the vast number of delinquent subscribers enrolled thereon, he buries his face in his hands, heaves a sigh that sounds like the soughing of the wind among the pines of the mountain side, and wishes he were in heaven and had the money for his clothes.—*N. J. Republican.*

MISS DOLLY.

THE WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF DOLLS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

A correspondent writing from Paris says:

The dolls are brought to the greatest perfection, one of them, called "The Boyton," exhibited at the Paris Exposition, it is said, having actually mastered the difficulties of swimming. Equally wonderful are the paraphernalia and appointments for dolls. Nothing is lacking, from skipping ropes to feeding bottles. You may purchase dolly in a trunk with a stock of clothes which any young lady might envy, or a basket which, opening in three divisions, displays not only the doll and her clothes, but provisions for a pic-nic—meat, plate, glasses, etc., and brushes, combs, hairpins and everything required for the toilet, not forgetting nail-scissors and tweezers. We could almost fancy we were assisting at the trousseau of a Liliputian princess—dresses, mantles, tunics, flounced skirts, jackets, pelisses, round capes, muffs, boas, nightgowns and caps. Under linen of all kinds—trunks, bandboxes, portmanteaus, carpet bags, medicine chests, couriers, pouches, dressing cases, reticules, pocketbooks; chaussures of all kinds, from skates and fur-lined boots to satin shoes with Louis XV heels; collars and cuffs, ivory tablets, opera glasses—these are all here, even to playthings, yes veritable dolls' playthings, for everything has been provided for, including mourning, powder boxes and babies' baskets; and while dolly number one may be seen tending her baby, dolly number two is hard at work in her farm-yard seeing after the poultry and milking the cows, or watering the flowers in the adjoining garden.

But to come to the several kinds of dolls. The French leather ones, with porcelain heads, arms and legs, are among the strongest, and, being well shaped, are adapted for dressing in costume; so also are the composition dolls, made with the arms, legs and head movable, and the prettiest face imaginable—real hair curling crisply about them, or capable of being dressed in puffs or plaits, as fashion may dictate. Quite a novelty is the unbreakable wooden doll, with joints that move any way, even to the ankles and wrists—the usual size from 10 inches to 16 inches. But most wonderful of all is the "Live Baby," which clearly and distinctly enunciates "Papa" and "Mama." What a wonderful contrast to the original Dutch dolls, with their stiff, unwieldy joints; but there are many improvements even in these, and some are to be had with Chinese and other character heads useful for dressing and worth a thought at Christmas time for Christmas trees and similar occasions. The rag dolls are useful and indestructible, and are now most naturally moulded. These are mostly dressed as infants, but of course there are rag dolls. All these could teach one useful lessons in doll dressing, viz: the maximum of effect produced with the minimum of material. Germany supplies the pretty dolls with stuffed bodies and china heads, arms and legs, from two inches to twelve inches or fourteen inches in height. They are moulded to represent boys or girls, the latter with light or dark hair, dressed *a l' Impératrice* in nets or in plaits, and having holes for earrings in the ears. They are well adapted for dressing in costume, and, moreover, are very inexpensive. Lastly, there is the guttapercha doll, which will stand a great deal of nursery ill-treatment, and is much in favor on account of its power of squeaking in anything but euphonious tones. They are mostly dressed in bright-colored wools, crocheted either to simulate a Zouave, a drummer or a nigger boy, or sometimes a baby in long clothes, with cloak and hood, which are all worked in the ordinary crochet stitch with white wool; for the others, the more vivid the contrast the better—red, blue and yellow blending most happily with the guttapercha.

A NEW TANNING MATERIAL.

It appears that a new material for tanning, which is found in abundance in Greece and Asia Minor, has lately made its appearance in Trieste under the name of *Rove*. From an examination by Mr. Eitner it is found to be a species of gall produced by an insect (*Cynips kallari*) in certain species of oak, and which differ from ordinary galls chiefly by reason of their great dimensions. They attain as much as 45 millimeters in diameter, while the size of the common gall varies from 12 to 25 millimeters. The new product likewise contains a greater quality of tannin than ordinary galls, the proportion being 28 to 34 per cent. as compared with 23 to 30 per cent. The name *Rove* is derived most probably from *Rovere*, which is the name applied by the Italians to a species of oak. This new material gives to leather a fine clear color, and the *Tanner's and Currier's Journal* believes that it will prove of great value in tanning. The quanity of the product is said to be limited only by the demand. The tannin is contained in a great spongy cell, and is easily extracted.

—In the matter of puns, here is one made by no less a person than Charles Dickens, who was not addicted to them. This one has the merit of being, in every sense of the words, a creation of his own. One day, while he was being taken by a photographer, the result being the well-known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold the pen right, and suggested that he should take it more naturally in his fingers, "just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," said Dickens, "all of 'er twist."

—At a recent Sunday-school concert the superintendent was talking about idols when, to ascertain whether the children were understanding what he was saying, he asked, "children, what is an idol?" "Being lazy," was the loud and quick response of one of the members of the juvenile class.

HISTORY THAT BRINGS TEARS.

COUNT BATHIANY, THE HUNGARIAN MARTYR, AND HIS WIDOW.

A correspondent writing from Paris, says:—

Nothing exhibited at the Exposition is so popular as the Hungarian gypsy musicians, who now daily play in the Hungarian building called the Csarda (pronounced Ckarda, I believe), which is in the Champs de Mars. There are sixteen musicians. They may be compared to the negro minstrels, that is they play the music of a race, "the wood notes wild" of an epoch when music was rather a tradition than an art; but their music is neither the buffoonery nor the sad strains of Africa; it is music of dancing, waltzing, hunting, war. Their most famous work is "Rakoczy's March," the national air of Hungary. This march seems to have been composed in the eighteenth century by some partisan of Rakoczy (the Kossuth of his day); then it fell into oblivion until Rozsavolgy, a gypsy, found it in some peasant's hovel (the *pagani*, who never forgot anything!) about 1820, when the spirit of states' rights once more animated the Hungarians. This march raised the wildest enthusiasm wherever it was heard in Hungary, and it was cherished as the song of dear native land until 1849 came when it was heard above the battle's fiercest roar; it comforted the wounded and the dying in hours of defeat, it kept alive hope, until the struggle against the oppressors ended in a sea of blood. Austrian and Russian were merciless. Rakoczy's March became treasonable. Count Bathiany, one of the Hungarian Ministers during the struggle, was arrested, tried by court-martial, and was sentenced to be hanged. Count Bathiany's death (I translate from a French newspaper) was an epic. Sentenced to be hanged, he was granted permission to have a last interview with his wife. They were left together alone that he might write and also explain his will to her. He had no fear of death. He shrank from death by hanging like a common felon. His wife understood him. She gave him a penknife, the only weapon she had been able to introduce into prison. He cut the jugular vein, but so awkwardly as to produce only swooning, not death.

The surgeon said it was physically impossible to hang him in his condition. A handkerchief was tied around his neck. He was fastened to a stake to support him. He was shot. The law provided that the body of a person executed should remain four and twenty hours on the spot where the law's extreme penalty had been paid. During the following night Count Bathiany's corpse disappeared. Hungarian Franciscan friars bribed the guards to let them remove the body. They buried it in their convent's garden that the patriot might sleep in hallowed ground. There it remained till Francis Deak at last succeeded, without spilling one drop of blood, in securing his country's independence; then a noble state funeral, at which all Hungary followed as mourners, made public acknowledgment of the debt his country owed him.

Hungarian gypsies (they had been the bands of the Hungarian regiments) fled and supported themselves abroad by giving concerts. One evening I went to a Hungarian concert in Germany. It was given by the band of Kossuth's regiment. The concert-room was crammed from the topmost tier of boxes to the pit; even in the passage people stood on chairs placed as thickly as could be. The band played Kossuth's March, which is to Rakoczy's March as "Le Chant des Girondins" is to "La Marseillaise." All at once convulsive sobs were heard above the music. In a box a woman in deep mourning, agitated by an emotion which she could not command, writhed in the anguish of despair. Instantly the whole audience were on their feet. Every face, all eyes, were turned to the box whence that distressing wail came. Who was that woman? Somebody recognized her. Her name was whispered from ear to ear. Everybody understood her anguish; how the sight of those excited Hungarians, how the melody of their music recalled happy bygone hours, her bleeding country, her cause's martyrs.

She was Count Bathiany's widow. That which then took place defies description. The audience had received as 'twere, the shock of some great electrical battery. Pity, deep, inexpressible pity, took possession of every soul, every heart. All were still turned to that box. All applauded—how wildly! with what frenzy! Every woman waved her handkerchief to that box. Lips quivered; tears, or torrents, streamed down every cheek. Then the cry rose madly, imperiously, "Rakoczy's March! Rakoczy's March!" The Hungarian musicians, even more excited than the audience, had seized their instruments and, giving the military salute to their unhappy country-woman, they began their native land's hymn. Electrified by the public, frenzied by recollection of all—home, battles, hopes, martyrs, wrongs—they executed Rakoczy's March as that march had never been executed. The crushed their bows, so convulsively thrilled were their hands by passion; the strings wailed under the wild pressure. Rakoczy's March became the howling of general indignation at the merciless cruelties of the conqueror. Never in my life have I felt such poignant emotion as at that hour filled my whole being. I felt as a that audience felt: Countess Bathiany was no widow bereaved of all she had dearest on earth—she was Hungary, crushed, bleeding, trampled under foot by a ruthless soldiery.

—A Chicago paper tells of the light weight which bakers in that city give to bread, and speaks significantly of a way they have in Turkey of nailing the ear of a baker to his door-post when he is discovered to have sold bread of short weight. Such an usage would be wholly impracticable in the windy city. Cover up a whole block with a Chicago man's ear?—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

—The wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better—she changes hers every afternoon.

Varieties.

—Sixty thousand troops are garrisoned in Paris at present.

—The Paris show covers eight square miles of territory.

—The Empress of Austria wears a trail thirty feet long, and two small boys have to carry it.

—Foxes are becoming very scarce in Great Britain; young Nimrod does not relish the fact.

—Subscriptions are being raised in France for a monument to Alexander Dumas the elder.

—A colored woman, said to be 107 years old, died in Baltimore on Sunday. She left 155 descendants.

—Contentment is not happiness. An oyster may be contented. Happiness is compounded of richer elements.

—For 151 regiments England has 828 generals, about 1,300 colonels and 2,000 lieutenant colonels.

—The total number of Slavs is 90,492,160, chiefly inhabiting the empire of Russia.

—Society in republican Paris seems to be as brilliant as it could be under a monarchy, and costs a thousand times less.

—Indians have no surnames. They are named at birth, and whether married or single, bear the same name through life.

—An old Roman play, written 2,050 years ago by Marco Accio Pianto, was recently performed five times to large audiences in Rome.

—God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

—From October 26, 1867, to December 31, 1877, the sales of church property at auction in Italy yielded the national treasury $106,500,000.

—An attempt is to be made to grow the sugar cane in Switzerland, and grains have been forwarded to be distributed among farmers.

—The London School Board has resolved to make lessons in cooking one of their regular branches of instruction.

—A German philosopher has discovered the secret of occult knot-tying as practiced by the Davenport Brothers and others.

—An African chief is said to have presented a water-cooler and fifty female slaves to Stanley in exchange for a penny whistle.

—Ireland is remembering her greatest composer. A bust of Balfe has been placed in the Dublin National Gallery, and a memorial window in his honor is to be placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral

—Texas boasts of an ancient and affectionate couple of 103 and 102, Mr. Robinson and wife of Mountain City, native Kentuckians, married eighty-two years ago.

—The average reign of the seven (Prussian) kings of the house of Hohenzollern, including the present monarch, has amounted to twenty-three years.

—If only those things can be denominated the goods of a man which are instruments for his benefit, how few are the goods even of the richest man among us.

—The great business of a man is to improve his mind and govern his manners; all other projects and pursuits, whether in our power to compass or not, are only amusements.

—Parents are commonly more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue, the art of speaking well than doing well; but their manners ought to be the great concern.

—Children are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects. In general, those who govern children forgive nothing in them, but everything in themselves.

—Less wisdom is required in realizing a fortune than is necessary to use it properly. A man of one idea may accumulate money, but it takes a broader mind to spend it judiciously.

—No good writer was ever long neglected; no great man overlooked by men equally great. Impatience is a proof of inferior strength, and a destroyer of what little there may be.

—King Oscar, of Sweden, has received an honorary title from the Frankford Academy of Sciences in consideration of his translation of "Faust" into Swedish verse.

—A magnificent loan exhibition of pictures and works of art is on view at Manchester, England, which for years past has been the great absorber of *objets d'art* offered for sale in that country.

—In 1877, in England, 60,000 postage stamps were found loose in letter boxes and bags, having been rubbed off through insufficient "licking and sticking," and 5,000,000 letters were consigned to the Returned Letter Office.

—A Sacramentan, who is at present in Arizona, writes that the ground where he is located is hard and dry as the top of a stove; thermometer ninety-five degrees; no green thing in sight but cactus plants of various sizes, and all the game they have to shoot are rattlesnakes, tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions.

—The Society for Promoting Legislation for the Care of Habitual Drunkards held its first annual meeting in London recently, Lord Shaftesbury presiding. It is endeavoring to procure the passage of laws providing for the treatment of drunkenness as a disease.

—Old statesmen in Europe—Beaconsfield, 74; Gladstone, 70; Bright, 67; Granville, 63; Gortschakoff, 80; Bismarck, 63; Von Moltke, 78; McMahon, 72; Dufaure, 76.

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