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

S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:

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

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1878. NO. 22.

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.

WAITING IN HOPE.

Two lovers stray'd beneath a churchyard yew,
Where autumn fields spread wide to left and right:
Their hearts were brave, and light with hope; and through
Their eyes deep answer'd deep, in still delight.

The golden corn stood sheaf'd upon the land;
A golden dye shot ruddy o'er the trees;
The setting sun sent forth his flaming band
Of painted cloud-cars floating with the breeze.

The murmur-laden gale, with whispers kind,
Went sighing round the twain like soft regret:
The evening's balm came wafted in the wind,
And kiss'd the brows where love's first seal was set.

Green graves lay scattered round the loving pair,
Where poppy-flower, his head all glowing, rears:
Forgotten graves, once shadow'd by despair,
Now blended with dim dreams of long-dried tears.

The church—a poem in strong granite stone—
A village church, all ivy-clad and grey,
Sent out its chimes in many a boding tone,
And warn'd the lovers of the closing day.

Yet still they sat, hand cleaving unto hand,
And passion's tones were heavy in the air,
When twilight deep'ning o'er the autumn land,
Wrapp'd its dim mantle round the clinging pair.

Ambitious he, and sighing sore for fame!
His earnest eyes were fix'd upon that gold,
Save when he sought and found an answering flame
Of fervent love within his sweet one's soul.

She long'd and waited for her lover's fame;
In him she breathed, and hoped, and lived her life;
To see immortals woven with his name
She would have died, nor sought to be his wife.

Oh, they were poor, these lovers of my tale;
No gold of earth had fallen to their share;
The lover with his nightly toil wax'd pale,
And she with hope deferr'd, and carking care.

His home was in the city, vast and proud,
Where toilers toil for fame, and gold, and bread;
There, 'mid the eager, struggling, striving crowd,
He work'd and watch'd in hope, though oft in dread.

So far the goal where hangs the victor's crown,
So dusty life's highway, so steep the road,
Injustice holding patient merit down,
While pride and poverty alternate goad!

He was a sculptor, with a poet's mind;
Beneath his hand the marble glow'd with truth,
Beauty with truth and subtlety combined—
Oh, might he but prove famous in his youth!

While life is young, while blood runs red and warm,
While hope beats high and ardor is awake,
While strength of manhood battles with the storm—
Oh, might he now, if only for her sake!

She dwelt among the corn lands and the flowers,
Her father the poor pastor of the place,
And numerous little brethren tax'd her powers:
Her mother long had slept in death's embrace.

The red-lipp'd flower-cups fill'd apace with dew,
Their wild blooms swaying in the fresh'ning gale,
The shadows deepen'd to a darker hue,
And told that night was stealing up the vale.

"Another time when we stand here," he said,
"May yonder portals ope for thee and me;
Till then, Heaven's grace descend upon thy head,
My love—my life—my wife that art to be!"

He left the village in the early morn,
When silver mist clung round the autumn wood,
And rose as incense o'er the sheafted corn,
Like thankful prayers for harvest rich and good.

The village thatch, the village dogs, the barn,
The cattle grazing by th
The solemn church tower, and the cheerful farm,
He gazed on all with wistful tender look.

And clinging to his hand to chide his fears,
And paint his hopes with Fancy's pencil gay,
The pale, fair girl held back her rising tears,
And spoke of joys on some new dawning day.

Again we gaze upon that village tower:
The autumn wealth is gather'd from the land,
The folded heavens with coming tempest lower,
And wrapp'd in spotless snow the dwellings stand.

The bell sounds o'er the fields; the village street
Is soon astir, though biting is the air—
What bell? Alas! no pealing cadence sweet,
Chiming of wedded love, and bridal pair.

It is the touching, mourning, awful sound,
Which speaks of spirits summon'd home to God,
Of dearest faces hidden under ground—
Ah! who can stoop and humbly kiss the rod!

And see the sculptor carried to his rest,
Before the field was won, or he could gain
The bread to take the maiden to his breast,
Or grasp the gay but thorny crown of fame.

And broad the portals open'd for him now;
Oh, he had striven to write his name on earth;
To bind immortals round his aching brow,
And cast a halo o'er his native hearth.

In vain! in vain! now laid in that dread sleep
Which lasteth till the coming of the Lord,
He leaves the loving eyes to fade and weep,
The heart to quiver 'gainst the two-edg'd sword.

Oh, will she die, and rest her weary head,
That pale, fair head, beside her lover fond?
No, she will live her life till youth has fled,
Waiting in hope for that which lies beyond.

HUNTERS OF THE CHAMOIS.

The day was beginning to break; a large grayish band stretched across the eastern horizon, and as it advanced towards the zenith, the stars of the night, veiling their modest brightness, extinguished themselves one after another. Soon the hardly visible sun shot up its lines of fire and gave to the rock which crowns the peak of Rawsberg the appearance of a mass of crude gold. The valleys were enveloped in a heavy mist, which was colored with opaline tints by the first rays of the sun. At intervals, the breeze that was springing up made this mist undulate in immense waves, and at times separating them, permitted the black masses of the forests below to be seen.

There were two hunters in the foot-path which winds up the flanks of Rawsberg—both young, both clad in the livery of St. Hubert. But it was only necessary to glance at them, to see that both had not been born in the same rank, and were not called to play the same roll in life. Of medium height, the one who walked in advance was gifted with the vigor and agility which distinguishes the mountaineer; his foot and his leg had the suppleness and the certainty of the foot of the chamois for bounding from rock to rock and making his way on the very verge of the precipice; his complexion, although blond, like that of the greater part of the children of Germany, was bronzed by exposure to the air and the sun's rays. The second personage was tall and slender—too tall and too slender to be vigorous; his hair and his youthful beard were light, and the paleness of his complexion showed that he had breathed the atmospheres of the *salons* oftener than the bracing air of the mountains, and also, the involuntary apprehension against which he struggled, when the path was narrow and dangerously near the edge of the precipice, proved that he was more accustomed to tread the carpets of the palace than the rolling stones of Rawsberg.

From time to time the first of the two hunters turned around in order to assure himself that the other was making his way without accident. When, by the frightened look and the pearly drops of sweat on the brow of the latter, he saw that he was likely to be attacked with vertigo, he would go to his assistance, and giving him his hand, enable him to get over the dangerous places. However, as these manifestations of solicitude necessarily multiplied, a smile might be seen on the lips of the leader, indicating a disdain for the weakness of his comrade and a sense of his own superiority.

The ascent was becoming more and more difficult, and more and more perilous. All trace of any passage by man had disappeared. The experience of the first of the hunters was necessary to find a way over the huge boulders which sometimes forced the two men to climb almost perpendicularly over them and sometimes to leap from rock to rock over the great crevices which separated them.

After a half hour of these gymnastics, the young man's forces were visibly exhausted, and he panted for breath. In a short, imperious tone of voice, indicating the habit of commanding, he ordered the hunter to halt; and putting down his carbine and disembarrassing himself of the hunting-bag that he wore slung over his shoulder, he seated himself under a projecting rock.

"Zounds! Meinherr Wilhem," cried the mountaineer, with a shade of ill humor, "your legs are longer than they are strong it seems. If we make a halt every five hundred steps, the chamois will have left the pastures; and you are not exactly fitted to go in search of them after they have retired to take their siesta. Make haste, then, my boy, to catch your breath, and let us proceed."

He whom his companion called Meinherr Wilhem, glanced with surprise at the former, and exhibited an ill-suppressed irritation; evidently he was not accustomed to be treated with such familiarity.

"We will start when I give the order," replied he; "and I will give you the order when I find myself sufficiently rested. You asked a frédéric d'or to guide me in search of the chamois; you have your money; the rest concerns only myself."

"Pardon," replied the hunter, whose physiognomy had again taken its bantering expression, "but it is precisely because I have received your money that I wish to earn it, in enabling you. I will not say to kill, but to discharge your carbine at the finest chamois that ever bounded over the Rawsberg; and if you do not carry his horns back to Berlin, I do not wish you to be able to accuse Stephen Raubvogel of your ill luck."

"Bah!" said Wilhem, uncorking his drinking-bottle. "Perhaps they will be complaisant enough to meet us half way."

"Do not count on that, Meinherr," exclaimed the hunter. "If you were in search of the little silly hares on your sand plains, I would not discourage you; but the game of these mountains is not sufficiently versed in the art of politeness to do that. The chamois will the less decide to descend, as he does not suspect the honor that a personage of your importance wishes to do him. For, Meinherr Wilhem," continued he, in a chaffing manner, "you belong to the army, do you not? I would be willing to wager that you do, and, further, that you serve in the cavalry."

"You have guessed right."

"Oh! I knew it at once, by your light and easy walk. And you are an Ensign, at least?"

"Better than that, Raubvogel."

"Pshaw! Lieutenant, then?"

"Better still."

"Captain?"

"Go on."

"Major?"

"You have not reached it yet."

"But you are still too young to command a regiment," replied the hunter with an air of doubt.

"I had two of them under my command six years ago, when I had the glory of annihilating the armies of the modern Attilia, under the walls of Leipsic. But let us leave this subject," added the young man, who was taking a draught from his bottle. "My rank in the army concerns you but little. Take a drink of this brandy, which I brought back from the campaign, and let us continue our way."

Raubvogel took the flagon, and was about to raise it to his lips when a peculiar hissing whistle was heard in the distance. Dropping the bottle on the ground, and springing behind the rock which sheltered them, he exclaimed in a voice vibrating with agitation:

"Fall flat on your face, Meinherr Wilhem; flat on your face! Zounds! You were born under a lucky star. There are the chamois coming to us. Stretch yourself out behind that stone, and keep as quiet as the hare when it hears the hunter approaching."

He had not finished speaking, when a herd of seven or eight chamois emerged from a gorge several hundred yards distant, and then stopped. Frightened either by the attack of some larger animals, or by the appearance of another huntsman, they had fled, leaping from rock to rock and promised to pass within short range of our two companions.

Couching behind his shelter, Raubvogel had already carried his carbine to his shoulder, and was carefully adjusting it, according to the custom of people of his profession: "Aim at the large male who leads the flock, Meinherr Wilhem," he is the general of the chamois. I will choose another in the rear."

The animals started on again with the rapidity of an arrow, but were almost immediately stopped by a large ravine too wide to be leaped over. In an instant Wilhem aimed at the large leader, which had been pointed out to him by his companion and fired. The chamois staggered for a second under the shot, then turning to the left, he bounded away down the side of the mountain followed by the rest of the herd. Raubvogel, however, firing in his turn, brought down the last of the chamois, which seemed to be killed instantaneously, and laid stretched out inert on the stones.

"Quick! quick! Meinherr Wilhem, cried the hunter triumphantly. "As for mine, it is only necessary to pick him up, but yours—I have an idea that he will lead us a long chase."

"By the three Kings! I am sure I wounded him badly," replied the young man, panting with emotion.

"Of course! but let us hasten after him. To think that if Heaven does not come to our aid, such a superb animal will serve for the supper of some peasant in the valley! A nice piece of business that would be, Meinherr Wilhem!"

While speaking, the two hunters had directed their steps towards the spot where the dead chamois lay. Raubvogel did not take the trouble to look at his victim, but taking off his hunting-bag and his vest, he threw them over the animal, in order to keep away the eagles, who would otherwise attack it while they were away; then preceding his companion they made their way over the rocks in the direction in which the chamois had fled. The hunter walked along, bending over and examining the ground carefully for the blood-marks. "You aimed a little too high and too far in the rear, Meinherr," said he after an instant; "you hit the animal just above the hind shoulder; see, the mark of the blood is at the edge of the print of the hoof. However," he added after taking several steps, "even if the bone is not broken, the wound is none the less grave. He bleeds profusely, and the blood is red and frothy; here is another imprint of his foot, more bloody still. If his strength is exhausted, we have some chance of finding him, and you may yet be able to boast of your good fortune, Meinherr Wilhem. To get sight of a chamois so easily, to hit him at the first shot, and to carry him back with you is an excellent day's work for any hunter."

The perspective that Raubvogel presented to him animated Wilhem very decidedly. His pale cheeks became tinted with a deep red. His eyes sparkled, and at the same time his strength seemed increased tenfold; he clambered over the rough rocks and made his way through the difficult passes with an ardor that the hunter was forced to temper.

But after they had traveled about a thousand yards, the latter began to show signs of impatience and of spite, which attracted the attention of the young man.

"What is the matter, Master Raubvogel?" said he, "Have you lost trace of our chamois? Do you think that he has strength enough left to escape us after all?"

"When the chamois takes the trouble to mark in bloody letters the path he has taken, Raubvogel does not lose trace of him. The animal you wounded has not five minutes more to run; he vacillates on his legs like a man who has taken too much beer. Look at the imprint on this sand, and see how he struggled to maintain his equilibrium But, in spite of all that, Meinherr Wilhem, I begin to believe that we never shall have the pleasure of regaling ourselves on his venison."

"And why not, if you please?"

"Because he has gone straight to the Valley of Bodo; because he has risked a leap over the Rosstrapp, and because, like all those who have attemped it before him, he is at this moment in the gulf. He will be eaten by the fishes of the water, instead of by the eagles of the mountain; for us he is none the less lost."

"And what is the Rosstrapp?" demanded Wilhem.

"It will not be long before you will have made its acquaintance, and then I will tell you," replied the hunter.

In fact, after they had advanced about one hundred yards, and turned round a huge rock which had masked the horizon, they found themselves suddenly before an immense and seemingly bottomless gorge. It was over three miles long, and appeared like a gigantic cleft made by some great convulsion in the first ages of the world. The eye which essayed to sound the depth of the abyss perceived only the blackish and wet stones, from between which sprang out those parasite plants that vegetate only in the orifices of deep, damp crevices of this kind. The bottom of this singular opening lost itself in the darkness; and the roaring of the torrent below, which was invisible to the eye, added to the awfulness of the scene.

Although the young man was not in a contemplative mood, the view of this passage produced on him a decided impression, and he remained absorbed in his reveries. Raubvogel, in the meantime, had knelt on a stupendous flat stone, which extended over the side of the gulf, and peered intently into its depth. After a moment he arose.

"Well, he has made the leap," said he with a sigh of regret; "and now if you wish to carry back your game, which it is the glory of a hunter to do, you will have to go after him yourself to the bottom of the ravine, for it is a work which does not tempt me."

"Bah!" replied the young man, smiling, "I will add two frederics to the one I gave you this morning."

"Neither for two nor for ten. I refused more from a young Englishman, who wished to carry to his own country the crown of gold, which many years ago, preceded our chamois in his fall."

"What crown of gold?" demanded Wilhem, with curiosity.

"The story which I promised you, and which I am going to relate, will tell you," said Raubvogel, seating himself on the stone.

"A long time before the town of Wolfenbüttel was built, a King who ruled over the country had his castle where our village is to-day situated. This King had a daughter named Elfride. As she was beautiful, and her father commanded the plain as well as the mountain, suitors for her hand were not wanting; but as she was as proud as she was handsome, she refused them all, young, noble and valiant as they were. The King, who was beginning to grow old, understood the necessity of leaving the Government in virile hands, and became impatient at her caprices. One day, deciding to end the delay, he accorded the hand of the Princess to the Burgrave Bodo, who had asked her in marriage, and swore by his sceptre that the union should be accomplished. Among the nobles who had aspired to the hand of Elfride, there was not one for whom she experienced a greater antipathy. The Burgrave was no longer young, he had never been handsome, and he had the reputation of being wicked and brutal. However, the King resisted the supplications and the tears of his daughter, and in due time she became the wife of Bodo. The evening of the marriage ceremony, towards the end of the feast, when the freely-flowing wine began to thicken the speech and obscure the vision of those present, Elfride, who during the formalities of the occasion, had remained quiet and thoughtful, fled from the hall, descended to the stables, leaped on the back of her favorite horse, which was in readiness for her, and urged him at the top of his speed toward the mountain. But the Burgrave, soberer than the rest of the guests, and somewhat suspicious, did not fail to notice the disappearance of her who was to belong to him from that night, and at once began to search after her. A groom informed him of what had just taken place. He called a number of his friends to his assistance, and mounting their horses, they darted away after the fugitive with the rapidity of lightning. Elfride, who had arrived at the part of the mountain where we are now, heard behind her the gallop of the black whirlwind of cavaliers, and saw the sparks which the iron on the horses' hoofs caused to fly from the rocks. Tired of invoking since the morning, God and the saints, desperate and almost crazed, she addressed herself to the Prince of Darkness: "Satan, Satan, come to my aid," she cried; "rather than belong to the Burgrave, I give myself to to thee!" She had not finished speaking when a frightful commotion shook the mountain to its foundation; the Rawsberg seemed to separate in two parts, and the great cleft which you see before you opened between the Princess and her pursuers. The latter stopped short; the Burgrave alone, intoxicated with love and with rage, burying his spurs into the sides of his courser, tried to leap over the abyss. The spirit of the animal was so great that he gave a tremendous bound, touching this stone with his fore feet, making the marks you will see here; but he fell back, the horse and rider were swallowed up in the gulf, which since that time has been called the Rosstrapp."

"And the Princess?" demanded Wilhem, who had listened with interest to the legend of the chamois hunter.

"She was never seen afterward, either here or elsewhere, and it is supposed that the devil, who does not have such a windfall every day, did not delay in claiming the victim who gave herself to him. But a few days after, a herdsman, who was drawn by curiosity to the edge of the crevice, perceived some distance down, the crown that the Princess wore; it was hanging on a projecting stone. The King who had been notified of the fact, at once repaired, with his court, to the place; one of his servants descended in the gulf by means of a rope, but the instant he reached out his hand to sieze the crown, it detached itself and rolled down to the torrent below. Since then it has been sought a number of times—for there have not been lacking those who have wished to possess it—but in vain."

"I can well believe that," replied the young man, "for the crown must represent a fortune."

"Yes, and more than that. Meinherr Wilhem; all the old people of the country here will tell you that it is written on high, that he who possesses that crown shall reign over Germany entire."

A silence of several seconds followed these words; they had produced on Wilhem a perceptible impression, which he endeavored to hide, but which the movement of his lips and the expression of his eyes plainly revealed. He approached the precipice, and bending over its edge, gazed for some time in its sombre depths; then turning to the hunter he said, in a vibrating voice, "Raubvogel, I must have that crown." The hunter became grave and thoughtful and then answered:

"No! no! All of those who have attempted to rescue it have met with misfortune; as well ask me to sieze that cloud which floats above our heads."

"This morning," replied Wilhem, "you did not think it possible to see the chamois before attaining their pasture grounds, and yet you lodged a bullet in one of them not far from here. Try," continued he, in a strangely persuasive voice, "try without fear this perilous descent, for not only will you run no risk, but you will certainly succeed."

"Ah! it seems that the elements figure among the squadrons you command, Meinherr Wilhem," said the hunter, returning to his bantering tendencies.

His companion did not appear to hear him, but continued:

"I must have that crown, Raubvogel! Put it in my hands and you shall be rich! Place it on my head and you will have served the Divine will."

This last movement astonished the hunter without moving his resolution; he replied to it with a smile which expressed better than words his incredulity. After a moment's pause, he answered:

"In my quality of good Christian, I would ask nothing better than to be agreeable to God, the master of us all; but inasmuch as He Himself has not declared to me His desire that I should break my neck, I shall continue to hesitate. Yet," said he slowly, "perhaps we may come to an agreement. I love Eva, the daughter of Deitrich, the rich farmer; he has promised to give her to me when I shall be able to put down five hundred frederics on his table. Enable me to present myself at the house of old Deitrich, and I will see. One could well risk his neck for such a prize as Eva."

"Oh!" said the young man, whose eyebrows gathered when he heard the price the hunter placed on his services, "five hundred is almost too much; say two hundred and fifty frederics; that is a greater sum than any mountaineer has ever possessed."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Raubvogel, with burst of laughter; "here is Meinherr, the General, who wishes like a Jew, to cheapen the life of one of his fellows."

"You shall have your five hundred frederics," answered Wilhem, whose face became colored with deep red.

The hunter started, but he replied in a tone of mistrust, which he took no pains to conceal:

"The word promises, but it is the purse which——"

"The word gives, also, when it falls from royal lips, Raubvogel, and he who promises you your five hundred frederics belongs to a royal family."

"You!"

"My name is Fredcric Ludwig de Hobenzollern, and I am the second son of your King, Wilhem III."

The royal prestige is so great in old Germany, that, in spite of the skepticism which he had till then affected, the mountaineer was profoundly and visibly moved by the revelation of the rank of his companion. He raised himself quickly, and having respectfully uncovered, remained standing, with his head bowed, before the Prince.

"You have the right to claim the crown of Elfride, your Highness," said he; "it is to you and yours that it belongs. Under your incognito, I did not suspect your real position. Pardon me for having spoken of recompense. I was ignorant of whom I was addressing It only remains now for you to speak to be obeyed."

The future Wilhem I., who was already imbued with certain ideas of predestination, was touched by the devotion and abnegation of his guide; he hesitated a moment and seemed to waver in his determination; but the ambition to possess the precious treasure outweighed the sentiment of humanity which reproached him for exposing the life of a fellow man for the satisfaction of a caprice.

"Make the descent," said he, at length, "and I will give you five hundred frederics; but if you bring me up the crown of Elfride, you shall receive one thousand frederics."

This promise, which gave the lie to the reputation of parsimony which had already been attributed to Prince Wilhem, electrified the chamois hunter.

"There is a cabin below here a short stretch," he exclaimed. "I will run and bring some people and some ropes. In a quarter of an hour I will be back, your Highness, and soon you shall hold in your hands the crown twice blessed, to which I shall owe the joy of possessing Eva, the blonde. And may God protect the future sovereign of Germany."

This enthusiastic homage on the part of Raubvogel caused a gleam of satisfaction to pass over the face of the young Prince. When the hunter had disappeared behind the rocks, he walked up and down by the side of the Rosstrapp, glancing sometimes at the yawning gulf beneath his feet, sometimes at the clear blue sky of the horizon. What was passing in the mind of this young man for whom fortune reserved such a strange destiny, whom fate was going to place on a throne to which he had no right to pretend, and who, later, with no other merit than good sense united to a firmness almost bordering on obstinacy, was to be the Emperor of a united Germany, and the leader of her victorious armies? He was too narrowly religious to be without superstition; and perhaps the idea of seeing in his hands the crown, to the possessor of which, the popular belief gave the government of an immense country, divided at that moment among twenty different sceptres, occupied a prominent place in the vague and confused aspirations of Prince Wilhem.

Raubvogel soon returned, accompanied by four herdsmen of the neighborhood, who brought a great quantity of rope. One end of it was tied around a firm rock, the other was let down the precipice. The hunter assured himself that it touched the bottom; then kneeling, he made a short prayer, and carrying only his iron staff to protect himself against the sharp stones to which he was exposed by the swaying of the rope, he resolutely descended into the abyss.

Lying down and bending over the edge of the Rosstrapp, the assistants saw him go down, and soon lost sight of him in the heavy mist which rose from the bottom of the gulf; the movement of the rope above indicated that the descent continued, and that the courageous mountaineer had not reached his objective point. At length the rope became motionless, and the quarter of an hour which followed was full of anguish for the watchers. Raubvogel had arrived at the rushing waters below, and had still to explore the bed of the torrent, of the depth of which he was ignorant. All the faces were deathly pale, all the mouths remained mute. Prince Wilhem could no longer control his agitation, and moved about in a feverish anxiety, which was plainly to be seen in his changed and almost haggard appearance.

But now a shout of triumph was heard above the roaring of the torrent, and five loud hurrahs at once responded. The rope began to sway anew.

The five men, their eyes fixed on the sombre curtain of mist which concealed the lower part of the abyss, for a time could distinguish nothing; but at the end of a few minutes, they saw an indistinct form which became more and more defined; it was he whom but a short time before they had believed lost. Raubvogel, who was remounting with an astonishing vigor. More pale than ever, the forehead of the Prince was bathed in a heavy sweat. The hunter continued to advance. He was not more than fifty feet from the surface, when the youngest of the herdsmen cried:

"He has the crown! he has the crown of the Princess Elfride! See my friends, it is on his arm, where it throws out as much fire as the mid-day sun!"

Poor Raubvogel heard him.

He had indeed the crown. But in the intoxication of his triumph, forgetting to be prudent, he let go his hold with one hand of the rope, in order to wave his trophy, and at thesame time cried, "Hurrah!"

This enthusiasm was fatal to him.

The spectators saw the other hand of the unfortunate man slip the length of the rope, then his form disappear. They heard a long, loud cry of despair and of death, then the dull heavy thud of the falling body, which broke itself on the rocks below.

Raubvogel, the brave chamois hunter, was lost in the torrent of the gulf.

Prince Wilhem was deeply moved by the unhappy result of the adventure, and departed from the place in great sorrow. He had only caught a glance of the crown of Princess Elfride; but it did not prevent him from being hailed fifty-one years later, in the palace of Louis XIV., at Versailes, Emperor of Germany.—*Translated from the Paris Figaro for the New York Times.*

IMPRISONED IN HIS OWN TOMB.

THE LATE WILLIAM NIBLO'S ACCIDENTAL NIGHT IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

About fifteen years ago, the late William Niblo, of Niblo's Garden, built a handsome tomb in Greenwood cemetery. He expended a great deal of money upon it, and it naturally became one of the attractions of that pensive resort. Among the eccentricities of the veteran managers was that of visiting this tomb on sultry Sunday afternoons, and sitting there, novel in hand, until the shadowing of the grand path before the door showed him that evening was near. One day Mr. Niblo passed through the lodge-gate as usual, saluted the attendant in his customary courtly style, and wandered away.

That night Mr. Niblo did not return to his home in this city. Nothing was thought of it as he had such a number of friends whom he might visit and remain until late, but when the morning showed the room unoccupied and the bed undisturbed, the alarm siezed the household. Search was made; the clubs, the places of public resort, the theatres—all were visited. He had not been there the night previous. Then one remembered the visits of the Greenwood tomb.

When those who were searching for William Niblo reached the gate of the cemetery they were met by the man in harge. He remembered that Mr. Niblo had been there so many days before that it become a custom. What was the matter? Mr. Niblo lost? "Come to think of it, I didn't see him go out of here when I locked up. He must be in the tomb."

The tomb has an ornamental door let into the solid rock surroundings. It is massive, thick, uninviting—and seems just the aperture for a perpetual home for the dead. Beyond it is an airy apartment, in which the sunlight filters. Mr. William Niblo entered his favorite resting place that summer afternoon so long ago, he sat in his accustomed seat, opened his book and fell to reading. The wind rose, the vault was filled with air until a propulsive force was generated, and then, suddenly, there came a short, sharp click, with semi-darkness after it. Mr. Niblo was shut in. The vault door had sprung to.

He was found sitting composed in the tomb, and by no means so much agitated as was any one of those who were looking for him. He explained the accident, his shrieks for assistance and then his relapse into a calm and philosophical consideration of the circumstances. He knew that no one could hear him call, but he felt that the active brains of his friends would seek him out, and that sooner or later he would be liberated.—*New York Mercury.*

BUDDHIST FOLK LORE.

King Kusa had received from Sakra, the chief of the gods, a jewel, which was octagonal in shape, and he used to wear it suspended by a string, which had been miraculously passed through the centre, notwithstanding the eight bendings or angles, from one end to the other. The jewel had descended to King Wedeha, but the string by which it was suspended had become decayed and rotten, and no man knew how to pass a string through the centre by reason of the eight bendings of the jewel. Now, King Wedeha wished to wear the jewel, and so he sent it to the villagers of the eastern village, where the pandit dwelt, and bade them take out the old decayed string from the interior part of the hole, and replace it with a new string throughout, that the jewel might be hung, as before, from the King's neck. But these villagers were not able either to take out the old string or to put the new string in its stead. So Mahaushada, knowing their trouble, sent for them, and telling them not to concern themselves with the matter, ordered them to bring him a little honey. He then smeared some drops of honey in the holes at the two ends of the jewel, and having twisted a new string of woollen thread, he dipped the end thereof in honey and pushed it a short distance into the hole of the jewel, and placed it in an ant hole from which the ants were coming out. But the ants issuing forth from the ant hole, by reason of the smell of the honey, ate up the old thread which had rotted in the jewel, and taking in their mouths the end of the woollen thread which had been dipped in the honey, dragged it underneath and brought it out at the other side. When the pandit found that the string had been passed through the jewel, he gave it to the villagers and bade them present it to the King. The people of the village sent it to the King, and when he heard the device by means of which the string had been put through the jewel he was greatly pleased.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

BISMARCK'S COURAGE.

It was in 1866. Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the Palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling have since attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with the other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer who, however, had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The Countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the King of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the drawing-room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife: "Well! are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes set before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the Countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "*Gesegnete Mahlzeit!*" (May your meal be blessed!) and then added: "You see I am quite well."

She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—The Department of State at Washington is in receipt of a dispatch from our Consul at Port Sarnia, in which the number of emigrants seeking homes in the United States, through that port, for the year ending June 30, 1878, is given at 30,610. Of this number, 16,183 were Canadians from the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. These Canadians were principally agriculturists, carrying with them to their new homes their horses, wagons, agricultural implements, household effects, and, in a majority of cases, money enough to purchase farms; hence, the Consul says, they may be regarded as a very valuable acquisition to the ranks of American industry.

—The Washington *Star* says the hall of the House of Representatives and galleries have been carefully scrubbed and fumigated. The carpets and upholstering will not be put down, however, until November. The place looks dark and dismal, and but few of the officers of the House are in the city. It will be a month yet before any of the signs of activity incident to the Congressional session will be visible about the building. There have been but few improvements during the recess.

—Kid gloves have appeared in New York the backs of which are covered with flowers painted by hand.

Varieties.

—Obstinacy is the heroism of little minds.

—Seven million people are said to have died from the famine in China.

—Twenty-four million dollars will be coined at the Philadelphia mint this year.

—Portions of Germany and Belgium were recently shaken up by a lively earthquake.

—The public debt of Great Britain, as per the last official statement, is £811,167,964.

—Never marry but for love, but see that thon lovest only what is lovely.—*William Penn.*

—Respect is the result of a lifetime, whereas a single silly act often wins one a reputation.

—A Birmingham youth recently skated 200 miles in 24 hours in a rink for a wager of £75.

—Two little children, in London, were lately burned to death as the result of playing with matches.

—It was a Massachusetts tramp who, when caught stealing watermelons, said that he was in favor of greenbacks.

—Impiety takes a woman out of her sex as well as out of her place; there is a dash of the bearded lady in every shefreethinker.

—They sell milk in Glen's Falls for two cents a quart. The water-power in that village is not used for manufacturing purposes.

—Nothing is beneath you if it is in the direction of your life; nothing is great or desirable if it is off and away from that.—*Emerson.*

—At Erie, Pa., tramps are sentenced to thirty days' hard labor in the chain-gang, and the law is said to work with excellent satisfaction.

—The first successful attempt to ascend Mount Blanc on the Italian side was recently made by four members of the Italian Alpine Club.

—A new peal of 12 large bells is being placed in position in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The largest tenor bell weighs 62 hundred weight.

—Experiments with war balloons are going on at Woolwich, England, and are to be continued for several months. The telephone is used to communicate from captive balloons to a committee below.

—It is a most important lesson, and too little thought of, that we learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish our being, without the transport of some passion, or the gratification of some appetite.—*Steele.*

—Thourgueneff says: "In a century there won't be a king in Europe, except, perhaps, in England, and there he will be nothing but a pageant—a political mummy shown to the populace at so much a head.

—The thirty-second report of the British Commissioners in Lunacy shows that the number of "registered lunatics, idiots, and persons of unsound mind in England and Wales" has increased from 36,762 to 68,538 in the last 19 years.

—A woman of Steele County, Minn., had her husband and son killed by lightning five years ago. She married again, and her second lord was killed by lightning a few days ago. Indeed, both husbands were very much struck with her.

—German sugar-beet manufacturers offer $40 per ton for dried sugar-beets, delivered at their sea ports. At this price, their culture, preparation and freighting would leave a handsome profit to American farmers and ship owners.

—In the International Prison Congress, which opened at Stockholm on the 20th of August, Dr. Wines, of this city, as Vice President, delivered an address giving an extensive résumé of the progress of prison and criminal reform during the last seven years in all countries.

—In Bulgaria a new baby is first salted thoroughly, as if it were a codfish, and then it is wrapped up. After that an omelette is made of three eggs; black pepper is sifted over this, and the child's head is poulticed with the preparation. The purpose of this is to harden the skull against sunstroke.

—The buffalo plains and the middle portion of the continent, together with the Pacific States, are rapidly taking the place of Texas as the great feeding grounds, and are leading in the production of beef. The estimated returns for this year give Colorado 550,000 head; Wyoming 225,000; Utah 350,000; Washington, 2,000; Montana 300,000; Oregon 175,000, and California 650,000.

—Mme. Quentin-Proffit, a matrimonial agent in Paris, lately sued Prince and Princess Galitzen for 6,000 francs, for trying to make a match for their son and failing. Her bill was: Carriages, 432 francs; cost of toilets, 1,000 francs; money expended, correspondence, &c., 150 francs; honorarium, 4,418 francs; total 6,000 francs. The court thought it was too much, and allowed her only 500 francs.

—Capital punishment has been abolished in Switzerland, and the punishment for murder ordinarily amounts to five or six years' imprisonment. As a consequence the most atrocious crimes have become quite frequent. One of the latest cases is that of a vagrant Italian, who brutally murdered an unprotected woman in her husband's absence, in order to get her money, which amounted to about $10.

—A sailing-car is frequently used on the Kansas Pacific road to transport the track-inspectors in their tours of observation. On such a road, extending over long stretches of level, treeless country, there is little difficulty in catching a forwarding breeze a considerable part of the time by skillful use of a sail, and often making the speed of a fast express train.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0630