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

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SULLIVAN & WOODALL,
Editors and Proprietors.

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, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879. NO. 41.

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.

TIME'S PANORAMA.

It needs no magic glass or mystic mutterings,
To read the prophecy of coming years;
No sage interpreter, to solve the utterings
Of Father Time, the patriarch of seers.
If all the world's a stage, and life a drama,
Whose actors come and go, but come no more,
Then is the future but a panaroma
Of scenes to be, but seen in thought before.

Let the bright play flash on, but do not linger
In contemplation of its changing hues;
Follow instead where Time's prophetic finger
Points, and behold the picture that he views.
A decade hence—nay, two, it does not matter—
Here are the self-same stage, the same old play;
New actors counterfeit the hollow clatter
Worn out long since by actors passed away.

Here Vice looks mockingly on Virtue slain;
There Youth and Beauty plight their troth together;
Here Sorrow sits, and there broods cruel Pain;
There shadowchills the friendships of fair weather.
Sincerity still sows the seed of hate;
Candor and Truth go cautiously in mask;
Honesty plods; Corruption rides in state;
Labor still bends, complaining, to his task.

"Stay!" you exclaim, in accents discontented,
"Is not your catalogue complete at last?
This future, so minutely represented,
Is but the Present, tempered with the Past!"
Aye, so it is! Youth dreams of bright successes;
Manhood begins to doubt, perhaps to fear;
While Age his weakness faltering confesses;
And so the world rolls on, year after year.

Year after year beh. 'ds the same endeavor
Of puny men for wealth or fame, and sees
How history repeats itself forever,
And Fortune still Tays her pursuer flees.
One life there is worth living, and its beauty
Transcends all charms that hopes fulfilled can bring;
He who does trustfully his honest duty,
Alone is happy, be he serf or king.
—*Progress.*

MY RICH UNCLE FROM CHINA.

"My dears," cried Mrs. Chidleigh, hurrying into the morning parlor, where Berenice and I sat, busy over blue and pink tarlatan candy bags, for the charity fair, "I've news for you, the very best of news."

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and the fair was to be held that evening at my aunt's house.

"What is it?" demanded Berenice, scattering her candies. "Has Mr. Everleigh spoken at last?"

My aunt flushed and bit her lip.

"My dear Berenice," she said, "You should not be so outspoken! To hear you, one would fancy you were exceedingly anxious about Mr. Everleigh."

"Well aren't we?" interrupted Berry, saucily, tossing her blonde hair. "I'm sure we've been expecting him to speak for the last month, and hoping for it, too. Where's the harm in saying what we feel?"

Aunt was silent. I laughed, as I filled a blue bag with pink bon-bons.

"You seem to take it for granted Berry," I said, "that when Mr. Everleigh does speak, it will be to propose for you. Now, you forget me. Who can tell which he may choose?"

Berenice curled her red lip.

"He'll not be likely to choose you Meg, at any rate," she said, with a sneer.

Now, I knew this to be quite true. I was a poor orphan, my father died, penniless, a few years before. We lived in a small cottage, with only four rooms, that had once been the gardener's cottage, and which had been granted to us rent free, by Aunt Mary. In fact, we were, more or less, dependents on her bounty. Mother eked out our scanty living by taking in plain sewing, and I earned a little by fine embroidery; but I had not much time of my own for this kind of work, for my aunt was sending for me continually, to do this and that, and I did not dare to refuse; I was in short a kind of maid-of-all-work, up at the "great house," as we called Aunt Mary's residence. Sometimes I thought, with a sigh, of the difference between mamma's lot and Aunt Mary's. Then I remembered that the latter had sold herself for money, marrying an old man, who was twice her age, and both jealous and exacting. Fortunately he had died at last. But Aunt Mary had, long since, paid the penalty, by growing harder-hearted and more selfish daily, when my own dear parents, who had married for love, had been supremely happy; at least while father lived. I was not sure, recalling all this, that, in spite of our privations, we ought to complain. Yet Berenice was correct, of course. What right had I, a dependent, even to think of Mr. Everleigh, who was rich, fashionable, and a favorite everywhere!

But I was human, after all, and this taunt roused me.

"I can't see why he should'nt marry even me, if he loved me," I retorted. "He's a free agent, at any rate."

Berenice tossed her head, till her ringlets were in a shimmer.

"What a little fool you are," she said; "for goodness' sake hold your tongue. Mamma, love," and she turned her back on me, "don't you mean to tell us your good news?"

"Assuredly, when you are polite enough to hear it. I've been waiting now some ten minutes. Are you and Meg quite done with your absurd dissension?"

"Quite Mamma! It was Meg who started it! she's always chattering nonsense. But let us hear the news."

Aunt drew a letter from her pocket.

"A letter" cried Berenice; "then it does not concern Mr. Everleigh, after all."

"My dear, no. No one mentioned Mr. Everleigh's name but yourself. I really wish you would try and be a little more guarded. The letter is from your uncle in Shanghai. He is coming home."

Berenice and I gave a simultaneous exclamation. Since the earliest years of our childhood, "our uncle in China" had been the centre about which all our romance had revolved. He was mamma's brother, and Aunt Mary's also. Years before, when I was a mere baby, he had gone abroad, became soldier and sailor by turns, and finally had amassed, we had heard, a great fortune. Once in a long while a battered box that smelled of camphor and foreign spices came over the seas, a reminder that uncle Hal had not quite forgotten either mamma or Aunt Mary. But generally the gifts were to my aunt. "Those on whom success shines," says the old homily, "are successful in all things."

"When your uncle comes home from China, Berenice dear, we will do this and so," was always on my aunt's tongue, for, rich as she was, at least comparatively, she was always wanting more.

And now he was coming! Berry screamed with delight.

"I shall tell Everleigh," she said, almost instantly, and a little spitefully, "I dare say he'll speak now."

"It doesn't at all matter whether he speaks or not, my daughter," said my aunt, loftily, "when your uncle arrives—and we may look for him any day next week—you will feel my dear, that your position in life is doubly secured. Even Mr. Everleigh would hardly be a match for you! So now you and Maggie go on with your work. I'm glad our charity fair comes off to-night; we shall be busy hereafter preparing for your uncle. What a pity he could'nt be here for Thanksgiving."

Having said this, my aunt sat down to write out invitations and directions for the charity fair. A devout church member, and something of a philanthropist, was aunt.

"Mamma, mamma, I say," called Jack, Berenice's hopeful brother, a lad of some dozen summers old, thrusting his curly head in at the door, "Have you got any stale victuals, or old clothes, or anything to give away?"

My aunt put down her gold pen, and threw back the point-lace lappets of her breakfast-cap, with an air of annoyance. Jack was such a torment!

"Why Jack?" demanded Berenice.

"Cause there's a beggar out here. He looks awful hungry, and ain't got no overcoat. I say, mamma, can I give him that cold turkey in the larder?"

Mamma leaped to her feet.

"No. I want that turkey to make sandwiches for the fair; don't dare to touch it. Send the beggar away; you know I won't have tramps about the place. Send him away, this minute; and go straight up to the library, and write out your Latin exercises."

Jack turned from the door, a cloud on his sunny face. Looking from the window, I saw an old man, insufficiently clad. Our big dog Carlo was snarling at his heels. The beggar was so close to the window that he must have heard every word my aunt said; and he looked crestfallen enough in consequence.

"It does'nt seem quite consistent," I remarked, for once letting my indignation get the better of my love of peace, "to have the house about one's ear's getting ready for a charity fair, and a starving beggar walking from the door unfed."

"A thieving tramp," cried my aunt, hotly. "Keep silent, Meg, and don't interfere. It's none of your business, anyhow."

I was prudent enough to make no reply, but my blood boiled, nevertheless. Had I remained longer, I should have lost my self-control, I fear; so I got up directly, and, saying that I had promised to go home soon, left my aunt's.

Our cottage was at the edge of the wood, just outside of the great gates; but the avenue was half a mile long, and before I reached the gates, I had almost overtaken the beggar. He seemed not only old, but feeble, and walked with difficulty; he was probably deaf also, as he did not seem to hear my footsteps. Just outside the gates, he met my little sister, Kitty, who was returning from the wood, where she had been to pick up sticks for our fire.

"My dear," said the old man, addressing her, "can you tell me where I can get a bit of supper and a night's lodging? I am old and poor, and have'nt the money to go to a tavern. You look as if you had a kind heart. God bless it! I've just been turned away from the big house here; but perhaps you are not so hard-hearted as the mistress there."

Kitty's honest little face showed the pity that she felt. But she was only a child, and shrank from responsibility.

"I don't know, sir," she said, diffidently. "I think mamma will give you something to eat; and maybe we can find a bed for you, that is if sister Margaret and I sleep on the settee; for you see our house is small. But, oh, here comes sister herself," she cried, as she discovered me, "and she'll tell you all about it."

My heart was still hot with indignation at the brutality with which my aunt and Berenice had treated the old man, and I hastened to reply warmly.

"Yes, I will undertake that you shall have supper and a bed, although neither may be as good as what they could have given you up at the great house. But what little we have you shall share. Stay, let me carry your pack for you." He had a small one strapped on his back. "Indeed, indeed, I am fitter to do it than you."

"Thank you," he said, slowly, taking a long look at my face, and then scrutinizing that of Kitty's. You seem, both of you, as if you were good children; and the offer to take my pack proves as much. But I'll carry it myself, still. Little one," he turned to Kitty, "what have you got sticks for?"

"For mother's fire, please," she said, dropping a little courtesy. "I've just been getting them in the woods."

"My aunt," I interposed, "who lives in the great house here, kindly allows us to pick up loose bits from under the trees. We are poor, as sister says, and so every little helps."

"And you are duly thankful, I suppose?" said the old man, sarcastically. Beggars must not be choosers, you know, as I heard just now myself."

I blushed scarlet with shame for my aunt. "Indeed, indeed," I cried, "you must not judge Aunt Mary too harshly, for I see, from what you say, that you overheard her. She must have been out of sorts this morning—"

"And I suppose that a voice that answered her, and which I think I recognize," he interrupted, looking at me keenly again, "belonged to some one who was not out of sorts, eh?"

Before I could answer I heard the quick gallop of a horse, and my poor weak heart gave a great bound, for I recognized in that elastic footfall the step of the thoroughbred that Mr. Everleigh rode. In my embarrassment I stepped quickly aside, though of course there was no danger, and in stepping aside my foot slipped on a stone, my ankle turned, and with an unconscious cry of pain I sank to the earth.

The rider was off his horse and at my side, and had lifted me in his arms, even before the old beggar who stood so close to me could stoop to assist me. "It is only a sprain," I stammered, trying to free myself, yet feeling, oh! so happy, in those strong arms. "I am sure I can walk."

"But I know you can't," said Mr. Everleigh impetuously. "How shall I ever forgive myself? It was my rapid gallop that made you start."

"No, no," I cried, "I was talking to this poor man, and it came on me so suddenly—you are not a bit to blame—only I have been foolish. But do let me try to walk."

My earnestness, joined to my struggles, induced him to yield. He released me from his arms. But the instant I put my foot to the ground, the agony was such that I almost shrieked. I bit my lip till the blood came, however, and kept silence.

Mr. Everleigh snatched me again into his arms. "I knew it would be so," he cried, and now you must let me carry you.

John," and he called to a groom who had been following him, "ride at once to Dr. Landor's. We must, my dear Miss Chidleigh, have the foot bandaged without delay."

"And I will lead your horse to the cottage," interposed the old beggar, "and tie him there. Come on little Kitty, you and I will follow."

When we got home the house was filled with the smell of crullers, which mamma was baking for the feast that was to be given up at Aunt Mary's, after the fair. Poor mamma, she looked tired to death; and when she saw me, she fairly gave up for a moment; but Mr. Everleigh, in a few, kind words, put her fears to rest; and long before the physician came, my injured foot was swathed and bandaged, so that Dr. Landor declared he had been "regularly taken in."

When evening came my foot was ever so much better; so much so, that, when Mr. Everleigh returned with a carriage, and insisted that we should all go up to my aunt's to the fair, as we had promised, I was only too glad to consent. For the first time in our acquaintance, there was something in Mr. Everleigh's manner that made even me, humble as I was, think that I was not without a charm for him.

The beggar had crept, unobtrusively, into a corner while my foot was being bandaged, but Kitty, remembering him, left me when she found the hurt was not serious. "Poor old man," she said, "we had nearly forgotten you. You must be hungry. Here, eat some of these crullers, and when mamma has finished with Maggie she will make you a cup of tea."

The cup of tea was made in due time, and a substantial supper set before the mendicant; in fact, all the cold meat we had in the house. When Mr. Everleigh returned, and we proposed to go, the old beggar rose to his feet;

"I am a stranger to you ma'am," he said, addressing mamma, "and naturally you will not wish to leave me here in your house. I will wait outside till you come back."

"Wait outside?" cried mamma, "and in the cold? No, your face is an honest face, if there ever was one. Sit down right here by the fire, and stay all night, and take dinner with us. It will be a homely meal for a Thanksgiving one, but such as it is you'll be welcome to it."

"God bless you, ma'am" said the old man, with a shaky voice, and I thought I saw tears in his eyes. I am sure I heard him murmur, as he turned away to hide his emotion: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The charity fair, as the reader, by this time has understood, was to be held in my aunt's spacious apartments. Everybody was to be there. The governor even, who was on a visit to his brother, a near neighbor, was expected to attend. One of the senators for our State was also to be present. It was to be a most brilliant affair.

So, when the dining-room was all a-glitter with lights, and echoed with gay voices, and shone with handsome dresses, and beheld the presence of the most distinguished society in the county, and was filled with stalls of pretty things, the big chintz covered chair was wheeled into the hall, and I, and my sprained foot resting on a cushion, sat in it, with a table of pretty knick-knacks before me; and Mr. Everleigh by me.

My aunt did not look in a good humor, however, though her fair could not have been more of a success, and though everybody praised her philanthrophy. Berenice, too, wore a scowl, that spoiled all her blonde beauty.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, when business was at its briskest, there came a roll of wheels on the drive and bustle at the door. Presently, Jack, who had gone to see what was the matter, rushed back, his gray eyes dancing.

"Oh! Berry, I say," he cried out, stifling a burst of laughter, "You know the beggar? The old man we turned off this morning? Well, he's back again, here at the door, and, oh! my buttons, but he's our uncle from China."

My aunt, in her black silk and point lace, stood behind a stall of cakes and ices. She turned sharply at Jack's words. He saw her look of consternation, and screamed with laughter again.

"I say, now, mamma, it is true. Don't you wish you'd let me give him the cold turkey, instead of making it into sandwiches?"

My aunt did not utter a word. But she hurried to the door, and Berenice followed.

There he stood, our long-expected uncle from China, a little, weather-beaten old man, with a pinched, pale face. A wicked twinkle lit up his eyes. My aunt rushed up to him at once, and would have smothered him with kisses. But he merely gave her the tips of his yellow fingers.

"I made acquaintance with your niece, this morning," he said with a dry, chuckling laugh, turning to me, as he came in, "and the little girl there, too," indicating Kitty. "She is poor Marian's child, eh? She's got her mother's fair face, and good heart. She gave the beggar a welcome, which some others, I know of, did'nt. Ah, well, I suppose its human nature. But turn a needy man from your door, Mrs. I'll make it up to her, all the same. Never Chidleigh. You know what the good Book says about entertaining angels unawares?"

Poor aunt! The look on her face was too ludicrous. In spite of our relationship I laughed till my sides ached. But Berenice went to her room and cried herself to sleep.

Well there is little more to tell. It really was our uncle from China, who had chosen to come to us wearing the guise of a beggar; and if only my aunt had been consistent in her charity, her long cherished expectations might have been realized.

As it was, the great China fortune went to me and Kitty and Jack; and Berenice never got a penny. And, moreover, when Horace Everleigh did speak (he had spoken that evening before our uncle declared himself), it was me he asked to be his wife.

Berenice takes it all bitterly to heart, and my aunt is inconsolable; but I, believing that in this life and in the life which is to come we get only our just deserts, have nothing to say.

"Yes," remarks my uncle, "Maggie and Kitty and Jack shall inherit all I have. They were kind to me when they did not know who I was; that's the sort of people I believe in."—*Peterson's.*

—"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a lady from Marysville, at a ball the other evening. "I was, but if that Pete Johnson thinks I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckled-face Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, solitaire or no solitaire!" The gentleman explained and went out to get air.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

MOURNING.

As we look back upon the struggles of man, up to the present stage of civilization, we find that many and varied have been the means devised by him for showing forth to the public the grief ensuing upon a death.

The Hebrews of old found vent for their feelings upon the death of relatives and friends in frantically smiting themselves and tearing their garments and hair. They neither bathed nor shaved, nor did they cut their nails, nor dress themselves. Their beds were not made up. They shut themselves up in their houses, and saluted nobody. Fortunately the period for these exhausting manifestations was short, being mostly seven, and never over thirty days. The mourning customs of the Egyptians were similar to those of the Hebrews, with slight variation. Their women ran crying through the streets.

Among the Greeks and Romans also, mourning for the departed was conducted in much the same style, but carried to a greater extreme. They wore a coarse black stuff for apparel, and rolled themselves in the mire or dust. They put ashes on their heads, tore their hair, shaved their heads, and scarred their faces. They cried aloud with often-repeated drawling tones of lamentation. They excluded themselves from all entertainments and public solemnities, as well as denied themselves the pleasure of music, and drank no wine. When a popular general died the whole army cut off their hair and the manes of their horses.

Among the Syrians exhibition of grief was deemed so unmanly that any man wearing mourning was compelled to put on female attire.

There are many curious ways of manifesting sorrow for the departed still existing in Arabia. While the men show no evidence of grief, the women stain their hands and feet with indigo, which they wear for eight days. During this period they will drink no milk, its white color not according with the gloom of their minds. In Syria they have very effective scenes at funerals, by means of hired mourning women, who are adepts in the art of weeping. A death there is often a ruinous event for the finances of a family, the commemorative feasts being so costly and so indefinitely prolonged. White is the color of mourning in China. All their apparel, even the cord which ties the gowns, and the very shoes, must be of that color. The wearing is enforced by law under heavy penalties. They employ mourning women at their funerals, who appear to have immense fountains of tears at command. The Japanese also mourn in white. They shut themselves up in their houses for fifty days, during which time they neither shave their heads nor cut their nails.

Among savages are found many curious customs for mourning the dead. With the Africans, in Nuhier, the business of loud lamentation is understood to perfection, and if a man die leaving a little property, it is most likely wholly exhausted by the feasts which are held in honor of his memory. If a woman die, her friends of her own sex continue for many successive evenings after her funeral to make pilgrimages to her grave. *Man* must not look upon the face of woman while engaged in these mourning duties. Arrived at the grave, the whole neighborhood is made to resound with their lamentations and wailings. Among some yet more savage people, the Feejee Islanders, we find that some fifty to a hundred fingers are amputated and placed over the tomb of a chief, and although they fast until the evening during the first ten days after his death, the period is enlivened by comic games held in honor of his memory. Among the Sandwich Island natives, they blacken the lower part of the face, in mourning, and give a permanent expression to their sense of bereavement by knocking out their front teeth.

It seems quite evident that as man is elevated he shakes off the coarse idea of turning the sacred period, when a soul has just past from among us, into a time of any sort of riotous excitement. Even much violent weeping as we hear of, not very long back, would not be approved now. Chateaubriand tells of the great credit that was given to him for the manner in which he wept at his daughter's grave.

We see that the most excessive demonstrations fo sorrow have attended an era in this world's history which we have left behind. It is a sad thing, however, that we have such a gloomy relic of former days among us as the black garb, by which the brightness of many a life is blighted. It is a mere matter of fashion—worn by the majority of the world for no other cause. I have known a widow driven to wear black, for which she had an abhorrence, and which her husband had never allowed her to wear, by the fact that "people would think she did not treat his memory with respect." She could not face *Mrs. Grundy.* It is through the dread of this same personage that many spend the last cent they have in order to procure black clothing. The poor copy the rich. A man dies, and perhaps, after a handsome funeral is paid for, and the family attired in black, there is not as much money left as will buy a loaf of bread. This fashion of "going in black" is a most tyrannical custom. It is like a contagious disease. Minds which we would suppose incapable of the infection take it, and so on the first bereavement, a whole family, even to the little ones, are in black. One can see that there may be states of mind to which black clothing is acceptable, but inasmuch as these are unhealthy states, it is not well to foster them. There is but one event of which all are *sure*—that called *Death.* Our friends may look for, and long for, and expect our *birth*, but until we are really arrived hither from the invisible world, all is uncertainty. Not so with the great messenger through which the way is opened to the great *Beyond.* We cannot be happy while we live in dread of this great translation, nor can we be happy if we fix ourselves in a state of rebellion against God's laws, when it bears out of our sight for a time our dearly loved ones. Every moment that we live some of our great human family are passing away, but the sun shines, the flowers bloom, all nature is as beautiful as before. The great march of life goes on. It is well for us if we keep our souls attended to the harmony of *God's* law, so that we can keep step when the music changes.

I have said we can never be happy in a state of rebellion to the manifest will of our Heavenly Father. This we certainly are when we go about enveloped in mourning.

There is no good side from which to contemplate the custom. It is often too a mere mockery. Perhaps, in addition to the wearing of black, it may be the fashion of a city to "bow the windows" for a year, or longer, after a bereavement. Where the custom of the place sanctions heavy outside window shutters, the opportunity is very favorable for this mode of expressing grief. It is not unusual to see houses, for years together, with the shutters tied by black ribbons, the ends of which are carefully pushed out for the contemplation of passers by. It is quite impossible that God will leave us so comfortless in our loss, but that a good measure of cheerfulness will in a little while be our portion, and so it happens that the front of a house may be decked in the "habiliments of woe," and its occupants, in their black garbs, are having quite a lively time within. That they should have a lively time is a grand and natural thing. We need not try to contend with the inevitable. The cheerfulness is all right; it is this "mocking of woe" that is wrong. Then too, *mourning* is unhealthy. No one can get a healthy breath of pure air behind a black crape veil. Much innocent life is crushed out by it, materially as well as spiritually.

There is a world of vanity in this same garb. People are exceedingly careful to have the *exact right fashion* for their especial phase of grief. Flounces may be worn in one way—plaited, we think it is—but in no wise may they be worn *gathered;* things must all be very nice and harmonize well in the early stages of grief, for "people look at us so when we first go out."

During the sacred period, when the loved form from which the spirit has just departed, remains with us, what a desecration it seems to have the mind distracted by thoughts of our clothing. How paltry and utterly insignificant an occupation.—*Progress.*

ATTACKS ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

Since that memorable morning in June, 1837, when the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham, then the Lord Chamberlain, reached Kensington palace at 5 o'clock, "knocked, rang and thumped for a considerable time before they could arouse the porter at the gate," and finally got audience of the Princess Victoria, rising lovely and dishevelled from such "a sweet sleep that the attendants did not venture to disturb her," until the dignitaries sternly said: "We are come to the queen on business of state, and even her sleep must give way to that," her majesty has several times been alarmed by threatened or attempted assaults, which have almost invariably been the acts of lunatics. On the 10th of May, 1839, when England was feverish with hard times, Chartist and repeal agitations and the like, a madman crept up to the garden-steps of Buckingham palace, threatening to murder the queen because no Protestant should be allowed to sit on the throne of England. He was promptly seized by the sentinel and afterwards sent to Bridewell. Yet another lunatic turned up after an interval at Windsor, and, climbing over the inclosures, demanded admittance to the castle as the lawful king of England, and on the 17th of July, in the same year, a commercial traveler was arrested and sent to prison for two months for persisting in crossing the road in Hyde Park before the queen, waving his hand and placing it on his breast. A more serious affair was the attempt of a pot-boy, Edward Oxford, to shoot the queen and Prince Albert on the 11th of June, 1840. They had left Buckingham palace in a low carriage, passing by the garden gate opening from Constitution Hall, when Oxford, a youth of seventeen, presented a pistol and fired directly at the queen; then drew a second pistol with his left hand from his breast, and resting it on the one he had already discharged, fired that also, with deliberate aim, before the bystanders could rush upon him. At the whistle of the ball the queen rose, but was pulled down by her husband; she was composed, though exceedingly pale, and rising again to show that she was unhurt, ordered the postillions to drive to the Duchess of Kent's residence, Ingestre House. When soon after she returned, a cortege of gentlemen and ladies met her in the park and escorted the carriage home. Oxford was calm and collected when arrested, and when examined before the privy council admitted his act. "After I fired the first shot, he said, "Prince Albert got up as if he would jump out of the coach, and sat down again, as if he thought better of it. Then I fired the second pistol. This is all I shall say at present." Powder and shot were found at his lodging, and the rules of the Young England secret society, which prescribed that every member should, when ordered to meet, "be armed with a brace of pistols and a sword and a black crape cap to cover his face."—The *Dublin Pilot* charged the offence on the queen's odious uncle, afterwards King of Hanover, and declared that "as soon as her majesty was announced to be *enciente*, Orangeism and Cumberland plotted to murder the queen."—On the 8th of July, 1840, Oxford was brought to trial. He had previously written from Newgate to his counsel to ask Lord Normandy "for 'Jack, the Giant-Killer,' 'Jack and the Beanstalk,' 'Jack and His Eleven Wives,' 'My Little Tom Thumb,' 'The Arabian Nights Entertainment,' and all such books from such celebrated authors;" also, "whether, as a prisoner of war, I may not be allowed on a parole of honor; and on what grounds, ask him, does he detain one of her majesty's subjects?" In court Oxford wore a listless smile, and played with the herbs strewed in front of the dock. The defence showed that his father and grandfather had been of weak mind, and that the threatening letters and regulations found in his possession were all written by himself. The jury found him "not guilty, on the ground of insanity," and he was given over to a lunatic asylum for life. The affair made a great excitement at the time; we read of members of Parliament applying for locks of Oxford's hair when it was cropped. The next sensation was "the boy Jones"—William his name was, and the wits dubbed him In-I-go Jones because of his pertinacity—who, on the 2d of December, 1840, gained access to Buckingham palace, and continued secreted there several days, till at last "Mrs. Lilley, the nuss," of Thackeray's poem—the Princess royal was then two weeks old—spied him under a sofa and had him dragged out. Jones gave the privy council contradictory accounts of the way in which he got into the palace and of his intentions, and he was finally sent up for three months as a rogue and a vagabond. On the 15th of May, 1841, the same enterprising youth entered the palace again, but was seized almost immediately by a constable.—The magistrate did not send him to prison, but induced him to ship on a man-of-war, and that was the last of Jones. On the 30th of May, 1842, John Francis, son of a merchant at Drury Lane Theatre, for some months out of employment, fired at the queen as her carriage was dashing down Constitution Hill, at the rate of twelve or thirteen miles an hour—"Really, Constitution Hill should change its name into Shooter's," Hood wrote—and missed her, of course. Francis was immediately seized by a constable and soldier. The queen behaved with her usual calmness, and at night attended the opera, where she received an enthusiastic welcome. This time the Orangemen had their inning, and from Birmingham sent up an address of congratulation, concluding with a prayer that God would continue to protect the queen from "popish machinations." This prayer the home secretary declined to present. Francis, who had maintained a dogged silence as to his motives, was, on the 17th of June, found guilty, and sentenced to death by Chief Justice Tindal. On hearing the sentence, which was couched in the terrible old terms, and included being drawn to the place of execution on a hurdle, drawing and quartering, Francis fainted and had to be carried away. His sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

On the 3d of July a half-witted hunchback named Bean leveled a pistol at the queen as she was passing to the chapel royal. The pistol was loaded, but did not go off, and when the youth was caught the capital charge was abandoned and he was punished for misdemeanor. He was not caught, however, till some time after the attempt, and in the interval the police stations of London and the suburbs were filled with humpbacked boys, arrested on suspicion. A few days later Peel's "bill for the better protection of the queen's person against minor offenders" was passed, which provided seven years' transportation or imprisonment, with whipping, as the punishment in such cases. It was effectual, for it was not till May 19th, 1849, and under a severe stress of political passion, that the queen was again alarmed. This time, as her majesty was driving down Constitution Hill, at the point where Sir Robert Peel, thirteen months later, was thrown from his horse and killed, an Irish bricklayer, named Hamilton, fired a pistol loaded with powder at her. The Hon. William Smith O'Brien, uncle of the present Lord Inchiquin, had been expelled from the Commons the day before. Hamilton pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation. On the 27th of May, 1850, as the queen with her children and a lady-in-waiting was passing out of the gate of the Duke of Cambridge's residence in Piccadilly, Robert Pate, an ex-lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars, who thought himself injured by the war office, struck her on the head with a cane, bruising her cheek and crushing her bonnet. He was promptly seized by a bystander and handed over to the police. July 11th he was sentenced to transportation for seven years, the whipping being omitted in consequence of Baron Alderson's belief of his insanity. Since then, with the exception of some mysterious rumors about a Fenian plot to assassinate the queen just before her visit to Switzerland in 1868, there has been no public mention of any offer of violence to her majesty.—*N. Y. World.*

CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

The car festival is the great event of the religious year of the worshippers of Juggernaut, "The Lord of the World," as the natives of India call him. Its object is to convey Juggernaut from the temple to his country house, a mile distant. When the image is placed in the car the multitude fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. Then they lay hold of the ropes and drag the heavy car. Before and behind drums beat and cymbals clash, while from the car the priests shout, harangue and sing songs, which are received with shouts by the multitude. And so the dense mass, tugging, sweating, singing, praying, drag the car slowly along. Some are knocked down and trampled upon, and some are accidentally crushed by the ponderous wheels, while a few, mostly those who are sick or in much trouble, seek death by throwing themselves in the way of the wheels, this latter being encouraged by some of the priests. Owing to the labors of the missionaries, there is a great falling off in the number of pilgrims to this festival.

—The Baldwin Locomotive Works have an order for several locomotives of the heaviest draft from a railway in Norway, which is the first ever received in the United States, from either Sweden or Norway.

Varieties.

—The silver yield of Montana in 1878 exceeded that of the gold by $250,000.

—Rubinstein is threatened with total blindness. He is in Dresden, where one of his operas will soon be performed.

—Mr. Carre, of Paris, finds it necessary to extend his establishment for the manufacture of carbons for the electric light. There are more than 6,500 feet of carbons per day turned out at his works at present.

—A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine.

—The tribute which the workingmen of England will present to Lord Beaconsfield is of a unique character. It is to be a laurel wreath of gold. Each town will contribute one leaf. Subscriptions were limited to one penny.—An accompanying address will contain the names of the donors.

—A man in New Haven, Conn., whose house was infested with sewer rats, tried the experiment of catching one of them in a trap, and leaving it to starve to death, believing that its cries would frighten away its old associates. Its shrieks of rage and despair had the desired effect. The trial was made six months ago, and not a rat has been heard from or seen within those walls since.

—Scott G. Goodwin, of New Hartford, Conn., who with his wife was injured at the time of the bridge disaster at Tariffville, sued the Connecticut Western Railway Company, and attached a locomotive. This he stored in a small frame building which he erected for the purpose at Winsted. This brought the company to terms; a settlement has been effected, and the engine released to resume its service on the road.

—An Auburn fisherman, a few days since, while fishing through a hole in the ice, caught a trout so large that he could not be brought through the orifice. The fisherman, however, gently played with the fish with one hand, while he chopped ice with the other until the opening had been enlarged sufficiently, then with a skillful jerk he brought out a dead cat with a brick on its neck, the entire prize weighing over nine pounds.

—Can a photographer legally sell to any one a copy of the photograph of a private individual who has had his or her portrait taken by him for private use? This important question is to be brought up before the English courts for decision. A lady refused her photograph to an admirer. He, not to be balked in his passion, went to her photographer and bought a copy of her picture. Whereupon the lady brings suit to punish, if possible, the offending artist for selling her without permission.

—At a ball given recently in honor of the Prince of Wales, a small table in an alcove was reserved at supper for His Royal Highness and his intimates. The ball was at its height; the Prince led one of his partners to the table, followed by some of the most distinguished guests. Two chairs, however, remained unoccupied. A heated parson, supporting a still more heated partner, descried the vacant places and immediately swooped down upon them. In vain the courtiers nodded, winked, and beckoned; his reverence meant supper and was not to be denied. At last Lord Charles Beresford, always fertile in resource, dropped on his knees, and, crawling under the table, pulled the parson by the leg. It was of no avail; the reverend gentleman merely kicked out, and continued his attack on the good things intended for royalty.—*London World.*

—Tourists to Paris will find renewed interest in the ever romantic history of Abelard and Heloise, in consequence of the recent restoration of the celebrated tomb. Abelard dying first, was buried by Heloise at the Abbey of the Paraclete, of which she was abbess, and upon her death the remains of the lovers were not separated. In 1792 the Paraclete was sold and the bodies were removed to the Church of Nogent-sur-Seine. Eight years later they were exhumed and placed in the garden of the Musee Francais, in Paris, and in 1817 were deposited in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris, beneath a canopy which had been erected over the remains of Abelard at the priory of St. Marcel, shortly after his death in 1142. The reclining statues were made from casts taken from the skulls. It is scarcely possible that one out of ten pleasure travelers has visited Paris since 1817 without making a pilgrimage to the celebrated tomb. In its restored condition it will be more attractive than ever.

—English papers are now complaining of the damage done to the carrying trade by the opening of the Suez canal, and believe that the Southern nations of Europe have gained the lion's share of the benefits derived from it. A Manchester paper says that "before this canal was opened all eastern produce came round by the Cape of Good Hope, and England, than standing in a most favorable geographical position for redistribution, became and for many years was, the wholesale house for the whole of Europe; but, when the canal was opened, little by little, a great change for the worse came over the scene. The quantity wanted for France went to Marseilles; the Italians were supplied in a less roundabout way than via England and thence through the Continent: the Austrians took theirs at Trieste; the Turks at Constantinople, and the Russians through the Black Sea, instead of via England and the Baltic. Thus a very large amount of business, so far as we are concerned, went the way of all flesh—to be seen no more by us."

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