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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 49.

## LINKS TO A TRACUP.

Dear little tracup,  
Oh! my rare wee cup,  
Work of Colchid's art you must be divine;  
Tea no more drink  
In porcelain of Nankin  
So fit to rank in  
Richer ceramic collections than mine.

Those curious blue marks,  
Not sham, but true marks,  
Prove you are nearly five centuries old;  
In your young beauty  
Perhaps you did know tea  
For the King of China,  
Bobed, like them, in a mantle of gold.

Where is his charmer?  
Who would dare harm her.  
She who looked over her shoulder men?  
Not in the place  
Which knew her grace  
She left no traces  
They have forgotten their fair denizen.

She was not brittle,  
Fragile perhaps a little,  
Why is she in being, and you here to-day?  
See by what she is  
You are unbroken?  
Patent to no ken  
Is the distinction for both are of clay.

## Jenny's Faith.

"You see," said the jailer, after locking the last door, and seating his pretty niece in his own pleasant office, "the young man that's killed and this young man were cronies till Burgess saw Jenny Anderson, when he was silly enough to fall in love with her. Well, instead of acting like a man when he knew that Henry was engaged to her, he acted like a fool—tried to cut Henry out, you see. That naturally angered Henry, though he acted very well about it—for he's a generous fellow, and no doubt pitied him—until Burgess began to throw out hints that were unfavorable to the girl. Then Henry got mad, stinging mad, but still he kept his hands off. Burgess grew more and more insane, however. He visited Jenny at all times, till his strange conduct began to frighten her. He laid himself along places where she was going, and came out all of a passion, like, begging her to love him, giving out insinuations about Henry.

"Well, one day he carried this thing too far, and Jenny went and told it to Henry. I wish she'd come to me; I'd have stopped it. But women are imprudent sometimes, as well as men. Henry didn't take that very calmly—he had hard words with the fellow, and there came near being a fight. It was stopped in time, however, but not before Henry, in his anger, had said some very hard things, that galled him now.

"Well, 'twasn't more than a fortnight after that Burgess was found dead in his bed, struck through to the heart with a knife. He had been behaving singular for some days, but nobody had seen that Henry took any notice of it. On the day of the night of the murder, it seems, he had sent Jenny an insulting letter, which was read in evidence yesterday in court. Well, as I said, he was found murdered. Blood was tracked to the door. Henry's room, where they boarded in the same house—blood was found on Henry's shirt, face and hands, and a knife was stuck in an old stove among the ashes that was covered with blood, and that knife had Henry's initials on its haft, cut in deep. Another knife was found under the bed of the murdered man. That's the whole story. A fine fellow roomed with Henry.

"He says he awoke at the same time Henry did, roused with the exclamation: 'My God! what is the matter with me?' He says he never saw such a horrid face, and you can't make him believe that poor Henry had any hand in it at all. In fact, they have tried hard to clear the poor fellow, but his threats—very unwise they were—the letter that Jenny had shown him, the knife, the tracks, all go against him, although he is so deep that he must have done it in his sleep, to go back to bed in that fashion. It's six months now; the lawyers have put it off, and put it off, in hopes that something would turn up to clear him, but nothing has as yet, and I'm afraid nothing will."

Eugenie sat and listened with tearful eyes, and when she went away, carried the impression of the sorrowful face home with her. Meaning Jenny, she steeled away in the din cell, and Henry wrote. There had been a long silence. It was broken by Jenny, who said, in a light, cheerful tone:

"Wasn't that a pretty young lady, Henry?"

"Very," was his reply. Then pausing suddenly, he laid down his pen, saying: "Jenny, can you possibly realize the danger I am in?"

"Don't believe anything about it," said Jenny, quietly, and in the same cheerful tone.

"But, my dear girl, you must. My lawyer told me this morning that I was as good as convicted. I love you for your faith in my innocence, your faith that it will be proved—but, alas, dear Jenny, there is no hope!"

He bowed his head on his hands. Jenny looked at him once; all her face quivered with anguish, but with an almost superhuman effort she composed her features again.

"There is hope!" she said, stoutly. "I wish you could see into the misty future as God has given me to see."

"Jenny, when I am gone you will copy this lively," he said, gathering up the manuscript.

"You will outlive me," she said quietly.

"Strange you are so blind to my danger—strange you will not see where I stand. But, Jenny, if I die—this horrible death—he shuddered—"there will come a time when my innocence shall be proved clear as the noonday."

"You will not die. Your innocence will be proved—even where you stand!"—her lips quivered now, her chin trembled convulsively.

"Jenny, my brave girl—my beautiful beloved, you do fear, but you

would hide it from me. That is well," he said, as she fell sobbing into his arms. "Your heart would break, Jenny if you did not weep."

She looked up, smiling even through the falling tears, as she exclaimed: "My faith is just as strong as it ever was. God will interpose!"

Henry Islington was convicted. He sat in the condemned cell. By permission Jenny was with him, sometimes. Her face was a shade paler, but her smile was just as sweet. She talked in a low, earnest voice—she sang to him, read to him. There were many visitors called to see him, among them several clergymen. To them he always said: "I am ready. An innocent man who has feared his God and loved his neighbor, the prospect of death." His calmness, his resignation, were the theme of all tongues. His spiritual advisers had no doubt of his genuine piety.

Jenny still said: "He will never be hung." It seemed almost a mania born of despair, this desperate belief. It made stout men weep to see her shining eyes—to hear her quiet protestations.

"But to-morrow, my dear child," some one would say, as the time lessened, "he will perish; nothing can save him. You had much better prepare your mind for the worst."

To which he replied was: "To-morrow night he will be with me, his innocence proclaimed."

"Will she kill herself?" they asked each other.

The fatal day came. How bright how beautiful the morning was! Earth never seemed more regal. The birds sang, the sun spread his luminous mantle over the green fields, the flowers gave their sweet and subtle odors to the breeze. Forth from the cell window looked the man that was condemned to die. He was still calm, still serene, thinking with wonder over his last interview with Jenny. How could she smile when he held her to his bursting heart for the last time? How could she leave him with that unclouded face, Well, Heaven was kind if it spared her one pang. Then he looked at himself, held out his strong right arm, corded with sinews, struck his feet boldly against the flags as he walked, and murmured:

"Young, healthy, strong—'Oh, my God, what a fate!' Tears and groans convulsed him—prayer calmed him.

The hour drew near. All the preliminaries were gone through with. Some superhuman strength was given him. The jailer gazed at him with awe, and dashed away tear after tear.

"How is it, Harry?" he asked, when he could command his voice.

"Well, well," replied the young man, with slow, prolonged utterance. "My poor Jenny—see her; to the lip trembled. The jailer took his hand with almost a crushing pressure.

"I'll do it, Henry Islington!" he said. "I'll do it. My own daughter shant have more care."

"Thank you; now I am ready."

He stood out there in the bold sunlight—his face lofty, beaming with a strange light. They were adjusting the rope when orders were given to suspend and the execution to lead the condemned man back to his cell. There was a great shouting. Henry Islington looked about him like a man lost to the things of this world. He was not prepared for life.

"God be thanked, boy," said the jailer, as he crushed his hand again—he could hardly speak—"there's a chance of your acquittal after all—more than a chance."

"That Jenny!" cried Henry, as he fell fainting in the jailer's arms.

Only that morning had a good ship arrived from sea, after a six month's voyage. The first thing that the sailor calls for, if he is a good, industrious man, is the newspaper.

Jack Bunce was second mate of the Neptune. It was eleven o'clock before he had a chance at the daily paper, and there he read a summary of the trial, department of the prisoner up to nine o'clock, etc. No sooner had his eye gathered in the most important testimony, than he sprang into the cabin like one mad.

"Hold, Jack! What are you rummaging about?" asked the first officer.

"Don't say a word to me, captain, for Heaven's sake," cried Jack; "they're hanging an innocent man!"

And out he dashed again, having donned a longshore hat and coat.

Up to the Mayor's office ran Jack, out of breath, gasping, choking, as he cried: "The Jack Bunce second mate of the Neptune—just got in. You're hanging the wrong man; he's as innocent as a baby. I'll prove it."

And while Jack told his story the messengers were sent to remand Henry Islington to jail.

"Shall I tell you in Jack's own words?" "Jim Burgess was always a crazy fellow. I tell you, your honor; I ain't no manner of a doubt about it, not a mite. I board at Col. Springer's when I'm at home, cause you see I ain't one of them low sort of sailors as go anywhere. I knew all about the fun, Henry's sweetheart was a pretty fair girl, worth a quarrel or two. But, g'warn, there, be blessed if ever I thought he'd do it! Burgess came to me one night—I was getting ready to go to sea then. Yes, it was the fifteenth of February—sually we have—two days before I went. Says he:

"Jack, do you want to know how I'll have revenge out of Hen Islington?"

"Said I: 'No, Jim, you better let him alone. You had no right to bother him in the first place.'

"I don't care," says he. 'I tell you I'll be revenged, and I'll do it in this way: I'll get bullock's blood—no, I won't; I'll draw my own. I know how to do it. I'll draw the exact language he used. I'll then take the Lord, he swore interlarded—and I'll track his floor, and dab his shirt and hands, and then I'll stab here!' Then he laughed, with his hand on his heart. It almost made my

hair raise to hear him; it sounded more like the yell of a mad dog.

"Says I: 'Burgess, you're a fool for telling it; never once supposing, you see, that the fellow was in earnest. Well, I went to my mother's that night, to say good-bye, and I told my cousin that was your Ann—that's my sister—and I told Ann too."

"Says I: 'I do you suppose he would ever attempt such a thing?'"

"Says Zeb: 'No—that's Zebulon, my cousin, a foremost hand on board the Neptune—he's always talking in that light-headed way.'

"There, there's my story. You can send for Zeb, who went to Taunton this morning, before he or I read the news about it; you can send for Ann, who's been gone six months to the West, and didn't get home till yesterday, to be in time for the Neptune. Well, I've told you it as a fact. I'm second mate of the Neptune, and folks will tell you down our way that a character I bear for veracity—and any of my ship-mates—ask me. I tell you Hen Islington is as innocent as the unborn baby. You'll hang one of the best men, your honor, God ever made, if you hang him."

The story was so coherent, the sailor's manner so truthful, his character so far from being reproachful, that every word carried weight in court. His sister, blushing like a peony, gave the same evidence, although there had been no collusion—so did his cousin. Indeed it was one of those cases where everybody was willing to be convinced, from the judge down to the shoe-black, who had heard the progress of the trial from an intelligent newsboy. The prisoner was dismissed with a verdict of not guilty in due and intention.

How shall I describe the meeting between Jenny and her lover? She, poor thing, who had kept herself so calm during the terrible ordeal, shrieked like one in delirium when she saw him, still pale, but restored to life and to honor. It was feared for some little time that her brain was shocked, her reason shattered. In the excess of her joy her life had nearly paid the forfeit.

"Was my faith in vain?" she asked, again and again. "Are you not sorry that I was all?" "Are you not sorry that I doubted you? Did I not say God would be with us?"

Henry was fully remunerated by generous men for all he had lost. Jenny, presented with a beautiful silver pitcher, on which was wrought the form of a kneeling girl, smiling toward Heaven—underneath, the inscription, "Jenny's Faith."

Henry was given a frame house complete, to carry with him to the West, and one bright summer's evening the two fond hearts were united at the residence of a gentleman who had taken a more than ordinary interest in the trial, and used great exertions to clear him. They are to-day citizens of a thriving town in the land toward the setting sun.

### Giotto's Ugliness and Good Humor.

Meagre as our information is, and doubtful as we must be concerning much of Giotto's history, something at least of his person and character which helps to make the great Florentine more than a mere name, and serves to endear him to us with the warmth and reality of a living being. Little of stature, and ill-favored by countenance, Giotto's exterior ugliness formed a striking contrast to the beauty of his mind, and was so evident that it formed the constant subject of his friends' good humored jests, and is often alluded to by contemporaries. Bevenuto da Imola tells us that the artist's children were as ugly as himself, and Petrarca and Boccaccio both mention Giotto as an instance of the strange fact that the rarest treasures of soul are frequently hidden in mishapen forms. But under this repulsive exterior dwelt the kindest heart and happiest disposition, and a mind that, with all its manifold accomplishments, was far too large to admit of the least shade of selfish vanity. None of that morbid melancholy which frequently clouds the most gifted natures saddened the life or darkened the soul of Giotto; on the contrary, he was endowed with a large share of practical common sense, that rare accompaniment of genius, with a shrewd intellect, and excellent power of reasoning, along with the keen sense of humor and most unfailing lightheartedness of heart. No man loved a joke better, or was quicker at repartee, or more full of innocent fun; and countless are the amusing anecdotes, the playful sallies, and witty sayings which dropped from Giotto's lips and are repeated by his contemporaries and friends. Every one who has heard the story of the country and from Rome to the Pope to inquire into the merits of the respective artists; how he entered Giotto's shop and asked for a specimen of his drawing, and how Giotto, taking up a sheet of paper and a pencil, and setting his arm firmly against his side, drew a perfect circle at one stroke and then handed the paper to the astonished Roman, saying, in reply to his exclamation and question if that was all, "It is enough, and more than enough," whence the saying, "P'u' tondo che l'odi Giotto," passed into a common proverb in Tuscany. Charming, again, is the picture left us by Boccaccio in the *Decamerone*, of the little, ill-favored painter trotting along the road to Mugello on a hired nag, in company with the learned advocate Messer Forese, one shrewd summer's day, both clad in old cloaks and hats, borrowed at some peasant's hut, and all bespattered with mud from head to foot. "Well, Giotto," said Messer Forese, "could a stranger, happening to see you now, even guess that you are the greatest painter in the whole world?" "Assuredly he would," returned the quickwitted artist, "if he holding your worship he could ever see such a truly good man as you are."

### The Florentine Artisan.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, when Venice was in the height of her power and the full flower of her glory, and when she was engaged in a constant warfare with the Turk, there was among her senators one named Brabantio, who was held in honor by his fellows and by the Duke of Doge himself. The mistress of his household was his young daughter, Desdemona, whom he loved the more tenderly because her mother had died in her childhood, and the girl had grown to early womanhood watching over him as his fatherly eye, and had gradually come to fill a wife's and a daughter's place both in his household and in his heart. The lack of a mother's watchful care and constant cautions had developed in Desdemona an independence of character and a self-reliance to which otherwise she might not have attained; and this independence her position as the head of the domestic establishment of a member of the proudest and most powerful oligarchy of modern Europe powerfully strengthened and confirmed. Desdemona's nature was gentle, submissive, and self-sacrificing, but at the same time passionate; and the result of the influence of her circumstances upon this nature was a union of boldness, or rather of openness in thought and action with a warmth and tenderness of feeling and a capacity of self devotion which are found only in women of highly and delicately strong organizations. With an imagination which wrought out for her grand ideals, and a soul finely attuned to all the higher influences of life, she was yet a careful housekeeper, and gave herself up loyally to the duties imposed upon her by her position in her father's house. Notwithstanding her beauty, her rank, her accomplishments, she had suffered herself to be captivated by a young man, partly because of her preoccupation, but chiefly rather because she cherished in her heart such a lofty ideal of manhood that there were few noble gentlemen even in Venice who could captivate her eye, or touch her heart. One young Venetian named Rodrigo had become deeply enamored of her beauty. He could not love her as she would be loved, and still less could he look upon her with an eye of favor, for he was a silly snipe—a compound of self-conceit and folly and foppery; a coarse but feeble animal, with an outside fantastically tricked out by his tailor—Galaxy.

### Value Friends.

There are friends who are friends only for the hour, friends for the noon-tide and the flood; they have no real tie, and as you discover if your horizon gets clouded over, and foul weather comes in place of fair; if your rushing waters run dry, and your goodly vessels are stranded on the beach. These are the parasites of life, and clinging growths which twine around the stronger trees and maybe strangle them before they die.

—Harrisburg has shipped 2,000 bushels of chestnut this season, and expects to ship 1,000 bushels more.

that Toby, the parrot, had been remonstrated.

"Where's Toby?" he inquired.

"In the hall. I thought it a more suitable place," replied his wife.

"I prefer he should be in this room," answered the husband.

"Why?"

"I have my reasons," coldly said Mr. Wood.

"Mr. Wood, I think I understand you; but I will not talk further on this matter now."

Gus rose quickly, anticipating a scene, and bowing to the lady and gentleman, passed into the hall. Mr. Wood soon followed him, to go up the stairway, when Toby cried out with a shriek: "That man kissed your wife—that man kissed your wife!"

In a day or two a quarrel followed about this, and the expression of the salutation. In bowing to a lady the hat is only lifted from the head, not held out at arm's length for a view of the interior. If smoking, the gentleman manages to withdraw his cigar before lifting his hat; or, should he happen to have his hand in his pocket, he must remove it. Gentlemen who are driving are often embarrassed by lowering acquaintances. They are obliged to keep a tight hold of the reins, and that is impossible if they remove their hats. A well-bred foreigner would never dream of saluting a lady by raising his whip to his hat.

American gentlemen have adopted this custom, but it would be still better if they would set the fashion of bowing without touching the hat or raising the reins, and then occupied by their driving. Our ideas of what constitutes politeness in such points are entirely controlled by custom, and if it were an understood thing that gentlemen who are driving are not expected to take off their hats, the simple inclination of the head, a trifler lower, perhaps, than when the hat is lifted, will soon be accepted as a good form by all sensible people. It certainly is a more respectful form of salutation than raising the whip, which shocks those who have not become habituated to this modern innovation.

A well-bred person instinctively bows the moment that he recognizes an acquaintance, at the instant of the first meeting of the eyes. According to the rule of courts, and of good society everywhere, anyone who has been introduced to you, or any lady to whom you have been introduced, is entitled to this mark of respect. A bow does not entail a calling acquaintance, and to neglect it shows a neglect in early education, as well as a deficiency in cultivation and in the instincts of a gentleman; so that the truth of Saint Loup's assertion, that the bow is the touchstone of good breeding, is made good. A gentleman walking with a lady recedes a bow made to her, lifting his hat not too far from his head.

It is a civility to return a bow, although you do not know the one who is bowing to you. The more cultivated a person is, the more prompt he will be found in such civilities. Either the one who bows knows you, or has mistaken you for some one else. In either case, you should return the bow, and probably the mistake will be discovered, and have occurred from want of a quick recognition on your own part, or from some resemblance that you bear to another. In either case, the bow costs you nothing, and the withholding of it shows you to be gauche or rude. Young people often wait for the recognition of the elder, having been instructed by books that it is the place of the elder to show the first recognition. No book can replace the training of parents in such matters, or the instinct of kind hearts.

The one introduction that entitles to recognition having been once made, it is the duty of the younger person to recall himself or herself to the recollection of the elder person by bowing each time of meeting, until the acquaintance becomes mutual. As persons advance in life, they look for these attentions upon the part of the young, and it may be in some instances that it is the only way which the young have of showing their appreciation of courtesies extended to them by the old or middle-aged. Those who have large circles of acquaintance often confuse the faces of the young whom they meet and do not know, and from frequent errors of this kind they get into the habit of waiting to catch some look or gesture of recognition.

### Porcelain Painting.

There is no pleasanter or more fashionable occupation at the present day than that of painting on china. This art has for some time been very popular among the German ladies, especially in Dresden and Berlin, where the facilities for painting and firing the china are much greater than with us. In England, the Mintons have established an art studio at South Kensington, and nearly all of their finest porcelain is decorated there by talented artists. At the Doulton Pottery, in London, over fifty young ladies, who have studied under Mr. Spink's, are engaged in the decoration of the Lambeth faience, and one of them, Miss Hannah B. Barlow, is considered by a London art critic, as the equal of Rosa Bonheur, in the delineation of animals. Outside of these schools of art there are a great many talented lady artists in England, and not long since an exhibition of paintings on porcelain by artists and amateurs was held in London under the patronage of H. H. the Crown Princess of Germany. These pictures were all original and attracted a great deal of attention, with a unanimous expression of approval from the art critics. The gold medal, presented by the Crown Princess, for the competition of lady amateurs, was won by Mrs. George Stapleton, who exhibited three fine designs of flowers and fruit, conventional in treatment. Many other paintings were almost equally meritorious.

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### Making a Bow—Hints on the Etiquette of that Social Procedure.

"A bow," says La Fontaine, "is a note drawn at sight. You are bound to acknowledge it immediately, and to the full amount." According to circumstances, it should be respectful, cordial, civil or familiar. An inclination of the head is often sufficient between gentlemen, or a gesture of the hand under some circumstances, or the mere touching of the hat; but in bowing to a lady the hat must be lifted. If you know people slightly, you recognize them slightly; if you know them well you bow with more cordiality. The body is not bent at all in bowing as in the days of the old school forms of politeness; the inclination of the head is all that is necessary.

One's own judgment ought to be sufficient to the expression of the salutation. In bowing to a lady, the hat is only lifted from the head, not held out at arm's length for a view of the interior. If smoking, the gentleman manages to withdraw his cigar before lifting his hat; or, should he happen to have his hand in his pocket, he must remove it. Gentlemen who are driving are often embarrassed by lowering acquaintances. They are obliged to keep a tight hold of the reins, and that is impossible if they remove their hats. A well-bred foreigner would never dream of saluting a lady by raising his whip to his hat.

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### Napoleon's First Marriage.

The Directory was established. It had now to renew its champion, Barras having become chief of the Directors, resigned his military appointment, the command of the Army of the Interior, as it was called; and presented it for his recent coadjutor. But such a post, which must either keep him out of actual warfare, or confine his energies to civil contests, if any more should arise, was far from satisfying the ambition of Bonaparte. It was equally far from meeting the requirements of the State. The Republic was at war on all sides; in Germany, in Spain and in Italy. In the other quarters it had not been successful; but in the North of Italy, a series of disasters had befallen its arms, and the feeling of dissatisfaction with its general, Scherer, was universal. A change was evidently required there; and Bonaparte, who was perhaps alone in his perception how grand a field for exertion and distinction was open in that country, conceived an earnest desire to obtain the command, for which the experience of the state and character of the adjacent districts, which he had acquired while serving in the Alps, was some recommendation. And while his mind was full of this hope, chance threw him in the way of a lady who had great influence with Barras. Among the victims of the "Terror" had been a general Bonaparte, and his wife had two children; and while Bonaparte was General of the Army of the Interior, his son, a fine boy of twelve years old, came to him one day to beg that his father's sword might be returned to him. Bonaparte complied with the request, the very character of which commended it to his favor, and spoke to the child with such encouraging kindness that his mother visited him a few days afterward to thank him for his notice of her boy. Madame Bonaparte was handsome and pre-eminently graceful and attractive. She had shared her husband's prison, but had been released at the fall of Robespierre, since which event she had been on terms of the closest intimacy with Barras. Her graces now made a very deep impression on the young general, whose previous circumstances had not thrown him much into the society of ladies of high breeding. After a short acquaintance he sought her in marriage. She hesitated. Some of those who envied him have fixed on him the nickname of General Vendemiaire; as if the only triumph which he was qualified to gain were over citizen soldiers. And there were not wanting friends of her own to ridicule his somewhat wild appearance; his swagger face, and long hair hanging down over his shoulders; and what was a greater objection still, his evident poverty. But she, too, was ambitious; he had an enthusiastic way of talking which persuaded her that he was capable of great deeds; and Barras promised her that, if she would consent to marry him, he would procure for him as her husband the command of the Army of Italy. His ardor prevailed; she lately consented to the Director's wish; the marriage took place on March 19, 1796, and two days afterward, the young commander in chief quitted his bride's arms to commence a campaign which was to lead to the attainment of a loftier destiny than either of them had as yet ventured to expect.

### How Small Hens Count.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week—no much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family; or, if you could year—and this amount, invested in a savings bank at the end of a year and the interest thereon at six per cent., computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$68—enough to buy a good farm in the west.

Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—\$4.50 cents a week—enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$5,000. Quite enough to buy a good horse and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a penny of pins or a spoon of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin; \$35.50 in one year. Deposit this money as before, and you would have \$2,340 in twenty years—quite a snug little fortune.

Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; \$2.10 cents each week—more than enough to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper; \$105.00 a year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could produce good music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.

### Gloves.

Who amongst women or who amongst men first decked the hand with the elegant skin of an animal? Necessity or pleasure, which invented the first glove? And yet we know that gloves have been made from time immemorial. In ancient Rome, as well as Athens, the wearing of gloves was regarded as a mark of luxury and elegance. And in later days history relates that when the last scion of the dynasty of Suiab was driven to the sea-shore by Charles of Anjou, conqueror at Champs du Lys, he justified in loud and haughty tones his title to the crown, and just before his death, thinking that he would invest some of his friends with the dignity which had been taken from himself, he threw his glove into the midst of the crowd, calling on the bravest man to pick it up and avenge his fate. In our days the glove appears principally to private life, and is as much a matter of necessity as one's hat or coat.

—The Baldwin Manufacturing Works at Philadelphia have contracted to furnish the Russian government with 130 first-class locomotives.

Giotto's Ugliness and Good Humor.

Meagre as our information is, and doubtful as we must be concerning much of Giotto's history, something at least of his person and character which helps to make the great Florentine more than a mere name, and serves to endear him to us with the warmth and reality of a living being. Little of stature, and ill-favored by countenance, Giotto's exterior ugliness formed a striking contrast to the beauty of his mind, and was so evident that it formed the constant subject of his friends' good humored jests, and is often alluded to by contemporaries. Bevenuto da Imola tells us that the artist's children were as ugly as himself, and Petrarca and Boccaccio both mention Giotto as an instance of the strange fact that the rarest treasures of soul are frequently hidden in mishapen forms. But under this repulsive exterior dwelt the kindest heart and happiest disposition, and a mind that, with all its manifold accomplishments, was far too large to admit of the least shade of selfish vanity. None of that morbid melancholy which frequently clouds the most gifted natures saddened the life or darkened the soul of Giotto; on the contrary, he was endowed with a large share of practical common sense, that rare accompaniment of genius, with a shrewd intellect, and excellent power of reasoning, along with the keen sense of humor and most unfailing lightheartedness of heart. No man loved a joke better, or was quicker at repartee, or more full of innocent fun; and countless are the amusing anecdotes, the playful sallies, and witty sayings which dropped from Giotto's lips and are repeated by his contemporaries and friends. Every one who has heard the story of the country and from Rome to the Pope to inquire into the merits of the respective artists; how he entered Giotto's shop and asked for a specimen of his drawing, and how Giotto, taking up a sheet of paper and a pencil, and setting his arm firmly against his side, drew a perfect circle at one stroke and then handed the paper to the astonished Roman, saying, in reply to his exclamation and question if that was all, "It is enough, and more than enough," whence the saying, "P'u' tondo che l'odi Giotto," passed into a common proverb in Tuscany. Charming, again, is the picture left us by Boccaccio in the *Decamerone*, of the little, ill-favored painter trotting along the road to Mugello on a hired nag, in company with the learned advocate Messer Forese, one shrewd summer's day, both clad in old cloaks and hats, borrowed at some peasant's hut, and all bespattered with mud from head to foot. "Well, Giotto," said Messer Forese, "could a stranger, happening to see you now, even guess that you are the greatest painter in the whole world?" "Assuredly he would," returned the quickwitted artist, "if he holding your worship he could ever see such a truly good man as you are."

The Florentine Artisan.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, when Venice was in the height of her power and the full flower of her glory, and when she was engaged in a constant warfare with the Turk, there was among her senators one named Brabantio, who was held in honor by his fellows and by the Duke of Doge himself. The mistress of his household was his young daughter, Desdemona, whom he loved the more tenderly because her mother had died in her childhood, and the girl had grown to early womanhood watching over him as his fatherly eye, and had gradually come to fill a wife's and a daughter's place both in his household and in his heart. The lack of a mother's watchful care and constant cautions had developed in Desdemona an independence of character and a self-reliance to which otherwise she might not have attained; and this independence her position as the head of the domestic establishment of a member of the proudest and most powerful oligarchy of modern Europe powerfully strengthened and confirmed. Desdemona's nature was gentle, submissive, and self-sacrificing, but at the same time passionate; and the result of the influence of her circumstances upon this nature was a union of boldness, or rather of openness in thought and action with a warmth and tenderness of feeling and a capacity of self devotion which are found only in women of highly and delicately strong organizations. With an imagination which wrought out for her grand ideals, and a soul finely attuned to all the higher influences of life, she was yet a careful housekeeper, and gave herself up loyally to the duties imposed upon her by her position in her father's house. Notwithstanding her beauty, her rank, her accomplishments, she had suffered herself to be captivated by a young man, partly because of her preoccupation, but chiefly rather because she cherished in her heart such a lofty ideal of manhood that there were few noble gentlemen even in Venice who could captivate her eye, or touch her heart. One young Venetian named Rodrigo had become deeply enamored of her beauty. He could not love her as she would be loved, and still less could he look upon her with an eye of favor, for he was a silly snipe—a compound of self-conceit and folly and foppery; a coarse but feeble animal, with an outside fantastically tricked out by his tailor—Galaxy.

Value Friends.

There are friends who are friends only for the hour, friends for the noon-tide and the flood; they have no real tie, and as you discover if your horizon gets clouded over, and foul weather comes in place of fair; if your rushing waters run dry, and your goodly vessels are stranded on the beach. These are the parasites of life, and clinging growths which twine around the stronger trees and maybe strangle them before they die.

—Harrisburg has shipped 2,000 bushels of chestnut this season, and expects to ship 1,000 bushels more.