

### Haydn's "Creation."

"While on a visit to London in the year 1795," says an interesting writer, "Haydn heard Handel's 'Messiah' splendidly rendered by an orchestra of over a thousand performers at Westminster Abbey; and the effect of this sent him back to Germany with his mind stirred with the impulse to compose an oratorio.

"The result was that great and glorious conception—'The Creation.' No sooner was he settled in the quiet domicile at Gunpendorf, than he fell to work upon this masterpiece. This was late in 1796, and in the beginning of the year 1798 the oratorio was completed. Two years the old man took to rear this colossal musical structure; for, he said, 'I spent much time over it because I intend it to last a long time.'

"Haydn always led a very religious life. All his scores were inscribed at the commencement with the words, 'In nomine Domini,' or 'Soli Deo gloria'; while at the conclusion of them is written his 'Laus Deo,' but 'I was,' he says, 'never so pious as when engaged upon the "Creation." I fell on my knees daily, and prayed earnestly to God that He would grant me strength to carry out the work, and to praise Him worthily.' It is said, too, that in composing, whenever he felt the ardor of his imagination decline, or was stopped by some insurmountable difficulty, he rose from his work and resorted to prayer—an expedient which, he said, never failed to revive him.

"A few weeks after its completion, the 'Creation' was first performed in the rooms of the Schwartzenburg Palace. 'Who can describe the applause?' wrote an eye-witness. 'The flower of the literary and musical society of Vienna were assembled in the room, which was well adapted to the purpose, and Haydn himself directed the orchestra. The most profound silence, the most scrupulous attention—sentiment—I might almost say, of religious respect—were the dispositions when the first stroke of the bow was given.

"The general expectation was not disappointed. A long train of beauties, till that moment unknown, unfolded themselves before us; our minds, over-come with pleasure and admiration, experienced during two successive hours what they had rarely felt—a happy existence, produced by desires, ever likely, ever renewed, and never disappointed. The work very soon found its way round Germany, and Europe, too.

"Paris strove to surpass all other cities in doing homage to Haydn's masterpiece, and in the year 1800 a performance of it took place there. On this occasion the applause was deafening; and the virtuosi engaged in it, in their enthusiasm, and to show their veneration for Haydn, resolved to present him with a large gold medal, which was adorned on one side with a likeness of Haydn, and on the other side with an upright lyre, over which was a burning flame in the midst of a circle of stars. On the medal was this inscription:

"Homage à Haydn, par les Musiciens qui ont exécuté l'Oratorio de la 'Creation du Monde,' au Théâtre des Arts, l'an IX, de la République Francaise. MDCC."

"In England the 'Creation' is, and probably ever will be, the most popular of all Haydn's works. For depth of feeling, solemnity, and suitability of character; for its powerful and complete grasp of the subject—in fact, for its whole bearing as an oratorio—the 'Creation' holds a place among the finest examples which have ever been written in this form of composition."

### "Available" Manuscripts.

Some months since the "Easy Chair" endeavored to soothe the minds of authors who are naturally disappointed by the return of their manuscripts by a plain narration of the facts in a recent case, where the writer was sure that the editor had been caught tripping, and had even returned a paper without reading it. Indeed, there seems to be a widespread suspicion that this particular wrong to the author is very common, and manuscripts are often received for examination with dexterous little devices to test the actuality of the examination. This fact enables the "Easy Chair" to remind poets and other kind contributors that they have not probably found it necessary to read Pollock's "Course of Time" from the first word to the last to determine whether it was a poem to their taste, and to suggest that a few pages of Tupper undoubtedly authorized them to pronounce upon his comparative merit with Milton and Shakespeare. Is it really necessary to read every page in a book to discover that it is not worth reading?

If a manuscript of 500 pages or less, therefore, be intrusted to the editor for examination, it is not necessary for him to ponder every page in order to reach a satisfactory opinion of its suitability. So if the stitch ingeniously inserted from pages 40 to 50 be intact when the manuscript returns, it does not demonstrate that the editor betrayed his trust. In the instance to which the "Easy Chair" has alluded the author cited dates and postmarks to prove that the paper had been returned without examination. The author was undoubtedly of that opinion, but a few plain words from the editor were conclusive upon the point that it had been carefully considered, and had been declined for reasons perfectly satisfactory to the editor. To complain that they are satisfactory to him is to complain that he is himself and not another. For it will perhaps occur to every writer who sends a paper for consideration that he sends it because he thinks it to be peculiarly suitable for publication in the "Magazine," and, consequently, if the judgment of the author should decide, it might be properly assumed that everything which is submitted would be accepted. In that event the world would not contain the volumes of magnificence that must be printed.

But the "Easy Chair" has never alleged that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their abstract merits. On the contrary, any such judgment is carefully disclaimed, and it is announced plainly that the verdict is rendered solely upon the ground of availability. The "Easy Chair" is of opinion

that the editor would have returned Jonathan Edwards' treatise upon the will had it been offered for serial publication in the "Magazine," but solely for the reason that he did not think it not suitable for the "Magazine." So if the correspondent's epic, or lyric, or essay, or sketch, or tale, or whatever his offering may have been, was returned, it was not because it was thought not to be meritorious, but because it was not available.—George William Curtis, in "Harper's Magazine."

### The First Copper Cents.

The earliest American copper coins made by any State were made at Rupert, in Vermont, and before Vermont had been admitted into the Union. A mint was there established for eight or ten years, having a capacity to stamp sixty coppers, upon which the so-called "baby-head" goddess of liberty appeared; but truth compels me to say that this goddess was no more comely than that on the coins of the present day, although she was 100 years younger. The owner of the mint, Reuben Harmon, was bound to pay the state 2½ per cent. for his privilege. At first these coins passed two for a penny, then four, and then eight, when they no longer paid for the cost, mainly on account of the sudden competition of other States, and of the large importations of Birmingham hardware, commonly called "Bungtown coppers." We had no protective tariff then, and we have none now, against "Bungtowns," whether of copper or silver.

In 1787, by authority of Congress, a contract was made with James Jarvis for 300 tons of copper coin, of the Federal standard, and cents were coined at the New Haven mint of the following description: On one side thirteen circles linked together, a small circle in the middle, with the words, "We are one;" on the other side a sun-dial, and below the dial the words, "Mind your business."

In 1792 Congress authorized the coinage of a copper cent weighing 264 grains, which was reduced in 1793 to 208 grains, and again reduced in 1796 to 168 grains, later to 140 grains, on which the so-called "booby-head" appears, and in 1857 to 72 grains, of which 88 per cent. was to be copper and 12 per cent. nickel. In 1864 it was once more reduced to 48 grains—95 per cent. of copper and 5 per cent. of tin or zinc. Finally, in 1882, the last change was made to three-fourths of copper and one-fourth of nickel, but the weight remains at 48 grains.

The frequent and wide alterations which have been made in our copper coins show that intrinsic value has almost vanished, and they bear no proportional value to other coins; but at the start, when copper bore a much higher price, the weight of the cent was fixed at five and a half times what it is now. In the southern portion of our country, and especially on the Pacific coast, copper coins have been as uncircumstated as the yellow-haired Chinaman, or for a long time they were practically tabooed, and even now they are unwelcome travelers, much in need of a passport. Wherever not altogether snubbed the copper cent must pass, as Wood's notable copper coins must have passed in America or Ireland, far above any real value, and with little other merit beyond the dusky color now supplied to its face to our recent Indian image "Liberty." After common use these coins assume a deeper Ethiopic complexion, and become petty nuisances, as well as cents, redolent of many coppery smells, which are easily translated to other coins, or to anything with which they hold pocket intercourse. Copper as a metal is wondrously useful, daily becoming more so, but neither Lycurgus nor Hamilton would at this day think of stamping it as money. Certainly we can do better. If the cent and 2 cent coins were now made wholly of nickel the Government would obtain an ample seigniorage; and the nickel, when compared with swarthy copper, is immaculate, or clean and bright. The importance of the cent coinage will be realized when we find that over 40,000,000 pieces were coined the past year.

### Musical.

"Did I drop any notes, William?" asked a young lady of her beau, as she turned away from the piano.

"Not that I noticed," was the reply, "but I understand your father did."

"Why, what instrument was he playing on?"

"The Board of Trade."

"I'll see if I was calling me," said she, as she kicked the cuspidor into his hat and left the room.—Newman Independent.

A MAN left the table at his hotel the other day because there was a dwarf present. He said good digestion could not wait on appetite where there was any d—n-mite. The landlord says that this facetious individual ought to be shot from the deadly level of a gun.—Chicago Tobacco World.

OLD putty can be removed without injury to the sash or glass by passing a hot soldering iron over it. The heat of the iron softens it readily, and permits its removal with a knife or chisel without much trouble.

TOBACCO RAISING IN North Carolina is not so bad a business. A Warrenton farmer refused \$1,000 for his crop of seven acres.

A MAN may talk continually and not be eloquent; sound and substance are not twins.

### The Multiplication of Diseases.

Diseases multiply. One begets another. A trifling indisposition may, therefore, originate a complication of dangerous maladies. Indigestion begets far more formidable diseases; a multitude of ailments are traceable to constipation; fever and ague unbalance the sensitive nervous system, and it is, therefore, the source of the prot of the human organism. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, whether resorted to at the inception of these disorders of the stomach, or liver, or spleen, will be of great service to the majority of diseases and disabilities, or taken internally, they have ripened into formidable maturity, are alike powerful to cure. The process of recovery is, of course, longer when the malady has gained foothold, but, when the malady has gained foothold, the cure is, of course, longer. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do what it claims to do. It is surely a golden gift to humanity; that it will do excellent service, but we hardly admit of a doubt. If we take into consideration the experience and position of its author, and the thousands of most trustworthy witnesses of its wonderful power in their individual cases, Dr. Pierce is well known to the general public, not only for his Golden Discovery, but

### A TRUE FAIRY STORY.

In a large and beautiful castle lived three sisters. The two oldest were handsome and proud, and their names were Mary Maud and Maud Marian. The youngest was neither handsome nor proud, and her name was Triste. Triste, as you know, means sad or afflicted, and this Triste was named for her condition. She had once had a prettier name—Rosabel, in fact,—but everybody now called her Triste the Sad. She stayed in a small room, without windows, at the very top of the castle, as far away as she could possibly get from the singing and laughing, and music and all the good times that were continually going on in the gardens and rooms below, where her sisters lived. Here in this little dark room, when it was morning, poor Triste would say, "Would God it were evening!" and when it was evening she would always say, "Would God it were morning!" and these two remarks were all the remarks she ever made.

Once an' Evil Eye had looked hard upon Triste and made her ugly and deformed. She had bunches and swellings, she was limp and trembling, and her face—well, if you looked at it once you did not care to look again. For the aches and pains that started, she staggered and zigzagged through the castle, and one would say to another, "What body like hers could make room for so many?

So Triste stayed in her dark room, and made her morning and her evening remark day after day, while Mary Maud and Maud Marian went to the balls and the tournaments and the feasts. Whenever the sounds of mirth and music from below where loud enough to reach Triste's room at the top of the castle, she would throw her face into her hands and weep, and the weeping and the making of two remarks were all the amusements she had.

But after a while something wonderful happened. One morning as Triste was sitting in her room wishing it was evening, she heard a new sound. It was not the mirth and music, it was not the clumsy-footed servant bringing up the dreadful gruel, it was something coming up the winding-stairs with a rattling noise. The taps came on, and finally Triste's door opened and a little, old, bent-over woman with a walking-stick came in. This old woman's face was white and wrinkled, her hair was white as snow, her eyes were black and very bright that they lit up a space around her like a couple of candles and made Triste's dark room quite light. The little old woman tapped three times on the floor with her walking stick and looked round the room. "I am your godmother," she said, when she saw Triste up in the corner; "you don't remember me, but I remember you; I didn't forget you, my poor child."

"Oh, would God it were evening!" said Triste, trying to be sociable, and meaning, perhaps, "Good-morning" or "How do you do?" or something like that.

"Hark ye, goddaughter," said the godmother, "do you want to go to the tournament with your sisters? Do you want to sit down at the feasts? Do you want to have the brave young knights and princes, with their snow-white plumes and their coal-black chargers, come riding to woo you as they do to woo your sisters? Do you want to sing? Do you want to laugh? Do you want to dance?"

Then Triste put her head into her hands and began to cry by way of varying the sociability.

"Stop your crying, goddaughter," said the godmother, tapping her three taps on the floor again, and as Triste raised her head she shone upon her with her beautiful eyes and dried up the tears, and while her eyes were shining she went on talking:

"I was your godmother when you were christened Rosabel. When the Evil Eye struck you and cursed you, and you were turned into Triste the Sad, I did not desert you like the others. I have been wandering over the world ever since to find the Fairy that could cure you. I have been to the court of King of Kings, and of which three years in relief a letter, all the letters spelling out a poem to Buddha, and this vegetable poem being beautifully varled year after year as the tree renewed its foliage. If the vegetable life, whatever it may be, from which Dr. Pierce gets the wonderful remedial agents of his Golden Medical Discovery, were thus to spell out the rejoicing of those it had blessed, we should have a poem to match that of the red tree of Koubum, like it varying itself season by season as new cases and causes of rejoicing were given."

JUDGE BRYCHIE, of Maryland, has fourteen handsome daughters. Of course they are all angels, for "Hitches have wings."—Texas Siftings.

Caution to Dairymen.

Ask for Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Improved Butter Color, and take no other. Beware of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other one is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it, write to us at Burlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of tests have been made, and they always prove it the best.

NO MATTER how often you file a mortgage, it never reduces the amount of the debt.—Texas Siftings.

"Samaritan Nervine cured our child's fits. The doctors failed." Henry Knee, Verrilla, Tenn.

The orchestra, if they care to play with spirit, try to have perfect run of the bars.

"PARALYZED persons permanently cured." Guaranteed by proprietors Samaritan Nervine.

"Wuss than That."

A lone man sat in the railroad depot at Elmira, having a lean grip-sack at his elbow, and his battered hat drawn down over his eyes.

"Come from New York?" queried an old chap in a gray wool suit, as he sat down on the bench beside him.

"Yes."

"They say the stock market down thar has bin rathar perturbed of late?" continued the old man.

"Yes."

"Happen to perturb you any?"

"Perturb! Perturb!" growled the Yoker, "why, you old ass, I was cleaned out of \$48,000 inside of three days, and am now hunting for a railroad job in the West! Isn't that perturbed?"

"Well," answered the old man, as he scratched his head from north to south, "I should say that it was wuss—considerably wuss, and I'm blown if I don't travel with you! I've lost \$40 at bunko, and we kin squeeze hands and sympathize!"

Saving the Other Nine Stitches.

"Why are you whipping that boy?" asked a policeman.

"He's my son."

"What has he done to deserve such severe punishment?"

"He ain't done nothin' yet, but as I am goin' away from home to-day to be gone some time, and knowing that he'll need it before I get back, I thought I'd better give it to him now."—Arkansas Traveler.

Chilblains and Frost Bites.

Use Dr. Weaver's Cerate according to directions and they are cured. It cures by subduing the inflammation and brings the parts to health.

The Secret of Living.

Sevill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, will cure scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, indorsing it in the highest terms. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

She did not half believe it until the old godmother came from behind some shrubbery, laughing, her quicksilver laughs fast and sharp, and saying, "Ho! ho! ho! Rosabel! Rosabel!" whereupon she gave a chance between the laughs. And Mary Maud and Maud Marian, who happened to be walking in the garden, heard the laughing and came to the fountain, and when they saw and understood what they prosed, Triste in their arms, crying for joy over her, and calling her their beautiful Rose.

And so it was ever afterwards, Mary Maud, Maud Marian, and Rosabel were the three sisters that lived in the castle. Triste the Sad was the top of the castle, and the last, lost forever. When Rosabel went up to take a last look at her old fair, she found that the doleful little Fair had departed, but on the deserted bottle had left its name,—"Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

The above is perfectly true in all the truth of its setting forth, and, indeed, the truth in it has considerably cracked and is falling to pieces, but the coating. Do we not all know and appreciate it to whom it is a source of pain?

HAZELDALE is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrah.

SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Cure guaranteed. Use Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer according to directions, and it will cure ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Try it; it surely will not hurt you.

For sick headache, natures and dizziness, Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator has no equal.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Cure will give you a night's rest.

also in connection with the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, N. Y.; as author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," and other medical works of great practical value; and as originator and proprietor of several specific remedies, one of which is the alternative "Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and his great "Golden Medical Discovery." Work together in allies in the cure of disease, and receive relief at once. She has used three bottles since and is now using the fourth, and her health is better than for many years. We cheerfully recommend it to all afflicted with any trouble of the throat or lungs. We never get our money through John Potter, our merchant at this place.

Yours respectfully, Rev. J. B. Fly, Brookline Station, Mo. SUSAN E. FLY.

### Pulmonary Consumption.

Dear Sir—I received the trial bottle of your White Wine of Tar Syrup which you sent to my address. My wife has been troubled with a lung disease for more than eighteen years, and was pronounced to be lost January in the last stages of Pulmonary Consumption. She commenced taking your valuable medicine and received relief at once. She has used three bottles since and is now using the fourth, and her health is better than for many years. We cheerfully recommend it to all afflicted with any trouble of the throat or lungs. We never get our money through John Potter, our merchant at this place.

Yours respectfully, Rev. J. B. Fly, Brookline Station, Mo. SUSAN E. FLY.

To Purify the Blood.

Dr. Weaver's Syrup is warranted superior to any compound now in use. A large share of all the diseases with which the human family are afflicted originate in Humors of the Blood. This remedy is purely vegetable and designed for Humors. Sold by all druggists.

"Bough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c