

The Port Tobacco Times.



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Historical.

From London Society.
AGNES SOREL.

This celebrated favorite of Charles VII, of France—one who has inherited from her own time to ours, after a lapse of more than four centuries, the distinctive sobriquet of "the beautiful Agnes" was the daughter of M. Soreau (vulgarly called Sorel, according to De Mezerai), the Seigneur de St. Geran, a noble gentleman of Touraine.

She was born in 1409, and in 1431, when in her two-and-twentieth year, received the appointment of attendant or lady of honor to Isabella, Queen of Naples and Sicily, from whose Court she passed into that of Mary, daughter of Louis II, Duke of Anjou afterwards Queen of Charles VII, where her rank, education, and, more than these, her marvelous beauty, all conspired to win her the perilsous attention of a King who was younger than herself. Agnes was not seventeen, as the fair authoress of the "Histoire des Favorites" asserts she was, at this time; but had attained the more mature age of at least twenty-eight—perhaps thirty, as Olivier de la Marche, a contemporary, when recording some event which took place in 1444, tells us that "the King had just elevated a poor lady, a pretty woman, called Agnes Sorel, and placed her in such triumph and power that her state was comparable to that of the great Princesses of the realm."

Her features were beautiful and expressive of extreme gentleness; her skin has been described as being of the hue of alabaster, and her hair was marvelously golden in its brightness. She was then in the full bloom and beauty of womanhood, and possessed a vivacity of manner which "spread an air full of charms on the least of her actions, so that the most insensible souls could not resist her" ("Histoire des Favorites.") "Heaven," says the authoress, "had not only endowed Agnes with the charms of face; she had an air full of grace, an admirable figure, more wit than any other woman in the world, and the most delicate and finely turned, with a certain greatness of soul which led her naturally to generosity; all her inclinations were noble; she was attentive, compassionate, ardent in friendship, discreet, sincere, and, in short, altogether fitted to make herself beloved to distraction."

De Mezerai writes of her as a "very agreeable and generous lady, who, by setting herself up as the equal of the greatest Princesses, became the envy of the Court and the scandal of France." With all her errors, Agnes was admitted to be lavish to the poor, to be pious, generally humble, and always patriotic and full of public spirit. The majority of historians have written most favorably of her, and never did the mistress of a King, especially a King who was her junior, make so wise a use of her perilous power, which she ever employed only for the good of others. Pride and an extreme love of dress are the chief errors alleged against her, but to her influence of Charles VII must be attributed all the good that ever appeared in him, and the effort to which he was roused—that essay by which, at last, the invading English were driven from the soil of France; for he had been a lover of pleasure, "and of the fair sex, which never can be a vice," adds Voltaire, "save when it leads to vicious actions."

Charles was neither a war-like nor a high-spirited King. The influence of England in France after the death of its conqueror, Henry V, was so nobly sustained by his brother, the Duke of Bedford, that after the demise of Charles VI, his successor had been crowned at Poitiers, Rheims being then in possession of the foe; and he was but the monarch of a nominal Kingdom, France having greatly aided the English invaders, as she was rent by two rival factions, one led by the Duke of Burgundy and the other by the Duke of Orleans. Charles VI had been alternately the prisoner of each, and the Dauphin was the scoff of both—often a fugitive, and always in danger of destruction.

When the latter became Charles VII, aided by an alliance with Scotland—the usual "cat's-paw" of the French in their English wars—and a body of Scottish troops under the Earl of Buchan, who was Constable of

France, he made some show of resistance, when all hope seemed at an end, and to this unwonted activity he was roused by Agnes Sorel.

He had already conceived the feeble idea of retiring into Languedoc or Dauphiny, and contenting himself with the defense of these minor provinces, which, must eventually, have been wrested from him. Mary of Anjou, a Princess of great prudence and merit, vehemently opposed this measure, which she saw would lead to a general desertion of his cause by the French people.

"The fair Agnes Sorel," says Hume, "who lived in entire amity with the Queen, seconded all her remonstrances, and threatened that if he (Charles) thus pusillanimously threw away the sceptre of France, she would seek at the Court of England a fortune that was correspondent to her wishes."—Thus, the love of her on one hand, and dread of losing her on the other, roused in the breast of Charles VII a glow of courage which neither just ambition nor pure patriotism could kindle, and he resolved to dispute every inch of French soil with his imperious enemies, rather than yield ingloriously to an evil fortune and to the loss of his crown and mistress. And thus, in urging him to the field, Mary of Anjou was forced to seek the assistance of that fair rival who had supplanted her; and she seems at all times to have borne with singular sweetness of temper—with a resignation that some might think savored of indifference or stupidity—the alienation of the King's love for herself; and neither by action or word does she seem ever to have reproached the reigning favorite.

But now a new ally came in the person of Joan of Arc; victory attended her banners, and in two months Charles VII was crowned again, a step considered necessary after the double coronation of young Henry of England at Westminster and Paris. The loss of the latter city soon followed. The maid of Orleans perished at the stake; but her mission was accomplished—France was free, and England was glad to sign the Treaty of Arras.

After this consummation Charles abandoned himself entirely to the society of Agnes Sorel; "ease and prosperity," according to De Mezerai, "plunged him into dalliance and effeminate softness." She was his greatest passion, states Ducloux, and was the most worthy of it. She loved Charles tenderly for himself, and had no other object in her conduct than the glory of her somewhat soft lover and the good of the State. Agnes Sorel, he adds, distinguished herself by qualities preferable to those which are usually found in her sex—a rather obscure phrase. But, despite that some allege of her humbleness, ostentation and a love of splendor are said by others to have been among her weaknesses; but such are pardonable enough in a beautiful woman.

At court she appeared in all the state of a royal Princess. Her apartments were more expensively decorated with hangings of silk and taffeta, with furniture and tapestries, than those of the Queen, Mary of Anjou. She had a larger and more splendid retinue of servants than her royal mistress, and had quite as much reverence shown her. Her coaches, her linen, her vessels of gold and silver, her rings and other jewelry, all surpassed in beauty and in value those of the Queen. Even her kitchen surpassed that of the neglected wife; "for with this woman, called Agnes, whom I have seen and known," says the author of the "Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne," "The King was terribly besotted."

In some burst of temper, Agnes has been accused of having so arrogantly disregarded the feelings of the Queen that she was struck on the mouth by the son of the latter, the Dauphin, afterwards the cruel, subtle, and savage Louis XI, in whose whole character there was but one undeniably redeeming point—a love for his mother, with a tender reverence for her memory.

Agnes died in the year 1450, as many historians have affirmed, of poison, a common suspicion in those days, and for long after. De Mezerai states the circumstance broadly and clearly that when the King was at Junieges, 14 miles from Rouen, where there was a vast and famous abbey containing no less than 2,000 monks and lay brethren.

"They (i. e., the courtiers) poisoned his dear Agnes de Soreau, without whom he could not live one moment."

Napoleon the First.

History has not represented the first Napoleon as he was in reality. Poets, private secretaries, courtiers, enthusiasts, enemies and clamorers have drawn the portrait. We propose to examine his character from the point of view of physiologists and positivists. Napoleon was neither dark nor fair. He had dark chestnut hair, eyes gray, complexion of a pale brown, without any red in it, and a smooth skin. The brain was large; the skull belonged to the largest development ever known. His circulation was slow, the pulse counting forty beats a minute; he perspired little; and was insensible alike to heat and cold, hunger and thirst; his chest was prominent, and his limbs well proportioned; his height was five feet two inches. Of a sympathetic temperament, he could support alike excess of physical and mental exertion. It was a constitution of granite. Warm baths, coffee and strong wines restored his circulation. His intellect was vast and many-sided, applying itself to details and generalizations; made up of prodigious memory that rapidly took account of place, number and cause, and the bearings of things, a genius, in fine, eminently practical and positive. Dissimulation, an extraordinary power of generalization, and a sluggish temperament make up this wonderful man; these qualities are the sources of his greatness. He was a fatalist. Events are brought about by a power superior to human will, he said. There is neither good nor bad in the world. The morality of an action is to be judged by its expediency. Religions are human institutions, serving as a sort of vaccine to protect us against the lower superstitions, to be defended, not in the interests of society, but in the interests of the priests. Such was his creed, and he naturally hated those who possessed a higher one. Consul, Emperor, prisoner, and exile, he hated philosophy and philosophers from first to last, and accused them of the misfortune he had himself brought upon France—the failure of the Russian expedition, the sore discontent of the nation, and so on.—"I believe neither in myself nor in my priests," he said, those metaphysicians, speaking of B. Constant, L. Chenier, Guizme and others, who showed hostility to the Concordat, "and are good for nothing but to be thrown into a pond. Je les ai comme une vermine sur mes habits."

It was natural that being as he eminently was a mystifier of the people, dazzling them with charlatry and words, he should fear and hate the spirit of independence. Tacitus was a mere writer of romance, Gibbon a brewer, because these two writers exposed the crimes of the Roman Emperors. Voltaire, Rousseau, Neckar, de Staël, J. B. Say, Gall, Montlosier, Raynouard, Lemerrier, were equally hateful to him, as were all writers, ancient and modern, who dared to think for themselves. For the exaltation of Caesarism, he wanted the Roman history to be written over again, and maintained a host of literatures for that purpose—Barene, Mme. de Genlis, Fierce, Montgaillard, Fontanes, Lacerdales, &c. Authors who ventured upon criticism were either exiled or thrown into prison. Foreign books and journals were prohibited—and quite locally. Free thought treats down the structure of falsehood and mystification called Bonapartism. He loved noise, movement, martial life, drums, trumpets and the destruction of life upon a large scale. Though circumspect in no small degree, he revealed this by one of his dispatches: "Sur une espace de lieue carree, 8,000 a 10,000 cadavres, et 4,000 a 5,000 chevaux tués; tout cela avait plus de relief sur un fonds de neige. The East was nothing; there, to use his own language, "on peut travailler au grand." To sum up the characteristics of Napoleon, he possessed one of the vastest intellects ever known, owing such superiority to his utter insensibility to impressions, his sluggish temperament, his wonderful faculty of combination and reasoning; war was to him a pastime; politics a personal affair only; he possessed neither religious, moral, nor political beliefs; he held the human race in profound contempt and was the greatest egotist ever known; a man of prodigious aptitude for knavery and mystification and for administrative power; an intellectual giant, who caused the retrogression of France and of all Europe, and who possessed one of the worst hearts that the history of the human race has disclosed. All lovers of progress ought to make a pilgrimage to Waterloo in their lives, not to exult over the destruction of a French army but to contemplate the spot where this great enemy of the human race fell a victim to his own excesses.

Poetry.

From St. Nicholas.
THE YELLOW COTTAGE.
BY MARION DOUGLAS.

"Mid fields with endless daisies white,
Between a river and a wood,
With not another house in sight,
The low-roofed yellow cottage stood,
Here I.

Long years ago, a little maid,
Through all life's rosy morning played.
No other child the region knew;
My only playmate was myself;
And all our books, a treasured few,
Were gathered on a single shelf;
But oh!

Not worth a king might prize could be
What those old volumes were to me!
On winter nights beside the fire,
In summer, sitting in the door,
I turned with love that did not tire,
Their well-worn pages o'er and o'er;
In me.

Though sadly fallen, it is true,
Their heroines all lived anew!
One day, about my neck a ruff
Of old flowers with fragrant breath,
I was, with conscious pride enough
To suit the part, Elizabeth;
The next

A child's shrill song, and singing, play
It was a siren's witching lay
On Sundays, underneath the tree
That overhung the orchard wall,
While watching, one by one, to see
The ripe, sweet apples fall,
I tried

My very best to make believe
I was in Eden and was Eve!
Oh golden hours! when I, to-day,
No more of hours, in bright array,
I dream, of stress fair;
I thought,

I am again the little maid
Who round the yellow cottage played!

Selected Miscellany.

Dungeon Life.

The following is one of the most affecting records in language. It is from Count Gonfalonieri's account of his imprisonment in the Fortress of Spielberg above the town of Brunn, in Moravia, for some political offense, in the reign of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who died in 1835:

"I am an old man now, but by fifteen my soul is younger than my body. Fifteen years I existed (for I did not live—it was not life) in the self same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone; I never rightly distinguished the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth—at the interval of a month or so—we would open our lips to ask each other if it were, indeed, possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth, we were silent. The sixth, he was taken away—I never knew where—to execution or to liberty; but I was glad he was gone. Even solitude was better than that dim, vacant face. After that I was alone. Only one event broke in upon my nine years' misery. One day it must have been a year or two after my companion left me the dungeon door was opened, and a voice—from whence proceeding I know not—uttered these words: "By order of his imperial majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago." Then the door was shut, and I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony upon me, and left me alone with it."

The companion for six years with Count Gonfalonieri was a Frenchman, Count Andryane, who has since published some memoirs of his own life, and mentions that Count Gonfalonieri was liberated at the Emperor's death, in 1835, and sent to the United States, and then returned to Austria, where he broke down with sorrow and suffering, and died at Urian, Pied de St. Gothard, December, 1846.

Count Andryane adds the touching incident that for a time Count Gonfalonieri was allowed to receive letters from his wife, and when she was dying she wrote several letters, dating them at different *fabre* periods, that he might, when delivered, think she was yet alive. This tender-loving kindness was, however, frustrated by the information of her death, so brutally conveyed by the order of the Emperor. Poor man! he was spared no single pang. It pleased God to "vex him with all his storms."

A good egg is made up of ten parts shell and nine of thirty parts yolk. A bad egg is made up of ten parts yolk and nine of thirty parts shell.

To the Farmers and Mechanics of Maryland.

The Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association having located its office for transaction of business, it becomes my duty, as presiding officer, to announce the fact, and cordially invite you to its rooms.

The charter of the Association requires that it should open rooms, as a place of resort for persons in pursuit of agricultural and mechanical information, and for reception of essays and discussions upon subjects in which farmers and mechanics are interested.

It is to fulfill this requirement of law, as well as from the benefit and advantage which experience teaches, as the result of co-operation and concert of action in all other branches of industry, wherever instituted, and the expectation of equally beneficial results, which has prompted the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association to longer to postpone the assumption of all the duties and obligations required in the law of its creation.

Maryland is one of the oldest States of the Union; practically nearer to the sea-board and the great West than any of her sister States. She possesses a soil in many locations naturally rich and fertile, and nowhere irresponsive to the improving hand of man. Her climate is mild, genial, and healthy; her land well watered with living springs and abundant water courses; and many of her rivers affording large water-power, but partially occupied, swelling into navigable streams, well supplied with fish and game, before entering the magnificent Chesapeake, upon whose bosom a very large coastwise and foreign commerce is borne to her metropolis at its head. From hence, in less than sixty minutes by rail, the Capital at Washington, once a part of Maryland, is reached; both together containing a population of one-half million souls, and both rapidly increasing in numbers. In addition, by canal and railroad, the State has an inexhaustible supply of the best quality of bituminous coal, cheaply and easily distributed to every county and neighborhood in the Commonwealth.

With such a combination of rare advantages, Maryland ought to be one of the foremost agricultural States in the Union. Truth forces the admission that she is not, but on the contrary her agriculture languishes and declines, and it would be folly to attempt to conceal what is so obvious and manifest. Rather should we search the cause and apply the remedy, if a remedy may be found. For that object this Association has been formed.

It has been thought that combined effort and consultation, so valuable in all other pursuits of life, could not fail to infuse new life, energy and thrift into our drooping agriculture. The State has created and liberally supported this Association; the city of Baltimore has also added almost an equal contribution, and patriotic and public spirited merchants and citizens of Baltimore, among whom was the late lamented Johns Hopkins, have contributed for the Fair Grounds and their improvement an amount equal to that of the State and city combined. The latter still proffer their continued aid and support, and the State tenders annually an amount equal to that contributed by the members of the Association up to the sum of two thousand dollars. It remains for the farmers and mechanics, for whose especial benefit this Association was created, to do their part.

As the President of the Association, it is my duty to address you, and to call upon you to show your appreciation of what has been so nobly done in your behalf. Especially do I appeal to my brother farmers to awake to renewed energy and activity in behalf of their noble calling, and of this its representative institution, I earnestly and urgently invite you to visit its rooms, enroll your names as its active members, and attend the regular monthly meetings of the Association. I also appeal to the merchant and manufacturer, the mechanic and the professional man, not to withhold their continuance aid and support. We are all naturally dependent, the one upon the other and all upon the bounteous gifts of Providence, who of the fruits of the earth gives us day by day our daily bread, and of the soil furnishes to the manufacturer the raw material, and to the merchant the exchanges of commerce. The beauty of an organization like this is, that it presents a broad platform, which knows neither sect nor party, and upon which all classes of business and callings of life, meet upon an even plane in which each has a common interest. I need scarcely add to this appeal the enumeration of the many subjects of interest which will from time to time be brought to the attention of the Association. I will only mention a few of the most pressing and important, which in my judgment ought to be considered and acted upon.

First, and most obvious, is the question of labor and emigration. We need labor, the true source of wealth and prosperity, and if we desire to add to the value of our land and increase the wealth of the State, a considerably increased population. All legitimate means ought therefore to be used to encourage emigration.

Second. Until increased population shall demand a subdivision of land, the system of tenancy must, to a considerable extent, prevail. To regulate it wisely and equitably demands wisdom, counsel and co-operation.

Third. In the present scarcity of farm labor, skilled and educated laborers to manage farm implements and labor-saving machinery are indispensable.

Fourth. Cheap transportation, and how to get the produce of land to market at the least cost, is in the present competition with the West a question of the first importance. Its true solution undoubtedly means good roads, and good roads mean wise laws faithfully executed. Maryland is sadly deficient in this respect, and her farmers cannot afford to stand still upon this important subject.

Fifth. The cost of fencing is very great in this State. To lessen this cost the laws of trespass and economy of enclosures needs to be better understood, and it may very profitably engage the attention of the Association.

Sixth. Sheep husbandry is a most important branch of farm economy. It involves the question of cheap clothing and an abundant supply of the very best manure, the main spring of successful farming.

Seventh. Commercial fertilizers demand the serious attention of farmers. They are very costly, and either a defect in quality or a want of care in application may result in serious loss. A very large capital is employed both in their manufacture and use, and the temptation and opportunity for fraud and imposition is too great to suppose it entirely free from cupidity. Honesty will not shun investigation, and fraud and imposition, if any, ought to be exposed.

These questions and others, which will, doubtless, from time to time be presented, cannot be satisfactorily settled without free interchange of sentiment and concert of action; some of them may even require legislation. You are, therefore, cordially and earnestly invited to visit the rooms of the Association, and to attend its regular meetings.

A. B. DAVIS, President.
Office of the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association, Jan. 1st, 1874.

A Definition of an Editor.

We have seen many definitions of many names, words and phrases, but the following of an editor, given by Josh Billings, is about the best we ever yet encountered:

An editor is a male being whose business is to navigate a nuzepaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts out manuscripts, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals matter, fites other peoples battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can git it, raises a large family, works 19 hours out ov every 24, knows no Sunday, gits damned by everybody, and once in a while whippit his sumboddy, livs poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no money, is rewarded for a life ov toil with a short but free obituary puff in the nuzepapers. Exchanges please copy.

The Original Inventor

of the Howe Sewing Machine, Elias Howe, Jr., did not compete for many years with companies who were paying him royalty for the use of his inventions. In the year 1866 he commenced manufacturing, and put the genius which invented the Sewing Machine, the experience learned from the failures and successes of other manufacturers, and the experience of a long life as a practical mechanic, into the Howe Machine. The proportionate increase in its sale, for the few short years of its existence, thus far, over that of all other Machines, fully establishes, not only its popularity, but the perfection to which it has been brought.

It is a noticeable fact that the Howe Machine Company has 400,000 of their Machines in use, although having existed but six years, while the company which claims to have the most in use has only about twice that number, though having existed twenty years.

ENCOURAGE YOUNG CHILDREN.—Encouragement works wonders with almost anybody, no matter what his occupation in life may be. A boy likes to be encouraged; so does a girl; a man likes it; also a woman; and even the old grandfather and grandmother has a relish for it.

Some parents often make a mistake in not giving their children credit when they do a thing well; and some unintentionally let a lesson that has been studied very hard, of a piece of work that has been well done by a boy or girl, pass by without the least notice. This discourages a child, and has a bad effect otherwise.

wrong, etc., without ever having a little friendly talk with them, and giving good advice, and encouraging them when they do right.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—In the removal of grease from clothing with benzol or turpentine, people most generally make the mistake of wetting the cloth with the turpentine and then rubbing it with a sponge or piece of cloth. In this way the fat gets dissolved, but spread over a greater space and not removed; the benzol or turpentine evaporates, and the fat covers now a greater surface than before.—The only way to radically remove grease spots is to place soft blotting paper beneath and on top of the grease spot, which spot has first been thoroughly saturated with the benzol and then well pressed. The fat gets now dissolved and absorbed by the paper, and entirely removed from the clothing.

Two Irishmen engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the bundles. Each would ride a while or "ride and tie," as the saying is. One day the Irishman who was on foot got close to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but by accident struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped, and began to groan and rub his shin. The man on the mule turned and asked:

"What's the matter?"
"The cratur's kicked me," was the reply.
"Be jabbers," said the other, "he's did that same to me on the back of my head."

A pretty rough page in natural history—The ram-page.

"You don't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.
When are skipping lambs like literary volumes? When they are bound in sheep.

A sportsman proves his superiority to his wife, Elizabeth, by saying that she is a Bet, but he is a better.

The only time when people are willing to accept short waits is at the production of a new play at the theatre.

A Terre Haute man, who has been trying to make both ends meet, is living on head-cheese and ox-tail soup.

What is the difference between a plan of a battle-field and a roasted pippin? One is a war map, and the other is a warm bay.

A Green Bay (Wisconsin) dentist recently suspended work on a young lady's teeth for a moment and kissed her. The next day he paid the girl's father \$300.

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one, like I used to, you know."

"Can you steer the main-mast down the forecastle stairs?" "Yes, sir, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up." Captain didn't catch that man any more.

"What's the matter there Annie?—Does your shoes fit?" "No, papa, they don't fit me at all," replied the little one. "Why they don't even squeak when I go out for a walk."

An old minister once recommended to a parishioner to take snuff to keep him awake during the sermon; to which the old backslider retorted that he had better put the snuff in the sermon.

A lady had several hundred dollars' worth of point lace clipped off her clothing by an adroit thief, while she was at church singing. "Strip me of the robe of pride, clothe me in humility."

Delicacies of the season—Lady (to Jeames, who has brought up a note)—"Did you ask the young person to take a seat?" Jeames—"Beg pard'n, m'lady, she'd heverly been eatin' o' onions; so I as'd her to be s'good as to wait outside!"

Complimentary—He—"Don't you think, now, these are vewy dweavy pawties, where the only pawties one meets are pawties one never knows?" She—"Not more dweavy than other pawties, where the only ones one knows are no ones."

The friends of a wit expressing some surprise that, with his age and fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a single man."

Said Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner, "What do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number."—"What do you consider the greatest number?" "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

An unusual number of people are carrying their hands in their pockets, there being nothing in their pockets to interfere with the indulgence.