

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

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Honeysuckle.

How fair they were, my darlings twain,
Who walked adown the grassy lane
That sultry August day!
Unconscious of the gracious charm
That floated round them, arm in arm
They wandered on their way.
One wore her raven tresses low,
Close-braided o'er a brow of snow,
Like some grand Roman dame.
Her's were those luminous large eyes
From whose dark depths strange gleams
arise
And break in sudden flame.
Around her sister's gentler face
The brown hair rippled; tender grace
Was in her form and look;
A wild-rose color on her cheek;
Brown loving eyes, contented, meek,
And clear as summer brook.
I sat beneath a shady tree
And heard their laughter floating free,
Through idle, happy hours;
I saw them gather by the way
The straggling clusters, sweet and gay,
Of honeysuckle flowers.
I watched them weave their scented spoil
In eager haste, with playful toil
And laughter-brimming eyes;
They twined it on my faded brow—
Ah, Heaven! I have that garland now,
A sacred, mournful prize!
Was it because they were my own,
I fancied even their lightest tone
More sweet than other sound?
Was it because I gave them birth,
I thought that nowhere on God's earth
Could fairer things be found?
Was it but dotting mother's love?
Or were my darlings fair above
The playmates of their time?
I knew not then, nor now I know,
It is so many years ago—
They scarcely reached their prime.
But this I know, 'twixt them and me
Rolls yet the awful, tideless sea
That parts their world from this;
And well I know that where they are
There is no need of sun or star,
Nor need of mother's kiss.
But o'er my honeysuckle wreath
My wearied heart will often breathe
A prayer for those bright bowers,
Where I may see my daughters stand,
Each holding fast in her hand
Heaven's amarantine flowers!
—Harper's Weekly.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

It was always a queer love affair, that between Agnes Ballentyne and me. I loved her with all the best side of my nature. She was infinitely above me in social standing, and in every virtue and grace. I could not, a poor, wandering artist, with my fortune hidden in the end of a paint brush, hope to ask in marriage the beautiful daughter of the richest man in Glasgow, and yet she gave me most unmistakable proofs, even after one sitting, that she loved me.
One day Mr. Ballentyne came to me and gave me an order which almost promised my fortune. He wanted me to go to the house of his brother, who was a Scotch laird of some position, and to copy for him some old family portraits. I knew, of course, that this splendid piece of good fortune came from Agnes, and I felt a great heart thrill, as I looked at her sweet, noble, beautiful face, as it began to smile out of my canvas, to think that such a woman could love me. We had had many interviews, of course; sometimes alone, for a short walk, but more often with her Aunt Elspeth, as chaperon; but Miss Elspeth was deaf as a post, and absorbed in knitting, so I was able to use a lover's pleading if I had chosen.
But something froze my tongue: I felt an intense embarrassment, a fear of Agnes. She had an attraction that was most powerful. She did not want that magnetism which is beauty's hand-maid, and without which beauty is powerless, but she was at the same time repellent. I felt it somewhat explained, when she told me that she had the Scotch second sight, and that she had the power of the magnetic hand. One day she went into a sort of trance as I was painting her, and her face looked like that of a glorified angel. This frightened Aunt Elspeth, as well as it did me, and she told me that Agnes had had these mysterious attacks long ago in childhood, but she had hoped they were over.
However, when I went down to the laird's house to copy the pictures, she was there, the very pride and pleasure of an elegant society. I saw her then at her best, and I knew that I loved her when I saw all the gilded youth at her feet. There was young Lord Maybury, who was dying for her; a man who simply looked at me as he would at a discharged valet; and there was our own Sir Hector Macdonald, pride of the local nobility, who wanted her to become Lady Macdonald, and preside at the loveliest castle on Lake Katrine. Yet modestly she declined them all, and one day in the picture gallery, when I choked out something about my love, she gave me her hand and allowed me to kiss the purest lips I shall ever meet this side of

heaven. We agreed to keep our engagement a secret until I had made a little headway, but can I ever forget how delicately, beautifully, gently, unselfishly she made me an important man, how she forced all these discourteous people to treat me with respect, how I find myself engaged to paint Mrs. Stewart of Lyle, and her nine red-haired daughters, and how Clonnel, of Clonmeath, gave me an order to paint his historical picture of Lochiel, which was to be the gem of his new castle at Aberdeen?
Agnes made my fortune; Agnes was my better angel. She was the peerless and the perfect. She had promised to marry me. Was this true?
What mean and sneaking devil in my heart made me go, in a secret and false and furtive manner, to see Tilly MacTavoe? Why did I find her and her loud-voiced, painted sisters a sort of agreeable relief to the higher graces of Agnes?—My brush was more constant than my heart. When I tried to put her meretricious graces on the canvas my pencil refused, and I could paint nothing but Agnes.
I cannot tell how long things went on at this rate, when I suddenly heard that Mr. Ballentyne and Agnes had gone to France. Not a word for me. Those beautiful letters (I have them yet) which Agnes wrote to me were all, all at an end—not even a note told me that she had left Glasgow. I waited a week, and then Mr. Ballentyne's cashier called with a large check—the payment of my copyist work. I ventured to ask him of the family news, but he knew nothing, except that Miss Ballentyne was ill and was taken abroad rather suddenly for her health.
That night came a great fire in Glasgow, and up went up studio and all my 'work.' Each had featured old dame and laird of the Ballentyne persuasion went up to heaven, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire.
I was ruined, for I knew that Mr. Ballentyne would not pay for calcined ancestors.
The next day I received a letter from Agnes, dated Paris.
I know all, Archie. I know that you love Miss MacTavoe. Did you think to deceive me? I who have known everything which was to happen to me almost from my birth, how 'coming events cast their shadows before,' or are you under a spell? You know I believe in such things. Perhaps it was destiny. I was to turn from those who loved me dear to one who was to be loved, but who loved me not. Thank heaven! I have made my career. You have orders enough now to make you the most successful man in Scotland, and my father's order (dear, generous papa he never would have thought of an ancestor but for me) has made you comfortable for the present; but please return the letters, the gifts and the portrait of Agnes Ballentyne.
Except the letters, which, by my only good fortune, I had kept in the humble lodging where my poor dear old mother and I lived, amongst the quiet people of Glasgow, I had nothing to return. She had not heard of the fire, dear Agnes.
I was sitting in the small studio, which I had fitted up after this great cloud of fire and mist had overtaken me, some weeks after this, when a knock came to the door, and, as I opened it, I saw Agnes.
She floated in, so changed, so etherealized, that I doubted a moment whether it was a real woman or a ghost.
She smiled, a smile of divine pity, compassion and love.
"I am going, you see, Archie," said she, "The blow struck here, where I never was strong." And she laid her hand on her chest. "It was not your fault that you did not love me. Love goes where it is sent. I mean that you did not love me with your whole nature; you did love me a little"—here her sweet wild-rose color came high up in her cheek—"at one time, did you not, Archie? but with me it was a complete passion; I loved you wholly, and when I felt here that you loved another, I began to die. It has not been a very remunerative passion to me," said she to me, half laughing and blushing, and as she said so, a tear fell from her eye and glittering like a diamond, it slowly trickled down her dress.
I knelt at her feet, I buried my worthless face in her robe. What did I say? How did I ask her to forgive? What could a wretch say, who had received everything and had given nothing?
We had one of those interviews which cannot be put upon paper; she begged me, I remember, as the last wretch of my degradation, to take the check for the burned pictures.
"It was not your fault that they were burned," said she.
I tore it in small pieces; that was all the comfort I had out of that piece of paper.

After she had gone I looked on the floor, near where she had sat, and saw a bright, sparkling thing lying on my humble carpet. It was a diamond—perhaps her tear crystallized. As I took it in my hand, a severe magnetic shock ran through me; the stone had some mystic power, perhaps from the touch of Agnes, I felt as I looked at it, all the great shame and enormous folly, all the inconsistency and the coarseness of my own nature. I had loved this beautiful creature as well as an imperfect nature can love a perfect one. It was the earthiness revolting against Heaven which had driven me to the side of Tilly MacTavoe; yes, from the feet of one whose face was irradiated by the light of Paradise.
And to add to my anguish and self reproach, a love, fiery, impatient, heart-rending, for Agnes took possession of me. I remembered all her grace, her superb beauty, and felt as if my wife, my bride, were being torn from me by that bony rascal, Death. I could not bear the fate.
Oh, God! Who can tell what a man suffers when his sin finds him out!
I held in my hand the sparkling stone. It seemed to fasten itself to my flesh.—I took it to the window. Yes, it was a diamond of great value, singular luster and purity.
That, at least, I would retain.
I walked toward Mr. Ballentyne's great house in one of the fine streets of Glasgow. His only daughter, the heiress of vast wealth, lay dying within. I had killed her—I, the poor artist from the back street, who had been raised to the best place by her hand, that gentle hand which I had spurned!
Aunt Elspeth let me in, with a sorrowful face. Agnes had broken a blood vessel, and would not last many hours.
"Your diamond," said I, as I held it up before her. "You dropped it in my studio."
"No," said she, with that crystalline truth of hers, "I never had such a diamond."
"But I found it where you sat, and where you wept," said I.
"Then keep it," said she, "for it must have been that tear. Tears have come hard, Archie, hard as diamonds. It is a cruel death to die; a serious thing, a heart-break, Archie, to love and not to be loved. But we were neither of us to blame. Console Aunt Elspeth and poor papa, Archie. Paint them a picture of me, and keep the crystallized tear; it will make your fortune!" And with her old playful smile, she leaned back against my shoulder, put her hand in mine, and died.
Terrible Fate of an Elephant.
One of the appurtenances of the show of Bailey's mammoth menagerie traveling through the country, is an immense electric apparatus which is used in connection with the electric light that supplies illumination for the entire canvas of the circus. This machine consists of a large magnet and an immense armature, which is made to revolve two hundred and fifty times in a minute, by means of a thirty-five horse power engine. The apparatus is of intense electrical power, a knife-blade held within two feet of it becoming so heavily charged with the current that it can be used thereafter as a loadstone. When getting ready for a performance in Booneville, Mo., the man in charge 'fired up' the boiler and put the machinery in motion, and strolled off, and had not his attention called to the machine again until he heard an unearthly roar and a crash coming from the direction of the battery. He was startled, as was also the small army of workmen inside the tents and the large army of boys and idlers on the outside. Everybody rushed to the spot.
On approaching the vicinity of the electric machine Romeo, the favorite and most docile of the ten performing elephants, was found in the throes of the death agony, and with his trunk torn away by the roots from its base. The poor beast lay there shorn of its strength, and presenting a horrible, mutilated appearance. Everything was done that it was possible to do for the dying animal, but its agonies were terrible, and when at length it gasped its last there was a feeling of relief among those who surrounded its mountainous corpse.
The leader of the band, who witnessed the accident, says that Romeo, who was roaming around in the tent with his nine giant companions, shambled up to the machine, and was sniffing at the armature when its trunk was caught in the revolving apparatus, and the animal was thrown violently to the ground and the trunk carried away by the whirling machinery.
He who shows kindness toward animals will display the same characteristics to his fellow-man.

Story of Beau Hickman.

It is related of the famous Beau Hickman that in his best days he once went to a first-class hotel in Baltimore, and, after registering his name, said he wanted the very best the house could afford for his money, twirling in his hand at the same time a quarter of a dollar. The clerk saw before him an elegantly attired gentleman, and, as Beau requested, assigned him a handsome parlor and bedroom. Beau lived like a fighting cock, ordering wines, extra dinners and everything palatable, for a week, at the end of which time the bill was sent. The amount was something extravagant.
Nothing abashed, however, he strolled into the office and confronted the clerk. "Look here, sir; there must be some mistake about this; when I came here I told you I wanted the best you could afford for my money's worth. I had this quarter then (producing the coin) and it's all I've had since. The clerk waxed angry and high words followed. "Your fault, sir, your fault," said the imperturbable Beau, "not mine. You can kick me out if you like, but I'd rather go alone." Tradition says they were about to proceed to violent measures when the landlord appeared on the scene, and looking at the name on the register, recalled the peculiar character of the man before him (then just becoming notorious in Washington) and discovered that he had been 'egregiously sold.' The thought flashed across his mind, 'If this joke gets out I'll be the laughing stock of my friends, and never hear the last of it. Deliberating a moment he turned to Beau, and good naturedly said: "That's the best I ever had; but I can't keep it. I'll make a bargain with you. Here, take five dollars and pay your fare to Washington (Beau quietly pocketed the half eagle) and now go over to the House, stay a week on the same terms you stayed here, and I'll give you a dinner every time you come to Baltimore." "Thank you," replied Beau, without cracking a smile, "I've been over there for two weeks and they sent me here." It is needless to add that Beau disappeared out of the front door with an accelerated motion, and the landlord never heard the last of his attempt to 'get even' with his neighbor.
A Sad Case.
The following story comes from Ebensburg, Cambria county: "The lady was an accomplished girl of twenty-two years, daughter of George M. Reade, a prominent attorney; the husband a young man named T. H. Stophell, of Strongtown, Indiana county. He had been attentive to Miss Reade for some time, but her father, a widower, as well as her brother, objected, and the meetings of the pair were recently carried on secretly. During the absence of the father, a month or more ago, the two were married by Rev. Mr. Thomas, a country clergyman. The announcement, however, was not made public, and the man and wife continued to meet clandestinely as before as opportunity presented. On Saturday last he arrived in Ebensburg and put up at the Blair House, with the intention, it is said, to carry Mrs. Stophell off to Johnstown. The lady was in a high state of excitement on reaching the hotel, which increased as time passed, notwithstanding the efforts of her husband and his friends to soothe her. While thus engaged they were surprised by the abrupt entrance into the room of Mr. Mathiot Reade, the only brother of the distracted bride, who flourished a loaded revolver and seemed intent upon making short work of the man who had had the temerity to become his brother-in-law without his sanction or consent.—Seeing the peril of her husband, Mrs. Stophell excitedly interposed herself between him and harm, and a moment later young Reade was disarmed through the united efforts of Mr. Stophell and Mr. Blair, sons of the landlord, who chanced to be present. In the meantime the foolish precipitancy of young Reade resulted in throwing his sister into a state of hysteria, and she was taken to a room in the hotel in a raving condition, hysterical coma intervening by Sunday dawn, and death from brain fever resulting.
The experiments with the Krupp gun at Essen have had most important results, which, if maintained, may show that the whole English ordnance system requires reform. The Krupp cannon have proved equal in penetration to Woolwich guns of twice their weight. In one case at a range of 2,700 yards the horizontal deviation of the shot was only two feet and ten inches and the vertical deviation nine and a-half inches.
Houma, La., has a cypress tree seventy-two feet in circumference,

The Much Abused Fly.

A writer in *St. Nicholas* answers the question which arises in the mind of most people, when annoyed by a pertinacious fly, of 'What use were flies created?' as follows: Well, this fly, of course, had a mother-fly, and she laid a lot of very small, shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a funny little yellowish-white maggot, not very active, but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he is right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small dark reddish-brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days as a chrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramps out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.
Horatio Seymour's Humor.
No man has greater faith in the progress and future of the American republic than Horatio Seymour. It is related of him that on a recent occasion, while seated at a public dinner with Lord Houghton, of England, that gentleman said to him: 'Governor Seymour, are you not sometimes sorry that Mother England let your States escape from under her wing?' 'Well, no, my lord, not exactly,' said the governor, with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'but I do sometimes think we should not have allowed you to leave us.' 'What in the world do you mean?' asked his lordship, good humoredly, but evidently a little astonished. 'Oh, simply that it would be rather pleasant to have you in the family of States,' replied the governor.—'Having 50,000,000 of people on our side, of course we could do most of the governing. Still, for the sake of old relationship, I have no doubt we could have afforded to allow you a few extra congressmen and a senator or two.' Lord Houghton caught the spirit of the joke, and seemed to enjoy it immensely.
Ladies in the Surf.
There is a decided difference in the 'make up' of the bathers. Some of them look worse than scarecrows, and others have evidently taken pains to look 'stylish' even in the water, and have a jaunty air, in long navy blue stockings, sailor suits, bangles and Pinafore hats. One bright young lady whose trim figure is arrayed in a white bathing suit embroidered with black, swims beautifully and is as graceful as a water-nymph is supposed to appear. In the matter of dress one can be perfectly independent, but some picturesque costumes are to be noticed on the beach. Fancy stockings, low shoes and sandals, bright green and red plaid umbrellas, parasols of straw color with Persian borders, 'nobby' hats and gingham and white dresses, with their broad sash ribbons, make lovely patches of color, which are all in keeping at the sea shore. The sailor hats are worn of large size, and some small, like those seen on boys of ten.
A Robbery Traced Out.
Herman B. Chapman, who last September pretended to have been robbed of \$14,000 belonging to the United States Express company, and was tried and acquitted of the charge of stealing the amount, has been again arrested at La Salle, Ill. Proof has been obtained that the robbery was planned and executed by Chapman himself. Some of the letters are from Chapman's wife and some are from his mistresses, but nearly every one of them makes allusion to the lost money. A portion of the lost \$14,000 has been recovered, but from having been buried in the ground so long it is rotten and crumbles to pieces when exposed to the air. Both Chapman and his wife had always stood high in religious circles, and much sympathy has been wasted over what was considered their misfortune.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Mansfield La., exhibits a three-pound bat.
The drought in South and West Texas is becoming something fearful.
Richmond, Va., is agitated over the Sunday law, which is being rigidly enforced.
America will raise wheat enough this year to supply the world. This is a new country, but an exceedingly well-bred one.
The whole of the United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists; one-half the number of France, with ten times the area.
The London *Spectator* says there are a million of working people of the metropolis who have no churches to go to, and are so utterly careless of religion that they want no churches.
Madison, Ga., *Madisonian*: The 'dish-rag plant' is one of Madison's curiosities. It bears a fruit which when ripe and split open furnishes a splendid scrubbing towel for bathing purposes.
Lightning descended on a flock of sixteen sheep at South Sterling, N. J., killing thirteen of them. Strange to say, a boy who was milking a ewe and another boy who held it were uninjured, while the sheep was killed.
The bed of the river along the front of New Orleans is being covered with thick mats of cane, strongly wired together, and weighted with bags of sand. The object is to protect the shore from being washed out by varying currents.
A passenger from Liverpool lately had a false bottom ripped out of his trunk by the New York custom officials, disclosing a mine three inches deep with gold watches and other trinkets, concerning which the owner had not paid the duty.
A boy named James Stewart, residing at Willey's Neck, Md., was sent into the field to make a smudge-fire to keep mosquitoes from the cattle. Not returning, his father went in search and found him lying face down, stung to death by the insects.
Solon Robinson, the eminent agriculturist, says he has seen as fine looking tea growing in Florida as ever China produced; but owing to the manipulation or some other cause, he never met a person who cared for a second cup of the decoction prepared from it. From which he concludes tea culture can never succeed in this country.
During the year 1878 there were 2,708 medical students graduated from the 59 colleges of the United States. As the statistics show that in this country an average of 600 people support one physician, there must be a constant supply of over 13,000 patients, who must pay the handsome sum of \$1,976,000 a year in order to allow each doctor only \$2 a day.
The latest ministerial scandal is the imprisonment of the Rev. George A. Simpson, in East Boston, as a horse thief. He was detected in the act of taking a horse from the barn of Benjamin Treen, at West Mansfield. As he assaulted Mr. Treen and his son with a loaded pistol, and fired at them when detected, he will probably be locked up for a long term.
A Memphis paper speaking of the terrible scourge in that city says: It is sad to see well conducted young men who, two months ago would have shuddered at a proposition to go in and 'quench,' now look the admiring dispenser of liquids boldly in the eye, and call for whisky straight. Youths drink now who never drank before, and those who drank before still drink the more.
Farmer Griffin lost melons from his patch at Sandersville, Ga., and planned a joke on the thieves. Young Yarborough, his nephew, was to join them in a midnight raid, and fall down with a cry that he was shot, when Griffin fired a revolver into the air. Griffin fired at the proper time, and Yarborough fell with a cry of real agony, for a bullet had by chance entered his head, making a mortal wound.
A useful device for preventing a class of accidents by which so many people have been killed or crippled for life has been introduced on the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railway cars. It consists of movable steps, which at the stations are let down within one foot of the ground. When the cars are in motion the steps are lifted high, so that it is impossible to jump either on or off.
The wheat crop of Illinois this year, according to figures received by the State board of agriculture, amounts to a total of 42,041,252 bushels; an average of nineteen and two-third bushels per acre, and is valued at \$37,266,757, or an average of eighty-eight cents per bushel in the producers' hands. It is considered the largest and most valuable wheat crop ever raised in the State. The total land sown in wheat was 2,137,063 acres.

THE POLITICAL FIELD.

There is a fitness in all things to those who rightly apprehend them. The very atmosphere seems to adapt itself to man's physical wants; were it as sparingly surcharged with moisture in the summer, as in the other seasons we could not live.

The great battles of the world have generally been fought, in that time of the year which is most congenial for life under the canopy of the heavens. So also the yearly battles for the salvation of the country, are planned, prepared for, and fought, during the season most favourable for life and work and excitement in the open air, where the spirit-stirring music, mingling with the shouts of the multitude, is calculated to inspire the soul of every voter, to conquer or die in the defence of his party.

In one view of the case, the occupation of the Politician seems to be a low and a degrading one, founded on the supposed ignorance and simplicity of the people, of which advantage is to be taken to advance unworthy aims, and to uphold claims upon their consideration which are lacking in substantial merit. But in another view where the ideas of high patriotic endeavour manifest themselves, where exalted and honorable statesmanship appears on the platform, where there is an honest intention to instruct the popular mind, and lead it in such pathways, as tend to its highest good: a just and economical regulation of the public affairs; then, the entire aspect of the case is changed, then the appreciation of the people makes itself felt. The admiration of intelligent oratorical effort, can never be wanting in a people which has been born and bred under the influences of free and enlightened liberty. The true orator will always have hearers, the popular intelligence will most commonly show itself equal to a just discrimination between statesmanship and demagoguism.

"The day of the battle is at hand." Soon the mighty hand-bills will adorn our bridges, our fences, and wayside sheds, ere long the musicians, with their great brass horns and shiney pipes, will straighten themselves for their mightiest blasts, and with eyes up-turned towards heaven, awaken the echoes between the hills, while the valleys harmoniously respond to the swelling strains sent forth for the salvation of state and county sovereignty. Let the people now awaken to the true ends and aims of the issues before them; enquire narrowly, listen attentively, sift the truth from the falsehood they hear, judge between the charming of serpents, the voices of the syrens, and the majestic soberness of truth; compare issues, be scrupulous in forming conclusions, compare the present with the past, and infer the future from compassion, search the men who promise you reform lest reform with them means personal advantage.

With watchfulness and faithful action on their part, we are satisfied to trust the people for a just judgment in the premises. We do not contemplate taking an aggressive part in the canvass, but from our position of independence, we shall in no wise deem ourselves precluded from general criticism in whatever quarter it may seem called for. Our columns are open to fair and candid discussions on all sides, provided the discussions are conducted honorably, aiming at truth, and avoiding unworthy personalities. It is really amusing from our standpoint, at times to observe the straits to which some of the mere political (so called) papers are reduced, for subjects of discussion. Many seem to have been educated in the gospel of hatred, and taken their cue from the realms of darkness, and are incapable of recognizing honesty of aim, and the proprieties of gentlemanly consideration towards an opponent; hence the most opprobrious epithets are resorted to, the most damning sentences are constructed, so as to represent the antagonism of his position in the darkest light. Surely

all this kind of discussion cannot be in the interest of truth, surely men may differ without the opposing sides being representative of Apollyon and Beezebub. To stir up the reeking mass of decomposing elements, to write disgustingly from the love of filth, may suit the fancy of small minds, but to gather up facts and discuss them in the interest of good government and the highest well-being of the people is an entirely different matter.

We hope the canvass may proceed on the basis of truth and the country's good.

SEPTEMBER

draweth nigh, the month of months which illustrates the quietude and the storms of life. Sweetly and genially it cometh in, after the exhausting heats of Summer: boisterously it goeth out, like a dance that ends the summer holiday. Winter, with icy arms interlocks all things in its cold embraces. The spring is all joyous with resurrection hopes. The summer like a musical swell, begins gently, rises to its climax and then dies away softly into the breathless calm of early September.

It appears now that what Poetry has sung for spring, actually represents our Autumn, the latitude being considered. This month invites to out-door life, to walks and drives and general communication with nature, whilst yet the green sward remains, and the foliage of the forests is unchanged. It is the period for calm repose in undisturbed sweetness, when with blankets drawn around one, the morning light bursting through the mists so gently, and healthfully, gives rise to the wish that breakfast time might wait till noon.

Now the rich ripe fruits appear, the husbandman bethinks him of his winter's stores. The skilful housewife is intent on jellies, knitting and all the "Much Ado About Nothing." The youthful mind returns to its lessons, having ended the playful butterfly existence of the summer. We long for the pleasant all day calms, let the camphor scented blankets and flannels come forth, let us begin to temper away the lassitude, from the past term of high temperatures, into the energies which are needful to resist the approaches of the unrelenting fierceness of the Ice King's reign.

ANTAGONISM.

The opposition of forces is what keeps the universe in its appointed course, so throughout the world's surging, restless activities, its business, its political, religious, and in a word its entire life, conflict and contradiction marks every movement, scarcely any good endeavour has been made or produced its proper results but through strife and opposition. Even the church owes its best and happiest advances, to the opposing elements which it has continually been called to meet. The conquest of difficulties is the appointed basis upon which human life, so to speak, has been founded, and the animal kingdom also, is one of conflict, the strong against the weak, the wolf against the lamb, the dog, the hare; and so on.

Where was ever a good government established, save through mighty conflicts, through deolation, awful ruin, and the whole vast engine of dire and bloody warfare? Thus the oppositions of policies and schemes for the public welfare, produce finally their intended ends, and thus alone are those ends preserved. Hence the organizations in all governments to carry forward the purposes at which they aim. That there should be parties therefore, is not simply the result of the efforts of scheming, men seeking to promote their own personal advantage, but it grows out of the necessity of things, the spirit of conflict and opposition implanted for wise ends in the human constitution.

The insolence of power will at length manifest itself destructively, in the monopoly of sway which too long a lease, may give to a triumphing majority. Out of this, grows the fact that majorities are uncertain and ever changing. The watchfulness of the minority serves to keep its opposing forces in check, and finally the people turn upon the fattened spoilers, vote them into the rear, and change the base of action,

and thus the balances vibrate, now up, then down. Party is the basis of good and efficient government, the virtue and intelligence of the people, the foundation upon which the entire structure is built, and is held in place.

There can be no danger that is not surmountable, so long as the fountain of popular virtue is prererved clean and pure. History everywhere shows the contradictions to this sentiment, as resulting from the corruption, and effeminacy of the real source of power—the people.

It behooves all good citizens therefore not to seek the abolishment of parties, but to see that they proceed in the right direction, not to act independently, as individuals, of the great organizations, of the leaders among men, but to be alive to their course of action, and see that they move forward properly. The good citizen cannot be indifferent to and neglectful of his rights as such; The responsibility rests upon him for every wrong resulting from his inaction, it therefore behooves him to be watchful, active and vigilant in his concern about public affairs.

A citizen of Michigan has a beard seven and a half feet long.

PRINCE Louis Napoleon was insured in an English insurance company for \$150,000.

W. H. Roach, cashier of the Citizen's National Bank, Washington is short \$60,000 in his accounts.

ON Saturday last ninety-eight car loads of people passed over the Camden and Atlantic railroad from Philadelphia to Atlantic City N. J.

At a competitive baby show in Georgetown, Ind., two mothers had a rough-and-tumble fight over the relative charms of their exhibits.

It is stated that in the coming campaign the candidness of the democratic State ticket will make a canvass of every county in Maryland.

ALTHOUGH a funeral is a very solemn affair, it always begins with "fun"—a fact to which pious attention may probably have been directed before.

THE Cambridge News denies the statement which first appeared in the Salisbury Advertiser that a boy had been killed in Dorchester county by mosquitoes.

A lax fellow once declared in public company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I" replied an industrious mechanic, I am obliged to work for it.

A second fire at Titusville, Pa., last evening, destroyed a tank containing 80,000 barrels of oil. The loss was total. Four men were seriously burned by the explosion of the tank and several slightly.

A PARADE of fire companies from Hagerstown, Chambersburg, York, Lancaster, Harrisburg and Carlisle, Pa., and Frederick, Md., will be one of the attractions at the fair of the Washington County Agricultural Society in October.

THE Washington county commissioners have appropriated \$200 to Solomon Jenkins and \$150 to J. H. Exline, of Hancock, who were injured in the Washington House fire at Hagerstown. Both have families and are in needy circumstances.

MR. FORREST, the English Consul at Tientsin, reports his belief that during the late famine in China the deaths from starvation and want reached the enormous total of about 9,500,000—that is to say, that a population more than twice that of Portugal was swept away within a few months.

At the sale of the personal effects of the late Henry Clarke, at Leonardtown, last Saturday, a package containing \$1,410 in U. S. treasury notes was discovered in the folds of a carpet, which was handed over to Mr. Wescott, his son-in-law, who was conducting the sale. Mr. Clarke was a New Yorker who settled in St. Mary's in 1870, and lived almost a hermit life.

ELECTIONS will be held this year in thirteen States. In four of them important elections will take place. California will lead off in September; voting on the 3d for State and Judicial officers, four Congressmen and members of the Legislature. Maine will vote September 8, for State officers and members of Legislature; Iowa and Ohio, October 14, for State officers and members of Legislature; Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York and Wisconsin, November 4, for State officers and members of the Legislature; Mississippi and New Jersey, November 4, for members of the Legislature; Pennsylvania November 4, for State Treasurer and members of the Legislature; and Louisiana, December 2, for the adoption or rejection of the proposed Constitution. A member of Congress, to fill a vacancy, will also be elected in Iowa October 14.

Dentistry!



Dr. Geo. S. Foulke, Dentist, Westminster, Md.

NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. He will be happy to make special appointments for Rocky Ridge when needed. aug16-1y

I. S. ANNAN. J. C. ANNAN.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

WE would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Emmitsburg and vicinity, to our large and varied stock of

DRY GOODS,

Notions, queensware, woodenware, glassware, hardware, boots and shoes, hats and caps, etc. Also a full line of

Fresh Groceries

consisting in part, of sugars, coffees, teas, syrups, spices, etc. A full line of ready-made

CLOTHING!

kept constantly on hand. Butter, eggs, lard, posts, rails, etc., taken in exchange for goods. S. W. corner of the Diamond, Emmitsburg, Md. jul4-1y

ALL KINDS OF IRON.

S. A. PARKER,

Fashionable Barber,

AND

HAIR DRESSER.

Also shampooing and dyeing done in the style. Shop in Annan's building, 3 doors west of the square, where the car at all times he found ready for all business in his line. Give him a call. jul4-1y

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick county, Maryland, half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. It was commenced in 1869, and incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland in 1876. The buildings are convenient and spacious.

TERMS: The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of five months each. Board and Tuition per Academic Year, including Bed and Bedding, Washing, Mending and Doctor's Fee, \$700. e. for each Session, payable in advance. ALL PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. The Academic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the first Monday of September and the first of February. Letters of inquiry directed to the MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md. jul4-1y

CITY HOTEL!

Private Parlor, Reading Rooms, Billiard Rooms, shaving Parlors, etc., etc. All the Modern Conveniences of the Day. Terms Moderate. Buses to and from all Trains.

F. B. Carlin, Prop'r FREDERICK, MD. jun21-1y

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HAVE just received by steamer from England the following goods: 100 TEA SETS, 46 pieces each, at from \$3.00 to \$4.50; 100 dinner sets, from 54 to 175 pieces, at from \$4.00 to \$15.00; 250 chamber sets, 11 pieces each, at from \$2.50 to \$9.00. These goods are all of the latest patterns, warranted not to craze, and are of the very best English.

WHITE GRANITE WARES,

imported directly by myself, and will be sold at the rates given above. Housekeepers will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves, as my assortment is the best, not only in this city, but in

Western Maryland,

and prices unprecedented. All goods packed free of charge, and safe delivery guaranteed. Respectfully JOHN EISENHAEUER, Near corner Church & Market Sts. ju14-1y Frederick, Md.

Henry Stokes,

Saddle and Harness Maker. Always on hand and made to order, all kinds of plain and fancy.

SADDLES, HARNESS, the best of home made collars, whips, fly nets, and gears of every description, at the lowest rates, repairing neatly and promptly executed at the old stand. ju14-3m W. Main St., Emmitsburg, Md.

Every kind of Job Work neatly and promptly printed at this office.

THE Emmitsburg Chronicle,

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

\$1.50 a Year in Advance— If not paid in Advance, \$2.00. \$1.00 for 6 Months.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING:

Cash Rates—\$1.50 per square of ten lines, for three weeks or less. Special rates to regular and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING

We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing, such as Cards, Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Notes, Book Work of every description, Druggists' Labels, Note Headings, Bill Heads, in all colors, etc. Special efforts will be made to accommodate both in price and quality of work. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.

SALE BILLS

OF ALL SIZES NEATLY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

All letters should be addressed to Samuel Motter, PUBLISHER, EMMITSBURG, Frederick County, Md.

KNABE

Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE.

TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY. Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 Years.

SECOND HAND PIANOS. A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make, but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers. WM. KNABE & CO., 204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore. ju15-1y

C. V. S. LEVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD.

Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. ju12-1y

D. ZECK,

DEALER IN Fine Groceries,

Notions, hardware and general merchandise, best brands of Isabella flour, feed of all kinds, fish, potatoes, coal oil stoves, scythes, produce of all kinds bought and sold, taken in exchange for goods, or cash paid. Butter, eggs, poultry, calves, furs, shoemakers supplies, full a line of moroccos, linings, french calf skins. ju14-1y Emmitsburg, Md.

W. G. HORNER. CHARLES S. SMITH.

HORNER & SMITH,

Western Maryland Livery, EMMITSBURG, MD.

THIS Livery is connected with Western Maryland Hotel, and has lately been replenished with fine riding and driving

Horses & Ponies

Also fine carriages, buggies, phaetons, &c. Persons coming to Emmitsburg, and wishing to visit St. Joseph's Academy or Mt. St. Mary's College, or any part of town or country, will always find our carriages at the depot, on the arrival of all trains, to convey them to either place. We have also added to our stock a fine

BAND WAGON

and omnibus. Teams of all kinds always in readiness, and on the most reasonable terms. All orders either by

DAY OR NIGHT will receive prompt attention. ju14-1y HORNER & SMITH. SPECIAL TERMS TO TRAVELING SALESMEN.

Western Maryland Railroad

SUMMER SCHEDULE. ON and after SUNDAY, June 1, 1879 passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays			
	Mail	Acc.	Exp	Acc
Hillen Sta.	A.M. 8 10	A.M. 10 05	P.M. 4 00	P.M. 6 25
Union depot.	8 15	10 10	4 05	6 30
Penn'a ave.	8 20	10 15	4 10	6 35
Fulton sta.	8 23	10 18	4 12	6 37
Arlington.	8 26	10 21	4 13	6 40
Mt Hope.	8 40	10 33	4 27	6 52
Pikesville.	8 48	10 41	4 35	7 00
Owings' Mills.	9 00	10 53	4 47	7 12
Reisterstown.	9 15	11 08	5 01	7 26
Glen Morris.	9 19	11 15	5 07	7 28
Finksburg.	9 20	11 18	5 10	7 35
Westminster.	9 59	11 53	5 45	8 10
New Windsor.	10 21	12 17	6 07	8 32
Union Bridge.	10 35	12 30	6 22	8 43
Fred'k Junction.	10 47		6 33	
Rocky Ridge.	11 02		6 48	
Emmitsburg.	11 30		7 15	
Mechanicstown.	11 20		7 05	
Sabillasville.	11 38		7 24	
Blue Ridge.	11 47		7 33	
Pen-Mar.	11 53		7 40	
Smithburg.	12 10		7 56	
Hagerstown.	12 35		8 20	
Williamsport.	12 55		8 40	

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays			
	Acc	Exp	Acc	M'l
Williamsport.	A.M. 5 55	P.M. 1 55		
Hagerstown.	6 15	2 15		
Finksburg.	6 38	2 38		
Pen-Mar.	6 54	2 54		
Sabillasville.	7 00	3 05		
Mechanicstown.	7 26	3 31		
Emmitsburg.	7 00	3 10		
Rocky Ridge.	7 40	3 52		
Fred'k Junction.	A.M. 7 55	P.M. 4 06		
Union Bridge.	8 08	4 19		
New Windsor.	8 55	4 23		
Westminster.	9 22	4 51		
Finksburg.	9 57	5 15		
Glen Morris.	10 05	5 28		
Reisterstown.	10 08	5 31		
Owings' Mills.	10 24	5 47		
Pikesville.	10 38	5 59		
Mt Hope.	10 47	6 08		
Arlington.	10 53	6 16		
Fulton sta. Baltor.	7 05	10 08	3 26	8 32
Penn'a ave.	7 10	10 10	3 32	8 35
Union depot.	7 15	10 15	3 36	8 40
Hillen Sta.	7 20	10 20	3 35	8 45

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

Trains South will leave Emmitsburg at 7:00 and 10:20 A. M., and 3:10 and 5:55, P. M., and arrive at Frederick at 8:30, and 11:50 A. M., and 4:20 and 7:15, P. M.

Sunday Train—Westward—Leaves Hillen station, Baltimore, for Union Bridge and intermediate stations at 9:00 a. m. and 2:10 p. m.

Sunday Train—Eastward—Leaves Union Bridge for Baltimore and intermediate stations at 6:10 a. m. and 4:20 p. m.

Trains for Frederick leave Junct'n at 8:05 a. m., 1:04, 5:37, and 6:35 p. m. For Hanover and York leave Junction at 10:00 a. m. and 4:26 p. m.

Through car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4:00 p. m., and leaves Fred'k for Baltimore at 7:00 a. m. Baltimore time given at all stations.

JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent

Clothing, Hats.

FURNISHING GOODS, AND NOTIONS.

If you want to get well made, fashionable, and good honest goods, and also to save money, call on us at the old stand, under Photograph Gallery, W. Main St., where you can also get pictures and frames of all sizes, mountings, stereoscopes, graphoscopes, views, etc. Lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

J. & C. P. ROWE, ju14-1y Emmitsburg, Md.

WEST END

Grocery and Notion Store,

CHAS. M. HARBAUGH, PROPRIETOR.

Always on hand, choice groceries, sugar, coffee, syrups, teas, spices, etc., together with a fine assortment of Confectioneries. Also woolsens—brooms, buckets, washboards, brooms, &c. All which will be sold cheap, that is certain, as I sell only for cash. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. ju14-1y

Notice!

Flouring Mill.

ALL ORDERS FOR

FLOUR AND FEED

when left with either Messrs. Geo. W. Rowe or D. Lawrence, will receive PROMPT ATTENTION.

SATISFACTION Guaranteed.

And prices to the suit the economical demands of the

TIMES!

