

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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VOL. I.

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Lyra Incantata.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever hand would win me,
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."
Three bars of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were hidden to a trial
To find the magic string
(If there were such a thing).
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bars contended.
The first—a minstrel hoary
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won,
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.
The second changed the measure,
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared,
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed as that, soon after,
The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire,
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a woe and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!
THEODORE TILTON.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A lovely afternoon in October. A party of young people, carrying paper bags, sachels and baskets, strolling up a pleasant country road. Leaning over the garden gate of the picturesque and many-gabled house they have just left, looking after them, the gentleman shading his eyes from the sun with his right hand—Mrs. Melicent Ogden, widow, and Mr. Sydney Maurice, old bachelor.

Mr. Maurice (turning to his companions, till shading his eyes). One would imagine, judging from those happy youths and maidens, that the violets were here instead of the golden-rod, and that the roses were coming, and not the snow-flakes. They go as merrily to gather autumn leaves as they went to seek for May's sweet blossoms. Life's spring makes all seasons its own.

Mrs. Ogden (laughingly). True. But that is no reason you should protect your sight any longer. You have turned your back upon the sun.

Mr. Maurice (dropping his hand, and walking beside her, as she saunters toward the grape arbor). When we two were young, I thought your beauty much more dazzling than the sun.

Mrs. Ogden (slowly). That was a great many years ago.

Mr. Maurice. Well! say fifteen.

Mrs. Ogden (knowing it be nineteen). At least sixteen.

Mr. Maurice. Is it possible? Looking at you, I can scarcely believe it to be half that number.

Mrs. Ogden. You have not lost your talent for flattering.

Mr. Maurice. I could not lose what I never possessed. I abhor flattery. Time must have fallen in love with you when you entered upon the summer of your life—I don't wonder at it—and the old graybeard ever after, as he made his yearly rounds, only gazed upon you smilingly, and passed on. No hand of his has been laid upon your dark tresses. He has never touched your broad smooth brow. Your wine-brown eyes have the same sparkle and your pretty mouth the same smile as of old. Only your form is more matronly, and your chin not quite so round, and I should suspect—glancing at her plump hand—that you now wear six and a half instead of six. The first philopena I ever gave you—I let you catch me, by-the-by—was a pair of gloves. As for me, the foot-prints of the crow are plainly visible around my eyes, my hair and my moustache are turning gray, and the buttons and button-holes of the brown coat in which you first beheld me—it was at the elder Miss Sargent's sixteenth birthday party, and you threw Bob Taylor over immediately I was introduced, and allowed me to feed you with strawberries and cream the rest of the evening—wouldn't meet at the present moment by a foot or so. Time has smitten me with both hands.

Mrs. Ogden. 'Tis false! He has only touched you with one finger. You look young, I will confess—nine-and-thirty—she knows he is forty-one—but not a day more. And you are entirely mistaken about the crow's feet, and I see no reads among the gold. So,

Mr. Maurice, you get no sympathy from me on that score.

They reach the arbor, and seat themselves upon a rustic bench shaded by heavy vines.

Mr. Maurice, suddenly, after a few moments' thought. Ah! Malicent, what happy, happy days those were when, you seventeen and I two-and-twenty, were so wildly in love with each other. That is, when I was wildly in love with you, and you thought you were very much in love with me.

Mrs. Ogden. I remember the day we went for water-lilies, and came near being drowned.

Mr. Maurice. And I said: In what more beautiful shape could death come to us? The smiling sky above, the smiling waters beneath, and the fragrant flowers around us.

Mrs. Ogden. You were always awfully poetical. But in spite of the poetry, I caught a severe cold, and looked like a fright for a week. And can you recall the terrible thunderstorm that overtook us as we were sauntering through the woods one August day, and the fearful clap that shattered the maple-tree beneath which we sought shelter?

Mr. Maurice. Can I recall it? Can I ever forget it, you mean. For the same clap which you call fearful, but which I thought Heaven sent, threw you into my arms, and—I kissed you.

Mrs. Ogden, blushing rosy red. And the day we went for wild flowers, and gathered such a quantity, and, stopping to rest on the porch of the Widow Marshall's cottage when half way home, forgot them, and left them all there, and mamma, who was waiting with pitchers and vases and things to fill, scolded us for nearly an hour? Dear mamma! she always liked you, and never forgot you.

Mr. Maurice, with emphasis. In which respect her daughter did not resemble her.

Mrs. Ogden, ignoring the interruption. And the day I stole the jar of peaches from the storeroom, when we contemplated a lunch among the hens and chickens in the barn.

Mr. Maurice. And the day I started for Japan, and you promised to remain true to me for ever? Do you remember that?

Mrs. Ogden, leaning forward to look down the garden path. Indistinctly. Mr. Maurice, impulsively. Melicent, why weren't you true to me?

Mrs. Ogden. I was; though appearances, I confess, were against me.

Mr. Maurice. You were true to me! Why, I hadn't been gone three months when I heard of your flirting desperately with Jack Hall!

Mrs. Ogden. Poor Jack! He was so entertaining, and used to say so many funny things. I nearly died a-laughing at them many a time. But as to flirting with him—you accused me of it in your second letter, and I was so indignant that I did not answer it—

Mr. Maurice, sarcastically. Ah! it was indignation, then that kept you from replying?

Mrs. Ogden. I never flirted with him. He got into the habit of strolling over to our house from the hotel, and spending an hour or two every day or evening, and we played cards, and jested, and laughed together—and that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Will Brown?

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Will! His brains were all in his feet. What a capital dancer he was! No one could keep step with me as he did. And it's so refreshing to find a partner who don't tread on your train, or jerk you awkwardly about, or stop before the dance is half through. I did dance with him a great deal one winter, but that's all.

Mr. Maurice. And Percy Germain?

Mrs. Ogden. Poor dear Percy! I never heard anybody, not even you, repeat poetry—especially love poetry—as well as he did.

Mr. Maurice. And Peter Atkins, Esquire?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh, bless his dear old heart! He took me out yachting three or four times—with a party, of course—and sent me a love of a bracelet on Valentine's Day. But the idea of flirting with him! [Laughing merrily.] Fancy one flirting with one's grandfather!

Mr. Maurice. And none of these men made love to you?

Mrs. Ogden. Oh dear! yes, all of them.

Mr. Maurice. And you?

Mrs. Ogden. I? I regarded them as brothers, with the exception of Mr. Atkins. I thought of him as I said before, as of a grandfather.

Mr. Maurice. But Mr. Ogden, whose wife you became—you must have regarded him as something more than a brother, or—a grandfather?

Mrs. Ogden. Well, yes, Sydney—I should say Mr. Maurice—

Mr. Maurice. I am quite satisfied with Sydney.

Mrs. Ogden. I did. Fred was a fine-looking, dark-eyed, Spanish-complexioned fellow, with an Italian voice. He sang divinely, and you know I always adored music; what a pity you don't sing! and you look so barytone; and he was here, and you were in Japan; and one lovely moon-lit summer eve Fred sang that loveliest of love songs, 'Ah, te o cara,' from *Puritani*, you know, in a heavenly manner. I was completely carried away by it, and when I came back to earth again I found myself engaged. I had promised myself for a song.

Mr. Maurice, meaningly. He was very wealthy, was he not?

Mrs. Ogden, demurely. Yes; but he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. Maurice. After you married him.

Mrs. Ogden. After I married him. You seem to be well informed on the subject. [With a little sigh.] He was a very good husband, and never scolded me during all the ten years of our married life.

Mr. Maurice. And you loved him?

Mrs. Ogden. Certainly. As soon as we were engaged I considered it my duty to begin to love him.

Mr. Maurice. Having totally forgotten me, to whom you had promised to remain true?

Mrs. Ogden. You had not written for three months. You were angry about some one of the 'brothers' or 'the grand-father'—I forget which; and papa, who didn't like you as well as mamma did, said you weren't coming back for five years. Five years! why, that length of time seems an eternity to a young girl. And you know we were not positively engaged to each other. You had never asked papa, and he was on Fred's side anyhow. And yet, now that we are old people, I will confess that I was very fond of you. I never went to gather spring flowers with any one else.

Mr. Maurice. Nor water-lilies?

Mrs. Ogden. Nor water-lilies.

Mr. Maurice. Never was caught in a thunderstorm with a 'brother' or 'grand-father'?

Mrs. Ogden. Never.

Mr. Maurice. In short, you only married another?

Mrs. Ogden, not noticing the last remark. And you—can it be possible that you are still a bachelor? Are you quite sure you have left no almond-eyed wife in Japan?

Mr. Maurice. Quite sure. I don't like almond eyes. I like well-opened, large, wine-brown eyes that glow in the light like rare old sherry. Melicent, for your sake I have remained a bachelor. Your image alone has reigned in my heart. You see how much more constant a man can be than a pretty woman.

Mrs. Ogden, with much animation. Sydney, Miss Ballston's a nice girl—a few years past her teens, but very girlish—and she's awfully fond of you. She knows all your favorite dishes. I can only remember you have a fancy for poached eggs and peaches. She ordered your breakfast before you came down this morning, to save you the trouble, she said, and you fairly beamed when the waiter brought it to you. She reads Macaulay mornings to talk him with you evenings. She practices—oh, heavens, how she practices!—when you're away, the two songs you like so well—'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' and 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,' She is pretty. You needn't shrug your shoulders: she is, true, the blue of her eyes is somewhat faded, and the gold of her hair is not as golden as it might be, and her upper lip is a little too long—

Mr. Maurice. I never admired fair hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. Ogden. She would be constant. I know she would. I never saw any male body paying her the slightest attention. I mean I never saw her coquetting with any one. She never could be sung away from you. Never! I'd stake my life on that.

Mr. Maurice, absently. What fools we men are!

Mrs. Ogden. Have you just discovered it?

Mr. Maurice. We forgave everything to the women we love, and we love bewitching, careless, faithless flirts, when there are many true hearts—

Mrs. Ogden. And long upper lips to be had for the asking. Why do you do it?

Mr. Maurice. Because we are fools, I suppose. Melicent, have you any charity for a fool?

Mrs. Ogden. It depends upon what 'fool,' and the manner of his foolishness.

Mr. Maurice, rising. He stands before you, and his foolishness consists in the fact that in spite of your faithlessness he loves you still. Will you marry him?

Mrs. Ogden, also rising, and looking anxiously toward the west, where the clouds are darkening. If it were not

too late in the season, I should fear we were threatened with a thunder-storm.

Mr. Maurice, extending his arms. If you are at all frightened, Melicent, come to your old refuge. I am as ready to receive and kiss you as on that summer day, sixteen years ago.

She bends toward him. He folds her in his arms and kisses her.

She, looking smilingly up in his face. Sydney, to become your wife will be a fearful punishment. Pause before you inflict it upon me, for, remember, innocent as you are, you will have to share it with me. And remember, also, there will be no more spring flowers, no more summer blossoms for us, nothing but autumn leaves.

He. My darling, I thank God for that. For in the sunshine of your love the autumn leaves will keep their gold and crimson beauty while life itself shall last.—*Basar*.

Mark Twain's Speech.

Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, the author of 'Roughing It,' presided over a political meeting in Elmira, N. Y., and introduced the orator of the evening, Gen. Hawley, who is his neighbor in Hartford, Conn. The speech, which was eminently characteristic, was as follows:

I see I am advertised to introduce the speaker of the evening, Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, and I see it is the report that I am to make a political speech.—Now, I must say this is an error. I wasn't constructed to make stump speeches. Gen. Hawley was president of the Centennial commission. He was a gallant soldier in the war. He has been governor of Connecticut, member of Congress, and was president of the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln.

Gen. Hawley—That nominated Grant. Twain—He says it was Grant, but I know better. He is a member of my church at Hartford and the author of 'Beautiful Snow.' May be he will deny that. But I am only here to give him a character from his last place. As a pure citizen, I respect him; as a personal friend of years, I have the warmest regard for him; as a neighbor whose vegetable garden adjoins mine, why—why I watch him. That's nothing; we all do that with any neighbor.

Gen. Hawley keeps his promises not only in private but in public. He is an editor who believes what he writes in his own paper. As the author of 'Beautiful Snow' he has added a new pang to winter. He is broad-souled, generous, noble, liberal, alive to his moral and religious responsibilities. Whenever the contribution box was passed I never knew him to take out a cent. He is a square, true, honest man in politics, and I must say he occupies a mighty lonely position. He has never shirked a duty or backed down from any position taken in public life. He has been right every time, and stood there.

As governor, as Congressman, as a soldier, as the head of the Centennial commission, which increased our trade in every port and pushed American production into all the known world, he has conferred honor and credit upon the United States. He is an American of Americans. Would we had more such men! So broad, so bountiful is his character that he never turned a tramp empty-handed from his door, but always gave him a letter of introduction to me. His public trusts have been many, and never in the slightest did he prove unfaithful.

Pure, honest, incorruptible, that is Joe Hawley. Such a man in politics is like a bottle of perfume in a glue factory—it may modify the stench if it doesn't destroy it. And now, in speaking thus highly of the speaker of the evening, I haven't said any more of him than I would say of myself. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Gen. Hawley.

Read the Papers More.

Mr. Hanbury, a member of the British parliament, has been cautioning his constituents at Newcastle-under-Lyne against reading too much. While he admitted that there were thousands of reasons in favor of an increase in general reading, he urged there were others against it, and one of these was seen to a great extent in Greece, where only one-seventh of the land was under cultivation, owing to the literary ambition of all classes. It rested with the masses to decide what class of books were to be written by our authors, and he advocated strongly the principle of every man reading the newspapers.

It is the common belief that Sitting Bull is the chief of the Northern Sioux. The *Sioux City (Iowa) Journal* says that he is not the chief, but that Black Moon is head chief or 'president,' Sitting Bull 'secretary of war,' Iron Crow 'general' and Big Road 'brigadier general.'

"Take a Front Seat."

A religious journal pertinently says: One peculiarity we have often noticed among Christian people. If a concert or lecture is to be given, front seats are at a premium. Nobody, on such an occasion, wants to be poked off into a corner by the door. But let it be a social meeting, instead of a concert, and it is astonishing how modest everybody becomes all at once. The further back a seat the more desirable it is, and if there is a bench within two feet of the door, it is always the first filled. Why this should be so is one of those profound problems of human nature that we have not succeeded in solving. A Pennsylvania pastor—he is a Presbyterian—has hit upon a device for overcoming this tendency, that may be worth imitation. A neat pocket list of prayer meeting topics for the year has been printed, and placed in the hands of every member of the church, and at frequent intervals in the list, in conspicuous type, are the words, 'Take a Front Seat.' This, though possibly quite as effectual, is a milder method than one that was tried a few years ago, in a certain Baptist church. The pastor had ropes tied across the entrance to the pews, except those in front, and people had to take front seats or climb over. A temporary reformation was effected, but when the ropes were removed there was a great backsliding in that congregation.

Exploits of American Brigands.

The record of the famous band of freebooters who robbed the express train at Glendale, Mo., recently, places them at the head of successful robbers in this country. The following is a list of their heaviest depredations: Russellville, Ky., March 20, 1868, a bank; Gallatin, Mo., December, 1869, a bank; Coluabus, Ky., April 23, 1872, a bank; Corydon, Iowa, June 3, 1872, a bank; Kansas City, Mo., October, 1872, cash-box of Kansas State fair, in presence of 20,000 people; St. Genevieve, Mo., May 23, 1873, a bank; near Omaha, Neb., July 21, 1873, an express train captured; Gadshill, Mo., November, 1873, Adams express car; Malvern, Ark., December, 1872, express train captured; El Paso, Texas, April, 1874, express train captured; Muncie, Kan., December, 1875, express train captured; Corinth, Miss., December, 1875, a bank; Huntington, W. Va., May, 1876, a bank; Northfield, Minn., September, 1876, a bank; Glendale, Mo., October 8, 1879, an express train. They have drawn on ten States, have got about half a million of dollars, have killed some fifteen or twenty cashiers, engineers, pursuers and detectives, and most of the original band led by the Jameses or Youngers are either dead or in prison. The recent plunder of the express car at Glendale is believed to have been engineered and directed by Jesse James, who escaped from Northfield, the place of their last previous assault.

A Brutal Spectacle.

The town of Shenandoah, Pa., was the scene on Wednesday night of what is known among English miners as a 'purring' match, which is simply a game of endurance, to show which can bear the most kicking on the legs. David T. Davis, a Cornish miner, and Thomas Proudfit, of England, were the contestants, each having put up \$50. The fight took place in a barroom. They each wore a new pair of stout brogans, and they kicked so effectually that before the close of the struggle the corduroy pants they wore were kicked to ribbons. The condition of their legs may be imagined. Thirteen rounds were kicked, when Davis gave up and the victory remained with Proudfit, who, elated with his success, danced a jig with a tumbler of water on his head. Davis was so much injured that he had to be carried home.

Pine Cones for Fire Kindling.

Almost the universal article used on the continent for kindling fires are dry pine cones. A couple of these is usually enough to start a fire of dry wood, and several of them contain enough resinous material to start a coal fire without other kindling. They are readily ignited with a match, and are free from dust and insects. In Paris, and other large cities on the continent, scarcely any other than pine cones are used for kindling purposes in the hotels, and it is a wonder to us that they have not been introduced for the same purpose here. We believe a large and profitable business might be made from gathering the cones in pine growing regions and selling them in our cities.

Wine making in Australia is becoming an important industry, and some think will in the course of time rival the trade of some European countries. The total yield this season is estimated at 390,000 gallons.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A gentleman at Bridgeport, Conn., was indiscreet enough to talk with a juror in the Bucholtz murder case and has been fined \$75 and the costs of the prosecution.

The large cotton gin of Col. W. H. Spratley, in Greensville county, Va., was recently destroyed by fire, caused by a match igniting while passing through the gin.

Every hotel in Brattleboro, Vt., is closed, and travelers are compelled to find accommodations at private houses. This is in pursuance of the plan to make the prohibitory law unpopular.

Teacher—'Feminine of friar?' First bright boy—'Hasn't any.' Teacher—'Next.' Second bright boy—'Nun.' Teacher—'That's right.' First bright boy indignantly ejaculates—'That's just what I said.'

A postal car service from Toledo over the Wabash line to Omaha will be instituted, in addition to the present service. It will save eight hours between Eastern cities and places west of the Mississippi.

It was quaint old Thomas Fuller who said: 'There are fools with little heads and there are fools with big heads; in the one case there is no room for so much wit and in the other case there is no wit for so much room.'

Six miles from Statesville, N. C., is a poisonous spring, which has been fenced in and locked up. The water, on analysis, was found to contain a trace of phosphoric acid, and sulphate and carbonate of barium in much strength.

It is estimated that the production of silk manufactures in Paterson, N. J., this year will reach fully \$10,000,000.—The weekly consumption of raw silk is estimated at 10,000 to 15,000 pounds, and between 9,000 and 10,000 persons are engaged in the industry.

Some weeks ago a little girl in Des Moines swallowed a small piece of tin. Since then the tin has worked up under her ear, descended to her jaw, and the other day was taken out from under her tongue. The little one has suffered intensely, but is now all right.

A West Philadelphia, who designed and erected a novel and handsome porch to his house, was so incensed at another person's copying it, that he sued for damages. The judge declared that as the design had not been copyrighted, and had been made public, it had become common property.

As he scrambled from his bed, and gazing through the window saw the dark, gloomy, despairing-looking weather, he softly whistled, 'Tis the last throes of summer,' and prepared to get out his ulster. About noon he had an idea that even a chest protector would be a superfluous abundance of clothing.

Mr. Robert P. Crockett, the only surviving son of 'Davy' Crockett, has a farm near Granbury, Texas, and is the keeper of the bridge across the Brazos river at that place. Ashley Crockett, one of Robert Crockett's sons, is one of the two editors and proprietors of a flourishing newspaper of that region.

Miss Miller, of Ferris, Texas, chloroformed her father's dogs and eloped with the young man whom her father had forbidden the premises. The probabilities are that about a year hence she will conclude that her life would have been less miserable if she had chloroformed the young man and eloped with her father's dogs.

Sir Garnet Wolseley is a little more than forty years old, and after the Ashantee campaign he might have had a baronetcy that he refused. He did not, however, decline the \$100,000 which were offered to him. He was badly wounded in the Crimean war. He hates newspaper men, whom he calls 'drones.' He tries to be very just, and he believes in books.

Mr. Emanuel Geeting, living near Keedysville, Md., fearing a visit from thieves, removed his meat from his meat house a few days since and left the door unlocked. The thieves did make a raid on his place, and, without trying the door of the meat house, dug a tunnel into it. Their feelings on finding it empty and the door unlocked may be imagined.

A gentleman who has been living in the Peruvian town of Iquique, during the war between the different powers, writes: 'To give you an idea of the expenses of living in Iquique during the blockade, I will quote the prices, by wholesale, of a few articles of the greatest necessity. The prices are quoted in silver coin, which exists here only in name, but I reduce the prices to silver, to give you a better idea of them. Flour, \$16 a hundredweight; rice, (India) \$14 a hundredweight; lard (American), \$16 a hundredweight; beans, \$10 a hundredweight; sugar, \$12 a hundredweight; beef, 40 cents a pound; distilled water 20 cents a pailful.'

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

Within the last fortnight, we have taken a few days of vacation in the way of visiting the fairs at Frederick and Hagerstown.

Fairs, in their origin, were intended for the display and the sale of the products of the soil, together with horses, sheep, cattle and so on. The largest of them are held in Russia and India, they have been held in honour of some tutelary saint generally, or some recognized divinity.

Rest and recreation are indispensable to man, rest however does not necessarily mean inaction, there may be rest in a change of posture, while work still progresses, there may be recuperation in a change of work, while bodily exercise still goes on.

"All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy" is a trite adage which has its application as well to grown persons as to boys.

But we cannot enter at large into the idea of these fairs. The competitions of life contribute to its proper expansion, not only the first lessons, but the entire course of ones existence may be regarded an imitative process, the lessons go continually forward, and through their influence arise the new discoveries and the improvements which mark the progress of the ages.

years may elapse until an extended area of country may be possessed of an improved stock in all departments.

But not only thus—while man exhibits, he may himself be exhibited, and who has not observed him in this boaring? who can overlook the vast crowds of human beings surging hither and thither, and not be impressed with the greatness as well as the littleness of the scene?

What is all the pageantry but a vain attempt to show man himself as an object of wonder before his fellows, the ribbons, the glitter of bayonets, epaulettes, feathers and other accoutrements, do they not serve to deck him, as the ribbons and the trappings do the animals?

Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold, Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape. how the jollity of the pleasing deception shows itself on all sides! with what action and reaction it looms up everywhere, how the changes of the scenes are directed now here, and now there, how the tramp, tramp, tramp, responds to the beating of the "spirit stirring drum," and the whole being alive to the exhilarating tones of the "ear-piercing fife," and the softer melodies of the convoluted horns!

In ancient times there were Olympic games, that drew the people together at stated periods to witness exercises and sports tending to the development of bodily vigour along with recitations and other proceedings for the unfolding of mental growth.

Then there were gladiatorial exhibitions whose effective influence appealed more directly to the animal nature. The ages of chivalry had their tournaments and other demonstrations, still appealing to the warlike and the mere animal predispositions; Coming on down the ages we reach the May-Day delights and other modes of amusements for the people. The Hindus with their dense populations have made their public exhibitions remarkable for the multitudes engaged in them, and the vast amount of wealth involved.

The Chinese too with their old traditions and stolid characteristics, draw together, mighty concourses for diversion; and so it has ever been, even among the savages, the tribal and clan-gatherings, have all demonstrated the want in our nature for special meetings for mirth and recreation and prospective gain, apart from the routine of daily life, enlisting the attention of large and eager crowds.

Thus the social and intellectual advancement of modern times seems to have gathered up the idea of the universal longing into that of the exhibitions about which we are now concerned, indicating a state of society, to which the world never before reached.

So wide-spread is the range of their influence, that no possible department of activity is overlooked. Industry in its many branches—art, science, learning, agriculture, manufactures and whatever enlists the attention of mankind, as already intimated, all enter into the complementary sum of these exhibitions. Their influence for good in all directions is continually manifesting its power.

We trust the work may go forward, and that each recurring occasion, will show the onward progress of a people whose genius and resources fit them to stand as the leaders and educators of the nations.

The people of Frederick county have indeed good reason for felicitating themselves upon the grand success of their late exhibition. There "on the very verge of her confine"—on the eastern side of the lovely plain upon which Frederick city stands, are the beautiful grounds set apart and enclosed for the uses of the Agricultural Society, it comprises, as we have been informed, 40 acres of land; this it is in contemplation to enlarge. In the order and excellent arrangements of its several departments too much praise cannot be given to the management. Like the scenery along the Western Maryland railroad, words cannot adequately describe, the richness and the glory of this exhibition when fully underway. To look from the grand stand that overlooks every part of the ground, takes in a bird's eye view the city near by, the plain that reaches out to the mountains beyond, and which hem in the prospect on all sides, is worth a long journey; the gentility too of the gathering, all in holiday array, speak in flattering terms of the refinement and prosperity of the people.

The great and almost the only felt want to the full convenience of the arrangements, is that of seats to be distributed properly over the grounds for the comfort of the wearied crowds. We will now for a short while cast our eye over the grounds of our neighbouring county (Washington), we find her encountering the disagreeable drawback of rain and its attendant consequence, a limited attendance; The Sun appeared however on the 3d day of the exhibition, and with it the people, in every conceivable mode of approach, until the grounds were completely covered with an eager and excited crowd.

Their grounds lie northward of the town, they comprise 18 acres of land, which, whilst they answer their present purpose, we thought too hilly. A better location would be directly west of the present one; On account of a considerable hillock in the middle of the ground, there is no one point from which a view of the entire field can be obtained unless from the observatory on the top of the exposition building, and the track for the trial of speed with the horses, can only be observed half around. The mountain views are fine from the grounds, exactly reversed from those at F. being to the east from here, while from F. they are prevailing on the west. We thought the display of vegetable productions surpassed that at Frederick. The lack of seats here however is still greater than at F., the police regulations at both places were in most admirable style, and we did not anywhere observe any occasion for an arrest.

We congratulate all sides upon these fine demonstrations and trust that they may be long maintained to the best interests of the populations which promote them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE opening meeting of the National Fair Association at Washington city on Tuesday last was a signal success.

REV. JAMES T. TEHAN S. J., assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church at Providence R. I., died Tuesday morning.

THE late frosts have put an end to the Yellow fever at Memphis, for a time at least, and rendered it safe for the thirty thousand refugees to return home.

A FIRE in Colfax, California, on last Tuesday destroyed the Chinese quarters and burned one block of the business portion of the town. One Chinaman was burned to death.

A RELIC of Burns has just been placed in the Kilmarnock Museum. It is the draught or checkerboard which was used by the poet and his brother in their hours of recreation while they were engaged in farming together.

BISHOP ELDER, formerly Catholic Bishop of Natchez, Miss., was in Cumberland on Monday last, on his way to California, he having been recently transferred to the Archdiocese of San Francisco, as coadjutor bishop to Archbishop Alemany.

A HOG-SCRAPING MACHINE which has just been started in Chicago worked very satisfactorily. A hog was killed, placed in the machine, and almost in an instant came out with only a few odd hairs on his head and legs. Seven hogs were passed through the machine in fifty-seven seconds, and each came out as hairless as could be desired. With a few improvements, the machine is expected to finish off 6000 hogs in ten hours.

THE TERM "PENNY" IN NAILS.—Many persons are puzzled to understand what the terms "fourpenny," "sixpenny," and "tenpenny" means as applied to nails. "Fourpenny" means four pounds to the thousand nails or "sixpenny" means six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term, and meant at first "ten pound" nails (the thousand being understood), but the old English clipped it to "tenpun," and from that it degenerated until "penny" was substituted for pound. When a thousand nails weigh less than one pound they are called tacks, brads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

At the suggestion of a friend, we reprint the following beautiful poem, by the late Prof. Geo. H. Miles, of Mt. St. Mary's College. The distinguished and beloved physician Dr. Jas. A. Shorb, to whose memory it was inscribed and the honoured Poet, are now sleeping near each other in the College "Cemetery."

ALL SOULS DAY.—1867. DYING? along the trembling mountain flies The fearful whisper fast from cot to cot; Strong fathers stand against and mothers' eyes Melt as their white lips stammer, "Not, oh! not Him of all others? Nay, Not him who from our hearts so oft drove death away?"

Well may those pale groups gather at each door, Well may those tears that dread the worst be shed. The hand that healed their ills will bless no more, The life that served to lengthen theirs has fled; And while they pray and weep Unto his rest he passeth like a child asleep.

Ah! this is sudden! why, this very morn' He rode amongst us; sick men woke to hear The step of his black pacer: the new-born Smiled at him from their cradles; many a tear On faces wan and shivering, "Not, oh! not Him of all others? Nay, Not him who from our hearts so oft drove death away?"

For there he lies, together gently laid The hands we were so proud of, his white hair Making the silver halo that it made In life around his brow; as if in prayer The gentle face composed, With nameless peace o'er-shadowing the eyelids closed.

And as beside him through the night we hold Our solitary watch, I had not started To hear my name break from his lips, as of old, Or see the tranquil lips a moment parted, "To speak the word unsaid, The last supreme adieu that instant death forbade.

I dread the day-dawn, for his silent rest Beside the night: I half believe him mine, While in the tapers' shadowy light, his breast Seems heaving, and amid the pale moonshine That wanders o'er the lawn, Crouch the tall hands unknowing that their master's gone.

But when the morning at his window stands In glory beckoning, and he answers not; Not for the wringing of the widowed hands, Or orphans wrestling with their bitter lot, I feel, old friend, that I have loved you.

That naught can wake thee but final miracle. Was it but yesterday, that at my gate, Beneath the over-arching oak we met; Throned in his saddle, statue-like he sat, A horseman every inch: I see him yet, His morning mission done, His deep-mouthed pack behind him trailing, one by one.

Mute are the mountains now! No more that cry Of the full chase by all the breezes borne Down the dingles, while each eagle swift reply Speaks the hunt begun; Nevermore the horn Of our lost chief will shake Those trumpet-riven crags, or pierce the startled brake!

Those emmits were his refuge; when the touch Of gloom was on him, and the gathered care Of long and toilsome day had gathered there, Drove him from beaten walks to breathe the air "That haunts grey Carrick's crest, And spur from dawn to dusk dusk till effort purchased rest.

But yet, in all these thirty years, how few The days we saw not the familiar fur Amid the valleys passing, till it grew Part of the landscape; through the sun or storm With equal front he rode, Punctual as planets moving in the paths of God. I've seen him, when the frozen tempest beat, As bright as emmits as the birds that played Upon the drifts; and through the deadly heat That drove the fainting reapers to the shade, Smiling, he passed along.

Erect the good gray head, and on his lips a song. I've known him too, by anguish chained aboard, Forsake his midnight pillow with a moan, And meekly ride wh-rever pity led. To heal a sorrow sifter than his own; Or rich or poor the same.

It mattered not: let any sorrow call, he came. Thy life was sacrifice, my own old friend, Yet sacrifice that earned a sacred joy, For in thy breast kept beating to the end, The true and honest goodness of a boy; The seventy years that span Thy course, leave thee as pure as when their date began.

Who could have dreamed the sharp, sad over-thrown Of such a life, so tender, strong and brave? My pulse seems answering thy finger now—" 'Twas once step from the stirrup to the grave! Oh! lift your load with care, Oh! gently to its rest the precious burden bear.

All Souls' Day! as they place him in the aisle, The bells his youth obeyed for Mass are ringing; Ah! as beneath the churchyard gate we file, To latest life his honored relics bring; You'd think the dead had all Arrayed their little homes for some high festival.

As if for him the flowering chaplets, strewn Throughout God's acre breathe a second spring; To him the key of the sculptured stone, A welcome from the tomb seems whispering; As, in their midst, their old companion takes his rest. Yes, he is yours, not ours: set down the bier: To you we leave him with a ready tear: Beneath this sod there's scarce a spirit here: That was not once his friend: Oh! guard his dust!

And if your ashes may Thrill to old love, your graves are gladder than our hearts to-day.

C. V. S. LEVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. FREDERICK, MD. Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jy12 ly

Guthrie & Beam. Livory, Sales and Exchange STABLES EMMITSBURG, MD.

ARE always prepared to accommodate the public with conveyances of all kinds on Reasonable Terms!

We will have carriages and omnibuses at the depot on arrival of each train, to convey passengers to St. Joseph's, Academy, Mt. St. Mary's College, or any part of Lower Maryland country. Fine horses for riding or driving. jy14 ly

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 get pictures and frames of all sizes, mouldings, stereoscopes, gratings, views, etc. Lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed. J. C. F. ROWE, Emmitsburg, Md. jy14 ly

S. A. PARKER, Fashionable Barber, AND HAIR DRESSER.

Dentistry!

Dr. Geo. S. Foulke, Dentist, Westminister, 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

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, \$200 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. jy14 ly

SPECIAL NOTICE.

I HAVE just received by steamer from England the following goods: 100 TEASETS, 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 set-11 pieces each, at from \$3.50 to \$6.00. 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. House-keepers 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 EISENHAUER, Near corner Church & Market Sts., ju14-ly Frederick, Md.

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

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.

The Eighthie Shirt

CAN BE WORN A WEEK WITHOUT A BREAK OR WRINKLE. THE BEST IN THE WORLD, TRY ONE, ONLY \$1 00. 1776 SOLD IN FREDERICK CO

J. E. Walker, Sole Agent. THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST DRESS SHIRT MADE IN THE WORLD.

CARLIN HOUSE, Opposite the Court House, FREDERICK, MD. FRANK B. CARLIN, Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY. Free Bus to and from all Trains. Referring to the above card, I respectfully announce to my friends and the travelling public generally, that in consequence of my increasing business at the City Hotel I have purchased the right, title and good will of the Dill House, which I also purpose conducting in the best manner, assuring the friends of the Dill and City Hotels that no pains will be spared on my part to cater to the wants of every visitor. The terms will be the same as heretofore.

Both the Carlin House wagonette and the City Hotel omnibus will be at the command of any one wishing the use of either at any hour, day or night. July 12-17 FRANK B. CARLIN.

Western Maryland Railroad WINTER SCHEDULE. On and after SUNDAY, Oct 5, 1879 passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

Table with 5 columns: STATIONS, M, A.M., P.M., P.M. Stations include Hillen Sta., Union depot, Penn'a ave., Fulton sta., Arlington, Mt Hope, Pikesville, Owings Mills, Reisterstown, Glen Morris, Finksburg, Westminster, New Windsor, Union Bridge, Fred'k Junction, Rocky Ridge, Emmitsburg, Mechanicstown, Sabillasville, Blue Ridge, Pen-Mar, Smithburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport.

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EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

WINTER SCHEDULE.
On and after Oct. 5th, 1879, Trains will leave Emmitsburg 6:25 and 9:55 A. M. and 2:45 P. M., and arrive at Frederick, 7:55 and 11:20 A. M. and 7:40 P. M. J. TAYLOR MOTTER, Prest. & Gen'l Manager.

What Happens About Us.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED IN THIS COLUMN WILL BE 10 CENTS PER LINE. UNDER BUSINESS LOCALS 5 CENTS PER LINE, CASH.

To those who are not subscribers:—
On receiving THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE for the first time, if you desire its continuance, retain it, if not, please send back, marked "returned," which will be evidence of your non-concurrence in our enterprise.

They are brightening up—bootblacks.
To teach children to eat slowly—give them hot soup, hot custard, etc.

Diphtheria and scarlet fever are prevailing at New Oxford, Adams county to a fatal degree.

We propose as a just and equitable political proposition—No pay to any one who does not work it.

DEAD.—John R. Sneary, esq., former editor of the Hagerstown Herald, died suddenly on Saturday last.

The signs of the times indicate the coming of buckwheat cakes, with the attendant butterfly—as of yore.

The Hagerstown Mail announces the death of Rev. Fiegle, who at one time resided near Emmitsburg; he was in his 84th year.

The politicians are working like beavers on both sides; and the chances of both are bright as day, themselves being the witnesses.

LOW LIVED—CONTEMPTIBLE.—A printing office that will garble election tickets, and then turn in and charge another with having done so.

KINDNESS is stored away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object about them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

MR. DANIEL SHEETS has left a curiosity in the form of a beet at our office. It weighs 7 lbs., and cannot be beaten any more than his road making.

FOR SALE.—A young mare three years old; also a basket sleigh, apply to Dr. John B. Brannan, near Mt. St. Mary's College. sep 20—2m

Our readers will kindly excuse the length of our editorial; the points multiplied on our lands, and we could not find time to shorten it.

The chestnut crop has been gathered. They seem to have been shipped off; as fast as gathered. The home supply here, seems to be short. Our people may do as well on cheese.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS asked a child what s-e-e spelled. The child hesitated. Said the teacher: "What do I do when I look at Mr. Smith?" "Thquint," replied the pupil.

MR. NICOLAS SEABLD brought us two turkeys, whose combined weight was 8 lbs., which he grew on Mr. John Slass' farm they are curiosities in their way; for which he will please accept thanks.

A COLORED political preacher once told his hearers that "publicans" were frequently mentioned in the New Testament "But doh mull Bible" he added, "from one lid to tother, don't say dimocrat want!"

We call attention to the communication of "Citizen" in another column. Let the questions be agitated, we will make room for discussions of matters of public interest, meanwhile we thank "Citizen" for starting the ball.

DEATH.—Mrs. Storm, wife of the late P. L. Storm of this city, died at her residence on Tuesday last after a long and painful illness. She was 58 years of age and was held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends.—Citizen.

MR. ERNEST LAGARDE called to see us. He is a young Typo from the Mountain Echo, as also one of the proprietors. An actual impersonation of the health and youthful vigor which are presumed to flow from the hills and dells whence the Echoes proceed.

MR. JOHN T. CRETTIN of Clairvaux sent us several large cuttings of raspberries, on last Monday, which hung full of large well developed and ripe berries, we regard it a wonderful growth of this remarkable season. He will accept our thanks for his kind remembrance.

ELECTION DAY.—Next Tuesday Nov. 4th. The man who willingly or through neglect, absents himself from the polls, thereby proves himself unworthy of the right of citizenship. Vote yourself, and see that your friends vote too, thus let the popular will be expressed.

ADOLPHUS FEARHAKRE JR., Esq.—A few days ago, we had the pleasure of a call from this gentleman the Democratic Candidate for the office of Clerk, for the circuit court for Frederick County. Mr. F. is a gentleman of fine presence, and is well known for his courtesy of manner. His general bearing, together with the reputation he has acquired from his extended experience in the office to which he aspires, give assurance, that if elected, the office will be conducted so as to promote the highest public good.

The grain markets of Baltimore declined sharply on Wednesday some 20 cts a bushel lower than the prices of two weeks ago.

On next Tuesday in addition to our own, there will be elections in seven other States—Massachusetts, New York, Mississippi, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Wisconsin.

On Monday morning an engineer corps began the survey of a railroad route intended to connect the Western Maryland at Hagerstown, with the Shenandoah Valley Road, at Shepherdstown, W. Va. The distance will be about fifteen miles, and will open a short and competing line with the South and through that rich valley.

We drove out the Gettysburg Road and down Flat Run the other day, returning on the Taneytown Road. Mr. Daniel Sheets had put both of these roads in better order, than we have ever known them to be, his skill as a road-maker is only surpassed by his modesty, which refuses to acknowledge merit in the matter.

REFORMED SYNOD.—This very able and talented body of ministers, have been in session in this city for the past week and transacted a vast amount of highly interesting business appertaining to the interests of that branch of the Christian Church, and finally adjourned their session on Tuesday night, to meet next year at Woodstock, Va.—Maryland Union.

HALLOWEEN.—For our Town Readers. As we go to press, the shadows of this "night sacred to charms and games" are upon us; we trust it may be a time of general gaiety and good humour among our readers. Get ready your apples, crack the nuts, and let "Nuts-crack-Night" be an occasion for joyous remembrance hereafter. Some accounts of the mode of proceeding may be read in "St. Nicholas" for October.

Why don't the town authorities compel the removal of the fallen leaves from the streets? mixing them up with the soil, the case has long stood, may prove deleterious to health; every body knows that decaying vegetation is a fruitful source of malarial fevers and the like. Let the leaves be gathered up and conveyed to the barn yards, and to this end let the ordinance about nuisances speak out—Burning on the streets is a vile practice.

MR. CHARLES E. MULLEN, Democratic candidate for sheriff at the approaching election in this county called upon us on Tuesday in company with Joseph Byers Esq., also candidate for the office of County Commissioner. Mr. Mullen appears to be gentleman of force of character combined with amiability of manner, important traits in the execution of the office for which he canvasses; under Mr. Byers guidance he will readily become acquainted in this District.

PERSONAL.—Mrs. S. N. McNair is on a visit to Westminster.

Mrs. Jas. A. Helman is visiting her mother in Baltimore.

Miss Annie Smith has gone to sojourn with her brother Mr. Thomas M. Smith for some time, at London, Pa.

We had the pleasure of a call from Dr. A. Z. Buchen, of Hanover, Pa., on Wednesday.

Mr. Lou Fiegle and wife, of Tyrone, Carroll Co., and Mrs. Reinhart, wife of Dr. J. Reinhart, of Frizzlesburg, in company with Miss Goodman, of Annapolis, were among the visitors this week.

Miss Leathy A. Stokes has been visiting friends in Frederick for the past two weeks.

The Rev. Ellis N. Kremer of Bedford, Pa., called upon us yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm S. Guthrie spent the greater part of the past week in and near Frederick and in observing the proceedings of the Reformed Synod.

We give place to the following communication, in the hope that the grievances may not degenerate from the discussion of scientific facts and principles, to personal ill-feeling.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, October 25, 1879.

MR. EDITOR.—I will not vie with the Echo in scurrility, I can not. Its thundering blast of words, words, words passes for nothing. I will say nothing further concerning the problem except that the solution I gave was the only one possible. Mr. Bowie said nothing about the distance to the foot of the mountain but to the mountain itself, how that distance is found has nothing to do with the solution, it is part of the data by which the problem is solved. The Echo's correspondent is quibbling over his own folly, like the clown in the circus, he says ridiculous things and then laughs at himself. I am glad he did not give us his name, I do not want to know him, he may be some high personage of little wit, whom as a collegian I am bound to respect. His article plainly shows a shallowness, not only of learning, but also of politeness. It is insulting, but that is in keeping with the Echo's general character. He seems to delight in a little mud throwing, befitting a gutter politician. I wish the Echo to understand that I alone am accountable for all that has appeared in the CHRONICLE above my name. Trusting that I have not trespassed too much on your space, believe me

Your sincere friend,
WILLIAM H. COLEMAN.

Our kind friends of the Star and Sentinel we trust will allow us to say, that whilst disclaiming the compliment they pay us; on a question of philology, it is scarcely proper to go to "secondary" meanings, we adhere to the original of the word "phenomenon."

COLLEGE PERSONALS.—Will C. Sadler, a Mountain student in 1871-72-73, has recently opened in business for himself, at 9 Barclay street, N. Y. He sells all of D. & J. Sadler's publications, and other Catholic works.

"Bob" Gowan, the swift pitcher of the College nine during the seasons of 1873-74, is one of A. & J. Drexel's right hand men, at their Philadelphia Banking house. "Rocky" Martin, whom some of the students will remember with pleasure, walks the streets of Philadelphia with a "Monarch of all you survey" air, dressed in the latest style. His palatial residence is at Brynnyr, a shaded and sequestered retreat among the unbraguetous woods of suburban Philadelphia.

The jolly Editor of the Times at Frederick, in the issue of the 28th ult., grows merry over an article in THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE of last week, wherein "seven brass bands," were represented to have done the work, which he alleges, was done by "only two"—Now "thereby hangs a tale"—The article in question was from a letter furnished to the Baltimore Sun, by a Frederick correspondent, but which through an oversight, and greatly to our chagrin, when too late to remedy, was not credited as we had expected. The Times, then proceeds—"But it's all right; Doesn't make any difference, ha! ha! ha! and concludes, "guess you'd have seen forty (bands) with another tod." We presume this curtailment of words, those apostrophes, are by Poetic license. Now like the little boy, we "don't know what is that," that "tod." But we are sure it is not Horatian: if however it might have reference to the "mixing up" of things, then verily the Times displayed great "tod" when recently, it made pie of the hexameters of the Immortal Poet.

Please our friends one and all. Do not put two Fs in our caption. However you proceed in regard to our village generally, our paper has its own name, EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE, to which it is fairly entitled, on every principle of right and honesty, we have said long ago that old squire Emmitt spelled his name, as we have it; knowing the facts and in our position, we should be recreant to our aims; Truth, Justice and Honesty, did we pervert his personal affairs, so as to indicate that he did not know himself. We lay all emphasis on Emmitsburg, the "Chronicle," is only the tail, for the looks of the thing, but the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE, is what we are working on, and which we are determined shall find homes on all sides, near and afar. But one t hereafter friends, or you touch us personally. Here We Stand.

EMMITSBURG, Oct. 28, 1879.

MR. EDITOR.—I have waited patiently and anxiously for the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE, or some one through its columns to call the attention of this community to the importance, necessity and feasibility, of securing a more ample supply of water, than that furnished by the present inadequate and unreliable system.

Situated as we are, at the very base of the mountain, the expense of obtaining and conveying into town an abundant supply of pure spring water, would be comparatively small. What a horrible experience was ours, in June 1863, when so large a portion of the "Old Burg" was laid waste by the devouring element! Who does not recall with horror that night of fire? How vividly and painfully the whole sad and fearful scene presents itself to the mind, citizens of all ages and conditions fleeing from their burning dwellings, they hardly knew where carrying with them whatever of their household goods they were able to secure, whilst a sense of insecurity was felt alike by all, as we at one time despaired of saving any portion of the town, on account of the scarcity of water. It is a matter of surprise that an effort was not immediately made to secure a better supply, if for no other reason than the security and better protection of property. All our citizens were fully impressed, with their utter helplessness and inability to arrest or extinguish the rushing, hissing flames, as they swept along with irresistible and appalling destruction. Now with our experience of ruin and suffering in the past, one would suppose there would be perfect unanimity, of desire, for some means of protection in the future, and I believe that all our people, are not only favourable to, but decided advocates of an arrangement to supply the town with water. The best suggestion by far, seems to be to obtain our supply from Turkey Run. By ascending Hampton Valley but a short distance, we could secure an elevation sufficiently high for all necessary purposes. I do not propose to enter into details, but chiefly to call attention to this subject. Hoping to enlist you, Mr. Editor—a man who does nothing by halves—in behalf of this greatly to be desired object, and feeling assured that the honour, progress, and material interests of the town of our nativity are involved in this matter, and that with the aid of your facile and eloquent pen, a successful result might be secured. Wishing you the large success due and consequent to the establishment and conduct of the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE—a paper which speaks for itself—I am very respectfully yours

CITIZEN.

WANTED.—A young lady to clerk, apply on Saturday and Monday afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock. J. Thos. Bussey, dealer in Confectionery &c., Emmitsburg, Md.

We regret to record that Mrs. Mary Kelly, widow of the late Patrick Kelly, had an attack of paralysis on Wednesday night. Our latest information is that she is somewhat improved, though not able to articulate.

ARREST.—Detective Rouzer, who was employed to work up the robbery of the Misses Birney, near Taneytown, Md., traced the matter to Joseph Harman, living in the same neighborhood. Harman was arrested and taken to Westminster last week where, after a hearing he was held to answer at court. He has been in the employ of the Misses Birney for several years.—Star and Sentinel.

MARRIED.
LAWRENCE—MARSHALL.—On the 28th ult., at Conowago Chapel, Adams Co., Pa., Mr. Vincent Lawrence to Miss Verena Marshall.

MARKETS.
EMMITSBURG MARKETS.
CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY, BY D. ZECK.

Bacon.....	10
Hams.....	05@07
Shoulders.....	02@03
Sides.....	05@07
Lard.....	05@06
Butter.....	14
Eggs.....	15
Potatoes.....	40
Peaches—packed.....	12
" unpacked.....	08
Apples—packed.....	04
" unpacked.....	14
Blackberries.....	03
Raspberries.....	22
Country soap—dry.....	04@05
" green.....	03
Beans, pushed.....	1 75
Peas.....	40
Milk.....	40
Skim—black.....	50
" part white.....	15@25
Rice.....	20@50
Oats.....	10
Muskat—fall.....	10
House cat.....	05
Rabbit.....	01
Fox—red or gray.....	50@75
Wood fox.....	75@1 25

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS.
Corrected every Thursday by Motter, Matcell & Co.

Flour—super.....	5 50
" medium.....	1 25@1 35
" old.....	10
" new.....	45
Oats.....	30
Clover seed.....	40
Timothy.....	2 50
Hay.....	9 00
Mixed.....	7 00@8 00

PUBLIC NOTICE.
The County Commissioners for Frederick county, will meet at their Room, in the Court House,
On Monday, November 17th, 1879,
at 10 o'clock, A. M., for trial of Road Cases, and general business.
By order,
Oct. 25-4. H. F. STEINER, Clerk.

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. July 5-ly

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.
July 4-ly HORNOR & SMITH.

SPECIAL TERMS TO TRAVELING SALESMEN
Look Here!
D. S. Gillelan,
BUTCHER, EMMITSBURG, MD.
Best quality of Butcher's meat always to be had. Families in the town and vicinity supplied every Tuesdays and Saturdays, at the door. July 4-ly

Marble Works!
U. A. Lough, Proprietor.
ALWAYS on hand, and made to order,
MONUMENTS.
TOMB AND HEAD STONES, AT VERY LOW PRICES. ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. ALL WORK DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE. July 4-ly
I. S. ANNAN. J. C. ANNAN.

L. 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, syrups, spices, etc. A full line of ready-made
CLOTHING!
kept constantly on hand. Butter, eggs, lard, pots, rails, etc., taken in exchange for goods. S. W. corner of the Diamond, Emmitsburg, Md. July 4-ly
ALL KINDS OF IRON.
Public Sale!
OF
DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE.
The subscriber, executor of Jesse W. Nussear, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises,
On Saturday November 8th, 1879,
at one o'clock, p. m., the property of said deceased, consisting of about 5 acres of land, situated on the Frederick and Emmitsburg turnpike road, one mile south of Mt. St. Mary's College. The improvements consist of a
GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,
(partly log and partly frame, it being now used in part as a store) log stable, smoke house, bake-oven, together with a great variety of choice fruit trees—apples, peaches, cherries, plums and grapes. A never-failing well of water near the door. Sale positive—terms easy. Persons wishing to view the property or desiring information respecting it, are referred to Edward McIntire, residing in Emmitsburg, or to James McGrath at St. Josephs.
JESSE H. NUSSEAR,
Oct 11 ts Executor.

EMMITSBURG STOVE HOUSE.

ALL kinds of heating and cooking stoves, ranges, furnaces of the most improved patterns. Repairs for all kinds of stoves at the lowest prices; iron and tinware of all kinds; copper, brass and preserving kettles, wash kettles, fann bells, pumps for all depths of wells. Roofing and spouting, and every kind of work pertaining to the tin and stove trade, at bottom prices. Call for the best and most reliable. I sell five different kinds of cook stoves. JAMES T. HAYS,
July 4-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

DRY GOODS!
MY stock comprises all kinds of Dry Goods, cloths,
CASSIMERES,
cottonades, great variety of Ladies dress goods, notions,
HATS AND CAPS,
boots and shoes, queensware, groceries, of all kinds,
HARDWARE,
etc., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Purchasers will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. W. ROWE,
Emmitsburg, Md.
July 4-ly

Public Sale!
OF VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY.
THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale at Wheeler's Hotel, in Westminster, Carroll Co., Md., at 1 o'clock, p. m.,
ON TUESDAY DEC. 2d, 1879,
50 acres of land, situated about six miles from Westminster on Beaver Run, one mile from the pike, adjoining lands of Granville Herring and Solomon Zepp, situated between the Deer Park road and the pike. The land is improved with a two story house, of stone, two frame dwelling houses, with all necessary out buildings, Grist Mill, Saw Mill, hay barrick three run of stones, running spring of water in the yard. Also a fine assortment of fruit. Terms easy; will be made known on the day of sale.
Oct 18 ts RACHAEL BUSBY,
Westminster Advocate please copy.

CASH HOUSE.
R. H. GELWICKS.
I HAVE always on hand a complete assortment of dry goods, notions, queensware, woollenware, etc. Particular attention paid to **Hardware**. Come and examine my goods, and learn prices, before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT H. GELWICKS,
Emmitsburg Md.
July 4-ly

T. Fraley & Sons,
FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.
AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of the best and other plows, and threshing machines. Iron railing of all kinds at the lowest price. Emmitsburg, Md. July 4-ly

ELECTION NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election, and to the voters of Frederick county, that an Election will be held and take place in the several Election Districts of Frederick county, Maryland,
On Tuesday, November 4th, 1879.
For Governor of the State, Comptroller of the Treasury, Attorney General, Clerk of the Court of Appeals; also Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, Register of Wills for Frederick county, a Sheriff, three Judges of the Orphans Court, five County Commissioners, a State Senator, five Delegates to represent Frederick county in the next General Assembly of Maryland, State's Attorney, and a County Surveyor for Frederick county. WILLIAM RICHARDSON, Sheriff. sep 27-6t.

CHAS. J. ROWE,
DEALER IN
SEWING MACHINES
and Manufacturer of cigars. His superior cigars can be bought by the hundred or thousand at low prices.
Sewing Machines, of all the leading kinds furnished promptly.

Dr. Chas. D. Eichelberger,
S. E. Corner of the Square,
Offers a full assortment of drugs, medicines, toilet and fancy articles, perfumery, soaps,
Brushes, Combs,
Stationery &c., also proprietary or patent medicines and colognes; Tobacco, cigars, confectionery and toys. Your attention and call are solicited.
July 4-ly

CENTRAL HOTEL!
West Patrick Street, opposite Court Street, Frederick, Md.

HENRY BIAYS, PROPRIETOR.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS—FREE BUS TO HOTEL. July 4-ly

Geo. E. Shipley,
Cor. Market and Third Streets,
FREDERICK CITY, MD

FAMILY groceries and housekeeping goods, fine teas, pure spices, Wines, brandies and whiskeys, a specialty. My Motto: "The best goods at the lowest possible prices."

G. T. EYSTER. H. W. EYSTER.

G. T. Eyster and Bro.
DEALERS IN
Gold & Silver,
Swiss & American
Watches,
CLOCKS,
FINE JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,
Spectacles
AND
GOLD PENS.
All repairing warranted.
G. T. Eyster & Bro.
July 4-ly Emmitsburg, Md.

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.
July 21-ly

S. N. McNAIR,
DEALER IN
Blank Books, Stationary
AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN INKS, Revolvers, Razors, and Knives. Also, a large line of
CIGARS & TOBACCO
AT THE POST OFFICE,
Emmitsburg, Md.
July 4-ly

G. W. MYERS. D. C. MYERS.
Geo. W. Myers & Bro.
CONFECTIONERS & FRUITERS,
S. W. CORNER SQUARE, EMMITSBURG, MD.
Ice Cream and Oysters in Season.
Finest Stock of Cigars in Town.
Over two hundred different articles on Five-cent Counter. July 4-ly

M. G. Urner. E. S. Eichelberger.
Urner & Eichelberger
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.
OFFICE—Record St., adjoining offices of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. July 4-ly

