

# 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. VIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1887.

No. 43.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge—Hon. John Ritchie.  
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorney—Frank C. Norwood.  
Clerk of the Court—W. Irving Parsons.

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Town Cynable and Collector—William H. Ashbaugh.

## CHURCHES.

**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 8 o'clock, a. m., in the Sunday School 14 p. m.

**Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)**  
Pastor—Rev. U. H. Heilman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday, morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 14 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

**St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic.)**  
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Osborn Belt. Services every other Sunday, evening at 7 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

## MAILS.

**Arrive.**  
Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:10, p. m., Hagerstown, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.

**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanics-town, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:35, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:35, a. m., T. E. Busssey, 4:30, p. m., Frederick, 3:30, p. m., Motter's, 3:30, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:30, a. m.  
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 6:15, p. m.

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**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
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## "NOTHING TO DO."

Nothing to do in this world of ours! Where weeds spring up with fairest flowers, Where smiles have only a fitful play, Where hearts are breaking every day?

Nothing to do, thou Christian soul! Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole, Off with the garments of sloth and sin; Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

Nothing to do! There are prayers to lay On the altar of incense, day by day. There are foes to meet within and without; There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

Nothing to do! There are minds to teach The simplest form of Christian speech; There are hearts to lure with loving wile, From the grimmest haunts of sin's de-file.

Nothing to do! There are lambs to feed, The precious hope of the church's need; Strength to be borne to the weak and faint; Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

Nothing to do! And thy Saviour said, "Follow thou me in the path I tread." Lord, lend thy help the journey through, Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do."

## REMINISCENCES OF A SUMMER TRIP.

[Written for the Emmitsburg Chronicle.]

A journey of about two and a-half hours brought us to London—a mighty conglomeration of buildings, a bewildering labyrinth of streets, a seething whirlpool of humanity, with smoke and fog, in sombre garments, hovering over all.

We found our trunks at the station, but had to wait an hour for the Custom House officers. The inspection was careful and thorough, more, I think, for fear of dynamite than because of regard for Custom House rules. Then we drove to Russell Square, and in due time we were settled in a private boarding house to which we had been specially recommended. Our host and hostess were genial and agreeable, and well acquainted with Americans.

The next morning we began explorations by going in a cab to see our bankers and get our letters from home, and to leave our London address. Our aggregate wealth would have been too great a responsibility for one bank, so it was fortunate that our Letters of Credit took us to three different places. The banks were close together, however, and in the very heart of the old city. We saw many of the streets with the queer, fascinating names familiar to all lovers of English books—Holborn, Cheapside, Threadneedle, Leadenhall, Bishopsgate, Paternoster Row, &c. When we had "taken our bearings," as mariners say, we dismissed our cab and roamed at pleasure, feeling sure that we could find our way back to Russell Square by means of certain omnibuses.

Just here let me mention a plan of action that we had adopted in the beginning of our travels. Before starting out for the day we generally appointed one of the party to act as paymaster. In the evening we cast up accounts, and each one paid her share of the expenses, to the veriest centime or penny. Often we found this calculation a Herculean task; partly because of the unfamiliar money, and partly because we sometimes lacked small change and could not adjust our accounts for two or three days. This financial confusion caused a terrible agitation of mind. Sometimes a "ha'pence" would prevent us from balancing our columns for a week, and would, at odd moments, furnished an interesting topic of conversation. The denominations were not stamped upon all the English coins, and the traveller must study the appearance of the money, in order to know its value. If you have a five pound note—the smallest denomination issued in paper—you must write your name and address on it before you can have it changed at a bank; then the note goes back to the Bank of England and is not circulated again. I had never heard of this custom before, and I experienced a shock when directed to put my humble name on paper belonging to the richest bank in the world.

We turned our steps toward Saint Paul's Cathedral, whose great dome, surmounted by the golden cross, has been one of the landmarks of London for nearly two hundred years. The building stands on the site of the old church destroyed by the Fire, and a large Phoenix is carved above one of the doors. The Cathedral is very different in style from the other cathedrals we had seen, and I cannot say that I was greatly impressed with its beauty. It is of the usual cruciform shape, but the exterior is adorned with many Grecian columns, and a lofty flight of steps leads up to the front entrances. Even that "unrivaled dome" was unattractive, after the lovely towers and spires of other churches.

But Saint Paul's Cathedral has a more alluring charm than beauty; it has a history, closely connected with the great events of London. It is a temple of repose for some of the noblest of England's dead. The interior is literally crowded with monuments, elaborate in design, many of them ugly by reason of their ghastly gaudiness. Life-size allegorical figures, immense angels with trumpets and wreaths, warlike groups and emblems, give the spectator an idea of a competitive art exhibition instead of a tribute to the dead.

Most of the monuments are merely cenotaphs, the tombs being in the crypt, which we did not visit. How rapidly the famous names follow each other: John Howard, Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Moore, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, and many others. The inscription to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, is: "If you seek his monument, look around."

The Duke of Wellington's monument is, in itself, a small temple, and horribly fantastic. A plainer yet more majestic tribute to "the statesman-warrior" might surely have been suggested by the Laureate's stately Ode, closing with the simple lines:

"Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

The Cathedral has a peal of sweet bells, one of which was dedicated and first rung five years ago. It is called Great Paul, and is the largest bell in Great Britain.

We also saw another of Wren's masterpieces, the Church of Saint Mary-Le-Bow, or Bow Church, built over the arches or bows of an ancient church. Bow Bells have long been famous, and a person born within the sound of them is called a Cockney. The name and the story connected with it are very old. It is said that a citizen's son, riding out with his father into the country, heard a horse neigh, and asked what the horse did. "The horse doth neigh," the father answered. After while they heard a cock crow, and the young man asked: "Doth the cock neigh, too?" In olden times, when the city was small, all the people living in the heart of London must have been within the sound of Bow Bells.

You must always remember that what is called the City of London is the comparatively small part formerly enclosed by the London Wall. The West End has various local names—Tyburnia, Belgravia, May Fair, Chelsea, &c. It is confusing to a stranger to be asked whether he is going to the City, when he thinks he has been there all the time.

Some of the streets are named from the gates of the old wall—Bishopgate, Cripplegate, Ludgate (pronounced Lugget.) Temple Bar, the last of the old gates, was taken down a few years ago, and a monument stands on the spot. Sometimes you hear of a building on a certain street "without;" this means just beyond the place where the wall stood. The arms of the City are the sword of Saint Paul and the cross of Saint George.

We were greatly mystified by a sign which we saw in many places, "Ancient Lights." One day I inquired the meaning of these words, and learned that property so

marked is regulated by some old law prohibiting any person from putting up on the adjoining property any building of greater height than that indicated by the position of the sign.

To be Continued.

## WHAT'S A BISHOP.

How a Wise Little Colored Boy Promptly Answered the Question.

Father Carroll, S. J., now minister at St. Francis Xavier's, in West Fifteenth street, New York City, was once stationed at the mission among the colored Catholics attended by the Jesuits on the Maryland peninsula, and tells some amusing stories of these interesting people. One concerning Cardinal Gibbons, then Archbishop of Baltimore, will bear repetition.

"I was once," said Father Carroll, "preparing a class of colored children for a visit from the then Archbishop Gibbons, who was to administer the sacrament of confirmation to them, and I was specially anxious to have them well prepared. We were out in a field adjoining the church, and I was explaining to them that it was a Bishop alone who could administer the sacrament. I was at a loss, for a moment, to show them by a familiar figure the relative difference between a priest and a Bishop, when I heard the 'honk, honk,' of a flock of wild geese flying over our heads, and called the children's attention to the leader who headed the flight. 'This,' I said, 'my dear children, will give you an idea of what a Bishop is—the leader of his flock.' We got along after that first rate, and in a day or two, when the Archbishop arrived, I related with pride how much progress my little charges had made, and begged his Grace to question them himself in the catechism. He promised to do so, and soon the hour of the ceremony was at hand. The children were all assembled, looking their best, and the Archbishop, after giving them some kindly words of encouragement and advice, before going into the church, began to put a few questions to them, receiving satisfactory answers, as to their understanding of the nature of the sacrament they were about to receive. At last he said, 'What is a Bishop?' and there was a pause for an instant, and then an ebony midjet shot up his hand and said: 'I know, I know.'

"That's well, my child," said Archbishop Gibbons. 'Now tell us what is a Bishop.'

"He's," answered the ardent youth, with a zest that betokened the confidence of superior wisdom, 'the old gander what shows the rest of the geese how to fly!'

"The face of the archbishop, in his effort to retain his episcopal dignity, was a sight, and I was so overcome by the mortification of this unexpected denouement that I had to abandon my charge for a while to regain my composure. You may be sure it was a long time before I heard the end of my braggard-of confirmation class."—*Indian Churchman.*

## His Generosity.

Some time since the wife of a prominent citizen of New York city was trying to instill in the mind of her five-year-old son what it meant to be generous, thus:

"Now, Willie dear, suppose mamma should give you a cake and tell you to give part of it to Harry, and when you divided it one piece was larger than the other; if you gave it to him that would be generous, but if you kept it for yourself that would be selfish. Do you understand?"

The little fellow thought he did. The next afternoon, wishing to test the effect of her teaching, she gave Willie a large, juicy orange, saying:

"Now Willie, take this orange and divide it generously with Harry."

When to her surprise the child (who was passionately fond of oranges) gave it back to her saying, with a roguish twinkle in his bonny blue eye:

"Here, mamma! won't you please give it to Harry and tell him to divide it generously with me."—*Judge.*

## BETH'S ESCAPE.

During the Revolution there lived in a small town in Massachusetts a family named Dare. It was composed of the mother, a timid little woman; Elizabeth, sixteen and small for her age; and Dorothy, six years old.

The men of the place, excepting those who were too old and those who were mere boys, had gone to the war, and as letters at that time were very scarce, none of them had been heard from for a long while.

One morning a boy from a neighboring village galloped up to the door of the Dares' house and called out that a body of Hessians were marching upon the town. He said, also, that the Dares were to go to the Blacks, where there were three or four wagons waiting to take the villagers to L—, a town ten miles out of the track of the Hessians, who were on their way to Boston. When the boy had passed on, to tell some of the neighbors, Elizabeth said: "Mother, you and Dorothy go on; I will hide some of our things and will then follow you." So Mrs. Dare started with Dorothy. She was unable to walk very rapidly, and when she reached the Blacks she was told that Beth was in a wagon that had gone on before. Supposing her to have taken a shorter road, she went on with the others.

Meanwhile Beth took the silver, and having put it into a kettle, lowered it into the well, tying the cord to a stone a little way down. Then she went to her mother's room, and having loosed her long hair, she put it up again over the family pocket-book.

After this was done she started down the road to the Blacks, but upon arriving there found that she was alone in the village. For a few minutes was in great perplexity. Then, lifting up a silent prayer for help, she went back to the house, locked herself in, and, putting the key in her pocket, crept into the big, old-fashioned oven.

Fortunately, as it was summer, there was no fire in the fireplace. There was barely enough room for her to get in and creep far enough back to pull the door almost shut. She did not dare to fasten herself in.

It seemed hours that Beth waited for the soldiers to come. She had just decided to get out of her hiding-place when she heard voices outside. She lay still, scarcely daring to breathe, as she heard the men go round the house trying all the windows and doors, one of which they finally burst open. In they rushed, hunting around for spoil, and swearing loudly when they found there was nothing valuable for them to carry away.

They got out all the food that they could find, and then one of the men took a big pitcher and went out to draw some water. He saw the cord by which the kettle holding the silver was suspended, and took hold of it to pull it up. It broke in his hand, and taking the pitcher of water the man went back into the house to tell the others about it. Oh! how glad Beth was when she heard his news!

When the men were through eating they broke most of the dishes. Gathering up what provisions they could, they coolly remarked that had the occupants of the house been at home they would have secured both money and silver. They wondered where these people could have gone! When the men had departed, Beth lay still for some time. At length, having grown very hungry, she crawled out snail-fashion from her hiding-place. Finding a few pieces of bread which the soldiers had overlooked, she lunched upon these and then returned to the oven, in which she remained the greater part of that night.

The next morning she went cautiously to the nearest house, and thence to all the other houses in the village. The soldiers had broken into them all and had then left the town. Beth managed to get along until the villagers came back to L—. This occurred on the third day after their flight. Mrs. Dare fainted from joy at the sight

of her daughter, whom she had feared never to see again. Yet she soon found strength to thank God, with a trembling voice for his care over Beth. Let us be thankful that we live in less troubled times.  
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

## A LAMB AT SCHOOL.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Massachusetts.

She was very fond of going with her father into the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby-lamb which was thought to be dead. Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and, as it seemed to breathe, she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about.

It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side. One day it followed her to the village school, and, not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the wood-shed until school was out. Soon after this a young student, named John Rollstone, wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep and lived for many years, and when at last it died, Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her, to wear in remembrance of her darling. Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it.

Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church-fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb," every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was raveled out and the yarn cut into short pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars to the Old South Church!—*American Agriculturist for April.*

Where is the Typical American Dress for Men?

Why do tailors, asks a Philadelphia philosopher, continue to nick coat collars, as was first done by the friends of Marshal Moreau in France? Why do all coats carry two buttons on the tail, as they did when sword-bearing was common and the buttons supported the sword-belt? Why do tailors put a solitary button on the coat sleeve, as they did when coat cuffs were reversible and buttoned back? Why are there only four styles of men's coats—the "sack," the "cutaway," the "Prince Albert" and the "swallow-tail," when women have almost as many styles as there are women? We have typical American literature, art and science, but where is the typical American dress for men? Where is the great tailor genius who will produce a coat of form, color and cut which will be acceptable and recognized as purely American? It is very easy to ask such questions, but difficult to answer them.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know," said he; "but I think the most of it is made of fresh air."















