

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance; If not paid in Advance, \$1.50.

VOL. VIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

No. 49.

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.
Orphan's Court.
Judges.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Gaver, Wm. H. Lakin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.
Sheriff.—Luther C. Derr.
Tax-Collector.—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surveyor.—William H. Hilleary.
School Commissioners.—Samuel D. Trotter, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—F. R. Neighbours.
Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Daniel Sheets, Jas. O. Hopp, El. H. Rowe, Joseph Snouffer, Michael Hoke, George T. Gelwicks.
Town Constable and Collector.—William H. Ashbaugh.

J. K. WRIGLEY, M. D., HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Having been engaged in the practice of medicine for the past ten years, and lately located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon, to the people of that place and vicinity. Office opposite the Chronicle Office. jan 22-2y

Dr. J. H. HICKEY, DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public.—Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office Geo. W. Rowe's building, West Main St. jan 5-11

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

Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. jy 12-1y.

Edward S. Eichelberger, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9-11

Dr. GEO. S. FOUKE, DENTIST, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug 16-1y.

H. CLAY ANDER, D.D.S., FRANK R. WHITE, D.D.S., ANDERS & WHITE, SURGEON DENTISTS, MECHANICSTOWN, MD.



Have formed a co-partnership in the practice of Dentistry. Office directly opposite the Post Office, where one member of the firm will be found at all times. The following appointments will be promptly kept:—EMMITSBURG, at the Emmitt House—On Friday of each week. UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. jun 12y

The Gelwicks Hall, Located on E. Main St., EMMITSBURG, MD.

Will be rented on very reasonable terms for entertainments of all kinds. A Full Cornet Band furnished free of charge. GEO. T. GELWICKS, Proprietor. jan 22-11

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EMMITSBURG WATER COMPANY. President, J. S. Annan; Vice-Pres., J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, John Donoghue, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, J. S. Annan.

PARADISE IN A DREAM.

Once in a dream I saw the flowers That bud and bloom in Paradise: More fair they are than waking eyes Have seen in all this world of ours. And faint the perfume-bearing rose, And faint the lily on its stem, And faint the perfect violet Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise: Each bird sat singing in his place; A tender song so full of grace, It soared like incense to the skies, Each bird sat singing to his mate Soft, cooing notes among the trees; The nightingale herself were cold To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow, And deep it was, with golden sand; It flowed between a mossy land Which murmured music grave and low. It hath refreshment for all thirst, For fainting spirits strength and rest; Earth holds not such a draught as this From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there, Abundant with its twelve-fold fruits; Eternal sap sustains its roots, Its shadowing branches fill the air, Its leaves are healing for the world, Its fruit the hungry world can feed, Sweeter than honey to the taste And balm indeed.

I saw the gate called Beautiful, And looked, but scarce could look within; I saw the golden streets begin, And outskirts of the glassy pool. Oh harp. Oh crowns of pteous stars, Oh green palm-branches many-leaved— Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again, But not as once in dreams by night; To see them with my very sight, And touch, and handle, and attain: To have all Heaven beneath my feet— For narrow way that once they trod; To have my part with all the saints, And with my God. —Lyra Messianica.

REMINISCENCES OF A SUMMER TRIP.

[Written for the Emmitsburg Chronicle.]

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to Cambridge, where we were re-united to S., who had engaged lodgings for us with the dearest old ladies just opposite the beautiful gateway of King's College. S. was boarding at Newham College. These old ladies had a quaint, neat home, with lots of old china, brass bedsteads, and fantastic curtains. In lodgings you pay a certain price for rooms and attendance, and order what you want to eat, paying for just what you get, and the meals are served in a private sitting-room or drawing-room.

I shall never forget the enthusiasm of G. when we sat down to our first exclusive banquet, and she exclaimed: Oh, how I love to carve and dish out things." I said: "I'm glad you do, for I don't like to have any responsibility on my mind when I sit down to a meal." Afterward I had reason to think that G.'s speech was not founded on long experience, and I believe she grew weary of her contract before we came to the end of our journey.

I will not give detailed descriptions of our visits to the colleges, for, in doing so, I should fill columns and pages of paper. What is known as the University is a combination of seventeen colleges, in different parts of the town, and independent of each other. Each college is presided over by a Master or President or Provost. Most of the buildings are very ancient and wonderfully beautiful. Solid, but dressed stone structures that have defied the storms of ages; graceful turrets and spires, chiming bells; lovely gardens with flowers, fountains, and trees; green courtyards and closes surrounded by shady cloisters; massive walls, and picturesque gateways decorated with heraldic devices; famous libraries with historic portraits, busts, and relics—all these things make the attractions of the University of Cambridge.

The Cam flows through the town, lending its silvery beauty, crossed by many picturesque bridges. The pretty path along the river's edge is called the Backs, because it runs behind the colleges. I never expect to see a more solemnly beautiful chapel than the one belonging to King's College. Its roof, its carved stalls and screens, its decorations, its

—Storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light, will forever haunt the memory of any one who has been there. Of course, I make no comparison between it and the great cathedrals, because they are very different. On Sunday all the students meet for the sermon at the University Church of St. Mary—The Great. The most beautiful colleges are King's, Jesus, Christ's, St. John's, and Trinity.

The two new colleges, Newham and Girton, for women are in the suburbs of Cambridge. We visited Newham which seems to be well arranged, but things are much plainer than in women's colleges in our country. We were amused by what G. called "Newham slang." When they want to say "near four o'clock" they say "fourish," and for "pretty soon" they say "now-ish."

I have not yet spoken of the *rebuss* which is often found in English churches and colleges. A Founder or a Benefactor having a name which can be expressed in an ornamental device has it carved in some prominent place in the building. Thus Bolton is represented by a bolt through a tun; Alcock is represented by a cock standing on a ball, the ball denoting "the universal, all," &c., &c.

Each college in the University sports its particular color on festive occasions, and the hoods of the college gowns are lined or decorated with the respective colors. English clergymen wear with their vestments the college hoods, fastened, I think, to their stoles.

At the end of three days S. was ready to leave Newham, so we all went over to Oxford where lodgings had been taken for us in Wellington Square. Oxford lies between two rivers, the Cherwell and the Thames, poetically called the Isis. It is a much larger and handsomer place than Cambridge, but it seemed very damp, and had a general suggestion of unhealthiness. The University comprises twenty-one colleges possessing the same general attractions as those of Cambridge. There is the same arrangement of the buildings, there are the gardens and closes and cloisters, the towers with chimes of sweet bells, all things combining to impress the doctrine that Wisdom's ways "are ways of pleasantness." The most beautiful colleges are Christ's, with the famous "Tom Gateway" over which hangs the bell named "Great Tom;" New College, founded by Wm. of Wykeham; St. John's, and Magdalen with its Gardens, where we strolled in the path called Addison's Walk, and its Tower, where the Magdalen Grace, a Latin hymn, is sung by the surpliced choristers every 1st of May at five o'clock in the morning.

The great Bodleian Library is very interesting, with its famous books, portraits, models, and relics, among the latter is the strong box of Sir Thomas Bodley. Oxford has two new colleges or halls for women—the Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville Hall. The Martyrs' Memorial, an elaborate town cross, occupies a conspicuous position in the city, and contains the statues of Ridley, Crammer, and Latimer. Many of the Oxford houses have a little notice under the door bell: "Don't ring unless an answer is required."

For some reason I liked Cambridge better than Oxford, perhaps because I saw Cambridge first. But both places are so strange and beautiful that no person should go abroad and fail to visit one or both of these Meccas of Poetry and Science.

Leaving Oxford we turned our faces toward Stratford-on-Avon, arranging to stop on the way for about three hours at Warwick, where, of course, we visited the castle. I wish the Earl of Warwick could have even a slight knowledge of the gratitude I feel toward him for the lovely afternoon we spent at his home. The family were not there, but the servants were men of dignity and refinement, doing the honors of the house as though we were privileged guests. Of course, in all such places, only

certain rooms are shown to the public, generally the drawing rooms, state bedrooms, the library, art gallery, armory, and sometimes the chapel. Warwick Castle is full of lovely things, yet there is nothing gaudy or too fine for use. We saw many relics of Guy, the giant of old, his armor, and his porridge pot, a huge copper kettle holding a hundred and two gallons.

Warwick is the only castle I saw that I wanted to live in, the place I would choose, above all others, for a lordly mansion. Though so ancient, it wears its age as a crown of glory, there is nothing gloomy or worm-eaten or unsightly. And not only is it beautiful of itself, but it stands on a spot that must have been specially prepared for it by Nature. It is on a high cliff that rises abruptly beside the Avon, and no enemy could attack it on that side. The other sides are bordered by the green courtyard and vast gardens, surrounded by battlemented walls with lofty towers from which the warders could spy an enemy in the far distance. The portcullis hangs over the gateway, but the moat is filled up and covered with grass.

Among the noble trees of the place are fragrant cedars of Lebanon, I forget how old. Proud peacocks were strutting in the courtyard, one of them creamy white all over, with a tail like lace work. In the garden, in a little temple built for it, stands the Warwick Vase. It is shown by an old gardener who has been on the place since boyhood, and his trembling voice waxes eloquent as he delivers his original oration about the "Warwick Vase—there are many models of it in England, but this is the original, found floating in a lake at Tivoli, bought from Sir Wm. Amilton, ambassador at Naples, by the grandfather of the present Earl of Warwick; carved from a solid block of marble, the 'handles so curiously twisted that it is a wonder they were not broken. It holds a hundred and sixty-one gallons."

Late in the afternoon of a lovely day we entered Stratford, and went to the Shakespeare Hotel, where every room is named after one of the dramas. I settled myself in Cymbeline, and S. and G. had a double room next door and became the Two gentlemen of Verona. The town is not pretty, but has an irresistible charm. The water is the worst I ever tasted; we could not even drink the tea made from it.

Next morning S. and G. went to the church where Shakespeare was buried, but I went to the house where he was born, a low, rambling place, kept in neat order by two old ladies and their brother. These antiquaries are not allowed to let visitors remain in a room by themselves even for a minute till after they have left the sacred part of the house and gone into the library and museum. Candles and fire are not allowed at this shrine, the building being warmed by a hot water pipe introduced from the adjoining building. I can recall only three rooms: the large room with the stone floor and open fireplace, the bedroom and a little room where Shakespeare's portrait hangs.

This is a satisfying picture of a sweet-faced Englishman in the prime of life. It was a family possession in Stratford for more than a hundred years, but was hidden or disguised by another painting on the surface of the canvas. It was restored by a London artist nearly twenty-five years ago, and given to the town of Stratford. The figure is clad in a scarlet doublet, and a loose black gown without sleeves.

In the library and museum are many ancient curiosities; portraits, goblets, bowls, jugs, dials, and old signet ring with the initials W. S. entwined in a lover's knot, and the letter from Richard Quiney asking for a loan of £30.

It is not far from the house to the church, a picturesque gray stone building with a pretty spire, and a venerable graveyard resting on the edge of the Avon. A long avenue shaded by lime trees leads up to the door of the church, and

the interior looks just as it does in the pictures. In the floor of the chancel are the tombs of the Shakespeare family, the Poet's stone bearing no name but only the warning verse known to all the world. Against the wall at the side of the chancel is the bust of Shakespeare, with red doublet and black gown. This bust is known to have been in existence seven years after Shakespeare's death. There are other tombs and monuments in the church, and the churchyard is full of graves.

In English country churchyards I have often noticed that the whole life's history "spelt by the unlettered muse" can be learned from the tombstones,—the name, date and place of birth and death, and the profession, "harnessmaker," "collarmaker," &c.

Near the church is the new Memorial Theatre, a pretty brick building, containing a spacious audience hall and a Shakespeare library. Turning aside from the river, and going to one of the main streets of the town, one finds the comfortable garden of New Place, with the foundations of the house bought by Shakespeare in the days of his prosperity. The garden is open to visitors, and, as it contains shady seats, it makes a pleasant park for Stratford.

The morning that S. and G. went to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, "a mile across the fields," it rained so that I thought it prudent to stay at home; but I visited the old Grammar School. In seeking the keys of the building I came across the Head Master, who offered to accompany me, and proved a delightful escort. There are three rooms in the school, and little to make them attractive but the associations with the past. The roof still has the old beams made of heart-of-oak. Owing to some scraping of the walls in recent cleaning two frescos had been brought to light, and the Master said he intended to bring an antiquary from London to interpret them. He himself thought they were the Roses of York and Lancaster.

Realizing that Stratford-on-Avon can tell us really nothing of Shakespeare's life, how apt are the words of Emerson, "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare, and even he can tell nothing, except to the Shakespeare in us. We have his recorded convictions on those questions which knock for answer at every heart."

To be Continued.

The Dog and the Earthquake.

A private letter from Naples to a London correspondent contains the following: "If you like dogs you will be pleased with the annexed: At Ceriano a poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was buried under the ruins of his cottage a little way off on his rounds before 4 a. m., every one believed that he was safe, but he too, had celebrated the end of the carnival by taking a little wine, and had slept late. His large dog, which used to drag the milk cart up the mountain roads, smelt out his master, and began to scratch away rubbish until he had his master's head bare, which was covered with wounds. Then the dog began to lick the wounds; but finding that the bleeding continued, and comprehending that he could not dig further, he ran off and seized by the coat the first individual he met, who thinking the dog was mad, got loose and ran away. But a second person, guessing what the animal wanted, followed him, and consequently the poor milkman was released from his dangerous position. The Minister Genala paid him a visit, and found him with his head bound up under a tent, with the faithful dog lying beside him."

A Change of Air.

Change of air and scene is desirable for all, for many reasons, as it tones up the bodily powers and gives a buoyancy to the spirit that transforms toil from a drudgery to a pleasure. It clears away the mists and clouds from the mind and allows life to be seen in its true light and brightness.

The Ideal House of the Future.

There is no doubt that the ideal house of the future, whether large or small, will be in the country, and that this massing together of humanity, to be found now in our great cities, will come to be considered simply barbarous. Even for the rich, who can claim fullest space, the city, with its undercurrent of crowded, festering, noisome life, holds unconscious contamination; while for the poor themselves, what word is strong enough to express the degradation of the ward home that is theirs!

Nor is it possible, even under the most favorable circumstances, to count "flats," or apartments, as anything more than the travesty of comfort in its best sense. Ruskin is right when he denies to cities any possibility of the best development for human life; and, though they have their uses, and we could ill dispense with many good things to which they have given birth, they are responsible for such hideous evils that one longs at moments to see them, their pride, and their magnificence, and "the bitter cry of outcast" life in their midst, engulfed like those cities of old.

The home spirit is strong in many a city flat, and consecrates many a stately mansion as well as the narrow tenement; but the true home must be in the country, quite accessible, it may be, from the city, but always owning certain indispensable and inalienable characteristics. The house that has not its own bit of land, its own possibilities in the way of garden or orchard, even if that orchard sum up as only one old apple-tree, has not full right to the title, "comfortable." Building-associations all over the country are making building possible for even very limited incomes, and these associations are supplemented by work from our architects that gives us every form of inexpensive design, and proves that beauty and cheapness can go hand in hand.—HELEN CAMPBELL, in the *May Cosmopolitan*.

Home Life in the Country.

Too many of our farmer's homes are merely so in name? They are not homes—only places to stay. Do not think we are insinuating that you must rush right off and spend \$1,000 in buying new furniture, carpets and an organ. Not at all. One of the "Homeyest" places we ever saw was one that was entirely innocent of any extravagance in that line. Three hundred dollars would have covered the cost of all the furniture in the house; but it was a place we always enjoyed visiting. The head of the family was always jolly and ready to take a hand in the game, and has nine children, always ready and full of fun, did not care to be out in the evenings. The girls did sewing and knitting as they grew old enough, and the boys were often found "making something," but no evening passed that some one did not have something to read to the others—an anecdote or a story—something either to amuse or instruct.

But the main secret of their happiness, if it was a secret, lay in the fact that worrying and fretting were banished. One growler or fretter will spoil a whole family. Fathers, mothers, don't allow a fault-finding spirit to spoil the pleasure of your family circle. Don't indulge in it yourselves. Have as cozy and comfortable a home as you can afford, but don't mourn over what you have not. Rather rejoice in what you have and be thankful.

A Purpose in Life.

Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and get ozen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and body into your work as God has given you."

Miscellaneous.

DON'T FRET.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Don't despair and look so sulky—
What's to pay?
Are thy burdens rough and bulky—
Is the weather melting sultry?

Cleaning Carpets.
As this is the season for cleaning
carpets, we publish the following
advice on the subject from the
American Agriculturist:

They say out West that the appearance
in a town of a stranger in a pair of
muddy boots is sufficient to start
a real estate boom, and if he
manages to have an odor of petroleum
or natural gas above him, the excitement
is immense.

"SOMEBODY will take that chicken,"
said a gentleman to a rough-looking
customer, who had laid a fine-looking
headless pullet on a door-step:
"don't let it lay there."

"MAUD—"Mr. Allround is a sort
of universal genius, isn't he?" Mabel—"Yes,
he is exceedingly clever." Maud—"He is
something of a lawyer and something of a
musician, and the musicians call him a
lawyer."

It seems that a lawyer is something
of a carpenter. He can file a bill, split
a hair, chop logic, dovetail an argument,
make an entry, get up a case, frame an
indictment, empanel a jury, put them in a
box, nail a witness, hammer a judge,
bore a court, chisel a client and other
like things.

OMAHA man. "Seems to me
your face looks familiar. Ain't you the
dentist who pulled a tooth for me in
Blank City?"
Stranger. "I used to live in
Blank City, but I am not a dentist. I
was a Justice of the Peace for some
years there."

MERCHANT (to applicant for a
job)—"Do you know anything about
figures, Uncle Rastus?"
Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah."

"To discontinue an advertisement,"
says John Wanamaker, "is like taking
down your sign. If you want to do
business you must let the public know
it.—Standing advertisements when
changed frequently, are better and
cheaper than reading notices. They
look more substantial and business
like, and inspire confidence. I would
as soon think of doing business
without clerks as without advertising."

Humorous.

ONE quick at repartee must necessarily
have a good response-ability.
If it be true that "everything is for
the best," what is there left for
second best?

A MAN never knows what genuine
poverty is until he has to shave
with soft soap.
BEYOND all credulity is the credulousness
of the atheist, who believes
that chance could make a world
when it cannot build a barn.

"I don't like to patronize this
line," said a culprit to a hangman.
"Oh! never mind this once," was
the reply; "I will suspend its operation."

"PITCH your voice in a low key,"
says a writer on etiquette. We presume
etiquette can be temporarily
dispensed with when trying to wake
the boys in the morning.

MAMMA (to Noel, who is inclined
to be talkative)—Hush, Noel!
Haven't I told you often that little
boys should be seen and not heard?
Noel—Yes, mamma, but you don't
look at me.

"Is this a trunk line?" asked
the Summer girl at the railway
station. "No," replied the ticket
agent, "it is a branch." "Oh, I'm
so sorry; for I wanted to take four
trunks along with me!"

On the 17th of May, 1887, THE BALTIMORE
SUN will celebrate its Fiftieth Anniversary
from the earliest period of its career. The
SUN has been a "household word" in the homes
of its subscribers, and a synonym for accuracy
of statement, fair dealing, promptness, energy
and enterprise in the collection of news. It is
noted throughout the country for the independence,
conservatism and thoughtfulness of its editorial
utterances. There is probably no newspaper in
the United States whose opinion carries more
weight or whose influence is more widely
extended than the SUN's, a fact upon which it
may justly pride itself as the legitimate result
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globe are being constantly extended and
improved, and new features are added without
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occupied an enviable position as a model family
newspaper, containing not only the news of the
world and a variety of literary matter and
miscellaneous reading for the family circle, but
special features of recognized value including
an agricultural department, which supplies
every week a mass of well-digested information
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Four Months 2 00 Two Weeks 25 Cts.
Three Months 1 50 One Week 13 Cts.
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