Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

Orphan's Court.

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Constable—H. E. Hann.
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Churches.

Ev. Lutheran Chure

Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinewald. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.

Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schaffner. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7 o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.

Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Pastor—Rev. P. V. Kavanaugh. First Mass 7:00 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. Henry Mann. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mails.

Arrive.

Way from Baltimore 2:45, a. m., and 7:09 p. m., Mail 11:17, a. m., Frederick 1:17, a. m., and 7:09, p. m., Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:09, p. m., Eyler P. O. 9:19, a. m.

Leave.

Baltimore way, 7:10, a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 5:25, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, a. m., Baltimore and Monocacy R. P. O. east, 2:45, p. m., Frederick, 2:45 p. m., Mail for Mt. St. Mary's 2:45 p. m., Gettysburg, 8, a. m., Eyler, 10:10, a. m.

Office hours from 7:00, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

Societies.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

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Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Firemen's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President Oscar D. Fraley; Secretary, Wm. H. Trox II; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut. W. E. Askbaugh, 2nd Lieut. Samuel L. Rowe.

Emmitsburg Choral Union.

Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M. Officers—president, Rev. W. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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Emmitsburg Council, No. 53, Jr. O. U. A. M.

Council meets every Friday evening at 7 p. m. Jr. Past Councilor, John F. Adelsberger; Councilor, Wm. J. Stansbury; Vice Councilor, Yost C. Harbaugh; Recording Secretary, W. D. Colliflower; Assistant Secretary, Jos. T. Clabaugh; Financial Secretary, Chas. D. Stansbury; Treasurer, Jos. D. Caldwell, Conductor, Jos. E. G. Eyler; Warden, Maurice N. Willhide; outside Sentinel, J. Singleton Sheeley; Inside Sentinel, Alfred M. Manahan; Trustees, Robert F. Zentz, H. A. Naylor, Denton A. Waehter; Representative to State Council, John F. Adelsberger.

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THE BISHOP AND THE BABY.

MARGARAT E. SANGSTER.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.
For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray indifferent skies.
Jostled and pushed and frighted,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snow-flakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant;
With swinging stride he came,
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote saint before his name.
From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.
In his thick warm cloak he wrapped her,
The little shivering child,
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The bishop said, and smiled.

That smile, like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.
The cold white snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep,
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.

But of dear things said about him,
Of victories that he won,
No sweeter tale is told than this
Of his grace to a little one.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

WERE THERE EVER WHITE INDIANS.

The story published some time since regarding the Griegos Indians, near the City of Mexico, and another tribe living in the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the State of Durango—the members of which are described as curious freaks of nature because of their light hair, blue eyes and fair skins—is possibly but a revival of an old story concerning white Indians, which has been related by many travelers and explorers with sundry variations—sometimes they are located on the headwaters of the Missouri, sometimes on Red river, while the original stories placed them much further east. These tales were so many that the question of the possibility of there being white Indians, the descendants of some unknown race which had been incorporated with the Aborignes before the discovery of Columbus, has been seriously discussed by many authors.

According to Martin's "History of North Carolina," Lawson, who lived in that State in the first year of the eighteenth century, found various gray-eyed Indians among the tribes on Hatteras Island. They boasted of white ancestors who could "talk in book," and were supposed by some to be the descendants of the long-lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh, which had been left on Roanoke Island in 1587 under Governor Dare and was never afterward heard from.

According to the lately revised edition of the exploration of Lewis and Clarke the accounts of white Indians are traceable back to 1764, to a French trader, which includes certain "Blancs Barbus," or bearded white Indians. The editor of this edition also ascribes the renewal of these stories in the beginning of the century to Captain Clarke's negro servant, Tork, who on his return to St. Louis delighted in giving glowing accounts of the dangers through which he had passed and the marvels he had seen; the latter included white Indians.

In 1727, nearly forty years before the statement of the French trader was made, there was a notable expedition from Virginia to North Carolina for the establishment of the border line between the two States. One of the commissioners for the Old Dominion was Colonel William Byrd—

Brave William Byrd, the planter,
Of Westover by the shore—

who left a manuscript journal which for years lay under his portrait at the old Brandon House on the James river, and which has been quoted by various historians. Of late years the journal has been put into print, and all the world may read of the gallant planter's visit to Tuscarora settlement in Carolina, where he heard a tradition about "a colony of strangers who, after several migrations, settled among the Tuskeruda Indians under the name of the Doegs. The clan retained the British language until the year 1660, as appears by the certificate of a clergyman who had been among them * *

There is no reason to doubt the following account, the same having been since confirmed by other travelers."

Colonel Byrd then quotes at full length a letter from the Rev. Morgan Jones, the sometime chaplain of Major General Bennet, of Nausemond county, Va., in which he states that in the year 1660 he went as chaplain to two ships sent by General Bennet and Governor Berkeley to Port Royal in Carolina. They left Virginia April 8, arriving at Port Royal on the 19th, where they awaited the coming of the rest of the fleet from Barbadoes and Bermuda. He then "with one Mr. West, who was to be Deputy Governor," sailed up the river to "Oyster Point," where they continued about eight months, until almost starved. Jones and five others then traveled to the Tuscarora country, where he and the others were taken prisoners and told to prepare for death. "Whereupon, being much dejected, and speaking to this effect in the British tongue: 'I have escaped so many dangers and must I now be knockt on the head like a dog?' An Indian came to me * * and told me in the British tongue I should not die." All were reprieved and remained three months, Jones preaching to them in his native Welsh, which they understood. These Indians were "seated upon the Pontigo, now called Pamptico river, not far from Cape 'Atros or Hatteras." The letter concluded with an offer to conduct any Welshmen or others to the country, and was signed "Morgan Jones, the son of John Jones, of Basaley, near New Port, in the county of Monmouth," and dated New York, March 10, 1685-86.

After quoting the entire letter, Colonel Byrd concludes that these Indians must have been descendants of those Welshmen who, in 1170, sailed from Wales to an unknown land under Madoc ap Owen Gwyneth, a prince of Wales. According to a rare history of Wales, written by Caradoc, translated by Humphrey Lloyd and published by Dr. David Powell in 1584, the sons of Owen Gwyneth contended over the division of his estates. Madoc, in disgust, sailed to the west "leaving the coast of Ireland so far north that he came to an unknown land, where he saw many strange things." He returned home, made a second voyage with a company of men and women whom he safely landed in the new country, and again returned to Wales. The third time he sailed thence with ten ships, and was never more heard from.

Morgan Jones' story, it is stated by one prominent historian, was first told in the British Sailors' Directory in 1739, and his statement first printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1740, but evidently Colonel Byrd found it in some previous publication.

In 1765 a Major Rogers published a "Concise Account of North America," in which he wrote of white Indians west of the Mississippi, who had Jewish cast of countenance; he had frequently visited certain white Indians, who had large towns, good houses and cows.

In 1768 Charles Beatty published in London a "Journal of a Two Months' Tour in America." He quotes the story of Morgan Jones, and states that, having stopped once at the house of Mr. John Miller, at the foot of the Allegheny Mountains, he there met Benjamin Sutton, who had been a captive among the Choctaws. He had been to an Indian town west of the Mississippi, some distance from New Orleans, and heard the Indians speak with a captive named Lewis. They had a book which they kept carefully wrapped in a skin. Beatty also met in Tuscarora Valley one Levi Hicks, who had from youth been a captive, and he told the same story.

In 1782 there was published the story of Captain Isaac Stuart, of the provincial cavalry of South Carolina. He was taken prisoner fifty miles west of Fort Pitt and was carried to the Wabash country, where he was exchanged by an Indian woman for a horse. After keeping him two years he was hired by a Spaniard, who took him and a Welshman, John Davey, 700 miles across the Missippi river, near Red river. On a small river called the Post, which emptied into Red river, they found Indians with reddish hair and fair skins whose language Davey could understand, They said their fathers came from a far country, the description of which was like that of West Florida. They had rolls of parchment written in blue ink, but the Welshman could not read and Stuart did not understand Welsh. Their women were very beautiful and fair. Stuart was considered a truthful man. In 1774 David Jones, a Welshman, published at Burlington a "Journal of Two Visits," describing his wanderings amongst Indians west of the Ohio in 1772-73. He found many words which corresponded with those of his native language.

George Burder published a book called "The Welsh Indians" in London in 1797, in which he declared that the Padoucahs possessed Welsh characteristics, and in 1793 George Imlay published "An Account of the Indian Nations," which is often quoted in conjunction with "Filson's Kentucky," the two bound together. Imlay narrates the story of Madoc, and adds that of "late years Western settlers have received frequent accounts of a nation inhabiting at a great distance up the Missouri, in manners and appearance represent ing the other indians, but speaking Welsh and retaining some ceremonies of the Christian worship . . . Captain Abram, Chaplain of Kentucky, assured the author that . . . being with his company at Kaskasky, some Indians came there . . . and were perfectly understood by two Welshmen of his company."

Henry Kerr published at Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, in 1816 his "Travels Through Western Interior of the United States from 1808–1816." in which he stated that in 1810 he had been told by Dr. Sibley at Nachitoches of a tribe of Welsh Indians near the "great mountain Muacdeus." He found them and noticed a similarity in certain customs, but he could not understand them, as he was ignorant of Welsh. These Indians had books of which he obtained leaves, but subsequently they were lost.

Strange to say, Adair, a British trader, who lived among the Southern Indians for fifty years, and published in 1775 a valuable work concerning their manners and customs, has nothing to say of white Indians beyond two casual instances. "There is a record," he says," "among the Chickasaw Indians which tells of a white child with flaxen hair born long before any white people appeared in that part of the world . . . ascribed to the immediate power of the Deity." Two pages further on he says: "I never saw any with curled hair but one in the Choctaw country, where was also another with red hair, probably a mixture of the French and Indian."

The expedition of Lewis and Clarke revived the reports concerning white Indians on the Missouri river, Governor Clarke himself having had something to say on the subject. After that however, the reports ceased to be the subject of discussion, until George Catlin published in 1841 his invaluable "Illustrations of the manners, customs and conditions of the North American Indians." Among other tribes described by him are the Mandaus, situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, 1,800 miles from St. Louis and 300 miles below the mouth of the Yellowstone. He states that Governor Clarke had told him that he would find the Mandaus half white. "A stranger in the Mandau village is first struck with the various shades of complexion and various colors of hair which he sees in a crowd about him, and is at once almost posed to exclaim that these are not Indians . . . Among the women particularly there are some whose skins are almost white, with hazel, with gray and with blue eyes. . . . Why this diversity of complexion I cannot tell, and they themselves cannot account for it! . . . In a numerous group of these people . . . there may be seen every shade and color of hair . . . with the exception of red or auburn, . . . in some instances almost perfectly white." One in ten, he adds, were white haired. The tribe had had no knowledge of white men until the visit of Lewis and Clarke.

Catlin made out a list of words which resembled the Welsh in sound; he also found that Mandau boats resembled the Welsh coracles, and that certain customs were similar to those of the Welsh.

The Mariposa *Chronicle* contained in October, 1854, an account of a visit to a tribe of white Indians, who occupied a valley beyond the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Their chief town was beautifully situated and was shut in by high, thickly wooded bluffs, the streets were laid out with great care in circles and the houses were well built and comfortable.

The house of the chief was particularly striking and imposing, being an immense pyramid, each story of which was surrounded by a gallery, opened to the front, and adorned with balustrades, which were made receptacles for earth, and filled with blooming plants, giving the whole the appearance of a pyramid of flowers when viewed from a little distance. The streets were well shaded with trees resembling the magnolia.

The Indians gave the following account of their origin: Their fathers, they said, came from across the great waters; while on their way to visit a friendly nation the boats were blown out to sea and for days they drifted westward. After suffering greatly from hunger and thirst they landed on a coast inhabited by savages, who made slaves of them. A severe plague having decimated that tribe the superstitious savages feared that it was a judgment sent upon them by the Supreme Being for their cruelty to their captives. These were, in consequence, liberated, and given possession of the valley where they were then established. The visitors to these white Indians were of the opinion that they were of Asiatic origin. They resembled the Hungarians in language and in stature, and it was thought they sprang from the same source as a native mentioned by Kussuth as dwelling in Central Asia.—VIRGINIA DARE in *Philadelphia Times.*

A LEAF of a Gothic Bible of the sixth or seventh century was recently discovered in the archives of the Haute Garonne by an abbe of Toulouse. It contains two chapters of Ecclesiasticus, and is valuable for only a small portion of the Old Testament translated by Bishop Ulfilas has been preserved; the new testament has fared better. Fragments of the Gothic Bible have been found in many parts of Europe, the most famous of all being the Codex Argenteus, written in silver letters on crimson parchment, now in the library at Upsala, in Sweden.—*American.*

They Are in Line Also.

"I see," said one policeman to another, "that every trade in the world but ours has had a famous man in it."

"So has ours," said the other policeman.

"And who was that?"

"Joshua."

"Joshua a policeman?"

"Surely. Didn't he arrest the sun?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

PICTURES OF LIFE IN SWEDEN.

A Race Who Never Were Serfs and Who Originated Chivalry.

In the high north of Europe lies a wonderful country, the land of rock and ice and of deep forests, of myriad mountains and twinkling stars. The land lies remote and isolated. On the east, south and west great seas and gulfs separate it from other nations. The ancient Romans thought it the remotest of all lands and called it Ultima Thule. Yet this remote land was the birthplace of chivalry. Thousands of viking ships came from it, conquering wherever they went with the strength of giants and the glee of children. They did more than conquer and destroy—they went out over the vast ocean, and their feet, first of white men, took the islands of America. Honor to whom honor is due. I would pluck no leaf from the laurels of the Genoese navigator, but would acknowledge the prowess of Scandinavia.

There are two important facts about the peninsula of Scandinavia—its northern location and its size. Its southern extremity is of the same latitude as Labrador, its northern section stretching far into the arctic circle, face to face with Greenland. Its size is usually misrepresented, it being the largest peninsula of all Europe, and the largest country of Europe with the single exception of Russia. Its length would extend from Maine to Florida. In form it is somewhat similar to an old fashioned shed, the country sloping on either side. The lower and more fertile east is Sweden; the majestic and barren north is Norway.

In Sweden the sense that you are way up in the high north is ever present. It is easy to imagine yourself driving along the ridgepole of the world. The chief cities of Sweden are now connected by railroad, yet much traveling is done by post. The roads are good and hard, the horses tough and speedy. About every eight miles you come to a posting station, and fresh horses are supplied.

The Swedes have never been serfs, but by their courage and ability have not infrequently made and unmade kings of the realm. The Swedes have always to practice economy. Corn and wheat are scarce, and rye bread is the staple food. They once repelled the Danes by their power of endurance and ability to eat the bark of trees and drink water. The bread of Sweden is baked in large brittle cakes the size of a cart wheel. These cakes are strung on a pole, and the pieces removed according to demand. Very little new bread is eaten in Sweden, baking time coming but four times a year. It would be a good idea if we could exchange our hot saleratus biscuit for this healthy bread. Solid sour milk is considered a great delicacy by the Swedes and is sometimes the only article on the table. The family gather around, each with a wooden spoon, and add brown sugar and ginger.

Sweden is sometimes called a poor country, but this is not true. It is rich in the possession of large forests, with an inexhaustible supply of lumber and of an equally inexhaustible supply of iron. In the lumber trade Sweden stands pre-eminent among nations, and Swedish iron is the best in the world. The Swedes are God fearing people and loyal. Their predominating characteristic is kindliness. Their hospitality, courtesy and generosity spring all from this source. Even the animals in the farmyard show that they are used to kind treatment.

At the height of her glory Sweden's population did not number more than 2,500,000. In proportion to her numbers she has gained more victories than any other nation on earth. Yet she has done more than this and can claim her scientists, her seers and her poets. This is all as familiar to you as household words, but let us not forget one fact in connection with a great and memorable victory—that it was a Swede—John Ericsson—who invented the Monitor. These are the people who form so large an element of our national life, of our glorious American republic! Let us remember the debt of gratitude which we owe them.—From a Lecture by ex-Minister Thomas.

The Dear Old Soul.

An English paper tells a story of a well known bishop who suffers from impaired vision. He recently held a levee. At length a guest approached and said: "How do you do, my lord? My mother wishes to be kindly remembered to you." "Ah," said the bishop, "that is very good of her. And how is the dear old soul? Nothing like a good old mother. Be sure to take care of your mother. Good morning." The bishop did not in the least know who his visitor was and said to his footman, "Who was that?" The servant replied, "The last person who left your lordship's reception is the Duke of Connaught."

We are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner." If there is anything we dislike, it is to have to sit opposite a pickled walnut at dinner and not to be on speaking terms with it.