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LADIES AND BARGAINS.
Special Business Suits, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$15.

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largest and most elegant assortment of Woolens in
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EHRM & SON,

Adjoining Citizens' Bank,
BALTIMORE.

fire three-story Iron Front Buildings, un-
House in Baltimore.

ect, it is the whole science of the
matter—if he had only stopped lice-
and made an end, but he goes on to
enumerate three other alternatives,
which all mean exactly what his "first"
above quoted means, so far as they
mean anything more than "words and
nothing else behind," excepting his
"third," where he introduces "propagat-
ing germs," which have about as
much to do with "catching cold" as
"Tenterton steeple" had to do with pro-
ducing "Goodwin sands"—or less, when
the real moral of the little anecdote
here alluded to is understood. As proof
of his tautology we have but to read on,
to wit—"second, the cold may in-
fringe" (he means impinge) "on" (he
means upon) "the superficial nerves
that serious disturbances of the system
will cause and a morbid state be devel-
oped; third, the current of air which
causes the cold may in fact be laden with
the propagating "germs" of disease;
or, fourth, the vitality of the organism
as a whole, or of some (one?) or more
of its parts, may be so depressed by a
sudden attraction" (sic) of heat" (!)
"that recovery may be impossible, or
sudden and mischievous reaction en-
sue." !!!

The rest is mere "copy," as, in short,
the whole article is merely, but none
the less misleading to the true believ-
ers in the sacredness of "pout." Ex-
cept where he enumerates "water"
among preventives against "cold"—of
which more anon—just promising that
nothing other produces "colds" but
reckless use, especially among women.
As above stated, "The Lancet's" an-
nouncement as to the mechanism of
"catching cold" as set forth in his
clause "first" is correct, so far as it
goes. But he does not tell us whether
cold applied to the surface always
"drives the blood to the internal or-
gans," or only under certain circum-
stances; if always, which we might in-
fer, "a man's doctor or a fool at forty"
to little purpose. Be it here re-
minded, this old adage grew out of the
very subject under discussion. And
"cold" only "catches" us when we are
weakened by whatever cause.

Another adage will introduce me-
"second" to wit: "Let the man whom
the wind strikes through a hole make
his will and look after his soul." In the
connection, take notice, soldiers do not
"take cold"—until they get a furlough
or otherwise get into houses. Accord-
ing to my "first" they are subject to
fewer habitual debilitating influences
and according to my "second," they are
less likely to be struck through holes
than to have holes struck through them.
Third. The cause and phenomenon of
"catching cold" being understood, the
next concerns "the faithful" to know
what constitutes the condition of "cold."

Answer: Simply and singly, congest-
ion of an internal organ, most often
the lungs. Congestion means a rush of
too much blood to a part. It is cured
or the vital energies of a good constitu-
tion resolve it at this stage, no harm
done; if not, the surplus blood is worked
off through what is called inflammation,
popularly but erroneously called "fever"
in the part, by said constitution either
unaided or with assistance from medi-
cine. Now this inflammation is a meas-
ure of Nature to relieve the patient,
and in her measures always seems to
suppose them 1st class. Similarly,
a pet bear once, to remove a pertinac-
ious fly on his master's nose, with one
brush crushed fly and master to death.
Nature is therefore a rough doctor, and
it is our glory to be able to hold her
somewhat in chains. Cough medicine,
there cannot cure always at the inflam-
matory stages, though they do wonder
often in the congestive stage; hereby
Nature advertises her brother-doctor.
But medicines, under medical advice
can relieve the patient from Nature's
roughness by alleviating the distres-
sing inflammation, and in good
constitutions, shorten its processes. In-
flammations either get well in a few
weeks, or kill the patient, or get part-
ly well and become chronic. Chronic in-
flammations either get well in the course
of time or they do not; when they do
not, they either kill or impair the gen-
eral efficiency of the man for the busi-
ness of life, and render the organ influ-
enced a standing nest ("nidus") for re-
newed disease, and sometimes aid in
superinduction of other kinds of dis-
ease. This weak point serves one conserva-
tive end at least, "takes cold" is
slight influences, warning against great
or further action of the slight; ex-
treme, if you have tooth-ache, put on warm
foot-gear. N. B. "Colds" are not the
forerunners of, cause of, or in any way
immediately connected with Consump-
tion, nor is Consumption a cold, but
quack advertisements, made to scar-
per people, to the contrary notwithstanding.
In persons who have an inherited pre-
disposition to Consumption, chronic de-
bility, poor food and loss of or disor-

N. MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 4, 1879.

NO. 15

VOL. XVII.

THE
ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
J. P. KING & T. P. YATES.

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No subscription will be received for a shorter
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a nature as to be of public interest.

All communications for publication must be
accompanied with the real name of the author or
no attention will be paid to them.

Hereafter the cash must accompany all an-
nouncements for public office.

The World for 1880.

Democrats everywhere should inform them-
selves carefully of the action of their party
throughout the country and of the move-
ments of their Republican opponents, and
to do this in 1876 contributed greatly to the
loss by the Democracy of the fruits of the vic-
tory fairly won at the polls.

The year 1880 was to be one of the most
interesting and important years of the crowded
and eventful century. It will witness a Presi-
dential election which may result in re-estab-
lishing the Government of this country on the
principles of its constitutional founders, or in
permanently changing the relations of these
States to the Federal power. No intelligent man
can regard such an election with indifference.

The World, the only daily English news-
paper published in the city of New York which up-
holds the doctrines of constitutional Democracy,
will steadily represent the Democratic party in
this great canvass. It will do this in no spirit
of hostile partisanship, but temperately and
frankly. As a newspaper The World, being the
organ of no man, no clique and no interest, will
present the fullest and the fairest picture it can
make of each day's passing history in the city,
the State, the country and the world. It will
aim hereafter, as heretofore, at accuracy first
of all things in all that it publishes. No man,
however humble, shall ever be permitted truly to
complain that he has been unjustly dealt with
in the columns of The World. No interest, how-
ever powerful, shall ever be permitted truly to
boast that it can silence the fair critic of the
World.

During the past year The World has seen its
daily circulation trebled and its weekly circula-
tion pushed far beyond that of any other weekly
newspaper in the country. This great increase
has been won, as The World believes, by truth-
fulness, enterprise, promptness in collecting
news and unflinching loyalty to itself and to
its readers in dealing with the questions of the
day. It is our hope and it will be our endeavor
that The World's record for 1880 may be writ-
ten in the approbation and the support of many
thousands more of new readers in all parts of
this Indivisible Union of Instructive States.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged,
and are as follows:
Daily and Sunday, one year, \$10; six months,
\$6.50; three months, \$3.75.
Daily, without Sundays, one year, \$8; six
months, \$5.25; three months, \$3.25; less than
three months, \$1 per month.

The Sunday World, one year, \$2.
The Monday World, containing the Book Re-
views and "College Chronicle," one year, \$1.50.
The Semi-Weekly World (Tuesdays and Fri-
days)—Two Dollars a year. To Club Agents—
An extra copy for club of ten; the Daily for club
of twenty-five.

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lar a year. To Club Agents—An extra copy for
club of ten; the Semi-Weekly for club of twenty,
the Daily for club of fifty.

Specimen number sent free on application.
Terms—Cash, invariably in advance.
Send post-office money order, bank draft or
registered letter. Bills at risk of the sender.

A SPECIAL OFFER.
Subscribers who send \$1 for a year's subscrip-
tion before December 28 will receive The Weekly
World from the date of their subscription
TO MARCH 5, 1881.

This will include the Presidential campaign and
the inauguration of the President.
Old subscribers who send \$1 before December
28, for a renewal of their subscription for 1880,
will receive The Weekly World to March 5, 1881,
without missing a day.

This Offer will be withdrawn Dec. 29.
Take advantage of it at once. Subscribe at once.
Renew at once. Address
THE WORLD, 35 Park Row, New York.
Nov. 27, 1879—61.

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PRODUCE received, quickly disposed of, and
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Price Current sent weekly at no cost to apply.

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Walk in and Examine!
WHEN you come to Leonardtown, don't fail
to walk in and examine Mr. Haaslett's
fine and well-selected assortment of

Millinery,
which she has just purchased in New York and
Baltimore of the most fashionable styles and at
the lowest New York prices.

Ladies and Children's HATS and BONNETS
of the latest styles. Flowers, Ribbons, etc.
Beautiful Neck-Ties, Ruffles, Veilings and
Ornaments of all kinds for the head and neck.

Splendid assortment of Jewelry.
Real hair braids at Baltimore prices. The ser-
vices of an experienced Milliner has been engaged
to trim hats and bonnets to order, to re-shape
and bleach old hats and bonnets.
May 15, 1879.

(Written for the Beacon.)
A Reminiscence.

I muse on the days of my childhood
With visions of years long gone,
When I gathered flowers in the wildwood
In the dew of the sweet early morn.

I think of a bright boy's face,
Who with song and laughter and glee,
Joined in my sports and joys,
The Spring-time and blossoms with me.

Far off in the meadow we rambled,
Down in the new mown hay,
Running through briar and bramble
To list to the Spring birds lay.

We gathered the buttercups—daisies—
The clover of purple and red—
Not heeding the life of the flowers
And soon they were withered and dead.

We strolled on o'er hills and hedger,
Through meadows and briary plain,
Searching for birds and flowers,
Searching but never in vain.

Down by the stream near the hill side,
Down through the sunny green nook,
Music so soft, so enchanting,
Rippled and played in the brook.

Gurgled and whirled and made music,
Up to the great leaving sea,
Singing its psalms of rejoicing,
Making sweet melody to me.

Filling my soul with a yearning,
Crowding my heart with a dream,
Of a future that lay bright before me,
Of which I could then catch a gleam.

I think on the days of my childhood,
With visions of years long gone,
When I gathered flowers in the wildwood
In the dew of the sweet early morn.

But the face then so bright and so happy,
The cold hand of death has now grasped,
The grave and the coffin remind me
That away from my love he has passed.

The clouds of the valley embrace him,
The brown curls cling deathly and damp,
Our voices are hushed as we pass him,
Our steps are a muffled tramp.

My life has grown grey in its morning,
The sunshine is cloudy to me,
The dreams of the past stand before me,
The hopes that now never can be.

So I dream on in silence and sadness,
As the clustering memories come,
I gather the fragments to lay them
Away to an eternal home.

L. A. J.

[COMMUNICATED.]

JARROSVILLE, ST. MARY'S CO.,
Nov. 20, 1879.

Messrs. Editors:—I picked up your
issue of to-day a few minutes ago and
the first thing I saw which I had not
read (your first article, "Mrs. Margaret
L. Eaton," was a happy selection from
The Weekly World, New York City, Nov.
12, inst.—in Washington I have heard
of Mrs. Eaton's record from time to time
for many years,) was—"How we catch
cold." Before I reached the end and
found it accredited to The Lancet (Lon-
don) I supposed it was the product of
an unprofessional pen, and was disposed
to pardon the effort as such. But for a
journal purporting to popularize medi-
cal intelligence, and for one which has
gotten off some very wise things in its
long life, it is the stupidest stuff that
has ever confronted the public.

But why should I be "born to set it
right"? Mr. Richard III says. (Shak-
speare, Richard III.)

Answer. As to the relations between
the Medical Faculty and the public,
"There's something rotten in Denmark."
(Shakespeare, "Hamlet"—lest I get the
credit with the un-Shakespeareal among
your readers for originating an un-
savory idea); among others this:
that for the highest function of the physi-
cian, i. e., teaching his patients and the
community around him Hygiene (please
spell it right, for editors generally do
not), or how to live as to prevent or
avoid disease, is the function for the ex-
ercise of which he gets no pay, unless it
be exercised in office with salary at-
tached. Yet this "rottenness" cannot
eradicate public spirit from a true physi-
cian, and there are a few such even in
our over-free country. The hardest
thing some men have to conquer is their
own kindness of heart. Self-hatred
and its antithesis, altruism, are inher-
ent, not made by our environments, at
least in any number of generations that
we can take account of. But when
Hygiene and the still more unsavory
unwillingness of patients to pay for cu-
rative services, taken with its cause, i. e.,
that our free institutions leave the
medical man no method of either avoid-
ing the credit system or of compelling
payment, when these bring a physician
into debt, pro bono publico, for him to
continue in the practice would go be-
hind and altruism, and become suicide.
Now these considerations have driven
me out of the practice, except for im-
mediate payment, and only for after 4
P. M. (If the last sentence smacks too
much of advertising gratis, you may
strike it out, with this accompanying
parenthesis).

Now, therefore, I may be considered
a disinterested critic of "The Lancet's"
nonsense, and unto the damage it may
have done your readers, without suspi-
cion of egotism (selfishness,—distinct
from egotism—which means a disposi-
tion to talk too much of oneself. I hope
I am not herein illustrating this latter
term as well as defining it).

Imprimis. "The Lancet" says:—"The
idea of a chill is perhaps nearer the
truth than the modern notions of a
"cold." By this it conveys the idea
that the phenomena of catching a cold
give warning, by producing a sensation
of cold; nothing could be farther from
the fact to say that they do not, and
that in this truism lies their insidious-

ized blood become exciting causes that
develop it.

Now when "catching cold" results
in protracted Pneumonia, Pleurisy,
these combined, called Pleuro-Pneumonia,
Bronchitis, which, when it does not
extend deeply into the lobes of the
lungs, constitutes what we military-
call "cold in the lungs," but which,
when it extends to their smallest
aches, is called Capillary Bronchitis;
or when it ("cold") produces in-
flammation of the heart, liver, bowels,
kidneys, etc., and these are obstructed,
to the damage of the blood, then the de-
bility and want of nourishment of the
lungs which ensue become exciting
causes of Consumption in persons in-
heriting it as said, but not in others.
This ought to be conclusive as to whether
"colds" are a primary stage of Con-
sumption. In passing, malarious poi-
soning, unfortunately called hereabout
Bilious Fever, so disorganizes the blood
as to be one of the provocations of Con-
sumption, by the process above set
forth, but who would venture to affirm
that Bilious Fever is a primary stage of
Consumption! The spleen is now
supposed to be the organ that makes the
blood-corpuscles; now the Malaria in-
jures the liver which is not strong
enough to destroy it; for it is office of
the liver to scavenge off all impurities
from the blood as well as to secrete
a necessary digestive fluid; this, a
course debilitates the system. And the
spleen, against which Malaria seems to
aim its deadly election, becomes dis-
eased, is incapable of generating new
blood, of which, after the stock on hand
is used up, no more is supplied, palor
shows the want of it, and of course de-
bility and mal-nutrition ensue; and even
if these conditions prove not fatal of
themselves, woe to the Consumptively
inclined.

Now for Hygiene as against "catch-
ing cold." To be a morbid "valitudi-
narian" is not desirable; but it will not
be denied that every thoughtful person,
before he gets to the age of forty, ac-
quires the habit of "going about with
his pulse in his hand," as the statistica
put it. In other words, he is a draught

MAN AND WOMAN IN THE HOUSE.—
A woman who has a small opinion of
man's self-sacrificing traits, writes thus
sharply of what she claims is a far do-
mestic experience: Here is neighbor
Grundy across the street—he has a fam-
ily of three children, aged respectively
four, two and a half and one year.—
Grundy, coming home cross and tired,
dons his gown, wife rushes frantically
for the evening paper, and while he
reads in content and ease, she pours the
tea, with the baby on one arm, and placidly
watches "Rhoda Becky" upset the
gravy on the clean tablecloth, washed
that day—for husband does like a
snowy cloth." While reading, he says:
"A little more sugar in my tea, Mollie,
dear," and then little Ishmael sticks his
finger into it, thereby causing him to utter
soul-stirring strains for the next half
hour. While he reads stocks and finance
she washes the tea things, rocks the
babies to sleep, carries each up a long
flight of stairs and, with a heavy heart,
seats herself to mend the Grundy ap-
ron, Grundy never thinking to read
aloud, thereby breaking the monotony
of those troublesome thoughts, which
were far from commendable to that
poor, tired husband. Ere one patch is
on she is startled from her reverie by
the juvenile voice, "Ishmael's kickin'
me." After making peace up stairs she
once more returns to her work. Per-
haps a half hour goes by when another
child, Mamma, I want a drink of water
from the stairway. Of course Grundy
does something very interesting while
she pumps the water. In a short time
the poor dear gets up, yawns, "Mollie,
there was too much butter in the sauce;
I shall have a bad night, I fear," and in
the language of Samantha's Doodle, he
goes to bed to "dream one more sweet
dream of her," leaving "Mollie, dear," to
dampen the clothes, sponge the bread,
chop the kindling, wind the clock, lock
the door and, doubtless, a multitude of
other things. She retires, not to sleep,
but to brood over the thanks she gets
for all this work for the past five years.
Then her memory wanders back to the
happy joyousness of her girlhood, when
he desired to stand high in her estima-
tion and occupy the first place in her
heart. He thought of her pleasure then.
When going for a drive she was always
his companion. Now, he thinks, she
would rather stay with the babies; and
with her tired fingers she silently brush-
es the tear away that steals down her
cheek. But "Hope, bright-bird of prom-
ises," steps in with the excuse, "His
business occupies his mind," and he
claims his attention; and with a sigh she
bails nature's blest restorer.

IGNORANCE AND RIOTS.—The efforts
now making to excite the Aithghans of
Kohistan against the English, are a fair
specimen of the way in which rebel-
lions are kindled in the East. Among
fiery and bigoted men, grossly igno-
rant and childishly credulous, accus-
tomed to act upon the first impulse,
without any fixed plan, it suffices to
spread a report that their religion has
been insulted, or their nationality out-
raged. No matter how groundless or
how extravagant such a suspicion may
be, it is certain to be implicitly believed,
and formidably avenged. In 1858, the
introduction of a new cap into an An-
glo-Indian regiment was declared by
some mischief-maker to portend a com-
pulsory change of religion, and the
whole regiment mutinied forthwith. In
1857, an unfounded rumor that the car-
tridges served to the native troops were
greased with beef-fat—the deadliest of
all defilements to a Hindu—gave the
rebel leaders thousands of their best re-
cruits. A still more striking instance
occurred in Russian Turkestan a few
years ago. Smallpox having declared
itself in the Bakhtiote town of Kette
Kurgan, the Russian authorities gave
orders for the vaccination of all the in-
habitants. It was rumored that this
was a device for marking those who
were to be drawn as soldiers; and this
absurd fable excited 10,000 men to a
furious riot, which cost the lives of the
presiding doctor and his chief assistant,
and was only quelled after considerable
bloodshed.

The judge at a court in Maine
recently sentenced a culprit to twenty-
five years in the State prison. The fact
was communicated to the prisoner's
mother, who was struck at the magni-
tude of the sentence. "What did they
do that for?" she exclaimed. "Twenty-
five years! Why, he won't be con-
tented there three weeks!"

Boykin, Carmer & Co.,
BALTIMORE.

This is the cheapest and best Fertilizer ever
offered to the farmer. Call and get a Circular
with full directions, certificates and refer-
ences. For sale by all dealers.

WM. J. EDELEN & CO.,
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We refer to the following gentlemen who have
used the Home Fertilizer several years:
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J. M. H. Yates, " " "
Joseph S. Ford, " " "
George M. Bohannon, " " "
William H. Tippet, Grant Mills,
Aug. 14, 1879—ly

PURE
FINE GROUND RAW BONE
GROUND AS FINE AS MEAL.

Put up in Bags containing 167 Pounds each.

PROF. WILSON'S ANALYSIS:
Moisture (dried at 212° Fahrenheit), 84
Containing Nitrogen 3.88, or Ammonia
4.71 per cent.
Inorganic Matter,
or Bone Phosphate of Lime, 52.77
Carbonate of Lime, Ac., 4.53
Insoluble Residue, 2.42
59.91

Prepared to order, and tested by constant
analysis, and guaranteed to be of the highest
quality and purity.

We have the practical tests by Farmers
others for several years, and in all cases the
results are no failures reported, but in hundreds of
very large and fine crops, the Grain very large
and of finest quality, and the Grass crop
after every fine crop ever.

We have the same PURE BONE Dissolved
Vitrified, and all in new dry con-
dition, for Drilling and Sowing.

All we ask is a fair trial, and in all cases
will be good crops.

FACTORY LOCUST POINT.
Use from 200 to 300 lbs. per acre.

R. J. BAKER & CO.,
36 & 38 S. Charles St., Balto.,
April 3, 1879—ly.

\$1500
TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to
a day in your own locality.
Risk. Women do as well as
men. Many make more than the
stated above. No fee can fall to make
money. Any one can do the work. You can
from 50 cts. to \$200 per hour by devoting
evening and spare time to the business. It
is nothing to say the business. Nothing like
money making ever offered before. Best
pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if
I want to know all particulars of this
business, send me your address and
I will send you full particulars and private
free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can
make up your mind for yourself. Add
GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Me.

Carpet Paper!
Weighing about 1 lb. to the Square Yard.
Extra Heavy 1 1/2 lbs. to the Square Yard.
Price 5 cts. per pound.

This paper is used to great advantage
for Carpet, Matting or Oil Cloth, causing them
to wear long again, and making them
impenetrable to water, and making them
in winter and saving its cost and the effort
it is very desirable and need not be renewed
yearly. Call and examine it at
Fawcett's Store, Leonardtown.

LUKE P. MATTHEWS, Agent
Sept. 25, 1879—4v.

(From the Baltimore Evening Bulletin.)
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

One of the Bulletin's staff a day or
two ago had the good fortune to have
an interview with the venerable Joseph
H. Clarke, now 89 years old, who was
the early preceptor of the poet, Edgar
Allan Poe. In Eugene L. Didier's me-
moirs of Edgar Allan Poe the following
occurs: "On Mr. and Mrs. Allan's re-
turn from their two years' visits to Eng-
land Mr. Allan placed Poe in the acad-
emy of Prof. Joseph H. Clarke, of Trin-
ity College, Dublin, who kept an Eng-
lish and classical school at Richmond
from 1816 to 1823."

Learning that Prof. Clarke lived in
Baltimore the reporter determined to
find him, feeling sure that an interview
with the old gentleman would be ex-
ceedingly interesting.

When it is remembered, however,
that few of the old heroes of the past
were yet living and that the army of
defenders of Baltimore in 1812-14 had
 dwindled down to a small band of de-
crepit old men, the fact that one old
enough to have been Edgar Allan Poe's
teacher was still living could scarcely
be credited.

Reference was had to the city direc-
tory, and Prof. Clarke's name was found.
His residence was "set down at 687
West Fayette street, and thither the
reporter repaired to obtain, if possible,
the history of this aged man, who had
nearly reached an age a score of years
beyond the time allotted as the usual
extent of man's existence. On reach-
ing the old gentleman's house the re-
porter sent up his card. Presently, in
answer to the summons, Prof. Clarke's
daughter appeared. She explained that
thinking the reporter had some business
with the old man concerning the whole
family she herself had come.

Her father, she said, had grown old
and he was not as active as he was for-
merly. The apology for her appear-
ance was sufficient, and the re-
porter, assuring her that he had come
to get a history of her father, she dis-
appeared to call the old gentleman.—
Shortly afterward the parlor door opened
softly and a small, gray-haired little
gentleman stepped lightly in. He is
about five feet four inches high. Sil-
ver locks that attested to the number
of winters their owner had successfully
weathered, brushed back from a high
and noble forehead, fell in profusion,
remarking for a man nearly ninety
years of age. His face was clean shaven,
and hardly a wrinkle was defined on
his clear outline. Two benevolent-
looking gray eyes beamed upon the re-
porter, and the friend and teacher of
Edgar Allan Poe, the born poet and
genius, advanced with a firm tread. He
greeted the Bulletin representative cor-
dially, but it was plain to see that the
aged man, though physically as hearty as
any man thirty years his junior, had
grown mentally feeble under the weight
of many years. When the old gentle-
man was seated the reporter explained
that he wanted first his own personal
history and then any reminiscences of
Poe that he could give.

"About myself first," he said. "Oh,
yes. Well, I was born in Hagerstown,
Md., November 20, 1790.

"Born in Maryland?" interrupted the
reporter. "Why, Didier says that you
were formerly of Trinity College, Dub-
lin."

"Oh, no; they are always getting
things wrong about me. I never was
in Europe. Didier! Didier!" he said
thoughtfully. "Yes, yes; I remember,"
suddenly. "He was the New York
gentleman who came to see me about
Edgar several years ago. No. I was
not born in Ireland; I am a Marylander.
My father was Robert Clarke, a flour
merchant at Hagerstown. He died at
the age of 70 years, and my mother
died when she was 73. When I was
about 15 my father sent me to the Je-
suit college at Georgetown. It was his
wish that I should be a priest; but I didn't
want to take orders, and after graduat-
ing I was made professor of classics at
Georgetown for three years, and at the
end of that time I returned to my father
and taught French a short time in a
female college. I remained at Hagers-
town until I got tired of it and being
pressed by two friends to go to New
Orleans, obtained letters of introduction
from a Mr. Wagner, of this city, for
that purpose. That was about 1815.

There was no fast travel in those
good old days, and I embarked from
Hagerstown on horseback for Fredericks-
burg, which lay on my way to Or-
leans. When I reached Fredericks-
burg I was so used that I took board
at Mr. Young's tavern, and intended to
remain there for a short time to get in
better condition. But I was taken ill,
and after two months of extreme suf-
fering I rallied. Then Mr. Young pro-
posed to me to give up my journey to
New Orleans and set up a school at
Richmond. I took his advice, and 1816
found me at Richmond, where I took
possession of the classical department of
a classical and English school. In Rich-
mond I remained for about seven years.
My school was a failure, and about
1824 I came to Baltimore, where I have
been living ever since. My daughters
kept a school here—Fairview Academy.
"Who did you marry, Professor?" the
reporter inquired.

"Jane Mudd, from Charles County,
Maryland."

On the wall of the room in which we
were seated hung a framed wreath of
preserved flowers enclosing the words,
"In memory of Jane Mudd Clarke, died
May 6, 1871."

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