Saint Mary's Beacon.

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VOL. XVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1881. NO. 31

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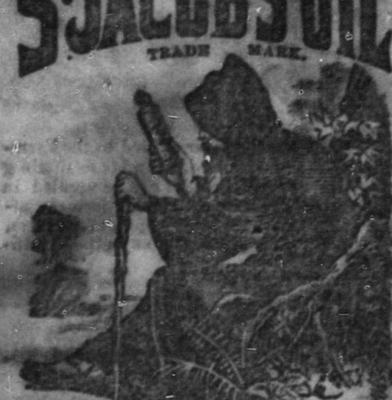

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A. VOGELER & CO., *Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*

FOR SHERIFF.

At the solicitation of many warm personal friends in different sections of the county, who claim that I have made a humane but prompt and efficient Sheriff, I am induced to ask an endorsement for the same position in 1881, and will be thankful to my fellow-citizens for their support.

Sept. 23, 1880. J. FRANK SMITH.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors:—You will please say through the columns of your paper that if Mr. ISAIAH CANTER, of the 5th District, will consent to be and independent candidate, for a seat in the next Commissioners' Court, he will be warmly supported by the people of

Nov. 4, 1880. Leonardtown District.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors—Announce in the Beacon JOHN F FENWICK, of Leonardtown, as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty and state that he will be supported by a large body of warmly attached friends and by the masses of the people.

Sept 9, 1880.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs Editors—You will please say through the columns of your paper that if Mr. JAMES H. ALVEY will consent to be a candidate for the next Sheriffalty he will be warmly supported by

Feb 12, 1880. Leonardtown District.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE

Messrs. Editors:—You will please announce GEO. R. GARNER as a Democratic candidate or a seat in the House of Delegates at the next general election, and say he will be warmly supported by the people. Aug 26, 1880.

FOR THE SENATE.

If JAMES H. WILSON, Esqr. will consent to be a candidate for a seat in the next Senate of Maryland, he will be warmly supported for the position by his party and personal friends in old

Oct 21, 1880. Charlotte Hall.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors—If JOHN SHADRICK will consent to become a candidate for the next Sheriffalty, he will receive the entire support of the Democracy of the 2nd District

Nov 18, 1880 Many Friend

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

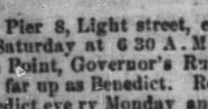
—o—

WEEMS'

LINE STEAMERS

TO

PATUXENT RIVER.



On and after WEDNESDAY, March 2nd, the Steamer

WENONAH

will leave Pier 8, Light street, every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 30 A. M. for Fair Haven, Plum Point, Governor's Run and Patuxent River far up as Benedict. Returning, will leave Benedict every Monday and Thursday at 6 A. M., Millstone Landing at 10 A. M., Plum Point at 12.30 P. M. and Fair Haven at 2 P. M. for Baltimore.

Freight received at Pier 8 Light street Tuesdays and Fridays only up to 5 o'clock.

THEODORE WEEMS

every Sunday night, at 9 o'clock, for Patuxent river direct, far up as Bristol. Returning, will leave Bristol every Monday, at 12 o'clock, for Baltimore.

Freight received at Pier 8 Light Street on Saturdays only up to 5 o'clock.

S. H. FORBES, Superintendent.
HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent.

Feb 24, 1881—tf.

FOR THE SENATE.

Messrs Editors:—The friends of R. JOHNSON COLTON knowing his sterling worth and representative abilities request him to announce himself as a candidate for a seat in the Senate of Maryland at the next election (1881) and say, if he will become a candidate, he will be warmly supported by

Nov 27, 1879. The People

containing 165 acres,

more or less—being the same land which w[illegible] allotted to said deceased by John F. Den[illegible] Young P. Dawkins and John C. Herbert in th[illegible] division of the real estate of the late Wm. Bi[illegible] coe, and designated by them as LOT No. 1.

Also, ½ interest in an undivided tract or pa[illegible] cel of woodland called and known as

Part Barron Doe,

containing in the aggregate 3[illegible] acres, more or less.

The above described lands are located ne[illegible] the Head of St. Clement's Bay, and are of fi[illegible] soil and adapted to the growth of all the stap[illegible] crops of this section.

The improvements on the Home Farm co[illegible] sisting of a DWELLING HOUSE, BA[illegible] the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS, are in good co[illegible] dition, and the situation is such as to render th[illegible] farm one of the most desirable in the market.

TERMS OF SALE

are: One-third cash on the day of sale, and th[illegible] balance in two equal installments of one a[illegible]

(Written for the Beacon.)

THE SISTER'S TRIAL,

OR

The Golden Thread.

BY WAYFARER.

CHAPTER III.

"A sister's love—how sweet the name!
What is a sister's love?
A noble, pure and tender flame
Enkindled from above"

Our young lawyers soon won a reputation for integrity in business transactions and eloquence in pleading at the bar, Morley, especially, developing a talent that pre-eminently fitted him for the criminal branch of the law, which gained him a proud fame at home and abroad.

About a year and a-half after their commencement in practice, the terrible Cosden murder occurred in an adjacent county, and the desperate criminals engaged the services of our young friends. To plead the cause of the unfortunate and protect the innocent had been one of the marked impulses of Morley's boyhood, but to defend crime and encourage lawlessness were as revolting to his noble nature as the crime itself. Had he seen a crime committed, or heard evidence pointing positively to it, no price would have bought his services, and he would even have courted an opportunity to prosecute it, applying all the energies of his mind to bring the offender to justice.

In taking up the case of the Cosden murderers, he lent himself to a cause upon which public opinion was much divided at the time, and in one instance doubts remained until the last, for there were circumstances connected with the lives and habits of the men under arrest that contradicted the suspicions that led to it, one of the prisoners, Murphy, having the sympathy of almost the entire community. Morley did most of the business of the firm that required travel, but his services had not more than once before been required at a greater distance than necessitated a day's absence from home.

Now the Grand Jury being ready to enter upon their duties in the matter, Morley's duty commenced, which might involve several days' absence, and on the day fixed for his departure, he had come home from the office after an hour in preparing some papers bearing on his mission. The steamer in which he was to take passage did not leave the village wharf until a late hour of the evening, and he wished to spend the intervening time with his sister. After their evening devotions were over, which Lucy led with more than usual fervor, and prayed for the blessing of Heaven to guide the darling brother in an errand of such great moment, they came out upon the porch to await the coming of Ernest, who had gone away that day to gather some testimony in a near neighborhood that he thought was to bear favorably upon the case of his clients.

Seating herself by the side of Morley on the steps of the portico, she wound her arms about his neck, and pushing back the crispy brown hair from his broad white forehead, she gazed very lovingly into the frank hazel eyes, and said:

"Dear Morley, how kind Heaven has been to me in blessing me with such a brother. I have been thinking in the past moment what would have been my lot had I been without you when our sainted mother died. No home on this earth could have sheltered me with the same happiness as does this sweet home with you as my protector. O, my dear brother, if fate should ever interpose a darkling hand and rob my life of your love and care I should wish to die."

"My darling, yours is such a pure heart; Heaven could not withhold its blessings, nor fate dare to lift a hand to darken one spot on the serene blue of your life's sky, and, my precious one, your brother would even grapple with death to save you a pain. You are to me a sweet sister, the guiding star of my life; 'tis to win your approbation I have toiled to attain the station I have in my profession; 'tis dearer to me than all the plaudits of the world. Had fortune consulted me, I would have chosen no other lot than the one in which my sister moves—my treasure and my pride—and her happiness shall ever be my first care."

"And that of my splendid brother shall ever be that sister's first thought."

Caressing the beautiful face so closely held to his, he playfully said:

"What will Ernest say to this when he claims his bride? I fear I shall have to take a second place then, my darling sister, for no ardent lover like our princely Ernest will be content with a second place under the peculiar circumstances."

"My love for Ernest can never interfere with a sister's love—*that* can never know any change—no circumstances of life can estrange a sister's heart—it comes next in constancy to a *mother's*, and come what will to me, you will ever be my darling brother. There is room enough in my love for you and Ernest too, but if anything should happen and I be called upon to judge between you, my brother would hold his place there if my heart broke in yielding up Ernest."

"It shall be my life-effort to be worthy this great love, my Lucy," he returned, kissing her very fondly, "but I hear the click of the gate-latch, Ernest is coming and I will leave you to arrange my portmanteau."

"No, brother, it is good Dr. Denny and his excellent wife," and she ran down the walk to greet them.

"You are looking so bright and pretty, my dear, there is no need to inquire after your health. Morley, my boy, I join you in your journey to-night; very unexpected to me, I am summoned in that case. I happened to be passing at the time of the inquest and visited the scene, you know, and some one has remembered that I spoke of having known the prisoner when a youth, and that he was a vicious boy. I don't know what they will make of this small item, but the prosecution does not mean to leave the smallest stone unturned to effect the indictment of the whole gang. So thinking Lucy would need company, I brought my better half over to stay during our absence."

"O, you dear, good doctor; how charmed I am with your thoughtful kindness: you knew what would cheer me best in Morley's absence," replied Lucy, kissing the motherly cheek of the favorite friend of her many acquaintances.

"The arrangement gives me exceeding pleasure, also," spoke Morley. "I go with a much freer heart since I know how well provided my sister will be with company; but I hope, sir, your knowledge of the vicious boy will not bear so heavily against the man as to serve to indict the innocent."

"I do not think it will hurt your side much, my boy, nor do I think it will be found necessary for me to attend the trial, but if the murderers are found, I hope they will not escape: justice must be vindicated though you waste your fine oratory."

"I agree with you, sir, but I must do all I can to make it proven that justice will be vindicated in which ever result may follow."

"O, by all means, my boy, and I must spare the time to hear your argument. By-the-by, Dayton is going along; the terrible affair has put our whole section of country in commotion. There is so much curiosity to see the prisoners, it seems they cannot wait until court sits, though it is so near at hand. But suppose we go indoors: these May evenings are chill and I must have a song. Somebody coming! I see you know who it is, my girl; come, wife, and give us Auld Lang Syne or Coming Through the Rye; the roses will be more appropriate just now though," and filliping Lucy's cheek, he led the way into the parlor, leaving her to follow a few moments later with Ernest.

The intervening hour was a cherry one, and when the whistle of the steamer warned them of the hour of departure, our travelers still lingered at the gate, whither they had been accompanied by every one in the cottage. Lucy's "God speed my brother," as she kissed him over and over again, were the last words that greeted the ear of Morley as he hurried to the wharf, putting the old doctor to some inconvenience to keep up.

Ernest took his leave when he had seen the ladies inside the house, and soon the stillness of rest settled over the cottage. As Mrs. Denny entered the chamber of her young friend which she was to share, seating herself upon a lounge upholstered in snowy dimity, as was every article of furniture in the room, she exclaimed:

"How cosy and cherry I always find this pretty sanctum of yours, my sweet child; whenever I visit you, I get into the notion of going to housekeeping again. I think I shall try to persuade the doctor that my health is sufficiently improved to bear the duties of a home once more."

"I have not seen you looking so well for a long time, and I endorse your desire most fully, for I miss the charming visits I used to make to you in your ever charming home," Lucy replied, kissing her friend. "And there is no place like home," she continued, smoothing the grey-sprinkled hair parted over the kindly brow.

"There never was a sentiment truer than that, my child, and I miss the pleasure of my home, though I find every comfort at the hotel."

"I am sure you do with such a dear, good landlady as Mrs. Seth, but even with her, I never would be satisfied with a home in a hotel. I shall be glad to see you back in your home, to sympathize with my feelings as well as to gratify your own. But I am keeping you awake, dear Mrs. Denny," replied Lucy.

"No, my child, 'tis such a novel pleasure to be with you to remain all night; it seems to have banished sleep altogether: I never was so wide awake before at this late hour, but I must not break upon your bed hour, my dear," answered the old lady, who was [illegible] in one of her old-fashioned [illegible] moods.

"O, no, my eyes are open good for as long as yours; sleep has no particular hour to direct them," laughed Lucy.

"Well, I'll not talk too long; but, my dear, I must ask how long you intend to consign Ernest to a fate similar to that of fabled Tantalus: signs have been so plain these last few months, I thought he would have been taken permanently into your home before this time, now, you'll not mind wh[illegible] to an old friend, for it will do [illegible] always [illegible] good to see it take place," [illegible] the doctor's wife, caressing the blushing face bending over her as tender hands removed the fine dress cap from her head.

"O, not for a whole year yet; business will call Ernest to Europe at the end of that time and we shall make it our bridal tour. I could not leave home and Morley and give myself even to Earnest so soon after my return to this dear cottage. Leaving my brother here even then will be a drawback to my happiness, but both can't leave at the same time," answered Lucy, a sad expression coming into her face as she spoke.

"Perhaps by that time Morley may look about him for some one to bear him company in your absence. Your example may prove very tempting. You do not expect to keep Morley with you always, do you?"

"O, Mrs. Denny, where could I find the being that I could yield my splendid brother to?" her face softening in every lineament at mention of that dear brother.

"You pretty piece of selfishness," playfully returned the old friend, pinching the glowing cheek as she arose to deposit some pins in the cushion. "I know it will be hard to find a match for him, but she'll come along by and by."

"I shall investigate her thoroughly before I give my consent; but to change the subject, dear friend, I would so much rather Morley could have gone to-night without the company of Mr. Dayton. My heart misgives me whenever I hear of his presence near my brother. The very shadow of that man across my brother's path is a pollution, so wide is the contrast in their natures," and Lucy spoke wit[illegible] her accustomed emphasis.

"Yes, child, Bob Dayton's company is to be avoided, but his absence ought to be a relief to you, for the persistency of his attentions to you has become more noticeable than is agreeable to you, I am sure."

"Yes, dear friend, though never received here but barely under circumstances of the most distant courtesy, he seems to study opportunities to force his presence; his boldness circumscribes my out-door movements very much: though I pass him unnoticed in my walks to and from the village, he is sure to join me whenever I go out alone, and often when in company with Morley or Ernest."

"The foolish fellow; I wish the neighborhood were rid of him and some better man was the master of his money. The doctor dislikes him very much; he said—I believe it was while we were walking over here this evening—happening to mention Dayton's going along; but I think I'll not tell you; it may pain you."

"O, tell me, dear Mrs. Denny. I hope it was no threat against my brother, for Morley had occasion to check his attention to me on our return from church last Sunday."

"No threat to Morley, my child; but I presume his vow was made upon the strength of that reproof; but I have made you nervous; I am foolish to have spoken of so silly a thing," said the old lady, going up to Lucy and kissing her very motherly.

"O I shall not mind it: what did he vow?" asked Lucy, in a low voice.

"The doctor said Dayton had been drinking and had just drank enough to make himself ridiculous, or he believes he would not have made such a fool of himself, as great a fool as he is at all times. He vowed that you should be his wife if all Heaven and earth had to be moved to accomplish it, so I am really glad he went off this evening. I expect you would have found him troublesome, my child. But come, we shall oversleep ourselves in the morning and spoil Rachel's delicious cookery, thereby wounding her housewife's pride," and the old lady turned her attention to the luxurious bed which had been prepared in the cosiest corner of the room for her use. Had not Lucy's face been turned from her, she could have seen the pained expression that came upon it at the mention of Dayton's threat, and sadly grieved would she have been had she known how long it had kept her young friend awake while she slept so sweetly.

Finally, however, Lucy succeeded in banishing the unrest from her mind and with thoughts of her loved brother composed herself to sleep. Ah! had she known what evil time was to bring to that darling one, and that even now its dread messenger-bird was pluming its wings to hover in darkest shadow o'er her home-light, a "wae," more wretched than poet sang, would have frittered "balmy sleep" from her eyelids. But we will not anticipate.

The boat's return trip, the morning of the second day, brought the doctor home, who was the bearer of a letter from Morley to Lucy, telling her of pressing business connected with the coming trial which had taken him to Baltimore, but that she might look for him the evening of the next day, as he would return by that boat without fail. The indictment of the prisoners was quick and decisive, and their trial was the first on the docket, made up for the court which would assemble in two weeks.

Upon inquiry of the doctor by his wife if Dayton had returned, Lucy learned that he had accompanied her brother to Baltimore. This news discomposed her to such a degree that it required her utmost effort to hide beneath her courtesy as hostess the unfeigned dread that crept into her soul, but that soul's offering at the "mother-shrine" that evening brought its reward of solace, and sweet dreams visited her in sleep. Her old friend remained with her until Morley's return, which was punctual, he looking so bright and cheerful as to make her feel the foolishness of the disquiet which she had experienced during his absence.

No allusion was made to Dayton, and the reunion at the shrine that evening added new strength to the Golden Thread. The next two weeks were spent by Morley in busy preparation for the coming trial, and Lucy encouraged him with her cheerful sympathy. The probability was that the trial would be a protracted one and Morley suggested the opportunity as a good one for Lucy to pay a long promised visit to an old schoolmate who resided in the vicinity of the town where the court was holden. She gladly accepted, and Mrs. Denny was persuaded to make one of the party as the doctor, whose testimony was of more importance than he thought, was to attend as a witness.

There is no need to go into the details of the trial; our young lawyers gained new laurels for the skill and finesse they showed in the management of their case, and the vast crowd that assembled from day to day while the argument of counsel went on, were spell-bound by the magnetic eloquence that flowed from the heart and brain of Morley, and the fluttering hopes of the wretched men on trial were revived as they saw its effects. Indeed, while he spoke—such is the spell of such matchless oratory as he displayed—it seemed imminent that the sturdy jurymen, who had been selected from the most intelligent element of the community, must yield to the splendid skill by which he almost reduced the certainties of the evidence into the "doubt" that would save the lives of his clients.

The powerful appeal of the closing argument of the prosecution must have fallen as so much spent breath but for the charge of the stern Judge, whose long term on the bench had given him time to observe crime in all its phases eminently guarded him against any bias of feeling.

He impartially believed in the guilt of the prisoners from the evidence and they found no mercy at his hands.—His charge decided the jury and they rendered a unanimous verdict of "guilty," with a recommendation to mercy in the case of Murphy, upon which a demurrer was made and sustained and gave opportunity to make effort to file a bill for a new trial in the case of all. The stern old vindicator of the law was anxious to settle the question without farther delay and continued the court to hear the plea. Several days more were occupied in strenuous efforts by the combined counsel for the unfortunate men, but the judge was not to be turned from his confirmed opinion; and as nothing new in his favor had been elicited, he would make no exception in Murphy's case nor could he be brought to see why he should yield to the "recommmendation to mercy" nor did he think that "recommendation" would avail anything with the Governor, consequently the prisoners were condemned. Much sympathy was expressed for Murphy, notwithstanding, and his faithful counsel left him with saddened hearts that they were powerless to save him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

☞A morning glory—The cocktail.

☞Kissing is something like sevenup. If he begs and she thinks she can make a point in the game, she will give him one.

☞It is claimed by some medical men that smoking weakens the eye sight. Maybe it does, but just see how it strengthens the breath.

☞A young lady ate half a wedding cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband. Now she says she would rather die than marry the man that she saw in that dream.

☞Never despise small things. The flea will get over more ground, in proportion to its size, in one second than an elephant will cover in an hour's traveling.

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well." said the lawyer gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

☞The poet Burns was a neighbor of Mrs. Cunningham, who is now 102 years of age living near Glasgow, Scotland. "Robbie" was a visitor to her elder sister, and she repeatedly heard him cracking jokes with her.

☞"Any man," says an eminent writer and observer, "can marry any woman." That is just what delegate Cannon thinks. But he thinks, also, that "any" is synonomous with "every."

The Son of Sorrow.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

All lonely, excluded from heaven,
Sat Sorrow, one day, on the strand,
And mournfully buried in thought,
Formed a figure of clay with her hand.

Jove appeared: "What is this?" he demands
She replies: "'Tis a figure of clay.
Show thy power on the work of my hands—
Give it life, mighty father, I pray."

"Let him live," said the god; "but observe,
As I lend him, he mine must remain."
"Not so!" Sorrow cried, and implored—
"Oh, let me my offspring retain.
"'Tis to me his creation he owes."
"Yes," said Jove, "but 'twas I gave him breath."
As he spoke, Earth appeared on the scene,
And observing the image, thus saith:

"From me, from my bosom he's torn—
I demand then what's taken from me."
"This strife shall be settled," said Jove—
"Let Saturn decide 'tween the three."

This sentence the Judge gave: "To all
He belongs—so let no one complain;
The life, Jove, thou gave him, shalt thou
With his soul, when he dies, take again.

"Thou, Earth, shalt receive back his frame;
At peace, in thy lap he'll recline;
But during his whole troubled life
He shall surely, O Sorrow, be thine.

"His features thy look shall reflect;
Thy sighs shall be mixed with his breath
And he ne'er shall be parted from thee
Until he reposes in death."

The sentence of heaven then, is this;
And hence man lies under the sod;
Though Sorrow possesses him living,
He returns both to Earth and to God.

[COMMUNICATED.

CHARLOTTE HALL, March, 1881.

Messrs Editors:—You will pardon me I trust if I again crave a portion of your space, not so much in reply either to "Derby," or the modern satirist(?) "Catapotium," (for I have been amused at their communications for the space of perhaps three seconds) as to place a few more points before the public in defense of our colleges. Both "Derby" and "Catapotium" have wandered from the question and forgotten the discussion in their ebullition of ugly temper at the dispute of their views. And poor "Derby" is so completely mastered by the ill temper he does not attempt to conceal, that he writes the imputation of childishness by his splenetic outburst of *choice* language. Despite his self-assumed character of "a superior and a gentleman," the odor of the stable still clings to him. Evidently he is necessarily compelled to be egoistical in this respect, for if he were not, the public would shed a "briny tear" in not feeling itself called upon to give him such a character without his pushing his title to it. All ideas of propriety and good sense forbid that I should decend to the level of a ruffian and reply in kind to him. It were useless for me to sully my pen by suiting my style to such a creature and call him all the hard names I could think of—he is used to such language—it is his mother tongue. I would call him a *gentleman*, but I have a conscience and really could not violate its promptings and offer such ignominy to mankind by applying the term to *him;* I cannot call him a *man*, for that too is a word I could not torture from its meaning to apply to

"A wretch so empty that if e'er there be
In nature the least vacuity
'T will be in him."

For, surely, no one who aspires to be called a man would give voice to an expression that even the annals of Billingsgate would blush to hear record of; nor can I insinuate that he is a woman, for I would deserve the execration of the world for hinting that such a mental and moral deformity is included in the ranks of the fair sex; and his own card saves me the trouble of calling him a "*blackguard.*"

I *might* perhaps find an epithet applicable to him could I bring myself to consent to the prostitution of language to a base and ignoble use. Poor little chap! my sympathy flies down to him in his predicament when

"Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike,"

he sneaks out of a discussion after the manner of a dog, who, caught stealing a bone, scurries out of the reach of his master's lash.

His using Blackistone to illustrate his paltry ideas is so like the Devil quoting Scripture that I am sure his Satanic Majesty must be extremely well pleased with this new disciple on earth. He has a narrower mind and a paltrier spirit than even I thought if he attaches any importance to his effusions. I merely noticed his first card in that it invited the ridicule of the admirers of common-sense, and induced me to administer "sundry kicks upon the baser part of his base body," and this passing notice is only to show the public, what a dull mite, what a mockery of authorship, what a thing stuffed with sawdust and rubbish, what a refined quintessence of nonsense, what a vulture preying upon the vitals of propriety and decorum, what a makeshift for humanity, is this would-be Mentor of the people.

I called him a "poor devil" in my last article it is true, but I take it back and beg the Devil's pardon. That I directly asserted that he is "a monkey, a magpie, and a coward" does not appear so clearly, but as he accepts the implication, and seems to think the cap fits him, let him wear it. I havn't the slightest objection.

I wonder if "Derby" was present at Wallace's retreat? He knows so much about that particular occasion that I have reason to suspect his presence there, and judging from present indications, he must have beaten the speed of his namesake. Wish he would tell us some more about it. I wasn't there, you see—too young—only seven—had I been older I might have had the fun of seeing "Derby's" back ere now; as it is, I perceive that it is hard to "teach an old dog new tricks."

I should think Dr. Lynch has good cause for instituting a suit for damages against "Derby" for slandering his horse by taking his name as a cover for his riff-raff.

But hark! What sound reverberates in the distance? 'Tis the applause of millions! Who is it that comes on apace with genius flashing forth with every glance of his sky-piercing eye? 'Tis Catapotium! Fresh from Parnassus, he tells "witty old Flaccus" his reign is over, a new poet competes for the laurel wreath and the olive branch, and bids for the combined poetic honors found in the temple of Fame. Disdaining all restraint, he grabs his quill and with poetic fervor flashing from his kindling eye, dares all competitors. Ah, Catapotium! What dunce would compare Pope or Pindar to you? Fancy him seated at midnight within the sacred precincts of his poetic habitation—the great satirist has finished his crushing epistle to "Semloh"—it lies before him and he is dreaming of the honors in store for him bestowed on his transcendent genius by an admiring people when they shall read his satire—a solemn procession glides into his *august* presence, and he discerns the shadowy forms of Pindar, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pope, Dryden, Swift, Young, Byron—encircling his throne they implore with ghostly tears stealing down their spectral cheeks that he pardon their presumption in ever having deemed themselves poets—receiving his gracious assent they tear their honors from their pallid brows and, casting one last lingering look at the yielded crowns, file mournfully out on their silent way, saddened to think their reign is over and no more will homage be their share, for a new star has risen above the satiric horizon, whose lustre bids them resign their sway!

Slash on, O! Hercules. Fortune and fame await thy coming—all Hail! poet laureate of St. Mary's.

Catapotium, you should give up everything else and write satire for a living. You can write such *delicious* odes, and I'm convinced it is your special duty not to hide your light under a bushel.

But enough at present. I am not disposed to continue a personal warfare and proceed with the subject by drawing the attention of the public to a few facts. There have been no arguments advanced against the maintenance of State institutions of learning. The conduct of the opponents of St. John's has, not only been erratic in extreme, but timid to the last degree. They have refused to put forth argument for argument and contented themselves with retiring from the contest under the plea of not replying to their opponent because they deem his articles express "malice" towards them. *Malice* forsooth! No one can venture to expose their false logic without incurring the charge of malignity. Frank N. Holmes must be allowed to express faulty ideas with impunity, and he who dares to ridicule that gentleman's pretensions must be accused of *malice pretense*. And because Messrs. Holmes & Co. have not the manliness to oppose their antagonists in a fair argument, they must descend to use questionable means to combat their opponents. It gives a contradiction to their own views. But to continue the argument in favor of State Colleges. It is an unpardonable mistake in the policy of any government for it to declare that it will not foster the institutions which shed that light over the world without which all would be enshrouded in darkness. That government is most free where knowledge is the life giving fluid that permeates every artery of the body politic, and it is manifest that the higher the culture you grant to the masses, the better you fit them for comprehending the true idea of self-government, for the dissemination of science, and art, and literature disciplines the mind while expanding it. The majority of our people belong to the humbler class who are unable to furnish themselves with higher culture. The greater portion of these perhaps will never seek to rise, but there are many among them who are born to be leaders of men. Shall we restrict these to their narrow sphere and tell them they must not seek to improve their condition, that no aid will be given them to enable them to rise? Many will come to the front despite the obstacles in their way, and proclaim their ideas before the world. If they be not properly trained for their work, who can estimate the mischief? The science of government is becoming more complicate day by day, and trained intellectual athletes are required more than ever before, who shall be qualified to grapple with the perplexities of social and political questions, and find correct solution of the problems every day presented for careful consideration.—Said President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, in a recent address before the Johns Hopkins University: "The demand in this country for men trained in history and social and political science could hardly be overstated." What is to afford the proper training for these men? Our colleges. Colleges supported by private capital afford such training to a large class, but only those who are able to pay their own way. But there is another class, by far the larger, and whose talents are needed by

(*Continued on Fourth Page.*)