your county came into existence in 1837. I doubt whether there will be many among those who will be present at your celebration whose recollection will carry them back as far as mine of the southern borders of Carroll county; and when I became almost as familiar with the neighborhood of Parr's Ridge, Woodbine, Sykesville and Hood's Mills, as I was with the streets of Baltimore. With Mr. George Patterson as my guide and adviser, I not only went over every foot of ground, but may be said to have made the personal acquaintance of hundreds, whom so rare a thing as condemnation in those days was certain to bring together. Very few, if any, indeed, are now living, would recognize in the old lawyer of to-day the young one who insisted that the rocks of the river hills were *not* gold itself, and that a river bottom, here and there, was not in itself a Garden of Eden. We were all enthusiasts in those days, my dear sir, and I am only sorry that I am prevented, on this occasion, from seeing for myself how thoroughly the prophecies of my opponents of 1831 have been practically and substantially realized in the present prosperity of Carroll county. With great respect, your ob't. servant,

JOHN H. B. LATROBE,
President Maryland Historical Society.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By Col. Wm. P. Maulsby, April 11th, 1887, at the Semi-Centennial of Carroll County.

Up to the erection of Carroll county, from nearly equal parts of territory taken from Frederick and Baltimore counties, Fifty years ago, Westminster was a village of about 500 inhabitants, whose chief importance was derived from the circumstance that it was situate on the turnpike road leading from Baltimore towards and to Pittsburg, at the distance of a day's drive from Baltimore, for the large teams, then doing the transportation between these and intermediate points. It was the point at which these teams stopped nightly, in large numbers, and the monies left by them formed a considerable part of its ready money support. It was also a stopping point of the four-horse stage coaches carrying passengers to and fro.

It had a bank, of which at that time, Isaac Shriver was president and John Fisher cashier, which, in addition to its regular dividends, made occasionally extra dividends of 20 per cent. There was one professional man, Doctor Willis. There were three stores, comparatively small, one hotel, and three wagon taverns. The turnpike road, east and west of town, was filled with taverns, every one, two or three miles. There were four tanneries, and a fifth in process of erection. The entire population, besides the bank officers, the doctor, and the store keepers and one editor, Mr. Longwell, who dignified his profession by the work of his own hands, and besides discharged the military duty of commanding the Westminster riflemen, consisted of mechanics, engaged in the various vocations of tailors, shoemakers, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, hatters, each man carrying on his trade for himself, and on his own account. There was in the town one piano, and two one-horse Gettysburg built carriages of which the cost price at the shop, was about $120 each.

In the very early period of the settlement of part of the territory of which the county is now composed, Bruces, lineal descendants of Robert Bruce, had settled in it, and John Ross Key, who played a part in our Revolutionary struggle, and was father of the Lawyer Poet, author of the Star Spangled Banner, had also made his family home on it. During the Revolutionary War the road along which Washington led, at times, the patriot army, passed through the upper or western part of the county; and Taneytown now points to the house, *in* its borders, at which he stopped, and the table, carefully preserved, at which he sat. These are the only elements we have from which story could be woven, or song sung. None have woven the story, and none have sung the song, except the instance mentioned.

Fifty years ago, the population of the county consisted, almost wholly, of working farmers, supplemented by a large number of tanners, who had sunk their vats at numerous points, and mechanics in every neighborhood to meet its wants. Quiet, unobtrusive, home labor, not avoiding nor shrinking from, but not inviting, the notice of the passers by, was the characteristic of our population. A natural, and indeed necessary concomitant of this individual labor and industry was a high order of independent manhood, and of native, self reliant, hard sense.

From such material it would seem to be difficult to fashion a history, which would appeal to your imagination, or warm your bosom, or excite your plaudits. And so it would be, and is, if history, as it has been customarily written, be the standard by which this history is to be measured.

The soil of this county, neither in former, nor in later times, had produced a general, or a statesman, or an orator, or a scientist, whose deeds or words have enthralled the gaze of men. History, as it has been written, has dwelt with the names and the doings of men great and famous. How famous? For what famous? For contributions made to the welfare and happiness of the great masses of the communities of which they were parts? Or for the quantities of the blood of these masses which they have ordered to be shed? For the number of widowed wives, and unfathered children they have made? For the masses of treasure which they have abstracted from the producing labors of the men whom they arranged into cohorts and columns, after they had appropriated the fruits of their labor?

I can find in the subject assigned me today no such material for history. Even a scientist who, by his discovery of some Natural Law before unknown, has aided our people in a more intelligent application of their labors of the soil, with the possession of which they are blessed, and in consequent increased productiveness, we cannot boast of as a product of our territory.

What then? Have we no history worthy of recital? I think we have, but it is of a different kind from the history spoken of.

The General, the Statesman, the Orator, the Scientist, has each his place of usefulness in the social structure. The trouble with mankind has been that they have not, as a rule, been content to occupy their place of usefulness, and when that was ended, to step down and out. We know from history of but one Cincinnatus. We know of scores of Xerxes, of Alexanders, of Hannibals and of Cæsars, and of such like. We know their names and fames, but even the names of the myriads whose labor they robbed, whose blood they spilled, whose lives they took, in the name of their greatness, history has not vouchsafed to tell us.

My history, to-day, must be of the peaceful, fruitful valleys, and hill tops of the territory embraced in the limits of Carroll county, and of the men who, by their labor, have brought them to productiveness, that thereby their wives and children and neighbors might be blessed with abundant stores of content and happiness, and who have founded families and built homes, on solid foundations for their families to dwell in. And even this must be fragmentary, or you will tire in listening to the small details, which your souls ought to swell out into beautiful and enduring monuments of love and veneration for the memories of your fathers and mothers, the faithful builders.

A point which I make is, that a characteristic of the population of this county is, and has been, its fixedness and steadiness in the occupation of the original homes. I think that a larger proportion of the families, first planted in homes on this soil, remain to this day amongst us, by their representatives, than perhaps in any other county in the State.

I have said that fifty years ago there were numerous tanneries through the county. From these sprung many well and firmly built homes. In Westminster the families of Yingling, Powder, Fisher and Mathias, derived from their tan yards, worked by their own hands, the foundation, and in instances, the larger part of the substance that their descendants enjoy at this day.

The same was the case with many others of the most respectable and worthy families of the county.

But agriculture was, and continues to be, the great source of competence and comfort to the people of this community.

Little Pipe Creek Valley, Sam's Creek Valley, Silver Run Valley, Bachman's Valley and Cranberry Valley, especially, as well as some other parts of the territory, have always responded with bounteous return to the touch of labor, and our agriculturalists have habitually, and ungrudgingly, put their own hands to the plough.

A larger part of the territory taken from Baltimore county was not naturally so fertile, nor were the lands in the Taneytown region, and in parts of Myers' District. But within these fifty years labor and lime have done their work, and it is now hard to distinguish one part of the county from another, in respect to productiveness. "*Labor vincit omnia*" was said of old. We have seen, and do know, that labor is all the soil requires to prompt it to put out its blossoms, and its fruits, and its golden stalks. Labor! How dried up the soul, how contracted the mind, how distorted the faculties of the man who does not realize that labor is the most honorable of human callings! Labor that produces all things; that, under God, creates all things; without which subsistence ends; without which, agriculture, commerce, science, manufactures, all mechanic arts and man himself, cease to be! What is the depth of crime that would oppress or defraud it? My young friend, do you seek to avoid a horny palm, or do you conceit that a soft one is nicer, and will better commend you to the respect and confidence of men, or will invite more readily the blushing buddings of the maiden heart? Believe me, you are wrong. Try it once; go get a horny palm, polished by honest labor, and see how all will smile approval, so soon as they find that you are in real earnest. To be a man is one thing. To be, or to ape a mincing dude, good for nothing but to be a sign for a tailor's trimmings, or to exhibit the stones, and the setting, of the jeweler, is another thing; and that other thing is not a man. Do you want an honest, good woman to make for you an elysium on earth, by filling a home with her love? Go first and get to be a full fledged man, and then go and pray to her, but don't dare to do it before. And you can carry with you no fuller assurance of good faith than a hand hardened by honest labor.

Many changes have taken place in these fifty years. The quantity of grain produced has very greatly increased—fourfold, as I am assured by better judges than I am. This was then generally converted into flour at our local mills, and that, with pork and other products, transported to Baltimore by the farmers with their own teams. Now it is taken to market by the Western Maryland and other railroads. The population has more than doubled. That of Westminster has increased sixfold. Union Bridge has grown from an inconsiderable village to be a large, vigorous town. So of New Windsor, in a lesser degree. Taneytown has grown materially in population and business enterprise. Nearly or quite all the towns, Manchester, Hampstead, Uniontown, Sykesville, Mt. Airy, Finksburg, Myersville and others have increased. The schoolhouses, which were then very inferior, have been replaced, generally, with commodious, comfortable brick structures. There are now four national banks, with aggregate deposits exceeding half a million, and two savings institutions with $200,000 more, besides two private bankers and another recently organized savings institution.

Then the amount of county taxes levied was something over $12,000. Now it is over $80,000.

Fifty years ago there were no questions of organization of capital, or of resistant organization of labor. Each went on quietly and contentedly in its own sphere, neither seeking to interfere unduly with the other. Here moderate wealth, acquired by careful industry, consorted cheerfully with mechanical labor, seeking livelihood and modest accumulation. No community could be found in which moderation in all things, and equality amongst all men, prevailed as the rule of daily life, more fully than in this community. Personal pretentiousness was unknown. Assumption of superiority over neighbors was unheard of. Substantiality was essentially characteristic of the people and of their homes.

Corporate power and importance, with the peculiarities which mark them everywhere, had not attained a hold amongst them, and has not yet to any very appreciable extent, but to a sufficient extent.

Besides the Western Maryland Railroad, which runs through the entire length of the county, there is the B. & O. skirting the southern part, and the Frederick and Pa. Line the western, and the Baltimore and Hanover the northern.

The milk business is a new feature, and has grown to very large proportion. It is estimated that one and a half million gallons of milk are sent yearly by our farmers by rail to the Baltimore market. The manufacture of ice cream has become a business of no mean importance. At the former period there were several fulling mills, at which was manufactured the cloth used by the people in their clothing. These have disappeared.

There were also paper mills, which have gone much into "desuetude." The same is true of the country flouring mills. In short all the industries, which were carried on by the owner, with an apprentice, and occasionally a journeyman or two, and which were parcel of, and interwoven with, the home interests of the community, have given way to the advance of aggregated capital employed in manufactures, which now produces the clothing, the boots and shoes, the hats, the wagons, the ploughs, the horse shoes, and even the horse shoe nails, which were formerly produced at home by individual industry.

But the lands remain, much improved in productiveness, although to their cultivation increased expensiveness has been added in some respects, as in the need of manufactured fertilizers, which seems to be universally acklowledged.

And the people remain; not the same individuals—there are left but few of them—but the same blood, the same race, the descendants of the original owners, and of such are most of you who are present.

Of the change to the bright side no where is it more notable than in Westminster. At the formation of the county there was one small brick school house. Its successor you see before you, large, comfortable, handsome in architecture, and costly in construction. Others less pretentious are to be found in other parts of the town. On the hill yonder, you see the Western Maryland College, which is, because of the comprehensive liberality of a citizen native to the soil, whose labor-earned money laid the foundation, and raised the edifice to a point which gave assured hope and promise to others to build on. He trusted without security other than his love for his kind, and his desire to assure to his own and his neighbor's children the blessings of education. They have builded on the security of success which he gave.

It will not be long, in nature's ordering, before the gathered clouds will shut forever from our sight the bent, and somewhat shrunken, but still manly form of John Smith, of Wakefield; and if we have had amongst us one who has proved himself worthy of monumental respect and reverence, who is it more than he? We had, fifty years ago, many a good and true man amongst us, who continued to walk and do, in our midst, during many years, but they have gradually yielded to nature's law, until now a few, a very few only, are left.

Can I render a better service to those young men, who may be looking for patterns by which to guide their lives in quiet, unostentatious discharge of duty to God, and to their neighbors, and I hope there are here some so looking, than to point them to the steady, straight forward walk, from the opening of manhood to the closing of life, of William Crouse, the blacksmith, who passed out of sight a short time ago, crowded with years, and with the respect and reverence of all who knew him. With a larger share of native intelligence than is usually vouchsafed to men, cultured to the full extent of his limited opportunities, modest, almost childlike in simplicity, with integrity unassailable, with character for truthfulness and faithfulness to all duties undertaken, unimpeached and unimpeachable, he labored at his anvil, from early morn to setting sun, day in and day out, until more than eighty winters had crowned him with their whitest frostiness, utterly unconscious that any body was noticing him, or his walk in life, and unconscious that he was doing anything to teach a lesson, of any kind, to other men. The lesson of the life of him, and such as he was, for he was not alone of the true, and worthy, and good men who have lived and died in our midst during these fifty years, I commend to the study, and the following of my young friends, on whom, in short time, are to devolve the responsibilities of maintaining the honor and good fame, and abundance of the homes which their fathers have builded for them. Lawyers, and doctors, and clerks are necessities of the community; but just at this era the stock on hand is abundant for long time to come, and accessions will mainly serve to jostle, uncomfortably to it and to the accessor, the present abundant supply. The farm and workshop will be a better and more honorable resort.

In this connection it may be not improper to remind you that you have in your view, amongst others, a survivor of the energetic actors of fifty years ago, who, from that day to this, has lived and acted the part of a useful, modest, unobtrusive citizen, discharging well his duties to his home, and the homes of his neighbors, when circumstances required, and proper invitation was made; but never, through his long life, thrusting himself or his services on any. John K. Longwell has lived to preside over you to day, and there is a good deal of life in him still.

Then the only commonly respectable brick buildings in Westminster were the old bank house, the Fisher homestead opposite, the Wampler homestead on the next corner, the residence of Mr. Jacob Yingling, that now of Mr. John B. Boyle, then occupied by Doctor Willis, but which had been recently occupied as a hotel by Mr. Joshua Cockey, that of Mrs. Sherman, now belonging to Mrs. Shellman, the old Shriver hotel, now the City Hotel, the residence of Major Mathias, that of Mr. Grammer, and that now owned and occupied by Mrs. Rippard; and near by, the Winchester homestead, now the residence of Col. McKellip. The present speaks for itself, and when it is remembered that not a brick has been laid in this town, or a roof built, by money that has been brought from elsewhere, other than the surrounding neighborhood, and that it is not a commercial emporium, nor a railroad center—that we are without the attractions of a stock board, or of a grain exchange—that all the money which has been expended in building and improving has been wrung out of our soil by our farmers' labor, I cannot help thinking that the present speaking for itself of our town is resonably harmonious and pleasantly musical, to moderately cultivated taste. There were then, say, 60 feet of pavement in the town, 30 feet in front of the old bank, and 30 feet in front of Reese's store. Now it is measured by the mile, and if it is not so smooth and even as in Mount Vernon Square, or in Eutaw Place, why be patient, and remember that

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Give us time, but don't push us too fast lest we lose our breath. Rome was'nt built in a day, and Lunnun Town took several ages to grow to what it is.

Now so it is, that as we get into the history of the every day life of Carroll county, and that is all the history we have, and none is so valuable rightly considered, material presses, and so does time, and your patience.

The especial point of this history is the fixedness and steadiness of the families and homes which were planted in the early times, and which remain to this day, in large part, where the founders planted them. If any one who had the time, and love enough for the subject to prompt him, would undertake to write and print a real history of the early founders, and of their foundations, and of their descendants downwards, it would be, I think, a recital of absorbing interest to large masses of home staying, but appreciative people. All that time permits to me, on this occasion, is to refer briefly to some of the families, so founded, whose representatives yet remain.

Amongst such are the Galts, the McKalebs, the Reindollars, McKellips, Boyles, Crapsters, Swopes, Scotts, Shaws, Knoxs, Delaplanes, Koons, Birnies, Mehrings, Covers, Zollickoffers, Haines, Shepherds, Englars, Eggles, Stoners, Roberts, Smiths, Roops, Rinehards, Wrights, Wolfes, McKinstrys, Cooksons, Hibberds, Woods, Norris, Devilbiss, Bailes, Cassells, and something later Slingluffs, Billingsleas,—Gists, Wamplers, Fringers, Trumbos, Utzes, Yinglings, Powders, Fishers, Reeses, Mathias, Mittens, Shrivers, Gardners, Manrings, Stulls, Stevensons, Showers, Everharts, Myerlys, Hoffackers, Lamottes, Murrays, Stansburys, Orendorffs, Bixlers, Myers, Royers, Geimans, Shaffers, Bachmans, Snyders, Leisters, Bankerts, Dudderars, Hulls, Studys, Earharts, Hessons, Erbs, Schades, Lynches, Grammers, Beavers, Mauses, Rinehards, Querslers, Houcks, Fowbles, Zepps, Evans, Baumgardners, Crawfords, Davis, Gorsuchs, Barnes, Gillesses, Sellmans, Frizells, Greens, Sullivans, Fleagles, Dorseys, Shipleys, Berrets, Warfields, Browns, Hardings, Bennetts, Manros, Steeles, Lockards, and scores of others, who would look with wonder at their names recorded in any history, because they were unconscious of having done any thing in all their lives, except to discharge the plain duties of common citizenship.

Some of these families were more notable and noted than they knew of. From an early period the Shriver has been an unusually large family, and its men of point and force, and some of them bore parts in the early public history of the county, and of the State. So the Galts, and Bennetts, and Col. Longwell, and the Swopes, and Dr. Billingslea, Cover, Ecker, Hayden, and others, have borne part in fashioning the Constitutional and Statute Laws of the State. If we had time and opportunity to trace it out, we might show that Carroll county has some history even different from, and other than, the quiet domestic home history; but that is enough, I aver, to satisfy a modest pride of ancestry.

I would like to record the name of every old family whose members have aided in building up the prosperity of the county. But that cannot be now. The will is not wanting. The time is.

But give me time to let some of those who were of us then, and are not now, know that, though they are absent, they are not forgotten. Especially one who, at the formation of the county was one of the young, active, energetic citizens, and shortly after left to seek a distant western home, and has surrounded it with the respect and confidence of all around him. And although he has now passed by the three score and tenth mile stone in life's road, his affectionate remembrance of the old friends of his young manhood is frequently marked by him, and is reciprocated in all its warmth. I refer to Wesley W. Garner, formerly of Manchester, now of Iowa.

My young friends, if you will equal your fathers' industry, and other virtues, you will not have lived in vain.

Let it be never forgotten that it was on one of our quiet, retired, fertile and beautiful in nature's lovliness, farms, Rinehart, the sculptor, was born and bred, whose genius rivalling that of the loftiest of the besung artists of Classic Greece, the world has bowed to in charmed homage.

And let some of our homage cling to the memory of the old farmer, little in stature, but poised in head, who lived and labored, and walked amongst us so quietly and unobtrusively, that if you had depended on the noise he made, you would hardly have known of his existence, who begat the son whose name and fame have filled the world, and who transmitted to that son by the law of natural inheritance a mass of intellect which developed itself in these high achievements which adorn the name. The memories of such as these are some of the treasures of our local history.

The history of Morality and of Religion, in so far as these have affected our history during the past half century, and especially in their relation to the development of our homes and industries, ought to be noticed, but there is no time for other than a brief and imperfect glance. We have amongst us all the varied Christian denominations, and all have done their full part in this good work. Their toils and sacrifices for their own, and our welfare, have not, it is hoped and believed, been unproductive of fruits. On the point, to which this review has been mainly directed, namely the fixedness of the homes of our people and their preservation of them, it may be permissible to say, without detriment to the honor justly due to others, that of all classes of the community none has been so much distinguished in this respect as those two classes, which especially shrink from notice or distinction or noise of any kind, our Tunker or German Baptist, and our Friend or Quaker neighbors. For all excellencies of citizenship, for faithful and steady prosecution of the labors and industries which promote the common welfare, and attach men to the soil on which they were born and bred, you will agree with me, I feel sure, in the testimony that, in proportion to their numbers, none, at the least, are more distinguished, or more entitled to have a mention of their virtues recorded in our local history; that however much they may prefer it otherwise, it is our privilege and our duty to truth to make the record.

Some reference by our local history is due to the men who labored for the creation of the county through many years, and to one political circumstance which finally crowned their labors with success.

For many years the struggle for the creation of the county had been carried on amidst many discouragements and many defeats. But the men who conducted it did not tire, or if they tired at times, they up and at it again.

They were all the men of Westminster at that day, but especially, perhaps, they were Abraham Wampler, John Fisher, Jacob Mathias, Jacob Reese, John K. Longwell, all the Yinglings, Isaac Shriver, Doctor William Willis, David Uhler, aided by Col. Thomas Hook, Andrew Shriver and his sons, Jacob Shriver and his sons, all the Haines, a large and most respected family, the Shepherds, the Bailes, the Smiths, also a large and notable family, the Cassells, the Roops, Royers, Orndorffs, Schades, Shaffers, Geimans, and indeed all the men of the Frederick county part. Strangely enough, the men of the Baltimore county part were hostile, generally.

Fifty-one years ago a great excitement pervaded the whole State. Up to that time the popular will had been freely represented in the State Government. Members of the House of Delegates, and sheriffs, only were elected by the direct vote of the people. Each county was entitled to an equal number of delegates, four, and the cities of Baltimore and Annapolis to two each. The Governor was elected by the Legislature, as were also five members of the Executive Council. The executive power was in the Governor and Council. Judges were appointed by the Executive, and their terms of office were for life, or good behaviour. County clerks were appointed by the Judges. Registers of Wills were elected by the Legislature. State Senators, fifteen, were chosen by an Electoral College, composed of two electors elected by the people of each county, and one each by the cities named.

Thus, the populous parts of the State were debarred from their just influence in directing the State Government. It was, in fact, controlled by a small minority of the people. And it may be noted here, that this was the condition when the eight million bill was passed, which was the inauguration of our State debt system, and gave rise to our large Treasury establishment, and its operations.

Mutterings of discontent had been heard for years, but so tenacious of power are its possessors, as all human experience has taught, that the minority, whilst acknowledging the wrong, still found plenty of excuses for holding on to it.

Finally during the winter of 1835–1836, the flame burst out, first in Frederick city and county, and soon spread throughout the State.

The Whigs had been dominant in the State for a long time. The Democrats led off in the work of infusing a larger element of popular will into the State Government. A large number of Whigs, however, sympathized, and the result was the formation of a powerful reform party. John Fisher and Casper Quinn, the Democratic electoral candidates in Frederick county were elected, but in fact, Gideon Bantz and Evan McKinstry, the defeated Whig candidates, were as earnest reformers as those elected, but not prepared, probably, to go to the same lengths. The Whigs elected, in the State, twenty-one electors. The Democrats nineteen. The constitution required twenty-four to form a quorum of the electoral college.

Here was a crisis. The Democrats determined to avail of it; to the point of stopping the State Government, to the end of reorganizing it on the basis of some nearer approximation to representation in it of the popular will. The nineteen electors refused to go into the college, and so to aid in the election of a Senate. Denunciations of treason, threats of criminal prosecutions, and of all the direst ills imaginable, came thicker and faster than hail stones in a summer storm, but the nineteen stood unmoved, and because they did so, they were called the "The Glorious Nineteen." And the circumstances were enough to try the stuff that they were made of. After a time, threats and denunciations having failed of effect, the twenty-one concluded to try conciliations and promises. Thereupon enough of the nineteen electors went into the college to enable the election of a Senate, trusting to the promises made. Amendments to the constitution were introduced, and finally adopted by the Legislature, remitting the election of Governor, Senator's, Clerks and Registers to the people, and ultimated in popularizing representation, the judicial, and all the departments of the State Government. Meanwhile the erection of Carroll county was conceded to the reform movement, giving, to that extent, an immediate increase of popular representation. This, notwithstanding the opposition of the Democrats of Baltimore county, and so, even I am constrained to acknowledge that some Democrats, sometimes, have made mistakes. The nineteen movement was the immediate occasion of the creation of the county.

An incident in this movement may be mentioned with which I happen to be better acquainted than any other. Abraham Shriver, born and raised on this soil, was at that time one of the Judges of Frederick county court. He was very old, and very infirm, and so nearly blind that he could not see to read, but his mind was as clear and strong as it had ever been. The question was submitted to him, whether or not, the action of the nineteen electors, then in contemplation, was legally justifiable, in the purview of the existing constitution. It was read to, and carefully considered by him, and his opinion was given that it was. I may say that the nineteen movement would not have occurred but for this opinion of Judge Shriver. He was nearing the grave, but the principles of popular government which he had learned in his youth, and practised in his manhood, did not decay or weaken with the decay and weakness of the physical man. And so it is with all of us. What we have well learned in our youth it is hard for us to unlearn in our age.

One incident in the history of this county, since, I would like to mention. This county voted, by a decided majority, against the provision for biennial sessions of the Legislature—not by accident, but on full discussion, and deliberation—on the ground that in popular government the representative should be required to account to his constituents with the greatest frequency—that the constituent body and its delegates should be face to face, each in the mind and view of the other, as much as possible. Time will show, I think, that in that vote no mistake was made.

Our county's semi-centennial is the centennial year of the Constitution of the United States. When that was half a century old, this county came into being. With each recurring semi-centennial, and centennial, until both shall end, may it be, that you, and your children by your teaching, and their children by their teaching, cherish a warm, and growing warmer love and reverence for that sacred conservator of Human Liberty. Guard it, I pray you, ye coming generations, from irreverent touch.

ORATION BY DR. J. W. HERING,

OF WESTMINSTER, MD.

At the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Organization of Carroll County.

At Westminster, Md., April 11th, 1887.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: The desire to commemorate important historic events, is common to all people, and as an expression of this laudable disposition it is most appropriate and fitting, that the citizens of a free and enlightened community, should pause in their pursuits, cease from their occupations, and dedicate a season to reflection and review.

We act in the present, but we live largely in the past. While we are, of necessity, engaged with the busy scenes that are immediately about us, we find our hearts constantly responding to the echoes which come to us from the days gone by, and a recollection of hardships endured, difficulties overcome and triumphs achieved—these go to make up much of the sum total of our present happiness.

The cords which bind us to our ancestral homes are tightened in their tender embrace, as we linger amid the pleasures of family reminiscence.

And our patriotism is excited and strengthened and quickened, as we study the history of our country and recall, with pride and satisfaction, the heroic deeds of our forefathers.

The occasion which brings us together to-day, is well calculated to call forth these finer feelings of our nature, and so, in response to an invitation which found a ready answer, our people have come from their various avocations; have left their farms, their workshops, their stores and their professions, to unite in celebrating the Semi-Centennial of our beloved and honored County.

The day marks an epoch in our history, and is one in which we may justly, and of right, give expression to the feelings of satisfaction with which we contemplate the character and position of the county, in which are our homes and our hearts.

Pride of home and pride of country, are not to be regarded as indications of weakness or sentimentality, but rather to be understood as synonyms of true patriotism. And the day is fittingly appointed, which calls a favored and happy people to stop, and consider their heritage.

The ancient Jew, of that wonderful race, whose national identity seems not at any time to have been completely obscured, wherever you found him, in the widest dispersions or under the bitterest persecutions, never forgot the home of his childhood or the land of his fathers.

And the cry which came up from his Babylonish captivity has not, among any people, been surpassed for its expressions of patriotic devotion.

We come to-day to revive the memories of the past, to call back and freshen the recollections of the old, to quicken the impulses of the young and to make real, living and emphatic, the events which this celebration is designed to impress.

Let us rejoice, then, as a people grateful for the past and hopeful for the future.

Coupled, however, with the feelings of gratification with which we would felicitate ourselves, and which are naturally prompted by the circumstances of our gathering, there is a tinge of sadness, when we remember how few remain, of all who were actors in the scenes of fifty years ago. Time, with its onward step and steady march, has carried with it, into the great beyond, the multitudes of those who rejoiced at the county's birth.

And while it is true that there are many representatives here of those who stood in the busy scenes of that period, only here and there do we find one who bore the heat and burden of that day.

It is with much pleasure, however, that we greet and welcome to-day, some of the noble few, who coming from their homes, both near and far, honor this occasion with their presence. Men who were in the very flush of their manhood life, when the county was in its infancy; who have traveled with it, step by step, through its infancy and into the maturity of its strength; who have shared in all its experiences, and taken part in all its public affairs, and who are here to-day, to mingle with this gathered multitude, in rejoicing for the prosperity which, under the blessing of God, has been vouchsafed to us as a people, during the fifty years of our history.

We would make our most profound and reverent bow to their age and gray hairs and to the record of their public services and private virtues, and pray that Time, which has dealt so gently with them, may still be kind and tender, and that when to them

"The summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
They go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach the grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Fifty years ago, a long and anxious struggle had just ended in the establishment of our county.

Carroll, whose history has been so appropriately sketched in our hearing to-day, was added to Maryland's roll-call, and the name chosen for the new county, in honor of the illustrious "Carroll of Carrollton," was at once, a pledge of the public virtue and patriotism of her citizens.

Embracing a territory rich in natural resources, and with a population accustomed to the wise and beneficent governments of the counties from which we were separated, it was not unreasonable to expect for the new county a career of prosperity and success.

Prominent, as we think, among the sources of the prosperity which followed, and perhaps underlying them all, was the conservative disposition of the people.

Careful in all that related to private and public expenditure; industrious and frugal in their manner of life, there was among them always enough for the necessities of the poor, while there was rarely waste or extravagance with the rich.

Our fathers were very plain men. They were industrious, economical, simple in their habits and contented.

They knew little of artificial life, in any of its forms.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiless tenor of their way."

And yet, we must not understand that our fathers were not men. But let us rather understand that they were *only* men; men, unadorned with tinsel and show, unencumbered by the superfluities and shams that so often make manhood a mockery.

They were, as a rule, men of strong convictions of the truth; earnest in the support of the right and courageous in maintaining the principles which they espoused.

Their surroundings were all favorable to the development of just such simple, honest, sturdy manhood. They were men accustomed to work with their own hands, mostly as tillers of the soil and workmen in the shops, and were in position to learn more readily and with less reluctance than others, the wholesome lesson, which all need to understand, that labor is not only honorable, but that it is the legitimate and necessary law of our being; that idleness is a perversion and a cheat; that it enervates and destroys rich and poor alike, and that no condition in life, however surrounded by circumstances of affluence, can justify or even palliate the crime of idleness.

They exhibited, moreover, in large degree, the virtue of self-reliance, without which no success can come, either to an individual or to a nation.

With fewer advantages, they succeeded far beyond the measure of many who have followed them. And the prosperity which has marked our county's history and which we enjoy to-day, is in great part due to the fact, that our fathers depended upon themselves. They did not believe much in the doctrine of "delegated powers," as it respects one's own business. And in this there is the suggestion of a valuable lesson.

For just in so far as an individual departs, in the management of his affairs, from the common-sense doctrine of self-dependence, just so far does he drift from the possibility of a successful life.

No man has a right to claim success, who has not earned it, and he is a usurper, who without effort upon his own part, simply indulges himself upon that which another has provided.

To produce, and not alone to consume, is the teaching which political economy would impress, and that nation is blest indeed, whose people receive so wise a precept. The men who have stirred the world, and have left their impress upon the ages in which they lived, are the men who have gone out into life trusting in God and themselves.

We live in an age, replete with advantages and opportunities. Within the past half century discovery and invention have busied themselves as never before in the world's history, and have, with lavish hand, laid their trophies at our feet. So much, indeed, has been accomplished in this regard, that the most extravagant propositions of what is to be, fail to excite our wonder or overtax our credulity.

Everything, it would seem, around us in the material world, has been laid under contribution to our convenience and comfort. Natural forces, lying dormant through all the centuries, have been aroused and gathered up, and made to do our bidding.

And there is no condition of life, or department of life work, but that has been touched by the blessings of the fruitful period, in which it is our good fortune to live. Farmer, mechanic, merchant, professional man, housewife, all have shared and are sharing the blessings of our day and generation. And what amazing changes have come. The farmer of fifty years ago, who went into his field with his sickle in hand, merrily singing his harvest song, and gathering his grain, straw by straw, never for once dreaming but that his reap-hook was the ne plus ultra of the harvest field, would, we imagine, if he could return after such an absence, be astonished beyond expression, to see the farmer of the present day, sitting upon the modern reaper and binder, and riding through his harvest, like a king in his chariot.

And the good wife of the household, as we see her sitting beside her spinning wheel,—a very picture of contentment and thrift; so beautiful indeed, that we sometimes feel a pang of regret, that such a picture has ever faded from our homes,—preparing her linen or her woolen yarns for the homespun fabrics of that day; or else, as we see her when the evening meal is over, seated beside the tallow dip, plying her needle through the linens or the linseys; how she would wonder, and never cease to be astonished, at the changed methods and improved conveniences of modern housekeeping. And so we might go on, from farm to factory, from workshop to counting-room, through all trades and occupations, and everywhere find the evidences of the change that has come within the fifty years of our history;—everywhere find the present generation surrounded by advantages and opportunies that were unknown to our fathers.

But especially has education, that mighty power, which, coupled with public virtue, must ever be the source and support of free government,—especially do we say, has this, been touched and quickened by the progress of the age. Education, not alone for the few, but for the many; not alone of the classes, but of the masses.

While we rejoice in the fact that universities and colleges have multiplied in our land, offering the rarest advantages to those in quest of higher education, and while our own county is favored with peculiar advantages in this regard, we boast, particularly, that under the benign operation of our public shool system, there is not a child within our borders, however poor, but who may receive ungrudgingly, the blessings of a substantial, common-shool education. An education that will prepare him for the practical affairs of every day life, and qualify him to intelligently discharge the duties of free citizenship.

But I am admonished by the occasion, that I must bring my remarks to a close.

We cannot, it seems to me, but be deeply impressed by our surroundings, as a people. First of all, with gratitude to God for the goodly land in which we dwell; for the blessings of His providence upon our fathers and upon us; in that, the earth, responding to the touch of the husbandman, has yielded her fruits in abundance for our needs; that our flocks and our herds have increased; that our industries have grown and prospered; that our people have been saved from pestilence and scourge, and that peace and quiet and plenty are found in all our borders.

If our fathers, with their comparatively limited advantages, made a history of which we feel proud, and which we would honor in this celebration, what shall be written of this generation, when fifty years hence, the people of Carroll county shall assemble to celebrate their full Centennial.

While we are not insensible, I know, to our enlarged privileges and opportunities, neither can we be indifferent to our weightier responsibilities.

The duty is upon us, to transmit to our posterity, as they have been transmitted to us, all the benefits of good government. And we shall be wise, indeed, if we recognize for ourselves, and impress upon others, the truth which comes to us from a higher source than human utterance, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

And so, taking the lessons of the past, and applying them to the duties of the present, let our aim be to perpetuate a government, whose blessings, like the dews of heaven, fall alike on all, exciting the love of all, claiming the loyalty of all, and deserving the confidence of all.

CARROLL'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL
April 11th, 1887.

BY HARRY JONES SHELLMAN, NEW YORK,

Son of Col. James M. Shellman, first Auditor of Carroll County Circuit Court.

I.

Half of a century's come and gone;
Full fifty years have passed away
Since over Parr's Ridge burst the dawn
Of Carroll County's natal day;
And ne'er, while gazing on the earth,
Did Phœbus smile on fairer birth;
For Nature, laying out the plot,
Had made of it a garden spot,
And spread beneath the azure skies
Almost an earthly paradise.

II.

When rang the bells and cheered the crowd
Of good folk who were gathered here,
The swelling echo, long and loud,
Resounded on the atmosphere.
From Mitten's Hill the answer came
To where Beck Elder staked her claim,
Applauding at the christening
Until they made the welkin ring,
Because 'twas given as grand a name
As ever has been known to fame.

III.

It seems a dream. I see again
The spectre forms of other years;
And chiefest of a thousand men
The shade of valiant *Gist* appears.
And then another form I see,
Our own Star-Spangled Banner Key,
Whose grand and patriotic rhyme
Floats down the corridors of time,
And links his name from sea to sea
Unto the banner of the free.

IV.

And decked in ermine pure I see
Another form, the jurist great,
For 'twas in Carroll's boundaries he,
Our Taney, grew to man's estate.
And now a woman's form glides by,
A face most pleasing to the eye;
Though Carroll's daughters fair may be,
The fairest of them all is she;
And on her hand she wears a ring
As lawful consort of a King.*

V.

Van Bibber, bard of Avondale,
Glides past me, but he's not alone;
There's Rhinehart, who hath rent the veil
From forms which dwelt in blocks of stone,
And woven for him a crown
And won his meed of life's renown;
And Dielman, who with brush doth give
The magic touch which makes things live
On canvas. Thus we have the three
Arts: Painting, Sculpture, Poetry.

VI.

I hear the bugle's loud appeal;
I see the serried ranks of blue;
Anon I hear the clash of steel,
And watch an army, passing through;
I follow to the battles fore;
I see the horrid front of war;
And there is *Burns*, our *Burns*, the brave,
Defying danger and the grave,
Bearing aloft the colors where,
Grim Death holds sway, and dying there,

VII.

I hear again the muster roll
Of those who for the flag have bled,
And *Manning's* name is on the scroll
Of those who're numbered with the dead;
And Ocker, Angel, Woolery, Danner,
Gave life to save the starry banner.
Grogg, Wolfe and Shaffer, Malehorn brave,
And Lawyer died the flag to save;
And others nobly paid the price,
Martyrs in Freedom's sacrifice.

VIII.

I hear again old party cries,
And Ege, Shellman, Hook and Scott,
Raymond, LeCompte and Roberts rise
In dreams—in life they answer not;
And Willis, Shriver, Fisher, Brown,
Who won their measure of renown;
Mathias, Warfield, Cockey, Shower,
Who were the leaders of the hour,
And Powder, Ecker, Davis, Naill,
Have passed away beyond the veil.

IX.

Full fifty years! But few survive
Who were the people's leaders then;
Boyle, Longwell, Maulsby, Parke still live,
To fight old battles o'er again;
And in the West still ring the tones
Of Freedom's champion, John Paul Jones;
While chief amongst the younger men
Is one who