

Pete Rouzer

Catoctin Clarion.

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"CATOCTIN CLARION."

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Containing a carefully prepared abstract of the News of the Day; a Historical sketch of Past Events in Frederick county; Foreign and Domestic Intelligence; Topics of the Times; carefully prepared Markets; items of Interest, political or otherwise; Local Intelligence, and a rare selection of instructive Reading.

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POETICAL.

For the Clarion.

I LOVE THEE, GENTLE MORNING.

Oh! gentle morn, 'tis thee I love,
Thy face I fondly own;
Thy pencil dawn falls from above,
And dawns in every home;
Thy sweetness scents the living world,
With never fading bliss;
Thy presence dear, both joys unfurl'd;
Thy lips—kind Nature kiss.

'Tis in the morn I love to roam
O'er the gay green earth;
Thy then I think of home, sweet home,
The land that gave me birth;
The gentle morn, how sweet to spend
With friends I dearly love,
The sun's sweet accents attend
And earth is Heaven above.

Thrice happy is the morn of youth,
When all around is gay;
But ah! it is a solemn truth—
It forms will fade away;
O, let us then in youth's bright morn
The seed of virtue sow,
And hence our lives with grace adorn,
As we do older grow.

And when old age shall, one by one,
Place furrows on our brow,
'Tis then we'll think of youth bygone,
And love it then as now,
And though the Author of our fears,
Shall lead us up on high,
Sweet memories of fond years
Will never, never die. J. S. G.
New Oxford, Pa.

Seventy Years Ago.

The old statesmen of the West and Southwest used to take horse from their homes when they started for Washington; and the journey, generally at the inclement season, consumed agonizing weeks. John Randolph rode in from Roanoke followed by the inevitable Julia; Jefferson came in on his favorite mare, clad after his own private fashion; Andrew Jackson, who was a Senator in Congress seventy-two years ago, reached New York and Philadelphia after a tiresome journey; and Henry Clay often made the distance on horseback from Ashland twelve years later, and liked to march down the aisles of the House, when he was Speaker, spurred and booted, riding whip in hand. John Adams' letter to his wife, describing his experience from Boston to Washington at the beginning of the century, reads like a page from Gil Blas or Don Quixote. Nobody gets to Washington now after this fashion. The steed of iron and steel has supplanted horse-flesh, and flies through hills and across deserts, over streams and prairies, with twice the number of both horses of Congress tied to its fiery tail. The trip that took Alexander Hamilton two weeks from New York when he came to visit Washington at Mount Vernon, is now made by Governor Fenton asleep in a bed as cozy as if it had been made for a king. The South and West now get to Washington dressed and refreshed as for a bridal. Space is almost annihilated. Time is condensed from weeks to days, and from hours to minutes; and men only stop to ask each other, "If this is the contrast between 1800 and 1871, what will be the contrast between 1900 and 1971?"

GET A HOME.—Get a home; rich or poor, get a home, and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your presence. Learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of his own—the birds, wind, and waterfall—so shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty, and despair, that comes upon so many through scorn of little things. O the charm of a little home! Comforts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of society. Live humbly in your little house, and look to God for a grander one.

If an open window proves uncomfortable to another, you will close it.

A Woman's Speech in "Frisco."

They have a queer woman in San Francisco. Here is a portion of a speech she made lately:

"They say man was created first.—'Sposin' he was! Ain't first experiments always failures? If I was a betting man I'd bet two dollars and a half they are. The only decent thing about him, anyhow, was a rib, and that went to make something better. [Applause.] And then they throw it in our face about Eve taking that apple. I'll bet five dollars Adam hoisted her up in the tree, and then only gave her the core. And what did he do when he was found out?—'True to his masculine instinct, he sneaked behind Eve's Grecian bend, and 'twarn't me, 'twas her.' Bring up your little daughters to love and caress the ballot, and when they are old and scrawny they will not depart from it. Teach them that man occupies no position that woman cannot fill, even to a pair of pants. Teach that without the ballot woman is simply a cooking and washing machine; that with it she can rule her little roost. We have plenty of ballet girls, but what we want is ballot women. I'm astonished there ain't more interest manifested in this absorbing topic. This hall ought to be filled from floor to ceiling, and a couple of hundred climbing up the lighting rail outside. Our speakers don't look brains or influence; but there is one thing I wish they did lack, and that is their desire for a husband. No matter how rabid a woman is on this question, or how much she talks against the men on the platform, she'd grab the first one that offered himself, and turn right straight around, and there's where we're work. Most women think they're made for a purpose, and that was to have wife on their tombs ones. They'd better be missed all their lives, and when they die the more they are missed the better. I'm the commander-in-chief of quite a large army of female women's ballots, and an cleaning out everything that looks like the male sex, whilst the band plays 'See, the conquering hero cometh.' Come with me to the worst portion of our great city. After ascending thirty-one flights of stairs, what do we find? A miserable basement. In one corner sits a wretched woman, once the belle of the city.—She makes vests. Twenty-four vests for a cent. Not a morsel of food has passed her lips since fall. Around her are fourteen children crying for bread. But, alas! she ain't got no bread; but with tears in her eyes she mournfully divides among them the last half of a tallow candle. Have I overdrawn this picture? No, sir.—And if any man dares to say I have, I'll guarantee to send him home on a shutter in less than ten minutes.—(Emotion in the audience.) But my dear sisters, I am not here simply to touch your hearts, but to touch your pockets also. A thing of this kind can't go on without money, and I hereby call upon four of the most able-bodied sisters, who feel its sweet to be on the muscle, to pass round the hat. Think of the greatness of our cause, and its effect upon thousands of ancestors still unborn. Think of your altered bed-sides, where widowed mothers with dissipated husbands, press their orphan children to their bosoms. Think, oh! think of George Washington at Mr. Valley's forge, lance-pointed, and—shell out.—(This appeal was so moving that a majority of the audience moved towards the door. About seven dollars and a half was collected, however, which went for Mrs. Skinner's newest cork-screw curls. After putting the amount in her reticule, and planting her right foot firmly upon it she proceeded.) My dear friends I must now bid you adieu, but I will be with you again when times are better, for I intend to agitate this question till we get our rights, and whatever we can sponge besides. I will agitate it till my breath gives out and my wig turns gray.

The subject of women's suffrage being put to a practical test in the town of Clarendon, Iowa, did not appear to create that vast enthusiasm in the breasts of the gentler sex that might have been expected. The Board of Registers, assuming to be the judges of the law in the premises, decided that all women of proper age were entitled to vote, and accordingly registered their names. A number of married men concluded to strike the names of their wives from the list.—The rest of the ladies did the same of their own will and behoof, and when election day came around not one lady appeared at the polling place to claim the privileges of a voter. To say the least of it, the ladies of Clarendon are to be complimented for their good sense.

The Widow and Bishop.

A poor widow, encouraged by the great generosity of an ecclesiastic of famed eminence, came into the hall of his palace with her only daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen years of age. The good divine discerning marks of extraordinary modesty in their demeanor, engaged the widow to tell her wants freely. She blushing and in tears, told him that she owed five crowns for rent; which her landlord threatened to force her to pay immediately, unless she would consent to the ruin of her child, who had been educated in virtue; and she entreated that the prelate would interpose his sacred authority, until by industry she might be enabled to pay her cruel oppressor. The bishop, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue, bid her be of courage; he immediately wrote a note, and putting it into the hands of the widow, said: "Go to my steward with this paper, and he will give you five crowns to pay your rent. This poor woman, after a thousand thanks to her generous benefactor, hastened to the steward, who immediately presented her with fifty crowns. This she refused to accept; and the steward, unable to prevail on her to take it, agreed to return with her to his master; who, when informed of the circumstance, said: "It is true I made a mistake in writing fifty crowns, and I will rectify it." On which he wrote another note; and turning to the poor woman whose honesty had a second time brought her before him, said: "So much candor and virtue deserves a recompense; here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a marriage portion for your daughter."

War Indemnity upon France.

The debt of France is about \$3,000,000,000. The indemnity imposed by Prussia will increase this \$2,000,000,000—that is, the Germans demand \$1,000,000,000 cash, and France will not be able to raise this probably, at more than fifty cents on the dollar.

Indeed, it is calculated that, when France pays off all her obligations and the demands upon her resulting from the war and her debt shall be cast up two or three years hence, the total will hardly be less than six thousand millions of dollars—nearly three times the amount of our interest-bearing debt.

France is a rich and populous country, and the people are industrious and economical, it is true, but such a stupendous burden is fearful to contemplate and very hard to bear.

Four France! She says dearly for indulging her ambition and vanity for military glory. She now has to eat the bitter fruit she was too ready to make others taste, and which she thought to make Prussia taste.

Let us hope the lesson may teach both France and other nations not to be over presumptuous, and that she may yet overcome the difficulties that are before her.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania intends to buy and bind the manuscripts of the family of William Penn. It costs \$5,085 to purchase them. Additional papers of the same family have been discovered in England, and the society expects to buy them for \$75.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Tactiturnity.

A few words were advanced last week on loquacity, we now propose to say something in regard to silence, which will explain the word-heading of this article.

Every question has two sides, a positive and negative. You can talk, or be silent on either side as inclination may prompt. But in taking any side of a question, be sure that you can give it a proper support. Should there be a failure here, inadequacy will be manifest to all. Some persons are so fond of hearing their own musical voices that they are not tactiturn, even when they have no one to talk to.

It is our lot to be very talkative at times and very silent at other times. We may be silent without being tactiturn. Silence respects the act; tactiturn the habit. Circumstances may make us silent; our disposition inclines us to be tactiturn.

A great talker may make a great noise, which may do harm in certain directions; while a person of a tactiturn mind may show more wisdom in the few words uttered and turn to better account, the matter in question. But silence is not always justifiable in its acts. There are times and occasions when it can no longer be silent it must in some way give utterance in defense of its position. It must be heard. In this way it places itself in its proper light; though concealed before, with the view of pleading its own cause. It has frequently disappointed others around who had no idea of saying a word in the way of commendation. But its own vindication called forth astonishment and utterance, "didn't think he could say so much, and all to the point."

There are many occasions when it is proper to be silent. But this may not always be so. Some one must be heard—interrogated, unless a Quaker meeting is in contemplation, but even here the spirit will move on some one. Information must be realized, so as to turn it to some account at the proper time. This differs very much from mere random talking. Utility in dispersing information is the great object in life. Silence is cognizant to all this, and a few words, well timed, has more power to control the loquacious principles so largely developed, and ensures a victory. There is a power in silence; loquacity with its parade of so-called rhetorical flourish has no power. The greatest achievement, now the delight and admiration of the world, were all achieved by silent or tactiturn dispositions. A tactiturn person thinks, acts, and produces; it thinks on its subjects, acts them out, and produces good and noble results. This is more appreciated than all the random talk around. A man of extensive business finds it to his great interest to dispatch business in a very few words. He makes a bargain at once and proceeds forthwith to execute his part.

It is true some must think, others must talk. The world is composed of two classes, and we can put talking and silence together in this arrangement. A railroad man is one of few words, while a Jew pedlar is all gas and wind. A tactiturn person loses many opportunities of information and this is attributable to his disinclination to ask questions. An acquaintance should be made with transparent events of the day. A degree of boldness and inquisitiveness must be carried out to ensure the end in the effort. But sum up all, a tactiturn person enjoys quietness and serenity of mind, while a great talker becomes envious and jealous if he don't succeed.

ZETA.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Clergyman's New Boots.

We knew a clergyman some twenty years ago, who emigrated to the west and there commenced his ministerial labors. He was kindly received, and considerable interest manifested in regard to his comfort and welfare. He commenced his labors under somewhat discouraging aspects, but he was willing for the time to undertake his work in the hope of correcting some things that did not exactly harmonize with his wishes. He commenced in faith, hoping time, patience, and a hearty cooperation of a few, would correct things. All were willing to labor for the interest of the church. But it was not long before an eagle-eyed member saw something unbefitting the dignity of the exterior of the young minister. He wore patched boots. And they were the best he

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had, and did not think for a moment that exceptions would be taken by any one, as many before him had worn patched boots. But in the estimation of this good friend, it was too bad to see the minister ascend the pulpit in such boots. He soon learned that some remedy could be resorted to by which a better pair of boots could be procured. So he entered upon a mission of benevolence with the view of getting up a sufficient amount to purchase a new pair of boots for the new minister. He found this rather an uphill business, as he met with many rebuffs, and consequently did not succeed as he had anticipated. As he did not realize his sanguine expectations, he was still fully bent on having the boots secured for the minister. The boots were ordered to be made and soon were exchanged on Sabbath for the old ones. On seeing the new boots, he said:

"Well, I see the new boots came at last."

"Yes; I am under many obligations to you for your kindness; many thanks," replied the minister.

"Oh! you are welcome, perfectly welcome to the boots. New boots look better for a minister, especially on the Sunday, when he goes to preach than patched ones," was said in return.

The minister gratefully reciprocated the kindness of his parishioner and hoped to merit a continued share of good will and confidence in the future.

The time soon came on to pay up the annual subscriptions for the minister's support. And among the rest of the membership, this kind hearted parishioner was also called on for his subscription. As he had manifested a kind spirit, it was thought all was right.

"Well, we are going around collecting our minister's salary; the year is out," said the Deacon.

"Ah! I didn't think the year was out; it seemed very short," replied the parishioner.

"Yes, time flies round very fast.—The minister is just starting out and needs all the help we can give him—He's got to pay house rent; pay for his horse, fuel, meat, flour and store bill. So you see, we will need all we can get, and then maybe in won't reach for the first year. How much did you subscribe? let me see. Here it is; two dollars." All this was said to open the heart of this friend with the view of getting more out of him.

"Well, I believe my subscription is paid," said the parishioner.

"Indeed! When and to whom did you pay it?" asked the Deacon.

"Why I paid it when I got the boots for the minister."

"But the boots were understood to be a present, at least the minister regarded them as such."

"No; I did not intend them to be so regarded."

"Why it's very strange at this late day to bring up the boots as an offset to your subscription, when all regarded the boots as a present."

"I'll tell you what it is, Deacon; it won't do to give the minister too much; it'll make him too proud; better keep him down; humble him at first, and we'll have no trouble."

"You speak very strangely, indeed; I am surprised to hear you talk in this way. I stated the minister's wants and need all the help that we can get, besides, he has a debt of one hundred and fifty dollars over and above what we can raise, and you say that he'll get too proud to give him a little more. He is already humbled, without endeavoring to inflict other charges on him. The boots were considered positively a gift. Did you pay for the boots out of your funds?"

"No, I did not; couldn't do such a thing."

"How were the boots paid for then?"

"Why I gave two dollars, the shoemaker threw in one dollar, and the minister footed up the balance."

"And you have made the impression that you paid for the boots; how is this?"

"I have paid my subscription in the boots, and have nothing more to say, Good morning, Deacon."

It is needless to say that the Deacon was nonplussed by this parishioner's paying a contribution towards the boots, and then ask credit for the same on the minister's salary. The moral of the above is, when you give the minister anything aside from your subscription toward his support, never think of bringing it in as payment on the salary. What you give, give it as a gift, if you intend it so. There is no honesty connected with giving, when so received, and then afterwards make a charge.

D. E. F.

Hon. Ellis Lewis, at one time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died at his residence, in West Philadelphia, on Monday last, aged 71 years.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Mr. Editor.—I am glad to see in your last issue a call for a meeting for this Saturday night, to consider the feasibility of starting a Building Association. It is the very desideratum we have felt for years. It is surprising that, although they have been so successful all around us, we, though sadly in need of something of the kind, have never tried them. For those who wish to save a dollar or two, or more, per week, they are better than a bank as the deposits are quite as well secured and they pay a higher rate of interest; and those who borrow, get money on easy terms and return it in small weekly payments; so that almost before the borrower is aware of it, his debt is liquidated and he has a snug little home.

Whereas if he had not been in such an association, he would have paid out (in the same length of time) almost as much for rent and would have had nothing to show for it.

Those who are opposed to Building Associations have never belonged to one, or have belonged to a badly managed one, and mismanagement, of course, is fatal to anything. Let cavillers examine and they will find their objections are entirely utopian.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; neglected, all the voyages of our life are cast in shallows and in shoals. Now is the "flood tide" of our prosperity. Let us shake off our lethargy and with that determination that conquers all obstacles triumphantly bear Mechanicstown forward with such success, that coming generations will wonder what manner of men these were and vainly sigh to emulate us.

CITIZEN.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

The Willow.

Wave all thy branches willow,
Now that the wind doth blow;
For they make a song like the willow,
And I love to have it so.
Because I ever loved the sun,
And 'tis a pleasure still to me.

Wave on—I'll sit beside thee
And hear thy murmurs swell;
And may never an ill befall thee,
While thou dost sing so well.
I ever feel a thrill of grief
When thou dost lose a single leaf.

Wave on my weeping willow,
And when the winter comes,
When thy tresses are fallen or yellow,
And the ice no longer hums—
Though thou canst not sing so rich a lay,
Yet thou wilt murmur as thou may.

And through the night I'll list thee
And the wild wind's roar;
And may never a storm so twist thee
That thou canst sing no more.
Oh! sad within my heart would be
Without my own dear willow tree.

An author ridiculing the idea of ghosts, asks how a dead man can get into a locked room? Probably with a Skeleton key.

Four looks and cross words fall more heavily upon the hearts of the home ones than they would upon strangers; but a perverted pride and self-respect napsel people to be pleasant and kind to outsiders when they are ugly as brutes at home. True pride induces kind treatment and encouragement to those who are helplessly dependent upon you. The smiles and pleasantness of life are not wasted when dispensed in the home circle.

If a man's aim in this world be good, the chances are he will miss fire in the next.

It is rumored in business circles in the East that Mr. Colfax will soon retire to private life and engage in the manufacture of basswood smoothing irons.

THE COAL TRADE.—The Baltimore American states that seventeen vessels arrived at that port on Friday to be loaded with coal, but there was no coal to freight them with. The American attributes this to the inability or unwillingness of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to supply the demands of the coal shippers, with what reason we are not prepared to say. The evidences of an increased demand for the coal of this region are making themselves manifest and the necessity for additional avenues of transportation is apparent, if that demand is greater than shippers in Baltimore can supply, as indicated in the fact that so many as seventeen vessels are awaiting cargoes at one time—What are our friends who are engineering the Western Maryland Railroad extension project doing towards making that road a reality?

A parson reading the funeral service at the grave, forgot the sex of the deceased, and asked one of the mourners, an Emendador, "Is this a brother or a sister?" "Neither," replied Pat, "only a cousin."