Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. 1.] MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871. [NO. 13.

"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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Job Work—CASH ON DELIVERY.

The Stammering Wife.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her,—
She blushed her consent, tho' the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except, "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teazer!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say, if I ventured to give her a jog,
In the way of reproof, "You're a dog—
you're a dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her go to a neighbor;
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last, with the insolent dame,
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said, "You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing."

A Word to Girls.

Do our young women know what it is that strikes one who has been away from the country for a time the most unpleasantly on his return? It is not their faces, assuredly, which for the regularity of outline, and delicacy and freshness of tint, are unsurpassed, indeed are not equalled, by anything that one sees abroad, save in the finest pictures. Nor is it their forms, which are lithe, suple and graceful, with a spring in the step and a freedom of carriage that are always a delight to the eyes. Nor can it be said to be their dress; for though they dress too much, in colors too positive and decided, and are in this respect far behind the French women, they are yet in advance of all others, English, German or Italian. But it is the voice and the management of the voice. After looking at our American girls, it is almost always a disappointment to hear them speak. What they say is perhaps well enough. Their voices are commonly too thin and shrill, and when they are not, are pitched in too high a key. Sometimes they come through the nose a good deal more than is desirable. They have a metalic ring, or at least a ready quality, like the *vox humana* of the organs, and not that soft, low and gentle quality, which Shakespeare proclaimed so "excellent in women." Climate has no doubt a good deal to do with the result, for the fault is most perceptible at the North and East, and least perceptible at the South; but carelessness has quite as much to do with it. Our mothers and teachers, we suspect, do not take much pains to train their children and pupils into good habits of enunciation. They are carefully taught to sing but they are not carefully taught to read and speak. Yet more than half the charm of all social intercourse depends upon the agreeable or disagreeable use of the voice. How repulsive, when one has been lost in admiration of a beautiful face and noble figure, to hear the mouth open like the grating of a hinge, or the "squawk" of a guinea-fowl. How delicious when it opens with the sweet thrill of a flute, or with the warble of birds, or with that deep, rich, mellow, and sympathetic liquidity, which no other instrument but the human throat ever attains.

Contentment.

BY GEORGE TRISLER.

I care not for riches, all wealth I despise,
Or who rolls in pleasure, or revels in fame;
I've *something* a year, sure that will suffice,
And if I spend more myself I shall blame.

What care I for *Chickens* and delicate eating,
For *Turkeys*, for *Hams* and good *roasted Beef*;
If I have enough for to give him a treating,
Who humbly and really doth ask for relief.

To clothe a poor wanderer I always am willing,
To give him refreshment and something to eat;
And if it should cost me the very last shilling,
I will help a poor brother that's really in need.

How sweet to see *Mira*, performing her duty,
And fully contented with what we have got;
Contentment plucks flowers and strews them on beauty
And nature, I lavishing sweets decks our cot.

Pale sorrow and care from our bosoms retiring,
Leaves nothing but pleasure and glory behind;
Whilst thousands around us in grief are expiring,
In cursing of those who have proved unkind.

O could but the rich, at their moments of leisure,
Retire to the spot where so happy we live:
How soon would they spend all their fortunes and treasure,
And all their enjoyments for ours would give.

Frederick-Town, *Nov.* 20, 1797.

Golden Words for the Young.

It is safer for me to abstain than to drink. If I should indulge in drink, I am afraid I should not stop at the line which many call temperance, but should become a slave to the habit, and with others of stronger nerve and firmer purposes go down to a drunkard's grave. If I indulge, I am not safe. If I abstain, my child will not be cursed with a drunken father.—We talk of the dignity of human nature, and of relying upon our self-respect for security; but there is no degredation so low that a man will not sink into, and no crime so hellish that he will not commit when he is drunk. There is nothing so base, so impure, so mean, so dishonest, so corrupt that a man will not do when under the law of sin—of appetite. Safety is to be found in not yielding ourselves to that law.

But if it could be proved conclusively to my own mind that I could drink and never be injured, yet with my views on the subject it would be my duty to abstain. I could not be certain but others, seeing me drink, might be influenced to drink also; and being unable to stop, pass on in the path of the drunkard. My example would, in that case, be evil; but I ask, am I my brother's keeper?—Yes, I am responsible for my influence, and lest it shall be evil, I am under a high moral and religious obligation to deny myself that which may not injure me, but will injure him. If I neither taste, nor touch, nor handle, nor countenance, then my example will not lead others to become drunkards.—*Gov. Buckingham.*

Losing a Hat.

An anecdote of Daniel Webster comes from a correspondent at Galveston, Texas, who writes as follows:

In looking over an old note-book of my father's, written many years ago, I came across an anecdote, which, if it has never appeared in print before, is too good to be lost. While John Branch, of North Carolina, was General Jackson's Secretary of the Navy, he, Tazewell and Daniel Webster were walking on the north bank of the Potomac, at Washington. Tazewell, willing to amuse himself with Branch's simplicity, said, "Branch, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the *other side* of the river."

"Done," said Branch.

"Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that *one side* of the river?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't this the *other side?*"

"Yes."

"Then as you are *here*, are you not on the *other* side?"

"Why, I declare," said poor Branch, "so it is! But here comes Webster. I'll win back the hat from him."

Webster had lagged behind, but now came up, and Branch accosted him:

"Webster, I'll bet you a ten dollar hat that I can prove that you are on the other side of the river."

"Done!"

"Well, isn't this *one* side?"

"Yes."

"Well, isn't that the *other* side?"

"Yes, but I am not on *that* side."

Branch hung his head, and submitted to the loss of the two hats as quietly as he could.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

The Elder Family.

MR. EDITOR:—When Lord Baltimore received the Grant from Charles I in 1633, for the settlement of the colony of Maryland, with the distinct privilege that it was to be an asylum for himself and his friends that they might practice their religion without molestation, it afforded a wide field for profound meditation. The first act of the new colony, and the only colony up to that time in the new world, and the only Government in the world, was to proclaim the broad Catholic doctrine of Civil and Religious Liberty to all men. It was a new doctrine, or one almost forgotten, for persecution for religious belief was the order of the day. This inculcation of liberal principles guided the early career of the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland. In the early part of the Eighteenth Century power fell into other hands, and persecution was commenced here also and was continued until the year 1776. But I have drifted from my subject. I intend to give you a sketch of the Elders.

On board of one of the vessels of Lord Baltimore came John Elder and his first cousin whose name I do not know—who after landing on American soil in the new world, went to the Penn settlement on the banks of the Delaware. John Elder settled in St. Mary's county, where he married and raised a family; one of his sons by name Guy, who in his turn married some of his Catholic neighbors' daughter, and raised a large family. The only one of his children of whom I have heard or know anything about from historical and traditional accounts was WILLIAM ELDER, who about the year 1718, with a few others came to the then Western frontier to seek a home in the backwoods of America, in the region of country, of what is now known as Frederick and Washington counties. They came up the Potomac as far as the mouth of the Monocacy, and followed the Monocacy Valley as far up as Harman's Gap. Here they crossed over the mountain at this point to the Valley of the Antietam; but as that section of country was then uninhabited by the white man, and the Indians were still in their savage state, he and his companions returned and concluded to settle on the side of the mountain in the vicinity of country now known as Mt. St. Mary's College—on the "Clairveux" farm near Lamitsburg. Here they purchased a tract of land of about 1,000 acres, to which they gave the name of "Pleasant Level," being one of the first, if not the very first settlement in this section of Frederick county. Wm. Elder's first wife died in 1732; and as there was no lumber near at hand, out of which to make a coffin, they hewed out a solid log for the narrow resting place, and nailed a slab over it for a lid. She, as well as her husband as his second wife and Alexius Elder, his son, and his two wives who occupied the home property, after the death of his father, all are buried in the old graveyard, the oldest in this part of the State, near his residence, as well as some of their children, the Brawners, Livers, Ogles, and a great many other old settlers, lie interred. As the graveyard is in a very dilapidated condition, fence broken down, trees and briers grown up in and around it, tomb-broken, fallen and going to decay, the friends of the deceased have undertaken to repair it, by putting up a new fence of substantial material, closing up the sacred spot, fixing up the tombs and erecting a new and handsome tomb to "Wm. Elder, son of Guy," whom you so touchingly, beautifully and truthfully described in the first number of your paper as the "Village Hampden of Frederick county." I will take this opportunity to correct an error into which the publication of your old records have led you. It was not "Wm. Elder, son of Guy," but Wm. Elder, son of William, who entered the Army as Corporal to one of the Revolutionary companies in 1775-'76, at the age of 21 years, to maintain the cause of independence and Liberty. "Wm. Elder, son of Guy," although a man of eighty summers, made the speeches and attended the public meetings to which you referred in your sketch, but he was called away in 1776, at the advanced age of 83 years. He was too old even if he had been spared to fill the position of a Corporal, but he was endowed with mental faculties enough to command a Regiment even at that time as he was a man of strong nerve and ardent temperament.

During the persecution period in this State, which lasted for about 40 years, commencing with Claiborne's abortive schemes to overthrow the government, the inhabitants professing the Catholic faith were not allowed to have a place of public worship; but were allowed to attend divine worship only in a private dwelling. William Elder, son of Guy, immediately after the commencement of the persecuting era, built an addition to his house, which was used as a Catholic Church until 1809; when the mountain church near Mt. St. Mary's College was built on the hill side. For the purpose of repairing the old graveyard, John F. Elder has the chief management, and Joseph E. Elder is Treasurer of the work. PLEASANT LEVEL.

May 22, 1871.

THE MARBLE BUSINESS IN BALTIMORE—EXTENSIVE MARBLE WORKS.

A few days ago it was our pleasure to pass through and examine the long established, very extensive and complete marble manufactory of Mr. Alexander Gaddess, located on the corner of Sharp and German streets. The building is four stories high, fronting sixty feet on German, thirty feet on Liberty, and twenty-five feet on Sharp street, with entrances on all sides.—These works were established by Mr. Gaddess in 1820, and carried on under his entire management until some six or seven years back, when he, having passed into the "sear and yellow leaf," crowned with honor and fortune, retired with a well-earned competency, turning his business over to his three sons—Thomas S., Charles W., and Virginius—who are now his successors, conducting the establishment on a still more extensive scale, keeping pace with all the improvements incident to a progressive age. The factory has been in existence and constant operation on the same spot, or premises, for nearly fifty-two years, becoming widely and favorably known in all parts of our country, as also throughout other portions of the world for having executed and sent out superior articles of manufacture. It still retains the same enviable celebrity, advancing and improving under the son's proprietory management as it did under the father's, in perfection of mechanism and extent of trade.

The floors below, to which is a main entrance on German street, and two smaller entrances on Liberty and Sharp streets, are appropriated chiefly to the storage and exhibition of finished work, and the employment of a few first-class artists engaged on ornamental carving of the finest character. In these apartments may be seen elegant monuments and tombstones of exquisite Italian and other marble, elaborately adorned and carved after appropriate designs. They are polished superbly, presenting a perfect finish ready for lettering, or lettered to order. The engraving and ornementation fully equal anything of the kind to be seen elsewhere, if not surpassing it for delicacy in touch.

The Messrs. Gaddess have made, and continue to make the manufacture of monuments, tombstones, and all styles of memorial ornament, for cemeteries and burial grounds, a specialty. They keep constantly on hand a full supply of finished work, much of which is exceedingly beautiful, embracing the newest pattern exquisitely carved and ornamented, varying in prices suitable to all classes of customers. The assortment of head and foot stones for children, arranged to different ages, is complete. Several columns of polished Scotch marble from Aberdeen, designed for tomb-monuments, are also on exhibition.

Among some of the works produced at this factory, we may particularly refer to a monument in Green Mount Cemetery, commemorating the remains of the late Hon. D. T. Norton, who died in Washington, July 14, 1870. Also another now preparing to be put up in the same cemetery, over the remains of the late Hon. John P. Kennedy. It is handsomely carved and inscribed on the front side thus:

"In memory of John Pendleton Kennedy, born in Baltimore, 25th October, 1795; Died in Newport, 18th August, 1870."

On the second side is the following: "Graduated at Baltimore College 1812; admitted to the Baltimore Bar 1816; Delegate to Maryland Legislature 1820; Representative to Congress 1838; Speaker House of Delegates 1846; Secretary of the Navy 1852; Provost of University of Maryland 1859; President Peabody Institute 1860."

On the third side is the following tribute by a friend: "Author, Statesman, Patriot. He adorned every path which he pursued; and, after a happy and prosperous life, died in all the blessedness of a Christian hope."

The work on this tasteful and beautiful structure is not yet fully completed.

Orders come, not only from all States in the Union, but almost weekly they receive commissions, including the West India Islands, South America, Mexico and British Provinces, for articles of their manufacture. As heretofore remarked, having made a speciality of the peculiar business, its extension and perfection became an object of ambition, gratified only by keeping pace with our progressive age as manufacturers.

Aside from the building to which reference is here made, the proprietors have another large establishment, at No. 110 South Charles street, 75 feet front and 155 deep, where rougher work is done in its preliminary stages. Here is in constant operation a large mill for sawing marble into blocks or columns of any desirable size, from the rude stone. It is driven by a powerful steam engine, which likewise propels rubbers, gangsaws, rippers, polishing beds and other necessary machinery. The sawing mill alone covers an area of eighty feet square. From thirty to forty men—all skillful workmen—are regularly employed at this factory.

[*Baltimore Saturday Night.*

Creagerstown Items.

Last Thursday week being Ascension Day, many of the citizens of the town, in imitation of old Izaak Walton, went to the Monocacy, and tried their luck at catching fish. At the mouth of Long Branch some few were caught, but generally it was too cool during the day for the suckers to bite.

The crops continue to have a favorable look, although a little rain is needed in many places.

The mail arrangements are becoming more satisfactory.

The stone house of Mr. Ephraim Myers, near the Hunting creek bridge, on the Frederick road, was well put up and is now in good condition. It was known some years ago as the old Dr. Sam. Johnson farm, noted for the good cheer of the proprietor, and his love for dancing and music. It was built by Arthur Thomas Fleming in 1780, a jolly good fellow at entertaining his friends with stories and mirthful humor.

It is thought Whit-Sunday and Monday will attract a good many citizens from the District to the town. It ought to be a lively time.

William Ridge, son of Cornelius, residing on Hunting creek, is agent for the Star Oil Burner for Creagerstown and Mechanicstown Districts.—This is a new light that burns brilliantly, and is cheap. Mr. Ridge is a worthy man, and as he has been afflicted for the past 12 or 15 years with chronic rheumatism, he deserves to be patronized.

The farmers are all through planting and re-planting corn, and seem grateful to Divine Providence for vouchsafing them such a fine prospect of good crops. They seldom looked better.

What is going to be the price of hay this season?

There is some talk of having an old-fashioned 4th of July Jubilee at the Willow Springs this year. If the Mechanicstown and Graceham people will join in it might be made a pleasant time. Let us revive old memories.

There is always something about old Creagerstown at Whitsuntide holidays which is quite refreshing. True, the old standards are nearly all gone, but the young boys and girls who have grown up within the past quarter of a century think it good to meet at this time, as their sires did of yore, to come together and talk over the days and deeds of the old grey-headed sires who once gave law and tone to the magistrate's courts and religious fervor of the District. Though old Frederick Eichelberger, Maj. Wm. B. Head, John R. Curtis, Michael Zimmerman, Capt. Samuel Duvall, John Null, Col. Jacob Cramer, Jacob McDonnell, Samuel Grimes, Abraham Grushon and John Wickham are missed from their accustomed places, there still remain among the "old folks," Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. Hoover, Greenberry and Cornelius Ridge, Henry Shryock, George Layman and others who can bring up to memory the happy days they spent in years gone by in listening to the news reports, the merry gambols, the fishing parties, the fox chases, the blackberry gatherings, the squirrel and pigeon hunting in the woods, when all went merry as the field lark. Creagerstown was happy and prosperous then—why shouldn't it be so now?

Mr. John R. Holland, living near the Willow Spring, lost a fine cow a few days since, and had a merry time on last Monday to find her. He rode through the mountain several times, and had to go the other side of Middletown before he recovered the lost animal.

Try and make it convenient to be here on Whit-Monday.

ALLEN P. DUVALL, a most excellent Printer, a graduate of the "Examiner" office under the Proprietorship of Samuel Barnes, in writing for a Frederick paper (the *Political Intelligencer* by Charles Nagle), in 1829, in giving an account of the Creagerstown District, said—Its situation is high and commanding, presenting a beautiful view of the Catoctin Mountain and surrounding country. The great drawback to its prosperity is the want of good water and cheap access to market. The land immediately around the town, although thin, could be improved by lime and other fertilizers. As a fruit region it has many advantages, and orchards thrive wonderfully. General speaking it is a healthy region, although in 1823, the chills and fever, flux and bilious fevers prevailed to an alarming extent. Before and since then it has been healthy.—Mr. Thomas Beatty, in laying out "Newtown" had large expectations, and thought it would become a manufacturing place; and a central point of attraction. The waters of Hunting creek, Fishing creek and Owings' creek run through the District, and it is bounded on the Southeast by the Monocacy. Game and fish appear to be plentiful in this section, and the people devote a good deal of their time to hunting and fishing. Fowls of all descriptions are easily raised in this section and poultry is cheap. As a buckwheat and flax region it cannot well be surpassed. The people are home-spun and hospitable and unpretentious in their way. Creagerstown one day ought to become a town of note. I always enjoyed the Whitsuntide holidays, for no people kept them in greater remembrance, and for whom I feel a higher regard.

Mr. Eli Ott, residing on the old Middleburg road, between Rocky Ridge and Monocacy, has built a new brick mansion.

Mr. John R. Stoner is about putting up a new frame building on his farm "High Germany," on Owings' creek, near Biggs' old mill.

Daniel Gaugh, living on Sandy Run, near Hunting creek, the old Shriver farm, about two miles from Creager's-town, has commenced the erection of a new two story brick building. Mr. G. by great industry has brought his farm to a high state of cultivation.

A new Lutheran Church at Rocky Ridge is spoken of as in contemplation of erection.

Mr. Josiah Snook, residing about 2 miles from Lewistown and 1 1-2 from Utica, has just just put up a frame addition to his building.

Altogether, Creagerstown and Creagerstown District has caught the mania for improvement. N. Y. Z.

CITY HOTEL,

FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND.,

F. B. CARLIN, Proprietor.

THIS popular and well known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated, offers many advantages to the travelling public. The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.

The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.

There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.

Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.

Respectfully,

FRANK B. CARLIN,

apl 15-1y Proprietor.

The Indiana gentleman who used to bite off snakes' heads has gone where the violets are blooming. His practice realized just about stamps enough to pay for his coffin and burial lot.

Gen. George B. McClellan and family board permanently at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York.

The Chicago *Evening Mail* comes out strongly for Secretary George S. Boutwell for President.

The deepest excavation in the United States is a copper mine near Lake Superior. It is 1,300 feet deep.—Plenty of copper can be found in the Catoctin Mountain, without going down into the bowels of the earth one-twentieth the distance.

According to the Boston *Advertiser* palm-leaf hats are made in every State in New England, except Rhode Island.

Whirlwinds and tornadoes are becoming frequent in the West.