

Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. 1.]

MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

[NO. 15.]

"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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June's Invitation to Gather Strawberries.

BY MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

Come when the sun ushers in the new morning.

Come when the light sheds its rosiest beams.

Come when the bees have commenced their low humming.

To waken the flowers from out their sweet dreams.

Come where the hill side is clothed in long grasses.

Whose cheek is first kissed, as the sun passes by.

Come where the dewdrops, with diamond-like flashes,

illumine the meadows on whose breast they lie.

Come with a love song of thanks and rejoicing.

Come with a step, bounding and free,

Come with the red-blood through every vein unshining.

Obedient the mandates of Health's oracle.

Lightly, walk lightly; the earth you are treading

Is hallowed; young May has just passed on before—

And scattered all over the ground she was treading

Some jewels from out the bright necklace she wore.

I have them guarded well—as the daintiest treasures

Bequeathed to my care by the soft-dying Spring;

And bid you partake, without number or measure,

Of the emerald-leaved strawberry rubies I bring.

Stop, and with a gentle force break the frail meshes

Of mosses and sunbeams which girdle them round;

And say if the divers in ocean's recesses

Have ever more glowing or purer gems found.

No coral could gleam with a lovelier radiance.

No pendants of pearls with their grace 'em compare;

Nor costliest perfume emit such rare fragrance

As Nature distilled and embodied here.

Now up to your mouth the luscious fruit gather,

And as it is dyed with their rich crimson stain.

Resolve that the poisonous grape juice shall never

Corrupt the sweet lips where a strawberry's lain.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," said an old man to his daughter. "Select not a wife, my son, who will ever step over a broomstick."

The son was obedient to the lesson.

"Now," said he, pleasantly, on a May day to one of his companions, "I appoint this broomstick to choose me a wife. The young lady who will not step over it shall have the offer of my hand."

They passed from the splendid saloon to the grove. Some tumbled over the broomstick, others jumped over it. At length a young lady stooped and put it in its place. The promise was fulfilled. She became the wife of an educated and wealthy young man, and he the husband of a prudent, industrious and lovely wife.—He brought a fortune to her, and she knew how to save one. It is not easy to decide which was under the greatest obligations; both were rich and each enriched the other.

The Emperor William, of Germany, to whose arbitration the question was referred by the Treaty of Washington, has decided in favor of the claims of the United States in the San Juan Boundary case between this country and British North America on the Northwest Coast.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales—"Why, no," she answered, "I did not know crabs had tails."

[From the Sunday Telegram.]

THE RUINS OF ROME.

BY COL. JOHN R. JOHNSTON.

The is no spot more replete with interest to the historian than the capital of Rome. The name of itself is full of expression. In the Roman Capitol the seeds of that mighty power were planted which made that empire the glory of the civilized world. In this present Capitol, at the time we visited it, there was but one single Senator, and he appointed by the Pope. He amuses himself holding court and indulging any other little diversion which his fancy may suggest.

The ancient Capitol has long since vanished. The present was designed by Michael Angelo. It reflects but little credit upon the reputation of so great a man, for it is neither sublime nor beautiful. It looks like three palaces built by as many rich army sutlers, all of whom wished to live near each other and had ordered residences for themselves alone. Hence the Rome of to-day is altogether unlike the Rome of Cato, the Censor.

In the centre of the Plaza is a statue of Marcus Aurelius—the most exquisitely executed work of its kind now extant. In this building artists and poets were once crowned with wreaths and laurels by the hands of distinguished Senators. In the presence of rank, beauty, fashion and learning, and amid strains of sweetest music and the accents of patriotic recitations, were these distinguished personages thus honored.

The interior of the Capitol, as it is, has an air of "shabby genteel," but not devoid of elegance. The building next to the Vatican is filled with the most rare and exquisite statuary.—Here are seen the Dying Gladiator, the Venus of the Capitol, and many works by Canova; also the celebrated bronze wolf. The gallery of pictures is a wonderful success, (over the left) being about as badly executed as they well could be. I have probably seen worse in Europe, but this is doubtful.

The reader will here pardon a little digression. It really makes me feel quite sad when I see so many persons possessing great strength in their bodies, while in their brains they are weaker than a cat. David was a small man physically, but he soon demolished Sampson. Our readers will readily recall these pugilists. They had a little fight some years ago in a country far more Oriental than that in which I now write—not an intellectual contest, but a struggle for the belt. In all countries there is muscle and mind and science and soul, but the more that is written on the muscle the more do the masses appreciate it. There will be a big weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth some day, when the newspapers will revel in the entertainment, and struggle as to who shall get the news first.

I was sadly disappointed on my first visit to Rome. I had often heard of it as the "Eternal City" now clothed in magnificent ruins. The mere mention of "ruin" is poetry to an artist's ears, unless it be the ruin of the human system. Every feature of the broken outlines of these ruins is filled with poetic sentiment. There is a graceful desolation in every broken column, and in every displaced stone. They are everywhere met with, wreathed in ivy, and the battlements and high walls are covered with a drapery of long grass. Many of these ruins, however, are not placed in good position for the eye. They do not stand alone in their solitary grandeur, but I could fix them just to suit artists if allowed. You often find them jumbled in places where you would least expect to find anything of the kind.

The temple of Antonius the Pious has been converted into a Custom House. The mausoleum of Augustus is filled with small houses. The beautiful columns of the Theatre of Marcellus are struck upon the walls of the Orsini Palace, and in the basement all kinds of mean shops are to be seen.—Ancient grandeur seems to have been totally forgotten, and all appear bent upon the accumulation of money.

Every ruin in Rome has devoted and admiring students, and many of these shapeless and mouldering fabrics have been the scene of antiquarian discussions, in which the most substantial points have been lost in the dust.

The volumes which have been written on Rome would make a large library in itself. Take a walk to the Basilica of Constantine, or the Temple of Minerva. No one ever thinks of the follies which lie sleeping in the archives of the Vatican.

The Vatican is the Pope's Palace.—Pio IX. I saw him often, and he is just my idea of a good Christian, and just the man to be at the head of such a church—a church embodying so

much poetry, music, art and charity.

I was raised a blue stocking of the purest order—Presbyterian to the bone, but the liberality, generosity and kindness which I have seen in the Roman Catholic Church, have convinced me that it must be a good religion, or it never could have stood the test of time.

The Forum, about which so much has been said and written, was merely an open space, surrounded by porticoes and buildings. This was overshadowed with the power and majesty of the Romans. Here the politics of the then world were discussed. All who approach this spot, must do so with a feeling of reverence, and all who stand in its presence, are lost in wonder and admiration. Members of the legal profession, especially, must pay homage to the place where jurisprudence was moulded into a perfect system. Within the precincts of the Forum every foot of ground has been the field of controversy; every ruin has more than once changed its name. No one knows the exact length of the Forum as it existed in its original form. The French were the first to remove the rubbish, and clean out a part of the present Forum. This they did in Napoleon's time as they did at Pompeii. Cardinal Gonsalvi is said to have done much in the Papal States in unearthing the great minds of the past century; but nothing has been done for many years in the way of exploring.

In my next, I propose to speak of Rome as presented in some of its many other interesting and inviting aspects.

Mrs. Fair Sentenced to be Hanged.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—The defence in Mrs. Fair's case had introduced affidavits to impeach another of the jurors, named Littlefield. Judge Dwinelle said he would hear these affidavits, but that affidavits in the matter must stop. It is evident perjury has been committed. Upon the conclusion of the argument on the part of Mrs. Fair's counsel, the judge informed the counsel for the people that it was useless for them to reply, as the attempt to impeach the jury had failed, and he would overrule the exceptions taken during the trial. He then briefly alluded to the crime, and the long and impartial trial which Mrs. Fair had had, and then sentenced Laura B. Fair to be hanged on the 28th of July. A remarkable scene then ensued. Mrs. Fair maintained almost her usual composure, but the strong-minded women, who had attended throughout the trial, manifested their sympathy in the most ostentatious manner. Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens, the leader of the party, embracing the prisoner's mother, and then going to the reporters' desk, telling them she hoped they were satisfied now, &c., &c. These demonstrations were continued until the Court was closed. It is believed Governor Haight will not interfere.

THE IRON BAR.—A bar of iron, worth \$5, worked into horse shoes, is worth \$10.50; made into needles, it is worth \$355; made into penknives, it is worth \$3,285; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth \$250,000.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that. But, hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished, how was its value increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities?

And so, children, all the drilling and training to which you are subjected in youth, and which often seems so hard to you, serve to bring out your nobler and finer qualities, and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for to pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied the patron, "how do you manage to get along when they don't pay you?"

"Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is no gentleman and we ask him."

"Oh—ah—yes—I see. Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him over a V. "Make my name all right on your books."

The Democratic Mayorality Convention of the City of Baltimore, met at the Law Building, corner of Lexington and St. Paul streets, on last Monday, the 5th of June, and unanimously nominated Joshua Vansant as the Democratic Conservative Candidate for Mayor of that city. His election is regarded as quite certain.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Fifty Years Ago.

Reminiscence and incidents of Mechanicstown fifty years ago—with a sprinkling of a Wolf Hunt and its incidents.

EICHENBAUM, June 1st, 1871.

From and inclusive of the stone school house and the United Brethren Church on the hill, running nearly up to the mountain, was one dense and unbroken forest, and as far down as where the Railroad crosses the pike, mostly chestnut and oak, some of gigantic size, so was also all (the now cleared land) between the Railroad Depot and Apple's Church. The trees were tall and dense, interspersed with many small lakes and ponds—now dry. Persons were frequently lost in daylight, and many after night-fall wandered about in it nearly all night.—The spot where now stands Geo. H. Johnson's store, running down to Jones' (not Falls) factory, thence up and down the stream for many miles. In 1816 J. Weller built a tilting forge in which for a number of years edge tools and pump augurs were manufactured. About the same time J. Conrad built a large brick woolen factory which was extensively carried on for a number of years; but in 1812 on its site was a nail factory carried on by F. Troxell—nails then were made by hand—such as a cut nail was nearly unknown. Higher up on the stream was the mill now standing; still farther up was the saw mill of Capt. Conrad Willhide. Then all was blank except rocks and forest until you reached Harman's. From the bend of the pike to Landers' mill and up towards Ronzer's tannery all was one dense forest, except a few small patches of cleared land.

The earth was covered and so full of rocks that no human being would have supposed that it would be cleared in a hundred years, yet it has been done, and its productions are manifest to all. Young people now-a-days think old people were fools fifty years ago, and did not live well. I will open their intellect: I will prove to the contrary, and speak from happy experience—we lived as well if not better. Butter then was 19 and 12 cents, eggs 6 and 8, choice beef 4 and 5, chickens, no sale, (eat them), apples, peaches, pears, cherries—no sale, eat them. Then it was, "come boy into my orchard and get what you want." Now if you pick up an apple, sue you for it, pay fine and maybe imprison you also. That's the difference between fifty years ago and now. Every other farmer had a brew, (still house), and all the refuse apples, peaches, &c. were made into *Liquid Fire*, and the best was sold from 18 to 25 cents per gallon; now the same brings \$2.50 per gallon and more drunkards. H. Pouse also had a still house; so had Yonson; but Pouse's land was one stone pile. He was asked why he did not remove them; he replied very gruffly, "I didn't put them there. So he stirred among them until he died, and left his silver in a hoghead of wheat—"and so wider."

Now a little sprinkling of a wolf hunt nearly fifty years ago. There dwelt in the mountains Capt. Harman, and he had a bosom friend who we will call Christian; neither hunted wolves or bears unless they were together. So on a certain time they concluded on a hunt and proceeded on and over the mountain beyond Billy Hewitt's house, four miles or more beyond Catoctin Furnace. On a very high cliff of rocks they discovered the hair of the male wolf where he had lain the night previous; their dogs also gave ocular evidence of the close proximity to the den, as they run back, hair erect and tail down. A dog is cowardly in the presence of a superior enemy. So the Captain said, "Christian go down (say 150 feet) and make a reconnaissance;" he did so, and the sequel will show the result. Down and down he went among the crags and fissures of the rocks, came to a large opening into which he crept, sliding along on his abdomen and slipping his faithful rifle by his side. After he got in about 100 feet, he was confronted with one of the largest female wolves ever caught or killed in these mountains. Death stared him in the face in the most hideous form; he could neither advance or recede, or use his rifle. Luckily in front some feet there was an opening like a chimney, to which the infuriated beast rushed and up she scrambled. But Christian commenced to shout to the Captain, "Here comes a wolf as large as a yearling calf," and it was. But the Captain being one of unerring shot, pointed his rifle, and as she emerged shot her dead, and she fell back into the hole. They then took her out and got eight young ones beside—called this a good day's work and returned to your village.

At a subsequent period, say forty years ago, the father of Capt. Har-

man came to the village very much excited, and said there was an enormous wolf (his tracks indicated it) come to his barn, tore his sheep and two of his best hounds, and wanted some one to come on immediately and hunt him up. This was good news for wolf hunters, so the father of Christian, then 75 years old, was apprised of it, and nothing would do but he must go along. We bitocked on the second ridge of the South Mountain, North of Getz's run, which empties into Hunting creek, and as one of the characteristics of the wolf is to howl before he starts on a hunt for his prey, so will he howl when he returns close to his den. Accordingly we took our watch by turns during the night, and about 3 in the morning we heard the dismal howl in a direct line from where we lay towards your village on the South-east side from us. In a hunter's phrase we "struck a bee line." Unfortunately we had a miserable old cur along, not worth a farthing. But we came within 100 yards of the den; the old cur ran into the laurel and bushes, barked and whined, but the old Nimrod said, "he lies, he was always good for nix," passed on, hunted all the rocks, hollow trees, and all to no purpose. But a few days after the Getz's came along over our route, deflected a little to the right and there found under the roots of a tree a litter of wolves. So we were *non est comatus*. LINDESWALD.

How Ugliness Becomes Beautiful.

A beautiful face is one of God's beautiful works; but he has made more beautiful things. We shall see, maybe, in our travel of to-morrow—or I—some angular-faced woman of youthful but uncertain age, in gold-bowed glasses perhaps, and shall say at the first cruel glance (you or I): "What a woman to live with!" An old gentleman, her attendant, goes haltingly to the place beside her, and there is such touching and delicate attention on her part to every want of his—such grace of action—such tender, eager, yet not officious or presuming watchfulness—that you cannot keep your eyes from her, ugly though she be; and the face of the old gentleman grows radiant as it turns toward her, and you perceive him to be under such abiding charm as her low, musical voice falls on his ear, that little by little, even as you look, the angularities melt away into the fine flowing lines, and the homely text of her face, hour by hour, and feature by feature, grows luminous with a sweet, deep meaning, that is as subtle and penetrating in its influence as beauty itself. And if an hour of onlook can work such transfiguration, and make one blind to any possible crabbedness of text by reason of the sweet meaning it carries, how shall it be with the reading of a month, or a year, or a life!—Donald G. Mitchell.

Hon. Henry A. Wise has discovered the cause of the death of the Hon. James M. Mason, of Virginia; and gives a diagnosis in this unusual language: "The disasters to the South, the wounds to his pride, the aching agony of seeing all his hopes of liberty, self-government and State Rights blasted, the desecration of sacred things, and the devastation and demoralization he witnessed on home, were too much tension on the nerves of an aged man of delicate sensibilities and a proud sense of honor; and he could no longer endure."

The Republican State Central Committee of Maryland is called to meet in Baltimore on June 12th to arrange for the coming campaign and to appoint a day for holding the State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—At a meeting of the Stockholders of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal held at the City of Annapolis, on Monday, the 5th of June, the following gentlemen, on motion of John Merryman, were elected officers for the ensuing year: James C. Clark, President; Directors, Gilmon Meredith, George S. Brown, James G. Berrett, Isaac Young, W. S. McPherson and William Dodge.

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, Proprietor.

apl 15-ly

Richard B. Osborne, Esq., Chief Engineer of the Western Maryland Railroad has addressed a communication to George M. Boker, President of the Company, in which he shows that at least a half million of tons of coal per annum can be transported from Williamsport to Baltimore, beginning with 1,600 tons per day, as soon as the connection is made. He fixes the maximum cost of bringing a ton of coal from Cumberland to Williamsport at one dollar, and the cost of transportation from the boats to cars at six cents per ton. Allowing the company one and three-quarter cents per ton for carrying the coal to Baltimore (eighty-eight miles), it will make the entire cost of transportation from Cumberland to this city two dollars and sixty cents. To meet the wants of the trade the Company must provide three hundred and twenty coal cars and engines to move them. The gross annual receipts of the Company from this source are put at \$770,000. The transportation of coal can be indefinitely increased by enlarging the facilities. The interruption of the trade by the closing of navigation during the severe weather can be provided against in a great measure by filling the basin with loaded boats before the canal is closed.

A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT.

The same correspondent who had an interview with President Grant at Long Branch on Friday publishes a report of another conversation on Monday. The President said he needed Minister Bismarck at Berlin just now, and could not accept his resignation until Kaiser William had decided the San Juan question; that the new treaty would be fixed all right by October next; that he named General Meagher's son for a cadetship at West Point, but found Congressman Roosevelt was ahead of him; that he had nothing whatever to do with appointing Brigham Young's son; that he accepted the Republican nomination for the Presidency originally because he felt that he might heal many disagreements in the party by so doing, and that he did not like the prospects of a Democrat were elected; and that while he could not speak for Sherman, although they were warm friends, he felt sure Sherman could never accept a Democratic platform on which to run for the Presidency because Davis and the fire-eaters would always pull the Democracy back from any new departure they might attempt. Mr. Boutwell's financial policy was satisfactory, and he did not believe in changing it. Mr. Fish was not likely to have had any very serious quarrel with Minister Catechet; our relations with Russia were very cordial, and Prince Alexis was certain to receive a hearty welcome, officially and unofficially, on his arrival in this country.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER AND HIGH COMMISSION.

London, June 3.—Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Ten-erden, of the British High Commission, and the Hon. Robert C. Scherack, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, arrived at Liverpool to-day in the Cunard steamship Cuba from New York. Mr. Schenck, soon after landing, was presented with an address of welcome by the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, who waited upon him in a body. Mr. Schenck replied in a neat speech, expressive of gratification at the courtesy shown him by the Chamber, and of the hope that the kind relations now existing between the mother country and his native land may be perpetual. Mr. Schenck is expected in London to-morrow, and will in a few days present his credentials to the Queen. He will receive a warm welcome from the Ministry.

There is nothing beautiful but

Lucy.