

Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. 1.]

MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

[NO. 19.]

"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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For the Catoctin Clarion.

"En-hakkore."

(JUDGES XV: 14-19.)

That source of death to hundreds then,

Who fell in the unequal strife,

To him who rose the conqueror,

God makes a well of life.

His strength returned, his spirit came,

He thirsted nevermore;

"It was the well of him that cried!"

He named it—"En-hakkore!"

And God still opens to his friends,

From rocks and deserts o'er,

Fountains and living streams again,

Flowing from "En-hakkore."

Why should the Christian pilgrim faint

With thirsting any more,

When Jesus opens at his feet

This living "En-hakkore?"

Why should the sinner struggle,

Thirsting for evermore,

When Jesus opens at his feet

This living "En-hakkore?"

Why should the mourner weep and sigh,

With hopeless grief in store,

When He who is the mourner's friend,

Calls him to "En-hakkore?"

Oh! let the dying saint arise,

Upward to Heaven soar,

And find the living water there,

His blessed "En-hakkore!"

Emmitsburg, June, 1871. J. S. G.

Here are a few extracts from Don Quixote:

Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

The absent feel and fear every ill.

Self-praise depreciates.

The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer.

Every one is the son of his own works.

Let the hen live, though it be with the pig.

Sketch of Laura D. Fair.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

The Capital furnishes the following interesting sketch of this somewhat remarkable but unfortunate woman: The time is approaching very near for the execution of the sentence of death upon Mrs. Laura D. Fair; and unless the executive pardon be interposed, California will witness for the first time within its history the execution of a woman by hanging. Well might the victim exclaim: "Is it possible that a woman of my face and form can ever be hung?" It must be confessed it looks extremely like it, and it is safe to say, should the sentence be carried out, that she will not be the only one that will be surprised.

To one who lived in that community during the war and anterior to it, realizing the almost unlimited immunity guaranteed to a female, especially to one so superlatively beautiful as was Mrs. Fair, it seems incredible that a jury could be found that would convict her of murder in the first degree. It possibly can only be accounted for because of the defiant attitude assumed by her after the deed, and her too openly manifested confidence in and presumption upon that feeling of tolerance toward woman, no matter how culpable she might be, so strong in the nature of every Californian. Doubtless, too, a strong argument with that jury consisted in the universal feeling of sympathy for the family of Crittenden. Mrs. Fair was very beautiful in person, nor was her mind deficient in those qualities that add to personal charms. Without being educated, save as to music, in which she was most accomplished, she had a vivacity of manner and sprightliness of intellect that invested her with a more than passing interest. She possessed the faculty of entertaining many at once, and one seeing her amidst several gentlemen, and observing the facility with which she could leap as it were from subject to subject, could not help but realize that, while she did not possess the most comprehensive knowledge of the various topics, she at least was a very "clever" woman. She was one of those persons who desired to interest gentlemen only. She cared nothing for the opinion of her own sex, possessed many good traits of character, and indeed was, because of such good qualities, enabled to captivate such a man as Judge Crittenden.

Mrs. Fair eight years ago was in person remarkable. A blonde of most exquisite complexion, the fairness of her skin never gave room for a doubt that art had aided in any way; she had fine dark eyes with long drooping lashes and a form of perfect proportions. Added to this she possessed great taste in dress; inclining to the subdued colors for the promenade; in the evening the rich and elegant style characteristic of the wealthier and better class—not that it must be supposed to be meant that she belonged to either, for she did not. Whilst she was still living with Mr. Fair, in the incipency of her *liaison* with Crittenden, she visited San Francisco several times, not openly in his company, but ostensibly putting up alone at the most stylish hotel, and creating that *furor* which only a woman of her elegance and beauty could do. During these visits she occasionally appeared at some of the more fashionable balls and concerts; if at a ball, her superb apparel, magnificent form, and beautiful face, were the event of the evening; if at a concert, she was more observed than the performers. Her fame was so well known that when she appeared the effect upon her own sex could only be compared to that produced by the sudden appearance of the daring corsair amidst the convoy; such a closing up of ranks and unmasking of batteries, in order that husbands might be more effectually protected. But alas! it was often too evident that the aforesaid husbands rather inclined to strike their colors upon the first appearance of the enemy.

In point of personal resemblance, if Lydia Thompson were a little taller, more rounded and fuller in form, had dark eyes and lashes, greater wealth of hair, she would bear a striking likeness to Mrs. Fair when at the zenith of her charms. Without these changes the fair Lydia still closely resembles her, in manner as well as person.

Mrs. Fair never appeared to the writer like a woman who could be capable of the killing of any man, yet she evidently was a woman of great determination of character, but of a very capricious mind. It seemed impossible that she could ever cling so closely to any one as to cause her to commit an act that would endanger her life and property, for she was avaricious. Her *liaison* with Crittenden was doubtless the event of her life

—one that proved in many ways the most flattering to her vanity as well as the most advantageous, pecuniarily, and one that she would most reluctantly give up.

The infatuation of Judge Crittenden in itself shows that Mrs. Fair was more than an ordinary woman—that she did possess some elements of character and promptings of heart that were good—else she could never have had such an ascendancy of him; for he was a man of great natural goodness of heart, purity of character, and refinement of manner. Like a thousand other men just as good, he made his blunder and paid his penalty.

The feeling of horror at the deed that pervaded that community shows the esteem in which he was held.—Possibly of that entire people there was none that would not have been suspected sooner of such a weakness than Judge Crittenden. She had a strong hold upon him long ere it was generally known to the public, and when known it was but the wonder of a day—the beauty of the woman and prominence of the man only increasing the interest over and above affairs of similar character of daily occurrence amidst what was called the highest circles.

Mrs. Fair was not received or recognized, of course, by the wives and mothers of good society, but she was a queen in that large number that occupy the neutral ground, as it were, of society, comprising those who were suspected too much to be encouraged, but not enough known to deserve condemnation.

For the Clarion.

FAREWELL

To St. Joseph's Academy, near Emmitsburg.

Adieu! lovely scenes—yes, we part and never meet.

Ye fond cherished scenes of my youthful career.

From my heart shall remembrance be banished, O! never.

Of scenes to my bosom so sacred and dear—

In joys and in sorrows, on life's troubled ocean,

The star of remembrance shall guide me to thee.

Where the billows of sorrow have ceased all commotion,

And life's gentle stream flows unruffled and free.

Farewell, farewell!

May the spirit of Heaven still dwell in thy bowers.

When peace and contentment breathe holiest love;

And staid be the breath that would blight thy sweet flowers.

Whose fragrance reminds us of pleasures above.

Affections sweet tribute, the smiles of earth's pleasures,

No joy of the heart whispers equal to thine.

Then farewell! dearest home, gem of earth's brightest treasures,

May the strength of thy virtues, O! never decline.

Farewell, farewell!

MARY

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Enigma.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 12, 10, 1, 17, 1, is a drove.

My 2, 5, 6, 10, come every day at noon.

My 21, 22, 16, 8, 26, is always north.

My 14, 24, 20, 26, 16, may be seen whenever the stars shine.

My 19, 26, 20, 12, 3, is always found in the shade.

My 4, 20, 8, 15, is a gate.

My 18, 17, 25, was our mother.

My whole is an old and oft quoted proverb.

S.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—To be constantly busy is to be always happy.

Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware!

Ye know not what ye wish. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire or a sharp sword at a distance; neither doth the one burn nor doth the other wound those that come not too close to them.

Liberality may be carried too far by those who have children to inherit from them.

We are all as God made us, and often times a great deal worse.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

This term is applicable to all ranks—whichever is ignorant is vulgar.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

For the Clarion.

A Correction.

MR. EDITOR:—In a number of your paper, of a few weeks since, there appeared an article headed "The History of a Cake," which caused quite a sensation in our town and vicinity, not only among the fair sex, but also among the unfair, and even grey-headed men and women. We do not purpose, here is it our intention in this article, to act as a critic; but for the lack of energy in our Band, and the want of seeing justice done to all our friends, we have determined to pass a few remarks and offer a few suggestions to our young writer, so that in the future he may write but not bar his success and sully his diamond-pointed pen by dipping it in the flatterer's ink. The article (as you will all remember) was slightly eulogistic, as well as deeply tinged with flattery from beginning to end. Whilst we are willing to bow with reverential awe and prostrate ourselves at the feet of our most worthy and respected senior, and are willing to give homage and due reverence to our lady friends, we are not willing to see two of our little band of Brass Band aiders eulogized and the names of the remainder to pass into oblivion, and their services to pass so soon and so ungratefully from our memories. No, young ladies, your services were and are still appreciated, though some may deem it right and proper to pass you by with a cool, independent air; and not only with a stiffness and dignity that would do justice to Grant, Ex-Emperor Napoleon, or some other big gun, but even go so far as to make a public demonstration of their partial as well as ungrateful opinions. Such are the thanks you are to receive for your services and attention to the festive hall. Oh! what a shame on you, ungrateful members of the band! How could you so long leave this pass by and remain silent without your notice. Feeling it then a duty involving on the citizens of our town, we bring a garland in this for every lady who participated in the enabling work. The hall was tastefully decorated with large festoons, wreathed with pine and beautiful flowers, arranged by the fair hands of ladies. Nor yet were cakes wanting. No, but each table presented a fine and elegant assortment. Whilst we admit of the dignity and grace of Miss M., and of the wonderful culinary faculties of the blushing maid of 16 summers, Miss K., we also admit of the dignity and grace of other fair ones. Who will not give time, attention and thanks to the ice cream managers? This, the most degrading and drudgery work of the entertainment, was well managed and attended to by one, especially, dwelling on the square, who slaved herself for the comfort of others; and then not to receive her meed of honor and thanks. It is an easy task to bake, eat and carry a paper around for a cake; but I tell you those who work deserve the praise. Miss Annie, you with the rest of your co-laborers receive our thanks. There, too, was our venerable President, whose silvery locks floated in the breeze as she flitted across the hall, not to receive her meed of honor? for her taste displayed in the arrangement and dressing of the hall was elegant as well as unparalleled. Time forbids our dwelling long or commenting each and every one; but we bring a like apportionment of praise and thanks to each one. The tables were each graced with two, three or four ladies as *sellers*. Nor yet can we pass by one little *telegram* mistress. Her office occupied the centre of the hall. As each one entered, she, with a despatch in hand and a sweet smile on her lips, met and saluted him in the following manner: "Good evening sir; here is a despatch for you; one of your friends have died, or is seriously ill. Give me 5 cents and take it. All for the band." The most pleasing sight of all, was the long and profuse table, reaching to either side of the hall. This was trimmed with myrtle, growing in its natural way, and winding in beautiful ringlets over its corners and sides. On the top were placed the most beautiful bouquets ever arranged, and a great abundance of cakes, candies, lemons, oranges, kisses and dainties of all kinds. This was a dazzling sight as one entered the hall. Oh! what was it that confronted his gaze? Was it a fine table with all those delicacies, &c., on? No, none of these had the charm, or met the attractive gaze of the bystander. But the scene, and heart-rending too, I will tell. It was graced with about 25 fair maidens—not of 16, 18 or 20 summers, but of 25, 35 and 60 summers. Imagine the scene for a moment. Picture before you the table. Listen to the merry voices chirping together how to draw another poor mortal into their clandestine schemes. Imagine, too, a young

man in that condition; surrounded by this host of maids. He never got away with as much money as when he went. But now to the subject. After eulogizing two ladies he sees proper to give the price, who was the winner and what was done with the cake.—He says it was won, and then sliced and distributed among the poor people of the town. *Yes it was with a vengeance.* That may have been the design, but several, anyhow, were missed in the distribution. I tell you how it went: McBride, Eichelbergers, Rows, Seybrooks and many others got it; whilst McNutties and several poor negroes and other invalids were left to do without. Such then was "the history of a cake." Such was the way our maids and matrons worked and slaved themselves for the Brass Band. For surely they each one did work; and showed clearly in a public way their unparalleled taste for brass music. Such are the thanks we most tenderly and cordially tender to each one of you. Our advice to all such as are gifted with flattery and prejudice will do well to make their comments privately in the future. SANCHEO.

Emmitsburg, July 3, 1871.

The First Umbrella.

It is generally stated that Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, was the first man who carried an umbrella in the streets of London.—Hanway died in 1786. Early in the century a large umbrella was kept in the halls of aristocratic mansions, for the special protection of the lady of the house in passing from her door to the coach; and it was not uncommon to keep such articles in the coffee-houses of taverns for the benefit of customers, as early as Queen Anne's reign.

The fact, however, is not the less true, that it is only within the lifetime of persons now living that this almost indispensable protection from the mists and rain has become generally adopted. In the *Female Tatler* of December 12, 1809, appears a satirical notice, informing the "young gentlemen belonging to the custom house, who, for fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella at Will's coffee-house, Cornhill, of the mistress," that "to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion, he shall be welcome to the maid's patten."

Gay mentions the umbrella as early as 1712, in his poem of "Trivia," in which he describes the "tucked up seamstress" walking in a shower, while streams "run down her oiled umbrella sides." Mr. J. Jamieson, a Scottish surgeon, brought with him from Paris, in 1781 or 1782, an umbrella, which was the first seen in Glasgow, where he resided, and where it attracted great attention.

The earliest specimens of the English umbrella were made, as mentioned in Gay's lines, of oiled silk, which, when wet, was exceedingly difficult to open or close. The stick and furniture were heavy and inconvenient, and the article very expensive. Its transition to the present portable form is due partly to the substitution of silk and gingham for the heavy and troublesome oiled silk, which admits of the ribs and stretcher being made much lighter, and also to the many ingenious mechanical improvements of the framework which have been made from time to time, several of which have been patented. No change has proved a greater convenience than that from the old-fashioned ring and string for securing the umbrella when closed, to the simple clip and India rubber braid now in use; and yet before this was accomplished, many transitions had to be passed through.

Though the umbrella is itself of older date, there is nothing to invalidate the story that it is to the good Jonas Hanway that we are indebted for the valuable example of moral courage in first carrying an umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this strange proceeding entailed upon the unfortunate philanthropist, whose object was, doubtless, less the protection of his own person than that of showing his fellow countrymen how they might avoid those continual drenchings to which they had so long submitted.

The hackney coachman and the sedan chairman were the first to call out against the innovation, declaring that they were ruined if it came into fashion. When they began to be carried, even a gentleman accompanied by a lady, under the shelter of the new-fangled rain protector, were hoisted as they passed along; while a gentleman alone carrying one was certain to be attacked with cries of "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach?" and other more offensive salutations.

Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

[Communicated.]

"Catoctin Clarion."

FRIEND NEED:—I have read your neat literary paper for weeks, and judging from the specimens of the work I have seen, I augur well of its merits and success. The selections are judicious, and the original matter excellent. I hope that the CLARION's notes will be sent forth from many a mountain, and reverberated through many a valley in our land. It certainly "discourses most excellent music." I hope the CLARION will meet with the patronage it merits. G.

For the Clarion.

Take Time and Think about It.

Ye lasses gay, in beauty's bloom,
All blithe and debonair,
Think not too boldly I presume,
In warning thus the fair.
When beauty rises to the view,
The men will buzz, ne'er doubt it;
This maxim mind, when they pursue,
Take time to think about it.

When every flattering art they try,
And praise your shape and air,
Your blooming cheeks and sparkling eye,
Take heed, dear girls, beware.
The honey of your rosy lip
They'll strive to gain, ne'er doubt it,
Yet ere you let them have a sip,
Take time and think about it.

But when the constant lover woos,
Endow'd with manly sense,
Then listen to his tender vows,
With trifling forms dispense.
Hell scorn to flatter or deceive,
If worthy, never doubt it;
Your hand to such then freely give,
Nor think too long about it.

KATE.

Near Emmitsburg, June, 1871.

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.

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For the Catoctin Clarion

Rise Early.

Your correspondent from Emmitsburg, "TOM'S CREEK," in the last issue of your interesting paper, takes me to task in regard to early rising, and thinks that I have not satisfactorily proven my position.

"Tom's Creek" must be one of those, who, at this fine season, doze away the most delightful hours of the day, 'o'er the heated surface of a feather bed,' and if so, I would commend the advice of an old dramatist—

"—rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast from the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some glassy hill,
You'll find it new."

A winter morning's walk for health and exercise may be enjoyed with satisfaction; but in the freshness and fragrance of a May or June morning, a ramble through the fields imparts health and cheerfulness to the early riser, and tranquilizes his spirit for the day. Try it, old friend "Tom's Creek," and see if you are not benefited more so than if you rise late and make every exertion imaginable to drive away drowsiness, &c. In the appropriate language of exhortation, I would say, ye, who "with eyes yet sealed by the heavy sleep of night," kill the brightest hours of life, get up early, then to the "vineyard and see if the vine flourish and the tender grape appear;" mark the progress of vegetation; observe the character and habitudes of animals; trace the forest, it has more curious scenery than the town. The love of nature is a sweet and exhilarating passion. He who botanizes on the mountains or explores the latent root in the forest is a healthy and happy man. In the wood and in the field, when the dew of night sparkles like diamonds on the grass, and melts away before the rising sun, and when the feathered songsters, escaping from beds of moss, carol their matin hymn; the picturesque of nature charms more than the tapestry of the palace. Muse on the magnificence of—(ah, my vein of artificial sublimity is here broken in consequence of interruption, and must close this very hasty article.) Does friend "Tom's Creek" still persist in that "early rising" is a humbug?—More anon hereafter.

J. S. G.