

Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. I.]

MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

[NO. 20.

"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.

To the Moon.

BY MISS K.

Oh shroud thee, forever, DIANA in clouds.

Nor let one bright ray gild the hours of night;

He's gone whom my soul with fond passion adored.

Forever, alas! he is lost to my sight.

How oft has he sworn he'd eternally love,

And called on thy beams the fond vow to attest;

More inconsistent than thee, he's false to his oath.

He's gone,—and my soul is a stranger to rest.

Take heed, O ye virgins, attend not his smile,

Nor hear the soft accents that fall from his tongue;

Of the rays of his eyes, O ye fair ones beware,

If ye gaze on their splendor you're surely undone.

Oh hide thee, chaste DIANA, all dark be the night,

No more let thy lustre illumine the grove;

It was here that he vowed, how could I believe!

Here my fond heart felt the tortures of love.

As pure as thy beams was the passion I felt,

How could he an heart so unpracticed betray!

He's gone, unavailing are all my complaints,

He's left me, alas! to sad sorrow a prey.

Near Mechanicstown, July 10, 1871.

Thresh your Grain at once.

We have, on several occasions, urged our farmers to cut grass and grain before they are too ripe.

We now venture to say a word on the propriety of threshing the grain and putting it into market at an early period.

Where farmers can command time and labor, we decidedly favor threshing grain from the field, because, 1, it generally commands about as good prices; 2, it has not shrunk so much as it will by winter; 3, the weevil, rats, mice, &c., have not yet committed their ravages; 4, you run no risk of its spoiling.

Grain is a good price at the present time, and we have an extra yield; so the probabilities are that grain will depreciate, rather than raise, in price.

We believe, take one season with another, those farmers who thresh their grain and put it into the market as soon as possible, are the gainers by it.

Millions of bushels of grain are destroyed every year by vermin. Large heaps of corn and wheat will heat and spoil; this is germinated wheat, and caused by moisture present in the grain.

The costly elevators, warehouses, &c., in our grain ports, have no means, as yet, of preventing this deterioration of grain. It is a very important question, and one which we are glad to see is being agitated, how to preserve grain when stored away.

Some of our capitalists are organizing a formidable company to introduce and erect suitable grain dryers throughout the States, to put the crops in proper condition to keep pure and sweet, whether stored in warehouses, shipped abroad or milled into flour and meal at home.

This movement, if successful, will prove a public benefaction, and we doubt not the end will finally be reached, but, in the meantime, every farmer will consider whether he can afford to sustain his share of the loss, or will thresh his grain from the field and put it at once into the market, and allow the dilatory or wealthy to suffer the immense loss by vermin, shrinkage and spoilage.

Sunstroke and stroke of lightning as far as at present known, cause death in the same manner. The blood is expanded and gases are liberated; the veins are distended, pressure on the brain induced, and all the functions of the body arrested. Bleeding from both arms is said to insure speedy recovery.

[Hesperian, Three a Week.]

Anecdote of Henry Clay.

It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of this wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Miss., in the year 18—. On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric, but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming, as he did so: "Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" said Mr. Clay.

"In Kentucky," answered the keensighted, but one-eyed old man.

Mr. Clay struck his long, bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought.

"Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or had you lost it before?" inquired Mr. Clay.

"Since," said the man.

"Then turn the sound side of your face to me that I may get your profile."

Mr. Clay paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. "I have it!" said he. "Did you not give me a verdict as juror, at Frankfort, Ky., in the great cause of the United States versus Innes, twenty-one years ago?"

"I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man.

"And is not your name," said Mr. Clay, "Hardwick?"

"It is, it is," replied Dr. Hardwick, bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friends, "that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this? Great men never forget faces."

How to Stop Honey Bees.—I had three deplorable swarms that left my apiary. I had hived the first in the forenoon, on the day it swarmed; but at about four o'clock in the afternoon, it decamped for parts unknown. It got off some distance before I got ready with the looking-glass, but to my surprise, the third flash of the sun's rays with the looking-glass made the bees fly round and round, instead of going straightforward as before, and they immediately settled upon a tree.

The second swarm came off in the afternoon. It made no halt to settle, but started direct for the timber. I followed it, and brought it down in the same way. The third one got nearly half a mile, flying on the east side of the timber. The sun being in the west we could not use the glass, but, as soon as we got the sun, three or four flashes settled it also. I have the three swarms thus arrested, and they all done well.—*Cor. Ag. Journal.*

FACTS IN AGRICULTURE.—All permanent improvements of land look to lime for their basis.

Periodical application of ashes tends to keep up the integrity of the soil.

All grain crops should be harvested before perfectly ripe.

To manure or lime wet land, is to throw manure, lime or labor away.

Clover as well as grasses intended for hay, should be moved when in bloom.

Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil, while it decreases in production.

Punctuality in engagements is as necessary to the agriculturist as it is to a merchant.

Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.

Subsiding sound land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to an increased production.

Always provide an equivalent for the substance carried off the land to the products grown thereon.

The cropping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.

Twenty years ago a farm eight miles square in Livingston county, Ill., was entered by its present owner at \$1.25 per acre. It is now subdivided into thirty-two farms of 1,230 acres each, every farm being run by separate sets of hands, the whole under the direction of the owner, M. L. Sullivan. There are 15,000 acres under the plough; 250 miles of hedge fence, besides other fences; 150 miles of ditch for draining. One hundred men and four hundred work horses and mules are employed on the farm, besides two book-keepers, four blacksmiths and eight carpenters. An accurate account is kept with each sub-farm, and with each man, horse and mule, the animals being all named or numbered, and charged with the amount paid for them and their food, and credited with their labor. The entire farm, with improvements and personal property on it, is now valued at about \$2,000,000.

If you have a good thing, advertise it. If you haven't, don't.

The Way She Cured Him.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdall to his wife, as she entered the liquor store.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come home to me, I come here to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this?" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary.

"Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

"Surely you are not going to drink that stuff," cried Tom, as she was taking up the glass of liquor.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman! Woman! you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not, can children have a better example set them than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink; see how much good it does your father."

With much reluctance Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and earnestly that God would help him to break off an evil habit, and keep a new formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough. Mrs. Truesdall is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.

NEW CRYSTAL PALACE, NEW YORK.

The Industrial Exhibition Company chartered by the last New York Legislature, embracing among its officers: Marshall O. Roberts, Wm. B. O'Brien, Moses H. Grinnell, Cyrus W. Field and others, has secured a site for its new crystal palace, embracing 23 acres, or four full blocks, at the corner of Fourth avenue and One Hundredth street, New York. The Palace of Industry will be built all around the plat of ground to a depth of 150 feet, leaving in the centre a court of eleven acres. This will be covered with glass and form a horticultural garden. The building will be eight stories high. A series of prizes ranging from \$15,000 down to \$1,500 will be given for the six best plans. One primary object of the organization is to diffuse a love of art among the masses. The completed institution is to be able to accommodate 70,000 persons at one time.

It is amusing to hear some little whippersnappers sneer at Mr. GREENLEY's pretensions to the Presidency.

While such men as Forney and crowds of others were supporting "Ten cent Jimmy Buchanan," the Ostend Manifesto and all the vile humbug of the Democratic party, and invoking dire vengeance on the heads of Abolitionists, and all who supported them, they now claim to be better Republicans and Liberty men than Horace Greeley; crazy men, or people who never read or think, might believe such trash; but sane men will treat the declaration with disgust! Mr. Greeley is a man of sense, of brains, of nerve, of resolution, of bold and defiant avowal of principles. He can write and he can speak; and he can both write and speak better than he can fight. He is no prize fighter, gambler or horse racer, but he is a Statesman, a profound thinker and possesses one of the clearest heads in the Union. Like Silas Wright and George N. Briggs he is a plain man, and devotes much of his time to agricultural developments. He is a Printer, Philosopher and Farmer. When in Congress some years ago, he proved himself a Reformer; he went in for cutting down the mileage and salaries of members, his own among the rest; he was for Retrenchment and Reform; and didn't believe in great standing armies. He was a thorough Republican and Economist. These are the kind of men the country requires to guide the Ship of State and govern the nation at the present time. The Tribune for the last forty years is an epitome of his vigorous faith and works. [Vermont Republican.]

The N. Y. World has got up a tale to the effect that Grant's hopeful son, Fred, who has just graduated at West Point, 37th in a class of 41, is to marry Queen Vic's last remaining daughter, Beatrice, and have Canada for a dowry. In this event, it foresees that Dev. Tucker's famous St. Catharines will become a kind of Babylon in the future between the two empires of the father and son.

For the Clarion.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS have been established to encourage the raising of all kinds of produce, and it has had the desired effect. View and admire the manufacture of wines, jellies, butter, bread, quilts, different kinds of dress, etc. See the vegetables, poultry, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, &c., all calculated to excite a rivalry for premiums. But, alas! after accumulating so many hundreds of dollars, is it reasonably honest to bestow any of it to encourage horse racing and against the old and general custom of each owner of race horses staking their own money. An animal from a distant State unexpected here, whose owner never bought a plank for a shanty, might bear away a prize at the expense of a company of this country.

Instead of bestowing premiums for race horses and trotting nags, what advantage is it to the ladies, who, after toiling and spinning and putting their industry into manufactured articles, and exciting spectators to contribute so much money, and then view at a distance a fast trotting horse, not as of as much advantage as a fruit scion or a good plow. Reform and economy are therefore demanded; and confidently looked for.

If President Grant or Gov. Bowie desire to visit Frederick county to enjoy a Trotting Match let it be held at Groff's Park and not at the Agricultural Fair.

But if a just distribution of Premiums was published, it would increase the number and satisfaction of spectators.

JUSTICE.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Monterey Springs.

The Monterey Springs are located on the summit of the South Mountain, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, near the Maryland line, about midway between Waynesboro' and Emmitsburg. It is one of the most picturesque and grand sights in nature, and the water is of the sweetest and purest kind. Monterey is a beautiful name, and Monterey, the capital of Nuevo Leon, in Mexico, and Monterey in California, are delightful localities. Lord Byron in his poetical works gave praise and his preference for beauty to the bewitching Senoritas of Cadiz—more handsome, petite, dark-eyed, mused and captivating than the "Lancashire witches" of his own dear Native Land. Just now the beauty and fashion of Maryland and Pennsylvania are beginning to assemble at this refreshing watering place. It was during the late war with Mexico, I believe, that a soldier of Gen. Worth's Brigade, charmed at the pleasing manners, beauty and polite bearing of the women of Monterey, gave expression to his vivid fancy in these music-inspiring verses, commencing—"The Beautiful Senorita—the maid of Monterey"—that carried his heart away. In compliment to this beautiful Senorita, I am informed that the Ladies and Gentlemen of this cooling summer Retreat in the bowers of the mountain intend to improvise a "hop" in a short time to celebrate the event. Our attentive and polite landlord, Mr. HARRY YINGLING, and his estimable lady, who are always getting up something novel and entertaining, to amuse his guests, will make this a gay occasion, in which some of the officers and soldiers in the Mexican war will participate. Some of the members of the crack 6th Maryland Regiment, and the beautiful belles of the Monumental City will attend. Monterey Springs is within a mile of the track of the Western Maryland Railroad, and Baltimoreans should visit it and behold the attractive scenery of Harbaugh's Valley. Mr. Yingling, the proprietor, is a native of Carroll county, and deserves encouragement, as he is every such a gentleman. A VISITOR.

July 12, 1871.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

A Conundrum.

I paint without colors; I fly without wings;

I people the air with most fanciful things;

I hear sweetest music where no sound is heard;

And eloquence moves me nor utters a word.

The past and the present together I bring;

The distant and near gather under my wing;

Far swifter than lightning my wonderful flights

Through the sunshine of my day or the darkness of my night;

And those who would find me must find me indeed

As this picture they scan and this poetry read.

H. R. G. T.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

RIDDLE.—Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger?

H. R. G. T.

When a girl falls in love with an unlucky Irishman, her heart goes pity pat.

For the Clarion.

EMMITSBURG, July 10, 1871.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me space enough to record my earnest protest against the character of certain utterances upon the part of some of your correspondents from our town. I allude to the personal references in which they have indulged in their writing. The proceeding has continued under more or less palliating forms for some time, but the latest expressions have reached a point that can claim no indulgence; they have become unmanly, wanting in dignity, and are downright impertinent; injurious not only to the success of the CLARION, but to the good name and moral bearing of our village. Unless we are to be regarded in the character of the Athenians, spoken of by St. Luke in that remarkable parenthesis of his, just preceding his record of St. Paul's speech on Mar's hill, who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing," the naming of persons, directly or indirectly in matters of no public concernment, should hereafter be omitted.

That there may be no misconception I will instance some of the objectionable cases; of course I knew not who those writers may be, nor could I desire to do so. One brings prominently before the public, by initial, a young lady "of sweet sixteen," in the connection of the late festival. Now as every person could at once recognize the individual alluded to, I pronounce the matter an unwarranted indignity. "SANCHE," in the last issue attempts to censure the Band, charging it with "lack of energy," as if it had anything to do in that matter of "the history of a cake," and then in truly Quixotic style, fights the battle of young and old, striking hither and thither, wounding friend and foe; but as in the case of the redoubtable squire of old, whose name he has so aptly adopted, being in the end himself the most wounded of all; and at length winds up with personalities, so open and barefaced, that every gentleman must recoil from them as from venom double distilled.

Because one sanguine writer in the exuberance of spirits commits an error, or don't come up to this one's expectations, the Band is to be censured, when all the while that body had acquitted itself in the very best possible manner they could have adopted. Without show or senseless parade they received the timely consideration and assistance of the ladies, and made their acknowledgments to them in person, as would have been the case had they resorted to the press. Indeed, in the highly creditable character of that festival throughout, there was nothing more so than the honest and unassuming conduct of the body for whose benefit it was so successfully carried through.

Next, "B," takes occasion to tell your readers of the private matters of a gentleman of refined and unassuming manners, sojourning in our village, whose general information, and genial disposition diffuse joy and gladness among the young and the aged who know him. He says, naming the gentleman, that he "gave a delightful *jeu d'art* at his own expense (ain't that magnificent! how else should the gentleman have done?) to the citizens of Emmitsburg," &c. Of all things the man who makes history should be sure of his facts. Now if I am rightly informed, the last clause of that quotation is certainly incorrect. The gentleman's party was, on the occasion, of a family event personal to himself, which he celebrated in a company with a number of invited guests, and there his own private affairs, as well as other references of this writer are thus unwarrantably carried a distance off to the press!

Is this the way to encourage the growth of our town and neighborhood—to attract the presence of strangers here to enjoy the richness and the beauty of our heaven-given scenery, and delight in the health-giving influences of the mountain air?

Such ridiculous and vulgar gossip would be beneath contempt were it not for the injurious effect its publication must have on our character as a community, as well as on the dignity and respectability of the people in which it is published; therefore in the name of that community I protest against the spirit that can originate such things, and trust we shall have no more of it.

"Cursed be the verse, how well so'er it flow,

That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,

Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear."

TOM'S CREEK.

A San Francisco despatch announces the death of Vincent Peralta, to whom the property on which Oakland, Cal., now stands, was granted in 1822 by the Mexican government.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Lightning Rods.

MR. EDITOR:—The idea as given in the article on "Lightning Flashes," which appeared in the last issue of your excellent paper, that the "patent copper iron rod" on Mr. Cook's house at Buckeystown, "served as a non-conductor to prevent the lightning from striking the house," is decidedly novel, and of course entirely unscientific. As electricity will always follow the conducting body nearest in its course and having the greatest attraction, it is clear that the walnut tree, having these conditions, received the discharge; the tree, no doubt, was taller than the rod.

But the object of this writing is to say that it is most remarkable how easily persons are deceived by the vendors of lightning rods, very few of whom have any knowledge upon the subject whatever, and all of them take more or less advantage of the ignorance of the persons on whose credulity they make their money.

The whole subject was thoroughly treated by Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington city, in an exhaustive article published in the Patent Office Report for the year 1859, among the general topics embraced in the subject of Meteorology.

Any person reading the article will find every needful direction as to the mode of the construction of lightning rods, the erection of them, their connection with the earth, and every particular all complete, and will find that all you need is your nearest blacksmith to make and put you a good and complete conductor.

I would not have a rod on a tenement of mine of the kind sold so freely through the country, even if given me free of expense and a bonus on top for allowing it to be put up.

That report in effect tells us that the professed improvements and patents are of no account, and concludes:—

"An improvement in the form of the lightning rod which was recommended by the French Academy in 1823, would presuppose some important discoveries in electricity, having a bearing on the subject; but after the lapse of thirty years, the same Academy being called upon to consider the protection of the new additions to the Louvre, finds nothing material to change in the principles of the instructions at first given." S. M.

Emmitsburg, July 11, 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.

apl 15-ly

The friends of Judge SALMON P. CHASE, in Ohio, who are very numerous, and scattered widely over the Buckeye State, are marshalling their forces with great caution—if they go for Gen. McCook for Governor they can elect him. If not, Noyes will succeed. But it is said McCook, Democratic nominee for Governor, is a Chasman, and it was chiefly through him and Vallandigham that he secured his election to the United States Senate in 1852-53. The Dayton (Ohio) Journal distrusts the movements of Judge Chase and his Free Soil allies, and thinks there is a big scheme going on to turn over Ohio into the Democratic fold. Politicians are very slippery these days and require watching. There is something in the wind and the Journal scents it.

Gov. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, of New York, a leader in the ring of Boss Tweed & Co., does not take kindly to the "New Departure," for the reason that it might upset his Presidential aspirations.

Judge Frederick Watts, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, has accepted the position of Commissioner of Agriculture, vacated by the resignation of Col. Horace Capron.

The hogs in Fulton county, Illinois, are dying in large numbers of a new disease which resembles the congestive chill in human beings.