

Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. 1.]

MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1871.

[NO. 21.]

"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.

TERMS—\$1 50 in advance; \$2 00 at the end of the year.

Single copies—5 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient Advertisements to be paid for invariably in advance.

One Square, four insertions or less \$1 50

" " each subsequent inser. 50

" " two months : : 2 50

" " three months : : 3 50

" " six months : : 5 00

" " one year : : 9 00

Twelve lines constitute a square.

A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers.

Local or special notices fifteen cents a line.

JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and dispatch, and on liberal terms.—Materials all new and a good impression guaranteed.

Job Work—CASH ON DELIVERY.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Farewell.

TUNE: "BABY'S DAUGHTER."

Farewell to the vale, whose memory shall

ever, Embalmed in this heart as a lov'd relic

dwell; Tho' earth's brightest smiles be around me,

old never Shall affection forget thee—St. Joseph's

farewell. Like a tremulous star o'er the dark waves

commotion, In loveliness smiling thro' tempest and

gloom; Thy name shall appear o'er life's troubled

ocean Our guide to that heaven where sorrow

never come.

There's a voice in thy groves, in the bloom

of each flower, In the clustering vine on the stream's verdant

shore; And gently as falls heaven's dew on the

flower, It whispers of joys that forever are o'er.

Yes, gently, yet dear as the tone of a lyre,

O'er the bright waves at sunset, by gentle

winds borne Comes that voice o'er our souls with a tone

to inspire Thoughts of all we have loved, of all we

most prize.

As the lone captive turns o'er the white

crested pillow, To the friend of his soul, to the home he

has left; As the exile from Zion upon the dark wil-

low, Flung her mute wail in woe, and her faith

eternally true, Thus oft when afar from thy calm flowing

waters, Fair image, sweet vale of thy heart-soothing

peace, Shall we sigh for the days when with

"heaven's own thoughts" We drank life from that fountain whose

joys never cease.

Farewell at the dawn or the silence of even,

When the dew drop is glistening on the

dark hill and lea; When the day light is fled, when the stars

look from heaven, Our souls shall be filled with the memory

of thee. Oh! believe by the light of each holiest

feeling, By the friends we must leave—by the throbs

of each heart; The depths of its voiceless emotion reveal-

ing, Thy love from this bosom shall never de-

part.

Nor shall our fondly breathed vow, when

afar, be e'er broken By earth's hours of anguish, its moments of

ills; Oh! no, tho' a Scythian our farewell had

spoken, Would its truths—its affections be purer

than this. Farewell to thy daughters, tho' long be it

given. Mid earth's sorrows, like angels of mercy

to dwell; Again may we meet in the raptures of

heaven. 'Tis our heart's fondest prayer—St. Joseph's

farewell! E. S.

For the Clarion.

Auroral Hours and "J. S. G."

MR. EDITOR:—In response to the very kind and polite invitation of "J. S. G.,"

clearly implied in the CLARION of the 8th instant, on the "early rising" question, I have to say that to treat the subject as its merits deserve

would require much space; there are involved in it many wise points for scientific investigation, not only physiologically and chemically, but as the results of recent discoveries show, astronomy also should bring us light for a proper and full development of the subject. But, of course, within the columns of a newspaper, brevity must be studied; therefore, good reader, grant your kindest indulgence for this occasion.

But for the consideration due to "J. S. G.," (allowing for a few typographical errors, some of them materially important) I should be perfectly content to be judged upon the merits of my communication in the CLARION of the 24th ult.

I think my impressions were clearly given; there was no intention to take "J. S. G." to task. While to his

view the case was bright and clear in favor of the early hours, I attempted to show that the subject had "its dark as well as its bright side," and after illustrating by examples, came to the inference in conclusion, that "our own individual fancies or experience should not be made the measure or the rule by which to regulate the actions of others." My experience brought me to the conclusion that the whole matter was humbug. Of course that don't affect others, whose occasions in life require a different line of procedure; and all this I promised at the beginning of my article, when I said, "one's usefulness in life depends not so much upon the time at which a person daily enters upon the occupation to which choice or necessity calls him, as upon the manner in which he works when his work has begun." Between us, Mr. Editor, I tried it again, one morning in the early part of the week before this, and as the result, to the query of "J. S. G.," "does friend 'Tom's Creek' still persist in that early rising is a humbug?" I can reply emphatically, yes. The whole day passed in a sort of wrong-side-out fashion. Remember, now, that I arise whenever I am fully awake; this occurs pretty regularly as to time, and if well or not unduly wearied never lie down during the day, nor do I ever recline lazily, much less do I gape, stretch myself or manifest any such like symptoms of an unrefreshed body in the last night's sleep, and without boasting may add my daily engagements are rarely in any particular postponed to the morrow.

Now if anything were wanting to settle firmly my personal convictions as above given, this article of "J. S. G.," of the 8th inst., styled "Rise Early," would be a clincher.

Let us consider it as briefly as possible; but first of all, let my friend "J. S. G.," know that I do not take my rest o'er the heated surface of a feather bed. I hurl back indignantly that "soft impeachment," as such foul enervating material has borne my body in its

"Tom's Creek" can't descend in the scale of comfort below hair and straw. There now you have the whole case clearly in view.

Now to "J. S. G.'s" remarks. He commends and evidently practiced the "old dronish" advice which he thus quoted:

"Rise before the sun.

Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,

Served up by nature, on some grassy hill,

You'll find it nectar."

He might have added Dr. Hall's recommendation of a lemon with a hole cut into it, and into the hole stuff a lot of sugar, then squeeze and suck till you get all the contents out of the form, and let that and nothing more be your supper! Now secret beings could not subsist on nectar, if they could get it; it would at once remove the "mortal coil." Thus it came, therefore, that our friend having sallied forth with an unrested body, and his mind full of the poetry of the early hours, fearus-like flew high up into the regions of fancy, to which he gave full wing, until at length when he reached his climax in the words—

"Muse on the magnificence of"—his wax-cemented wings melted asunder—he came down to the earth—a convenient "interruption" made him seek earthly food, and drink, let us hope that in the latter he did not descend from the celestial to anything devilish; "Owings' Creek," you remember, had some experience of that sort at Mechanicstown.

I conclude, as the result of my experience and observation, that necessity in many cases requires persons to use the early hours; by this I mean that time of the morning occurring before the sun, with his grand chemical laboratory, has made the earth enjoyable; again, old age, that can't enjoy natural repose in the natural order, but does more or less the day through, most needs be around early; and lastly, those who unfortunately are addicted to that disease which manifests its overpowering influence in creating an extreme dryness of the throat, producing intolerable thirst, that can be quenched only in an unnatural manner, and this, though it may and does occur at all hours of the day, has yet its most potent influence in the early, early morning. Why, sir, I have heard of their standing awaiting the early opening of the doors!—of course 'tis their necessity to be around.

These three orders of persons, strangely uniting, are all that I can bring together, and yet their force is legion, to support the early-hour theory, however unnatural throughout.

Get up when you are thoroughly awake; do what you undertake, and with a clear conscience, and the blessedness of life will be yours.

Tom's Creek.

For the Clarion.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

"Much to do About Nothing."

It appears strange that a casual visitor to the Brass Band Festival should have given so much (unintentional) offence by not writing a full detail of that festival. One theme alone was selected—nothing more was promised; and of course had nothing to do with the surroundings, no matter how beautiful everything appeared to the eye, but left that to a more poetical and flowery writer; which, no doubt, was accomplished by the champion.

There was certainly a great want of discrimination on the part of the critic.

One little history of a cake has created all this hub-bub, and from the language of the writer you would suppose it created as much sensation in our quiet little village as the far-famed battle of the Wind Mills—where Sancho's valor displayed itself from that glorious little membrane, the tongue.

The critic must have forgotten his etiquette when speaking of the age of ladies and the gray heads of the village. Certainly those honored and respected persons gave no thought to so silly a thing; a smile might have passed their lips at the simplicity of the text; and it was really painful to see persons of good standing and cultivated taste to be put on a par with the unfair sex (I presume dorkies). Neither would it be very polite for a visitor to look behind screens to see who churned ice cream. It was sufficient to know it was superb.

I have since understood it was Miss Hallie and Miss Annie, (of the square) who acquitted themselves so nicely; and as these young ladies have already been crowned with the coronal of industry by the fat lady of our hero, anything said by this writer would be superfluous. Excuse me, sir, I really was too fast; I presume Miss Hallie was forgotten when your fertile brain was overflowing with gratitude to all the fair ones.

The world of many, your little history "which covereth a multitude of sins." This is again repeated as the literary gentleman might not have seen it through his green-eyed spectacles. I again repeat for his benefit, that all was written in good feeling, courtesy, justice and truth, and only to the two young ladies that had anything to do with the cake. No flattery was needed; everything was natural and apparent. In reply, I think the diamond-pointed pen was dipped in the ink of prejudice rather than flattery. The writer is not personally acquainted with Miss M., but her even-handed justice and lady like deportment and a word of encouragement to our young friend Kate, were the motives which induced the unfortunate episode, and did not in the least deteriorate from the merits of the fair ones, who also deserved their need of praise and thanks.

The only apology for replying to our friend Sancho (this I owe to the readers of the CLARION) is that the veracity of a frail invalid had been assailed. The cake she had the honor of drawing was really and truly sent to the invalids and poor, (as Mr. McNulty and Mr. Abraham Welty and many others will testify), and if any were missing she regrets it very much, for only invalids like herself can appreciate the kindness shown to them. A few pieces of the cake being left, she had them sent to some few friends whose kindness to her during her illness merited it. If these small pieces were subdivided into quintuple parts by those friends, she had nothing to do with the bird-eye process. Miss C. says if there is vengeance in returning gratitude and friendship, she begs leave to say she cannot see the point. Her veracity should not have been questioned, for had she not a perfect right to do what she pleased with her own? But she donated it to the poor, the invalids and aged. Had our lady of the cake suspected that the gentleman's appetite was as voracious as his far-famed patron she certainly would have sent him her share, though that was but small.

Sancho had better let the festival, its beautiful harmony and unity pass over in peace, following the example of worthy Sancho Panza, stringing proverbs for his master Don Quixotte, some of which might suit his own case quite well. Hoping you will leave the festival to quiescence, or in other words with better feelings than did the original Sancho—leave the splendid entertainment of the rich Camacho's wedding, and some day it may come to pass, if you learn to govern your tempers, the Grand Duke may reward so skillful and prolific a scribe an Island to govern, and will conclude this by writing the first stanza of Barler's Sonnet on the Famous Sancho.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

"See, Sancho Panza, view him well,

And let this verse his praises tell;

His body was but small, 'tis true,

Yet had a head as large as two."

MR. EDITOR, thankful for giving room in your valuable paper to this tirade, I will trouble you no more, for the disease of scribbling might become chronic, and should our worthy Sancho expect any more from us I refer him to the chapter on roses in the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's writings; or a trip to the wooden horse and see the wonders Sancho saw in his aerial flight.

SCARASIO BACHELOR.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Are Toads Rained Down?

MR. EDITOR:—It needs but little investigation into the nature and habits of the order *Batrachia* in the science of *Ereptology* (reptiles) to satisfy one's self of the utter fallacy of the idea that frogs and toads descend with the falling rain.

The theory mentioned in the last CLARION in the paragraph descriptive of the toads seen at Mt. St. Mary's College, will justify the presentation of the facts in reference to the productions of the genera *Rana* and *Bufo*. I will therefore briefly lay them before you substantially, as given in the work of the distinguished Naturalist, Prof. B. Jaeger.

Frogs and toads deposit their spawn in the spring of the year in the water; the former—"a clustered mass of glutinous transparent eggs, in number from 600 to 1200;" the latter, "in the form of strings three or four feet long. After several weeks have elapsed, when the proper temperature is reached, the embryos are developed in immense quantities, often to such an extent as to blacken the water with their legs."

The animals now exist as tadpoles. In about five or six weeks these last named are fully developed; they lose their gills and drop their tails; take on first their hind legs, and afterwards the fore ones. Becoming thus complete animals, they are ready to leave the water, and to seek their food on land. They are therefore, at all life tends to develop itself, or to go forward, they take to the land. Sometimes in such multitudes as to cover a space of many yards in extent. When once on the land the toads live there. They are seen mostly towards evening; they delight in "a hop," and come forth from their hiding places to enjoy that pastime in their most pleasurable manner on the occasion of a shower of rain.

The toad is a harmless animal, and is the best friend the gardener can have for the removal of the destructive insects which so greatly injure his work.

Never allow a toad to be annoyed or killed on your grounds; they learn to know your footsteps—they will come to you, look at you and seem to desire—"your will sir;" indeed they illustrate the principle that kindness brings its own reward.

There is no venom in the fluid that comes from their warts—it has never produced any bad symptoms in animals that have tasted or even swallowed it. I believe them to be the best safeguard to be found against the ravages of the potato bug.

Let the toads hop along, let the frogs sing, "jug o' rum, jug o' rum," I have done.

S. M.

Ennitsburg, July 17, 1871.

For the Clarion.

Potato Bugs.

MR. EDITOR:—We have had some hot weather, apparently, I have no doubt Capt. Hall will sigh for one of these hot days when the nights get to be about 2000 hours long down there towards the North Pole.

It must be a right thing to edit a newspaper when vegetables are plenty, and where there are plenty of railroads and picnics going on.

I think if I was that young man that wrote such a long piece about that cake, I would have secured the right of way first, and then nobody could have come on me for damages.

Mechanicstown appears to be a first-rate place for a big hotel. In the whole course of my natural life I never saw a better place for people to pass through.

There is a fair prospect for a good crop of beans in all parts of our beloved country, but I have heard it said the pumpeapple and orange crops will be a failure in Greenland and Alaska.

We are about starting an order of the Good Free Knights of Odd Red Masons in our town. One individual has expressed his determination to join them if he can get anybody to initiate him.

I think if our next Legislature is not too Conservative, I will petition them to pass a law abolishing potato bugs.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

"See, Sancho Panza, view him well,

And let this verse his praises tell;

His body was but small, 'tis true,

Yet had a head as large as two."

MR. EDITOR, thankful for giving room in your valuable paper to this tirade, I will trouble you no more, for the disease of scribbling might become chronic, and should our worthy Sancho expect any more from us I refer him to the chapter on roses in the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's writings; or a trip to the wooden horse and see the wonders Sancho saw in his aerial flight.

SCARASIO BACHELOR.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Are Toads Rained Down?

MR. EDITOR:—It needs but little investigation into the nature and habits of the order *Batrachia* in the science of *Ereptology* (reptiles) to satisfy one's self of the utter fallacy of the idea that frogs and toads descend with the falling rain.

The theory mentioned in the last CLARION in the paragraph descriptive of the toads seen at Mt. St. Mary's College, will justify the presentation of the facts in reference to the productions of the genera *Rana* and *Bufo*. I will therefore briefly lay them before you substantially, as given in the work of the distinguished Naturalist, Prof. B. Jaeger.

Frogs and toads deposit their spawn in the spring of the year in the water; the former—"a clustered mass of glutinous transparent eggs, in number from 600 to 1200;" the latter, "in the form of strings three or four feet long. After several weeks have elapsed, when the proper temperature is reached, the embryos are developed in immense quantities, often to such an extent as to blacken the water with their legs."

The animals now exist as tadpoles. In about five or six weeks these last named are fully developed; they lose their gills and drop their tails; take on first their hind legs, and afterwards the fore ones. Becoming thus complete animals, they are ready to leave the water, and to seek their food on land. They are therefore, at all life tends to develop itself, or to go forward, they take to the land. Sometimes in such multitudes as to cover a space of many yards in extent. When once on the land the toads live there. They are seen mostly towards evening; they delight in "a hop," and come forth from their hiding places to enjoy that pastime in their most pleasurable manner on the occasion of a shower of rain.

The toad is a harmless animal, and is the best friend the gardener can have for the removal of the destructive insects which so greatly injure his work.

Never allow a toad to be annoyed or killed on your grounds; they learn to know your footsteps—they will come to you, look at you and seem to desire—"your will sir;" indeed they illustrate the principle that kindness brings its own reward.

There is no venom in the fluid that comes from their warts—it has never produced any bad symptoms in animals that have tasted or even swallowed it. I believe them to be the best safeguard to be found against the ravages of the potato bug.

Let the toads hop along, let the frogs sing, "jug o' rum, jug o' rum," I have done.

S. M.

Ennitsburg, July 17, 1871.

For the Clarion.

Potato Bugs.

MR. EDITOR:—We have had some hot weather, apparently, I have no doubt Capt. Hall will sigh for one of these hot days when the nights get to be about 2000 hours long down there towards the North Pole.

It must be a right thing to edit a newspaper when vegetables are plenty, and where there are plenty of railroads and picnics going on.

I think if I was that young man that wrote such a long piece about that cake, I would have secured the right of way first, and then nobody could have come on me for damages.

Mechanicstown appears to be a first-rate place for a big hotel. In the whole course of my natural life I never saw a better place for people to pass through.

There is a fair prospect for a good crop of beans in all parts of our beloved country, but I have heard it said the pumpeapple and orange crops will be a failure in Greenland and Alaska.

We are about starting an order of the Good Free Knights of Odd Red Masons in our town. One individual has expressed his determination to join them if he can get anybody to initiate him.

I think if our next Legislature is not too Conservative, I will petition them to pass a law abolishing potato bugs.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

"See, Sancho Panza, view him well,

And let this verse his praises tell;

His body was but small, 'tis true,

Yet had a head as large as two."

MR. EDITOR, thankful for giving room in your valuable paper to this tirade, I will trouble you no more, for the disease of scribbling might become chronic, and should our worthy Sancho expect any more from us I refer him to the chapter on roses in the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's writings; or a trip to the wooden horse and see the wonders Sancho saw in his aerial flight.

SCARASIO BACHELOR.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

Are Toads Rained Down?

MR. EDITOR:—It needs but little investigation into the nature and habits of the order *Batrachia* in the science of *Ereptology* (reptiles) to satisfy one's self of the utter fallacy of the idea that frogs and toads descend with the falling rain.

The theory mentioned in the last CLARION in the paragraph descriptive of the toads seen at Mt. St. Mary's College, will justify the presentation of the facts in reference to the productions of the genera *Rana* and *Bufo*. I will therefore briefly lay them before you substantially, as given in the work of the distinguished Naturalist, Prof. B. Jaeger.

Frogs and toads deposit their spawn in the spring of the year in the water; the former—"a clustered mass of glutinous transparent eggs, in number from 600 to 1200;" the latter, "in the form of strings three or four feet long. After several weeks have elapsed, when the proper temperature is reached, the embryos are developed in immense quantities, often to such an extent as to blacken the water with their legs."

The animals now exist as tadpoles. In about five or six weeks these last named are fully developed; they lose their gills and drop their tails; take on first their hind legs, and afterwards the fore ones. Becoming thus complete animals, they are ready to leave the water, and to seek their food on land. They are therefore, at all life tends to develop itself, or to go forward, they take to the land. Sometimes in such multitudes as to cover a space of many yards in extent. When once on the land the toads live there. They are seen mostly towards evening; they delight in "a hop," and come forth from their hiding places to enjoy that pastime in their most pleasurable manner on the occasion of a shower of rain.

The toad is a harmless animal, and is the best friend the gardener can have for the removal of the destructive insects which so greatly injure his work.

Never allow a toad to be annoyed or killed on your grounds; they learn to know your footsteps—they will come to you, look at you and seem to desire—"your will sir;" indeed they illustrate the principle that kindness brings its own reward.

There is no venom in the fluid that comes from their warts—it has never produced any bad symptoms in animals that have tasted or even swallowed it. I believe them to be the best safeguard to be found against the ravages of the potato bug.

Let the toads hop along, let the frogs sing, "jug o' rum, jug o' rum," I have done.

S. M.

Ennitsburg, July 17, 1871.

For the Clarion.

Potato Bugs.

MR. EDITOR:—We have had some hot weather, apparently, I have no doubt Capt. Hall will sigh for one of these hot days when the nights get to be about 2000 hours long down there towards the North Pole.

It must be a right thing to edit a newspaper when vegetables are plenty, and where there are plenty of railroads and picnics going on.

I think if I was that young man that wrote such a long piece about that cake, I would have secured the right of way first, and then nobody could have come on me for damages.

Mechanicstown appears to be a first-rate place for a big hotel. In the whole course of my natural life I never saw a better place for people to pass through.

There is a fair prospect for a good crop of beans in all parts of our beloved country, but I have heard it said the pumpeapple and orange crops will be a failure in Greenland and Alaska.

We are about starting an order of the Good Free Knights of Odd Red Masons in our town. One individual has expressed his determination to join them if he can get anybody to initiate him.

I think if our next Legislature is not too Conservative, I will petition them to pass a law abolishing potato bugs.

For the Catoctin Clarion.

"See, Sancho Panza, view him well,

And let this verse his praises tell;

His body was but small, 'tis true,

Yet had a head as large as two."

MR. EDITOR, thankful for giving room in your valuable paper to this tirade, I will trouble you no more, for the disease of scribbling might become chronic, and should our worthy Sancho expect any more from us I refer him to the chapter on roses in the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's writings; or a trip to the wooden horse and see the wonders Sancho saw in his aerial flight.

SCARASIO BACHELOR.