

Catoctin

Clarion.

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[NO. 37

"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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THE INDIAN SUMMER.

BY MRS. JERVISINGHAM.

She appears on earth like an Eastern Queen.

With star-embell'd dusky hair,

As pure and calm as the silver moon

That floats in ethereal air.

Her rosy lips trail o'er the plain,

Wet with the dew-drops bright;

Her light bound scarcely touching the ground

As she takes her aerial flight.

She smiles, and Nature blushes with joy;

She sings, and the zephyrs sigh;

The falling flowers uplift their heads

To bless her ere they die.

She hath chained the frost in his icy cave,

And the wild winds fasten'd down;

Our dusky Empress' reign is short,

Yet she tears no tyrant's frown.

Now over the lan'scape silence falls,

And over the waters clear,

The quiet and soles the summer's end

With her reign will disappear.

Her dirge will be sung by the evening star,

Her funeral pall the snow;

And the clang of the waves shall ring o'er

Her grave.

As the waters ebb and flow,

The Spring and Summer flowers are dead,

And the Autumn's golden store

Has been gathered from orchard, field,

And world.

And her busy days are o'er.

And when Winter old, with his coat of mail,

Shall have bound the gentle stream,

The Indian Summer's golden days

Will appear like a fairy dream.

Baltimore, 1871.

A RETROSPECT.

BY MRS. NELLIE EYSTER.

'Yes, Monday's Holler Adam, and

Tuesday's Holler Eve. Which'll you

be for?'

'Holler Eve, for that's the most fun,

The first night is only corn, you know,

but the second is corn and cabbage,

saying which as they passed the gate,

the little conspirators were lost to

sight in the murky gloaming, and I

was awakened to the consciousness

that truly Holler Eve was almost

here.

'Holler Eve, corn and cabbage!'

Gracious! What a desecration of ro-

mance. My young vandals! the ju-

venile Elkins, whose sacrilegious feet

had invaded the beautiful France of

my girlhood's ideas, and pricked the

bubbles of pleasant memories with

the Dutch needle gun of their ro-

gistering fun; for, on a certain page in

the opening chapters of my budding

womanhood, the corner is turned

down for a remembrance, and a laugh,

cheery as the rustle of October leaves,

flits from my heart to my lips as I

recall the one Holler Eve of girlish

earnestness and blighted hopes away

down in old Maryland.

With what in-euse—that was the

honest adjective—eagerness, Jessie

and I had waited for supper to be

over, the chickens to go to roost, the

stars to shine, or any other events

which would usher in the 'early can-

dle light' of that November evening

sacred to love and mystery.

We each, village girls, had plenty

of village beaux, who never told

their love, and now, thanks to the

patron saint, had we but the courage

to apply the tests between 8 o'clock

and midnight, we would rob the fu-

ture of its secrets and know into what

masculine hand the rein which was

to guide our earthly destinies as wives

would be placed.

Jessie was a glorious creature, if

she was as full of caprices as a March

hare, and as hard as a cat, to catch in

the fair game of 'win and wear'; but

of all the boys who aspired to her favor,

none was so ardent and persistent as

Nelson Glenn, the young grocer, and,

strange inconsistency, no one by her

so lightly esteemed.

'I have a soul above fresh mackerel and brown sugar,' she had once said to me, with a saucy curl of her red lip, and a fellow who is ever the same to you, whether you frown or smile, is too tame for my fancy.'

'But he is real manly looking, Jess.'

'Yes.'

'And remarkably steady and reliable, Uncle Zack says.'

'I cannot bear steady young men; they're awful prosy; no Mr. Glenn is too goodish, and I wouldn't marry him for a pint of pearls.'

'Did he ever ask you, Jess?'

Her answer was a significant slung of her graceful shoulders, and a swift glance of her great gray eyes, which I was at liberty to interpret just as I chose; nevertheless, six weeks prior to that Holler-Eve, Nelson Glenn had passed and repassed us with only a simple bow, and to my certain knowledge, was as politely curt and indifferent in his treatment of Jessie as to the voracious stranger who happened to stand a minute at his counter. For the last five days he had been 'over the mountain,' and Elton Taylor had said, at our choir practice the night previous, 'it will be a poor bass on Sunday without Nelson Glenn. He will not be home for a week yet,' and that was Friday. Saturday following and Holler-Eve came together, and, giving my mother a kiss, I ran down the one long street to Jessie's house, where I was to spend the night. It stood quite apart from the neighbors, surrounded by a white-painted fence, and almost hidden from view in a solid square of Lombardy poplars, which shivered and moaned and wailed in the first November wind, like so many howling devils.

'Which shall we try first?' I said, as sitting in the broad window-sill of her own room, we seriously laid our plans.

'Suppose you do the ball of twine and I the looking-glass; but Aunt Mattie says we'll have to take separate rooms, or the charn won't work.'

'Then what next, for I do not quite understand?'

'Mine is the hardest. I am to go into the room, turn around three times ere I close the door, walk backward to the mirror, face it, cut an apple, which I am to hold in one hand, and comb out my hair with the other, all the time looking steadily in the glass; and I will see the spirit of the man I am to marry looking over my right shoulder—you are simply to sit at the open window in the dark room, throw out one end of your ball of twine, and say slowly three times, 'As I unwind my lover winds!'

'Oh, Jess! will you?'

'Of course, it's his true Aunt Mattie says so,' and Aunt Mattie, of much length of days and brimful of sentimentality, was our oracle. The tall old clock in the dining-room struck 10, and the house settled into a night quiet, as with my candle in her hand, and a face as solemn looking as Edgar Poe's Raven, Jessie left me in her room, and proceeded to one at the other end of the hall, where the mirror could reflect her pretty figure from top to toe. Without being a belle like Jessie, I, too, had dreamed dreams, and from out the one nearest my heart at that moment, Elton Taylor's brown eyes looked into mine the most lovingly—not without some reason, too, for had he not, as a proof of his confidence in me, told his employer's cost mark was *Jacobus Rex*, (Elton was a dry goods clerk), and had written a poem, without any quotation marks, in my album, beginning:

Oh thou! with soft blue eyes and sunny hair,

Thou hast the name the Holy Virgin bore!

'Tis true my name was Priscilla, and my eyes and hair the color of a ripe blackberry, but he meant something pure and exalted and I was not a heartless critic. So, standing at the opened window, and throwing out three or four yards of the white cord, I began to slowly unwind, beginning the incantation so low I could not hear my own voice. I faced the east, and the moon, in her third quarter, was just silencing the tree-tops.—Round after round paid out through my trembling fingers, but there was no response. More than half my ball was gone, and I was at the end of my second repetition. Pshaw! It was all a humbug—but just then the cord tightened. Tangled in something, I thought, 'Mercy! no! it jerked perceptibly. Something was at the other end! Never did telegraph fly more rapidly than the electric thrill which almost poised my arm, as it flew along the linen thread. Another strong jerk! My heart stood still.—'As I cut—no use, my lips were rigid with fear; but see him! I must, were he twenty times a ghost. I leaped out, holding fast to the tightening string—when, looking up at me, I saw

two rings of fire, and, as the ball fell from nerveless grasp, Tip, Jessie's old tom cat, sped across the lawn as fast as his tangled fore-paws would admit. That horrid cat! But where was Eben? and how was Jessie faring? I crept on tiptoe across the matted hall. Her door was widely ajar, and I entered. Jessie was a lovely picture, as she stood there, with her unbound hair rippling in gold-hued strands below her waist, and her eyes staring upon the senseless mirror with an intensity which should have quickened all the mercury in its frame. No body else was near. Why should I not be the angel over the right shoulder? So peep I did, directly through the yellow tresses, and my reward was a cool start and stifled scream, such as no queen of tragedy ever excelled.

'Oh, Silly,' (that was my pet name,) 'how could you?' exclaimed Jessie, when her pulse beat slower.

'—Be so silly as satisfied to live an old maid, and fiddle cuts through half a century. Not I!'

Then I related my wretched experience, and she confessed to having, early in that evening, cut from out a newspaper all the letters of the alphabet, in capitals, put them in a basin of *rosa* water, loosed downwards, had the basin under the bedstead, an hour afterward, having spoken to one, in the interval, walked backwards to it, touched her forehead three times, to the earth, then looked in the basin with the expectation of finding that the initials of her future lord had 'turned up,' and, don't you think, Silly, all I saw was X, Y, Z. Now just fancy me loving a man named Xerxes.'

'When a greater hero, named Nelson, was at hand,' I added slyly.

'Pshaw! That game was over long ago,' and if as she spoke the carmine of her cheeks grew a shade deeper, it was because she raised her arms, to twist her heavy hair into a conical. So far, we were disappointed; but fate hunters; but one avenue into the hidden future was yet open to our limited knowledge of mysticism, and that was so full of nameless horrors.—Aunt Mattie said, that the coolest nerves had quailed in the trial.—There was a tradition of a spiritual lover having gone through the face of cutting his own throat on one such occasion, and the poor girl who was 'trying her luck,' having been afterwards murdered by her husband.—'Nevertheless,' said the brave Jessie, 'having gone this far, let us get 'the cold supper,' and see what is to be, even if it never comes to happen.'

It was now half past eleven, another half hour and the fate book would be sealed to us for another long year. There was no time to lose, so slipping along in shades feet, as to awaken no one, we reached the long narrow dining-room, now cold and dark. Reassuring each other by a forced pressure of the hand (for we dared not speak after once having entered), we proceeded to spread the table and lay plates, knives and forks for four. A low sheet of thinly-cut bread, some salt, and a tumbler of fresh water at each cover, completed the necessary preparations, then, having opened the front door, we were to sit at the table in perfect silence, a vacant chair beside us, and as the clock struck twelve, the spirit husband would glide in, take each his appointed chair, make believe to eat bread and salt, then mysteriously vanish into thin air until the appointed time for them to re-appear in the flesh.

Oh ye goddess of Common Sense!

I would not again go through such an ordeal for as many suitors as the renowned Penelope. It is a wonder our hair did not bleach whiter with fear, than by any known chemical process, and our faces grow aged in the swing of a pendulum; for we had scarcely sat down and 'settled,' ere the wind, which had been toying with its strength all forenoon, began to blow almost a hurricane. The windows rattled in the loose casements, one opened shutter banged against the wall, like a blow from a sledge hammer, and—the candle went out. The moonlight streamed into the room, with generous radiance, but Jessie's face was gray as ashes. Suddenly the old clock whirred, then struck.—A ringing, firm step was heard at the front door, three strides, and a man's form darkened the door-way, and then sat for one instant in the chair alongside Jessie. Only an instant, however, for the next ten minutes were a chaos of 'confusion worse confounded.' Jessie fell back in her chair in a dead faint. I saw the man stoop and hurriedly kissed her, then as hurriedly left, closing the front door after him with a power of touch wonderfully matter-of-fact in a wraith. The apparition was that of Nelson Glenn.

I would have sworn it in all the courts of Christendom, but when Sunday came, and our leader's old sounding fork gave us the key note of 'Geneva,' we sensibly missed the deep, organ tones of Nelson Glenn, which always upheld so boldly our reckless sopranos. Eben was there, the faithless Eben, who had not thought proper to defy fate, even though *my* hand was to be the gerdon of his efforts, but Jessie staid home all day with—that blessed convalescence—a woman's headache.—Week passed—Nelson returned, but unable to essay to regain the favor once rejected. Jessie was perceptibly changing; more thoughtful, less *piquant* and saucy.

'You surely do not believe in that 'cold supper' affair, Jess,' I said, one day, 'for see, Mr. Glenn never comes near you; I always thought him fickle.'

'Fickle! He's as true as steel—but then he is no fool.'

'Umph! Tardy justice! I thought, but queer things are always happening, even in our little world.'

And so it happened that one Holler-Eve, two years afterward, Jess, then in the first honeymoon of married life, which has long since proved singularly happy, Nelson, the 'steady' husband, and I, still *silly* enough to wait for my heart's true mate, sat in their little parlor over the grocery store.

'The loving saints bless all anxious hearts to-night,' I piously ejaculated.

'As they so faithfully bless mine for girls,' said Mr. Glenn, with his eyes aglow with laughter, but for the accident which compelled my return so unexpectedly that night, and hurried me off again before the sun was up, I would never have found my own.'

'And was it you, *really*, Nelson?' asked Jessie.

'If love defies bolts and bars, you wouldn't expect it, would you?—It was a desperate hazard, but I was a desperate man, and so because God meant you to be mine, I used the means, and now let's hallow 'the eve' for the days of 'old lang syne' my dears.'

And this little fragment of memory's mosaic glows like a star in the associations with Holler-Eve; so no wonder I turned from its corn and cabbage, fractured window-panes, and jingling door bells for a sigh for the innocent romances of girlhood.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.—Pay no attention to slanderers or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like forked lightning? What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over a gossip that has been set about to your disadvantage, by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character? These things can't possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them give them character and standing. We are generally always the losers in the end, if we relate all backbitings and gossips; we may be hurt by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind, that 'calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.'

FAULT-FINDERS.—What a gift some people have of finding fault!—Praise anything, no matter what, and they will always confront with a 'but.' It really seems to hurt them when you take pleasure in admiring anything, and they hasten to take you down a peg. Sometimes they do this because they think such a course argues an experience and observation wider and more fastidious than yours; but more often it is just a petulant habit, springing from envy or jealousy, for which the offender richly deserves to have his nose pulled, as a preventive to his 'turning it up' in the future.

The reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat, is, that not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

Live Men at the Front.

Already the new management of the Western Maryland Railroad is making itself felt. The era of words, reports, and committees having passed, shovels and picks have come to the front. On Tuesday last the contractor, Mr. McGucken, made his appearance in our town in search of *men and material* with which to make an actual commencement on this end of the line. This was cheering. It looked like business. On Wednesday accompanied by Mr. Harris and Chief Engineer Osborne with his staff of assistants, he was again in town, and at once set about procuring mechanics to put up the necessary buildings for the accommodation of hands. He expressed a desire to procure all the labor here that could be had, and as there are numbers of persons anxious for employment this is an opportunity for them.

We feel like as if the lethargy of years was about to be shaken off of old Williamsport. With the first shovelful of dirt we shall hail the dawn of a business era never before witnessed in our town, and before another issue of the Pilot we are confident ground will be broken in earnest.

Since writing the above we learn that ground will be broken on Tuesday next. We have not the time to give expression to our feelings this week. The news that this road for which we have struggled so hard, and against so many obstacles, is at last actually undergoing the process of construction, fills the hearts of our people with rejoicing and we can now look to the future with some degree of hope.

It has been suggested that the act of breaking ground be observed with some degree of ceremony by our people. To this we heartily concur, without offering any suggestions whatever as to detail.

Williamson and Child.

An exchange says: 'The devil has got a pretty firm grip on the seat of a man's trousers, who will take his local newspaper for one, two or more years, and then refuse to pay for it.'

Rev. Septimus Tustin, D.D., died in Washington on Monday morning. He was very prominent in the Presbyterian Church, in 1840 he was Chaplain of the House of Representatives and had filled various charges in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

General Robert Anderson, the gallant soldier who was most closely connected with the early scenes of our recent war by his defence of Fort Sumter on the 11th and 12th of April, 1861, died on Thursday at Nice, France. After the surrender of Fort Sumter he took very little part in the contest, remaining only for a short time in command in Kentucky. For several years past he has been in Europe.

Emigration from England to the United States is increasing rapidly. During the last three months for which an official report was made the departures from Liverpool were five thousand in excess of the preceding quarter.

'Mother, send for the doctor.'

'Why, my son?'

'Case that man in the parlor is going to die—he said he would, if sister Jane would not marry him—and Jane said she wouldn't.'

The largest rope in the world was lately made in Birmingham, England. It is about six miles long, and weighs over sixty tons.

The plan of mowing strawberry leaves, after fruiting, is coming into notice. One who has tried it says that he has practiced it uniformly for eight years, and has never been obliged to re-set his plants, or renew his bed.

Mr. Mori, the Japanese Minister at Washington, thinks there is no danger to the peace of his country from the abolition of its feudal system.

John Q. Cannon, the Mormon leader, says if convictions continue the Mormons will burn all they have and make another exodus, as they did from Illinois.

NOT PLEASANT.—Warsaw must be rather a disagreeable place for newspaper writers. Recently its chief of police became exasperated at an item in the *Gazette*, of that city and ordered that the reporter who had written the article be flogged and then imprisoned for a week, on bread and water.

A man whose wife hanged herself in his presence, on being asked why he did not prevent the tragedy, replied, 'I cut her down three times last week, and I am always cutting her down.'

He that by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.

LITTLE JENNIE.

Little Jennie, little Jennie,
With golden tresses shining bright,
Patters in with joyous prattle,
Turning darkness into light.

Into mamma's arms she creeps,
While, with winning baby grace,
She lavishes her soft caresses,
Upon her loving mamma's face.

Then on papa's knee she clambers,
Chasing all the clouds away,
That have gathered o'er his forehead,
Through the busy, bustling day.

Bless we, God, for little Jennie,
For our darling blue-eyed girl,
She's the sunshine of our household,
More precious far than any pearl.

LILLY DAYTON.

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 arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and 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

A man courting a young woman was interrogated as to his occupation. 'I am a paper hanger on a large scale,' he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill sticker.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. 'I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man,' was the answer.

What air does the young mouse sing to the old mouse when biting his way through the scenery at the opera? Hear me gnaw na. (Norway.)

—Why may a man standing lard be said to be in a thriving condition? Because he is getting fat.

Does the dentist kiss you when he pulls your teeth, pa? 'No, my son, why?'

'Oh, nothing; only he kissed me and she said it took all the ache away, and I guess it did, for she laughed all the way home.'

A compassionate Boston lady, seeing a vegetable huckster beating his horse cruelly, cried out, 'have you no mercy?' To which the astonished man replied: 'No, ma'am; I've nothing left but greens and cucumbers.'

'I'm glad,' said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, 'that you do not drink whisky, but it grieves me to find that your people use much of it.' 'Ah, yes,' replied the chief—'and he fixed his eye impressively on the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it.' 'we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it.'

The Chicago TIMES congratulates itself that the great disaster which befel that city was not wholly unattended with blessing. It says that among the benefits 'was that our people were saved the infliction of Victoria Woodhull Claffin, who was announced to lecture about these times.'

The Doylestown Democrat reports a party of four gunners who started up a rabbit, and when within a range of little less than thirty yards, the quartette fired eight shots from their double-barrel guns—and the rabbit was as well as ever.

A Guild of Ladies is proposed to be formed in England under the leadership of Miss Harrison, of Swamange, Dorsetshire, to promote modesty of dress, to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian women. 'This is a great reformation to enter upon, but it will be as difficult a task as that of Luther to accomplish its objects.'

The diversity of condition in the human race and the various relations in social life may be attributed to a divine purpose for a special end.