Catoctin Clarion.

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"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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WITH WALKER OF NICARAGUA.

[From the Poems of Joaquin Miller, the new California poet.]

WALKER.

"He was a brick and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tigress in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss;
And true of soul as the North Pole star,
Of country, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play;
In campaign I count the same always,
And never moved at anything;
A cloud of sadness in his eye,
Born, may be, of his over care,
And, may be, born of despair,
I pray here—I never know;
I question not as many do,
Of things as sacred as this is;
Long know that he is one
Was all a father, mood could be;
I sought to know no more than this,
Or history of life and kiss."

HIS DEATH.

Speak ill who will of him, who died
Dead disgrace say of the dead
His heart was clean, his hands were red.
Say this and he satisfied;
Count over it all unheated;
I only say that he to me,
Whatever he to others was,
Was true to me as any one
You I have known beneath the sun.
Man, maid, or child, or Sadness,
As boy or man from my cradle—
I simply say he was my friend
When strong of hand in race of fame;
Dead and disgraced, I stand the same
To him, and so shall to the end.

HIS GRAVE.

He lies low in the leveled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now, of all he knew, not one
Will speak him far in that far land.
Perhaps 'twas this that made him seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A sting with the hopeless weak.

A palm not far left out a hand;
Hard by a long bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Beneath a broad banana leaf,
Perched on its fruit that crooked hung,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low, sad song of temper'd grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross or stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen,
It stood in hot red sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with filled spear;
One bloom of crimson crown'd its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipp'd and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand song of the solemn sea.
Oh shell, sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee.

I said some things, with folded hands,
Soft whisper'd in the dim, sea sound,
And eyes held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees knit in the warm sands,
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more!

SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor being released from a troublesome world and scolding wife appeared at the gate of Paradise.—Peter asked him if he had ever been to purgatory.

No, said the tailor but I have been married.

Oh, said Peter, that's all the same.

The tailor had scarcely got in before a fat turtle eating alderman came along puffing and blowing.

Hallo! you fellow, said he, open that gate.

Not so fast, said Peter, have you even been to purgatory.

No said the alderman, but what's that to the purpose? You let in that half-starved tailor, and he has been no more to purgatory than myself?

But he has been married, said Peter.

Married exclaimed the alderman, why I have been married twice.

Then go back again, said Peter, Paradise is not the place for fools.

The Wife of Washington in her Work-room.

BY JAMES PARTON.

There are fine ladies, it is said, at present, who disdain the homely, honorable duties of house-keeping, thinking it beneath them to attend to the comfort, happiness and dignity of their families. If any such there are, I should like to invite them to look into the work-room of Mrs. Washington, at Mount Vernon, the apartment in which the first lady in Virginia, in Virginia's palmy days, used to spend her mornings at work, surrounded by busy servants. Every great house in Virginia had such a room in old times, and ladies plumed themselves upon excelling in the household arts practiced therein. This particular work-room at Mount Vernon is described in old letters of the period, copied and given to the world some years ago, by the late Bishop Meade, of Virginia.

It was a plain, good sized apartment, arranged and furnished with a view to facilitating work. At one end, there was a large table for cutting out clothes upon. At that time, every garment worn by the slaves had to be cut out and sewed, either by the ladies of the mansion house, or under their superintendence. The greater part of General Washington's slaves worked on plantations several miles distant from his home, and were provided for by their several overseers; but there were a great number of household servants at Mount Vernon, besides grooms, gardeners, boatmen, and others, for whom the lady of the house had to think and provide. At that broad table, at a [illegible] sewing-looking negro woman, [illegible] years, with a pair of shears in her hand, cutting, cutting, cutting, almost all day and every day, the countless trowsers, jackets and shirts, needed by [illegible] of perhaps a hundred people. Everything worn by the General, except their best suits, which were made in London, were made in that room, and under the eye of the lady of the house.

At the numerous fabrics, thus were cut under, on one side of the room, sat a young colored woman presiding over another, her mother and [illegible] elsewhere, a woman doing [illegible] fine ironing, here a woman winding, there a little colored girl [illegible] according to new. In the midst of all this industry, sat Mrs. Washington, ready to solve difficulties as they arose, and prompt to set right any operation that might be going wrong. She was always knitting. From morning till dinner time—which was two o'clock—her knitting was seldom out of her hands. In this work-room, she usually received the ladies of her acquaintance when they call[illegible] visiting, but she never laid aside her knitting. The click of her needles was heard in the pauses of conversation.

Her friends were surprised to see her, after her eight years' residence at the seat of government, instantly resume her former way of life. They found her as of old, in her work-room, with her servants about her, knitting and giving directions. One lady, who visited her after the General's retirement from the presidency, gives an instance of her prudent generosity.

'She points out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and presents me with a pair *half done, which she begs I will finish and wear for her sake.*'

Thus she contrived in one and the same act, to make a present and give a lesson in practical industry. She was, indeed, a signal example of that virtue, at a time when ladies of wealth and importance could scarcely avoid practicing it. She used to speak of the time spent in levees and other ceremonial duties, as 'my lost days.'

The chief labor of the mistress of a house then was in training servants. Mrs. Washington, like the other Virginia ladies, had an eye upon the families of her slaves—and most of them had very large families—and when she noticed a little girl that seemed bright and apt to learn, she would have her come to the work-room, where she would be taught to sew, and afterwards, other home arts. In this way, the house was kept supplied with good cooks, chamber-maids, seamstresses and nurses. Promising girls were regularly brought up, or, as we may say, apprenticed to the household trade which they were to spend their lives in exercising.

This training of servants was formerly supposed to be part of the duty of all mistresses of great houses, whether the servants were white or black, bond or free. Ladies did not then regard a house with all its grand complicated business and apparatus, as a great clock, which, being wound up after breakfast, would run twenty-four hours without further attention. Having themselves actually performed all the operations of house-keeping, and having acquired skill in their performance, they knew that a good servant is not born, but made; and they were willing to take a world of trouble in forming a servant, in order that by and by they might enjoy the ease and pleasure derived from skillful service. I must confess that sometimes, when I have heard ladies complaining of the awkwardness of girls who, until recently, had never seen a household implement more complicated than a poker or iron pot, the thought has occurred to me that possibly, if they would take some trouble to teach such girls their duty, they would observe a gradual improvement.

There is a tradition in Virginia that Mrs. Washington, with all her good qualities, was a little tart in her temper, and favored the General, occasionally, with nocturnal discourse, too much in the style of Mrs. Caudle. The story rests upon the slightest foundation, and it is safe to disregard it. *Great* housekeepers, however, are not usually noted, for amiability of disposition and ladies whose husbands are very famous, are to be over-run with company, which is not conducive to domestic peace, nor does it tend to curb the license of a woman's tongue to remember that, at her marriage, she brought her husband a vast increase, both of his estate, and of his importance in the social system.

How far George Washington was, in his youth, from anticipating the splendid career that awaited him!—He was by no means so favored in fortune and family, as his biographers would have us believe. Every reader, I suppose, remembers the fable which even Mr. Irving repeats, of the youthful Washington getting a midshipman's commission and going to sea, against his mother's tears.—There lay the British armed war at anchor in the river. The boat was on the shore, the lad's trunk was packed, and, I think his uniform was on. But, at the last moment, the tender youth, overcome by his mother's tears, declined to go. Such is the romance. The truth was this:

His mother left a widow, was anxious for the future of her boy, fourteen years of age, whose only inheritance was a farm and tract of land on the Rappahannock of no great value or promise. She was advised to send the lad to sea, *before the mast*, in one of the tobacco ships that so often ascended the broad rivers of Virginia. She was for a while disposed to favor the scheme. But her brother, Joseph Ballaland, a London lawyer, in large practice, remonstrated against her sacrificing her son in that way, and advised her to bring him up a planter.

'I understand,' he wrote, 'that you are advised, and have since thought of putting your son George to sea.—I think he had better be put apprentice to a tinker, for a common sailor before the mast has by no means the common liberty of the subject, for they will press him from a ship where he has fifty shillings a month, and make him take twenty-three, and eat and clash, and use him like a dog.—And as to any considerable preferment in the navy, it is not to be expected, as there are always so many gaping for it here, who have interest; *and he has none.*'

He proceeds to tell her that a Virginia planter, with three or four hundred acres of land, and three or four slaves, has a great deal better chance of winning a comfortable and independent position, than even the captain of a merchant ship—and it was far from easy to get to be captain.—'George,' he concluded, 'must not be in too great haste to be rich, nor aim at being a fine gentleman before his time,' but 'go on gently and with patience.' The mother accepted this view of the situation, and the boy was not cut and slashed on board ship.—He learned, as we all know, the business of a surveyor, and practiced that vocation until the death of his brother gave him a competent estate.

He was Colonel commanding the Virginia troops, twenty-seven years of age, and shining with the lustre of the fame recently won on Braddock's field, when first the rich young widow Custis cast upon him admiring eyes. He was riding, booted and spurred, in hot haste, from headquarters to the capital of the province, where he was to confer with the Governor concerning the defence of the frontiers.—Within a few miles of his destination, he was pressed by a friend to stay to dinner. With extreme reluctance he consented, intending to mount the moment the meal was over. At the table he met the widow, and was captivated. The horses were pawing at the door, but the young Colonel came not forth. The afternoon flew by, yet he came not. Evening drew on, the horses were taken back to the stable; Colonel Washington made up his mind to stop all night. It was not till the next morning that he rode away.

Within a year they were married at the 'White House,' which was her home, and they took up their abode at Mount Vernon soon after. Her first husband had left a vast estate in wilds, and forty-five thousand pounds in money, one third of which was hers, and now became the joint property of Colonel Washington and herself. By their marriage, he became one of the richest men in Virginia.—She gained an excellent husband, and her three children a wise and careful father.

If any lady in Virginia could claim exemption from the cares and labors of a household, on account of her wealth and social standing, it was Mrs. Washington. She had been an heiress and a beauty. For generations her ancestors had been persons of wealth and high consideration.—Her first husband possessed a great fortune and her second was the most illustrious personage of his time.—But she deemed it a privilege always to attend to the details of housekeeping, and regarded the days when she was obliged to shine in the drawing-room, as 'lost.'—*Hurd's Magazine.*

The Difference between a Violin and a Fiddle.

Half a century ago, or less, the somewhat facetious Dr. Pond dwelt in the quiet and out of the way village of A——, in the state of steady habits. The Doctor's ideas were liberal—much more so than many of his congregation; nevertheless, he kept on the even tenor of his way, and disregarded the prejudices of some of his people. He had a son named Enoch, who at an early age manifested a remarkable talent for music, which the father cherished and cultivated with care. In the same village resided an antiquated maiden, lady, who, having no cares of her own to occupy her time and attention, magnanimously devoted herself to those of her neighbors. One morning she called at the Doctor's and requested to see him.—When he entered the room where she was seated, he perceived at a glance that something was amiss, and before he had time to extend her the usual 'How d'ye do?' she added:

'I think, Dr. Pond, that a man of your age and profession might have had something better to do, when you were in New London last week, then to buy Enoch a fiddle, all the people are ashamed that our minister should buy his son a fiddle! O, dear what is the world coming to, when ministers will do such things?'

'Who told you I had a fiddle?' inquired the doctor.

'Who told me? why every body says so, and some people have heard him play on it as they passed the door. But ain't it true, doctor?'

'I bought Enoch a violin when I went to New London.'

'A violin? what's that?'

'Did you never see one?'

'Never.'

'Enoch!' said the doctor, stepping to the door 'bring your violin here.'

Enoch obeyed the command, but no sooner had he entered with his instrument than the old lady exclaimed:

'La! now; there; why, it is a fiddle!'

'Do not judge rashly,' said the doctor, giving his son a wink, 'wait till you hear it.'

Taking the hint, Enoch played Old Hundred. The lady was completely mistified; it looked like a fiddle, but then who had ever heard Old Hundred played on a fiddle? It could not be. So, rising to depart, she exclaimed, 'I am glad I came in to satisfy myself. La me! just to think how people will lie!'

A FAMILY REMARKABLE FOR TWINS.—Near Jamestown, Russel county, Kentucky, there lives one of the most remarkable of families.—Mr. James Jeffries, lately attending the United States court in Louisville, as a juror, tells the story. He says that he was married before he was seventeen years old, his wife being only five days younger than himself. They lived together seven years without children, when his wife gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl. In the fifteen years which followed nineteen children were born to the happy couple, each of the first three births being twins and each subsequent birth alternating between twins and single births until fifteen years were accomplished and nineteen children composed the family circle, seven pairs of twins being born during the time.—Mr. Jeffries is only forty-five years old and is still youthful in appearance and very stout. His wife never had better health in all her life than at present, though she will not weigh 100 pounds. Her greatest weight at any time was 110 pounds. The boy of the first twins now weighs 165 pounds, the girl 125 pounds. All the boys who are grown have made large men; the girls are of good size and all the children healthy. But five out of the nineteen have died. Mr. Jeffries has ten brothers, all of whom are large men, and within the families of the eleven brothers there are thirty-seven pairs of twins, making seventy-four twin children; to say nothing of the host of single births. Five of Mr. Jeffries' children are married, and, added to all these singular facts, notwithstanding the absence of silvery locks on his head, he is the grandfather of five children.

The Little Loaf.

In time of a famine a rich man sent for the poorest children in the town, and said to them.

'There is a basket of bread; you may each come every day and take a loaf until it pleases God to send better times.'

The children attacked the basket, and disputed as to which should have the largest loaf, and went away without once thanking their benefactor.

Only Frances, a very poor but cleanly girl, modestly remained behind, and had the smallest loaf which was left in the basket. She gratefully returned thanks, and went home quietly. One day the children behaved very badly indeed, and poor Frances received a loaf very much smaller than the rest, but when she took it home and her mother cut it open, a number of pieces of silver fell on the floor.

The poor woman was astonished and said:

'Go and return the money immediately; it must have been put in the bread by mistake.'

Frances went directly with it to the gentleman, who said:

'My dear child, it was no mistake. I had the money put into that loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable and contented. Those who are satisfied with a little always bring blessings upon themselves and family, and will pass happily through the world. Do not thank me, but thank God, who put into your heart the treasure of a contented and grateful spirit, and who has given me the will and opportunity to be useful to those who are in need of assistence.'

An Ingenious Invention.

There is a clock on exhibition at the Maryland Institute Fair, which is a novelty equal, if not superior, in its intricacies, to the great clock at Strasbourg. It strikes the quarter hours, on four bells of different tones. It strikes an alarm to awaken the master of the house. Lights a lamp and kindles a fire in the stove. A carriage is seen coming along a road.—It stops before the inventor's place of business, and the occupant of the vehicle gets a clock which has been left there for repairs. A bell is sounded in the chamber of a servant, who awakes apparently astonished at being roused from a sound sleep. She looks around for a few minutes, and, being a modest girl, draws the curtains so as to arrange her toilet.—The carriage is again upon the road. Near a rocky eminence, a robber springs from a cave and attempts to stop the horses. A desperate fight ensues. A farmer near the roadside, not seeing the robber, tries to help the coachman urge the horses along. A hunter, in the distance discovers the robber, fires his rifle, wounds the highwayman, who falls back into the cave. The carriage drives on with its occupant. All this work is accomplished through the extraordinary manipulations of the clock.

[*Sunday Telegram.*

A clean shirt is one of woman's best gifts to man.

The contributions in aid of Chicago in the country at large amount to over $5,000,000.

As usual, society people declare that there never was seen such a season for weddings as this fall has been.

☞ A pretty girl says: 'If it was wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how guilty are the old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls.'

The question 'who was Richard III, before he was himself again?' has been going the rounds of our cotemporaries for some time. The answer is plain. He was somebody beside himself

WAITING.

I know it will not be to-day;
I know it will not be to-morrow;
Oh, half in joy and half in sorrow,
I watch the slow swift hours away;
I bid them haste, then bid them stay,
I long so for the coming day.

I long so I would rather wait;
Each hour I see the unseen comer;
Each hour turns ripe in secret summer
The joys which I anticipate.
Oh, precious feet, come slow, come late!
I long so, it is bliss to wait!

Ah, sweet sad life, so far to-day!
Ah, sweet sad life, so near to-morrow!
Can joy be joy when we miss sorrow?
When earth's last sun has rolled away
In tideless time, and we can say
No more, 'To-morrow,' or 'To-day.'

Teachers' Institute.

Pursuant to a public notice in our village paper, quite a respectable number of the teachers of Emmitsburg, Hauver's and Mechanicstown Districts, (Creagerstown indisposed) assembled at the Academy, in Mechanicstown, on Saturday, the 11th instant, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing an institution, solely for the benefit of all *live* and *active* teachers. Such only taking a part. Our friend and long experienced co-laborer in this our high and noble calling, Joseph Davidson, Esq., not yet satisfied that he is *finished* and *perfect* as a teacher, willing yet to learn, was made our Presiding Officer. After a few remarks stating the object of the meeting, &c., Orthography, on motion was made the leading subject for consideration. The following teachers taking quite an interested and spirited part in its discussion—Messrs. Boblitz, Zimmerman, Brown, Weller, Buhrman, Davidson and Landers, each one apparently improving upon other's experience and suggestions. Dr. White, one of our Trustees, being present was made feel quite earnest on the subject and entertained us with a very instructive address on the same subject.

Our meeting then adjourned until 1 o'clock. Our afternoon session was devoted chiefly to the subjects of Reading and Writing. All the teachers, including several of the ladies took an active part in debating.

On motion the following subjects were selected for consideration at our next meeting.

1st. School Discipline.

2nd. Elementary instruction in Grammer.

3rd. Trapping in Classes.

Messrs. Davidson, Zimmerman and Brown constitute a Committee to notify teachers at what time our next meeting will be held in Emmitsburg.

JOS. DAVIDSON, Pres't.

JOHN LANDERS, Sec'y.

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,

apl 15-1y Proprietor.

☞ A dress just imported from Paris is considered very elegant, and is certainly very odd. The lower skirt is a pale lavender, striped with silk a shade darker. The overskirt is of gray, turned back at the sides with canary color, and the waist is of gray, with canary colored vest.

☞ A bird fancier of Philadelphia, who had a large collection of pigeons, Maltese cats, Guinea pigs, and fancy dogs, absented himself, being on a drunken spree. The police broke open his place yesterday and found nearly all the animals dead from hunger.

☞ It is asserted on the best authority that long trailing dresses for the street will not be considered good style, and will not be adopted by ladies who wish to appear well in public.

A Terre Haute girl thinks it about time some young fellow proposed, as she has been bridesmaid eight times, and has been tantalized enough.