

Catoctin Clarion.

VOL. 1. MECHANICSTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871. [NO. 42]

"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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GEORGE TRISLER;

The Post Laureate of Frederick County.

BY CALAMUS.

Among the many illustrious men to which Frederick county has given birth, the subject of this sketch stands conspicuous. George Trisler was born in Frederick-Town in the year 1768, about the period when the Whigs of Frederick county were debating the question of separation from Great Britain, and the fathers of the Republic had resolved to live free and independent. He was one of the most distinguished citizens of this county in a literary, poetical, political and commercial point of view. He died in 1845, and was 77 years of age at the time of his decease. His parents emigrated to Frederick-Town from Lancaster county, Pa., soon after the establishment of Mason's and Dixon's line. He was of German descent. He received the rudiments of a good English and German education, and spoke both languages with great fluency. He was somewhat familiar with the classics and French and Latin languages. As he grew up to manhood he became acquainted with Matthias Bartsig, who in 1779 was the first printer in Frederick, and he resolved to learn the Art of Printing. In connection with Bartsig & Wilcox, he subsequently edited and published a paper at Winchester, Virginia, before he attained the age of majority. He had ever resolved to abandon types and the editorial tripod, and sedulously devoted himself to mercantile pursuits. He entered the house of Mr. Henry Schroeder, of Baltimore city, then an extensive Importer and Dealer in German and Irish Linens and Staple Goods. By his close and strict application to business he gained the confidence and good will of his employer, and became useful as his principal clerk and salesman. Baltimore then opened a wide field for the pursuit of mercantile enterprise. In 1794 he turned his thoughts to matrimony, and soon afterwards entered into an alliance with one of Baltimore's fairest daughters, as the following announcement in the Baltimore Daily Intelligence will attest:

March 28, 1794.—Married.—Last evening in the City of Baltimore, by the Rev. Mr. Kurtz, Mr. GEORGE TRISLER, merchant of this place, to the amiable Miss KITTY BREIDENBACH, daughter of John Breidenbach, of this town, a young lady endowed with every accomplishment, to render the marriage state happy.

[We wish the young and gifted pair long life, and all the pleasures which can flow from a happy and agreeable union of wedded life.]—Eps. 1st.

In 1795, Mr. Trisler returned to Frederick-Town, with his newly married bride, and entered upon the mercantile profession with a young and buoyant heart. This business he commenced in Market street, upon a large and extensive scale, as the following advertisement will show:

GOODS.—George Trisler is now opening his Spring Goods, and a well selected assortment of Groceries, all of which will be sold lower than any Goods now selling in town. He wishes everybody to give him a call. Frederick-Town, April 6, 1794.

Mr. Trisler was imbued with a warm political temperament, and espoused the Republican side of the question in 1796 and 1800, supporting Thomas Jefferson for President against John Adams. He was an ardent supporter of Jefferson's administration and the Embargo measures of 1808. He was the author of an address to the voters of Frederick, Washington and Allegany counties in 1808, and espoused the claims of Dr. John Tyler, of Frederick, and Col. Nathaniel Rochester, of Hagerstown, for the Electoral College, pledged to the support of James Madison and George Clinton for President and Vice President. He was a gentleman of infinite humor, and his "Ballads" from "Paris

Row," as published in the *Political Examiner*, were innumerable. They used to excite the curiosity of the Frederick folks whenever they made their appearance in print. He was the life and soul of the social circle, and always had something to say, and he could say it well—that was pleasant and laughable. He was the Quaker Club of Frederick what Oliver Goldsmith was to the Literary Club of London—the man who could say something to set the crowd in a roar.

As a merchant Mr. Trisler was strictly correct, honest and honorable in his dealings. On a recent visit to the country we came across an old gentleman who purchased a pair of gun elastic suspenders at his store more than 50 years ago; the price was \$3, and he would not take \$5 for them now. These suspenders were good and warranted to last. They have lasted long and well.

In 1825-'26, when an estrangement of feelings took place between Gen. Thomas C. Worthington and Major Samuel Barnes, two former friends and political associates, Mr. Trisler exerted his best energies to produce a reconciliation—whether successful or not, he done his part as a christian and a patriot to effect the healing of political and personal asperities.

Mr. Trisler's fugitive poetical productions, written off-hand with great fluency at his desk behind the counter in his free, flowing style of penmanship, if all collected together, would make two large volumes of poetry. His effusions were published in Bartsig's "Maryland Chronicle," "Federal Gazette," Dr. Carey's "Key," Winter's "Rights of Man," "Independent Volunteer," Colvin's "Republican Advocate," and "Political Examiner," of Frederick-Town; and in the "Virginia Museum," and "Philanthropist," of Winchester, Va.; the Baltimore "Daily Intelligence," "Telegraph" and "Post;" in Edward Coates Pinkney's "Marylander," the "Oracle of Dauphin," the Washington "Monitor," and a number of other periodicals. Some of these productions embody deep thought and study, while others are full of humor and pathos, pungent and satirical. He had evidently a poetical genius, and was a admirer of Pope, Milton and Byron. Miss Felicia Hemans and the standard classical poets of the day. It is a great pity that all his poetical lyrics have not been preserved and published in book form. They would afford a rich literary treat.

In the social circle of Frederick-Town, from 1800 to 1840, embracing the old heads of families from Third to Church street, and the coterie of choice spirits who clustered around the Market House corner, the Collector's Office, office of "Pay and Receipt" and "Paris Row"—Henry Kuhn, Joseph M. Cromwell, Jacob Rohr, George Baltzell, William R. Sanderson, Dr. William Tyler, Gen. Joseph Swearingen, Gen. Thomas C. Worthington, Dr. John S. Miller, Matthias E. Bartsig, Frederick Lehr, Benjamin Rutherford, Lewis Medhart, Henry Bantz, William C. Russell, Capt. Jacob Houck, George Webster, Wm. M. Beall, Richard English, John Schissler, Samuel Barnes, Thomas Carlton, Thomas W. Morgan, and many others, Mr. Trisler was the "Head Centre" in wit and humor, in bon mot, jokes and repartee. He was never at a loss for an impromptu, and the many jokes and good natured anecdotes connected with his name will never die, as long as the inhabitants of Frederick have a recollection of Lafayette Day in 1824.

As we have said Mr. Trisler was not only a poet, but as he had once been a Printer's Devil, he was fond of perpetrating a joke or playing an amusing trick for diversion. The Misses Creble, two old maiden ladies, who were fancy milliners, and once resided on Second street, near the Catholic Church, in the days when Father Malavia was Pastor of St. John's, were subjects on whom Mr. T. delighted to play "fantastic tricks." If the maiden ladies happened to miss a hen's egg, they were sure the Printer's Devil had been about. Mr. T. drew the old French Priest into his meshes of waggery, and the two enjoyed many an old-fashioned laugh at these two old ladies' peculiar sensitiveness and vivacity. Of them it could not be said that women have no tongues; for when these members of perpetual motion got going, they scarcely knew when to stop. These ladies were very industrious, were of a pious turn of mind, and withal a little credulous. They loved Mr. Trisler and Father Malavia dearly, and if the one had not been married and had a wife living, and the other had not been a "Priest according to the order of Melchisedech," they would have been after setting their feet for both, for they not only wore but made the nicest and cleanest caps extant. The Printer's Devil and the Priest had respectively done these maid-

en ladies many kind offices, and ministered to their comfort, which authorized them to take larger liberties with the Milliner Sisters than they otherwise would have done. To prejudice the ladies against Father Malavia, some person told them that he had said, "None but a Catholic could go to Heaven," and as the good dames manifested a particular anxiety to reach the "mansions in the skies," they rested very uneasy until they could have the matter satisfactorily explained. So they sent for Father Malavia, and Mr. Trisler was present at the interview. They promptly stated what they had heard, and politely asked the Reverend Father whether it could be so? "Oh no," said the meek and modest follower of St. Augustin, with a benignant smile lighting up his countenance, "I would insure your lives for Heaven, were I an underwriter, for I heard the other day you performed one of the most noble acts of charity that has come within my knowledge since I have resided in Frederick, and *charity*, you know, covers a multitude of sins." "Why I am told, Misses Creble," said the Priest, "you gave one of your new, stylish, fashionable Parisian bonnets to a poor old lady as a present, a gift. That act alone, my dear friends, ought to secure your passport to Heaven. It will—it surely will—I will vouch for you going to the good place without being a Catholic. Keep doing so."

That was enough. Their doubts had all vanished. The ladies were satisfied. They felt secure. They rested easy. We have often heard Mr. Trisler repeat the results of that interview, and it was one of the happiest moments of his life. The maiden milliners enjoyed the "situation" with transports of delight. These two gentlemen, the "Printer's Devil" and the Priest loved a little fun, and they used to surfeit the Misses Creble with their jokes, as they both liked to keep pace with the rapid movements of a certain weapon gifted with the power of perpetual agitation.

When Father Malavia died in 1824, the Misses Creble, Mr. Trisler, and the Rev. D. F. Schaeffer were the chief mourners at his grave. The former decorated his coffin with flowers and planted them over his grave. Mr. T. selected from the poems of FRANCIS HEMANS, the following lines, which the bereaved maidens learned by heart, and oft times repeated over his lonely tomb.

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
"Bliss of being seen and gone!
"With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
"As flowers depart and one!
"It is no life a new ray,
"Whose all like a new ray,
"Bursts into dawn and passes away!"

They grave shall be a blessed shrine,
"Adorned with Nature's brightest wreath,
"Each glowing season shall combine
"Its incense there to breathe;
"And oft upon the midnight air,
"Shall voiceless harps be murmuring there,
"And oft sometimes in visions best,
"Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
"And bear from thine own world of rest,
"Some lava for human woes!
"What form more lovely could be given
"Than thine, to messenger of Heaven!"

It may be proper to state, that the Rev. Dr. Schaeffer and Father Malavia, although professing, promising and preaching two different creeds, in their life time were as intimate and sociable and friendly as two brothers well could be; thus showing that religious differences should never sever personal friendship. Blessed be the memory of both!

In August, 1809, he wrote and published a lengthy communication in "The Hornet," in support of the pretensions of John Schley, Patrick McGill, John Myers and Wm. T. T. Mason, for the House of Delegates, and followed it up by the publication of Republican songs.

A REPUBLICAN SONG—1809.
Republicans be on your guard,
"Look sharp at what is doing,
"The 'Canning crew' are working hard
"To bring about your ruin.
"Yankee Doodle, mind your eye,
"Yankee Doodle Dandy!
"Take a cut of pun in pie—
"And with the Feds be handy.

Republicans once more take care,
"Look sharp at what is doing,
"And by the voice of freedom swear
"You will avoid your ruin—
"Then vote for all the candidates;
"Who squander not their brandy;
"Who love the people, just as you
"Love girls and sugar candy.

The following was one of his earliest productions:

THE BACHELORS WISH.
BY GEORGE TRISLER.

One—Female companion to soften my

Two—Thousand a year to support my affairs;

Three—Dogs and a gun when to sport I incline;

Four—Horses and chaise to indulge me and mine;

Five—Jolly companions with whom to make merry;

Six—Dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry.

Seven—Beds in my house, for my friends at their leisure.

Eight—Some things or other, to add to their pleasure;

Nine—Pounds in my pocket when cash I require?

Ten—Favors are all that on earth I desire,
And a passport to Heaven when from earth I retire!

Frederick-Town, June 21, 1798.

He was fond of a good cigar or pipe, and enjoyed himself hugely when smoking or conversing with a friend.

THE CIGAR.
By George Trisler.

The year is gone over—and yet I have life,
And sit by my fire with my boys and my wife;

While others are planning Destruction and War,
I open my drawer and smoke my cigar.

Although winter rages I laugh at the storm,
My great coat around me, which keeps me quite warm;

My sorrows I chase, and drive them afar,
And smiling, and happy, I smoke my cigar.

The election ne'er troubles my head or my brain,
Or who shall the seat of the Presidency gain;

Let Adams or Jefferson ride on the car,
Its equal to me, and I smoke my cigar.

Let great men drink cider; I envy them not,
And in their orations, oft handle the pot;

I am better content, and easier by far,
In staying at home with my friends and my cigar.

Frederick-Town, Jan. 5, 1797.

In January and February, 1810, he published a number of essays in the "Independent Volunteer," over the signature of "Lay Preacher," which were models of terse and dignified composition, and gave evidence of the generosity of his feelings.

"Lay Preacher."—"Teach me to feel another's woe."—"This is the season of the year, in which the tender sensibility of human nature ought to be exercised towards the sons and daughters of distress. In this inclement month of January, the fiercer feelings of the soul ought to be roused to alleviate the sufferings of wretched humanity, and to breathe the warm effusions of pity and compassion into the icy regions of penury and despair."—1810.

"Lay Preacher."—"George Trisler, Feb. 7, 1810."—"Before I conclude, let me in the name of the children of sorrow, impress the duties of humanity in every breast. Sweet will be the suggestions that flow from duty, and happy the reward that attends the beneficent soul! Let us combat each other in fratricidal strife—let us wring the tears from the eyes of sorrow—let us gladden the widow's heart and relieve the unaided orphan from an untimely grave! The seraphic feelings that such conduct will produce is worth all the wealth of the universe, and ought not to be bartered away for ten thousand worlds. Benevolence is the seed sown in the good ground here, and the honest, plentiful harvest will be reaped in a future and better world!"

There are a hundred other incidents in the life of Mr. Trisler, historical and amusing, to which we might refer did space permit—his acts of charity, his conical drollery, his love of home, his power of conversation and entertainment of friends—but these will suffice to show, that taking him all in all, as a Printer, Poet, Merchant, Moral and Political Philosopher and as a Man, he was a gentleman of brilliant imagination, great common sense, a good business man, a successful merchant, a sincere christian, liberal and generous hearted, and one among the best citizens of which this town or county could boast. At another time we may extend these observations, and reproduce many of his brilliant practical "gems" of a local and general character.

In June, 1824, shortly after the disastrous fire, by the hand of an incendiary, as was then supposed, reduced to a pile of ashes, the newly finished building of Mt. St. Mary's College, near Emmansburg, the Rev. John Dubois, President of that Institution, visited Frederick with a view of soliciting aid to rebuild that noble edifice. He met Mr. Trisler, and related the circumstances attending that melancholy disaster which cast such a gloom over this section of country. Mr. Trisler being an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Dubois responded promptly, and put his name down for a liberal sum. Although differing widely from Mr. Dubois in his religious views, yet the most cordial relations of sympathy and friendship existed between them.

"Sir," said the generous merchant prince, "should any of your confraternity want any Dry Goods, or anything in my line on credit, you can have them on your own terms." Mr. Dubois accepted the offer, and promptly paid to the last farthing every cent of indebtedness. Mt. St. Mary's College, as well as the Sisterhood of St. Joseph were good customers to Mr. Trisler afterwards. In compliment to Mr. Dubois, who was born in Paris, he named his mercantile corner "Paris Row," from Second street, extending North in Market street, Frederick.

In December, 1824, when Gen. Lafayette visited Frederick, Mr. Trisler was one among the most patriotic citizens of the town to do honor to the

Hero, Patriot and Sage. He wrote an ode and had it painted in large letters on the Arch of Triumph at the intersection of Market and Patrick streets. And that of itself was enough to immortalize his poetical genius.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.
Life is sad, because we know it,
Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—
Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live and die!

Knowing life, we should not fear it,
Neither death, for that's unknown;
Courage, patience—these are virtues
Which for many sins atone.
Who has these—and have not I?
He is fit to live and die!

"An old bachelor having been laughed at by a bevy of pretty girls, told them that they were small potatoes." "We may be small potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

SPRING FLOWERS.
LAST POEM OF PHIBBE CAREY.

[This poem was written, after receiving a gift of flowers from her friend, Mrs. Mary Stevens Robinson, who had the sad privilege of being with the poetess through her last sickness and death at Newport.—Eps.]

O sweet and cheritable friend,
Your gift of fragrant bloom
Has brought spring-time and the woods
To cheer my lonely room.

It rests my weary, aching eyes,
And soothes my heart and brain,
To see the tender green of the leaves
And the blossoms wet with rain.

I know not which I love the most,
Nor which the comeliest shows:
The timid, bashful violet,
Or the royal-hearted rose.

The pansy in her purple dress,
The pink with cheek of red,
Or the faint, fair bell-trope, who hangs,
Like a bashful maid, her head.

For I love and praise you, one and all,
From the least low bloom of spring,
To the lily fair, whose clothes out-shine
The raiment of a king.

And when my soul considers these,
The sweet, the grand, the gay,
I marvel how we shall be clothed
With fairer robes than they.

And almost long to sleep and rise,
And gain the fabled shore;
And put immortal splendors on,
And live to die no more.

CURIOUS PREDICTION.—A priest of Toulouse has just published a curious work with the title "End of the World in 1921," from which we extract this passage:

"The world will come to an end in the year 1921, seven months, thirteen days, three minutes, thirty-one seconds, plus thirteen times the seven-tenth part of a second, after the creation of Adam which means in the month of July, thirteenth day, at three minutes 31 31-17 of a second past seven o'clock in the morning of the year 1921 of the Christian era."

An English farmer possesses a novelty in the form of a cow with a wooden leg. The animal having lamed one of her hind legs, a skillful veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of amputation. The operation was successful. A wooden leg was provided, and the cow walks about very comfortably.

PURITY AND HONOR.—There is a degree of purity and honor which is insensible to temptation. Circumstances is the occasion of vice, but no more. The seed is in the heart, and the soil has not yet been found in which it will refuse to grow. There are people who will "break out," as the expressive saying is, anywhere, and under any circumstances. If the tree be good the fruit will be good, but if the tree be bad no amount of cultivation will produce good fruit.

How many a kiss has been given, how many a curse, how many a look of hate, how many a kind word, how many a promise has been broken, how many a soul lost, how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber, how many a babe has from earth into heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest treasure of the heart.

LITTLE ANNIE was anxious to possess a string of gold beads which belonged to her grandmother, who did not consider it expedient to give them to her. One day the child went and stood at the old lady's knees, and, after looking alternately at her and the beads, said with great solemnity: "Grandma, I think if you were to die I should be perfectly satisfied."

A FASHIONABLE but ignorant lady wanted a costly hair shawl, but her husband bought her a cheap imitation article. On examining it she found the name of the manufacturer on one corner, and wanted to know what that was. "That?" said the husband; "oh that's the name of the camel of whose hair the shawl was made!" The wife takes great pride in her shawl, and has no doubt of its genuineness.

"I will be in the fashion if I die for it," said the ambitious belle, whose locks were not of the ruling tint; and dye she did.

An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

One who has reflected a good deal on the lapse of ages prefers, on the whole, the age of seventeen.

A lady describing an ill-tempered man, said, he never smiles, but he feels ashamed of it.

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 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 procure the comfort of guests.

The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.

There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.

Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.

Respectfully,
FRANK B. CARLIN,
Proprietor.

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A widower being asked his opinion of second marriages, said that as a good wife was a gift from the Lord, it was wise and right to replenish as often as the supply gave out.

The quickest way for a man to forget all common miseries is to wear tight boots.

Why are married ladies like a scanty harvest? Because they require husbandmen.

Swedish brandy is flavored with red ants, but a fellow that we know says he has an aunt flavored with brandy.

Three Providence families have named their cuts: Morgiana Longtail, Nicodemus Peachblossom, and Josephus Orangeblossom.

An enterprising Detroit man is taking orders for the delivery of buckwheat cakes to families for breakfast. The cakes are to be furnished cheaper than they can be manufactured at home.

The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skinning the skins.

One of the best hints ever made at an impropriety in a lady's dress was made by Talleyrand. During the revolution when asked by a lady his opinion of her dress, he replied, "it began too late and ended too soon."

Somebody wrote to Horace Greeley, says the Lowell Courier, inquiring the best method of preserving farm tools. H. G. wrote back, "use the best leaf sugar, pound for pound, and boil one hour."

A QUEER MELON.—A Pennsylvania ruralist attended a fair recently, and bought a large purple egg-plant. After he had chewed it to a minimum he plaintively remarked: "They don't raise no such juicy melons now as they did before the war."

ONE of the oldest lawyers says that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young woman who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

WHAT bird is that which it is absolutely necessary that we should have at our dinner table, and yet need never be cooked or served up? A swallow.

A Down-east paper alluded to an eminent citizen as "a noble old burgler, proudly loving his native state," which neat little compliment came from the compositor's hand reading, "a noble old burglar prowling around in a naked state."

Men will cheerfully give up their property to save the life of the body, and yet, for the sake of property, they will sacrifice the life of their souls.

"Come, Rob got up," said an indignant father to his hopeful son, the other morning, "remember the early bird catches the worm." "What do I care for worms?" replied the boy, "mother won't let me go fishing."