

Catoctin Clarion.

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Quick Work.

The distance round the world, as measured by time, shortens space.—Fifteen days from London to San Francisco is a great exploit, but five days from Bombay is greater. To do such a thing or anything like it looks at first simply impossible, yet it is proposed. A plan has been devised and made public in the shape of a letter to Mr. Gladstone, which aims at nothing else. It contemplates the use of existing lines of railway and of the Mt. Cenis Tunnel to Trieste.—Thence a line of railway is proposed through Austria, European and Asiatic Turkey, Prussia and Beloochistan to Kurrachee, and so onward to Bombay. The total distance from London to Kurrachee by such a route is set down at 5,311 miles by rail and 28 miles (the Straits of Dover) by sea. Of course, if the projected tunnel is built under the channel, through which carriages can run, it is calculated that the journey could be made in five days, sixteen hours, forty-six minutes, rather a nice estimate for a transit of 5,000 miles, and 1,170 of road, or one fourth of the whole length, are already constructed. The cost of that which remains to be built is reckoned at \$200,000,000 in gold; and it is suggested that this expenditure should be borne not by one nation alone, but by all through which the line shall pass. The scheme is stupendous, but hardly more so than our own Pacific railways, and we see no reason why either it or some modification of it should not be carried into effect.

The next grand international railway project would be, we suppose, a line from India to China. It is true that the bitter opposition of the Chinese might be confidently anticipated, but the international improvements of modern civilization exist in India, and their introduction in the celestial empire may be regarded as solely a question of time. With a line from Bombay to Canton possibly cutting through the Himalayas, thus adding to the line described above, the journey round the world would become wonderfully short. The boast of Puck to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," we may, indeed, save with the telegraph, fail to realize, but that the fact will, in the fullness of time, be accomplished by man in forty days, we have now very little doubt.—N. Y. Times.

Whipping an Editor.

Editors, like other shrewd men, must live with their eyes open. A good story is told of one who started a paper in a Western town. The town was infested by gamblers, whose presence was a source of annoyance to the citizens, who told the editor if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a "smasher" next day. Sure enough his next issue contained the promised "smasher," and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man with a club in his hand and demanded to know if the editor was in.

"No, sir," was the reply; "he has just stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers—he will return in a minute."

Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vamoosed down stairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply; "you will find him seated up stairs, reading a newspaper."

The latter, on entering the room with a fearful oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued till they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their heart's content.

CAUTIONARY.—Beware of sitting in a draught when warm. Beware of marrying a wife you cannot support.

Beware of drinking too much ice-water in the summer. Beware of promising more than you are able to perform.

Beware of sudden conversion, for disguises are easily put on. Beware of men who have no line of principle, but work from policy.

Beware of men and women who talk too much. Beware of the person who never finds any good in his neighbors.

Beware of the preacher who says his route is the only one to Heaven. Beware of the men who are idle and indifferent as to work and its results. Beware of the girl who is ashamed of the kitchen, or to help her mother.

Gen. Dan. Sickles.

Gen. Dan. Sickles, who lost a leg at the Battle of Gettysburg, and who now represents the United States by President Grant's appointment as Minister of the United States at the Court of Madrid, Spain, addressed a letter to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, recently assembled at Pittsburgh, Pa. It expressed great regret at not being able to attend the Convention, and stated that when the enemy dropped their own flag and adopted that of the Union Soldiers, they meant war. It was an old, old trick of the enemy. It was full of strong patriotic Republican sentiments, loudly applauded, especially when it alluded to Gen. Burnside.—It walked into Greeley roughshod, and showed, that although an able journalist, he had always disappointed expectations when he undertook to be a statesman; and winding up by declaring him to be utterly unfit for President, unfit for the Republicans, and unworthy the confidence of Democrats.

Recent Awards.

Gen. John C. Fremont has recently declared his determination to support Horace Greeley for the Presidency.—This is quite natural. In 1856, Gen. Fremont was the regular nominee of the Republican party for President, nominated by the National Convention of the party at Philadelphia.—Mr. Greeley as editor of the N. Y. Tribune, supported that nomination with all the zeal and ability he possessed. Gen. Grant in that year did not support the "regular nominee" of the Republican party, but cast his vote for James Buchanan, the Pro-Slavery Democratic candidate. Moreover, in the beginning of the war in 1861-'62, while Gen. Fremont in St. Louis, Missouri, was issuing his orders for the "Freedom" of the slaves, Gen. Grant then at the head of an Illinois Regiment as Colonel, (stationed somewhere in Missouri,) frankly declared that if the "war was for the Abolition of Slavery, he would resign his commission in the Union Army and turn his sword on the other side—the side of the South."

Robert Lincoln, son of "Father Abraham," is also out for Horace Greeley for President; while on the other hand Robert Douglas, son of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, is out for Gen. Grant—and goes in for his re-election. He is the President's Private Secretary. Notwithstanding his father, Senator Douglas, declared over and over again, that this Government was a White Man's Government, established by White Men for White Men, and the negroes as an inferior race, were to occupy a subordinate position. He was thoroughly hostile to Negro Suffrage.—But it seems his son is not a "chip of the old block." Now what do all these declarations amount to? Who can tell?

It is a remarkable fact that in every Presidential election in Pennsylvania for the last forty years, the party which was successful at the State election in October, carried its Presidential ticket in the following November by a majority greater than at the State election.

Mr. CHARLES O'CONNOR, the great lawyer but poor politician of New York, has wasted a good deal of brain in writing a very pointless and silly homily upon party purity. If this be the sort of ray which "The gladsome light of jurisprudence" throws upon the subject, the country at large will probably decide to dispense altogether with it.

The Cincinnati Chronicle says there will be three eclipses in November of this year, as follows: A very small eclipse of the moon on the night of the 14th, visible; an eclipse of the sun on the 20th, invisible in North America; and the total and permanent eclipse of the Democratic party on the 5th, visible to all men!

Gold and Silver.

In an article on gold and silver, Dr. Mackenzie gives us the following items: One may easily imagine how metallic money, or coin, becomes diminished in weight by the constant handling it gets in the way of business. This idea can be realized by recollecting how much worn by use and therefore diminished in value, the old Spanish coins known as 'levies' and 'fipa,' used to be.

They ceased to circulate some fourteen years ago, and the constant wear and tear of circulation had worn them down, oft-times, to the thinness of a bit of tin. Effigy and inscription were usually worn out, and at last these out of date pieces of money were not worth more than one half of their nominal value.

As every one knows, gold and silver coin is not made of pure metal.—It is necessary to alloy it, by incorporating with it some portion of an inferior metal—almost always copper. Gold, which is the most valuable, is always one of the softest of all metals. My mother used to wear a gold ring which my father had brought with him from the East Indies, and I well remember that it had a slight tinge of red (some of the poets mention "the red gold,") and being entirely without alloy, was so soft, that when worn, it did not retain its curcular form, but accommodated itself to the shape of the finger upon which it had been placed.

It has been necessary, to increase their hardness and durability, to alloy the precious metals. The gold sequin of Turkey and the silver florin of Hanover stood alone, in later times, as being almost absolutely pure. In a state of nature a certain quantity of silver is almost invariably found mingled with the gold, and where or when it is not easy to separate them, the silver is allowed to remain, as a natural alloy.

The gold doubloons of South America have their pale appearance from the silver thus retained in them.—When Spain still possessed her American provinces, it was believed that in all the silver money coined there—particularly the dollars—there was a portion of gold which, from imperfect means of refining, had remained in the silver.

In some parts of Europe, where the gold has been entirely separated, and an alloy of copper introduced for coining, the money has a red tinge—not like that of the gold in the East India ring I have mentioned, but of a copper hue.

In the United States Mint at Philadelphia, to which strangers were admitted every forenoon, the aim is to imitate the true color of gold as closely as possible, by the use of an alloy of nine-tenths copper and one-tenth silver—that is, a thousand ounces of standard gold will consist of nine hundred ounces of pure gold, ninety ounces of copper and ten of silver.—All the gold coin of this country therefore, consists of nine hundred parts of pure metal and one hundred parts of alloy. This makes a fineness of nine-tenths, which is the standard gold required by law. In the eagle there must be two hundred and fifty-eight grains. In estimating the value of fine metal contained in coin, nothing is allowed for the alloy.

A Rural Wedding.

One of those old-time weddings took place in Uniontown, Penn., a few days ago. A young gentleman and lady, strangers to everybody there, called on the squire to get married.—The young man was carrying his shoes in his hand on account of a stone bruise and had on his shoulder a long, narrow sack. In one end he had something resembling wearing apparel, and in the front end he had a small dog, with its nose sticking out of a hole. The young lady had in her arms a large Maltese cat, with a pink ribbon around its neck, fastened with a neat breast pin. When they came to the office the young man refused to go in, but, she, taking hold of his coat, said: "Come on, I ain't afraid." Finally he went in. She says, "Squire, we want to get married." "Hold on," said the young man, "I want to know how much this job costs." The price was agreed on, and in the meantime, many had gathered, and two of the crowd acted as attendants. While the ceremony was going on, one of the attendants cried out: "Hold on, this fellow ain't on the right side." Being properly placed the Squire proceeded, and the two were made one, and left, no one knew where, being entire strangers.

United States Minister Stevens has gone into partnership in a Montevideoan habshery with the nation's defaulter Bailey.

We are on the eve of great events.

FREEMAN-TOWN, Feb. 15, 1785.

Original Anecdote.—In a literary society, not a thousand miles from this office, a few evenings ago, a number of gentlemen were conversing about Spain. One of them observed, that the decline of the people was effected by the introduction of gold and silver from South America. "For" said he, "the situation of the country itself, is the same now that it was formerly; the soil continues to be healthy, and the climate exceedingly fertile." This careless transposition of words, raised a pretty hearty laugh. To remedy this mistake, the gentleman added, that it was only placing the horse before the cart. This observation excited another and even a louder laugh, and gave occasion for one of the company to say, "I think your TEAM is entirely made up of BULLS."

The healthiest town ever known was in Illinois last Summer, when the doctors went to attend a medical convention, neglecting to return for several months. The doctors found when they did get back their patients had all recovered, the drug stores had bursted, the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut into building lots, the undertaker had gone to making fiddles, and the village had been gaudily painted and sold for a circus wagon.

OHIO—SKIES BRIGHTENING.—The Cincinnati Enquirer, of Sept. 12th, says:

We can assure our friends abroad that the supporters of Greeley and Brown will carry this State both at the October and November elections, if there is anything in indications.—The change in the German vote in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Dayton, Columbus, and the northwest, will be more than sufficient to change the past political character of the State. A very large part of the German vote, so-called, has been against us for years, but now there are few among them who will touch Gen. Grant or any of his tickets. This county gave nearly 5,000 majority for Grant. It will give that same figure now against him. In many other counties the change will be equally marked. We have never in our political experience seen the political skies as bright as they are this fall. All that is necessary is efficient organization to give Greeley the State by full 20,000 majority.—Friends, push on the ball!

When forty-seven thousand dollars reward are offered for the conviction of the Nathan murderer, says the Baltimore Dispatch, it is very certain that somebody will be found guilty. The chances are that it will be some bad fellow, though it may be of some one who is entirely innocent of the alleged murder. Just as somebody had to be hung at Seymour, somebody has got to be convicted for the murder of Nathan. A thief in Sing Sing for a very long term pointed Forrester out to the New York detectives, and for doing this the detectives got the thief out of Sing Sing by a pardon. Forrester may be guilty, but whether he is or not, he is pretty certain to swing for it.

COMPLIMENTARY.—One of the latest things out, was the complimentary remarks of a certain young lady living on East Patrick street, who was troubled one evening last week by a trio of voices, who were singing in the softest possible melody, the ballad "Good Night." It seems that a young gentleman was paying some attention to the lady in question, and the trio above alluded to, had an impression that he had remained a sufficient length of time and accordingly visited the location of the house and indulged in the above ballad to bring him out, which proved successful; but the joke is that the young lady remarked "she was perfectly unaware of any slaughter house, being so near, but after hearing so much bawling, from a lot of calves, she concluded she was mistaken." Young gentlemen you only tell part of the complimentary joke. [Maryland Herald.]

NOVEL IDEA.—The Maryland Free Press printing establishment owned and conducted by Messrs. A. G. and M. W. Boyd, of Hagerstown, Md., is to be disposed of at a Grand Gift Concert, to be held in Lyceum Hall, of that place, on Wednesday evening, the 23d of October, 1872. The number of tickets have been limited to two thousand, at \$5 per ticket.

There are five hundred and fourteen thousand and ninety-six Free Masons in North America.

Col. McClure in a speech at Reading a few evenings ago said:

"In Philadelphia we will make fraud hide in terror before election day, and the boasted majority of 12,000 and 15,000 will vanish.—[Cheers.] So far, in every State that has voted, the Grant loss compared with previous equally full votes, has been most significant of disaster to them. They jollify over North Carolina because they have manufactured a nominal majority by fraud, where, four years ago, they had 18,000.—They boast of West Virginia because a Greeley man was defeated for Governor. But they forget to tell that a Greeley man was elected. [Laughter and cheers.] They claim the victory where they did not venture to run a Grant candidate, although four years ago they elected their Governor by 4,700. They shout themselves hoarse over Vermont, where they have lost 5,000 on any previous vote with so large a poll. They are wild with joy over Maine, where they have lost 25 per cent. of the Grant majority, and where the percentage of Republican loss, if applied to Pennsylvania, would beat them 50,000. [Applause.]

Support your home paper.—Stand by its local columns. If you support it, it will support you. Give it the "cold shoulder" and you may get a touch of the "sweeny." The people of a town who don't support their town paper, might as well commence to raze the foundation of their brick walls: for if the paper goes down, the walls will topple all around it. There is reciprocity in all things. "Think of these things, my countrymen," said the immortal Cæsar before he crossed the Rubicon.

[Williamsport Pilot.]

We coincide in the above opinion. The friends of Horace Greeley and John Ritchie intend to send out local speakers to all the Districts of this county, to discuss the political issues of the day, in order that the people may be thoroughly informed upon the "prospects before us." "Give us but light," said the Athenian Philosopher.

E. D. MANSFIELD, the leading Ohio Political Economist, holds that the Southern States will not, for a century, be more populous, nor advance more rapidly than they have done heretofore, because immigration from Europe follows more Northern parallels of latitude, and cereal production is most available in the North. The point of Mansfield's laborious writings on this subject, is that population and wheat production will include the great valley of the Saskatchewan. This is Mansfield's paid opinion in behalf of Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific Railroad scheme. We believe when the Southern Pacific Railroad is completed emigration will flow toward the South and Texas, and the fertile and genial climate of the Southwest as well as the frozen regions of Kamshatka.

The Hon. JAMES K. MOOREHEAD, of Pittsburgh, Pa., himself a large Iron Master, the Benearges of the Tariff Party in Western Pennsylvania and in Congress, and for ten years the Representative in Congress from that District, recently said in a public speech at a large meeting over which he presided in Allegheny county, Pa., that since the death of HENRY CLAY, Horace Greeley was the ablest exponent of the Tariff Question of any man in the Union; that he had done more for the advancement and protection of the coal and iron interests of Pennsylvania than any forty men in the State. His facts and figures were a tower of strength on this subject, and they will not be forgotten by the inhabitants of the Birmingham of the West. He who attempted to oppose Mr. Greeley on the Tariff Question might as well attempt to butt his head against a millstone or the Rock of Gibraltar. For on this subject he is fortified by an array of impregnable facts.

Pere Hyacinthe claims that in getting married he has been setting a high example to France and the Church, and advises all to "bow to the spirit of God."

Scotland's brightest light—BUTTS

PASSEZ JEUNES FILLES.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.]

Bless me! what a rosy row
Of girls at me their glances throw,
As they gayly come and go,
The light coquettish throng!
Can't the darlings hear me say:
"I have had my youthful day,
Now I put such things away."
Girls! pass along!

Ah, my Zee! pray desist!
Sooth, I care not to be kissed;
Ask your mother if I list
To Cupid's siren song?
She—but that is *entre nous*—
Knows what love and I can do:
Her advice you'd best pursue—
Girls! pass along!

Laura, you would hardly guess
How your grandma used to press
Lips of mine—well—I confess
We didn't think it wrong.
Look—she's coming! Tempt me not
In gay saloon or shady grove;
A jealous eye the dame has got—
Girls! pass along!

You, smiling too, you naughty Rose!
I wonder now if you suppose
I'm not aware what sort of beau
Around your beauty throng?
I know the husband-hunting crew,
And all the pretty tricks they do;
I'm old—but much too young for you—
Girls! pass along!

Away—away—you madcaps—fly!
Your roguish arts why will you try
To bind a graybeard such as I,
With Cupid's slender thong!
Yet like a powder magazine,
My heart from flying sparks I screen,
The sparks that shoot from wanton e'en—
Girls! pass along!

"Doctor," exclaimed a waggish
Son of Temperance to a well known
doctor, "how long will it take hang-
ing to produce death?"

"Twenty, or at most thirty minutes," replied the doctor, "but why do you ask?"

"O, because last night I saw a man hanging for two hours, and he is not dead yet."

"You did," exclaimed the doctor emphatically. "I haven't heard a word of this yet. Where was the man hanging?"

"He was hanging around a lager beer saloon," replied the wag.

The doctor gave utterance to something that sounded like a blasphemous expression and passed on.

The Printers of San Francisco and California without regard to party, in 1859, gave HORACE GREELEY a Public Dinner, in consideration of his liberality and generosity, his worth as a Printer and a man, ALEXANDER HAMILTON HAYES, one of the best and most generous hearted printers in the United States, the founder of the New Orleans "Delta" and "Crescent City," was President of the Banquet, and James J. Ayres, of the San Francisco "Morning Call," Secretary. Mr. Greeley's name was proposed for President of the United States, and Col. Edward D. Baker, who was present an invited guest, one of the most eloquent orators in the United States, declared if Mr. Greeley was nominated for President he would support him, and stump the country from Oregon to Illinois in favor of the White Coat Philosopher. Col. Baker fell at the Battle of Ball's Bluff gloriously fighting for the Union. But his spirit lives—it pervades the mountains, hills, the valleys, glens, canons and ravines of California. It may be set down as a "fixed fact" that the Eureka State will vote for Horace Greeley enthusiastically.

[OLD BLOCK in Grass Valley Star.]

A writer in the Galaxy insists that because St. Peter did not say he had been at Rome, and none of the other Apostles say expressly that he was, so therefore Roman Catholic tradition from the earliest times must be mistaken.

To keep cider sweet and pure add (to one barrel) a pound of mustard seed, two pounds of raisins and a quarter pound of stick candy.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, in a letter to a friend at Cleveland, Ohio, under date of Northwood, N. H., August 28, says: "I make no secret of my conviction that the highest interests of the country require the election of Mr. Greeley, or of my intention to vote for him."

Mechanicstown looks surpassingly beautiful on a moonlight night.