

The Kaffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1869.

VOL. 15.—NO. 42.

THE CATHARMONICON.

An Original Concert—Western Music Forty Years Ago.

The St. Louis Democrat says: While the St. Louis Philharmonic and other similar societies are doing much to improve musical taste and skill, it may be well to collect and preserve records of efforts in the same line by the past generation, to show the struggles of musical genius in the early days of the West, and to prove that long before the Dutch, with their brass bands, conquered the country, there were untold Americans who were filled with musical inspiration, and who only lacked the opportunity to astonish the world with their achievements. We will, therefore, try to rescue from oblivion the history of one of the most original attempts ever made in the musical line—one that produced a remarkable sensation from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, at least in steamboat circles.

Among the citizens of Cincinnati, some forty years ago, there was one named Curtis—we forget his initials—a guide by trade, and a genius in his way, but that way ran in the line of mischief rather than money-making. Of course, he was poor. Did the reader ever see a merry rich man? But he was none the less popular among his special friends, the steamboatmen, who never employed any other to guide their boat frames or "hors," which the fastest piece was always allowed to carry on her pilot horse.

Our hero was not at all contented with his poverty, and many an original were the plans he formed to mend his fortune. He was an observing man, too, and had not failed to notice how often fortunes were made out of things apparently trifling. He noticed particularly how easy money was acquired by musicians, singers, concertists, and all that sort of thing, and he believed he could get up something of the kind that would please the public and pay well, though he knew no more than a mule about flats and sharps, minims and quavers. But he had a big crochets in his head and determined to work it out.

Living near "Western Row" where cats abounded, Curtis did not lack opportunity to study the musical capacity of the feline race. He had kept him awake many a warm moonlight night when he preferred sleep to their infernal serenades. So he determined to get up a grand Catharmonic concert, in which cats should take a prominent part, and if he failed to make either music or money, he would at least have the satisfaction of having some fun out of it.

Taking a few cats to experiment on he tried various modes of bringing out the notes they were addicted to, or excelled in. He pinched their ears, twisted their legs, stuck pins in their rotundities, and used other pleasant devices to develop the music. But he found no way so certain of bringing out the sound as the application of the back of a case knife on the tail. This never failed to elicit the note if there was any talent at all in the animal—the modulations, piano and forte, being easily obtained by making the blow light or heavy.

This remarkable discovery Curtis believed might be so managed as to make him a fortune equal to Nick Longworth's or any other man's. So up he goes next morning, after he had matured his plan, to Columbia market, and enquired of every man, woman and boy he met if they had any cats at home or spare.

Of course they had lots of them, and before long he had more brought to him than he supposed could be found in Hamilton county. He had employed an Englishman named Johnson, a drinking fellow, but musical wishal, and who could build organs, to make one to serve as an accompaniment to the cat voices. Johnson informed him that one of six octaves would do at least for the experiment. Curtis reckoned up the octaves and found that four dozen cats would fill the bill. But he ordered two dozen more, for fear that some might have defective voices, or prove obstinate capricious, like the operatic tribe generally. Six dozen were ordered, and accommodations prepared for them in twenty boxes, barrels, kegs, &c., in the back yard. But, bless your soul! six dozen were nowhere. All the boys in all the counties around, in Kentucky as well as Ohio, heard of this unprecedented demand for the animals, and every market day lots of them might be seen with baskets and bags wending their way to Western Row, to the "quarto" or "half dollar," the price Curtis established for kits and cats, as per size. In a month or less his six dozen were made up, comprising every age, size, sex and color. Curtis then published that he had his full complement, he could not by any means, had no room for them. But still the boys came on, in almost unbroken file, and finding "no sale," incontinently dumped the cats down at his door, whence they scattered up alleys, down cellars, over fences, and into doors, as Curtis often asserted, "to the number of six hundred and fifty," he sometimes added thousands.

Johnson went on with the building of the organ and the adaptation of the extra tails to the cat's tails. He arranged that the singers should be confined in narrow boxes, which, while they allowed free play to the lungs, guarded against clawing by having four holes in the bottom through which the legs protruded. The tails were enclosed in tubes provided with longitudinal slots—we like to be scientific and precise in description—across which the blades worked. These extra keys were connected somehow with those of the organ, so that the keys and their appropriate voices should be in perfect unison, and thus pro-

duce as the inventor expected, that "concord of sweet sounds," that rapturous harmony which is said to constitute the language of angels and so forth.

Curtis, on his part, proceeded with the musical education of the cats, aided occasionally by Johnson, and in a month or so he had a complete choir, from the kitten of two months, his trebles and falsettos, and his puffy sopranos, up to the venerable toms, who growled out double base equal to Carl Fornes.

His greatest trouble arose from the prodigious number of tom cats turned loose by those reckless boys. As might have been expected in that immortal city, they soon became dissipated vagabonds, keeping late hours, visiting Curtis' musical family without leave, and drawing away the thoughts of the younger ones from their professional studies.

But at length the organ was completed, and the six octaves of cats arranged in due order. A few rehearsals were given before a select audience of critics—mates, pilots, etc., from the steamboats in port, and these were willing to make affidavit, if necessary, that such a concert had never been arranged since the days of Handel, Orpheus or Tubal Cain.

The second story of a warehouse near the landing was rented—a stage, drop scene, and tiers of seats provided—the whole intended to accommodate four or five hundred people. The organ and cats were safely transported to the place of exhibition or performance without accident, save that the two principle basses, being accidentally put in the same box, had an awful fight all the way up from Western Row, and were obliged to appear before the public with very rueful faces and bloody noses, which, however, did not at all detract from their popularity.

Everything being in readiness, Curtis had flaming posters stuck up all about the levee, displaying in huge letters:

CURTIS' CATHARMONICON!

Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

Forty-eight Cats, Etc., Etc.

The house was crowded at an early hour by the jolly boaters, the spans not big enough for men being filled, as usual, by boys, the omnipresent imps, who are always on hand when there is promise of noise, fun or mischief. After the usual delay, which elicited from the audience any amount of stamping, whistling, and imitation cat-walking, the curtain rose, and the grand catharmonic was disclosed to view. Two rows of cat heads, two dozen each, gazed with their lustre green and yellow eyes straight at the audience. Little ruffles were around their necks; miniature music stands, with books and candles, were placed before them; the aforesaid two basses, whose beauty was spoiled by the fight, being provided with muslin bands, which added to the gravity of their countenance. The whole was indescribably comic, and was received with due applause. Seated at the organ was Johnson, in a clean shirt, and as sober as he could afford to be on so grand an occasion. As soon as he could be heard, Curtis advanced and stated to the audience that the first song of the evening would be "Auld Lang Syne," or, as he pronounced it, "Old Long Zion," which would be followed by "Hail Columbia," "Clar de Kitchen," and other patriotic and devotional songs. Johnson squared himself for the task, ran his fingers tenderly over the keys by way of prelude, and then dashed boldly and vigorously into "Old Long Zion," producing such a burst of music as was never heard on this continent before, nor ever will be again till another Curtis arises to carry into more successful execution his brilliant experiment. The cats were excited to fury in the presence of the new and uproarious audience, and still more under the unusually severe pounding of their tails. They forgot all the lessons they had been taught, to either time or tune, rhyme or reason, but quailed and mowed, yelled, spit and phizzed in the very madness of pain and terror, drowning the sound of the organ, which could be heard occasionally drifting out "Old Lang Zion," in the rear of the unearthly tornado of caterwauling. Never was an audience so completely enchanted—never was delight so unbounded and so vigorously expressed. Shouts, roars, yells of laughter, such as Western men alone can give, burst from the crowd, shaking the building from roof to foundation. Curtis was delighted—the cats were furious—Johnson was beside himself with joy, and hammered away at the keys with all his strength making, with the aid of the choir, and the plaudits of the audience, a "concord" of diabolical sounds never heard before on this side of the infernal regions. "Unfortunately in his delirium he forgot the strength or weakness of the bellows which supplied the organ with wind, and which he worked with his foot. He had not reached the end of the song when the leather gave way and brought the performance to a sudden close, the cats alone continued the song or noise till one after another they became silent, and stood winking and blinking at the spectators, in mute fear of a recommencement of the torture.

Curtis now approached, and after examining the catastrophe, addressed the audience: "Gentlemen," said he "the biler—I mean the bellows—is busted, and the concert can't go ahead to-night; to-morrow I'll have the bellows mended and give another concert, introducing choice classical songs, melodies, etc. Anybody that wants his money back to-night—'here he was interrupted with "No, no," "Hurrah for Curtis!" "Never mind the organ!" "Go ahead on the cats!"

A Touching Incident.

We have never read a more touching incident than the following which occurred a short time since in one of the French courts. The natural nobility of the brother and the affectionate faith of the sister, are examples to be followed by the unfortunate youth of our own or any other country, and an evidence, however dark the day, an honest heart and a firm resolve will overcome the greatest obstacles.

A French paper says that Lucille Rouen, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair poorly but neatly cut, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Oh, my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead, and I have only my brother James. But he is as young as I am. O, sir, what can he do for me?"

"The court must send you to the house of correction."

"Here I am sister, here I am, do not fear," cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy, with a lively countenance, started forth from amid the crowd and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rouen, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen?"

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none; but I have now. Don't be afraid."

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister; but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," said the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for an event that was talked of and laughed over for many years by the jolly boatman of the Ohio. Its projector was ordered to appear before the Mayor next morning and explain the cause of the riot, and it is said his honor burst off some of his buttons laughing at Curtis' description of the same. He was let off with the admonition to do so no more, and he didn't. He went back to his workshop next day—a wiser man, and soon forgot his disappointment, in some new scheme which his active brain hatched out—a flying machine or something of the kind. But to his dying day he avowed that, but for the bursting of his bellows, his catharmonic would have made him the richest man in Cincinnati."

Extraordinary Surgical Case.

The Russian River (Cal.) Flag gives the particulars of the remarkable recovery of Mr. B. F. Chase, foreman of a mill in Mendocino county, from an apparently deadly wound. It appears that in July, 1864, Mr. Chase was doing some work under a picket saw, which was running at a great speed, when inadvertently raising his head against the saw he received a cut beginning at the frontal bone, one half inch above the nose, and running back to the occipital bone. Dr. A. C. Folsom was called, but at first thought it was useless to dress the wound, believing that the man would die in a few minutes, but Mr. Chase being perfectly conscious and free from pain, he concluded to attempt a careful dressing, encouraged somewhat, he says, by remembering the case of a man in Vermont who had a tampering iron blown through his head and recovered therefrom. The cut gaped open so that the skull bones were a full inch apart. Dr. Folsom estimated that the brain was cut nearly to its base, or fully three inches deep. He inserted a pocket rule an inch and a half. He carefully removed all fragments of skull—taking out over thirty pieces—and washed out the saw dust that had got into the opening, using warm water to produce hemorrhage, which was slight for so extensive a wound. He also washed out more than a table spoonful of brain. How much more the saw carried away one can only conjecture. The doctor then shaved the scalp, applied a tourniquet to bring the bones together, and closed the aperture with six stitches, finishing with adhesive plaster and leaving three openings. The only dressing ever used was cold water.

The patient was in full possession of his faculties during the whole time, and said he experienced no pain then or afterward until he was entirely recovered. He visited the mill about four weeks after the accident, and soon after resumed his duties as filer and foreman, which position he still holds. He says he never lost sleep or appetite, or experienced any physical or mental pain or weakness from his wound. The doctor's theory for this wonderful case is that the wound was a clean cut, unaccompanied by concussion, and that it is usually the concussion and not the incision of the brain that causes death. Believing for a year or two that the patient would die of the injury, Dr. F. did not send any statement of the case to the medical journals. Mr. Chase now seems to have as long a lease of his life as anybody else.

"What do you think of whiskey, Dr. Johnson?" hiccupped Boswell, after emptying a sixth tumbler of toddy. "Sir," said the doctor, "it penetrates my very soul like the small still voice conscience; and doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies."

The Union of Languages.

We have more than once referred to the tendency towards the adoption of a common language. Every year it becomes more marked. The ease and rapidity of travel which tend so much to the mingling of different nationalities, between whom some intercourse must be maintained, either directly by the acquisition of each other's dialect, or through interpreters, is fast making that language prevail which most largely represents the world's activities. Who, then, are the great travellers of the world? Are not the English, the Scotch, the American, the professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865-66p.

WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

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JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield County, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa., Aug. 19th, 1863.

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W. T. GIBSON, PRACTICAL DENTIST, having permanently located in the town of Janelite, tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. All work entrusted to his care will be done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession. Nov. 18, 1863-64m.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawrence township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 26th, 1867-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Having recently located in the Borough of Lumber City, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Books of Conveyance, and other legal business, attended to. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spencers Store. Lumber City, April 14, 1867-ly.

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All work done in the office will hold myself personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.

An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence.

Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. (Clearfield, June 3, 1868-ly.)

PURE BUCK LEAD, equal in quality to English white lead; Oils, Paints and Varnishes of all kinds; Gold leaf in books, and brushes, for sale by A. I. SHAW. Clearfield, October 23, 1867.

HALL'S FINE CALF-SKIN BOOTS, at \$5.00, at MONSIEUR'S. May 12, 69.

WOMAN'S GRAVE.—I can pass by the tomb of a man with somewhat of a calm indifference; but when I survey the grave of a female, a sigh involuntarily escapes me. With the holy name of woman I associate every soft, tender, and delicate affection. I think of her as the young and beauteous creature, with eyes sparkling, and cheeks crimsoned with each feeling of the heart; as the chaste and virtuous matron, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave, to which she must soon descend. Oh, there is something in contemplating the character of a woman that raises the soul far above the level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize man; to soothe his cares and strew his path with flowers. In the hour of distress she is the rock on which he leans for support, and when fate calls him from existence, her tears bewail his grave. Can you look upon her grave without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory; woman never. The pages of history lie open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellencies of the other sleep with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet with the virtues of a saint. She, too, may have passed along the stony path of existence, and felt for others as I now feel for her.

A Love of Letters.

"Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them," says Lord Bacon. The Chinese can hardly be reckoned in the first of these classes. So great is their reverence for everything written or printed, that they take the greatest pains to prevent the least scrap, whether a favorite poem or a school-boy's copy-book, from being trampled upon, or in any way treated with disrespect. Persons are hired to go about the streets and into the shops and houses to gather everything of the kind that can be seen. Baskets, too, with the inscription, "Respect printed paper," are placed by the roadside to receive these revered scraps. This paper when a large quantity has been collected, is burned, and the ashes are carried out to sea and thrown overboard. This reverence for written and printed characters is now carried out so far that an attempt has been made to prevent the use of inscriptions on China ware, because so little regard is paid to broken crockery. The authorities have also forbidden the working of Chinese letters in embroidery.

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WILLIAM A. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 9th, 1869.

J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, N. 2d street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel. Oct. 18.

TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Graham's Row, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 18.

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THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield" Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 5.

RICHARD MONSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c., Room on Market Street, new doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10, 1867-tf.

N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS, AND SNUFF, a large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 69.

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F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, William's Grove, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. July 10, 1867-tf.

N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS, AND SNUFF, a large assortment of pipes, cigar cases, &c., constantly on hand. Two doors East of the Post Office, Clearfield, Pa. May 19, 69.

WESTERN HOTEL, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY.

DR. J. F. WOODS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Having removed to ANSONVILLE, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Dec. 2, 1865-66p.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or any kind of porcelain or stoneware, on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware, of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., First National Bank. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty