Democratic Advocate.

VOL. IV. WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 17, 1868. NO. 4.

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Weary, weary, oh, how weary
Is she of the cold world's strife—
Dreary, dreary, oh, how dreary
Is the path of her sad life!
Grim the phantoms that pursue her—
Ever, ever, night and day—
Whispering dark words unto her—
Chasing hope and faith away.

Not a trusted friend is near her—
In the world she stands alone—
None to soothe her—none to cheer her—
Wronged, uncared for, and unknown.
Gazes she upon the water—
Dazed her brain and wild her eye—
Breathes the prayer her mother taught her.
And then plunges in to die!

Rash the deed, but judge her kindly,
Ye who gaze on horrified—
Had she never loved so blindly,
She would never thus have died.
Raise her form, all bruised and broken,
Lay it gently 'neath the sod—
Let not one harsh word be spoken—
Leave her failings all with God!

Select Story.

A Story of Every-Day Life.

"I am tired of moping in this dull town. It is four weeks since I left the Seminary, and I honestly wish vacation were over," remarked Blanche Merton, sipping her coffee. after the family had left the breakfast table.

"You certainly cannot wish to go child, until you have seen Clarence Gray," replied her aunt Rachel, a wealthy and aristocratic woman of sixty.

"It is of no moment to me to meet Mr. Gray, or any other Mr.——, at present. I am only nineteen; besides I have too much spirit in me to be bought and sold by anybody. I am neither Circassian nor Ethiopian."

"You talk very silly, Blanche—your girlish follies pain me beyond everything. You have heard me say, repeatedly, that I should settle my estate upon Gray's wife, let her be who she would. He is a very superior young man, and most girls would have good sense enough to appreciate such an offer."

"But it has all been arranged If I had seen the fellow and liked him myself, without any help from other people, the affair would be entirely different; but the idea of marying a man because somebody says I must, is intolerable. You can settle your estate, Aunt Rachel, upon whom you like," and throwing on her bonnet and shawl, Blanche took her botany and sauntered towards the woods in quest of flowers.

Hour after hour she wandered on, regardless of the route, or the distance she was straying. Blanche was a close student, in spite of gayety, and many rare specimens were analyzed, and the Natural Oder, Genera, and Species, carefully noted on a slip of paper, as she now and then rested on the trunk of some fallen tree. By and by she grew uneasy, as she was unable to decide in which direction her aunt's residence lay. Then there was a rustling noise in the underbrush, not a great distance from her; this rustling was succeeded by two or three harsh growls.

This so much terrified Blanche that she rushed towards an opening in the forest, regardless of the direction.—Leaping over logs or whatever chanced to lie in her path, on, on she went, almost flying—sometimes sinking in marshy spots almost to the tops of her gaiters; but *onward* and rapidly, furnishing herself with a new slit in her dress at almost every bound. With garments ruined, she at last found herself in an opening and a little farther on, through a clump of maples, loomed the stately walls of a mansion. The building was both high and deep, with a gray stone front and gray shutters. It was located in the rear of a park, constructed with various drives, an artificial lake and fountain.

Everything was prepossessing to the eye, and it was no small relief to Blanche to feel that she was out of danger; but her soiled garments looked shockingly—entirely unfitting her to appear among well-bred people. She at last concluded to venture to the back door and inquire of the servants respecting her route home. Surmounting a stone wall, she walked up a grassy lawn, and passing through a small gate, soon found herself in the garden.

"Will you walk in?" said a gentlemanly looking man, emerging from a group of firs on the right.

"Do come in and rest you," urged a young lady, apparently his sister.

Blanche glanced upon herself and then blushed with mortification. The gentleman was apparently only three or four years older than herself, with a cast of countenance decidedly intellectual. His forehead was broad and high, surmounted with glossy, black hair, a handsome moustache curled gracefully upon the upper lip, with heavy whiskers completing the finish.

The first impulse which came over Blanche was to fly; the next was to pull one little curl of the fellow's whiskers in revenge for a *smile* which rippled over his face in spite of his efforts to suppress it. Her last resolve was to accept the young lady's invitation and brave it out or conquer through her sympathy; for certainly one girl can feel for another when gaiters are mud to the tops and dress torn to atoms.

They entered the front hall, and, ascending the stairs, were soon in Clara's own room, where fresh gaiters and a clean muslin dress were at her disposal. Arranging her hair carefully she was soon presentable, for Blanche owned a bewitching, coquettish looking face, entirely her own.

The two young ladies descended to the library, where the brother was in waiting, of course; luncheon had been ordered, and the young people were not long in getting acquainted.

The young man conversed most admirably and Blanche was fascinated.—She soon learned that he was a senior student at Yale, and was to graduate at commencement. Hour after hour wore away most agreeably, till at last the clock struck five, and Blanche started in dismay.

She was two miles from home, and had no time to lose. Her new acquaintances urged her to remain, and they would send word to her aunt where she was; but the girl understood her position better than to comply with such a request, however kind in itself.

Promising to return the borrowed garments in a few days, she expressed many thanks for Miss Clara's kindness, and took her leave. As she stepped into the front verandah, to her surprise a carriage was in waiting. The brother handed her in and ordered the driver to Mrs. Wilbur's.

They were soon in sight of the grounds of her aunt's mansion, but Blanche urged the propriety of *walking* the last quarter of a mile, and going *unattended.* This arrangement was readily consented to, and thanking the gentleman for his politeness, the tired girl walked up the back lane, entered the kitchen door, and rushed up stairs before any body had time to notice her. Hurriedly arraying herself in one of her own dresses, she walked down the front stairs and met her aunt at the tea table. They took their repast, silently. As the allusion to Clarence Gray in the morning had caused Blanche to rush from the house and remain absent during the day, her aunt thought best not to speak of him.

The next morning their breakfast passed as silently as their tea the night previous; the determined girl, half pouting, half sad, sipping her coffe and twirling her tea-spoon.

As soon as the cloth was removed, Blanche took her botany and wandered in the direction of the mansion she had discovered the day previous, though she firmly resolved not to go near it. Some wild flowers were gathered, and she seated herself on a log, to separate the petals of the calyx and the petals of the carolla. The stamens were counted, and Blanche had given the plant its locality, in accordance with Linnaeus, and was about deciding upon Natural Order and Genus, according to Jussien, when she heard footsteps. Looking up, there stood Charles Clifford, the gentleman whose acquaintance she had formed the day previous.

He had started to go over to Mrs. Wilbur's to call upon her, but finding her upon the way analyzing flowers, concluded not to go farther. From Mr. Clifford's polite request, there was an arrangement for them to review their botanical lessons for an hour each day, in the shade of a maple which stood near them. The young college student was in *love*, and Blanche was not less fascinated.

Three weeks elapsed, and the young people were engaged, though each resolved upon winning aunt Rachel's consent to their union if possible.

"My sister will call upon you to-morrow, Miss Merton; she wonders every day why you do not come over. You may expect her without fail, so be on your guard, and look beautiful, just as you do now." Blanche blushed and looked down, feeling indescribably happy, till the thought came rushing over her that her aunt would never consent to her marrying any one but young Gray, a gentleman whom she had never seen, and of course cared nothing for.

Is there anything equal to being compelled to drag out a life time with one we cannot love, while those most dear to us are as unfortunately tied to some one else?

Blanche grew giddy with her thoughts, and for a moment reeled, then hurrying to her own room, closed the door, and threw herself upon her knees. Long and earnest she plead with heaven for help, then rising, sank upon her couch, and bathed her pillow in tears.

The next morning, as she entered the breakfast-room, the very first words that greeted her were:

"Blanche, Blanche, you must have your new moire antique made up immediately. Mr. Gray has got home, and will dine with us in a few days. I have just received a note from him, saying we may expect him soon."

"For a moment the color rushed into her face, then faded as it came, till she was colorless. The poor girl now fully realized that her aunt would never consent to her marrying Charles Clifford, intelligent and facinating as he truly was, and the heir of as large a property as Clarence Gray could have. How dark the world looked to her—life itself a burden.

"Why, child, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Wilbur, who noticed the girl's emotion.

"I wish Clarence Gray were in Jericco, or a thousand miles beyond it!" replied Blanche, shaking from head to foot.

Mrs. Wilbur drew herself up haughtily.

"Blanche Merton, hear me, once for all. I wish you to treat him well. He is a very superior young man, and my property shall go to his wife—whether it happen to be you or some girl of better sense."

"Bestow your property where you like, Aunt Rachel. I shall marry the man I love, so help me Heaven!"

"And whom do you love?" inquired the astonished aunt.

"One who is equally as worthy as Clarence Gray."

"Where did you meet him? Who is he, and what is he?" sternly demanded the enraged Mrs. Wilbur.

Blanche saw her case was almost hopeless, and, throwing herself upon her knees, clasped her aunt's hands in agony. It was a burst of grief and she gave free vent to a flood of tears.

Mrs. Wilbur was too much excited to notice approaching footsteps, and the poor girl at her feet realized nothing but her own sorrow. Presently Blanche felt the touch of a hand upon her bowed head. Looking up, Charles Clifford was before her, and in a moment more he clasped her in his arms.

"Why, Clarence, how glad I am to see you," remarked Mrs. Wilbur, taking his disengaged hand, for one arm was round Blanche.

"Clarence—Clarence!" echoed the astonished girl. "What does this mean, Mr. Clifford?" extricating herself from his embrace, as, half ossified, half petrified, she stood gazing into the face before her.

"Forgive me dear girl, for winning your heart as Charles Clifford. My name is Clarence Gray—with heart, hand and fortune at your feet. Say, my love are you willing to marry me now?"

"Mrs. Wilbur had left the room, and Clarence, leading Blanche to the sofa, tenderly wiped away the tears—the result of so much distress; and in an hour her heart was happy enough to make up for its keenest sorrow.

The Moire-antique was made up, and not very long after a white brocade followed.

Commencement was soon over at Yale, and young Gray bore off his diploma with the highest honors; and, a few weeks after, the very carriage that bore Blanche Merton from a lofty mansion after her botanic excursion now handed Clarence Gray and his bride back to its walls.

WELL SAID.—The *Native Virginian* says a friend in Richmond closes a recent letter thus:

"By the way, what is to become of the ladies and gentlemen of Virginia, born to affluence, with refined tastes, but now bereft of means? I wish you would treat the subject, as you can so well, in your paper."

There is but one way to treat the subject. We know a young gentleman, in whose veins the best blood of Virginia and South Carolina is mingled.—He was a good soldier, for he loves war and hates farming. On the hottest days in summer we have seen him, hoe in hand, sleeves rolled up, arms bare to the elbow, working like a steam engine from dawn until dark. This man, by industry and by prudence, will win back what his fathers won before him by means of the same qualities. Not the pride of race, but the strength of blood, will make him a master again. Such a man will not be kept down. As for those Virginia ladies and gentlemen who will not stoop to conquer, (that fact alone throws a doubt on the purity of their blood,) they will live and die miserably, and their children will be chambermaids and ostlers to the descendants of Yankee settlers."

There is sound sense and philosophy in all this, and, if not in this, in the following, from Saxe:—

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend,
You may find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine.

A smart young lady, in reply to an inquiry why she did not get married, said it was because she was unable to support a husband.

Miscellaneous.

Our Country.

Rev. John Chambers, the well known pulpit orator, of Philadelphia, preached a sermon on Thanksgiving-day, from Proverbs, XIV, 34, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people" The speaker introduced his subject by saying:

I have selected this subject after a great deal of thought and reflection, because I supposed that there was not an American citizen that would not feel interested in its solution. Far be it from me, on an occasion like this, to introduce any topic in the pulpit calculated to set men at variance with each other, or to accomplish any other object than the alliance of the heart of man to God and to his brethren.

I recognize in this discourse no party, no class of men, but will look simply at the facts as they are, and present them to you fearlessly, leaving you to judge as to their righteousness, or unrighteousness; their applicability or their want of applicability.

With the past history of our country we are all familiar, or ought to be. A brighter, a grander history was never made by men or nations than was made by the people of America in the first seventy-five years of her nationality.—Springing up from the childhood of her being into a mature manhood, in the brief period of years that rolled on from her commencement, to about the close of her seventy-eighth year, her progress was marvellous; her far-reaching influence wonderful. The men that filled her offices of trust, and those who were Senators and Representative of her national as well as state governments were men whose peers could only be found among the mightiest of nations!

The present, however, I must candidly admit, is shorn of its original glory and grandeur. Of this you can speak as well as I; of this you must decide from your own experience as I have endeavored to decide from mine. To this conclusion you must come, or not, as you investigate the records of the past. In the days that have gone by, statesmanship was magnificent, grand, and glorious! Now we find it dwarfed, and bereft of every evidence of its moral character. I give this as my deliberate judgment, from my own observation.

Men of the present age have lost their manhood; that high sense of honor which distinguished the past, alas, has perished, and gone from the men of our nation, We have to look at facts as they are. Forty years ago, who would have had sufficient temerity to enter our halls of legislation and attempt to bribe! How is it now?—Here the speaker drew an alarming picture of the bribery and corruption which stalk through our halls of legislation, State and National.

You know that these things are so. Looking into our National Senate forty years since, what man or sanhedrim would have attempted to bribe any of the members of that august assembly?

The men of that day were unapproachable. They sat like giants in their intellectual and moral worth. They went to legislate for the nation; to watch over the interests of this growing empire in the morning of its existence, and to feed it with food convenient for it, and to nourish and cherish it in its growth to a degree of manhood that would command and did command the admiration of the whole human race!

Then pass over to the House of Representatives at this same period of her history, what incarnation of an intruder into Paradise would have offered a bride to one of those men! Such an insult to all that was honorable in the manhood of the members in those seats would, in all human probability, have caused the insulter to be lifted most unceremoniously into a cold bath in the Potomac.

How is it now? corrupting, corroding and destroying influences have passed from your State halls and your municipal council chambers, to the very heart of your nation. Moreover, is it not notorious as the light of noontide that men calling themselves American citizens, put themselves at auction on all great election days and the highest bidder always secures the prize! Let that be denied! Is there a man in this land that dare deny the statement, that you buy men on great election occasions, as sheep are bought in the shambles?

We may think light of these things, but as God lives they are the canker-worms at the root of the tree, and they are eating at the vitals of your nation. Can you make any calculations of safety and certainty upon the perpetuity of the glorious institutions of this great land, if your citizens are purchasable articles in the market?

Now then, I come to ask you, quietly and calmly to-day, with these things before you, what shall we do? It is true that money is used in the national halls of legislation for the accomplishment of personal or party purposes! It is true that money is used in your State legislative bodies for the same end. It is true that money goes into your municipalities and your council chambers, not for the weal of the community, not for the good of the citizens, but to fill up their own wallets at your expense.

If this be righteousness, then farewell to the happiness and glory of this nation. What, I ask, must be the future of our country, unless there can be brought to bear upon the judgments, and the consciences and the hearts of the people an influence counteracting all this evil which is now burning and withering that which once was so beautiful and grand! I answer, brethren, this question fearlessly before God, by declaring that our future must be the future of all the republics that have preceeded us, unless we change our course!

To my mind, therefore, as I look over the state of things, the "signs of the times" are appalling. Delilah is at the home of Liberty with the voice of an enchantress, asking this mighty Sampson to sleep upon her knees, that she may shave off his seven locks. Now she is speaking clamorously for "universal suffrage," and woman, lovely glorious woman, is forgetting the position into which God has placed her, and is stooping down from that platform of female glory and beauty and excellence, to mingle with the drunken crowd and the filth of the streets about the polls on election day. What a pitiable, sorrowful sight, to see the loveliest of God's creation on earth, the American woman, shouldering and elbowing with the roughs of your city, the fragments of their bonnets and the borders of their caps being strewn about the walks in their drunken riots! Heaven save this land from such a desolation, from such a curse, from such a moral calamity.

To-day our nation is on the inclined plane, and the momentum of its descent in increasing momentarily. The cry from every patriotic heart should resound over hills and dales, and throughout the broad land, "Down with the brakes," or else you will dash to pieces.

My hearers, this country of rivers, lakes, mountains and valleys; of soil and climate; of minerals and forests; unequalled on earth, must not be lost! If our star drops from the political and national firmament, it drops in a night of anarchy and despotism. Then there is a farewell to Republicanism. But she can be saved. Righteousness can save her! We must go back to the old land-marks. We must see to it that no man is put at the helm of the ship, who will not steer her by the Constitution of the United States; for if he deviate from this guide there are shoals and quick-sands; there are frightful breakers and rocks upon which the structure may be dashed to pieces. But if with a steady hand and under the guidance of that great chart he bears the old ship up; the storm may beat and the waves dash and the winter's night hail, but she will speed right on, until the calm comes and she sits like a queen upon her throne, and scatters blessings to you and to me, and to yours and to mine!

But it must be by righteousness. He must be faithful, earnest and devoted. Of what use is the Constitution, or laws, unless both are adhered to? I know how profanely and blasphemously men talk to you of these, and my heart is touched to the quick when I listen to them. I know how lightly men talk to you about the solemnity of an oath, and about conscience. Conscience is the vicegerent of the eternal God in man's own bosom. "Throw it away," is the profane thing they say.

Beloved brethren, we desire to see peace and prosperity in this land, and to witness its untiring progress and to see its outgivings to us and our children.—If we desire to live under the broad shield of liberty, and to command all those blessings, we must be laboring in God's name and in God's service.

If we will comply with the teachings of this Book, and follow the great principles laid down in it, it will make us lovers and worshippers of God—making a man the child of God. Let the light of this Book fall upon his path; let its principles dwell in his heart; let his labor be under its influence, radiating every day, and you will have a nation of men, not mixed, but pure, manly, noble, righteous! You will see woman in her beautiful home, or in her proper position, standing in the majesty of her nature, and looking out upon the world, and from her holy life throwing broadcast an influence that will bring into the circle of the Heavens admiring angles to catch the loud hallelujahs that go up from the heart of a redeemed nation! Your Senate Chamber will again adorn the world. Your House of Representatives will scorn the men that dare to bring a bribe. The members of your legislative bodies no living man will dare to approach, with unholy schemes? Your council chambers will not be polluted. But under the power and influence of citizens exalted by righteousness, the nation will sit at the foot of the throne of her God and King, and take up the beautiful song:—"The Lord God is a sun and a shield; He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He with hold from them that walk upright."

THE GOLDEN MOTTO.—A good old man, when he heard of a neighbor's misfortunes would say, "He fell to day, I may fall to morrow." This is the purely golden motto for every neighborhood; it reaches to the perfection of Christian charity and manly kindness; it places us all along the mutual moral dangers; it leaves us all the possible of immediate wrong; it gives us all a defence in forgiveness and liability; it teaches us all against hasty judgements and shows to all that offense is a common inheritance which cannot be pushed from out of our ready reach. "He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." Let this solemn confession be always echoing from the voice of conscience; let it be impressed on the tables of honor; let it be the first recollection, the constant influence, the guiding spirit of the day and the prompter of nightly prayer.

Three of the proudest moments in a man's life is when he triumphs over a vile habit, makes a friend of an enemy, and pays the last farthing of his indebtedness. In a woman's when she stands an accepted bride, when she looks in love upon her first-born, and meets her husband at the threshhold of the Church, ready to continue with her and closer the journey of life, till they land in the haven of rest.

Philosophical happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

Stereotyping Newspapers.

Few are aware of the fact that our principal morning journals are not printed directly from the type, but from stereotypes taken from the regular forms. The whole time consumed in making the plates of the four pages is about twenty minutes. It is accomplished thus: each page is made up in a separate form on a table in size and height expressly adapted for the purpose; the legs of this table are furnished with castors, and as soon as the form is locked the table is rolled into the stereotyping room. The form is then removed to the moulding-table; the latter has a hollow iron bed, the cavity of which is filled with steam, as heat is one of the requirements in facilitating the operation. After the right temperature is attained the form is again removed to the imposing table, and two or three sheets of a kind of paper is laid over the surface of the type, and they are then beaten down with a brush in the same manner that printers proceed in taking a brush proof. The form is then again carefully slid upon the moulding table, another and heavier sheet of paper is placed over the first; this is covered with a wet blanket, the whole slipped under the press attached to the moulding table, and the power applied. This is done almost instantly, when the form is again run out, and the paper peeled off in a complete matrix of the whole form. A preparation of French chalk is now applied to the surface of this paper, when it is placed into the mould, and the hot metal poured against it, and the plate almost instantly formed. It is now removed to the plainer, is cut, routed and justified, and in a few moments is on its way to the press-room. These plates are cast in the exact form required for a cylinder press, and are about half an inch in thickness.

Save the Dead Leaves.

If every horticulturist and farmer would think for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves—which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthly salts, lime, potash, etc., needed for the next season's growth and fertility—and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they would consider that it is exactly in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would hardly be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist or farmer to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. Nor would he give them away, as many now do. He would rather collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil above the roots, where they will decay, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. If this plan should be tried we should not see old orchards dying out for want of nourishment; but they would, in this simple manner, receive all the enriching they required. Pear trees, and doubtless the peach, would be greatly benefited by this procedure.

In certain vineyards in France and Italy the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off, or falls from the vines at the close of the season. Will not some of our farmers of inquiring minds give this simple process a trial this season?

It is a well known fact that no manure is more eagerly sought for by the florist than leaf manure. It enters largely into the compost prepared for potting. Leaves, collected and mixed with barnyard manure, greatly enhance its value. Therefore, gather up the leaves, that nothing shall be lost.

SALT WITH NUTS.—One time, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hicory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew of a case of a woman eating hearty of nuts in the evening, who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his cups, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered "salt! salt!" of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her; and if they would allow him to make an examination, he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and it immediately dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself, which appears to have been the effect of the same cause. I generally eat salt with nuts and consider it improves them.—*Cor. German Telegraph.*

STRANGE AND SINGULAR.—Here is a row of ordinary capital letters and figures.

SSSS XXX ZZZ 333 888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are a very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye will declare them to be of equal size.—Now turn the page upside down, and without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated—that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.

A poultice of onions, applied morning, noon and night, will cure a felon No matter how bad the case, lancing the finger will be unnecessary if this poultice be used. The remedy is a sure safe and speedy one. So says one who has tried it.