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REMOVAL.

Select Poetry.

WINTER MORNING.

Bright the eastern sky is beaming On the earth's fresh dress of snow, Flashed with pink tints softly gleaming, That no pencil's touch can show.

Dressed in crystals, gay and shining, Every branch both high and low, All the diamond's hues combining, Sparkles in the morning's glow.

Like the summer's spectres frightened, Darkly looms the evergreen On the hillside dimly lighted, By the winter morning's sheen.

'Neath the torquise vault go streaming Crowds of jolly crows—that fly, Like Night's vanguard, from the gleaming Of the rosy morning sky.

Select Story.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.

It was a close and sultry afternoon, towards the end of July. The Dover express was about to start from the London Bridge terminus of the South Eastern Railway, and there was the usual bustle and clatter, attendant upon such an occurrence.

Among the intending passengers might be seen on the platform a stout, silver-haired, cherry looking, elderly gentleman, whose spotless broad cloth, massive gold chain (to which was attached a valuable repeater), and, above all, whose conscious air of responsibility, proclaimed the man of substance.

He was, in fact, the senior partner of a wealthy and well known firm of Kentish brewers, and was taking with him, sandwich a large sum of money, which he had come to London on purpose to collect.

This passenger appeared to possess that sort of amiable inquisitiveness and restlessness which is a not uncommon attribute of gentlemen who have passed the rubicon of a certain age.

His first care was to secure a copy of the latest edition of the Times, his next to recruit himself with a biscuit and a glass of old sherry at the refreshment bar, and finally to walk up and down the platform at a somewhat brisk pace, being evidently unwilling to sit down within the narrow limits of a railway carriage until it became a matter of positive necessity that he should do so.

While he thus exercised himself the eye of the worthy old gentleman was suddenly caught by a large staring printed bill on the wall, and adjusting his gold spectacles he proceeded to peruse it. It ran thus:—

"Murder! £200 Reward!—The above is offered by Her Majesty's Government to any person or persons who shall give such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of Charles Winttingham, (alias Carlos Bertolacci), suspected and accused of committing divers murders, for the purpose of robbery, on the various lines of railway throughout the United Kingdom.

The said Charles W. (alias Carlos B.) is twenty-two years of age, and is short of stature, of fair complexion, has blue eyes and good teeth. His hands and feet are small and remarkably well shaped, and his manner winning, persuasive and courteous. Whoever will give such information as will lead to his apprehension, will receive the above reward."

It was also particularly stated that C. W. had a mole beneath his chin. "Bless me," ejaculated the brewer, "what an adonis! But, dear me, murdering people in railway carriages—how remarkably nervous I feel, to be sure. Here guard!"

A guard who happened to be near, scenting a half-crown, immediately advanced. "Guard, I must have a carriage to myself."

"Train will be very full, sir. Where are you for, sir?" "Sandwich," was the reply. "Change at Minster for Sandwich and Danl," said the guard, instinctively repeating the well-known formula.

"Yes, yes, I know about that I should think, by this time," interrupted the old gentleman impatiently. "The question is—can I have a carriage or not?" said he, producing a sovereign from his pocket, and showing it surreptitiously to the guard.

The eyes of the official brightened up amazingly. "Follow me, sir," said he, "and I'll see what can be done."

The old gentleman followed his conductor and the result was, as it usually is, that the golden key, which unlocks every door, unlocked for the brewer the

door of a reserved first class carriage. "There, sir," said the guard, locking him in; now you are all right. But I forgot, you must change at Ashford for Minster, as this is a Dover carriage."

"Oh, I know that," said the old gentleman, "I know the line well." "All right, sir," said the guard—"No offence."

"Oh, certainly not," said the other. "Much obliged to you." Putting his hand to his cap the guard then departed.

The old gentleman unfolded his Times and began to look through the latest doings on the Stock Exchange and in the hop market. The moment for the departure of the train had almost arrived; the noise from the engine getting up its steam was almost deafening; late passengers rushed frantically to and fro, and bewildered porters strove in vain to satisfy their demands. Suddenly the smiling, obsequious face of the guard appeared at the window of the carriage in which the brewer sat alone in his glory.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," said he, "I really beg pardon; but could you allow one person in there with you?" "Certainly not," said the old gentleman, looking up testily from his paper. "What did I pay my sovereign for?"

"But you see, sir," said the guard, deprecatingly, "this is a lady who—"

"Oh, a lady! Well, in that case," began the old man, somewhat mollified. "I would not intrude upon the gentleman against his will," said a low sweet voice. "I would rather lose the train."

"Indeed, madam," said the brewer, looking at the lovely face before him. "I shall be honored. Open the door, guard."

The triumphant guard unlocked the door, and the fair visitor, with a gracious bow to her elderly companion, took her seat. In another instant the official had received a second douncer, doors were slammed to with a crash, the engine, released from its forced restraint, gave a shriek, and the train dashed out of the station on its mission across the lovely county of Kent.

Involuntarily the brewer stole a glance at his beautiful companion. She was dressed in a costly toilette, which set off her slight and elegant figure to great advantage. Her features were singularly lovely, and her dark hair formed an exquisite contrast to her blue eyes and fair complexion.

"If I were thirty years younger," thought the brewer, "I should—"

Presently, after those numberless and nameless civilities had been exchanged between the lady and her companion, which are almost inevitable when well bred persons are travelling together, they commenced conversing like old acquaintances. The gentleman appeared much pleased and gratified with the attention which his companion paid to all he said, whilst the lady, on her part threw off the air of timidity and distrust which had at first set so well upon her.

"It is very pleasant traveling by the express," remarked the brewer; "one is not jolted as by the ordinary trains."

"No, it is, as you say, extremely pleasant," said his companion. "Besides, an accident rarely happens on the express."

"Oh, madam, pray do not speak of accidents," said the brewer. "You are nervous, then, sir," said the lady.

"Somewhat so, I confess; and besides—"

"Besides?" she said, interrupting. "Well, there are other accidents besides those which may happen to the train itself," he added.

"What accidents, sir?" asked the lady, with an air of interest. "Well, madam, since the affair of Muller and Mr. Briggs—"

"Oh, I understand," said the lady, with a light and musical laugh; "you are afraid of being murdered, sir?" "H'm well—"

"Oh, pray do not make excuses, sir," he said the lady; "I can understand that persons may be cowardly, when—"

"Cowardly, madam?" said the poor old gentleman, somewhat disconcerted. "Certainly," she replied, laughing more than ever; "it is not so to fear that you are to become a second Mr. Briggs? Such occurrences do not take place now."

"Not take place!" cried the brewer, opening his eyes; "why, on that very platform I was reading—"

"I might prove one of the exceptions," said he. "So you might, sir," returned the lady, with a faint ironical smile.

"You see, then, that there is ground for nervousness on the part of an old man," said the brewer. "Ah, that is why you were locked in this carriage," said the lady. "Exactly," he replied.

"Oh, I comprehend," she continued. "On my part I am not very nervous at all."

"You are not?" he cried. "No. Why should I be so, when I have you to protect me?" She smiled again ironically, and the old gentleman bowed.

The conversation then turned on different subjects. Presently December and May partook of a sandwich together, and by the train stopped at Taunbridge.

Here a tall, military looking and rather handsome man was seeking to find a place in the train. He must proceed, he said, at once on business of great importance, for he was already late, having come thus far on his way to Dover by a previous train, which had unfortunately gone on without him while he had been taking a hasty meal at the refreshment bar.

"I must and will proceed," he said calmly, but firmly, to the guard, who in vain protested that the train was already quite full.

"The company are bound to take me on," he cried. "There is no room, sir," said the guard.

"We will see. Ha!" he ejaculated, looking into the carriage in which sat the brewer and his companion, "here is room," he added, and frowned at the guard.

"You cannot go in there, sir," said the latter, in great confusion. "Not go in! Well, we will see," said he, and he coolly took a key from his pocket, and unlocked the door of the carriage, stepping briskly in.

The guard stared in amazement. "He has got a key," he ejaculated to himself. "Oh, he must be a director. Beg pardon, sir."

But there was no time for explanation, for the train was already on its way.

The brewer frowned and looked cross at this fresh addition to the company. Not so the lady, who at the voice and sight of the newcomer had at first turned slightly pale. She merely gave a glance at him, and recommenced the perusal of *Harry Danton*. As for the stranger he settled himself down in the opposite seat to her, and taking from his pocket a late edition of the *Standard*, became apparently absorbed in its columns.

It may be mentioned that the brewer, who had at first been seated opposite to his fair traveling companion, had latterly, for the purpose of indulging in his afternoon nap, changed his seat to the farther corner of the carriage. His first seat then being vacant, was appropriated by the newcomer.

On, as rushed the train, through cornfields and hop grounds at the steady, even pace which prevented its rapidity from being felt. Now some open-mouthed rustic stood at a half-opened gate, staring after the smoking, puffing engine as it tore along; now some covey of partridges rose from the edge of the embankment, or a startled colt galloped away from the vicinity of the (in its eyes) resistless monster that appeared to be approaching him. And still on, steadily on, without oscillation or curve, sped the Dover Express.

The military man, or at least he who appeared to be such, was steadily regarding his opposite neighbor over the top of his newspaper while apparently engaged in reading. She, unconscious of the scrutiny, was absorbed in the fortunes of the second hero of her novel; and the old brewer snored audibly in the farther corner.

The face of the military looking man expressed perplexity and doubt. He was a personage of from fifty to sixty years of age, with an upright carriage, crisp, short, curling black hair, intermixed with gray, and peculiarly intelligent and piercing black eyes. For some miles he appeared to be debating with himself, and occasionally, with an air of indecision, put his hand into his coat tail pocket.

"The opportunity is good," he muttered, "and yet—"

At last, when the train was within a few miles of Ashford, he appeared to have made up his mind. "I will risk it," he said to himself; "yes, I will risk it."

Click! click!

The military man had suddenly withdrawn his hand from his pocket, in which it had so long been fumbling, and the old brewer woke up with a terrified start. The fair lady of this story,

with a pale but resolute look on her face, was hand cuffed. "What—what is this?" gasped the brewer, only half awake, and turning in bewildered amazement to the military stranger. "Who are you, sir?"

"Inspector T—," of the detective force," was the reply. "And that lady," said the old gentleman; "what has she done?"

"Are you sure she is a lady?" inquired the inspector, with a quiet smile. "Oh, who could doubt that?" said the brewer.

"I doubted it, sir," was the quick reply; "and well for you I did, for I have decidedly saved your life."

"Saved my life!" cried the brewer, in extreme astonishment. "Yes," said the detective. "But how?" inquired the brewer.

"Look at that lady, as you call her," said the officer. "Did you ever see any one like her?"

"Oh, never."

"Or read of any one like her?" continued the inspector. "Never," cried the other.

"You have not read these handbills all down the line, then?" said inspector T.

"What handbills?" inquired the brewer. "Why, concerning the recent murders in railway carriages."

"Yes, I have read them," he replied. "Well?" said the officer. "I can not see how that concerns this lady."

Even the prisoner smiled at this obtuseness. "Look, then," said the inspector, removing the prisoner's bonnet, and with it a mass of dark braided hair, beneath which showed a curly golden head—

"Does a light break in upon you now?" "Oh, oh!" murmured the poor brewer, growing deadly pale. "So that this lady is, then, it appears—"

"Charles Winttingham, alias Carlos Bertolacci," said the detective. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"You see, then, the danger you have escaped," continued the officer. "You were positively asleep."

"Ah, ah!" said the brewer, shuddering. "How can I ever repay you?"

"Oh, I have only done my duty," returned the inspector. "This young rascal (who could ever suppose such a face could cover the heart of a demon?) was doubtless about to escape to the Continent."

A slight contraction of the prisoner's face told the detective he had surmised correctly. "Which," continued the inspector, "but for an accident he would have done."

The criminal elevated his eyebrows; the old man looked inquiringly at the detective.

"Yes," continued the latter, "I say but for an accident; for in fact, I suspected his design, and had taken the first train to Dover. By a misapprehension of the time on my part, I was left behind at Taunbridge, while taking some refreshment. So that it is a mere chance I encountered my prisoner in this train."

The young man ground his teeth in desperation. "But—how did you know him?" asked the brewer.

"Ah! you think it was impossible to detect him in that disguise," said the officer. "Well, I will admit he makes as pretty a girl as I ever saw in my life. I will tell you how I detected him. In the first place, I was struck by his sweet, low voice, too deep for a woman, in my opinion."

Select Poetry.

To my Departed Father.

A contemporary says—The following beautiful verses were written by the celebrated "STONEMAN JACKSONS." They breathe the very essence of poetry. No person of taste can read them, without being moved by the genuine filial affection, so tenderly expressed by the highly gifted author, while the heart is touched with sympathy by the mournful strain. The smooth diction, and the charming melody of the stanzas, fall like melting music on the ear, while the imagination is stirred by the striking and impressive imagery of the poem, the commencement of which is so weird-like that it fills the mind with awe and admiration.

How full and striking are the two last lines of the fourth stanza. Mark how tenderly the poet refers to his bereaved mother. "Turn like the vine whose tendrils curl'd More closely round the falling tree."

There is not in the whole range of poetical literature a more beautiful couplet than this. How sublime are the closing lines. Had the great warrior written but this poem alone, it would have stamped him as a genuine poet, and prove to the world that men of the finest sensibilities are capable of great personal bravery, and can wield a sublimer influence on the battle-field than those who are prompted to action by mere animal courage. We feel assured that the intelligent readers of the ADVOCATE will appreciate the poem.

As die the embers on the hearth, And o'er the floor the shadows fall, And creep the chirping crickets forth, And tick the death-watch on the wall, I see a form in yonder chair, The form that once my father bore, The form he wore, and features there, The pallid brow, and locks of white.

My father! when they laid thee down, And heaped thy clay upon thy breast, Unwept thy fate, thy look unshorn, Upon thy narrow couch of rest; I know not why I could not weep, The soothing drops refused to roll, And like the wind that whistled o'er, Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair, This idle tale upon the wall, The book—the parting message—there, This eye had rested last of all! The tree beneath whose friendly shade Thy trembling feet had wander'd forth, The very prisms those feet had made, When last they feebly trod the earth.

I thought while countless ages fled, Thy vacant chair would vacant stand, Unwept thy fate, thy look unshorn, Effaced thy footprints from the sand; And widowed in this cheerless world, The heart that gave its love to thee, Turn like the vine that curls and folds, More closely round the falling tree.

Oh, father! then for her and thee, Gush'd madly forth the scalding tears, And soft, and long, and bitter, Those tears have gush'd in later years, For as the world grows cold around, And things assume their own real hue, 'Tis sad to find that love is found, Alone above the stars with you.

Miscellaneous.

Profitable Trade in Riddles.

Nine persons sailed from Balse down to Rhine. A Jew who wished to go to Schalmapi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he had struck his hand against it; but the only money there was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude. For he thought to himself—"Something may be earned even upon the water." There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine.

During the first part of the voyage the passengers were very talkative and merry and the Jew with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was an object of much mirth and mockery as his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thurengen and St. Veit, the passengers one after another grew silent, and gaped, and gazed helplessly down the river until one cried—

"Come, Jew! Do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to show my sheep!" And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and propound various curious questions to each other, and he with their permission would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random, whatever chanced to enter his head.

Thus for example, the first asked:—"How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Gollath eat on an empty stomach?" All said that it was impossible to answer the question, and each paid his twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said—"One; for he has eaten one egg, cannot put a second upon an empty stomach," and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought—"Wait, Jew, I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece! Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said—"Because he was not in Corinth—otherwise he would have spoken to them." So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third said that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great length as possible and completes it in time?"

The ropemaker, if he is industrious said the Jew. In the meantime while they drew near to a village and one said to the other—"That is Bamlach." Then the fourth asked—"In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?" The Jew said, "In February, for it has only 28 days."

Select Poetry.

Physical Education.

During childhood, as well as in infancy, the regulation of the vegetative functions ought to be the most important point of education. A good and healthy organization is the basis of all employment and enjoyment. Many parents, however, are anxious to cultivate the mind at the expense of the body. They think they cannot instruct their offspring early enough to read and write, while their bodily constitution and health are over taxed. Children are shut up, forced to sit quiet, and breathe a confined air. This error is the greater the more delicate the mental powers are. The bodily powers of such children are sooner exhausted, they suffer from dyspepsia, headache, and a host of nervous complaints; their brain is liable to inflammation and serous effusion; and a premature death is frequently the consequence of such a violation of nature.

It is indeed to be lamented that the influence of the physical on the moral part of man is not sufficiently understood. There are parents who will pay masters very dearly, in hope of giving excellency to their children, but who will hesitate to spend the tenth part to procure them bodily health. Some by an absurd infatuation take their own constitution as a measure of those of their children; and because they themselves in advanced life can support confinement and intense application with little injury to health, they conclude that their young and delicate children can do the same. Such notions are altogether erroneous—bodily deformities, curved spines and stiffness for various occupations, and the fulfillment of future duties, frequently result from such misdirected management of children. The advantages of a sound body are incalculable for the individuals themselves, their friends, and their posterity.

Body and mind ought to be cultivated in harmony, and neither of them at the expense of the other. Health should be the basis, and instruction the ornament of early education. The development of the body will assist the manifestations of the mind, and a good mental education will contribute to bodily health. The organs of the mental operations, when they are too soon and too much exercised, suffer and become unfit for their functions. This explains the reason why young geniuses often descend at a later age into the class of common men. Indeed, experience shows, that among children of almost equal dispositions, those whose brains brought up without particular care, and begin to read and to write when their bodily constitution has acquired some solidity, soon overtake those who are dragged early to their spelling-books to the detriment of their bodily frame. No school education, strictly speaking, ought to begin before seven years of age.

The brains of delicate children, and premature geniuses ought to be exercised, and that the greater their mental activity is the less it needs to be exercised, and the more care it is to take of the body and the physical education.

It is also very important to know that during the climacteric years, when the body increases most rapidly, the mental powers are weaker. Hence at that period the body requires greater attention than the mind.

Preservation of Leather. The following valuable hints in regard to the preservation of leather, we copy from the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*:

The extreme heat to which most men and women expose boots and shoes during winter deprives leather of its vitality, rendering it liable to break and crack. When leather becomes so warm as to give off the smell of leather, it is singed. Close rubber shoes also destroy the life of leather. All varnishes and all blacking containing the properties of tarnish should be avoided.

Shoe leather is greatly abused. Persons know nothing or care less about the kind of material used than they do about the polish produced. Vitrified blacking is used until every particle of oil in the leather is destroyed. To remedy this abuse the leather should be washed once a month with warm water; and when about half dry, a coat of oil and tallow should be applied and the boots set aside for a day or two.

This will remove the elasticity and life in the leather, and when thus used upper leather will add to crack or break.

Don't wash harness in water and with soap. No harness is ever soiled that a damp sponge will not remove the dirt. When harness loses its luster and turns brown, which almost any leather will do after long exposure to the air, the harness should be given a new coat of grain black. Before using this grain black, the grain surface should be thoroughly washed with potash water until all the grease is killed, and then care is to be taken to "fasten the color." This will not only "fasten the color," but make the leather flexible. Harness which is grained can be cleaned with kerosene or spirits of turpentine, and so harness will result if the parts affected are washed and oiled immediately afterward.

A young man, meeting an acquaintance, said: "I heard that you were dead."

"But," said the other, "you are alive."

"I do not know how that may be," replied he; "you are a suspicious liar; but my informant was a person of credit."

Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its chords are swept by the breeze of nature.

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would never enter the water again till he had learned to swim.

The fifth said, "There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said, "The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked, "What fish have these eyes nearest together?"

The Jew, the smallest. The seventh asked, "How can a man ride from Basle to Bern in the shade, in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said, "When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Bern to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"