

The Democratic Advocate.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 14.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD RUIN.

The old house stands where the hill-top trees
Lead to the breach of the window's breach,
Stands in its solitude alone,
An olden castle of un-broken stone,
But crumbling, falling, in some stronghold,
Buried pile of memories old.

Stands in its silence—sad, forlorn,
Its walls o'ergrown with the ivy's thorn,
Mouldering brick and rank weed tall,
Choking up porch, path and hall,
Thus checking, fretting the stranger who
Would loiter under the old pile through.

Slight oaks build in the turret grey,
Pines and willow through the great hall play,
Or from the thickly tangled grass
Start at the wandering footsteps pass,
All snapping, snarling, lonely, bold,
Modern lords of the mistletoe's hold.

The daylight peers with a curious eye
Through the broken panes of the window's niche,
And the ever-cheerful sunbeams glare
On ancient mirror and antique chair,
And glimmering, shimmering, mournful, east
A gloomy smile over the mistletoe's east.

The summer rains find an easy pass
Through the crumbling roof of the broken glass,
And the winter winds with a rattle hiss
Whistle "monger rattle, rattle and hiss,
And gully, madly, wild, and coarse,
Through the hair of the old deserted house.

I'd not wonder then when the drowsy eve
Came to the day's glad reprieve,
I'd feel as though through the twilight air
Some olden knight or his lady fair,
Some ghastly, ghastly, quaking sight
Of elfin dwarf, or goblin sprite.

Popular Tales.

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

BY BLANCHE RAYMOND.

"I repeat it, sir, you can marry Miss Norton, or I will cut you off with a shilling!"

"Do you wish me to marry a woman whom I cannot love, father?" asked Fayette Delmont, respectfully.

"What right have you to say that you cannot love her, when you never laid eyes on the woman in your life? I say she's just the wife for a rattle-headed spendthrift like you. But there's no use in talking about it now. When she arrives you can have the privilege of choosing between her and disinheritance—that's all," said Delmont, senior, stalked out of the room.

"Ah!" thought Fay, arching his handsome brows, "then I am to marry Miss Norton, whether I will or not. I, Fay Delmont, twenty-five years of age and was never in love in my life, now have my choice between marrying a spinster of some twenty-eight or thirty, or freedom, with my father's displeasure. Heigh-ho! I'll take a run in the country, and stay till the ancient lady has her visit nearly out, and perhaps kind fortune will favor me with a spell of typhoid or something else, until she has gone."

That afternoon Fay, armed with shot gun and fishing tackle, left home for a month of rusticiating.

"Glad to see you, old fellow!" shouted Ned Linton, who saw Fay approaching the cozy farm house just as the sun was setting behind a mass of purple and bronze clouds. "You know that you promised me two years ago, when we left school, that you would spend the next summer with me, but you are none the less welcome now, I assure you," and the two walked along the gravelled path, where the variegated pinks and touch-me-nots grew on either side, and the fragrant clover and climbing roses sent out a cheery welcome to poor, tired Fay. Sitting with Ned in the vine covered porch, he had time to look around him.

"What a perfect little paradise you have here, Ned," he cried, enthusiastically, "preferable, by far, to the smoke and din of city life. What a splendid perfume those roses have! May I pull one? It seems so long since I have seen a rose that had the appearance of growing wild."

"Certainly, as many as you like. Ella trained those. She plants and cares for all of the flowers. But I forgot, Fay, you never saw Ella did you? Well, you shall though, and if she don't please you, I will set you down as a confirmed bachelor—and no mistake."

A few moments later when Ned led the way to the dining room, where Fay was to partake of a supper set for him by hands that he had not yet seen; through the door leading into the kitchen he saw a form that had made him forget where he was, or who he was contemplating. It was a little figure robed in cool blue and white lawn, with blue ribbons around the neck and among the wavy tresses of the brown hair. The loose sleeves were turned back from the snowy dimpled arms, and the left hands were rolling out the finest, flakiest pie-crust that ever Fay had set his eyes upon.

It would be no task, he thought, eating his supper, scarcely tasting it the while, to love a being like the one he had just seen. "Ugh! Miss Norton seems more repulsive than ever. I can't see why my father will insist on my marrying Miss Norton, just because he and her father were such warm friends." Fay was more certain that he could never marry her, when, later in the evening, Ned introduced his sister, Miss Ella Linton. He was glad that she was Ned's sister, as he would feel more at liberty to be sociable with her, as he was almost sure that he loved her already, or should, if he remained long at the farmhouse. And sure enough, three weeks found him asking Ella to be his wife.

"Only say that you will wait for me, Ella," he pleaded, "and when I can offer you a home, then I will come for you, for I love you, darling, as few men love. I have never loved other than you. I give you an undivided heart. Tell me that you love me, Ella, and I will carry your sweet image in my heart until we meet again."

And there, among the modest pinks, the climbing cypresses, and the scarlet verbenas, Ella placed her hand in his and said: "I will wait for you, Fay, let the years be few or many; do not forget me, and I will always be true to you." And the next day Fay left her. He was anxious

Moral Reading.

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And at the desire of all who love his appearing,
AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,
ON THE EVE OF TIME,
WILL BE PERFORMED
THE GREAT ASSIZE,
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DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The scenery, which is now actually prepared, will not only surpass everything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the world in their various and proper colours; and their customs and manners will be so exactly and minutely delineated, that the most secret thought will be discovered.

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N. B.—THE GALLERY IS VERY SPACIOUS, AND THE PIT WITHOUT BOTTOM.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate doors for admitting the company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that are not willfully blind. The door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow, and the steps to it are somewhat difficult—for which reason there are seldom any people about it. But the door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it that it is generally crowded.

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It will be in vain for one, in a tinseled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of the higher classes; for there is One of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual, and all who cannot pronounce *Sabbath*, in the language of *Genius*, or have not received a white stone, or new name, or cannot prove a clear title, to a certain portion of the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the left-hand door.

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Who climbs a ladder with stifled breath,
To snatch a babe from a fiery death;
Yes: heroes these sublime and grand;
The pride and boast of the proudest land;
But greater than all is the nameless youth
Whose only shield is the spotless truth,
Who laughs to scorn the tempter's power
And stands by the right in danger's hour.

The foregoing admirable thoughts are from the pen of that ready writer, F. G. Holland, Esq. in *Scribner's Monthly* for February. "Neglect of the rich." How many of the vigorous thinkers of this country have dwelt upon this theme? Not many, we opine; and yet, it is a fact, that the rich are neglected, misrepesented, just as the wretched, indigent, nay, more; they are maltreated, perhaps, quite as much as the poor. The poor excite sympathy, which flows out in efforts for their relief. But who feels sympathy for the rich? No one; "they are able to take care of themselves," it is said, and society permits them to do it. They are expected to give, give, give, to every purpose under the sun, and if they don't do it, they are voted mean and mercenary. Even the christian world,—those whose hearts go out in sympathy and love for all men—neglect the rich. They pray fervently for the sick, the afflicted, the distressed, the oppressed, the fatherless, the widow; but who prays specially for the rich?—Who prays that they may be kept from temptation, and inspired with grace to do good with their means? We need not enlarge, however. The subject expands and widens, and presents itself to every thoughtful mind.—*Democratic Advocate*.

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"Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred in the school alluded to. An old lady had succeeded the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken the place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half-way open on his entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in.

"The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been abroad; but the bear was in her path, and all that could be done was to fly off as far as possible behind the tables and benches. But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process.

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"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that obey not the Gospel, but to be glorified in his saints. A fiery stream issued and came forth before him. A thousand thousand ministered to him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him. The judgment was set, and the Books were opened; and whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life, was cast into the lake of fire."

OF THIS GRAND AND SOLEMN PERFORMANCE, will be opened by an Archangel, with the Trump of God.

"The Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."—1 Cor. xii. 2.

ACT II.
Will be a PROCESSION of Saints, in white, with golden harps, accompanied with shouts of joy and songs of praise.

ACT III.
Will be an assemblage of all the *Unrepentant*. The Music will consist chiefly of cries; accompanied with weeping, wailing, mourning, lamentation and woe.

TO CONCLUDE WITH
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As it is written in the 25th Chapter, from the 24th verse to the end of the chapter. But for the sake of those who seldom read the Scriptures, I shall here transcribe two verses: "Then shall the King say to them on the right hand—Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN WILL DROP.
Then: O to hell!
Some said on high—others don't do it well;
These praise the Lamb, and sing adoring love,
Lodg'd in his bosom, all his goodness prove.
While those who trampled under his feet his grace,
Are banish'd now forever from his face.
Divided thus, a gulph is fix'd between,
And (ETERNAL) flames close up the scene.
"Thus will I do unto thee, O Lord; and because I will do thus unto thee, prepare to meet thy God, O Lord."

TICKETS FOR THE PIT,
At the easy purchase of following the vain pomps and vanities of the fashionable world, and the desires and amusements of the flesh—to be had at every fresh-pleading assembly.

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At no less a rate than being converted—For asking all, deying self, taking up the Cross, and following Christ in the regeneration—to be had nowhere but in the word of God, and where that Word appoints.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Matt. x. 15. "And he not deceived; God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."
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"Watch therefore; be ye also ready—for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Dr. Chalmers beautifully said:—"The little that I have seen in the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsation of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; and the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voice within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the rugged soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

Moral Reading.

Rev. Rowland Hill's Play-Bill.

Probably the most solemn play-bill ever written, is Rev. Rowland Hill's original and celebrated theatrical play-bill, which was printed up at Richmond, England, June 4, 1774, close to the poster of the day. A remarkable point in its composition is the contrast it makes between the effects of the good and the evil. It had so powerful an effect as to help effectually to close the theatre.

BY COMMAND OF THE KING OF KINGS,
And at the desire of all who love his appearing,
AT THE THEATRE OF THE UNIVERSE,
ON THE EVE OF TIME,
WILL BE PERFORMED
THE GREAT ASSIZE,
OR,
DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The scenery, which is now actually prepared, will not only surpass everything that has yet been seen, but will infinitely exceed the utmost stretch of human conception. There will be a just representation of all the inhabitants of the world in their various and proper colours; and their customs and manners will be so exactly and minutely delineated, that the most secret thought will be discovered.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment; and every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Eccles. xii. 14.

This Theatre will be laid out after a New Plan, and will consist of Pit and Gallery only; and, contrary to all others, the Gallery is fitted up for the reception of the people of high (or heavenly) birth; and the Pit for those of low (or earthly) rank!

N. B.—THE GALLERY IS VERY SPACIOUS, AND THE PIT WITHOUT BOTTOM.

To prevent inconvenience, there are separate doors for admitting the company; and they are so different, that none can mistake that are not willfully blind. The door which opens into the Gallery is very narrow, and the steps to it are somewhat difficult—for which reason there are seldom any people about it. But the door that gives entrance into the Pit is very wide and very commodious; which causes such numbers to flock to it that it is generally crowded.

N. B.—The strait door leads towards the right hand, and the broad one to the left.

It will be in vain for one, in a tinseled coat and borrowed language, to personate one of the higher classes; for there is One of wonderful and deep penetration, who will search and examine every individual, and all who cannot pronounce *Sabbath*, in the language of *Genius*, or have not received a white stone, or new name, or cannot prove a clear title, to a certain portion of the Land of Promise, must be turned in at the left-hand door.

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