The Democratic Advocate.

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REMOVAL OF

J. E. MATHEWS

TO STORE-ROOM ON MAIN STREET, Opposite Catholic Church and adjoining Boyle's Drug Store,

Where he shall be pleased to see his friends and the public generally. He will always

BE GLAD TO SHOW HIS GOODS,

AND

WILL SELL AT THE LOWEST FIGURES THEY CAN BE SOLD FOR CASH.

A FULL LINE OF

SEASONABLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GUARANTEED BOOTS AND SHOES,

RUBBER GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS, CARPETS,

OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.

A HAPPY GREETING TO ALL.

PELS' HAND-MADE SHOES.

DR. MATHEWS' CELEBRATED FAMILY PILLS.

Store-Room for rent cor. Main and Court Streets.

jan5 J. E. MATHEWS.

REMOVAL.

JOHN E. ECKENRODE,

MANUFACTURER OF

COACHES, CARRIAGES,

Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c., &c., &c.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

All Orders Promptly Filled and Work of Every Kind Warranted.

FACTORY, Corner of Liberty and George Streets, Westminster, Md., where I have just erected new and large Shops, giving me better facilities than heretofore. A call is solicited. may 5.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES.

We are now opening a magnificent stock of fine and medium priced

WATCHES,

DIAMONDS,

RICH JEWELRY,

ELEGANT SILVER AND TRIPLE-PLATED WARE,

to which we invite the attention of our customers in Carroll county.

PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.

JUSTIS & ARMIGER,

195 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. John W. Mealy will be pleased to wait on his friends and former patrons. sep 23.

HORRIBLY BURNED!

BUT NOT DEAD.

If you wish to see how lively I am, send me word you want a

Crown Sewing Machine,

York Cottage Organ, or

Florence Oil Stove,

For which I am general Agent in Maryland. The Crown is so simple that the blind can thread and use it. The York Organ is perfection in tone, power and finish. See it. The Florence Oil Stove is certainly the best. Try it. I sell LOW FOR CASH, or on very easy terms. Give me a call. Agents wanted.

M. L. MAIN,

Carroll street, next door to the Lutheran Church property, Westminster, Md.

P. S.—All kinds of Sewing Machines repaired promptly, well and cheap. Work guaranteed. may5,83-1y

NEW STORE,

NEW GOODS,

IN GEO. W. ALBAUGH'S NEW BUILDING,

Corner Main and Court Sts., Westminster, Md.

Just opened fine stock of

FRESH SUGARS, TEAS,

COFFEES, SPICES, SYRUPS,

FLOUR, MEATS, FRUITS,

CANNED GOODS, CAKES,

NUTS, ORANGES, SEGARS,

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO,

HARDWARE, BASKETS, TUBS, GLASSWARE, &c., &c.,

And everything found in a first-class Grocery Store. Everything is fresh.

NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD.

Give me a Trial.

nov 4. T. F. GOODWIN.

FALL GOODS.

A FULL STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Shirts and Drawers,

Gent's Furnishing Goods Generally,

Boots, Shoes and Hats.

PRICES GUARANTEED AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTY.

The best Shoe for the price is

THE "DOUGLAS" SHOE,

In Lace, Button and Gaiter.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED. SOLD ONLY BY

sep8 H. L. NORRIS.

Original Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR.

Written for the Democratic Advocate

BY C. T. WRIGHT.

Night settled down,
The deep, dark shadows threw
A sable pall
O'er hill and plain and sea;
The wintry wind
Moaned sadly through the trees
A solemn dirge,
Like that sung o'er the dead.

A starless sky
Bent weeping to the earth,
And all the air
Seemed burdened with a weight
Of fun'ral gloom,
Whose blackness gathered thick
Around the soul
As storm-clouds 'round the sun.

All nature seemed
To stand in waiting for
Some great event.
The faithful clock moved up
Its warning hands
'Till, near the hour of twelve,
Ah me! how close
My eyes were watching then

Each curving swing
Of ticking pendulum;
My eager breath
Came quick, and hard, and hushed—
The hands had reached
The moment that must hold
Within its grasp
Life and its dread foe death.

I stood and watched
The fateful wheels, as they
Approached the verge
O'er which the dying year
Must pass into
The viewless realms beyond,
That never yield
Their garnered moments up.

His withered form,
Now staffed and stooping, came
Up to the brink—
A wistful, backward look,
A glance before,
A shudder, sharp and cold,
He tottered on,
And passed beyond my sight.

A doleful stroke,
Struck by an iron tongue;
A sobbing moan,
Borne on the weary wind—
Then silence reigned.
The year had reached the end.
The bound was set,
He could not go beyond.

With haste he clasped
Within his withered arms
The phantom forms
That mocked him as he died—
Vain hopes that then
Could but elude his grasp,
And yield him naught
But an eternal grave.

Thus all the years
Must pass beyond the line
That God has drawn,
Between the things that live
And those that die;
And as in turn *they* go
To *their* account,
They bear *us* on to ours.

Select Story.

From Chambers' Journal.

A LAWYER'S STORY

I am a lawyer, and the adventure I am about to relate befell me some eight or nine years ago. I was struggling hard then to make my way in the world, and gain a good position in my profession.

I had a case intrusted to me which promised to be full of difficulties. I did not doubt of ultimate success, but the matter was so hedged in by technical embarrassments and nice points of law that my whole time and attention were occupied with it.

Some details of this business necessitated my taking a journey to the North, and late one cold December afternoon I alighted at the station of a moderate-sized town in Yorkshire. Clowford was not my destination, but as the train service ceased there, I had no choice but to seek some other mode of conveyance to Blockstone, the village for which I was bound. But to meet with one, I found, was much more difficult than I had anticipated.

Blockstone, I was informed, was a small and isolated village, the way to which was across a bleak barren moor. I was told that I was too late to go then, for a fall of snow was imminent, and to be caught on the moors in a snow-storm was a risk too dangerous to be lightly incurred. The next morning I could have both a man and a vehicle to take me whithersoever I might wish.

I listened to these objections with impatience. I had much work on hand, and was anxious to return to London, and I quickly decided that I could not afford the delay. At length, after a good deal of solicitation and persuasion on my part, and a considerable expenditure of argument and protestation on his, mine host of the "George Inn" reluctantly agreed to let me have a horse. The good man eased his conscience by repeated warnings and entreaties to defer my journey; but I was strong of limb and stout of heart, and, being furnished with explicit directions as to the route, I set out, mine host and hostess standing at the inn door and witnessing my departure with many dismal shakings of the head and doleful prognostications.

My horse was a steady-going sort of an animal, and I jogged along comfortably enough. The lights of Clowford soon disappeared, and before long I found myself on the moors. The wind was piercingly keen and cold, and I buttoned my coat more tightly, and turned up the collar as a protection against it. Twilight had fallen before I left the town, but the stars were twinkling brightly, the way was clear, and I congratulated myself on my recent display of resolution.

Musing on my errand and its probable results, and all the possibilities and contingencies attached thereto, I let my horse pursue his course without much guidance from me.

We had gone, I suppose, about a third of the way, when I awoke to the fact that the darkness was momentarily deepening. I looked about for the cause, and found that the friendly stars had become invisible by reason of a pall of lowering blackness which had overspread the sky. The wind, too, was increasing and blew in fierce, sudden gusts, and presently there came swirling against my cheek a few feathery flakes of snow.

"By jove, the old fellow was right!" I muttered, urging my horse to a gallop.

The snow came down faster and faster, resting on the brim of my hat, clinging to my coat and covering my beard. Such personal discomfort was bad enough, but I was more concerned at observing that the ground was assuming a bewildering uniformity of whiteness. If the remembrance of the cosy parlor and blazing fire I had left behind at the "George" made me repent of my temerity for one moment, I dismissed the reflection the next, and kept my eyes employed in searching for landmarks. I had to look out for a sign-post, which, as yet, I had not perceived; but the swift silent downfall of the snow prevented me from seeing far in advance. I kept up my spirits by humming the refrain of some jovial German drinking song that I had heard when a student at Heidelberg, keeping meanwhile a sharp lookout for the sign-post which was so long in making its appearance.

Suddenly my horse stumbled and fell, pitching me head-foremost into a snowdrift. Beyond a passing giddiness, I was none the worse for the tumble, but the horse, I found, was mortally hurt. What was to be done now? My position was decidedly an unpleasant one—alone in the middle of a wide unsheltered heath, with no habitation that I was aware of nearer than the town I had left or the village to which I was journeying.

Well, it would never do to stand still. I must be moving one way or another, though my hopes of reaching my destination that night grew faint indeed. The attainment of a shelter from the bitter inclemency of the weather was just then my chief desire. I heartily wished that I had had a pistol with me, so that I might have put the poor suffering brute out of its misery; but I had not; so with great compunction I left it to its fate.

I walked till my legs ached and my hands grew numbed and insensible to all feeling. The many stories I had read or heard respecting benighted travellers being lost in the snow or fallen asleep, to wake on earth no more, recurred to me with unpleasant vividness. At last I espied a faint gleam at some distance on my left.

I made my way quickly to the welcome light, which I found, on approaching, proceeded from the window of a long rambling building.

The place had a desolate forlorn appearance. I did not stop, however, to make a close inspection, but knocked at the door with my almost frozen knuckles.

The light was moved, and a woman's voice said:

"Is that you, father?"

"No," I answered, "I am a stranger, I have been overtaken by the storm, and beg you to give me shelter for the night."

"I am sorry," was the startling reply; "but it is impossible!"

"Impossible!" I repeated, with an impatient kick at the door. "My good woman, you cannot know what you are saying. Why, it is certain death to me to refuse to admit me?"

Some low indistinct words were the only answer my outburst received.

"For Heaven's sake," I cried, returning to the attack, "let me in till morning! I want neither food nor drink, only a roof to protect me from the weather."

There was the rattling of a chain, the door was thrown open, and a woman, with her head muffled in a shawl, appeared before me.

"I must apologize," I said, as courteously as my chattering teeth would allow, "for my unceremonious request. But you see for yourself what sort of a night it is."

"Yes, I see," she returned slowly; then reluctantly—"You had better come in."

I did not stay for a more gracious invitation, but, shaking myself free from the snow which had collected on my outer garments, followed her over the threshold. No sooner was I inside than she shut the door, fastened the chain and slipped a great rusty bolt, and, going to the window, put up a shutter before it.

Then she turned to me and said, in low, hurried tones:

"I will give you the shelter you ask; but it will be but a poor and comfortless one, for my father and—and others will be home presently, and they must not find you here. You see that trap-door," she continued, pointing to one in the rude raftered ceiling —"it leads to a loft. There you will be safe. I will give you a wrap or two, and, at the worst, it is better than being out of doors on such a dreadful night as this. But you must not in any way betray your presence, and in the morning wait till I let you know it is safe to descend."

"You may rely upon my prudence and carefulness," I returned earnestly.

She accepted my assurance without remark; then, pointing to the fire, she said: "Sit down now and warm yourself. You must be nearly perished with the cold."

I obeyed gladly, and, as I stretched out my hands to the ruddy blaze, I gazed about me curiously. I was in a large low kitchen, the walls smoke-stained, and the floor composed of uneven red bricks. The furniture was of the barest and scantiest—a massive oak table, three or four chairs—and there were a few cooking utensils.

My protectress had disappeared; but she speedily returned, bearing a plateful of bread and meat and a tumbler containing a small quantity of brandy. To the spirit she added some boiling water from a kettle which depended from a hook in the huge cavernous chimney, and then set both the food and brandy on the table beside me.

"You must need it," she said, when I would have refused the refreshment. "Take it at once; there is not much time to spare;" and she cast an anxious glance towards the door.

She had laid aside the shawl which had hitherto shaded her face, and, as I made a hasty clearance of the comestible with which she had supplied me, I regarded her furtively. She was but a slender slip of a girl, not more than nineteen or twenty, with fair hair simply braided, a thin colorless face, dark eyebrows and large dark eyes. There was an air of dignity and refinement about her, and I marvelled greatly how she came to be in her present situation. During my repast she was evidently ill at ease, listening and starting at the slightest noise, and it was with ill-concealed relief that she saw me rise from my seat.

After I had mounted into my retreat, she handed me up a pillow and a couple of rugs, repeating her injunction as to the need of caution.

When I closed the trap-door, I found myself in almost total darkness. Apparently the loft was extensive, but empty. The storm continued with unabated fury, and the nipping wind found its way in between the loose tiles, frequently accompanied by a plentiful sprinkling of snow. Altogether it was a dreary, gruesome place. I was better off undoubtedly than I should have been out on the lonely moor; nevertheless it was by no means a pleasant or enviable position for a respectable, hard-working lawyer. I wrapped the rugs around me, tucked the pillow under my head, and endeavored to make myself as comfortable as possible in the untoward circumstances.

I had begun to doze, when I was aroused by the noisy entrance of men into the room beneath. Amid the loud talking and boisterous laughter which ensued, I could now and again distinguish the girl's gentle accents. These presently ceased, and I imagined that she had retired to rest, for the laughter and conversation became more uproarious; there was a constant clinking of glasses, and the fumes of tobacco and spirits ascended to my hiding-place. By-and-by, however, I grew accustomed to these sounds and dropped off to sleep.

I was tired. I had perfect health and a clear conscience, and I slept on till gray dawn was creeping through the many interstices in the pent roof above me. I listened intently; silence reigned below. I became impatient as the moments passed. Every hour was an object to me, and, had I not been restrained by my promise, I should have attempted a descent, let the consequences be what they might—danger appears so much less formidable in the morning than it does amid the sombre shades of night.

When the suspense had grown almost intolerable there was a gentle tap, twice repeated, at the trap-door. I immediately lifted it, and saw standing beneath me the young woman.

"Come down," she whispered.

In a few seconds I was standing beside her. The room was untenanted save by her; but traces of the previous night's orgies were discernible in broken pipes and empty glasses and bottles.

"Drink this," she said, giving me a cup of steaming coffee; "and then you must go directly. See—here is some bread and meat for you to eat on your way, and I will give you any directions you may need."

I drank the beverage as desired, almost scalding my throat in doing so; but it warmed me, and I felt the better for it.

"How did you sleep? Were you able to sleep?" she inquired abruptly, as I set down the empty cup, watching me intently as she asked the question.

"Sleep? Yes," I answered heartily; "I slept the whole night."

"And did not the noise here disturb you?"

"Not at all. I slept as profoundly as though I had been in my own bed at home."

Her eyes drooped, and she grew red and white by turns.

"And—and you did not care to listen to their conversation? It did not interest you, I suppose?"

Her agitation revealed her fears, and I hastened to assure her that I was too wearied to feel interest in anything but my own fatigue. Then I would have thanked her, but she interrupted me.

"No, no; it was the barest act of charity. I would have done more had I been able; but I could not. If you are grateful, show it by forgetting the whole occurrence; forget that you have ever been here, and, above all, for the love of Heaven, do not mention a word about it to a single person."

I kept my wonderment to myself, and gave the required promise.

"Now, go," she cried with feverish anxiety—"go, go! I am in terror while you remain."

When I had reached the corner of the house I turned round and saw her standing in the doorway gazing after me. She waved her hand, as though to hasten my movements, and I, setting my face in the direction she had pointed out, looked back no more.

The storm was at an end, the wind had sunk, and the sun presently rose, causing the crisp unspotted snow to sparkle with the brilliance of myriads of diamonds. I stepped out briskly, and in due time and without further adventure arrived at my destination. There I transacted my business in a satisfactory manner, was driven back to Clowford in the afternoon, indemnified the landlord of the "George" for the loss of the horse, caught the up mail-train to town, and the following morning was hard at work again in London.

Two years slipped away; and, in the hurry and press of business—for I was rapidly rising in my profession—my adventure on the moors was almost forgotten.

One day, being in the neighborhood of one of our criminal courts, and, wishing to see a celebrated Q. C. who would, I knew, be pleading there, I made my way into the court and waited patiently until I could have an interview with my friend.

A case of great public interest was being tried. A gang of bank-note forgers who had long escaped conviction had been captured, and their trial was then proceeding. While I waited, my attention was attracted by one of the spectators—a woman plainly dressed and closely veiled. She betrayed no emotion; but I could preceive that not a single detail or word of the evidence escaped her. It was evident that her interest in the case was far deeper and more personal than the morbid curiosity which had prompted the presence of many around her.

Yes, I was right. In the pale face, swollen with crying, in the dark eyes and fair hair, its smooth bands roughened and dishevelled, I recognized the heroine of my adventure on the moors.

The recognition was not mutual, and she stared at me in indignant amazement. In a few words I explained who I was, and added that, in return for the kindness she had once rendered me, I had come to see whether I could not now be of service to her.

At this she burst into a passion of tears. I waited till her grief had somewhat subsided, and then by degrees drew from her her pitiful story. Supplemented by what I heard later on, it was as follows:

Something—I know not what—in her bearing touched a chord of memory within me. Surely I had seen her before! I pondered and reflected, but could not recollect when or where. Piqued at this freak of memory, when she left the court I quitted it also. She crossed the pavement and entered a cab that was waiting, and obeying a sudden impulse, and forgetful of the appointment with my learned friend, I hailed a hansom and desired the driver to keep in the wake of the other vehicle.

After a short drive the cabby stopped in a shabby second-rate street in the neighborhood of Holborn. Jumping out, I perceived the object of my pursuit ascending the steps of a house, which, from the fact of a card inscribed with the words "Furnished Apartments to Let," being suspended in the parlor window, I concluded was a lodging house.

Still obeying the impulse which had mastered me, I took a turn to the end of the street and back again, and then, knocking at the door, requested to see the lady who had just been admitted.

"Miss White, I s'pose you mean?" responded the uncouth servant.

I acquiesced in her supposition.

"Drawing-room," was her laconic direction, with a jerk of the thumb towards the staircase.

When I reached the first floor I tapped at the door facing me. There was no response, but the sound of smothered weeping fell upon my ears. I rapped again more sharply. Still there was no answer. I opened the door softly and advanced into the room. A woman lay on the sofa, sobbing convulsively. The slight noise I had made aroused her. She sprang up, dashing a handkerchief across her eyes.

Her father was a man of good family and excellent education, but with an innate predilection for knavery. He was a gentleman by birth, but a rogue by inclination. He had a handsome person and an insinuating address, and he had married a pretty delicate girl, who had been devotedly attached to him. She died broken-hearted when her daughter was about ten years of age. Her love for her husband had never lessened, and on her death-bed she made the girl solemnly vow never to forsake her father, to stand by him in good or ill fortune, and by her influence to endeavor to wean him from his evil courses. Nobly and faithfully had the girl kept her word. She had been ever at his side, unceasing but unsuccessful in her efforts to guide him towards the path of virtue.

He had been hiding with his confederates when she gave me shelter, and her fears that night had been twofold. She had feared for me, lest I should be discovered; in which case I suspect—though she has never owned to so dread an anticipation—that my fate would have been decided in accordance with the pithy axiom that "dead men tell no tales." She had also feared that I might suspect who and what they were, and give information to the police. During the interview I gleaned furthermore that she was now utterly friendless.

I returned to my chambers, meditating deeply, and the upshot of my cogitations was that on the following day I called upon an old friend, a lady on whose benevolence and liberal warm-heartedness I knew I could rely. She had an interview with Ellen White, and took the poor girl home with her, retaining her first as a visitor and afterwards as a salaried companion, though the relation between them soon grew to be almost mother and daughter.

White and his companions were sentenced to several years' penal servitude—sentences which the public at large considered they richly deserved.

I do not know when I first began to be haunted by the vision of a pale face, lighted by large dark eyes and framed in a halo of golden hair. Nor do I know when I first found myself looking forward with pleasant anticipation to frequently recurring evenings spent in Mrs. Palmer's cosy drawing-room.

I was awakened to the truth by a few plainly spoken questions put by my old friend. Half an hour's serious, sober reflection and communion with my own heart enabled me to answer them as frankly as they had been put. Yes I did love Ellen White honestly and well, and, her past history notwithstanding, I was truly anxious to make her my wife.

My wooing did not prosper, however. Ellen declined my proposal. She was a felon's daughter, she said, and union with her would disgrace me. On that one rock of objection she took her stand and neither my pleading nor Mrs. Palmers' persuasion could move her from it.

I would not despair; "*Nil desperandum*" had always been my motto and it remained so in this instance. I dropped the question of marriage for a while and returned to our former friendly relations. My patience had its reward in due time. Barely three years of his sentence had expired when George White died. I allowed a decent interval of mourning, then renewed my suit. Ellen's opposition had become weakened; a little judicious persuasion and the victory over her scruples was complete.

A few months later, in a quiet country church, we were married; and no woman in England could be more beloved or respected than my dear wife, Ellen.

The Newspaper.

Here, now we have it—the newspaper! Wonderful product of brain and toil! One would think that it should be dearly bought and highly prized, and yet it is the cheapest thing in the world. One to five cents will buy it; one to two dollars will bring it to your home every week in the year. And yet, strange to say, there are men "too poor" to take a newspaper. They can pay five cents for a glass of beer, or ten cents for a beverage of unknown composition, called a "cocktail;" they can pay half a dollar for a circus ticket, or twenty-five cents for the theatre, but they are too poor to buy a newspaper, which is a ticket of admission to the great Globe Theatre, whose dramas were written by God himself, "whose scene shifter is Time, and whose curtains are rung down by Death." It is not necessary to speak of mighty responsibilities which necessarily attach to the control of such a power in the land as the newspaper is to-day, nor to say that the editor who rightly apprehends the importance of his work must bring to it a reverent spirit and constant care. The humblest sheet in the land goes into some homes as the only authoritative messenger from the great world outside; its opinions are accepted as truth, and its suggestions have the force of law. The editor stands on the widest pulpit known in modern society. "The lawyer has a narrow sphere before him; the senator and representative—the walls hedge in their voices; the minister has the parish walls about his church; but there is a pulpit that has no limit—it is the Press. It is, literally, the voice of one that cries in the wilderness; for all across the populous land the papers speak; and there is not in modern civilization a place or power that can compare with this." Rev. DeWitt Talmage once said: "In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty, proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth: 'Lazarus, come forth!' and to the retreating surges in the darkness: "Let there be light!'"

PACKING CUT FLOWERS.—During a year I receive some hundreds of boxes of flowers from all parts of Europe, and in seven cases out of ten these flowers are completely ruined by being packed in dry cotton wool. Of all packing material for delicate blossoms it is the worst I know. The best is clean, fresh wood moss (Hypnum), and a little tissue paper may be wrapped around each flower, when large, or around the clusters or bunches when small. If moss be not at hand then soft, green leaves are preferable to cotton wool, or the good flowers may be carefully arranged among the commoner ones without any other packing except a wet newspaper; better still, blotting paper at the top and bottom of the box or basket. Nearly all flowers are better cut in the bud stage, just before opening. So cut they pack more firmly and travel more securely than when fully expanded, and thus give far more satisfaction on their arrival. The buds of daffodils, irises, water lillies, roses, gladioli, tulips, poppies, etc., never carry safely unless packed in some moist moss or fresh leaves and in the bud stage.—*The Garden.*

CARE OF GILT GOODS.—Stationers always have much loss in gilt goods, and it is no easy matter to keep these gilt goods bright and clean. The following is a good recipe: Gilt articles, if of metal, may be cleansed by rubbing them gently with a sponge or soft brush moistened with a solution of half an ounce of potash, or an ounce of soda, or, perhaps best, an ounce of borax in a pint of water; then rinsing them in clean water and drying with a soft linen rag. Their lustre may be improved, in certain cases, by gently heating them, and then applying gentle friction with a soft rag. A very dilute solution of cyanide of potassium will answer the same purpose, by applying it in the manner as above, washing in water and finally drying by gentle friction with a linen rag; but as this substance is very poisonous, it is not to be recommended for household uses. Gilt frames of mirrors, pictures, etc., should never be touched with anything but clean water, gently applied with a soft sponge or brush.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.—Franklin.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

Written for the Democratic Advocate.

Fall, soft and beautiful snow,
Upon the dark earth to-night;
The winds have hushed their song of woe,
Come with noiseless tread and low,
Come like a wayward sprite.

Fall, soft and beautiful snow,
Upon earth's bosom bare;
Let the pine in thy mantle glow—
Fall, that my lonely heart may throw
Off its burden of despair.

Yes fall, thou beautiful snow,
Upon the cold ground to-night;
Let me in thy beauteous glow
For the moment cease to know
That on my heart there's a blight.

LISBON, MD. S.

Our Olio.

Reminiscences of Tom Benton.

One of the most remarkable men in the United States Senate of the olden time was Col. Thomas H. Benton, with as many faults of character and as many good traits as any man that ever held a seat in that body. He was bitter (perhaps malignant is the better word) in his politics, and neither wished nor cared to have friends who disagreed with him in his political faith. By marriage he was connected to Henry Clay, and was the intimate friend of the great orator. From facts growing out of the Presidential contest of 1824, when, through the vote and influence of Mr. Clay, John Quincy Adams, a minority candidate, was elected President of the House of Representatives over Gen. Jackson, who received the highest electoral vote, the friendship between Benton and Clay cooled, and the part Benton took in the great canvass of 1828 against Adams and Clay brought a hatred between them which never healed. At one time, Col. Benton espousing the quarrel between his brother, Jesse Benton and Gen. Jackson, they became bitter enemies, and had a street fight, and to the day of his death Jackson suffered from a ball in his arm from Benton's pistol. They afterward became friends. Benton was too much of a man to espouse the cause of his brother, and Jackson could not in his heart blame him for so doing. Once during a hot debate, Mr. Clay alluded to this quarrel, when Benton promptly replied: "True, we quarreled and we fought like men, and became friends without leaving any adjourned question of veracity between us," alluding to a former dispute between Adams and Clay, in which the latter made statements regarding Mr. Adams while one of the Commissioners to settle the terms of peace with England at Ghent, in which Mr. Clay charged him with an attempt to barter away the free navigation of the Mississippi River, and which Mr. Adams indignantly denied. Clay, in the controversy, professed to be able to prove it by one of the Commissioners not then in the country, and announced his intention of doing so at some future date. This was the last of it.

Between Webster and Benton, except acrimonious debates in the Senate, there had been no quarrel and no personal intercourse. For years, as members of the Senate, day after day, they passed each other without recognition. Benton, except to his intimate friends, was unsocial. He would not speak to a dog if the dog belonged to a man he did not like.

At the time of the explosion of the then largest cannon, called the Peacemaker, ever cast in the United States, Benton was on board the *Princeton* with a party to witness its being fired, on a trip down the Potomac. It was during the administration of President Tyler. The vessel was crowded by the Presidential party, by members of the Cabinet and of Congress, and by the leading men and women of Washington. In giving an account of the affair Col. Benton said he was standing near the gun, in the best possible position to see the effects of the shot. Suddenly some one touched him on the shoulder who wished to speak to him, and he was elbowed out of his place and another took it. The gun was fired and burst, dealing death and destuction all around. Ex-Gov. Gilmer, then Secretary of the Navy, who stood where Benton stood but a moment before, was instantly killed, as was also Abel P. Upshur, the Secretary of State, Mr Gardener, the father of the lady who was afterwards Mrs. Tyler, and others of prominence.

The scene had a great effect on Senator Benton, who by the concussion was thrown to the deck, but not materially injured. He then realized that if the Almighty would forgive us our trespases, we must forgive those who trespass against us, and he determined to be reconciled to those he had been at outs with, and Daniel Webster was among the first to whom Benton tendered the olive-branch of peace. Mr. Webster, in describing the scene, said Mr. Benton told him that it seemed as if that touch on the shoulder a moment before the gun was fired, saved his life, by drawing him away from that which would have been instantaneous death, and that fact had changed the whole course of his thoughts in life. "He felt," he said, "as if he were a different man, and he wished, in the first place, to be at peace with all those with whom he had been at variance, and so, Mr. Webster, I have come to you. Let us bury the hatchet." Of course, Mr. Webster responded to the invitation. The old political enemies shook hands, and ever after their intercourse was cordial and pleasant. And in relating this experience, Mr. Webster added that there was no man in the United States Senate of whom he could have asked a reasonable and proper favor with more assurance of obtaining it than from Col. Thomas H. Benton.

Among the men in Missouri that Benton hated, and who hated Benton, was a lawyer by the name of John Wilson. They differed in politics, and each personally hated the other and never concealed the fact. When Benton made stump speeches in Missouri, Wilson thorned Benton by being present, replying to the speech, and personally attacking his opponent in a violent manner, and frequently Benton would reply in the same strain. For over a quarter of a century this bitter, malignant warfare existed. About the time of the explosion of the cannon on board the *Princeton*, Wilson, having been rich, from some unfortunate speculation was financially ruined, with a helpless family on his hands. At that time California was all the rage, and Wilson, by the aid of friends, although aged in years and prematurely so by his misfortune, determined to seek a home and again commence life in that country. He called on Daniel Webeter, who was an old friend, to ask him for a letter of introduction to some one in California, that he could use to prove himself a respectable man and worthy of confidence. Mr. Webster had not a single acquaintance in California to whom he could address a letter that would do the bearer any good. "I wish much," he added, "to do you a service, and I know of no better way than to ask Col. Benton to give you a letter. His son-in-law, Col. Fremont, almost owns California, and can do you more service than any other man." Wilson looked astonished. "Do you not know that the relations between Benton and myself are now, and for years have been, of the most hostile character?" Mr. Webster told Wilson that he was well aware of the fact, but added, "Benton is now a changed man; a very great change has come over him within a short time. His feelings and sentiments are softened. We are all getting old. Our fiery blood is getting cooled and changed." "'Is thy servant a dog,'" replied Wilson, "'that he should do this thing' of asking a favor of Tom Benton? Not to save the lives of my family would I do it. No, sir! The very thought makes me shudder. I feel indignant at the mere mention of it. I take a letter from Mr. Benton! I—" "Stop, stop," said Mr. Webster, "that is the old man speaking in you. That is not the spirit in which you should answer," etc. And turning to his desk he wrote a note to Mr. Benton, stating that "while he was well aware of the disputes, personal and political, between Benton and Wilson, the latter is now poor and is going to California, and needs a letter of recommendation. No one could give such a letter that would do more good than one from Mr. Benton, who knows everybody. I am going to persuade him to carry the letter to you, and I know you will be glad to see him." Wilson was at last persuaded to carry the letter. He said it was the bitterest pill he ever swallowed. Wilson, as he afterwards said, went to Benton's house, and with trembling hands rang the bell and handed the letter and his card into the hands of a servant, and then, ashamed of what he had done, went to his lodgings.

Within half hour a note came to him from Benton, acknowledging the receipt of the card and Mr. Webster's note, and that Mrs. Benton and himself would have much pleasure in receiving Mr. Wilson at breakfast at nine o'clock next morning, and that they would wait breakfast for him, and that no answer was expected. Wilson said he lay awake most of the night thinking of taking breakfast with Benton, his old, his bitter, his implacable foe; and yet he must go, for he had delivered Webster's letter. His hands, he said, trembled as he rang the bell, and it was answered by Benton in person. Grasping Wilson's hand, he said: "Wilson, this is the happiest meeting I have had for years, and Webster has done the kindest thing he ever did in his life." Leading Wilson to the breakfast-room, he introduced him to Mrs. Benton, and after inquiring about Wilson's family, he said: "Mr. Wilson, you and I have been calling each other hard names, but with no want of mutal respect and confidence. It was a mere foolish political fight. Let us wipe it out of mind. Everything harsh I have said about you I sincerely ask your pardon for." Tears gushed from the eyes of each. The entire morning was spent in talking over old times. Not one word had been said about the letters. When Wilson rose to depart, Benton turned to his desk and said: "I have prepared some letters for you to my son-in-law and others in California, and he handed him nine sheets of foolscap. Wilson told Webster that they were not letters, but a ukase, a command to every person to whom these presents shall come, greeting: To the effect that whoever receivd them would give special attention, to the wants of his particular friend John Wilson, of St. Louis. Everything had to give way for that. The letters were a success, and Wilson retrieved his fortune in California.

Col. Benton warmly thanked Mr. Webster for thus bringing about a reconciliation with his old enemy—a man against whom he had for years a deeper personal dislike than of any other man. But, even while thus bringing his pride and temper into subjection, there was one man to whom Benton could not be reconciled, and that man was John C. Calhoun. Benton gave Calhoun credit for the highest talent and for an irreproachable private character, yet he deemed him the most dangerous of men.

THE JOHN BROWN MYTH.

The Truth About the Typical American Nihilist.

The investigation of historical myths has shown few more extraordinary than that which has elevated the man who committed the atrocious and unprovoked murders of the peaceful settlers on Potawattomie Creek, in Kansas, into one of the martyrs of liberty. Such perverse elevations of the ruffian and assassin into a hero are only possible in times of intense partisan excitement. A writer in the North American Review for November narrates some facts about John Brown's career in Kansas, and unless his statements can be controverted, which does not seem possible, the John Brown myth must take its place among the other exploded fictions of history, and John Brown, stripped of the glamor which abolitionist rhetoricians have raised about him, must stand revealed as a brutal assassin with fewer redeeming traits than are common among his class.

The truth about the Kansas murders was told at the time in the organ of the Free State party, the Lawrence Herald of Freedom, which begged the Republicans of America not to make a hero of Brown. But New England fanaticism would not listen to the truth, but insisted upon creating the hero for which it was eager. Brown himself was industrious in giving a false coloring to his acts, and his unsupported statements were accepted, instead of those of the best contemporary authorities. As the reviewer says:

Emerson spoke of him as the "saint whose martyrdom will make the gallows glorious like the cross." Thoreau said, "He could not have been tried by his peers, for his peers did not exist." Theodore Parker wrote from Rome, "Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint."

How wide these extravagant utterances were from the truth may be gathered from the story of the Kansas murders, as condensed by the Hartford Courant:

On the 21st of May, 1856, occurred the sacking of Lawrence. It was done by a mob of Southerners, who declared they would "wipe out the abolition town," and with them was a party of Federal troops, commanded by Federal officers. The Free State Hotel, the two printing offices, the house of Governor Robinson, and many private houses were destroyed. There was no resistance, and nobody was killed except by accident, says Mr. Utter, though firing cannon-balls into houses can scarcely be classed as an accident. While this was going on two companies of riflemen, one from Osawatomie and one from Pottawatomie, the latter commanded by John Brown, Jr., were marching to the defense of Lawrence. They came together at Palmyra, twelve miles from Lawrence, on the morning of the 22nd, Thursday, and halted on learning of the destruction of the town, and debated that day whether to go on or return home. John Brown had joined them, and on the evening of that day he called for volunteers "to begin the war in earnest." Nobody volunteered. But Brown had five sons there. John Brown, Jr., protested against the movement, but the other four, Owen, Watson, Frederick and Oliver, and his son-in-law, Henry Thompson, went into camp with him, and spent Friday morning in grinding their sabres. Brown got a man by the name of James Townsley, one of the riflemen, who had a wagon and team, to carry them back to Pottawatomie. At about 2 o'clock they started off in the wagon, accompanied by a man named Wines on a pony. That made seven in the party. Probably no one but Brown had any idea of the object of the expedition. John Brown, Jr., said, as they rode away, "Father, be careful; do nothing rash." They camped that night near the Pottawatomie Creek, and Brown revealed his plans, and asked Townsley to guide them up the creek to near where he lived, and point out the houses of the pro-slavery men. He said he intended to sweep the creek of all the pro-slavery men living on it. Townsley refused. It seemed to him and some of the others that this sort of killing was murder. Brown urged that it was "war;" that God had ordained it; that if they struck a decisive blow the peace policy of the Free State men would be ended, and they would be obliged to unite and fight Missouri. Late Saturday evening they yielded to Brown's entreaties and started on their expedition.

The first victims were a family named Doyle, on Mosquito Creek. Townsley, Wines and Frederick Brown remained outside the house, while the captain and the rest of his family entered the house and brought out James P. Doyle and his two sons, Drury and William. These prisoners were taken along the road toward Dutch Henry's, about two hundred yards, where Brown ordered them to be slaughtered. The order was misunderstood or disobeyed. Old Brown then drew his pistol and shot James Doyle in the forehead. Watson and Oliver then fell upon the younger Doyle with their sabres. William fell dead at the first stroke of a heavy sabre, and Drury started to run, but was pursued and shot down. The life of a son sixteen years old was spared in the house on the tearful entreaty of his mother.

The next house visited was that of Allen Wilkinson. Mrs. Wilkinson was sick with the measles. The men outside asked him to come out and show them the way to Dutch Henry's. He replied that he could tell them the way without coming to the door. The Browns then demanded that he should surrender to the "Northern Army," as the seven called themselves. The door was opened and four men entered and ransacked the house, taking a gun and powder-flask. They told Wilkinson to put on his clothes and go with them. He protested that he must stay with his sick wife, but that he would remain at home and answer any charge against him. Mrs. Wilkinson entreated, but the captain said, "It matters not," and marched her husband away, without giving him time to put on his boots. He was killed about 150 yards from the house by the younger Browns, acting under the captain's orders.

About two o'clock in the morning the party reached Dutch Henry's crossing and knocked at the door of a house where were sleeping four men and a woman and children. The "Northern army" commanded surrender, took possession of the house, and made inquiries as to other pro-slavery men, arms and horses, and whether these men had ever aided the pro-slavery men. Satisfactory answers were received from two of them. One, named William Sherman, was hacked to pieces with the sabres, and another, named Jerome Glanville, was taken prisoner, and the party went back to its camp of the previous evening. And there they breakfasted. "As the early light of that Sunday morning, May 25, 1856, came over that new land, so lately a wilderness, showing here and there at wide intervals a cabin, with a little field of planted ground, it revealed five ghastly corpses lying in the grass. Two widows, with their fatherless children, were weeping over their dead. They knew then what the world does not know even yet, that this was the work of John Brown."

These midnight murders startled the whole community. When John Brown, Jr., heard the news the next morning he resigned his command and rode away home. He was arrested for the crime and driven chained several miles in the hot sun until he became insane. "His father used to show the chain in the East on his money-raising excursions, and showed great emotion in narrating John Junior's sufferings and consequent insanity. He may well have shown emotion. That son suffered for his father's crime, which at the very time he was hiding and denying." Insane John Junior certainly was for a time, but when any one attempted to give mitigating circumstances for the murder he would exclaim: Do not attempt to offer anything in palliation of such a crime. Nothing can excuse it. It was unequaled in atrocity, and displayed only cowardice. Had the same deed been done in open day it would have shown more manliness, but to call men from their beds at midnight, and to cut them down in cold blood, is infinitely more savage than was the chopping in pieces by a drunken rabble of R. P. Brown at Easton."

The effect of these murders was very different from what John Brown had anticipated. Public resolutions lamented them as unfortunate. Even the abolitionists of Lawrence almost unanimously denounced the deed. The Missourians came over to hunt the Browns and shoot them on sight. They did shoot Frederick. They burned the cabins of the Browns, drove away their stock, and took vengeance in whatever way they could. Brown's resistance and how he fought at Black Jack are well known. It is not generally understood, however, that all this fighting at Osawatomie and Black Jack grew out of the Pottawatomie assassinations. The impression was really made in the East at the time, and has prevailed since, that the Pottawatomie affair was in retaliation for these abuses and outrages committed upon the Browns by the "Border Ruffians."

The subsequent career of Brown was determined by these events. He knew his life was forfeited if the law could fairly get hold of him. He cast all upon the desperate venture at Harper's Ferry, with what result the world knows. In that last act of his bloody drama, undertaken ostensibly for the benefit of the negro race, the first victim was a poor, inoffensive negro, the porter of the Wager House, who was shot as he ran from Brown's party. Great events have intervened. Passions once at white heat are cooling down. The past is being reviewed in the light of a calmer time. And among the readjustments which history must make it is perhaps already time that the once heroic figure of John Brown should disappear and give place for the ruffian whose character has been outlined in the foregoing narrative of brutal facts.

So difficult has it become to obtain pure water on the Continent of Europe that the eminent English physician, Sir Henry Thompson, in a letter to the London Times, warns travelers never to touch a drop in any place, or under any circumstances, unless it can be boiled before using.

The spruce trees on the Green Mountains, Vt., have been attacked by some mysterious disease, which is destroying them and causing no little uneasiness among the owners of timber land.