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ps neatly printed this office.

Cambridge Democrat.

"LET US CLING TO THE CONSTITUTION AS THE MARINER CLINGS TO THE LAST PLANK WHEN THE NIGHT AND TEMPEST CLOSE AROUND HIM."

Volume 15. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1860. Number 19.

SPRING.

BY RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Who was it that so lately said
All pulses in thy heart were dead—

Old earth that now in festal robes
Apparent, as a bride new wed?

Oh, wrapped so late in winding sheet,
Thy winding sheet, oh! where, is fled?

Lo! 'tis an emerald carpet now
Where the young monarch, Spring, may tread

He comes—and a defeated king,
Old Winter, to the hills is fled.

The warm wind broke his frosty spear,
And loosed the helmet from his head:

And the weak showers of arrowy sleet
For his strongholds have vainly sped.

All that was sleeping is awake,
And all is living that was dead.

Who listen now can hear the streams
Leap tinkling down their pebbly bed—

Or see them from their fetters free,
Like silver snakes the meadows thread.

The joy, the life, the hope of earth,
They slept awhile, they were not dead:

O thou, who sayest, thy sore heart ne'er
With verdure can again be spread—

O thou who mournest them who sleep,
Low lying in an earthly bed—

Look out on this reviving world,
And be new hopes within you bred!

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

[From Wanderings of an American among the Indians of North America.]

Among the numerous Indians assembled here was one that particularly attracted my attention from his venerable and dignified appearance. In reply to my inquiry as to who he was, I learned that he was called Shawwanossoway, or "One with his Face towards the West," and that he was a great medicine man, skilled in the past, present and future. As I happened to lose, some days previously, some articles from my tent, I resolved, for the sake of an introduction, and the gratification of my curiosity, to apply to the seer. On laying my case before him, he told me that his power was of no avail, wherever the pale faces were concerned, and, notwithstanding my offer of a very liberal remuneration, I could not prevail upon him to put his incantations into practice.

He had been, I was told, a celebrated warrior in his youth, but that, owing to a romantic incident, he had abandoned the tomahawk and scalping knife for the peaceable profession of the medicine man, or, in common parlance, the necromancer or conjurer, in which he had obtained great repute among his people. There dwelt many years before, on the shores of one of the great lakes, a band of Ojibbeways. Among them was a family consisting of a father and mother, with a grown up son and daughter, the latter named Awh-mid-way, or, "There is music in her foot-steps;" she was eagerly sought in marriage by all the young warriors of her nation.

It was not long before Buck-e-e-tick-enow, or "Black Eagle," renowned for his prowess in battle and the chase, had, by his assiduties, won her undivided affections; nor did she conceal from him this favorable state of her feelings, but, in accordance with the customs of her people, she had unhesitatingly extinguished the blazing bark which he had sent floating down the stream that glided past her lodge, and thus acknowledged him as her accepted lover. Confident of possessing her heart, he directed all his endeavors to the propitiation of her parents, and eagerly sought how to compensate them for the loss they would undergo in relinquishing a daughter so dearly loved.

For this purpose he departed on a long and distant hunt, and while straining every faculty of his mind and body in collecting trophies and presents wherewith to conciliate them and show his entire devotion, to the object of his adoration, their evil destiny brought Shawwanossoway, then a great war chief, in all the pride of manly strength and vigor, to their camp, on his return from a war excursion, in which he had greatly distinguished himself, and spread his fame far and wide, as the terror of his enemies and the beast of his friends. Having heard of the transcendent charms of Awh-mid-way, he presented himself before her, girded with the scalps of his enemies, and loaded with other trophies of victory.

No sooner did he behold her, than, overcome with her charms, he devoted himself to her service, and endeavored, by every art that the most passionate love could dictate, to win her regard. He recounted the numerous battles he had won, the enemies he had slain: he displayed the reeking scalps he had torn from the defeated enemy,—warriors who had been the terror of his nation: he named the many chiefs who had sued to him for peace, and, at the same time, plied every artifice to win the good-will of her parents, who, proud of what they considered their daughter's superb conquest, listened to him with delight, and urged her, by every persuasive argument, to accept so distinguished a chief as her husband, expatiating on the honor such an alliance would confer on their family. Constant, however, to her first love, she turned a deaf ear to all protestations of his rival, whose tales of conquest and bloody trophies only excited her abhorrence.

But, nothing daunted, and determined to win her, either by fair means or foul, Shawwanossoway persevered in his suite, trusting to time and accident to attain his object. The poor girl, now made truly wretched by his undeviating persecution, accompanied by the menaces of her parents, who were determined to conquer what they regarded as the rebellious obstinacy of their child, at length came to the resolution of appealing to the generosity and honor of her persecutor, and, in the hope of propitiating his forbearance, in an evil hour she confessed her long-cherished affection for Buck-e-e-ticke-now.

He no sooner discovered the cause of her rejection of his suite, than rage and jealousy took possession of his heart, and plans of vengeance rapidly succeeded each other, until he decided on the assassination of his rival. Having learned from his unsuspected charmer the route her lover had taken, he tracked him, and came up with his camp, and, concealing himself from observation, crawled towards the fire, where his victim sat alone preparing his evening repast, and shot him from behind a tree.

Hiding the body among some brushwood, he took possession of the game of his murdered rival as a means of accounting for his own absence, and hastened back to the village, where he renewed his suite more ardently than before to the utter disappointment and distress of Awh-mid-way, who still rejected all his overtures with indignation, until, urged by the positive commands and threats of her parents, she at last, hoping by some artifice still to put off the evil day, consented to name a time when she would receive him as her husband, trusting that her lover would, in the meantime, return and rescue her from the impending sacrifice, and concealing, as well as she could, her increasing aversion to her persecutor.

The dreaded day at last, however, arrived, but no lover, of course, returned. Little did she think that his mangled remains had fallen a prey to the ravenous beasts of the forests; for still hope fondly directed her gaze in the direction she had seen him take at his departure, when all was sunshine and prospective happiness. With aching eyes and bursting heart she saw the evening approach that was to bind her irrevocably to one she abhored. The bridal canoe, which, according to the Indian custom, had been prepared with all the necessary stores to convey the betrothed pair on a month's excursion together, which is, in fact, the only marriage ceremony, was already lying upon the beach.

Eight had come—the nuptial feast was prepared—the last she was to partake of in her father's lodge—when lo! the bride was missing, and consternation usurped the place of gaiety in the bridal throng. Eagerly did they seek her with torches and shouts through the neighboring forests, and no answering sound met their ears, although the search was continued with untiring eagerness till daylight. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that the bridal canoe was gone, and, concluding that the bride had availed herself of it to aid her escape, Shawwannossoway, accompanied by her brother, started in pursuit on foot, following the direction of the shore.

After proceeding for several hours, they caught sight of the canoe and its fair occupant in the distance. Increasing their speed, they reached a point which the canoe must necessarily pass around. Here the lover swam out, hoping to intercept it. In vain did he endeavor, by every means he could devise, to induce her to stop and take him on board. Defeated by her resolute refusal and the vigor and skill with which she plied her paddle, he was obliged to relinquish the pursuit and returned to the shore. He had scarcely landed, when a violent storm, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, compelled the pair to encamp for the night. Notwithstanding the tempest, she continued her efforts until the shades of night hid her from their view.

The clouds dispersed with the dawning day, and they continued their pursuit until they at length espied the canoe lying on the shore. Thinking they had at last attained their object, they quickened their steps; but, on coming up to it, they encountered a troop of wolves, and their horror may well be conceived on discovering the remains of the being they loved, almost wholly devoured, and only to be recognized by her torn and scattered garments.—With aching hearts, they carefully gathered her cherished remains, and, placing them in the canoe, returned to the camp, where she was wept and mourned over for many weeks by her disconsolate relatives and friends, and buried with all the ceremonies of her tribe.

It was evident that the heavy storm had driven the canoe ashore, and it is probable that her materials for kindling a fire having become soaked with water, she had been debarred the only means of protecting herself from these ravenous animals. Shawwannossoway was so much grieved at the misery which his ungovernable passions had bro't upon the object of his warmest love, that he formed the resolution of abandoning his warlike pursuits; and, throwing up the tomahawk to the Great Spirit, that it might be employed only as an instrument of justice, he took in its stead the rattle of the medicine man; nor did her ever after act inconsistently with his altered character.

Drowning the Squirrel.

When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground squirrel ran into his hole in the ground before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their heads to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough beside a sugar maple, used for catching sap, and was soon pouring the water into the hole of the squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what have you got there?" I turned, and saw one of my neighbors, a good old man with white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground squirrel; and an old man came along and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come and pour water down upon you to drown you, would you not think I was cruel? God made the little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?' Said he, "I never have forgotten that, and never shall. I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since.—Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this, and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have passed since, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since that advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

HOLD ON!—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about ready to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join them.

"I shall soon leave," as the oak said to the pine in the spring.—"You'll be green if you do," was the reply.

Personal Traits of Washington.

A volume of recollections and private memoirs of Washington, by his adopted son, with a memoir of the author, by his daughter, is just out. There is much in it that will be read with great interest.

HOW WASHINGTON RODE AFTER HIS HOUNDS.

During the interval between 1759 and 1774, the time which Washington could spare from his building and agricultural improvements was devoted, in a great measure, to the pleasures of the chase. He appears to have had no taste for shooting or fishing; but fox-hunting was a sport in entire accordance with his athletic habits and his fondness for equestrian exercises. His kennel was situated near the family vault, in which his remains were at first deposited. It was a rude structure, but afforded comfortable quarters for the hounds. The pack was very numerous and select. Every morning and evening Washington visited and inspected the kennels, in the same manner as he did his stables. He took pride in the discipline of his hounds. If in running, one of them lost the scent, another was at hand immediately to recover it, and thus when in full cry, in sporting phrase, you might cover the pack with a blanket. He kept a register of his horses and hounds in which might be found the names, ages, and marks of each, and with these companions of the chase, he was as punctual in his attentions as to any other business of his life. At the commencement of the season, Mount Vernon became crowded with guests from the neighborhood, from Maryland and elsewhere. Their visits were prolonged, not only for days but for weeks, and they were entertained with the exuberant hospitality of the Old Dominion. Washington was always superbly mounted, and in the genuine costume of the chase. He wore a blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top-boots, and velvet cap. With his long-thonged whip in hand, he took the field at daybreak. Will Lee, his huntsman, and a brave array of friends and neighbors, followed in the train, but none rode more gallantly in the chase, or with more cheery voice awoke the echoes of the woodland, than the host of Mount Vernon.

After the close of the Revolution, the hunting establishment, which had gone down during the last war, was renewed by the arrival of a pack of French hounds, sent by Lafayette. These dogs were of great strength, and fierce courage. They would have been able to encounter the wolf or bear, or even to grapple with the lion on his native sands, as well as to pull down the stag in the American forest. It was necessary to keep them in close confinement, as from their ferocious disposition, they would not hesitate to devour a stranger who might pass their kennel after nightfall, should the gates be unclosed. The huntsman always presided at their meals, and it was only by the vigorous use of the lash that any degree of law and order could be preserved among these savage animals. If the weather permitted, there was a hunt three times a week. Breakfast was served on those mornings by candle light. Washington, as usual, took nothing but an Indian cake and a bowl of milk. Before sunrise, the whole cavalcade would often have left the house and unkenneled the fox.

Washington was one of the most accomplished cavaliers. He rode with ease, elegance and power. He took no account of any vicious propensities of his horse. The only quality which he demanded of a horse, was that he should go along, and ridiculed the idea that he could be unseated, provided that the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, with his sinewy frame and iron muscles, he had such a tenacious grip with his knees, that a horse might as easily throw off his saddle as such a rider. His favorite animal for the chase was a horse called Blueskin, of a dark iron gray color approaching to blue.—This was a fine, but fiery steed, and of great endurance in a long run. The huntsman Will, better known in Revolutionary lore as Billy, rode a horse called Chinkling, a wonderful leaper, and very much like its rider, low, but sturdy, and of great bone and muscle. The only duty of Will was to keep with the hounds. Gallantly did he perform his task.—Mounted on Chinkling, throwing himself almost full length on the animal, with a French horn at his back, his spur in flank, this bold rider would rush, at full speed, through brake or tangled wood, in a style at which modern huntsmen would stand aghast. There were roads cut through the woods in various directions, by which timid hunters and even ladies could enjoy the exhilirating cry, without risk of life or limb; but Washington rode gaily up to his dogs, nor spared his impetuous steed, as the distended nostrils of Blueskin would often show. He was always in at the death, and yielded to no man the honor of the brush. After the chase, the party would return to the mansion-house, where at the well-spread board and with the flowing glass, the incidents of the field were discussed; while Washington, never deviating from his orderly habits for the sake of convivial pleasures, would, after a few glasses of Maderia, retire supperless to bed at nine o'clock.

HOW WASHINGTON'S HORSES WERE GROOMED WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT.

During the whole of his Presidency, Washington preserved the habit of rising at four o'clock and retiring to bed at nine. On Saturdays, he rested somewhat from his labors, by either riding into the country, attended by a groom, or with his family in his coach drawn by six horses. His stables were always in the finest order, and his equippage excellent both in taste and quality. Washington's master of horse was an old fellow named Bishop, who had formerly been the body servant of General Braddock. At cock crow the stable boys were at work; at sunrise Bishop stalked into the stables, with a muslin handkerchief in his hand, which he applied to the coats of the animals; if the slightest stain was perceptible on the muslin, the luckless stable boys were at once subjected to due punishment by the veteran disciplinarian. In Philadelphia, the stables were under the care of German John, whose grooming of the white chargers was a study. The night before the horses were to be ridden, they were covered over with a paste made of whiting; then they were swathed in body cloths, and left to sleep upon clean straw; in the morning the composition had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful satin-like gloss. The hoofs were then blacked and polished, the mouths washed and the teeth picked and cleaned. The Leopard-skin housings were then properly adjusted, and the chargers led out for service.

TEARS.—Dr. Johnson pays the following tribute to tears: "There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man were mortal, I would look for it in the strong, convulsive emotions of the breast, when the soul had been deeply agitated; when the fountain of feeling is rising and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. O speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footstep. Despise not young woman's tears—they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted in sympathy—they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth shed a tear for me, I should loathe to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I should never die in peace."

"MEN'S EYES WILL WANDER."—Show but a strip of white stocking above your boot, or a bit of an embroidered skirt, or a Balmoral, and you may lead a New Yorker by the nose all over Manhattan, though all Wall street stand waiting for him. I have positively seen gentlemen standing at the ferry gates when their arms were half broken with bundles, eagerly bobbing their heads this way and that to catch a sight of the gaiter boots as they alighted from the various omnibuses. And not all young men either, but grey-headed old codgers, who had grandpa written all over them. 'Why should a woman care about it, if her ankles be pretty?' 'Care?' It may be just possible that if an exhibition is foreordained and inevitable, she may prefer to choose her audience."—*Fanny Fern.*

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.—The republican papers have been circulating the following: "Who settled Virginia? John Smith. Who unsettled Virginia? John Brown." The author of this production doubtless imagined that he had "got off a good thing," but a Southern editor asks in reply, "Who settled John Brown? Virginia!"

Outward Beauty.

I cannot understand, says Frederika Bremer, the importance which certain people set upon outward beauty or plainness. I am of opinion that all true education, such at least as has a religious foundation, must infuse a noble calm, a wholesome coldness, an indifference, or whatever people may call it, towards such like outward gifts, or the want of them. And who has not experienced of how little consequence they are, in fact, for the weal or woe of life? Who has not experienced how, on nearer acquaintance plainness becomes beautified, and beauty loses its charm, exactly according to the quality of the heart and mind? And from this cause I am also of opinion that the want of outward beauty never disquiets a noble nature, or will be regarded as a misfortune. It never can prevent people from being amiable and beloved in the highest degree, and we have daily proof of this.

ENERGY.—It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and persevering, who are careful to avail themselves of the opportunities, and use the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste.

Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens while wrapped in a sheepskin on the highland hills.—Thus Stone learned mathematics while working as a journeyman gardener; thus Drew studied the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobling shoes; thus Miller taught himself geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By bringing their mind to bear upon knowledge in its various aspects, and carefully using up the odds and ends of their time, men such as these, in the very humblest circumstances, reached the highest culture and acquired honorable distinction among their fellow-men. It was one of the characteristic expressions of Chatterton, that God had sent His creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble.

STOCK RAISING.—It is choice cows, sheep, horses, mules, that yield the greatest returns to skillful husbandmen. The production of scrubs, or mean stock of any kind, is rather a mean business, in a pecuniary point of view. Raise superior animals on rich perrennial grasses, if you seek a good income from your farm stock husbandry. Such animals may obtain part of their living from unimproved old fields, particularly sheep; but they want good clover and pea hay in winter, or hay made from the English grasses. The most prominent error in stock growing is the attempt to rear fine hogs, cattle and sheep, on scanty and defective food. Some want a great deal of meat, milk, or wool from little or nothing. They ask nature to make them rich, while they lie in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and leave their poor animals to nearly or quite perish from neglect.—*Field and Fireside.*

DUTIES.—Every man ought to pay his debts—if he can. Every man ought to help his neighbor—if he can. Every man and woman ought to get married—if they can. Every man should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can, and every woman too. Every person should take a newspaper and pay for it—any how.

An Englishman, in one of our towns, boasting of his country, said: "There are springs in England where the most sparkling soda water can be had already prepared." "Why, that is not to be compared with a lake out West," said a bystander, with a perfectly serious countenance; "there you can procure the most delicious champagne, already bottled, and the banks are made of sponge-cake!"

"That was a severe coughing fit," remarked a sexton to an undertaker, when they were taking a glass together. "Oh, 'its nothing save a little ale which went down the wrong way," replied the undertaker. "Ah, ah, that's just like you," said the sexton, "you always lay the coffin on the bier."

Now is the time to trim your grape vines and arrange them to good advantage on their trellises. People who never trim their vines can't expect much of a grape crop.

Life is a farce to the rich, a comedy to the wise, and a tragedy to the poor.

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