Cambridge Democrat.

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THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE SNOW.

[There is a moral in the snow, the falling snow, coming in angel purity from heaven, to be begrimmed and trodden down in the highways, and finally to be dissolved into a sightless mass with garbage and slush. Who has paraphrased this moral so charmingly? We find the following floating about the sea of newspaperdom, and though its mournful cadences fall upon our ear like the strains of well remembered music, we cannot recall the author's name. It is worthy of Hood or Lamb, but is now a waif waiting to be reclaimed.—Read it, dear friends, and again thank God that you are not reckless, hopeless, homeless, desolate, wandering on the earth when the Frost King rules its destinies with his terrible sceptre, hoping and yet not daring to die:—*Louisville Journal.*]

ONCE I WAS PURE.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicksome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by.
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye!
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the cyrstals that eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in the mud by the crowd rushing by, [of feet,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would by,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow, [glow;
With an eye like its cyrstal, a heart like its
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father,
Mother,
Sisters, all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me, I know [snow
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes again, [brain,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for moan
To be heard in the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Confession of an Abolitionist;

OR,

THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER MARRIAGE.

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with says a St. Louis editor was Jack D——, now a prosperous and influential attorney.

Jack was a red hot abolitionist, and his chief pleasure seemed to be in making the fact as notorious as possible. His friends and associates, with one consent pronounced Jack a bore and his politics a nuisance, but with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the buttons at the moment of introduction Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsal of the articles of his political creed, and branch out into interminceable rapsody on the manifest destiny of the great Nigger party.

Such was Jack D—— at the time of our story, and acknowledged on every side as a firm and incorruptible abolitionist.

One day Jack met at the house of some friend a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments. Attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence he became assiduous in his intentions, forgot for awhile his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preferences of his lady love, imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over and all the guests had departed, the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly esconced in bed when Jack in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by speaking of himself as a Republican.

"What?" exclaimed his wife turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Republican?"

"Yes," replied Jack delighted with the idea of finding a patient listener to his long unrestrained oratory:—"Yes, madam, I am a Republican, attached to the principles of the progressive party, a regular out-and-outer, double dyed and twisted in the wool.

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then,"—interrupted his wife—"I'm a Democrat, I am; I will never sleep with a man professing the abominable doctrines you do!" Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should love a traitor, was horrible; she must be jesting. He remonstrated, but in vain; tried persuasion, 'twas no go; she was in earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a separate bed in another room.

Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the established doctrines of his party—to renounce allegiance to what had become identified with his very being—to surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd; and throwing himself from the bed he quit the apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and a firm conviction that he was a martyr to the right cause, strengthened by his pride resolved him to hold out till he forced his wife into a capitulation with him.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened; but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the night previous, there was a laughing devil in her eye which bespoke her power and extinguished hope.

A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called on his pride to support him in the struggle, which he now found was getting desperate. He ventured curses "not loud but deep," on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general, and his wife in particular; wondered how long she would hold out, whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him in the morning perhaps this very night, and sue for a reconciliation.

But then came the recollection of that inflexible countenance, of that unbending will and convinced that he was hoping against hope; and despairingly turned against the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his thoughts.

The second day was a repetition of the first. No allusion was made to the subject on either side.

There was a quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her to surrender must be abandoned.

The third night he was alone!—His reflections were yet more serious than the previous nights—what they were of course are only known to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight three distinct raps were made at his wife's door.

No answer.

The signal was repeated in a louder tone and still all was silent.

A third time the door shook with the violent attack.

"Who's there?" cried the voice of his wife, as if aroused from a deep sleep.

"A little of the best Democrat you ever did see."

The revolution in his opinion was radical and permanent. He removed to another county and became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Democratic ticket for the Legislature, was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm unswerving Democrat.

Traditions of Mrs. Washington.

There are those still living here who are able to speak from their personal recollections of "Mary the mother of Washington." A venerable lady with whom I have been talking tells me that she can distinctly recall her short, thick-set figure, and her peculiar round straw hat and red cloak; as in her childhood she was accustomed to see the old lady stirring around the neighborhood. The traditions are that she was not remarkable for amenities of character, but rather for method and order, strict household government, and decision of purpose. To these characteristics her immortal son was doubtless indebted for his admirable system in all his pursuits, and for his inflexible endurance and determination. It is generally understood that she did not sympathise in his revolutionary ideas, thinking that he would have done much better to have attended to his surveying than to be pitting himself against the venerated and all-powerful mother country.

MRS. WASHINGTON'S WILL.

Amongst the most interesting relics of the old lady is her will, which is filed in the archives of the Court at Fredericksburg. The worthy clerk of the court, John J. Chew, favored me with the sight of the original document, as well as with a copy of it. The signature, "Mary Washington," is in a large, bold, and masculine hand. As I believe the will has never been published, it may not be amiss, as an interesting relic, to give it a place in the columns of the Presbyterian. It will be observed that, with the exception of the "Lands on Accokeek run," Washington did not inherit a great deal from his material ancestor. I give the spelling as in the original, though probably this is the scrivener's.

"In the name of God, amen. I, Mary Washington, of Fredericksburg, in the county of Spotsylvania, being in good health, but calling to mind the uncertainty of this life, and willing to dispose of what remains of my worldly estate, do make and publish this my last will, recommending my soul into the hands of my Creator, hoping for a remission of all my sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, dispose of all my worldly estate as follows:

"*Imprimis.* I give to my son, General George Washington, all my lands in Accokeek run, in the county of Stafford, and also my negro boy George to him and his heirs forever, also my best bed, bedstead, and Virginia cloth curtains, (the same that stands in my best room,) my quilted blue and white quilt, and my best dressing glass.

"Item. I give and devise to my son, Charles Washington, my negro man Tom to him and his assigns forever.

"Item. I give and devise to my daughter, Betty Lewis, my phaton and my bey horse.

"Item. I give and devise to my daughter-in-law, Hannah Washington, my purple cloth cloak lined with shag.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Corbin Washington, my negro wench Old Bet, my riding chair, and two blk. horses, to him and his assigns forever.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Fielding Lewis, my negro man Frederick, to him and his assigns forever; also eight silver table spoons, half my crockery ware, and the blue and white tea china, walnut book case, oval table, one bed, bedstead, one pr. sheets, one pr. blankets and white cotton counterpane, two table cloaths, six red leather chairs, half my pewter, one half of my iron kitchen furniture.

"Item. I give and devise to my grandson, Lawrence Lewis, my negro wench, Lydia, to him and his assigns forever.

"Item. I give and devise to my grand-daughter, Betty Carter, my negro woman, little Bet, and her future increase, to her assigns forever, also, my largest looking glass, my walnut writing desk with drawers, a square dining table, one bed, bedstead, bolster, one pillow, one blanket and pr. sheets, white Virginia cloth counterpane and purple curtains, my red and white tea china, tea spoons, and the other half of my pewter, crockery ware, and the remainder of my iron kitchen furniture.

"Item. I give my grandson, George Washington, my next best dressing glass, one pr. sheets, one blanket and counterpaine.

"Item. I devise all my wearing apparel to be equally divided among my grand-daughters, Betty Carter, Fanny Ball, and Milly Washington; but should my daughter, Betty Lewis, fancy one, two or three articles, she is to have them before a division thereof.

"Lastly, I nominate and appoint my said son, General George Washington, executor of this my will, and as I owe few or no debts, I direct my executor to give no security, nor to appraise my estate; but desire the same may be allotted to my devisees with as little trouble and delay as may be; desiring their acceptance therof, as all the token I now have to give them of my love for them.

"In witness wherof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 20th day of May, 1788.

"MARY WASHINGTON, [SEAL.]

"Signed, sealed, and published in our presence, and signed by us in the presence of the said Mary Washington, at her desire.

Witnesses, { JAMES MERCER, JOSEPH WALKER, JOHN FERNYHOUGH."

Gen. Jackson--His Valor when a Boy.

The following incident of the boyhood of Gen. Jackson is copied from Parton's Life of Jackson. It occurred during the partisan war in the Waxhaws:

In that fierce, Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence; because his presence invited attack.—The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans.—The house of the quiet hero Hicks, for example, was safe until it was noised about among the tories that Hicks was at home. And thus it came to pass, that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the spring of 1781 at the domicil of a neighbor, Capt. Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not far advanced before the whole party were snugly housed and stretched upon the floor, all sound asleep, except one, a British deserter, who was restless, and dozed at intervals.

Danger was near. A band of tories, bent on taking the life of Capt. Sands, approached the house in two divisions; one party moving towards the front door, the other towards the back. The wakeful soldier, hearing a suspicious noise, rose, went out of doors to learn its cause, and saw the foe stealthily nearing the house. He ran in in terror, and seized Andrew Jackson, who lay next the door, by the hair, and exclaimed:

"The tories are upon us!"

Andrew sprang up and ran out.—Seeing a body of men in the distance, he placed the end of his gun in the low fork of a tree near the door, and hailed them. No reply. He hailed them a second time. No reply. They quickened their pace, and had come within a few rods of the door. By this time, too, the guard in the house had been roused, and were gathered in a group behind the boy. Andrew discharged his musket, upon which the tories fired a volley, which killed the hapless deserter who had given the alarm. The other party of tories, who were approaching the house from the other side, hearing this discharge, and the rush of bullets above their heads, supposed that the firing issued from a party that had issued from the house. *They* now fired a volley, which sent a shower of bullets whistling about the heads of their friends on the other side. Both parties hesitated, and then halted. Andrew having thus, by his single discharge, puzzled and stopped the enemy, retired to the house, where he and his comrades kept up a brisk fire from the windows. One of the guard fell mortally wounded by his side, and another received a wound less severe. In the midst of this singular contest, a bugle was heard some distince off, sounding the cavalry charge; whereupon the tories concluding that they had come upon an ambush of whigs, and were about to be assailed horse and foot, fled to where they had left their horses, mounted, dashed pell-mell into the woods, and were seen no more. It appeared afterwards that the bugle-charge was sounded by a neighbor, who, judging from the noise of musketry that Capt. Sands was attacked, and having not a single man with him in his house, gave the blast upon the trumpet, thinking that even a trick so stale, aided by the darkness of the night, might have some effect in alarming the assailants.

A Letter for the Times--Sentiments of Daniel Webster.

The following letter was written by Danl. Webster nearly eight years ago. It originates in homely topics, and proceeds from those to others of more general import and interest—the duties of a patriot under the constitution and the Union. The great practical sense of the constitutional expounder is not more evident in the mode of illustration than it is in the patriotism which inspires every word and the true national sentiment which it seeks to inculcate. Mr. Webster had grown up with the Union; he had seen it daily giving strength and power to the nation. His comprehensive mind saw that the liberties and security of the people and the prosperity of the country rest upon the foundation of the equality of the States, with the faithful observance of the obligations that each State owes to the other. Hence the earnestness with which he seeks to impress this fact in the familiar illustration which his letter contains. Nothing probably has been written upon our constitutional obligations which comes home so practically, so forcibly and so strikingly. It is a valuable lesson, such as can come only from a patriot and statesman, and as an illustration of political duty is worth volumes of exposition. Its frankness, its generous sentiments and conscientious sense of duty must commend it to every reader.

LETTER FROM DANIEL WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

WASHINGTON, March 17th, 1852.

John Taylor: Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the first day of April all your land may be plowed. Buy the oxen of Capt. Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for $160, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fatted. You have a good horse team, and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four-year old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them and send them to pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Jos. Breck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want *no pennyroyal crops*. "A little farm well tilled" is to a farmer the next best thing to a "little wife well willed." Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables. A man may half support his family from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in good order, even if it costs you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors. Send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost. I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons who call themselves whigs—are no whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country its constitutional rights is an enemy to the whole country.

John Taylor: If one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them should be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers; we never talk politics, our talk is of oxen; but remember this: that any man who attempts to excite one part of the country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor, old Mr. John Sanborn, or his other neighbor, Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men who delight in heat, smoke, combustion and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia than a Virginian has to say that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State to decide for itself; and if we mean to keep the States together, we must leave to every State this power of deciding for itself.

I think I never wrote you a word before on politics. I shall not do it again. I only say, love your country; and when men attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the laws of your State, tell them "that you mean to mind your own business," and advise them to mind theirs. John Taylor: you are a free man; you possess good principles; you have a large family to rear and provide for by your labor. Be thankful to the government which does not oppress you, which does not bear you down by excessive taxation, but which holds out to you and yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry and security may give. John Taylor: thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor: never write me another word upon politics. Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern window upon the graves of my family, remember that he who is the author of this letter must soon follow them to another world. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Position in Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less. If the arrest is partial the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided, and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we awake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feelings of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length or strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger; when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? *That is death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning—"They were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often it is added, "and *ate heartier than common!*" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious cholic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late or large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day it is simply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast.

Home Affections.

The heart has affections that never die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are the memories of home—early home. There is a magic sound. There is the old tree, under which the light-hearted boy swung many a day; yonder is the river in which he learned to swim; there is the house in which he knew a parent's protection—nay, there the room in which he romped with brother and sister, long since, alas! laid in the yard in which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he had often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who ministered at the altar. Why, even the very school-house, associated in youthful days with thoughts of tasks, now comes to bring pleasant remembrances of many occasions that call forth some generous exhibitions of noble traits of human nature. There is where he learned to feel some of his first emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in life, has made a home for himself happier than that which his childhood had known.—There are certain feelings of humanity—and those, too, among the rest—that can find no appropriate place for their exercise only at one's fireside. There is a privacy of that of which it was a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to violate it is neither more nor less than a villain; and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community than the disposition to tolerate in any mode the man who invades the sanctity of private life. In the turmoil of the world, let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection and confidence.

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Prospectus for the Year 18

THE proprietor of the NEW YORK L
GER is gratified at having it in his
er to announce in his Prospectus for the
year—1859—that all the old popular and
nent writers of the LEDGER staff have
retained, and new ones added. Among
latter we are pleased to mention the name
Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to
nish a series of articles, to be continued
ing the entire year, under the title of "
MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For
articles alone we have already paid Mr.
ett (for the benefit of the Ladies' Mount
non Association) the sum of TEN THO
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periority of its tales and sketches, have g
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We feel, and always have felt, since the L
GER attained its immense circulation, tha
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