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be served by honest and atten-
and the TABLE supplied with
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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 11, 1860. Number 20.

The South to the North Sends Greeting.

BY SOLON ROBINSON.

Northern brethren, why this hating
Of our Southern brothers here?
Are they bulls that ye are battling,
Till they'll fight the more severe?
What is now your wild ambition—
Would ye see this nation fall?
Do you think that Abolition
Is the wreck on which to call?

Do you think it stands so strongly,
'Twill uphold the Union still?
Do you think, though treated wrongly,
Southern men have not a will?
Do you think to keep possession
Of the slaves the traitors steal?
Or that men will break oppression,
And never draw the avengeful steel?

Think not lightly on this crisis;
Rocks, though firm, in time decay;
"Priceless Unions" have their prices,
Constant drooping wears away;
Angry words and agitation
Of a wrong will make no right;
Brightest day of greatest nation
Civil war would turn to night.

Happy years we've lived together,
Like a firm united band,
But a load by single leather
May be more than men will stand;
Better should that plume be given
To the wafting seaward wind,
Than the fairest land but Heaven
Be destroyed by men so blind.

What is gained by agitation,
And the strife of angry words,
If it bring this happy nation
To the clash of bloody swords?
Who shall gain but vile ambition,
That is leading on this strife?
Better'd be will no condition,
Bond or free that breathes in life.

Brothers all may be united,
And support the stripes and stars,
And the faith our fathers plighted,
On the field of war good Mars!
But you must, like brothers willing,
Stop the tongues of wicked knaves,
Who the nation now are killing,
In pretence of freeing slaves.

What will nations o'er the ocean
Think of us if we should part?
Parting for the wildest notion
Ever filled the human heart;
Freedom they may well be sighing
O'er the ruin ruling here,
Tyrants then in triumph crying,
Gloat around our Union's bier.

THE YOUNG STEPMOTHER

BY M. A. R.

Mr. Stuart sat alone in his study He had gone there on his return from the church-yard, whither his wife had been carried on that weeping April day, and laid to rest beneath the willows, and ever since he had sat with his head bowed in his hands, giving way to his great grief. Suddenly there came a rap at the door, a low but determined rap, yet it was not heard inside; another and another followed, but as no notice was taken of them, the visitor opened the door. It proved to be Viney, the children's colored nurse; and as she perceived her presence still unheeded, she inserted her sturdy matronly figure in the doorway, and addressed herself to the inmate of the room:

"Massa Stuart, I say, Massa Stuart, I tink for yer ought to come down and look arter dose chillun!—Dere dey'se a sittin' all curled up in de winder, an de wind a howlin' an a moanin', an de sperits an de ghosts a walkin' all round de room"——

"O, Viney, stop for pity's sake!" said Mr. Stuart, roused at last; "and of all things don't terrify them with your suspicious stories! Poor things! I had almost forgot them; I'll go and bring them up here;" and he walked wearily across the room, lighted the lamp, and went down stairs.

Viney turned to put another stick of wood on the fire, muttering—"Can't make me b'lieve dere ain't no [illegible] ghosts, but I done catched him, too, dat's enuff dis time."

Mr. Stuart soon re-appeared, leading his children by the hand, and placing them before the fire, he took down his choice books and pictures for them, caring little if they tore them all to pieces, so that they were busy. But there came a deep sigh for those little ones, left so early without a mother. Alice, who was nine years old, could go to school a part of every day; but his poor little Willie! who would there be now to teach him right from wrong? Who would take him in their arms and soothe him, when day after day the little feet would 'grow tired with wandering up and down the rooms looking for mamma? Who would be ready to get him bits of string and toys and picture books, when he wanted to be amused?

The prospect was a dreary one that night, and for weeks and months it did not look much brighter. The maiden lady who came to take charge of the household was so stern and rigid that the children were afraid of her, and Viney was heard to declare in her presence that "dar was trubble fereber now." Alice became disobedient and rebellious, and Master Willie rode over everything; but Viney had one infallible quietus, which, in spite of Mr. Stuart's wishes, she tried very often. Her ghost stories were famous ones, and altho' they frightened Alice so much that she never dared to go to bed alone, she was never tired of these mysterious legends of spirits walking abroad in streets, and ghosts that haunted wicked people's houses.—Willie, poor little fellow, could not understand them, but he joined in the general fright which they occasioned.

Mr. Stuart knew nothing of Viney's disobedience, but he was greatly troubled about his children; and their strange sinfulness and perverseness, together with their need of constant watchfulness, proved a sore and constant trial to him.

Matters went on in this unsettled way, however, for nearly two years, when one day a girl at Alice's school, whom she had vexed in some way, retorted, "I don't believe you'll have your own way quite so much when you have a new mother to manage you."

Alice stamped her foot with anger. What did the girl mean by her having a new mother? She was sure she would not have one, and would not mind her if she had. That day she went home in a towering rage, and going straight up to Viney, asked her what it all meant.

Viney tossed her head in a knowing manner, as if she possessed a mighty secret; but as she was in an uncommunicative mood, Alice could get nothing out of her, and she slammed the door, saying, "Well, she shan't order me around anyhow."

Not many weeks after, Mr. Stuart went away from home, and on his return, he brought a young, sweet-looking lady with him, whom he presented to his children as their new mother. Alice extended her hand coldly, and did not respond to the warm kiss that was pressed upon her cheek; while Willie, now a bright little fellow of four years, would have jumped into her arms, if it had not been for his sister's warning looks. As it was, he looked up shyly, with an inquiring glance, as much as to say, "Will you really take away my plaything, if I don't act just like Alice?"

The step-mother little knew what a nature she had to deal with in the young girl; she could reasonably expect her to be reserved at first, but her constant sullenness and disobedience tried her exceedingly. Mr. Stuart punished her many times for her insolence, but he had no idea of the many ways the child took to make her mother uncomfortable—of the faces made at her, of the ridicule with the servants, or of her teaching little Willie to rebel. He never knew it, because his wife had resolved to bear patiently any trials of this kind, though she never expected them to be so great. She never spoke harshly to either of the children, and Alice herself, little coward as she was, could not help knowing that she was saved a great many punishments by her gentle interference.

The step-mother the while was working earnestly and prayerfully, and watching with patience the result of her effort, though every day the reform which he hoped to bring about in Alice seemed further off than ever. One day the little girl was invited to a party for the next afternoon, but on account of some act of disobedience, her father had forbidden her going. Alice was very angry about it, and though she had never dared to disobey a command of his before, she was wicked enough to attempt it despite, in spite of the consequences. Accordingly when the morrow came, although it was rain'ng a little, she kept away to her room, and dressing herself in her pretty red merino, she went noiselessly out of the back-door across the field to Emma Lawson's, who was to have the party. She knew that she had done wrong, but the games of the afternoon, she forgot all about it, and never thought of it again, until it grew dark, and it was time to go home. It was raining fast now, but she slipped out when no one saw her, and started across the fields again, intending to get the back-door unobserved, but in her unlucky jump over a stone wall, she made a fearful rent in her dress, which troubled her exceedingly. Viney did not know how to darn it—she would not ask her mother; so creeping home again, she hung the dress in her wardrobe, and after a little while, went to bed.

Meanwhile her mother and Willie had missed her, but Mrs. Stuart, guessing the truth, made no comment on her absence, but went into her room, and prayed that God would show her how to guide this erring child, over whom he had placed her as a mother. She heard Alice as she returned to her room, and she forbore to reprove her then, and as her husband was away, he did not know of this new disobedience; but that night Alice was taken very ill, and her painful breathing aroused her mother, who slept in the next room. The exposure in the rain chilled her, and now she was in a high fever, and paying for her undutiful conduct.—For weeks and weeks Alice lay on her bed, with a burning heat in her temples, and all the time her gentle mother, whom she had hated, nursed her tenderly, cooling her aching head, and soothing her with soft caresses. Alice was conscious of all this care, but she was too ill to feel pangs of remorse about her conduct, until one day, when she awoke from a deep sleep, and heard her mother in the next room cautioning Willie about rustling his papers, because poor sister was sick. Those loving words aroused Alice to a sense of her injustice, and for an hour she lay and thought how ungrateful she had been to one who had treated her with the greatest kindness from the first. She heard a light footstep in her room, and she shut her eyes, but the tears rolled out from the closed lids, and she felt a soft kiss and a murmur, "Poor child, she is very sick."

After this, however, Alice began to mend, and though she made no confession, she was more gentle and quiet than she had ever been before. Everything was done to amuse her, and her mother read her the most charming stories in the world; but one day she was left entirely alone, and although she was very weak, she managed, by clinging to chairs and tables, to reach her wardrobe where she might see the extent of the hole she had torn in her dress; on taking it down, she found that all traces of it had gone, and an entire new breadth had been put in, making it all look like new again. She knew in a minute who had mended it so carefully, and smitten with a new sense of her former ingratitude, she sank upon the floor, and sobbed until her mother came up stairs again.

"Why, Alice, my child, what is the matter, and how came you here?" said she hurriedly, and lifting her from the floor.

But Alice could not speak—she only buried her wet face in her mother's hands, and by-and-by sobbed out how wicked she had been, and begged to be forgiven. She was really penitent now, and willing to ask God to make her a better girl. From this time, Alice never listened to any of Viney's ghost-stories, for her mother had resources sufficient for all leisure hours, and she was more than repaid for her patient waiting and suffering, by the love and obedience which were so willingly accorded to her by both the children.

HOME LIFE.—If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, working time, play-time, books, games, and household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there.

Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in after-life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selections, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books to read them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them; for the impressions made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns.—Let them sing all day—like the birds—*at all proper times*. Have them mutually interested in the same things, amusements and occupations; having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly.—Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, etc.—all their plays, books and work—while the parents' eyes direct and sympathise, and their loud voices blend in loving sound.

"Sam, how do you like that knife I sold you last week?" "So, so. It's not very sharp, yet you managed to shave me with it."

Dignity of Character.

The word *dignity* is often falsely appreciated. It is by many persons supposed to relate to that which is grand and lofty, and is associated only with the characters and actions of those who occupy elevated positions in society. But true dignity, which is the opposite of meanness, belongs to no one condition of life exclusively, and it is to be found in the cottage as well as in the palace, among the humble and laboring classes as well as among the titled and wealthy of the land.

It is not to be denied, however humiliating may be the admission, that many women—and especially to young women we address these remarks—pay but little regard to true dignity of character, that the estimate of dignity is at variance with truth, frivolus in its nature, and destructive in its tendency. Entertaining the idea that to be dignified one must be proud, that to excite admiration in others one must make a display of what is not commonly possessed, the unhappy victims of these ephemeral desires neglect substantial qualities and exhaust the best energies of life.

To make a display of learning, virtue, religion, generosity, wit, originality, money, property, or rank, is incompatible with true dignity of character.

Faithfully to discharge the duties which devolve upon us, conscientiously to recognise and fulfill every obligation of our position, to do our duty in the monotonous and quiet scenes of practical life, constitutes one claim to true dignity. It is only by seeking in youth to develope habits of industry, order and self restraint that we can hope to attain this character, or to be rendered fit for the trials and duties which await us.—*Life Illustrated.*

"Give me Your Baby."

We saw a poor woman sitting on the steps in front of a hotel, on Fifth street, the other morning, holding a pale yet beautiful infant in her arms; in one hand she held a saucer containing a few pennies. She was about thirty, and neatly clad, altho' the dress was of the cheapest material. One could see that her position in life had been better, and perhaps a happy one for years.

Our attention was arrested by a crowd of well-dressed ladies, who were standing around and endeavoring to beg the baby.

"What a sweet child!" said one.

"Poor little dear!" said another; "how I should love it if it was my own!"

The mother drew the child closer to her bosom, but said not a word.

Another lady, in whose face one could see at a glance a fountain of charity and love, seemed more intent in the child than any other.

"*Give me your baby*," said she, "and I will take good care of it."

The poor woman looked up for the first time, with a face so melancholy, and the tears trembled in her eyes.

"No, madam, I thank you for your kind feelings, but I cannot part with the only thing I have left to love on earth!"

This was enough. The lady dropped a half eagle upon the saucer, and turned away in tears. The others opened their offerings in charitable sociability with the gold piece. We added our mite, and walked away a happier and better man.

BONNETS.—The bonnets for the coming spring and summer are larger than those we have been accustomed to for some time back, and to that extent are improved. The little shell shaped fabrics that hung on the head rather than sat on it, that were the objects of so much ridicule and abuse have disappeared, and in their stead we have loose crowns, flaring fronts, a more comfortable shape, and a newer style. It is a style, however, which requires taste in arrangement and skill in manipulation to render becoming. Some of the flaring fronts we have seen stand up straight as a wall, looking as unbecoming and ungraceful as it is possible for any combination of silk and lace to do. Others, again, were too large—*trop prononce*—to please a refined taste; they attracted attention, but did not excite admiration. As we have said before, it is a peculiarly difficult style to manage; but when taste and skill are brought to bear on it, when they preside over the arrangements and formation, the result is a bonnet at once striking and *distingue*, free from rigidity and exaggeration—the Scylla and Charybdis of the new style.

The books in the library belonging to the British Museum, in London, occupy ten miles of shelf.

Bridget on "Timperance."

Bridget was sick, and good Jemmy thought a little whisky punch the best physic she could burden her delicate stomach with; so says he—

Biddy avourneen, do swallow a dhrap of punch. If you are bothered with worms or bile, it'll take the consaint out of thim, and make ye stand straight on your two purty feet, like a respectable crature as ye are!

Och, Jemmy: sure you know I have the pledge, and I wouldn't for the world break its avie.

Now, acushla, let me run over to Mrs. Mallowney's, and get the materials to make a fine timptin' bowl of it.

Sure you know I'd go through fire and water to do your biddin', Jemmy, but look at the disgrace it would be to smash the pledge. I won't take it Jemmy, so I won't!

Arrah, woman, don't be palaverin' me wid your wakeness, sure it's bether for ye nor pills and the physic, and don't cost a quarther as much; besides, it'll stay on your stomach like new milk, twice as strengthenin' as that. Come, will I go?

No, not a fat! I won't be disobadient to the promise I made, for all yer fine raiseniu'. But, Jemmy, ye may go and get a few bits of white sugar, and a limon—and while yer there, ye can bring the cruiskeen wid ye, and fill it wid whisky, and when ye come back ye may put on the tay-kettle and boil a dhrap of water, and ye may as well put in the limon—and the whisky—and make a good bowl of punch, and then come and *make me take it*, Jemmy!

Adorn Your Yards and Gardens.

As the season for garden making and transplanting is at hand, we take occasion to impress upon the minds of our readers, whether they own a patch of ground not more than forty feet square or a dozen of acres, the importance of providing themselves with trees, shrubs and plants. The value of a few fruit trees in a yard, and the beauty which they add, is a consideration which should not be overlooked. Fruit trees and berries, especially, aside from the pleasure derived in their cultivation and the adornment which they throw around the house, are often the source of much profit.—Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries and the like, produce largely, and if not required for the consumption of the household always find a ready market at high prices. A grape vine, properly trained, will occupy but a few feet of ground, and yet produces a fair quantity of fruit. So, too, of blackberries, an excellent fruit, easily cultivated, and very prolific. Of this species the Lawton is the most famous, being large, plump, hardy, and of a rich flavor, while it yields immensely, a single stalk often yielding nearly a peck of fruit. The variety is not very plenty in this locality, but fruit growers are now giving it much attention. There are many other varieties of fruit that may be cultivated to advantage, both for domestic and market use.

HOW TO GET A FEATHER BED.—"In carrying off the small thing of a feather bed, Jack Take, the bold burglar, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards."

"Backwards!" exclaimed Harry Logan, "What's that for?"

"You'll see by and by," said Croggins. "He descended backwards, when suddenly he heard the door opening and a female voice exclaiming:

'Where are you going with that bed?'

'I'm going up stairs with it ma'am,' said Jack, whose backward position favored his lie, and he began to walk up again.

'Come down,' said the lady, 'we want no bed here, man.'

'Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself.'

'Come down, I tell you,' said the lady in a rage, 'there's no Mr. Sullivan here.'

'I beg your pardon, my lady,' said he, then turning around and marching off with the bed fair and easy.

"Well, there was a regular shillo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart-ropes would not hold the lady for the rage she was in."

GOLDEN ADVICE.—Persons about to marry should look to their finances before they take their final leap. With fathers of small means and increasingly large families, it is generally easier to find appetites than dinners. A bridal sometimes tends to saddle a man with debts; and unless he makes a bolt of it, he may find himself ere long without a bit in his mouth.

SCOLDING.—A little girl not six years of age, screamed out to her little brother who was playing in the mud: "Bob, you good-for-nothing little scamp, come right into the house this minute, or I will beat you till the skin comes off"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend.

"Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I'm scolding him just as you did me this morning, that's all."

Her tone and manner corresponded, as they usually do. Fretting and scolding must necessarily have a different talent from their opposites. The influence upon the daughter was unmistakeable. Yet the mother never supposed that like was producing like in a child, until she was thus keenly rebuked.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—A lady writer, who is evidently "booked up," gives young men the following good advice. "Don't believe any woman to be an angel. If you feel any symptoms of that disease, take a dose of sage tea and go to bed.—It is as much a malady as the small-pox, and it is your business to get over it as quick as possible. An angel indeed! If you don't find out pretty soon that she lacks considerable more than wings, we are mistaken! Don't make up your mind about any creature in a belt ribbon and velvet rosettes, without first asking your sister's advice. Depend upon it one woman can read another better in five minutes than you can in five years.

An old farmer—one who feared neither God nor man—had hired a devout negro, and to get some Sunday work out of him would always plan a case of "necessity" on Saturday, and on Sunday morning would put this case to the man's conscience. One morning Sambo proved refractory. "He would work no more on Sunday." The master argued with him that it was a case of "necessity"—that the Scriptures allowed a man to get out of a pit on a sabbath day a beast that had fallen in. "Yes, massa," rejoined the black, "but not if he spent Saturday in digging a pit for de berry purpose."

THAT "THAT."—In thirty-one words, how many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer, fourteen. He said that *that* that *that* man said, was not *that* that *that* one should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?

CULTIVATED WOMEN.—Sheridan said beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they enlighten, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of men. It is by woman that Nature writes on the hearts of men."

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my Lambs." A plain farmer very quaintly remarked to him, on coming out of the church: "A very good text, sir; but you should take care not to put the hay so high in the rack that the lambs can't reach it."

Some enterprising chap is engaged in making the identical razor used by John Brown while in Kansas.—He makes about thirty a day and sells them to the good people of New Haven.

A man recently got married in Kentucky, one day, and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try all the varieties of nooses, to see which he liked best.

A fellow "out West," being asked what made him bald, replied: "The girls had pulled his hair out by pulling him into their windows." Capital punishment that!

"Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied. "I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

The lash that a man does not object to having laid on his shoulders is the eye-lash of a pretty girl.

There are a great many fool-killers in the world. Every fellow that commits suicide is one.

Friction matches—Unhappy marriages.

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