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THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXI--NO. 36.

ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 1603.

The Cecil Whig
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BY E. E. EWING.
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SPRING, 1872.

W. M. KENNARD & CO.,

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TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, EXTRA FINE,
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Entry and Stair, Dutch Wool, Hemp and Rag Carpets,

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No. 93 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore.

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Commodious enough to give room for all who come to examine them!

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HAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayed to rare advantage and sold at Prices that will please all, the most complete stock of

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NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,
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QUEENSWARE,
STATIONERY, &C.
TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

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How blithely plumes his wing!
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To the great Source of Good.
The trees are vocal with his lays,
Instinct with gratitude.
He mounts upon his downy wing.
He cleaves the ambient air;
Initiates the balmy breath of spring
And wakes the world to prayer.
The fertile earth, at Nature's voice,
Unlocks her precious stores,
And mounts and vaults and plain rejoices
To greet the genial hour.
The warbling screech, no longer bound
In winter's icy chain,
Sparkles beneath the sunny ray
And freely flows again.
Flows as life flows in infancy,
Pure, radiant, and serene,
Through flowers and fields and fragrant
groves.
That animate the scene—
Flows on, till winter checks its tide,
And robs it of its bloom;
Like death, that in our youthful pride
 consigns us to the tomb.
Yet man, for whom these notes are sung,
For whom this waters flow,
For whom this verdant world abounds,
The monarch here below—
Man, only man, with lofty brow,
With stubborn heart and knee,
Looks o'er this smiling universe,
Ungrateful, Lord, of thee!
The perils of the winter past,
Spring, like a blooming bride,
The summer and the autumn's hope,
All magnify His pride!
There, there he stands, a rebel still,
That he is so content to be
That murmurs in each limpid rill
And breathes in every flower.

From Our Traveling Correspondent.

OUR CITY, Pa., March 31st, 1872.

Mr. Editors.—This Sunday, in room No. 6, first floor—counting from the roof. Rain pouring down in torrents. All the outer world here is greatly gloomy—excepting the occupants of a house directly opposite my room, one of which is to be hitched into matrimonial harness, at 2 P. M. Being a member of a very numerous family herein dwelling, (the renovated Erin Gobragh,) it is expected to be a grand affair. Liquors of all kinds will flow like water (mingled with blood) and the old style of game, Irish punch, will be played the entire night; pick handles, shobalas, and other handy implements will be used as many ornaments; ten gentlemen uniformly in brass and blue, will be in readiness to escort the ornamented, departing, visionless guests to Hotel de Station—in short, 'tis to be, in all points, a lively time. The popular shade to be worn will doubtless be crimson.
To business. As you are doubtless aware, this is the centre of oil territory.—Capital and business generally, here, are simply immense. Thirty-two passenger trains daily; all trades flourishing. Vacant building lots, 30 by 100, are bringing \$6,000 to \$10,000; ground rents for same, \$20 to \$30 per month, according to location. Dozens of new wells developing; rich territory hourly announced, and as frequently changing hands. Speculation is rampant—“make a spoon or spoil a horn.” Is the prevailing style among these bold adventurers. Money is plenty, and, as elsewhere, the “root of all evil.” All of the three words, the world, flesh, and the devil, are fully expressed in these people; (the second most fully, the lassies go it in style, and believe in woman's rights. The morals of these people, as you will readily imagine, are fully up to an oil standard. Indeed, their standing may be said to be “A. No. 1,” being several feet above sea level (street) third story. In fact, among the uppermost of these, you don't enjoy high life, handwinded between native oil and floating gas, with the probable addition of a third element, in the shape of fire, at any moment, which might cause me to move hastily 216 ft. above, in a midnight career. Yes, this city luxuriates in women, wealth, fast men, fast horses, fast mountains; the deepest, middlest streets, the meanest, gaulest houses, the ugliest men, and the most daring speculators, with most astonishing talent for misrepresentation as to facts and figures, where they are interested peculiarly. You can firmly rely on these people in all cases, as they expect nothing else in trade. Yet there is a simple run for money here, as well as scamps in money-making here, and one of their oil kings has just finished a magnificent theatre building. It would be a financial success, (and, reg. valuing, too,) were some enterprising shrewd man to capture one of the noblest works of God, “an honest man,” and place him here, so that these people might gaze through their greasy, gilded glimmerings, or an animal called an honest man, possessing a nominal commodity called conscientious, without elasticity. In points of nerve and volume do these people excel. Yes they can wield a club as often, and say as many damns in a given time, as any people know. If any of the Whig's readers doubt it, let us try them on the spot. It is just as they say to them, “step up, ‘I'm spiffin' for a fight, damn the Fenians!’” and even though he may sport a twenty-six inch beaver, I'll guarantee, in less than fourteen seconds, a forty-two inch smoke-stack would fit his head better. His nose will look like a speaking trumpet; his hair will hang in beautiful festoons over his arms; his teeth will need alternates; his face will present all the colors of the rainbow, added to which will be black predominant, and he'll find his most jelly-like body breathing—if he does breathe. I'm “lavin’” these D. D.'s now. There are more of ‘em than I can conveniently I ever sojourned, than Doctors of Divinity, but “Dirthy Divil,” Now we will wait to the forests, where is found a different people, and in consequence, more healthy morals. Having told you of morality, I must not forget their chastity. Otherwise, in point of tastes, they are simply gorgeous. This, the principal hotel, is a dirty, greasy, diluted ink shade, the window and door sashes gory-jug in rich, glowing vermilion (any color here so its red) inside and outside \$25,000, a hundred visitors with vermilion doors, shutters, sashes, &c., four stories. How “lavin’” is it?
That Southern Improvement Company created a panic here. It proposed, a company style, to gobble up all. It is simply an immense monopoly organized by railroads and money kings to swindle both oil producer and consumer, by charging \$2.00 per lb., advance for transportation, giving \$1.00 guarantee drawback to oil refiners outside of oil producing districts, but nothing to those in oil limits, thus discriminating against producers and refiners

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No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The soil they rest on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands
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The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
And, what is sadder now,
The apple-tree of our awing
Hangs on the withered bough.
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The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day
It seems has trodden there.
I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill—
The darker than it used to be,
And seems of one and still!
The birds get sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of robin kind
Where all our voices rung.
I sat me on the fence, John,
When it was old time,
The same old path in the path
We used so oft to climb,
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
As we played had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that were gone.
—Old Paper.

THE CARIBBOO.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

The Caribboo of North America is, to all intents and purposes, identical with the reindeer of Lapland and Greenland. The most southern range of this animal is the State of Maine, and the most northern, for aught we know to the contrary, is the North Pole. There are still a good many of them in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but each year we have to go further from home to find them. In the northern part of New Brunswick, in Gaspé, in Labrador, and in Newfoundland, they still roam almost undisturbed by the hunter. They are not much hunted by the settlers for two reasons, viz., because the hide is of trifling value, and because few men know how to hunt them. Would it were so also with the moose! But these huge animals cannot travel in deep snow, and at certain periods of the year fall easy victims to the hunter on snow-shoes. Caribboo, on the contrary, for their lesser weight and the peculiar formation of the hoofs, which they can curl up or close as will, walk on the top of the snow, and can rarely, if ever, be run down. It requires a good stalker, and favorable conditions of wind and snow, to approach within range. Unlike the moose, they are sociable though wandering animals, and go about in herds. Their favorite resorts are spruce and juniper woods and barren grounds. They feed on mosses, of a pale green and brown color, which hang in profusion, like tufts of hair, from the stems and branches of the black spruce and juniper trees; also on the lichen, which grows on the mountainous and barren ground. They dig for the latter with their feet, through the snow. Their pace is slow, they walk, trot, and gallop. When traveling in either of the former ways, they move in life, so that it is impossible from the tracks to judge the number of a herd. When frightened they gallop, clearing twenty or thirty feet at a bound; but this they cannot do in deep snow. The deer have one or two calves in the month of May. The rutting season is in October. Although a shy and wary animal, the caribboo is sometimes a very stupid one, and seems so puzzled at the sound of a shot that he frequently gives the sportsman more than one chance.
If one of the herd be dropped in his tracks—the remainder get quite bewildered, and sometimes the whole herd will fall to his rifle. It is far otherwise if they wind a man; indeed, all the wild animals I have met with seem to imbibe fear through their noses more than through any other organ. The hoofs of the caribboo, which serve as snow-shoes also, from their sharp edges, enable them to walk over perfectly smooth ice without falling. In fact, they are at home amid snow and ice, and every attempt to accustom them to warm or moderate climates has hitherto failed.
The great event for the hunter is finding fresh tracks. These the Indians follow up, and trace out with great skill, in favorable circumstances never falling to get within shot. This is not so simple a matter as it might appear to be, particularly when the tracks are choked with fresh or drifted snow. A herd, too, when feeding, is perpetually on the move, and makes a vast amount of tracks, backward and forwards, round and round. They are obliged to do so from the nature of their food, which they obtain in small quantities here and there. The prettiest sport is when they are found on the barrens—great plains dotted over with spruce and juniper bushes.
They can then be seen a long way off, and the stalking is very exciting. Success depends upon the state of the snow. A thaw, succeeded by a sharp frost, forms a crust which the snow-shoes breaks through with such noise as to render stalking impossible. The only remedy then is take off the snow shoes and walk without them in the animal's tracks; but this cannot be done in very deep snow. It is a charming sight for the sportsman to see a large herd of caribboo on the barrens, when they are in this state, and has their wind. In this chase, he can almost make sure of approaching to within a hundred yards distance, or much less if there is good cover.

DIAMONDS IN ARIZONA.

From the German Telegraph.

A diamond mine has been discovered in Arizona. It is not a lumping, but reality. The site is an old placer worked for precious gems by the Aztecs when they inhabited the territory. It will be remembered that Cortes found the Aztecs in Mexico in possession of gems which they told him they got at the northwest. Various searches were made for this mine, but without success. It was found some years since, some Aztec fortifications being there with all the evidences of the place having been formerly worked. Rubies were picked up and have been tested and proved good though dark, and have been cut and set. Since then emeralds have also been found and sold to the jewelers in San Francisco. At last diamonds have been discovered and sold to the jeweler. The story is a pretty straight one, and the party has gone back secretly to the mine, armed, and prepared to work it if the Aztecs do not interfere to prevent. Should this mine prove to be one of any extent we may speedily expect such a migration to Arizona as will put an end to the Apache war. This was the original country of the Aztecs, from which they organized their warlike descent upon the capital of the vast empire of the Tzuczes, Mexico, and conquered it. A new civilization, more permanent character is reflecting the glories of the Toltecs, and it will not now be long before the Apaches will