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WM. W. BALLARD, Editor.

Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1861. Number 28.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

A PICTURE.

BY E. J. DAVY.

The od'rous twilight flits along the vale,
And dances to the music of the gale,
With eager haste her dusky mantle flings,
And shadows hang beneath the mountain wings
Now faintly falls amid the maple boughs,
A glimpse of sunlight flutters, and 'tis gone;
A thousand forms are playing up and down
Like maidens dancing thro' a fairy town,
And soft the patters of their noiseless feet
Steal on our heart and quickly these secrete.
Low notes are wafted on the fragrant breeze,
And music echoes from the leafy trees;
Amid the grove, like trip of elfin feet,
The rustle of the zephyrs wing we greet,
And drink the sweet of her redolent breath,
Garnered in theft among the flowory heath.
Tranquil the dew-clouds o'er the grassy isles,
In silent pining, softly weep the while;
They fall in show'rs as still as mountain air,
Upon the green-sward—oh, how fair, how fair!
And floating o'er the river's quiet glide,
With softest splash they mingle with the tide,
From far away in dim, sequester'd nooks,
Harps out the echo of redundant brooks—
In playful song, the bright cascade leaps up
And fills the either surface of her cup.
In waves upleap the liquid minarets
Which sparkle in the many shining jets;
Like fairy forms the bubbles float around,
And burst with echoes of their fairy sound.
Upon the brow of languid eve delight
The rosy hues to mingle with the night;
They one by one are going slow and still,
As twilight flutters up the golden hill.
Now Luna shines, though sunny either hurl'd,
Throng'd with a vast eternity of world.
How fair her mien with pensive thought o'er-spread,
How languishing while now she hangs her head,
And faintly shines her aureola's light,
Half wistful, through the amber hues of night
She nods amid the waving coral, where
The speckled trout delights to find his sphere,
And, while her rays are hanging on the glen,
Her double form is playing in the fen.
Around her peer the many shining eyes
Of stellas wand'ring o'er the arched skies;
And songs are wafted from their silver wings,
As, seeming, each its sister stars outsings.
Ambrosial sweet pervades the ev'ning air,
Which when we quaff, forget the thrall of care,
While living midst the ecstacy of this
Delightful thrills confine the soul in bliss;
And who would doubt the phantasies that fly
In fairy shapes athrough the stilly sky?
What inspiration, fix'd deep in the thought
With visionary antheme, heav'nly fraught,
Doth 'mid the scene our raptured hearts beguile,
To wander through a mistic paradise!
How oft we trace through paths of hidden yore,
The many pleasures that endeared its lore!
Perchance we stand and sip the same delight
We drank of yore upon a summer's night,
And, drinking now, full many a bliss divine
To quaff again in ever coming time.

[Written for the Cambridge Democrat.]

GRENADA, MISS., May 17, 1861.

Editor Cambridge Democrat, Cambridge, Md.: Dear Sir:—So varied and conflicting are the reports as to the condition of things in this part of the Southern Confederacy, that I have thought you and your readers would not object to having some reliable information from one who is a native of your county and is well known to many of its citizens.

You may have concluded from numerous articles published by many of the papers in your section of the country, and more recently by the "Baltimore American," that great confusion and disaffection exist amongst us, & that as many oppose as favor our new government, that we are ground down by taxation, *all* our business gone and starvation at our doors. This picture is certainly a pitiable one if true. But I am happy to say it has no foundation truth, utterly false, and those who publish such slanders must have known to be false. No city in the Union has been better represented in the reportorial line than Baltimore, and unless the news reporters preferred ignorance to better information, they could have been better informed. The only apology I can offer for them is that a truthful report would not have answered their purposes so well.

We are not divided—we stand as one man, with one heart and purpose, ready to assist with our blood and *lives* to defend our homes and institutions. We have confidence in the stability of our "new government," and know that we have within it the element of support and self-preservation.

We are all alive to the importance of being ready for any emergency. A call has been made on this State for 8,000 men; up to yesterday 216 companies of 85 or 90 each, were enrolled and ready for duty.

That you may see how we are at work, I cite you to this "our own county Yalabusha," and we are not a head of the others. We vote 1500 and have raised 7 companies, and 3 or 4 more nearly completed. These companies are all equipped and made ready for the field by private contribution—18 or $20,000 having been raised in this county alone. For 3 companies from this place, (I completed yesterday, the other two in camp,) $6,000 have been raised here, while our ladies make up the tents and clothing. I give you two other cases. I attended a small meeting in Carroll county two or three weeks since at Duck Hill, 12 miles south of this—"had a barbecue"—where 6 or 800 persons, including ladies and children, were present. A company was organized, and in 30 minutes after the call was made for contributors, $2800 was subscribed, and $2,500 of the amount paid in cash, in sums of 1 to $500—(I have by accident the list and enclose it.) At Judge Handy's town, Canton, Madison co., $7000 was made up for one company, and six negroes donated to serve the messes. I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that 50,000 men, as good fighting material as this continent can produce, armed and equipped, ready for the field, can be raised in this State, sustained by private contribution, and not call on the government for one cent.

As for our taxes, they are neither high or burdensome. Here they are as they existed before our new assessment and now. The old tax—on negroes, $1.42 cts., on land, $100 value, 48 cts., on monies loaned, 48 cts. on $100, white pole tax, 75 cts., proportionate tax on value of carriages, Pianos, watches, clocks and silver plate over a certain amount.—Now the new or military of which so much capital is attempted to be made—on negroes, 37½ cts., on land 10 cts. on $100, merchandise and loaned money, the same, white pole, 25 cents. If the different States would publish a list of the taxes as they now exist, much of the misrepresentations on this point could be corrected.

We have but little or no complaint on the tax question among ourselves. Such as do complain are these poor, miserable specimens of men, misers, whose patriotism is only moved when money is in question, or gain prominent. Such men would sell their country's best interest for gold.—Their wail was as long and loud before this assessment as now. It was no doubt such a miserable specimen of a man as this that gave the Baltimore American such a gloomy picture of things in Miss. And they with the same avidity that the prowling Hyena seizes the dead and putrid carcass, gather up and publish all such sensation articles.

We are in no danger of starvation. Our grain crops were never better. The corn crop will average three feet in height. Never have we had so much planted—⅓ to ½ more than any previous year. We still have a large amount of old corn in the country, particularly in the more southern counties, which suffered least last season from drought. In 30 miles around this place, there are 30,000 bushels old corn. I heard one planter say he would have 5000 more than would do him. The wheat and oat crops are large and very fine.—Next week we will commence harvesting—shall have plenty for home consumption. The vegetable and fruit crops are unusually abundant. Hogs and cattle are numerous and look very fine. The old gentleman, King Cotton, is not doing so well—looks rather badly owing to the few days back being rather cold and rainy—not so much planted by some. The crop I think will be an average one. Some are plowing up and putting in more corn.

We do not care for Lincoln's Blockade. It has done us good so far as the planting interest is concerned. Those who have the goods or produce to sell will suffer more than we will. You may rest assured and publish it to the world, that the Southern Confederacy is on a sound basis, and in a self sustaining position. The mercantile business is dull, yet there is a large amount of money in the country, and the planters will keep it here. The merchants are paying no eastern debts, and will not do so until the war is closed. It is estimated that the South is indebted to N. York, Philadelphia and other Northern cities $60,000,000, and not one cent will they get, altho' the people are able, as they will not furnish means to cut their own throats.

The large and liberal Cash donation from individuals are the best evidence that the country has plenty of money for home purposes, and they intend to use it in this way.

To say, I have been deeply pained in view of the course of policy persisted in by Gov. Hicks, would give but a slight index to my feelings.

I had hoped that Gov. Hicks would prove true to Southern interest—and would have recommended and advocated a course of policy not adverse to that interest. I anxiously desired that he would do so, because he was charged here, as elsewhere, with affiliating and co-operating with Black Republicanism and as being under Lincoln's influence, and that in the end he would sacrifice every interest of his State, would cramp and paralyse her strength as to render her powerless to defend herself again't Black Republican influence and aggression. These charges I thought groundless. With all my energy I defended him and in vindication of my course I pointed his accusers to his letters, in which were expressed such strong Southern sentiments.—But, I feel humiliated to say, his actions have been basely inconsistent with his professions.

To see my native State, proud old Maryland, with so many bright records on the pages of her countrys History, containing so many high minded, noble and patriotic sons—contending for and strugling to maintain principles, advocated by those whose interest are so closely identified with her own; and now to have her oppressed and borne down by the current of pressure of that most accursed of all influences—Black Republicanism. And yet, more humiliating to see, this accursed party upheld, and urged on by one of her own children, who had been petted, honored and sustained, as had no other of her sons, such a thought is certainly calculated to stir up the blood, and arouse the indignation of any one with true manliness or independence.

I have yet hope for Maryland, as I certainly feel you have a large majority of true Southern men among you, who have never yet bowed the knee to Baal, and who will yet rise up and assert their right to take position with their Southern brethren.

I have extended this letter much longer than I intended at the outset, yet if such a correspondence shall be of sufficient interest to insure them a perusal I will give you one each week, tho' not so long as this.

Yours, GRENADA.

[Communicated.]

Readers of the Richmond Enquirer and the Washington Union will readily recall to memory how frequently their Editor, old father Ritchie, used to allude to the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. As I do not recollect to have seen either published in the *Democrat*, I have taken the liberty of sending to you for publication a copy of the Virginia resolutions, cut from Washington Union of date January 7, 1854.

The Kentucky resolutions, if my memory is correct, were drawn by Mr. Jefferson and adopted in 1799:

The Resolutions of 1798.

The resolutions passed by both the Virginia and Kentucky Legislatures embraced the "doctrine of 1798."—The Virginia resolutions were drawn by Mr. Madison. These doctrines are landmarks of the democratic party; and it has been by a faithful adherence to them that the democracy of Virginia have maintained an exalted integrity. We append the resolutions:

1. That the constitution of the U. States was a compact, to which the States were parties, granting limited powers of government.

2. That in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the compact, the States had the right to, and were in duty bound to *interpose*, for arresting the progress of the evils, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them.

3. That the alien and sedition laws were palpable and alarming infractions of the constitution.

4. That the State of Virginia, having, by its convention which ratified the federal constitution, expressly declared that, among other essential rights, the liberty of conscience and the press cannot be cancelled, abridged, restrained, or modified by any authority of the United States; and, from its extreme anxiety to guard these rights from every possible attack of sophistry and ambition, having with the other States recommended an amendment for that purpose, which amendment was in due time annexed to the constitution, it would mark a reproachful inconsistency and criminal degeneracy if any indifference were now shown to the most palpable violation of one of the rights thus declared and secured, and to the establishment of a precedent which might be fatal to the other.

5. That the State of Virginia declared the alien and sedition laws *unconstitutional*—solemnly appealed to the like disposition in the other States, in confidence that they would concur with her in that declaration, and that the necessary and proper measures would be taken by each for *co-operating* with her in maintaining unimpaired the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

6. That the Governor should be desired to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the executive authority of each of the other States, with a request that they should be communicated to the respective State legislatures, and that a copy should be furnished to each of the senators and representatives of Virginia in Congress.

In connection with this subject, as well as for the information of those persons who may not have conveniently at hand a copy of the U. S. Constitution, I will also send you with this a few of the articles of the amendments to the constitution, applicable to the above resolutions and of importance to each and every citizen at the present time.

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

"Art. I. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the government for a redress of grievances.

"Art. II A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

"Art. III. No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner prescribed by law.

"Art. IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

I might go on, but forbear. All well informed readers of passing events will remember that persons have been seized in our good old State, Spencer and Winans—arms have been seized in Balt. In short, President Lincoln and those acting under his orders, have done so in violation of the constitution, and have justly rendered themselves liable to impeachment by Congress.

If we can elect a member of Congress from this district who will declare that Lincoln's acts are unconstitutional and illegal, and who will not vote for a declaration of war, nor a single dollar to carry it on, we shall indeed have great cause for rejoicing.

It is well known by readers of the debates in the British Parliament, that the celebrated Edmund Burke gave notice "that *if no else came forward* as his accuser, he should himself move for an inquiry into the conduct of Warren Hastings, as governor general of India, with a view to his impeachment before the House of Lords." It may be that our Edmund Burke, Mr. Vorhees of Indiana, will come forward with articles of impeachment against the President. Let us try to believe that the member to be elected to Lincoln's Congress from our district will sustain him in all legal, constitutional acts. We shall see.

May 28, 1861. CHATHAM.

[From the Evening Day-Book.]

The Condition of Maryland.

From our inmost soul we pity the man who does not look with sorrow and shame upon the present humiliated condition of Maryland. The man that can rejoice in the sight of a sovereign State of the American Union so degraded and despoiled of her ancient honors, is fitter to be the subject of some despotic government, like that of Austria, than a citizen of a free and enligened Republic. There are proud memories clinging around the Capitol of Maryland, which have made its history dear to every patriotic heart on this continent. It was in that Capitol that the Continental Congress once found a sanctuary in the days of the revolution, and it was there that Washington resigned his commission.

It will evermore bring a blush on the cheek of every man in this land, who is not lost to shame, to think that from the very chamber where Washington resigned his commission, the Representatives of a sovereign State were driven out by soldiers in the pay of the Federal Government, and that they were threatened with being followed to Frederick and dispersed at the point of the bayonet. Alas for Maryland! It is to this State that our country owes the first example of freedom and religious toleration. The Puritans of New England called themselves "friends of civil and religious liberty;" but a more impudent assumption, a more false claim to honor, was never made—for, on the first appearance of a man among them who was not of the Puritan faith, even though he was a harmless Quaker, these "friends of civil and religious liberty" set up a war-cry (more savage than the Indians ever had raised on these shores before) of banishment and death.

Even the first women who arrived in their colony who were not Puritans, were committed to prison, and stripped naked, under pretence of seeing whether they were witches, and such barbarities were practised upon them as decency forbids us to repeat. The historians say, "on the 22d of December, 1662, Ann Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, for being Quakers, were sentenced to be stripped naked, fastened to a cart-tail, and whipped on their naked backs, through eleven towns, a distance of eighty miles." (Sewell's History of the Quakers, page 171.) For being Quakers, both men and women were exposed naked in the streets, of Boston, and publicly whipped from Boston to Dedham.—As early as 1658, a law was passed by the "friends of civil and religous liberty," not only to whip every man and women who were not Puritans, but also to cut off their ears, and bore holes through their tongues with a red hot iron! Hanging and drowning were also among the penalties of refusing to embrace the Puritan faith of Massachusetts. The heart sickens, and humanity hides its face in shame at the bare thought of the horrible cruelties which these "friends of civil and religious liberty" inflicted upon every soul who was not of their own faith. The reader who has the courage to peruse the damning record, can find it in Hinton's History of the United States, or in Sewell's History of the Quakers.

While the Puritans of New England were enacting these scenes of tyranny and cruelty, the colonists of Maryland were peacefully laying the foundations of *genuine civil and religious liberty*. It was here, in Maryland, that freedom began its march on this continent. As early as 1642 Lord Baltimore offered even the Puritans of Massachusetts an asylum, granting them "free liberty of religion," and the people of all beliefs were allowed an unrestricted freedom of opinion and of speech; and it was from the seed of equal rights thus sown by the colonists of Maryland, that the tree of liberty on this continent grew up, until it was transplanted into the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting a establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." When this clause was added to the Constitution, the Puritans of New England raved against the "licentiousness" of the document, and declared that the Convention had "voted Almighty God out of the Constitution."

By the adoption of the Constitution the principles of freedom, as first established by the Colonists of Maryland, were inaugurated as the basis of our government, and the Puritanism of the Massachusetts Colonists was deprived of its weapons of oppression and persecution. But, though cast down, Puritanism was not destroyed. Though crushed, it was not conquered. And now what do we see, after seventy-five years have elapsed? A sight which painfully reminds us of the mutability of human affairs—even of the institutions of freedom and self-government. We see soldiers from the old Puritan stock of Massachusetts encamped upon the soil of Maryland. The decendents of the Endicots, the Mathers, and the women-whippers of Massachusetts, have their bayonets at the throats of the Calverts, the Howards and the Carrolls of Maryland. What a picture of "self-government" is that! What a commentary upon "our fathers'" doctrines of "State sovereignty," and of 'co-equal States!' What a stupendous lie it would make even the Constitution itself! A 'sovereign State,' 'governing itself,' with 30,000 bayonets at the hearts of its people, is a suggestive sight.

The occupation, for military purposes, of the cities, towns and soil of a State against the will of its people—the military invasion of a State, and the seizure of private property, and the interruption of business, in violation of private rights—the appropriation of horses, wagons and the occupation of houses and farms for "military barracks and fortified camps"—all this marching, and tread of hostile armies over the soil of Maryland, the old mother of civil and religous liberty, on this Continent, and against her consent, what does it all mean? Why, it means that the Puritans could never be still—could never let the domestic institutions of other States alone—could never mind their own business; but must fight, intrigue, and agitate about negroes, until they goaded co-equal sister States to madness. That is what it all means. Had it not been for Puritanic Abolitionism, these States would still be going on prosperously and happily as they were started by our forefathers. Every effort to unite them and bring back peace, while the cause of all the mischief, Abolitionism, is left intact, is simply to tamper with the Providence of Almighty God, who has made immutable the inexorable laws that exist between cause and effect. Invading the soil of Southern States will never bring peace. Invasion must stop, before peace can begin.—Shooting men in the South will never restore the Union, but will only drive the dismembered fragments farther apart. This Union may still be saved—not by invading armies—but by calling off the Puritan bloodhounds who have driven one-half of it into desperation and madness.

Anecdote of Bishop Chase.

"Some ten years ago, (says the Church Record,) a beautiful little church in Waukegan was ready for consecration. On the day appointed, the venerable Bishop Chase, with several clergy, were precent. Just before going into the church, the bishop had written the 'deed of consecration,' and in doing so, had soiled his hands with ink. He did not observe this until after he was in the chancel, and during the progress of the services; and when his eye rested upon his blackened fingers, he was apparently much annoyed and mortified. He called some of the clergy to his side and exhibited his soiled hand, and said he must wash it. But he was very heavy and unwieldy, and could not get out and in the chancel without great difficulty, and therefore declined going out into the vestry-room, where there was a bowl. 'Bring the bowl and towel right to me,' he said. One clergyman ventured to suggest to him, *sotto-voce*, that a wet towel might do as well, and would be less noticed by the congregation. The bishop looked at him over his spectacles and said, 'Sir, I never wash with a towel.' The services were going on, notwithstanding the commotion in the chancel around the bishop. At last the senior warden of the parish was obliged to go out and bring in a bowl of water. And by a singular coincidence, just as the officiating clergymen was giving out (according to the rubic in the consecration office) the 21st Psalm, 2d verse—

'I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And round thine altar go,'—

the bishop dippped his hands into the bowl and washed them. Some of the people of the parish, to this day, think that this was part of the ceremony of the consecration."

WHAT A PIG DID.—By the disobedience of a lad in 1809, a garden gate in Rhode Island was left open, and a pig got in and destroyed a few plants; a quarrel between the owners of the garden and pig grew out of it, which spread among their friends, defeated the Federal candidate for the Legislature, and gave the State a Democratic Senator, by whose vote war was declared, in 1812, with Great Britain.

A bachelor editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate—"Please exchange."

Why are the Game Laws the jolliest laws we have? Because their express object is to "keep the game alive."

"Ma, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please."—"What on earth shall I do that for pet?"—"Cause I want to draw an elephant."

Fast horses win cups by the use of their legs. Fast men lose their legs by the use of cups.

A SCOTCH JOKE.—The two most precious things now enclosed in hoops are girls and kegs of whiskey.

What head is never Gray, but sometimes bald? The fountain-head.

What indicates a house of mourning? The chimney's weep (chimney-sweep.)

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers? The street door.

Why is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must all give it up.

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