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Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1861. Number 33

"TO BETHEL AND BACK."

Brave Pierce he got him an ambling nag,
To Big Bethel for to ride-a,
With horse and foot and cannon to boot,
To guard him on every side-a.

No militia officer ever to fight
Went with such a rare bravada,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on the book,
That conquering was his trade-a.

The ladies of Hampton wept for to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he rode by, they cried with a sigh,
"Oh spare our poor soldiers in fight-a."

But onward he spurred, that cruel brave,
His heart it would not relent-a;
"I have vowed to chase the rebels from face
"Of the earth, and make 'em repent-a."

The Zouaves and Trojans, the Yankees and Dutch
Rushed on in their battle attire-a,
They crossed over the ridge, they came to the bridge
When, the cannons opened their fire-a.

Then helter-skelter, right and left,
Through flank and rear, and van-a
The bullets raked, and the Yankees quaked,
And tacked, and backed, and ran-a.

Oh, where was the brave militia-man,
When the enemy came in sight-a?
His officers swear he was everywhere—
That is——EXCEPT *in the fight-a.*

He scorned all fear, but he kept the rear,
To develope manœuvres neat-a,
And he can point with pride to his perilous ride
In the van, on the retreat-a.

Though Winthrop fall, though Butler call
Him coward, sneak and liar-a,
The Chief can still swear, that when they were there
He first gave the word—to *retire-a.*

So hand over the laurel to the Chief,
For sure he deserves it most-a;
If he failed to win, it wasn't his sin.—
(See his proofs in the Boston *Post-a.*

Baltimore county, June 18th. E. S.

Bishop Otey to the Hon. W. H. Seward.

The Memphis Appeal of May 26th contains a long letter from Bishop Otey (Episcopal) of Tennessee, to Secretary Seward, a part of which we subjoin:

I have traveled oftener than I can count years of my life all over these southwestern States, from Fort Towson to Tallahassee—from Virginia to Texas—and mingled freely with the people, under all the ordinary circumstances of social intercourse. I have had the best opportunities to know them intimately, and I think I understand their character thoroughly. I tell you, in all the soberness of truth, that wherever the invader shall attempt to pass the borders of these living States with hostile intent, he will be met by a living wall of men, with brave hearts and hands armed for the strife of death, more difficult to pass than breastworks frowning with cannons and bristling with bayonets, more numerous than those which crowned the ramparts of Burgos. Numbers may overcome and destroy these men, but in my conscience I declare, that I do not believe that the united strength of the North can compel them to submission. You may kill them, but as Cambonne is reported to have replied, in behalf of the Old Guard, to the demand for surrender on the bloody field of Waterloo, "they die! they never surrender!"

I repeat that I know this people; I know their impetuosity, their reckless daring. But I know, too, and others who have fought by their side know also, that they can be cool and steady as veterans, when the occasion demands. Accustomed from childhood to the handling of arms, and practised in their skilful use in the chase, which frequently involves dangerous encounters with formidable wild beasts, they acquire all the readiness of attack and defense which marks the veteran in war, and far more activity than he possesses. It is not to be denied that the same qualities of soldiership distinguish the troops of the northern States where they have been trained in similar schools of hardy discipline. But this admission suggests first and foremost, the thought, by no means a pleasing one to minds which are set on peace, that an encounter between such troops must be proportionately more destructive. But be that as it may, the coolness and deliberation with which our people are preparing for the conflict, may well surprise any one, and knowing their temperament as I do, I may add, their calmness fills me with amazement. They certainly inspire high hopes as to the final result of this unfortunate difference, disastrous as the realization of these hopes must be to any who, with hostile tread, ventures to violate the sanctity of our soil.

But suppose the contest eventuate otherwise. Let it be supposed that the whole picture of threatened devastation and ruin be filled out in the form of a living reality; that our young men are slain in battle; that our old men, women and children, take refuge in the caves and under the rocks of the mountains; that servants are set free to roam lawless through the land, plundering, burning, ravishing, and destroying, with the ferocity of unchained tigers; that the volume of desolation has rolled like a wave of fire over the whole South; and the wail of agony and cry of despair ascended to heaven from every habitation:—and what then? Is this a consummation which a Christian statesman and patriot can behold, with no emotion of sorrow and regret for the share he has had in its accomplishment? Is this the way by which you will bring back the love and respect of the South? Is this the method of procedure by which our heavenly Father wins back his erring and straying children, and restores them to the obedience of love and to his favor?—Have you subdued the people with whom you are contending by this terrible infliction? by this awful visitation, before which the desolations of the Carnatic and the atrocities of Wyoming dwindle into miniatures, and pale in their enacted horrors?—Will you from these ruins reconstruct the *Union?* Will the children of the South who have escaped butchery, grow up under any tuition you may institute dutiful and obedient subjects of a Government whose foundations have been laid in the blood of their slaughtered parents? Will you be pleased to lay your finger upon the page of history which records any such instance in the annals of the world? Will you, after your work of subjugation and of vengeance is accomplished, will you make provision for the four millions of Africa's children, whose ancestors your forefathers brought over the sea, and when their labor on northern soil proved unprofitable, they sold them to the planters of the South, and for the title gave special warrantee of slavery that looked for no year of *jubilee* for release? Will you put them to work the cotton fields and sugar plantations which your armies devastated and laid waste? Will you occupy the mansions of the owners with your pious soldiers who have been excited to murder, plunder and pillage, by such promises of reward as we read of in the days of Barak and Deborah in Israel, "*To every man a damsel or two*" and then compel them in return to send you the products of that same soil and labor, on which your country has so prospered and so increased in wealth and power during the last forty years?—Is this to be the destiny of your armies have freed from bondage to be placed under the supervisorship of northern abolitionists? It is to be hoped that you will at least allow them, as freemen, to vote in choosing the man under whom they will prefer to serve, as we sometimes permit them as slaves to elect their own master.

Sir, permit me to say here that I have some few, very few of these people, made, as far as I can interpret the will of divine Providence, dependent on me for the care of their bodies and souls, and I hope you will not think I feel an unreasonable anxiety, growing out of the patriarchal character of this institution as it exists among us here, to know what disposition is to be made of them, when you shall have put an end to my stewardship in regard to them. At present they kneel with myself, wife and child, at the same altar, morning and evening. Our meal comes out of the same barrel, our oil out of the same cruse, our meat is boiled at the same time and in the same pot, and our bread is baked in the same oven. The same roof shelters us, and the same blessed Lord's day dawn brings to us alike a release from our worldly occupations. Every child born in my house, whether white or black, has been dedicated to God's service in holy baptism by the same forms, and when death has closed their earthly pilgrimage, they have been committed to the grave with the same solemn service which the church prescribes alike for the master and the slave, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. Such I offer as a sample of the practice, which, so far as I know, prevails generally through this country, in families where God's name and word are honored. Will the Government you propose to establish here, do better for them? Will your subjugation of the South enlarge the measure of their happiness, or increase the number of their rational enjoyments and privileges? I ask you, sir, to cast your eyes over these fair fields now beautiful with the living verdure of spring, waving with ripening grain and smiling with the promise of the coming harvest, and then contemplate their changed appearance, as your own vivid imagination can depict them after they have been trampled and trodden down by battalions of contending armies, and squadrons of cavalry "rushing to battle."

When your armies shall have sacked our cities and pillaged our homes (if such be the decree of Heaven) and the wretched inhabitants fleeing before your mercenary hirelings, shall leave all to the havoc of war; when there remains no longer a fortress to assault, a battery to storm, or an arm to lift up the standard of rebellion against your authority, you will then naturally ask the question, what is to be done with this country? Who is to possess and subdue it, and make it tributary to the benevolent purposes for which God intends it? The slaves are left—they are incapable of self-government. Shall we leave it to the unmitigated evils of misrule, anarchy and unbridled passions? or shall we sweep it with the besom of destruction, and abandon it to the dominion, once more, of the wild beast, and to the recuperative energies of nature to luxuriate in a primeval wilderness, and renew a virgin soil for some future race? It might be well to ask and answer these quessione now, before the fearful work of destruction is begun.—The American people, though impulsive, are a reflecting race. For such a work as this they will surely call their leaders to account. They will surely ask, what have we gained, and like ancient Israel, under the remorse of a punishment inflicted to the utmost and with vindictive vengeance upon an offending brother, they will ask like them with tears, "Why is there to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?" The world will hold the authors of this unnatural war responsible, and posterity will in the measure of its condemnation render a due reward to the workers of iniquity who have not set God before their eyes nor regarded his laws.

It might be well to reflect also whether a spirit has not already been aroused in the North, which assumes to dictate to the Government what policy it shall pursue, and by what measures that policy shall be followed. Whether there is not even now in the ascendant a spirit which under the guise of supporting the Administration, seeks its own selfish and ambitious ends, and for their attainment will not hesitate to trample down all lawful authority, and on the ruins of the constitutional government erect a despotism, cruel, remorseless and unscrupulous, that will crush out the last remains of liberty.

The delay to strike the first blow indicates the reluctance which both parties feel, to engage in a conflict, the issues of which are more momentous than the world has ever witnessed, in the history of contending nations. The extraordinary circumstances attending the assault upon, and the surrender of Fort Sumter—that not a man was killed, or dangerously wounded, on either side, under a terrific fire, with well appointed artillery, directed by officers of acknowledged ability, during thirty-three hours, is a fact that ought to speak to the parties in this impending struggle, with the emphasis of a voice from heaven, warning them to beware how they begin the work of death. Connect with this fact, that other circumstance that at the critical moment when the relief squadron should have borne to the beleagured garrison the requisite assistance to maintain its position, then the rising of a gale drove the vessels far out to sea, and rendered succor and deliverance alike impracticable and hopeless. In directing attention to these things, as indicating to the thoughtful mind the intervention of divine Providence at such a time and in such a case, I trust, sir, I am not traveling beyond the range of those pious reflections to which your position and Christian profession so naturally lead. I cannot but indulge the hope that another effort to heal our unhappy divisions and restore peace to a distracted people will be made before a struggle is begun, which, end as it may, must be attended by incalculable suffering, and leave wounds never to be healed. It was only last evening that I received from a distinguished gentleman residing in Philadelphia, a letter in which he says, "a large part of the North, I sincerely believe, deprecate bloodshed and civil war. I have just signed a petition to the President to suspend hostilities till one more effort at peaceful conference shall be made"

A hearty response, no doubt, will be given to this proposal from every part of the country. But will the Government second it? The people of the South ask only for peace; they say to you take the army, the navy, the munitions of war, the treasury, and let us separate from you in peace.

For the forts and custom-houses, seized on our territory, for the armaments and arsenals we have taken, we will account to the last dollar, and make payment "We are brethren; let us not strive." "No," it is replied, "we cannot treat with rebels—dignity demands that we panish traitors and the insulters of our flag!" Ah, sir, the argument founded upon the plea of dignity, has ruined many a man, and not unfrequently, nations. And thus every position taken by the federal government, since the commencement of these troubles, even its inaction, which at first seemed to betoken peace, has tended to widen the breach—the steady refusal of the dominant party in Congress to entertain any offers at accommodation—the stern rejection of the Crittenden resolutions—the neglect of Congress to sudmit to the States the proposition of peace conference, to amend the Constitution—the refusal of the Republican party to bring forward any proposals for the settlement of our difficulties—have all tended to alienate the South, more and more, to weaken the interest among the masses for the Union, from day to day, until the majorities for Union in Louisiana, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri, North Carolina and Virginia, have melted away into weak minorities, helpless and powerless, while the defiant, insulting and threatening tone of the northern press, has at last impressed the people of the southern States fully with the idea, that the North looks upon us as degenerate and degraded, morally, socially and politically, and, really desires no intercourse or friendly relations with us. Why not, in the name of reason, justice and humanity let us go to ourselves and fulfill our destiny as heaven may appoint?

You know, sir, it is a maxim consecrated by the experience of the world, in morals, religion and political science, that men may be lead when they cannot be driven. You know, and need not be reminded, that the power which controls the hearts and wills of men resides not in the "Whirlwind"—the passions of men, "nor in the "Fire"—the persecuting spirit of men, "nor in the "Earthquake"—the strength of argument and eloquence; but in the "still, small voice" of kindness and love that speaks as gently as the whisper of the dying breeze. Oh, sir, speak but the words of gentleness and conciliation to your countrymen, driven and tossed by contending passions, like the waves of the troubled sea, and who knows but that God, the "God of peace," will bless your word and deed, and by his mighty power "still the *noise* of the waves and the madness of the people." Go to the President and urge him to desist from all hostile measures and effects to compel an unwilling obedience to his Government.

If to do good be your object, and you succeed, the blessings of millions will be yours. If earthly fame be your wish, you will have erected a monument for yourself, second only in the grandeur and beauty of its proportions *to his of whom alone, among the sons of men*, it has been truly said:—"*He was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.*"

I pray your indulgence for trespassing so much on your time, and beg leave to subscribe myself, with profound consideration,

Your friend and ob't serv't,
J. A. H. OTEY.

[From the Dublin Nation, June 8]

THE FRATRICIDAL WAR.

As the news from America flows in, the language of the Northerners and of their journals tends more and more to disgust and outrage all who hold the sacred faith of human freedom, and to make them weep in poignant mortification and deep despair. Well may we despair of popular liberty in presence of the sight the world sees to-day. A republican people, whose liberties were won by a rebellion, whose independence was achieved by a secession, parrot as glibly as any minions of old-world tyranny "the rebels" and the "rebellion" as phrases of odium and reproach!—Those who profess to hold sacred the popular will, to reverence the desire for self-government, proceeding to drown the popular will in blood, and to answer the desire for self government by butchery and slaughter!

If what is now passing in America took place in any of the old-world empires, it would be at least intelligible. If the citizens of nearly half of an empire five times as large as all Europe, with an unanimity never surpassed, and rarely equalled, declared, by free poll, in open day, by universal suffrage, that their interests and their feelings demanded the substitution of the Imperial Government by one of their own choice; and that the Imperial Government marched its armies to crush the demand in the blood of the "rebels," it would be nothing new amongst despotic systems.—But in a great confederation of republican States, in a system based on the will of the people—based on the right of rebellion—that no tyranny or despotism of old Europe ever drew the sword more savagely to put down "rebellion," and trample on the voice of the people, than this same Central Government of a republican confederation—it is enough to wring the heart of any man who believed in the greater humanity and toleration of popular governments. Well may the advocates of despotic monarchy laugh in bitter mockery at those who believe that a people ruling themselves would never spill blood in popular subjugation, and that such murders were done by kings and despots of old Europe!

It is a hideous sarcasm of republicanism to hear the journals of the Northern States yelling for the blood of "the rebels," for their utter subjugation and destruction! "We mean to conquer them," says the New York Tribune, "not merely to defeat, but to conquer, to subjugate them. But when the rebellious traitors are overwhelmed in the field, and scattered like leaves before the angry wind, it must not be to return to peaceful and contented homes. They must find poverty at their firesides, and see privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and the rags of children." Was ever more hellish sentiment uttered? Where in the annals of despotism, or the records of its butcheries, shall we seek for a parallel to this! Where—even against rebels who had not a particle of justification! If the subjects of the most legitimate sovereign that ever held a sceptre had acted as the Southern States have done, would these sentiments not be infamies if uttered on his part? Yet infamy of infamies are they when uttered by republicans against brother republicans—uttered by the descendants of the rebels of '76, against men, who, with far greater unanimity, now demand the self-same right those rebels claimed—self-government.

We shall be told that the South had no right to secede; therefore, war upon it is justifiable. When England made war on her rebellious American colonies, she said they had no right to "secede," and that, therefore, that war was justifiable. We shall be told that the South can exhibit no wrongs to justify rebellion. The same was held by those who sought to crush the colonies in their struggle for self-government. But why should we be called upon by republicans to consider these points at all?—Have we not been told, as the republican principle, that the subjects of a State themselves, and no one else, are to be judges whether they have provocation, justification or right?

Yet, let us consider that the case of the South, as regards its right to secede, is far stronger than was that of the American colonies to rebel. Under the old monarchical systems no such right was ever tolerated—no such principle ever heard of—as "the voice of the population" determining the justice, legitimacy or duration of a Government. The American colonies originated under that monarchical system! They had never claimed or possessed the attributes of "independent Sovereign States," nor had their connection with the English crown originated in a compact having for object mutual benefit and defence. What, on the other hand, is the position of the Southern States in the present case? They are not mere colonies, counties, or districts of any state, kimgdom or empire. They are a number of "Sovereign Independent States;" so styled in law and so proved in fact. Their political system of the whole United States of America—is based on the fundamental principle of the right of rebellion determinable by the voice of the people. These several independent sovereign States, of their own free choosing and for the purpose of their own and the common welfare, interest, and protection, federate with certain others to this end. A number of these States declare that faith has not been kept with them in the compact of confederation; and that the cause and purpose of their federal association with certain others no longer urge its continuance, but on the contrary demand its termination. Whether they possess the right to so terminate the connection, is neither asserted nor denied by the deed of Union. This silence is claimed by each side in the quarrel as favorable to its own case. Upon which side the construction may be said to weigh, is no doubt, a nice and intricate question for political doctrinares and hair-splitting controversialists. But what we have to say is this, that it is something more than mournful, it is monstrous, it is an outrage and a disgrace to humanity, that on a point which may be ruled either way, the shocking spectacle must be seen of torrents of blood being made to flow in the conquest—the subjugation—of those independent States, who merely ask for self-government and freedom to decide their own destinies? We say it would be deplorable even if those Southern States were mere colonies or outlying districts of a despotic empire. We say that, in the face of such a unanimous determination for secession—right or wrong, according to construction of constitutional technicalities—this bloody war to force union on the Southern people at the point of the sword—to sabre them into brotherhood and dragoon them into "liberty!"—is a blot upon humanity. We cannot pause to weigh the niceties of the rival constructions of the silence of the deed of Union with reference to the right of secession. We turn in disgust from all this, denying that the proof at best can be plain enough to reconcile us to this butchery to be done, let us remember, not by kings, autocrats, or tyrants, but by Republicans, advocates of popular liberty—themselves the offspring of rebellion. We have often enough and clearly enough declared our anxiety that the great Republic of America might be saved from dismemberment: but far greater is our anxiety—for the sake of hideous reproach it involves to popular liberty—that it may be saved from the terrible crime of forcing its Federal embrace upon any State at the expense of ruthless slaughter by fire and sword.

A Smart Witness.

At a trial of a trespass before one of the magistrates of Rochester, a long, loose jointed canal boy, whose pants were short at both ends, one tail of his coat torn off, and minus both sleeves, was sworn as to what he knew in the case. His evidence spread the guilt on the defendant rather too thick for the counsel, so the latter commenced with a brow beating, consequential air, his cross examination:

"Well, sir."

"My name ain't sur, no how."

"Boy, then."

"I'n no boy, nuther."

"Is it lad, then?"

"Not egsactly."

"Then what in the name of thunder do they call you?"

"Ragged tail Bill—hoss."

"Well, Ragged tail Bill Hoss, what time of the day was this you speak of?"

"I don't know egzactly; about ten miles after sunrise."

"I hope the Court will oblige this witness to answer my question."

Court.—"Bill explain to the gentleman what you mean."

"Well, I had drove ten miles since sunrise, and we go about two miles and a half an hour. Let him find it out by his learning."

"What business does the plaintiff follow?"

"I don't know sich a man."

"What! don't you know what plaintiff means?"

"No, no more nor you knows what time of day ten miles after sunrise is."

The laugh began to be against the counsel, but he brightened up and made fight again.

"Now tell me, Bill, where all this happened?"

"I told you once on Loafer Bridge."

"Who was there beside the parties?"

"Oh, a whole parcel of loafers."

"Well, what were they doing?"

"Why, I suppose loafing about."

"So on Loafer Bridge, a whole parcel of loafers were loafing about. Is that all you know about it?"

Here the witness stooped down, to get his hands in his pantaloons pockets, and looking up, said:

"That's um."

The laugh was again against the counsel, and he pocketed his papers and was NON EST.

AFFECTING LITTLE INCIDENT.—While standing, a few days since, looking at the debarkment of that splendid company, the Lafayette Light Infantry, preparatory to their march to the military camp, a stalwart soldier passed by, and looking at two little children near me, said to their father: "Let me kiss these children, if you please. I left two just like them at home. Let me kiss these for them;" and a tear stole down his bronze cheek The little ones quietly submitted to his fond embrace, and all the bystanders felt that a soft spot in their hearts had been touched by the tender little scence. There was a noble, affectionate heart throbbing beneath the crimson vesture, and the sight of these little stirred up the tenderest emotions of his patriotic soul. I do not know who he was, but there and then I sent up a prayer for his safe return to the loved ones left behind. An army composed of such soldiers must be victorious.—*Raleigh (N. C.) Spirit of the Age.*

The following we find going the rounds of the press; it is very suggestive:

Pay Up!—The Self-Examination Committee has proposed the following queries to all persosn about this financial period:

1. Does it cost anything to print a news paper?
2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?
3. Do printers eat and drink and wear clothing?
4. If they do, how do they get it?
5. Do I pay for my paper?
6. Is not this partiecular period a most acceptable time to pay up?

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