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Volume 16. CAMBRIDGE, MD., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1861. Number 40.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied,
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff,
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Since while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.

Then lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon."

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each ear recalled a different name,
But all sung "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle eve's confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak;
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, Soldier! to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

Ebony Idols.

It is reported that Cambyses in one of his battles with the Egyptians, resorted to the strategem of marching before his columns the sacred Ibis, which, rather than endanger the life of, the conscientious heathens laid down their arms and surrendered without resistance. If the professed veneration which the Yankees have for their ebony idols down South had any validity, this little scrap of history might suggest the idea of taking advantage of their abolition sensibilities, and sheltering our forces behind the assumed objects of their solicitude. Certainly, rather than endanger one of their idols they would lay down their arms! But a Yankee's professions are not to be relied on. We would not trust one further than we could throw a stone house by the chimney, or a pig could skate up hill on ice. All their rose pink sentimental philanthropy has about as much foundation in reality as the reflection of the ghost of the shadow of a hypothetical rainbow has on the apochryphal pot of gold at its base. How much confidence is placed in them even by the objects of their hypocritical worship, was illustrated by one of these ebony idols we met on the street last night, in the midst of a circle of listeners to whom he was narrating the "accidents by flood and field" at Manassa, where to use his language, he "went in like a wagon load ob burnt clay"—"Afore de fight commenst, Mass'r Joe says to me, 'Sam, you'd better go behind or the Yankees may catch you.' 'Mass'r Joe,' says I, 'I aint fered of no Yank what ever eat a codfish, and if you aint no dijiction I'd like to stan by you. Well dreckly I seed de Yanks a comine an a kickin up a mity big dust. Den I hearn a popin of de guns, jis like pouring shell cawn in a emty borrel, only louder. I stand stiff. Den I hearn somin go 'whish,' an one ob dem iun bullits, bout as big as a pic-anniny's head, tored up de groun like Mass'r Jones' ole bull down in de medder. Den de little fellers come a singin roun dis chile's head like skeeters in de big cypress swamps, an I did'nt stan so stiff. Better belibe I felt like a biled dish cloff 'bout de knees. Dis individooals heart jumpt up and doun like a ole gobbler in a han baskit, and if he hadn't kep de ivory shut, it oud a jumpt rite outen his mout, suh. But I warnt skecred, no sir'e Bob; dis chile aint one ob dat kine. But I tell you what, I thot it pooty sharp work for de size, as de debbil said when de broad-tread waggin run ober his nose Dar we stood an took it, an neber sed nuffin'. Presently I seed one ob de melicious horseifers ride up wid his hoss, all cobered wid lother, an I knowd some body war a gwine to get hurt. I rekin you'd a thot all Hevin an yearth wuz a comin' together of you'd a hearn dem complimens we gib de Yanks. Arter dat fire, my har, what had been stannin strate out, curled up agin, an I felt as cool as de middle seeb ob a cucumber in a refrigerum. Den we pored in de grape shot, and de plum shot, and de bumpin shells, and dem little fellers wid a hole in one en what whistles tell da strike you, and den you don't hea em whistle no moh. O, de dust, and de smoke, and de blood! Den I gin to git mad. I didn't kere nuffin for myself, case dis chile ain't wuf much no how; but to see de nice white gemmen shot down by dem abolitioners, wur too bad. I didn't say much, cuse I b'long to de Church, but I *thot* 'dam it' a heap times. Den we whip em, an den day hull grabble at about de rate ob two hundred and forty. Day run outen dar boots, trowed away dar guns an 'quipshuns, an some ob em leff dar shuttails hangin on de bushes an tens rails. Dat wur de fasest 'backard movement' eber I went a fishin. De fuss chans I got, I went out to make a raise; I felt in a heap ob pockets, but neber foun nuffin but a pack ob kerds, an a dogberrygraff an a lead quarter. Dem abolitioners are de miserblist pooh folks I eber see. Day aint woff shootin.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Chronicles

Of the Wars of "Abraham," by one of the Scribes who is called "Suggs."

1. And when Abraham had gathered together his Captains and host, he waxed exceedingly wrath.

2. And his anger was kindled against the children of the middle land, even against Virginia, which is called the mother of rulers.

3. And he raised his voice and spake thus unto his captains & hosts,

4. Saying, go forth into the land of Virginia with fire and sword.

5. Smite and spare not, but utterly destroy every son and daughter of the land—save the children of "Ham."

6. For they have a pleasant odor in my nostrils, and I fain would spare them from the wrath which has come upon that land.

7. And take ye the fairest of the daughters of "Ham," that I may have them to wife.

8. I and the captains of my hosts that are with me—even Scott the mighty in battle.

9. And when you have utterly destroyed that people from off the face of the earth,

10. Then shall ye possess their lands as an inheritance forever.

11. And the children of Ham shall dwell with you and ye shall be as one people, marrying and giving in marriage.

12. But when Jefferson the son of Davis, heard these things he called upon the children of the Sunny land to go forth to battle.

13. And their young men came as a bridegroom goeth to his chamber,

14. With exceeding great joy and waving of banners and music of Timbrel and drum.

15. And mothers girded their first-born with armor and strength—even with truth, and sent them forth with joy.

16. And fair maidens gave banners and tokens to those who went forth to fight for the mother of rulers.

17. And behold there were gathered together a mighty host and encamped around about the walled city of Abraham—even about the city of Washington.

18. And it came to pass as the armies of Abraham passed through the land of Maryland they came to the city of Baltimore.

19. And the people were gathered together with great tumult and spat upon them, and threw stones and slew many of their young men.

20. And sent runners to Abraham saying, we will not let your young men pass through our land to fight the mother of rulers.

21. For her people are our people, and her God our God, and we will not that she be made desolate.

22. And when the messenger had come unto Abraham and told him these things he rent his garments and said,

23. Is thy servant a dog that ye should do these things.

24. For even now, Jefferson the son of Davis hath encompassed my walled city round about with armed men.

25. And he hath smote my armies that were in my walled city of defence, even in Sumter.

26. With fire and sword hath he smote them and spared not.

27. And he thirsteth for my blood so that I am sore afraid.

28. And when I call on my young men in this my sore trouble ye will not that they shall hearken unto my voice.

29. For my young men are not birds that they have wings to fly over your land.

30. Neither can they burrow as the mole who maketh him a way under the earth.

Touching Incident.

In the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, while the French army was retreating from Moscow, there lay in a poor, low cottage, in a little village, an invalid boy. This village was exactly in the course of the retreating army, and already the reports of its approach had reached and excited the terrified inhabitants. In their turn they began to make preparations for retreat, for they knew there was no hope for them from the hands of the soldiery, seeking their own preservation, and who gave no quarter. Every one who had the strength to fly, fled; some trying to take with them their worldly goods, some to conceal them. The little village was fast growing deserted. Some burnt their houses or dismantled them. The old were placed in wagons, and the young hurried their families away with them.

But in the little cottage there was none of this bustle. The poor crippled boy could not move from his bed. The widowed mother had no friends near enough to spare a tho't for her in this time of trouble, when every one thought only of those nearest to him and of himself. What chance in flight was there for her and her young children, among whom one was the poor crippled boy.

It was evening, and the sound of distant voices and of preparation had died away. The poor boy was wakeful with terror, now urging his mother to leave him to his fate, now dreading lest she should take him at his word, and leave him behind.

"The neighbors are just going away; I hear them no longer," he said. "I am so selfish, I have kept you here. Take the little girls with you; it is not too late. And I am safe; who will hurt a poor, helpless boy?"

"We are all safe," answered the mother. "God will not leave us, tho' all else forsake us."

"But what can help us?" persisted the boy. "Who can defend us from their cruelty? Such stories as I have heard of the ravages of these men. They are not men, they are wild beasts. Oh, why was I made so weak—so weak as to be utterly useless. No strength to defend, no strength even to fly."

"There is a sure wall for the defenceless," answered his mother.—"God willb uild us up a sure wall."

"You are my strength now," said the boy; "I thank God that you did not desert me. I am so weak, I cling to you. Do not leave me, indeed! I fancy I can see the cruel soldiers hurrying in. We are too poor to satisfy them, and they would pour their vengeance upon us. And yet you ought to leave me! What right have I to keep you here? And I shall suffer more if I see you suffer"

"God will be our refuge and defence," still said the mother; and at length, with low, quieting words, she stilled the anxious boy, till he, too, slept like his sisters. The morning came of the day that was to bring the dreaded enemy enemy. The mother and children opened their eyes to find that a "sure wall" had indeed been built for their defence. The snow had begun to fall the evening before. Through the night it had collected rapidly. A high wind had blown the snow in drifts against the low house, so that it had entirely covered it. A low shed behind protected the way to the outhouse, where the animals were, and for a few days the mother and her children kept themselves alive within their cottage, shut in and concealed by the heavy barricade of snow.

It was during that time that the dreaded scourge passed over the village. Every house was ransacked; all the wealthier ones deprived of their luxuries, and the poorer ones robbed of their necessities. But the low-roofed cottage lay sheltered beneath its wall of snow, which, in the silent night, had gathered around it. God had protected the defenceless with a "sure wall."

The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

"Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen forty."

Prentice defines what a man wants—all he can get. What a woman wants—all she can't get.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.—*Archbishop Tillotson*

Designs of the Confederates.

A special despatch to the New York *Tribune* says:—

All the talk and all the apparent movements on the part of the Rebels toward a direct attack ubon Washington, about which there is much anxiety and excitement, are merely feints to cover Davis' real purpose of the closing of the lower Potomac, and the throwing of a strong army across the river into St. Mary's and Charles counties, both of which are out Secession in sentiment. This done, they will march up to Annapolis and shut off that route also, leaving only the Baltimore Railroad open to the Government, and that can be closed at a moment's notice by a midnight foray upon the bridges, as the Kane conspirators proved to our cost.

This is the real design of the Rebels, and as soon as they get a few more secret batteries along the river, they will attempt to put it into execution. Once established in Maryland, they count upon a formidable rising of the Secessionists of that State, and the investment of Washington with almost a certainty of success.

Rely upon it the Capitol is not out of danger, nor will any amount of secrecy as to army movements however judicious such a course may be improve the matter. The Rebel force in Virginia outnumbers ours and it is daily increasing. Is our augmentation going on at the proper speed, or are we on every occasion to oppose a greatly superior force, as in the case of the brave Lyon, and in almost every case since the war began.

Acceptance of the Declaration of Paris by the Confederate States.

The Richmond correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* states that the following important resolution was adopted by the Congress of the Confederate States on the 8th instant:

Whereas it has been found that the uncertainity of maritime law in time of war has given rise to differences of opinion between neutrals and belligerents, which may occasion serious misunderstandings, and even conflicts; and whereas the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain France, Austria, Prussia Sardinia and Russia, at the Congress of Paris of 1856, established a uniform doctrine on this subject, to which they invited the adherence of the nations of the world, which is as follows:

1. That privateering is and remains abolished.

2 That the neutral flag covers the enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

3 That neutral goods, with the exception on contraband of war, are not liable to capture under the enemy's flag; and

4 That blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective; that is to say, mantained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy; and

Whereas it is desirable that the Confederate States of America shall assume a definite position on so important a point; now, therefore be it

Resolved, That Congress of the Confederate States of America accept the 2d, 3d and 4th clauses of the above cited declaration, and decline to assent to the 1st clause thereof.

THE ANCESTORS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD.—Recently the *Courrier*, of Canada, stated that Gen. Beauregard was of Canadian descent. The following, from a correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* of New York, denies it. He says:

I have before me your excellent paper of this day's issue, in which there appears an article entitled "The ancestors of Gen. Beauregard," taken from the *Odre* of Montreal.—Permit me to inform you that it is an error on the part of that journal, that the grandfather of Gen. Beauregard was a European, and that he never even visited Canada.

There are, in the State of Louisiana, two families of Beauregards—that of the Toutant Beauregards and that of the Brose Beauregards.—These two families are allied to each other, and are by no mdans of Canadian origin.

The father of Gen. Beauregard was the grandson of the Baron Beauregard, and was named Jaques Toutant Beauregard. His mother was the daughter of the Chevalier de Reggio, descended from the Italian ducal family of Reggio.

WOMAN BY A SICK MAN'S COUCH. It has often been truly remarked that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand; no heart like a woman's heart; no eye so untiring; no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

"The Union—It Must be Preserved,"

This motto, attributed to Gen. Jackson, is worthy of its distinguished origin, and of the remembrance and reputation it enjoys. But those words words were only a part and the beginning of the entire sentence. That sentence, as a whole, and the noble and patriotic sentiment which it embodies—identical with that now held by those who discountenance and condemn Lincoln's war policy—ought to be kept constantly in mind by every political admirer of the Old Hero of the Hermitage. The following are the words used by Jackson in connection with the foregoing motto. After uttering the Democratic sentiment, "The Union—It must be Preserved," he added:

"BUT the Constitution *cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved* in opposition to public feeling, by the mere exertion of the coercive powers confided to the General Government. The foundations must be laid in the affections of the people—in the security it gives to life, liberty, character and property in every quarter of the country, and in the paternal attachment which the citizens of the several States bear to one another, as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of each other."

PEACE MEETINGS.—The great number of peace meetings now being held all over the country are most significant. And the studied efforts of the ultra war journalists to suppress all information concerning them evinces a wholesome dread of their influence. The people are waking up. The reign of terror no longer awes them into silence. It is becoming very evident that the voice of the farmers, mechanics and merchants of the rural districts is not for a vindictive or *abolition war*. They have no profits to make from contracts with government, and seek no share in the unclean drippings of public plunder. These peace meetings are of covrse quite alarming to those who are accumulating magnificent fortunes as jobbers, contractors, sutlers and camp followers.—Peace will put an end to the selling of old vessels, shoddy clothing, wooden-soled shoes, tainted pork, beef, &c., to the government at 3, 4 or 5 times their value. Then there will be no longer an inviting field for agents and middle-men, who divide the spoils with the contractors and jobbers—or shave the soldier of a per centage on their rations and wages. If we have peace, these worn-out party hacks and soldiers of fortune, who continue to put themselves prominently forward on every committee which has the handling of large sums of money, will lose their golden opportunities for amassing fortunes. Such may well threaten to *hang* those who favor peace. For, to them, when war ceases, "Othello's occupation's gone."—*Corr. N. York Jour. Commerce.*

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL AND AN ASS.—It was Mr. Hill's habit to ride to church in an old family carriage, a practice too aristocratic in the judgment of one of his flock who determined to rebuke it. It was customary in his chapel for notes to be sent to the pulpit, requesting prayers for various objects, and reading of these requests as usual, when he found himself in the midst of one to the following purport: "Prayers are requested for Rev. Mr. Hill, that he may be more humble and like his Divine Master, who, instead of riding in a carriage, was content to be borne on an ass." Having read the notice, he lifted his spectacles to his forehead and looking around the house, he observed that it was quite true he had been guilty of the fault alleged; but if the writer would step around to the vestry door after service, saddled and bridled, he would have no objection to ride home, after his master's example, on the back of an ass.

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A DANCE.—Havn't had any fun with the land-lubbers till Thursday night at a dance. When I arrived in the cabin I found them under headway of a Spanish dance. Took my station in the line with Sue Tucker, fell back and filled, then shot ahead two fathoms, hauled up on the starboard tack to let another craft pass, and then came stern on another sail, spoke her and then bore round against the sun and fell in with another sail in full chase, passed twenty sail on the same course, and when half way across the other shore drapped astern, fell back, couldn't fill, so let go anchor and hauled up for repairs.

A VERY obliging person is the boarding house keeper who advertises in the New York Herald—"Single gentlemen furnished with pleasant rooms also one or two gentlemen *with wives*,"

BLACKBERRY WINE.—

Several recipes for making this have been published in the *Agriculturist*, nearly all of which we have tried. The following has proved best in our own experience. Take the ripe berries, picking out decayed ones, and press out the juice through a close linen cloth. To each quart of juice add one quart of water in which is dissolved two pounds of good sugar—second quality, or "B. sugar" answers well. Put into glass bottles or stone-ware jugs, cover the mouth with millinet or any open woven cloth to admit air and keep out insects. Set in the cellar for six months, more or less, and then pour off carefully from the lees into clean bottles, and cork up for use as wanted. For large quantities, clean oaken barrels may be used, covering the bung with millinet. It is not essential to rack off the wine until wanted for use or sale.

CURRANT WINE.

A judicious housekeeper, whose Currant Wine we have tried and approved, furnishes her recipe to the *American Agriculturist* as follows: Let the currants get fully ripe before picking, but carefully sort out all decaying berries; the stems need not be removed. Warm them a little, and press out the juice through close flannel. To a three gallon jug add three quarts of the juice, and 9 lbs. of white sugar, and fill up with pure water. Pulverize a bit of alum, the size of a hicory nut, and add it to the jug, shaking it. Tie lace or millinet over the mouth, and leave in a cool cellar until late in Autumn, or five or six months; then rack (or pour) off clear, and cork tightly in bottles.

HOW TO TAME BEES.—Procure some rotten wood or punk, ignite so as not to blaze, but smoke; go to any hive—not at night nor in the morning when it is cold, nor in a rainy day, in the middle of a warm day—and without hesitation place the smoking wood near the entrance, and blow the smoke upon the bees that are near, and also a puff or two into the hive; turn the hive over gently and blow a little of smoke upon the bees. The effect will be to commence loading themselves with honey from the cells. When bees are gorged with honey, they are good-natured and, can be handled with impunity if handled with care. so says a correspondent of the *N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin," asked a teacher in an infant school in a fast neighborhood.

"I have!" shouted a six year old at the foot of the class.

"Where?" inquired old speeks considerably amused at his earnestness.

"On the elephant," shouted prodigy gleefully.

—A minister had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the succeeding Sunday, the divine preached from the following text, which he pronounced with great emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present: "There is no fool like the foolhardy."

—A hiss is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a pancake is absurd; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit on the evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him blame himself and his Thalia; the hissing of a *cobra-de-capello* is sublime—it is the whisper of death.

—Living was cheap enough in the olden tims. Socrates is supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars. Demosthenese, his sister, and their mother, paid for their board $105 a year.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"

"No sir-ee."

"What makes him stop, then?"

"He's afraid somebody will say whoa, and he won't hear it."

The Hon. Lewis Cass is said to be preparing a history of the causes which have led the present national complications.

"I have no apprehension that the devil will come for me," said a youth of questionable morals. "He will not be silly enough to take the trouble," said a bystander "for you are going straight to *him*.

There are fifty-seven cities in the world which contain from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants; twenty-three from 200,000 to 500,000, and twelve which contain above 500,000.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

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