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Patriotic Speaker:

Being Extracts From

The Splendid Oratory Of

Judge Holt, General Mitchell, Dr. Orestes A. Brown,
Son, Edward Everett, The Great Union Square
(N. Y.) Addresses, Thomas Francis Meagher,
Stephen A. Douglas, Daniel S. Dickinson,
Son, Carl Shurz, Rev. Dr. Bellows,
And Others; Together With

Poems For The Hour.

Beadle And Company,
New York: 141 William Street.
London: 44 Paternoster Row.
INTRODUCTION.

The following work has been prepared from a desire to place before the firesides and the youth of America some of the specimens of eloquence which the Great Struggle for the Union called forth. We are sure the world never has witnessed more devotion, more faith, more earnest effort than were freely offered by the men and women of the North in the course of the war; and it is not saying too much to repeat that the orators of the hour were worthy of the crisis.

The Index of authors will show how freely we have drawn upon the great stores offered for our choice. The names embrace many of those whose fame is already worldwide.

We have added a number of poems called forth by the Rebellion which, it seems to us, are particularly appropriate for rehearsal. They will be found to possess great variety of measure and of sentiment.

For the Student the work will possess a stirring interest, as its language is that of patriotism and devotion to the trust of our fathers.

New York, October, 1863.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.
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AMERICA TO THE WORLD.

[You can not be too decided or too explicit in making known to the French Government that there is not now, nor has there been, nor will there be any, the least idea existing in this Government of suffering a dissolution of this Union to take place in any way whatever. There will be here only one nation and one Government, and there will be the same republic and the same constitutional Union that have already survived a dozen national changes and changes of Government in almost every other country. These will stand hereafter as they are now—objects of human wonder and human affection.—Secretary Seward to our Minister to Paris.]

Tell them this Union, so great, can not sever,
Though it may tremble beneath the rude shock;
As it hath lived, so it shall live forever,
Strong as the mountain-oak, firm as the rock.

Others have fallen—are falling around us;
Dynasties tremble and sink to decay;
But the great heart whose strong fetters have bound us,
Never has throbbed as it's throbbing to-day.

Let them not deem in a moment of weakness,
We can surrender our birthright and name;—
Strike the old flag, and with patience and meekness
Bear the foul blot on our hardly-earned fame?

Dumb be the tongue that would tell the foul story,
Blighted the brain could conceive it in sin;
Crushed be the heart that would tarnish the glory
And honor our country hath striven to win.
Ever and ever our flag shall be streaming,
    Adding new glories of stripes and of stars;
Though the sword glancing and bayonet gleaming
    Tell us of treasons, corruptions and wars.

Soon shall our land, to its old peace returning,
    Spring to the duties that make nations great;
And, while in every heart valor is burning,
    Calmly and bravely her destiny wait.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—Hon. Joseph Holt.*

Next to the worship of the Father of us all, the deepest
and grandest of human emotions is the love of the land that
gave us birth. It is an enlargement and exaltation of all the
tenderest and strongest sympathies of kindred and of home.
In all centuries and climes it has lived, and defied chains and
dungeons and racks to crush it. It has strewn the earth
with its monuments, and has shed undying luster on a thou-
sand fields on which it has battled. Through the night of
ages, Thermopylae glows like some mountain peak on which
the morning sun has risen, because twenty-three hundred
years ago, this hallowing passion touched its mural preci-
pices and its crowning crags. It is easy, however, to be
patriotic in piping times of peace, and in the sunny hour of
prosperity. It is national sorrow—it is war, with its attend-
ant perils and horrors, that tests this passion, and winnows
from the masses those who, with all their love of life, still
love their country more. We honor commerce with its busy
marts, and the workshop with its patient toil and exhaustless
ingenuity, but still we would be unfaithful to the truth of his-
tory did we not confess that the most heroic champions of
human freedom and the most illustrious apostles of its princi-
pies have come from the broad fields of agriculture. There

*Mr. Holt, a most devoted friend of the Union, was Secretary of War
for a brief period, after the "resignation" of John B. Floyd. To his
patriotism and fearless discharge of duty the country owes much. Had
it not been for him and for General Dix, who took the place vacated by
Secretary of Treasury Howell Cobb, it is to be doubted if Mr. Lincoln
would have had a Union to preside over.
seems to be something in the scenes of nature, in her wild and beautiful landscapes, in her cascades, and cataracts, and waving woodlands, and in the pure and exhilarating airs of her hills and mountains, that unbrates the fetters which man would rivet upon the spirit of his fellow-man. It was at the handles of the plow, and amid the breathing odors of its newly-opened furrows, that the character of Cincinnatus was formed, expanded and matured. It was not in the city full, but in the deep gorges and upon the snow-clad summits of the Alps—amid the eagles and the thunders, that William Tell laid the foundations of those altars to human liberty, against which the surging tides of European despotism have beaten for centuries, but, thank God, have beaten in vain. It was amid the primeval forests and mountains, the lakes and leaping streams of our own land; amid fields of waving grain; amid the songs of the reaper and the tinkling of the shepherd’s bell, that were nurtured those rare virtues which clustered, star-like, in the character of Washington, and lifted him in moral stature a head and shoulders above even the demi-gods of ancient story.

THE RIGHT OF SELF-PRESERVATION.—The Same.*

Fellow-citizens, amid all the discouragements that surround us, I have still an unaltering faith in human progress, and in the capacity of man for self-government. I believe that the blood which the true lovers of our race have shed on more than a thousand battle-fields has borne fruit, and that that fruit is the republic of the United States. It came forth on the world like the morning sun from his chamber. Its pathway has been a pathway of light and glory. It has brought blessings upon its people in the brimming fullness with which the rivers pour their waters into the sea. I can not admit to my bosom the crushing thought that, in the full light of the Christian civilization of the nineteenth century, such a Government is fated to perish beneath the swords of the guilty men banded together for its overthrow. I can not,

* Extract from an address delivered by the illustrious ex-Secretary of War before the New York Chamber of Commerce, Sept. 3d, 1861.
will not, believe that twenty millions of people, cultivated, loyal, courageous—twenty millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, bearing the names of the heroes of the Revolution, and passing their lives amid the inspiration of its battle-fields—will ignominiously suffer their institutions to be overthrown by ten millions, nearly half of whom are helpless slaves with fetters on their hands. No page of history so dark and so humiliating as that has been written of any portion of the human family; and the American people had better, far better, have never been born than that they should live to have such a history written of themselves. Let us rouse ourselves fully to this great work of duty. If it is to be done well, it should be done quickly. If we would economize both blood and treasure, we should move promptly; we should move mightily. At this very moment, were it possible to precipitate the whole physical force of the loyal States on the fields of the South, it would be a measure not only of wisdom but of economy, and of humanity also. Let us, then, have faith, and hope, and courage, and all will yet be well. Fellow-citizens, I feel that I may have spoken to you with more emphasis and with more earnestness of suggestion than I am privileged to employ in your presence. If I have done so you will forgive the freedom, I know, at this terrible conjuncture of public affairs. If I had more interest than you have, if I had less interest than you have, in the tragic events and issues to which I have referred, you might well distrust me. But I have precisely the same. If this Union be dismembered, and the Government overthrown, the grave of every earthly hope will open at my feet, and it will open at yours also. In the lives of families and of nations there arise, from time to time, emergencies of danger which press all their members into the same common condition; and when the storm is raging at sea, and the laboring and quivering vessel shrieks out from every joint the agony of the struggle, all who are on board, alike the humblest sailor and the obscurest passenger, may rightfully speak, on that great principle of nature which no human institution can modify and no human destiny can control—the right of self-preservation.
OUR CAUSE.—Major-General Mitchell.*

We have engaged in the grandest conflict the world has ever witnessed. We are to-day fighting the battles of the liberty of the world. We are fighting the battle of freedom for the whole world. Single-handed as we are, are you ready to-day to meet this conflict? Are you ready to say, “I care not if the whole world were arrayed against us; our cause is pure, and holy, and glorious, and we are ready to die in defense of that cause?” Are you ready to say, “Our country calls, in the discharge of our duty, for our blood, our money, our sons, our fathers and our brothers, and in this cause we freely give them to God and our country?” The soil of our country is sacred to us, and we will preserve it at all hazards and risks, and will sacrifice our lives, our money, our blood—every thing, to protect it; because we know the division of this country will be literal, and absolute, and final death; and, my friends, a death of utter contempt and degradation! Can any of you bear to think of it? Suppose the South should triumph over the North, who of you will ever be able to look any honest man in the face?

We have a tremendous battle to fight. Every day cements the North. The South is a solid mass; the North is divided, as yet, but we are coming together every day, and a mighty stream of people deliberately is extending until it will sweep every thing before it, and bring absolute destruction to every thing in its path. The battle must be fought, and I will tell you how it must be fought. We will organize our battalions, brigades and divisions, drill them, prepare them for the battle-field, and hunt the enemy wherever he may be found, and destroy him wherever we find him. There is to be no more delay or hesitation in regard to this matter. We will prosecute this war without any enmity toward the South, but with a solemn determination to rescue from their tyrannical grasp those who are in it. I understand them well. I understand Jeff. Davis’s despotic power, and I believe the time will come

* Major-General O. M. Mitchell, the celebrated astronomer, left his observatory and his logarithms to do battle for the Union. He proved as good with the sword as with the telescope—accomplishing more with fewer men than any General in the field. He was educated at West Point, and, therefore, was a soldier by profession. Our country should be proud to do him lasting honor.
when we will rescue the country from its thraldom, and, that many a heart will rejoice in its return to that old flag which symbols the perpetuity of this Union.

Our cause is the greatest one in which the sword has been drawn. This war costs us thousands of lives and thousands of millions of expenditure; it has cost us blood without limit and money without stint. What do we get for it all? Why, we are fighting for a grand principle—the liberty of the world, the integrity of this nation; and if this integrity be destroyed, liberty is lost forever to humanity.

A KENTUCKIAN'S APPEAL.—Hon. L. S. Rosseau.*

Behold the results of secession! Distress and ruin stare men in the face. Strong men, honest and industrious men, can not get bread for their wives and children. The widow and the orphan, helpless and destitute, are starving. In all the large cities the suffering is intense; work is not to be obtained; and those who live by their labor get no money. Property of every description has depreciated until it is almost worthless. In the seceded States, Union men are driven penniless from their homes, or hanged; and all this, that "peaceful secession" may go on, and that politicians may fill offices! And, after you gentlemen bring all these calamities upon us, you falsely say that "Lincoln did it," and that we Union men are abolitionists, and aid him! I tell you that Lincoln has not done it. He was elected President by your help. You ran a candidate for the presidency, that the Democratic party might be divided, and Lincoln elected. That was your purpose, and you accomplished it; and now you have elected Lincoln thus, you must break up the Government because he is elected! This is your programme—deny it who can!

* Hon. Lovell S. Rosseau, afterward a General of celebrity in the Union army, was a member of the Kentucky State Senate, which assembled in May, 1861, to consider the question of Kentucky's relations to the Union. Most of her Senators urged the State to assume an attitude of neutrality—allowing neither the United States nor the Confederate Government the right to cross her soil with troops. This really treasonable attitude Rosseau opposed fearlessly, demanding that Kentucky should array herself on the side of the Federal Government, where duty, honor and interest alike placed her. It was such voices as Rossean's that gave Kentucky to the Union, and saved her from the clutches of the conspirators.
South Carolina was irritated at the presence of Major Anderson and fifty-five men at Fort Sumter—so irritated that she could not bear it. She tried to starve him to death; she tried to knock his head off, and burn him up; she bombarded the people's fort; shot into the flag of our Government, and drove our soldiers from the place. It was not Mr. Lincoln’s fort; not his flag, nor his soldiers, but ours. Yet, after all these outrages and atrocities, South Carolina comes with embraces for us, saying: “Well, we tried, we intended, to kill that brother Kentuckian of yours—tried to storm him, knock his brains out, and burn him up. Don’t you love us for it? Won’t you fight with us, and for us, and help us overthrow your Government?” Was ever a request so outrageously unnatural—so degrading to our patriotism? And yet, Mr. Speaker, there were those among us who rejoiced at the result, and termed the assault upon their own fort, and the capture of their own flag and their own soldiers, a heroic victory! Mr. Speaker, I am sick and tired of all this gabble about irritation over the exercise by others of their undisputed right; and I say once for all to you secession gentlemen, that we Union men know our rights; intend to maintain them. If you get irritated about it, why—get irritated! Sniff and snort yourselves into a rage; go into spasms if you will; die if you want to, and can’t stand it—who cares? What right have you to get irritated because we claim equal rights and equality with you? We are for peace; we desire no war, and deprecate collision. All we ask is peace. We don’t intend you any harm. We don’t want to hurt you, and don’t intend you shall injure us if we can help it. We beg of you to let us live in peace under the good old Government of our fathers. We only ask that.

KENTUCKY STEADFAST.—The same.

Our Government, constitutionally administered, is entitled to our support, no matter who administers it. If we will not support it, and yet enjoy its blessings, in Heaven’s name let us not war against it, nor allow our people to do so. Let us be true to our position, whatever it may be. We are nullifying
at any rate. Our Government has not objected to it. But who can look an honest man in the face, while professing neutrality, refusing to help his Government to preserve its existence, yet secretly and traitorously warring against it? For one, sir, I'll none of it. Away with it. Let us be men—honest men, or pretend to be nothing but vagabonds.

When Kentucky goes down, it will be in blood. Let that be understood. She will not go as other States have gone. Let the responsibility rest on you, where it belongs. It is all your work, and whatever happens will be your work. We have more right to defend our Government than you have to overturn it. Many of us are sworn to support it. Let our good Union brethren of the South stand their ground. I know that many patriotic hearts in the seceded States still beat warmly for the old Union—the old flag. The time will come when we shall all be together again. The politicians are having their day. The people will yet have theirs. I have an abiding confidence in the right, and I know that this secession movement is all wrong. There is, in fact, not a single substantial reason for it. If there be, I should be glad to hear it; our Government has never oppressed us with a feather's weight. The direst oppression alone could justify what has brought all our present suffering upon us. May God, in his mercy, save our glorious Republic!

TIMIDITY IS TREASON.—Dr. Brownson.*

The country is now, perhaps, in its very crisis; but instead of blaming the Government that it has not done more, would it not be well for us to look at ourselves and ask if we have not deserved all the chastisement we have received, and if these trials which war brings were not trials necessary to save us from that effeminacy which was overcoming us, from that luxury which was ruining us, and rekindle that almost extinct manhood within us.

* Orestes A. Brownson is, perhaps, one of the ablest thinkers in the country. As editor of "Brownson's Quarterly Review," he exerts a powerful influence, particularly over the minds of readers of his persuasion (Roman Catholic). In the cause of the Union he embarked with zeal, having an abiding faith in the power of a Republican Government to sustain itself in the crisis. His influence and that of Archbishop Hughes of New York did much to inspire a large class of the Roman Catholics with peculiar enthusiasm and devotion in the cause of the Federal Government.
The country is never lost until manhood is lost. The country is lost first in the individual ceasing to be a man—to be a man conscious of his rights, and equally conscious of his duties, and determined and energetic in asserting the one and in performing the other. For my own part, I have long seen that this war was necessary. I have long seen that it would come; and, though we may regard it as a judgment, I think it is a judgment sent in mercy upon us, and that there is more of mercy in the sending of it than of indignation on the part of our Creator. Let us, then, not despond. Let us feel that we yet have a country, and it shall be restored and maintained, let whatever forces there may be combined against it.

We are here placed by Almighty God to develop and sustain free institutions, and set an example to the whole world. Let us not be false to that mission. Let us not be recreant to our duty; but let us be strong in the confidence of Him who was the God of our fathers, that after he has chastised us for a time he will still be our God, and as near and tender to us as to our fathers. Let us have this feeling. Let the Government rise to the dignity of the occasion; let it lay aside whatever timidity there may have been in its counsels, and understand that, in times like these, it is only the bold, the energetic spirit, that prevails.

Timid counsels are now treason. Timid actions are worse than treachery. We want such a leader as will say to those below him in authority, “There is your work—go and do it,” and leave not a rebel to desecrate the land of freedom. Rise up in your strength, in the strength of your country, and in the strength of your God, and sweep away treason from the land of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. Let that voice ring out as it rung out in 1776, and rebellion will soon hide its head, and seek cover from the storm.

I fear not treachery, nor what the rebels can do, if I have only the true heart in my own country. If, on the side of loyalty, there be truth, energy, manhood, and a determination to dare and to do every thing for its salvation, then it will be done. I tell you there is a power in the human arm when it is raised in the cause of justice—a power that is more than human, for then its power is strengthened by all the power of manhood, by all the forces of nature, and by all the forces of nature’s God.
THE ALARUM.—R. H. Stoddard.

Men of the North and West
Wake in your might;
Prepare, as the rebels have done,
For the fight;
You can not shrink from the test—
Rise! men of the North and West!

They have torn down your banner of stars;
They have trampled the laws;
They have stifled the freedom they hate,
For no cause!
Do you love it, or slavery best?
Speak! men of the North and West!

They strike at the life of the State—
Shall the murder be done?
They cry, “We are two!” And you?
“We are one!”
You must meet them, then, breast to breast—
On! men of the North and West!

APRIL 15TH, 1861.—Wm. H. Burleigh.
Thank God, the free North is awake at last!
When burning cannon-shot and bursting shell,
As from the red mouth of some volcano’s hell,
Rained on devoted Sumter thick and fast,
The sleep of ages from her eyelids passed.
One bound—and lo! she stands erect and tall,
While Freedom’s hosts come trooping to her call,
Like eager warriors to the trumpet’s blast!
Woe, to the traitors and their robber-horde!
Woe, to the spoilers that pollute the land!
When a roused Nation, terrible and grand,
Grasps, in a holy cause, th’ avenging sword,
And swears, from Treason’s bloody clutch to save
The priceless heritage our fathers gave.
THE SPIRIT OF '61.—Franklin Lushington.

No more words;
Try it with your swords!

Try it with the arms of your bravest and your best!
You are proud of your manhood, now put it to the test;
Not another word;
Try it by the sword!

No more notes;
Try it by the throats

Of the cannon that will roar till the earth and air be shaken;
For they speak what they mean, and they can not be mistaken;
No more doubt;
Come—fight it out.

No child’s play!
Waste not a day;

Serve out the deadliest weapon you know;
Let them pitilessly hail in the faces of the foe;
No blind strife;
Waste not one life.

You that in the front
Bear the battle’s brunt—

When the sun gleams at dawn on the bayonets abreast,
Remember ’tis for Government and Country you contest;
For love of all you guard,
Stand and strike hard.

You at home that stay,
From danger far away,

Leave not a jot to chance, while you rest in quiet ease;
Quick! forge the bolts of death; quick! ship them o’er the seas;
If war’s feet are lame,
Yours will be the blame.

You, my lads, abroad,
"Steady!" be your word;

You, at home, be the anchor of your soldiers young and brave
Spare not cost, none is lost, that may strengthen or may save,
Sloth were sin and shame;
Now play out the game.
THE PRECIOUS HERITAGE.—Hon. Galusha A. Grow.*

Four-score years ago, fifty-six bold merchants, farmers, lawyers and mechanics, the representatives of a few feeble colonists scattered along the Atlantic seaboard, met in convention to found a new empire, based on the inalienable rights of man. Seven years of bloody conflict ensued, and the Fourth of July, 1776, is canonized in the hearts of the great and good as the jubilee of oppressed nationalities, and in the calendar of heroic deeds it marks a new era in the history of the race. Three-quarters of a century have passed away, and the few feeble colonists, hemmed in by the ocean in front, the wilderness and the savage in the rear, have spanned a whole continent with a great empire of free States, rearing throughout its vast wilderness the temples of science and of civilization on the ruins of savage life. Happiness seldom, if ever, equaled has surrounded the domestic fireside, and prosperity unsurpassed has crowned the national energies; the liberties of the people been secure at home and abroad, while the national standard floated, honored and respected, in every commercial mart of the world. On the return of this glorious anniversary, after a period but little exceeding the allotted lifetime of man, the people’s representatives are convened in the council chambers of the republic to deliberate on the means for preserving the Government under whose benign influence these grand results have been achieved. A rebellion, the most causeless in the history of the race, has developed a conspiracy of long standing to destroy the Constitution formed by the wisdom of our fathers, and the Union cemented by their blood. This conspiracy, nurtured for long years in secret councils, first develops itself openly in acts of spoliation and plunder of public property, with the connivance or under the protection of treason, enthroned in all the high places of the Government, and at last in armed rebellion for the overthrow of the best Government ever devised by man. Without an effort in the mode prescribed in the organic law for a redress of all grievances, the malcontents appeal only to the arbitrament of the sword; insult the nation’s honor, and trample upon its flag; inaugurate a revolution which, if successful,

* Delivered by Mr. Grow upon his assumption of the chairmanship of the United States House of Representatives, December, 1861.
would end in establishing petty jarring confederacies or anarchy upon the ruins of the Republic and the destruction of its liberties.

In God is our trust, and the "Star-Spangled Banner forever shall wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." Those who regard it as mere cloth bunting, fail to appreciate its symbolical power. Wherever civilization dwells, or the name of Washington is known, it bears on its folds the concentrated power of armies and navies, and surrounds its votaries with a defense more impregnable than a battlement of wall or tower. Wherever, on the earth's surface, an American citizen may wander, called by pleasure, business or caprice, it is a shield to secure him against wrong and outrage, save on the soil of the land of his birth. As the guardians of the rights and liberties of the people, your paramount duty is to make it honored at home as it is respected abroad. A Government that can not command the loyalty of its own citizens is unworthy the respect of the world; and a Government that will not protect its own loyal citizens, deserves the contempt of the world.

He who would tear down this grandest temple of constitutional liberty, thus blasting forever the hopes of crushed humanity, because its freemen, in the mode presented by the Constitution, select a chief magistrate not acceptable to him, is a parricide to his race, and should be regarded as a common enemy of mankind. The Union once destroyed is a shattered vase that no human power can reconstruct in its original symmetry. Coarse stones when they are broken may be cemented again; precious ones, never. If the Republic is to be dismembered, and the sun of its liberty must go out in endless night, let it set amid the roar of cannon and the din of battle, when there is no longer an arm to strike or a heart to bleed in its cause, so that coming generations may not reproach the present with being too imbecile to preserve the priceless legacy bequeathed by our fathers, so as to transmit it unimpaired to future times. Again, gentlemen, thanking you for your confidence and kindness, and invoking guidance from that Divine Power that led our fathers through the Red Sea of the Revolution, I enter upon the discharge of the duties to
which you have assigned me, relying upon your forbearance and cooperation, and trusting that your labors will contribute not a little to the greatness and glory of the Republic.

The 19th of April, canonized in the first struggle for American Nationality, consecrated in the martyr-blood of Warren, has its counterpart in Ellsworth, and the heroic deeds and patriotic sacrifices of the struggle for the establishment of the Republic are being reproduced upon the battle-fields for its maintenance. Every race and tongue of men almost is represented in the grand legion of the Union, their standards proclaiming, in a language more impressive than words, that here, indeed, is the home of the emigrant and the asylum of the exile, no matter where was his birth-place, or in what clime his infancy was cradled. He devoted his life to the defense of his adopted land, the vindication of its honor, and the protection of its flag, with the same zeal with which he would guard his heartstone and fireside. All parties, sects, and conditions of men, not corrupted by the institutions of human bondage, forgetting bygone rancors and prejudices, band in one phalanx for the integrity of the Union and the perpetuity of the Republic. Long years of peace in the pursuits of sordid gain, instead of blunting the patriotic devotion of loyal citizens, seems but to have intensified its development, when the existence of the Government is assailed. The merchant, the banker and the tradesman, with an alacrity unparalleled, proffer their all at the altar of their country; while from the counter, the workshop, and the plow, brave hearts and stout arms, leaving their tasks unfinished, rush to the tented field—the air vibrates with martial strains, and the earth shakes with armed men. In view of this grand demonstration for self-preservation in the history of nationalities, desponding patriotism may be assured that the foundations of our national greatness still stand strong, and the sentiment which beats to-day in every loyal heart will for the future be realized. No flag, alien to the sources of the Mississippi; will ever float permanently over its mouth till its waters are crimsoned in human gore; and not one foot of American soil can be wrenched from the jurisdiction of the Constitution of the United States until it is baptized in fire and blood.
THE IRISH ELEMENT.—Edward Everett.

The scum of Europe! Good heavens, sir, who does not know that in the terrible revolutions and disastrous vicissitudes of the last seventy years in the Old World, nothing has more alleviated the sufferings caused by them, than that America offered, within her almost boundless domain, a refuge and a home to the unfortunate and stricken of every condition and every clime. No matter in what region, or in defense of what cause he may have suffered; it may have been in the great dynastic struggles of popular upheavals on the continent—it may have been in seasons of fever and famine, or political convulsions more cruel than the elements, with which your fair island has from time to time been visited—a gracious Providence had provided beyond the sea, in our all but illimitable territories, beneath the gentle sway of our equal laws, and from the abundance of our overflowing granaries, a safe retreat and a hospitable welcome. It is not the scum of Europe; they, alas! are destitute of the means of escape from the hardships of their lot. They fall unprotected victims to gaunt poverty, famine, and typhus, starving in sight of the waving cornfields their own hands had tilled; toiling in rags within the walls of factories, which clothe half mankind. It is, for the most part, thousands and hundreds of thousands of those who form the wealth and strength of the community that have sought our shores. It is estimated that in ten or eleven years the population in Ireland fell off a full quarter part. The emigration commencing with the potato disease, and kept up by that and other causes, political, social, and moral, reached the enormous amount of nearly 2,000,000, of which a considerable portion came to the United States. Were these two millions, who possessed, if nothing more, the means of defraying the expenses of emigration, the "scum" of Ireland? No, my friends; they were the small farmers in the country, the industrious mechanics in the cities, with a fair proportion of men of substance in trade and the professions—healthy, active young men and women, able to meet the cost and bear the hardships of the removal, and well prepared to establish a home and to prosper in the country of their adoption. Why, it was officially ascertained, ten years
ago, in England, that this scum was annually sending back, to Ireland alone, five millions of dollars, to enable father and mother, and brother and sister, to follow them to their new homes, and partake of the blessings of a mild and beneficent form of government, of common privileges and equal laws.

Such a Government, my friends, you feel that you have found. It has extended to you its protection; it has sheltered you beneath its fostering wings, and you do not intend that it shall be overthrown. You feel that the sacrifices and sufferings of our revolutionary fathers, by whose side your own Montgomery fought and bled, were as much for you as for us; and you are now going to join us in paying back that sacred debt to our common country. Your brethren and your fathers have followed the flag of England wherever their allegiance has called them, to the ends of the earth, moistening with their blood every battle-field of Europe and Asia, from the Spanish Peninsula to the banks of the Indus and the walls of Pekin; loyal to a power, even in times happily now past, when they knew it only in its frowns and its terrors. You will not desert the Government of your free choice which has secured you a happy home, which has given you, from the first, employment and food, cheap lands, high wages, equal rights, civil and religious; the mildest and most beneficent Government beneath the circuit of the sun. You will loyally support it; you have done so in times past in the sunshine; you will still gallantly defend it in the storm. You will join us, we ask nothing else, in upholding its sacred banner. Your patriotic legions will hasten, with ours, to its defense, and haply on some hard-fought field, should the doubtful day be about to turn against us, the Irish Brigade, as of old at Fontenoy, shall rush to the rescue, and with that terrible war-cry of Fugh-a-ballagh, sweep the foes of the Union before them, like chaff before the whirlwind.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S SPEECH BEFORE THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. PATRICK, IN LONDON.*

I speak to you in the names of one hundred and fifty thousand of your countrymen, who are now my countrymen as

* This bold language cost Mr. Train a brief imprisonment in London under charge of "inciting to insurrection."
well, who are fighting the battle of your people as well as my people—the great battle of humanity in that high-favored land, where liberty means the common rights of human nature, and where human beings are treated like men. In the name of the Irish army of the West, I ask you to cheer for the Union of America, and the Disunion of Ireland from Great Britain. Those cheers foreshadow already the downfall of England. Englishmen are so busy plotting the ruin of America, predicting the death-knell of the nation, and praying for the downfall of America, there can be no objection to my changing the topic, and speaking to an Irish audience on the "Downfall of England." England is supposed to be a Gibraltar—a rock of strength, so grand, so powerful, so rich, that any thing I might say would fail to penetrate her iron armor of egotism and copper-sheathing of assumption. I speak for the people; the aristocracy have all the lawyers to speak for them. Some day men will be considered men, and the simple annals of the poor will be heard in heaven.

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, oh Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?

No! say thy mountains; No, thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.

God save the people!

Revolution is catching—like laughter, fever, or speculation. One suicide follows another; and more murders have taken place during the last few weeks than the previous ten months. When an accident happens in the morning, something goes wrong each hour in the day—one man gapes, and then the whole party begin to open their mouths. The French Revolution in '48 inaugurated revolution in Italy—revolution in Hungary—revolution in Poland, and two hundred thousand shopkeepers ranged themselves into line to stop revolution in London. Some revolutions are silent, others noisy; the thirteenth century revolution was silent—the Norman overcame the Saxon, ending the tyranny of nation over nation. The eighteenth century revolution was also silent, ending the property in man. The barons under the Plantagenets, Macaulay says, degraded the peasants to the level of the swine and
oxen they tended. When England abolished the slavery of the body, the governing classes commenced enslaving the mind. Their success may be seen by going into the back country, and talking with the serfs you find there. There are no such people in America. Lafayette, when riding through the crowded streets of Boston years ago, saw the thousands of smiling faces and the well-dressed men that lined the road, and asked, "Where are your common people?" "There," replied the Mayor, "are all the common people we have in America."

When I allude to the downfall of England, I mean the uprising of the people—when men shall have votes, and not be called "the mob." The American rebellion is the world's rebellion, and the life of America is the death of England. British statesmen have acted on that hypothesis. America will live, England will die—such is the law of nations. Prosperity, then adversity. The antithesis follows every thing in nature, right, left, up, down—abuse a man, then praise him—strong, weak, young, old. When a man is very ill, he must get better or die. The runner at the top of his speed must slacken or fall. So the nation that has mounted to the last round of the ladder must drop, or descend step by step. America is going up, England coming down. The downfall of England commenced the moment the governing classes laid their plans for sapping away the liberties of the people. Taxation without representation is robbery.

Ah! drop the treacherous mask! throw by
The cloak which vailed thine instincts fell;
Stand forth, thou base, incarnate Lie,
Stamped with the signet brand of Hell!
At last we view thee as thou art—
A trickster with a demon's heart.

There are six millions of able-bodied men in England whose position is lower than the American slave's. Five negroes are allowed three votes by the Constitution, which makes a negro three-fifths of a man; but in England he is not counted so high as the cattle of the field, or the trees in the forest. Even the millions of voters on the lists have no actual representation. They are bought and sold as regularly as corn, or hemp, or iron. You can look at the share-lists in the
Reform and the Carlton clubs. They will tell you, to a pound, the cost of any rotten borough in the kingdom. America is natural—England artificial. God was the engineer of America’s water-works—England, less famed, employed man; God was our gardener—man, yours. God planted our forests—man, yours. Our corn feeds your millions as our cotton furnishes them with clothes. Our institutions give your masses hope for better days, and our Revolution has furnished you with a platform for your revolution. Parchment is of no use—the bayonet has a sharper point than the petition; parchment is of no use in our day—the people must act. *Vox populi vox dei.*

When wilt thou save the people?
Oh, God of Mercy, when?
The people! Lord, the people!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God, save the people! thine they are,
Thy children as thy angels fair;
Save them from misrule and despair!
God save the people.

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**BYRON CHRISTY’S BURLESQUE STUMP SPEECH.**

Feller Citizens: Correspondin’ to your unanimous call, I shall now hab de pleasure ob ondressin’ ebery one ob you; and I’m gwine to stick to de pints and de confluence, whereby I am myself annihilated. When, in de course ob human events, it becomes necessary fur de colored portion ob dis pop’lation to look into and inquire into dis inexpressible conflict. It is—it is—it is—to return to our subject:

Dis is a day to be lookin’ up like a bōo-tailed pullet on a rickety hen roost—or—or—any other man! Somefin’ has bust, Whar is we? You is dar and I’m here; and I’m a-goin’ to stand here, till I take root, if you’l only shout aloud and cast your votes for Clem. Johnson,—or—or—any other man! What do de folks mean talkin’ ’bout de Norf and de Souf? Do dey want to seperate us from our brederin in de sunshinny Souf? Do dey? Eh? Umph? Do dese people

* This ridiculous burlesque we introduce more from its celebrity as a “stump speech” than for its intrinsic excellence. We shall not advise any of our young friends to repeat it.
what's roamin' around like hungry lions, seekin' whom dey may devour, want more? Eh? Umph? If they do, let 'em hab New Jersey—Hardscrable—or—or—any other man! Do dese folks want to tare up dat magnificent and magniglorious American Flag, what's ravelin' out on de breezes ob de atmosphere, on de top ob de—Hotel—Eh? Umph? Do dey want to strip it up and give de stars to de Souf and de stripes to de Norf? I answer you, in clarion tones which, I hope, may be heard from de risin' place ob de Sun to de cheer in which he sits down—dey can't do it!—nor—any other man!

Our patriotic canal boat has, indeed, unshipped her rudder; our wigwams is torn to pieces and scattered to the winds, like—like a dilapidated shirt on a brush fence. Be we a gwine to allow dese things to be did? Eh? Umph? Whar is our progressiveness—ness—ness—is not our—our—our—to return to our subject:

I ask you, in de name ob de shaggy headed eagle, what's flyin' ober de cap cloud summits ob de Rockygany Mountains, be we gwine to allow ourselves to be so extemporaneously bigoted in dis 'ere fashion? Answer me as Shakespeare says:

"Do not let me blush in ignorance,"
nor—nor—any other man!

What does our glorious Constitution say on referrin' to dis lamentable subject? Does not our glorious constitution—shun—shun—shun—tution! Don't it? Eh? Umph? I'll bet two dollars and a half it does! Now den, Feller Citizens, I've got a question to ask you all. I don't want you to go on one side ob it, nor on the odder side ob it; but I want you all to keep huddled up togedder as you be. If de democrats, de aristocrats, de autocrats, or any other rats will elect me to be dere President, I'll tell you what I'll do for you: I shall hab de Japanese Embassy and de Prince ob Whales here, once a week, for to look at you, and Johnny Heenan, de Magnesia Boy, shall hab de champion belt—or—or any other man!

Why, see here, look a-here, de members ob Congress—gress—gress—don't dey take de advantage ob de Frankin' privil-ege? Eh? Umph? Don't dey hab dere shirts washed way out home and hab 'em sent back to 'em, froo de Post-Office, widout payin' nary red cent postage on 'em? My dear
feller citizens, dat one act is against de glorious laws ob dis unimpeachable Onion!

What did my friend General Cass say, when he signed de Declinumption ob Dependence? I was dere; I see'd him sign it. He said to me (as he laid his right hand on my head), Clem, my boy, who knows what may turn up to be your trump card? Who knows but what you might wake up some fine mornin' and find yourself de President ob dis glorious Unicorn? You might—or—or—any other man!

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**LET ME ALONE.**

As vonce I walked by a dismal swamp,
There set an Old Cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody that passed that road
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by;
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,
And lots of other traps, snugly in;
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab vever you've got afloat;
In a week or so I expect to come
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome.
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan:
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same way,
Another Old Cove, and began for to say:
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!
You've been let alone a darned sight too long;
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd!
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered!)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,
I'll knock you higher than any kite."
THE PATRIOTIC SPEAKER.

You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks,
And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into ternal smash,
And if ever I catches you 'round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove,
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow,
Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,
"All that I axed vos, let me alone."

THE BRIGAND-IER-GENERAL CONTRACTOR.

Let him boast of his straps
And his stars—which, perhaps,
Look wondrous fine on the top of his shoulder;
Let him talk of his deeds,
Let him sigh as he bleeds,
To think of the fame he will win when he's older.
But—give me the bright stars
Which are won without scars,
Of bright metal and mint manufacture;
For—I'm not one of those
Who would win fame by blows,
I'm a Brigand-ier-General Contractor.

When the wind and sleet blow,
And the earth all in snow,
Like a corpse in its shroud, lies buried deep under,
And the brave Volunteer,
Quitting all at home dear,
Rushes forth at the call of the cannon's loud thunder;
Who is he that is seen,
Of Samaritan mien,
Dispensing his goods, like a rich benefactor?
Soleless boots and rot shoddy,
To dis-cover the body—
'Tis the Brigand-ier-General Contractor!

And again, when in moans
Our dear country loud groans,
And staggers beneath an unequaled disaster,
Who of all that disport
At the summer resort,
Where heedless and criminal mirth reigns the master;
Or—whose daughters and wife
In the town's hollow strife,
Enact higher roles—each a consummate actor;
Who, in short, can afford
To play the rich lord,
Like the Brigand-ier-General Contractor!

Then hip! hip! hurrah!
For rebellion and war!
Open wide the flood-gates of corruption and plunder;
Spavined horses, spoiled oats,
Old and rotten steamboats,
And muskets (at which silly people do wonder)
In the arsenal laid,
And for which the U. S. paid
Three fifty apiece; to a notorious factor,
Are resold us, I ween,
For a plump seventeen!
By the Brigand-ier-General Contractor.

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THE DRAFT.

Now, all of you "men folks," 'twixt eighteen and fifty,
Whate'er your profession, your business or craft,
Whether wealthy or poor, whether shirtless or thrifty,
Keep your sight-windows open, look out for the draft.
Effeminate youths, with incipient moustaches—
Who at ungloved humanity always have laughed,
As you brush from your finest of sack-cloth the ashes,
Dropped from your cigar end, beware of the draft.

Ye city-bred clerks, with no powers of endurance,
To whom each breeze threatens consumption to waft,
Don't think that weak lungs will affect your insurance
From being exposed to this terrible draft.

Ye bankers and brokers, your credit is no test,
That you're more exempt than the rest on the raft—
The present demand will admit of no "protest;"
You'll have to "provide for," this Government draft.

Ye doctors unfledged, who at some country college,
In one course of lectures vast learning have quaffed,
Postpone your libations of medical knowledge;
Doctor Lincoln prescribes you a different draft.

Ye sturdy mechanics, strong armed and stout handed,
Here's a chance for a job on the national craft;
Your services pressingly now are demanded,
On this vast ship of three hundred thousand feet draft.

Ye engineers, architects, builders, designers,
Who can manage on paper base, column and shaft;
Ye artists, ye lawyers, ye penny-a-liners,
You can all try your hands at this popular draft.

Volunteer while you can—while such bounty-ful offers
Are made to induce—don't stand there abaf;
The people, will, after a while, close their coffer—
Uncle Samuel too—then look out for the draft.
THE UNION SQUARE SPEECHES

[April 20th, 1861, was a memorable day in the annals of the city of New York and of the country. On that day all business was suspended, and all classes turned out to repair to Union Square, in the city, and there to give expression to the sentiments of the great metropolis on the war. It was a magnificent spectacle indeed. No person could guess the number present. It was moved by one impulse—that of devotion to the Union and the Constitution. Democrats, Whigs, Republicans, Abolitionists, forgot their differences; Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants and Materialists became brothers; Trades’ Unions, Associations, Secret Societies fraternized and marched in ranks together; ministers left the pulpit, money-changers their offices, sailors their ships, merchants their counters, mechanics their shops, lawyers their briefs—all to join in the one great work of meeting the crisis with men and money to any extent. The speeches made were, many of them, splendid specimens of eloquence, argument and invective. We may quote a few extracts, not more to afford the young speaker good things for rehearsal, than to show to our youth how sublime devotion to the country can render all men, of all creeds and classes, brothers. The great struggle for the Union broke down the barriers of caste and class, and made the people realize that all were equal, that stout arms and brave hearts were every thing to the country, and social position nothing. This was one of the first fruits of the war; and, if we come from the fiery ordeal chastened and ennobled as citizens, we shall not have suffered in vain.]

We are called upon to act. There is no time for hesitation or indecision—no time for haste and excitement. It is a time when the people should rise in the majesty of their might, stretch forth their strong arm and silence the angry waves of tumult. It is time the people should command peace. It is a question between union and anarchy—between law and disorder. All politics for the time being are and should be committed to the resurrection of the grave. The question should be, “Our country, our whole country, and nothing but the country.”

“’Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.”

We should go forward in a manner becoming a great people. But six months since, the material elements of our country were never greater. To-day, by the fiat of madness, we are plunged in distress and threatened with political ruin, anarchy and annihilation. It becomes us to stay the hands of this spirit of disunion. While I would prosecute this war in a manner becoming a civilized and a Christian people, I would do so in no vindictive spirit. I would do it as Brutus set the signet to the death-warrant of his son—“Justice is satisfied, and Rome is free.” I love my country; I love this Union. It was the first vision of my early years; it is the last ambition of my public life. Upon its altar I have
surrendered my choicest hopes. I had fondly hoped that in
approaching age it was to beguile my solitary hours, and I
will stand by it as long as there is a Union to stand by; and
when the ship of the Union shall crack and groan, when the
skies lower and threaten, when the lightnings flash, the
thunders roar, the storms beat and the waves run mountain-
high, if the ship of State goes down, and the Union perishes,
I would rather perish with it than survive its destruction.—

Fellow-citizens, what is this country? Is it the soil on
which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is
it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these,
is it power, and might; and majesty alone? No, our country
is more, far more than all these. The country which demands
our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more
than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our
country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past
renown—our country is present pride and power—our country
is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory,
truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever!
These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we
will shout them out till the stars appear in the sky, in the
stormiest hour of battle. Young men of New York—young
men of the United States—you are told this is not to be a war
of aggression. In one sense that is true; in another, not.
We have committed aggression upon no man. In all the
broad land, in their rebel nest, in their traitor's camp, no
truthful man can rise and say that he has ever been disturbed,
though it be but for a single moment, in life, liberty, estate,
character, or honor. The day they began this unnatural,
false, wicked, rebellious warfare, their lives were more secure,
their property more secure; by us—not by themselves, but by
us—guarded far more securely than any people ever have had
their lives and property secured from the beginning of the
world. We have committed no oppression, have broken no
compact, have exercised no unholy power; have been loyal,
moderate, constitutional, and just. We are a majority of the
Union, and we will govern our own Union, within our own
Constitution, in our own way. We are all democrats. We
are all republicans. We acknowledge the sovereignty of the people within the rule of the Constitution; and under that Constitution and beneath that flag, let traitors beware. I would meet them upon the threshold, and there, in the very State of their power, in the very atmosphere of their treason, I propose that the people of this Union dictate to these rebels the terms of peace. It may take thirty millions; it may take three hundred millions. What then? We have it. It may cost us seven thousand men; it may cost us seventy-five thousand men in battle; it may cost us seven hundred and fifty thousand men. What then? We have them. The blood of every loyal citizen of this Government is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care, they are all dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, government, written constitutional government—the only hope of a free people—demand it, let them all go.—United States Senator E. D. Baker, of Oregon.

Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing are worse. Traitors and Secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out—to have stripe after stripe obscured—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep and our men blush for shame throughout generations to come—that and these are infinitely worse than blood. When we march, let us not march for revenge. As yet we have nothing to revenge. It is not much that where that tattered flag waved, guarded by seventy men against ten thousand; it is not much that starvation effected what an enemy could not compel. We have as yet something to punish, but nothing, or very little, to revenge. The President himself, a hero without knowing it—and I speak from knowledge, having known him from boyhood—the President says:—“There are wrongs to be redressed, already long enough endured.” And we march to
battle and to victory because we do not choose to endure this wrong any longer. They are wrongs not merely against us—not against you, Mr. President—not against me—but against our sons and against our grandsons that surround us. They are wrongs against our Union; they are wrongs against our Constitution; they are wrongs against human hope and human freedom; and thus, if it be avenged, still, as Burke says: "It is a wild justice at last;" only thus we will revenge them. The national banners, leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions,

"Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;"

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if, from the far Pacific, a voice feeble than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for Government, for Constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.—The Same.

It is a sublime spectacle, and the greatest epoch in the history of the world. The question is, shall this Union be maintained and perpetuated, or shall it be broken and dissolved? No question so important has ever occurred in the history of our race. It involves not only the fate of this great country, but the question
of free institutions throughout the world. The case of self-
government is now on trial before the forum of our country
and of the world. If we succeed and maintain the Union,
free institutions, under the moral force of our example, will
ultimately be established throughout the world; but if we fail,
and our Government is overthrown, popular liberty will have
made its last experiment, and despotism will reign triumphant
throughout the globe. Our responsibilities are fearful. We
have a solemn duty to perform—we are this day making
history. We are writing a book whose pages can never be
erased—it is the destiny of our country and of mankind. For
more than seventy years this Union has been maintained, and
it has advanced our country to a prosperity unparalleled in
the history of the world. The past was great, but the future
opened upon prospects beyond the power of language to
describe. But where are we now? The world looks on
with scorn and derision. We have, it is said, no Government
—a mere voluntary association of independent States—a
debating society, or a moot court, without any real power to
uphold the laws or maintain the Constitution. We have no
country, no flag; no Union; but each State at its pleasure,
upon its own mere whim or caprice, with or without cause,
may secede and dissolve the Union. Secession, we are told,
is a constitutional right of each State, and the Constitution
has inscribed its own death-warrant upon its face. If this be
so, we have, indeed, no Government, and Europe may well
speak of us with contempt and derision. This is the very
question we are now to solve—have we a Government, and
has it power to maintain its existence? This question is not
for the first time presented to the consideration of the American
people. It arose in 1832, when South Carolina nullified the
revenue laws of the Union, and passed her secession ordinance.
Deeply as I deplore our present situation, it is my profound
conviction that the welfare, security and prosperity of the
South can only be restored by the reestablishment of the
Union. I see, in the permanent overthrow of the Union, the
utter ruin of the South, and the complete prostration of all
their interests. I have devoted my life to the maintenance of
all their constitutional rights; and the promotion of their
happiness and welfare; but secession involves them and us in
one common ruin. The recognition of such a doctrine is fatal to the existence of any Government—of the Union. It is death—it is national suicide.—Hon. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi.

This is the question now to be decided—have we a Union—have we a flag—are the Stars and Stripes a reality or a fiction—have we a Government, and can we enforce its laws, or must the whole vanish whenever any one State thinks proper to issue the despotic mandate? Is the Union indissoluble, or is it written on the sand, to be swept away by the first angry surge of State or sectional passion which may sweep over it? It was the declared object of our ancestors to found a perpetual Union. The original articles of confederation, by all the States, in 1778, declared the Union to be perpetual," and South Carolina (with all the States) then solemnly pledged her faith that "the Union of the States shall be perpetual." And in modifying these articles by the formation of the Constitution in 1787, the declared object of that change was to make "the Union more perfect." But how much more perfect, if the Union is indissoluble in 1787, but might at any moment be destroyed by any one State after the adoption of the Constitution? No, my countrymen, secession is not a constitutional right of any one State. It is war—it is revolution—and can only be established on the ruins of the Constitution and the Union. We must resist and subdue it, for our Government will be but an organized anarchy, to be surely succeeded, as anarchy ever has been, by military despotism. This, then, my fellow-citizens, is the last great contest for the liberties of our country and of the world. If we are defeated, the last experiment of self-government will have failed, and we will have written with our own hands the epitaph of human liberty. We will have no flag, we will have no Government, no country, and no Union; we will cease to be American citizens, and the despots of Europe will rejoice in the failure of the great experiment of republican institutions. The liberties of our country and of the world will have been intrusted to our care, and we will have dishonored the great trust and proved ourselves traitors to the freedom of our country and of mankind. This is not a sectional question—it is not a Northern or a Southern question
It is not a question which concerns our country only, but all mankind. It is this: Shall we, by a noble and united effort, sustain here republican institutions, or shall we have secession and anarchy, to be succeeded by despotism, and extinguish forever the hopes of freedom throughout the world? God grant you, my dear countrymen, courage, and energy, and perseverance, to maintain successfully the great contest. You are fighting the last great decisive battle for the liberties of our country and of mankind. Faint not, falter not, but move onward in one great column for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union.—The Same.

Mr. President, we are compelled to deal with the stern realities before us. The past is beyond recall. It belongs to history. The present is no time for reviving former controversies or discussions. We must meet the issue which is forced upon us. Let us remember only that we have a country to serve, a Constitution to defend, and a national Union to cherish and uphold. On one side we behold our national Government struggling for the maintenance of its constitutional authority; on the other a formidable combination of discontented States, arrayed in open and disloyal resistance. Whatever differences of opinion may exist touching the causes of the attempted subversion of the Federal power, I am sure you will all agree that they are not such as to furnish a sufficient justification for the States which seek to renounce and annul the national compact. Our Constitution makes ample provisions for the redress of grievances, and who shall say that the people, on a direct appeal to their patriotism and sense of justice, would not be found faithful to its principles and true to its spirit and design? Instead of revolution or secession, we have at least the right to demand that an honest effort should be made to settle differences within the Union, and according to the principles of the Constitution. This is the only mode consistent with reason or compatible with the public safety. Amid the present distractions and dangers, I can not but feel that it is the duty of every true citizen to uphold and maintain the Government of the United States. Come what may, we must stand by our country, and support the Union in its integrity.—Ex-Governor Hunt, of New York.
Men of New York! your great awakening tells the South of no single soul’s sympathy for secession; it will tell her that the North is a perfect unit upon the doctrine that our Government is not a Confederacy, but a Union, for good or ill, for weal or woe, present and future, perpetual, indivisible, and eternal. From the balls that struck Fort Sumter, like the dragon’s teeth that were sown in classic days upon the shores of the Euxine; from which sprung armed warriors, are our volunteers rising in serried thousands from the snow-clad shores of the St. Lawrence to the fertile valleys of the Susquehannah—from the forests of Chautauque to the Highlands of the Hudson, begirt with the panoply of right. I say, let our brethren of the South pause, ere the crevassed Mississippi river turns the States of Mississippi and Louisiana into dismal swamps, and New Orleans into a wilderness of waters. Let them pause, ere northern chivalry devastates the shores of South Carolina, and makes the site of Charleston what the desert of Sahara now is, in remembrance of her infamous and cowardly attack of nineteen batteries and nine thousand men, upon an unfinished fortification, garrisoned by seventy ill- ammunitioned and hungry-soldiers, and for every drop of loyal Massachusetts blood spilled in the streets of Baltimore, other blood alone can wash it away in rivulets just as warm and red. Yesterday we said farewell to the glorious Seventh Regiment, the flower of this city’s soldiery, its household guards. Words can feebly describe the unanimity with which they mustered for their country’s service. The lover left his betrothed, the husband his bride, the father his new-born babe, the merchant his counting-room, the mechanic his shop, the student his books, the lawyer his office, and the parson his church, as one man, the entire regiment responding to that love of country worthy of the better days of the Republic many of them gone, doubtless, to return no more; and if they fall, theirs will be the proud Lacedæmonian’s epitaph, “They died in the defense of their country and its laws.” It is said that when General Jackson came to die, he told his spiritual adviser that there was one sin of omission that lay heavily on his soul. “What is it?” softly inquired the devoted minister. The old General roused his departing energies, and exclaimed, “It is that I did not hang Calhoun.”
His reason was prophetic. John C. Calhoun having sowed the seeds of nullification, whose blossoms were secession, and the fruit fraternal bloodshed and civil war!—facilis descensus Avernii!—we are now called upon to teach the people of the South a salutary lesson of submission to the Constitution, and obedience to the laws.—Hon. Caleb Lyon.

I am an Irishman—and I am proud of it. I am also an American citizen, and I am proud of that. For twelve years I have lived in the United States, twelve happy years, protected by its laws, under the shadow of its Constitution. When I assumed the rights of citizenship, I assumed, too, the duties of a citizen. When I was invested with the rights which the wise and liberal Constitution of America gave to adopted citizens, I swore that I would support the Constitution, and I will keep my oath. This land of mine, as well as of yours, is in great danger. I have been asked what side I would take; and I am here. No greater peril ever assailed any nation. Were all the armies and all the fleets of Europe bound for our shores to invade us, it would not be half so terrible a disaster as that we have to face now. Civil war is before us. We are threatened not with subjugation, but disintegration, utter dissolution. The nation is crumbling beneath our feet, and we are called to save it. This quarrel is none of our making: no matter. I do not look to the past. I do not stop to ask by whose means this disaster was brought about. A time will come when history will hold the men who have caused it to a heavy account; but for us, we live and act in the present. Our duty is to obey, and our duty is to stand by the Constitution and the laws. I saw to-day the officers of the Sixty-ninth Irish regiment, and they are ready. If there be any men in these United States, who look to this war with any feeling of exultation, I take no part with them. I look to it with grief, with heartfelt grief. It is, after all, a fratricidal war; it is a war that nothing but inevitable necessity can excuse, and the moment that inevitable necessity ceases, the moment peace can be attained—for peace is the only legitimate end of any war—I pray to God that it may cease, and we be brothers and friends again. The South has been deceived, cruelly deceived, by demagogues; they have
had false news from this side, and that has deceived them.

They did not know, we did not know it ourselves, what a

fund of loyalty, what stern, hearty allegiance there was all

through this land for the Constitution and the Union. Fel-

low-citizens, the cloud that lowers over us now will pass

away. There may be storm; it may be fierce and disastrous,

but that storm was needed to clear and purify the political

atmosphere. We are passing through an inevitable political

and national crisis. We could not go on as we were going.

A sea of corruption was swelling all round us, and

threatened to engulf honor, reputation, and the good name of

the nation and of individuals. That stagnant water stirs, but

trust me, it is an angel that has touched the waters. An

angel hand has touched them and turned the fetid stream

into a healing balm. That angel is patriotism, that walks

the land in majesty and power. And were nothing else

gained by this terrible struggle than the consciousness that

we have a nation and a national spirit to support it, I would

still say that this ordeal that we are going through will not

be all in vain. That flag is my flag, and I recognize none

other but one. Why, what other flag could we have? It

has been set by the hands of American science over the frozen

seas of the North; it is unrolled where, by the banks of the

Amazon, the primeval forests weave their tangled hair. All

through the infant struggles of the Republic under its conse-

crate folds, men poured out their life-blood with a liberal

joy to save this country. All through the Mexican war it was a

sign of glory and of hope. Fellow-citizens, all through

Europe, when down-trodden men look up and seek for some

sign of hope, where do they look but to that flag, the flag of

our Union? I deprecate this war; I do hope that it will

cease, but it is war. That flag must not be allowed to trail

in the dust, not though the hand that held it down is a

brother's.—Richard O'Gorman.

The iron hail at Fort Sumter rattles on every Northern

breast. It has shot away the last vestige of national and

personal forbearance. A loaf of bread on its way to a starving

man was split in two by a shot from his brother. You might

saturate the cotton States with all the turpentine of North
Carolina; you might throw upon them the vast pine forests of Georgia, then bury the Gulf storm's sharpest lightning into the combustible mass, and you would not redden the Southern horizon with so angry a glow as flashed along the Northern heart when the flames of Fort Sumter reached it.

To-day, bewildered America, with her torn flag and her broken charter, looks to you to guard the one, and restore the other. How Europe stares and liberty shudders, as from State after State that flag falls, and the dream breaks! Hereafter, Southern history will be as bare as the pole from which the sundered pennant sinks, and treason parts with the last rag that concealed its hideousness.

I know how common and how easy it is to dissolve this Union in our mouths. Dangerous words, like dangerous places, possess a fearful fascination, and we sometimes look down from the heights of our prosperity with an irresistible itching to jump off.

This specter of disunion is no new ghost, born of any cotemporary agitation. For years it has been skulking semi-officially about the Capital. Through the whole range of our parliamentary history, every great question, from a tariff to a territory, has felt its clammy touch. Did it not drop its death's-head into the tariff scales of 1833, hoping to weigh the duties down to a conciliation level? Did it not shoot its ghastly logic into the storm of 1820, and frighten our soundest statesmanship into that crude calm called the Missouri Compromise? Did it not sit grinning upon the deck of all our naval battles, hoping to get a turn at the wheel, that it might run the war of 1812 upon a rock? Did it not stand up upon the floor of the first Congress and shake its bony fingers in the calm face of Washington? And did not our fathers, who stood unmoved the shock of George the Third's cannon, shudder in the presence of this scepter, when they thought how the infant Republic might be cast away upon its bleak and milkless breast? Then it was a thin, skulking, hatchet-faced ghost. At last, fed upon the granaries of Northern and Southern fanaticism, it has come to be a rotund, well fed, corpulent disaster.

Southern passion may put on the war-paint; Southern statesmanship may attempt to organize a pique into an
empire, to elevate a suilk into a sacrament, by marrying disapp-
pointment to revolution, and reducing a temporary constitutional minority into a hopeless organic political disaster. They may even propose in solemn convention to abolish the Fourth of July, and throw all its patriotic powder into the murderous arsenal of fratricidal conflict; but they can not, except through self-destruction, permanently disrupt our nationality.—David S. Coddington.

Our republicanism means the whole nation, or it means nothing. Together, the parts temper each other; asunder, the aristocracy of the slave power makes equality a myth, and the free radical North less safely democratic.

If Abraham Lincoln has inaugurated a crash; if George Washington is to be no longer known as the successful contender for a combined and self-regulating nationality; if Bishop Berkeley’s star of empire has crumbled away into belligerent asteroids, and we are to fall, like Cæsar, at the base of this black Pompey’s pillar, we shall at least go into this holy battle for the Constitution, with no law broken and no national duty unfulfilled.

We have not stolen a single ship, or a pound of powder, or a dollar of coin to sully the sacred tramp with which patriotism pursues robbery and rebellion. All the ills of the South could have been remedied within the Constitution—all their wrongs righted by the victory of future votes.

Shall I tell you what secession means? It means ambition in the Southern leaders, and misapprehension in the Southern people. Its policy is to imperialize slavery; and to degrade and destroy the only free Republic in the world. It is a fog of the brain, and a poison at the heart. Dodging the halter, it walks in a volcano which must explode whenever the tempestuous shock of the Northern invasion shall render slavery impossible.

The day that Southern statesmanship turned pirate, Southern slavery lost its hold on Northern forbearance. God forbid that servile war should ever be on our consciences; but what power could restrain the frenzied passion of continuously provoked multitudes, when the taste of blood has brutalized their march?
Party and partyism are dead; only grim powder is alive now. Who talks of Tammany or Mozart Hall? Who haunts the coal-hole or the wood-heap, when our souls' fuel is on fire for flag and country? Did not Washington fight seven years, break ice on the Delaware, break bones and pull triggers on Monmouth field, send ten thousand bleeding feet to where no blood ever comes, and pass from clouds of smoke to archways of flowers—for what? That States should defy their best guardian, which is the nation, insult history, and make republicanism impossible? Here, in this city of our love and pride this cradle of the civil life of Washington, where despotism sheathed its last sword, and constitutional liberty swore its first oath; where steam first boiled its way to a throne, and art, and commerce, and finance, and all the social amenities marshaled their forces to the sweet strain of the first inaugu-
ral—here, where government began and capital centers, is the sheet anchor of American loyalty.

Heretofore, in our differences, we have shouldered ballots instead of bayonets. With a quiet bit of paper in our hands we have marched safely through a hundred battles about tariff, bank, anti-liquor, anti-rent, and all those social and political questions about which a free people may amicably differ. If slavery can not be appeased with the old life of the ballot, depend upon it, the bayonet will only pierce new wounds in its history.

We have, heretofore, kept all our lead moulded into type that peaceably and intellectually we might enter the Southern brain, until passion and precipitation have forced us to melt down that type into a less friendly visitor. Kossuth says that bayonets think; ours have resolved in solemn convention to think deeply, act promptly, and end victoriously.—The Same.

In 1832, the State of South Carolina attempted to nullify the action of the Federal Government, upon the questions affecting our revenue laws. Fortunately, Andrew Jackson was then President of the United States. Himself the very impersonation of republican democracy, he was also at that period surrounded by loyal majorities in both the Senate and House of Representatives. In that emergency, the old hero
at once determined to defend the Constitution and uphold the laws. Both branches of Congress stood firmly by the side of the people's chosen chief, who proclaimed in words which can not die—"The Union must and shall be preserved!" True, South Carolina had aided to swell the majority by which he was placed among the foremost rulers of the nations of the earth—nevertheless, his fidelity and patriotism, his devotion to the Constitution which he had sworn to support, raised him above the reach and beyond the stretch of mere party feeling, and prompted him to lose sight of every thing that might tend to seduce him from the service of the country he loved so well. Thus it was that the prompt, statesmanlike, and energetic action of the Federal authorities, in that memorable and trying crisis, most effectually suppressed the spirit of rebellion which then menaced the peace of the country, and the stability of our cherished institutions; and the determined announcement of Jackson to preserve the Union at all hazards, was responded to by the united voice of every hamlet, village, town, and city throughout the limits of our blessed land. Since then, Columbia's sons have ever made the heavens ring with music to the inspired words:

Then a song for our Union—the watchword recall,
   Which gave the Republic her station.
United we stand—divided we fall—
   It made and preserved us a nation.
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
   The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
   And the flag of our Union forever and ever,
The flag of our Union forever!

After the lapse of thirty peaceful years—years of unexampled national prosperity—twenty millions of freemen, in this hour of our country's peril, again are chanting the magic words:

The flag of our Union forever and ever,
The flag of our Union forever!

The decisive and vigorous policy of the hero of New Orleans gave peace and harmony to the country at once, and proved to the world that whether fighting under Washington or Scott against a foreign enemy, or under Jackson or Lincoln
against foreign foes, the people of this enlightened land have
a Government which is invincible against assaults and attacks,
let them come from without or from within. The spirit of
rebellion again rears its hideous head among the citizens of
the sunny South; and as it was met by Jackson thirty years
ago, so it is now being met by President Lincoln. Now, as
then, though we differ upon questions of domestic politics—
whether we favor or oppose the internal doctrines and plat-
forms upon which Jackson or Lincoln was elected—neverthe-
less, we are are agreed that "The Union must and shall be
preserved!"—Judge Thompson.

THE UNION.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last, which the fathers foretold?
Then nature must teach us the strength of the chain,
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil;
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves.

In vain is the strife! when its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last;
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow,
Roll mingled in peace from the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with su.phur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!
THE PATRIOTIC SPEAKER.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL. — Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Lay down the ax; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours are fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light track, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt the track.
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the ax must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in your march, as they;
THE STORY OF AN OAK-TREE.

As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains,
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flinging the proudest barks that swim
A helpless wreck upon his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well,
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.


On Croton's plains, where Grecian youths
In silence learned immortal truths,
And wise Pythagoras taught the schools
That Freedom reigns where Justice rules:

On Croton's plains, in days of old,
Stout Milo roved—a Wrestler bold;
Whose brawny arm, as legends tell,
With one good blow an ox could fell.

And when this Milo dined, we read,
An ox would scarce his hunger feed;
So strong was he, so wide of maw,
His like, I think, the world ne'er saw.
In stalwart pride he strode the plains,
A tyrant grim o'er kine and swains;
And swung beneath Crotona's oaks,
A woodman's ax with giant strokes.

And day by day his wedges drove,
Until the goodliest oak he clove;
A lofty tree, whose branches spanned
The broad, fair fields with foliage grand.

With foliage green, like sheltering wings,
O'er flowers, and fruits, and breathing things;
O'er swarming bees and nestling birds,
And laboring men, with flocks and herds.

The stars were clustered round its crest,
And sunbeams striped its blooming breast;
And under it—as well might be—
Pythagoras taught how souls were free!

But Milo, mustering strength perverse,
His wedges drove with scowl and curse,
Till, rending through the oak-tree's side,
They clove its trunk with fissures wide.

And, yielding round those wedges black,
The huge tree quaked with thundrous crack,
Until, beneath their widening strain,
Its heart of oak seemed riven in twain.

Then Milo, in his madness spoke:
"I think my strength can tear this oak!
These wedges I no more need drive,
My hands alone the trunk shall rive!"

With giant gripe the oak to rend,
He bowed himself as whirlwinds bend,
With furious tug and desperate strain,
To rive that goodly oak in twain.
Till, one by one, with loosening clang,
His iron wedges outward sprang;
And, narrowing its elastic strands,
The tough oak closed on Milo's hands.
It crushed him in its fierce rebound;
It shook each black wedge to the ground;
It lifted up its crest of stars,
And bade the sunbeams gild its scars!
I know not if Pythagoras spoke
To freeborn souls of Milo's oak;
But this I know—that if there towers
Such oak-tree in this land of ours—
And if some impious hand should strain
To rend that goodly oak in twain—
Methinks I'd cry aloud this day,
"In God's name, strike the wedge away!"
The wedge, that rent the strands apart—
The wedge, that fain would cleave the heart—
Strike out this wedge! and God will close
The Union's oak on Union's foes!

L-E-G (ELEGY) ON MY LEG.*

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most, that to the end
Thou did'st not let this body run.
Strange paradox! that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft,
I lost my left leg for "the Right","n
And yet the right's the one that's left!

But while the sturdy stump remains,
I may be able yet to patch it,
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L-E-G to match it.

* Written by a soldier who lost his leg at the battle of Fair Oaks before Richmond.)
HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.—Rev. Alfred P. Putnam*

The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white altier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined “Stars and Stripes.” It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that (January 2, 1776) he unfolded before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

* Extracts from a sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass., from the text: “And in the name of our God we will set up our banners.” The extracts given form a fine subject for declamation, full of eloquence and interest.
On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1776, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the union of the States. In 1794, there having been two more new States added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted State. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of States. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance and justice, each star to signify the glory of the State it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a Union that must be "one and inseparable."

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot or shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Saratoga, at Monmouth,
and at Yorktown, but at Lundy’s Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—“Don’t give up the ship”—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation’s glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism. By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country.

What burst of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore: “Oh, the flag! the Stars and Stripes!” And, wherever that flag has gone, it has been a herald of a better day—it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.
EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE "MONSTER IRISH FESTIVAL," HELD AT JONES' WOOD (NEAR NEW YORK CITY), AUGUST 29TH, 1861.

In the dew of the morning as it melts in the sunshine—in the brightest river hastening to the depths in which its fresh life is lost—in the loftiest mountains as the darkness of the storm covers them, and night and they become inseparable—in the budding of the greenest leaf—in the tranquil glory of the fullest star that is set in heaven—in every thing that is visible on the earth, above it or below, there is an admonition which reminds us of the waywardness and instability of human fortunes and the certainty of death. The very stones that are planted to commemorate the goodness, the rank, the achieved honors, the illustrious mind, the brave or the beneficent career of people we have admired and extolled while living, or which simply register a birth and a decease, leaving the story of the dead, if worthy of it, to be written in a book the characters of which shall never fade—these very stones, far more forcibly than the losses they record, teach the lesson that our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. Be it marble, be it granite, be it the sternest stone or metal, the letters and emblems with which it is wrought grain by grain decay, and the day comes at last when some strange creature, whose communion is with the past, and with the past alone, peering and gleaming through his spectacles, searching keenly and fiercely almost, with brain and chisel, vainly strives to rescue a solitary epitaph from the confusion and mystery into which it has irrevocably passed. Such, then, being the lesson taught by the brightest, the strongest, the grandest forms and voices, whether in the sky, the land, or sea—such the lesson taught by the very stones which man, in his love, his vanity, his courtesy or gratitude erects as enduring memorials of his race—no wonder that here, this day, in the midst of all these games and pastimes, through the heart of this healthful and joyous crowd, over all this blended splendor of foliage and sunshine, above the shrill tumult of the boats that vex the river on the rocks of which we stand, and the music to which these waters, sweeping there before us, have seemed to leap—
no wonder that a broad shadow from the hushed battle-field
should rise and overspread us.

There are eyes clouded and gushing with bitter sorrow in
the desolation of spirit in homes where winter has settled in
the zenith of summer, while we stand here blessed and gla-
dened with all the warmth and beauteousness, with all the
promise and fruitfulness of this propitious hour and conse-
crated scene; and there are little hearts that have grown big
and heavy in the darkened rooms, waiting and praying for
footsteps which once were cheerier to them than the songs of
birds that greet the rising sun, but which shall never wake
again the echoes of the expectant house. * * * High
above these banners, these trees, these pillars—gathering all—
the youngest, the fairest, the hardest and the oldest, the rude,
the gentle, white hairs and glowing cheeks, the extremes of
society, life and character—into one great edifying and benign-
ant throng, the angel of charity extends his wings—sanctifies
the pastimes and pleasures of the hour—refines, illuminates,
ennobles what might otherwise be rough, boisterous, frivolous
or idle, and, linking with rays of divinest light and luster
the living and the dead, breathes into every Irish heart at least
the assurance that they shall never be forgotten who fall in a
just cause, in vindication of laws that are unimpeached and
unimpeachable, and in sustenance of a Government, which,
while it is the least exacting, is at the same time the most
encouraging and beneficent the world has ever known.

The assertion of the national authority, derived, as it is,
from the free will and votes of a majority of the citizens; the
conservation in its integrity of that magnificent expanse of
country over which a common constitution has thrown its
shield, and along the frontiers and at the gates of which a
common treasury has planted forts and custom-houses, and the
flag which no foreign hand as yet has questioned with impu-
nity; the enforcement of the laws of Congress, the sworn
compact of the States, the inviolability of the ballot-box, and
the decisions that proceed from it; the sanctity of official
oaths, the accountability of the public servants, the most
precious fruits of the Revolution, the claims of posterity, the
progress of democracy, its consolidation and ascendency, the
glory of the New World—behold the cause in which those lives were offered up! Never, I repeat it, was there a cause more sacred, nor one more just, nor one more urgent. No cause more sacred, for it comprehends all that has been considered most desirable, most valuable, most ennobling to a political society and humanity at large. No cause more just, for it involves no scheme of conquest or subjugation, contemplates no disfranchisement of the citizen, excludes the idea of provincialism and inferiority, aiming only at the restoration of franchises, powers and property, which were enjoyed by one people and one republic, and which, to be the means of happiness, fortune and renown to millions, must be exercised and held in common under one code of national laws, one flag, and one Executive. No cause more urgent, for intrigues, perfidies, armed legions, the hatred and cupidty of foreign courts assail it, and every reverse with which it is visited serves as a pretext for the desertion of the coward, the misrepresentation of the politician whose nation is his pocket, the proffered compromises of men who, in the name of peace, would capitulate to treason and accept dishonor, encouraging the designs of the kings, and queens, and knaves, to whom this great commonwealth, with all its wondrous acquisitions and incalculable promise, has been, until within the last few weeks, a source of envy, vexation, alarm and discomfiture, presenting, as it did, nobler scenes of activity and progress than their estates could show—sheltering and advancing the thousands whom their rods and bayonets had swept beyond the sea, and, like the mighty genius of the ocean confronting the ship of Vasco di Gama, uprising here to repel the intrusion which would establish on the seas and islands of the New World the crowned monopolies and disabling domination of the Old. The inviolability of that tranquil system of election without which no popular government can have legitimacy, consistency and force—these considerations are far dearer to me, and I claim them to be of far more vital consequence than the liberty to promulgate sedition or the liberty to conspire. Such liberties must succumb to the demands of the crisis, the public safety, the discipline and efficacy of the army, and the attitude of the revolt. Within the range of the laws, the police, the courts, the proprieties and interests of the commu-
nity, let them have full swing in the days of peace. Such days have their peculiar sanctities—more than this, they have their recognized and favored abuses of popular institutions and prerogatives; and the fiercest or foulest sheet that is scribbled in the coal-hole or the garret, as well as the most faithless citizen among us, may be permitted, the one to scatter broadcast, and the other to drop in crevices and corners, the seeds of dissatisfaction against the Government, without the Commonwealth incurring any detriment. But in time of war—above all in time of civil war—the supremacy of the Government should be the sole, grand object—and to this end, martial law should be the higher law—and the only one in undisputed force. Who speaks about his rights as a passenger—about his bag of money, his chest of books and clothes, the photographs of his wife and children, his live stock or bales of merchandise, when the steamship has met with a collision, threatens to go down, must be cleared of every embarrassment and dead-weight, and all hands are summoned to the rescue. You know it well—I assert it without fear of contradiction from any quarter, and those who have had most latitude and impunity, were they frank and generous, would be the first to own it: the national Government has suffered more from the patience, the leniency, the magnanimity it has practiced toward its enemies, and those who are in sympathy and league with them, than it has done from the courage, the science, the fierce energy of those who have taken the field against it, and victoriously shaken the banner of revolt and repudiation in its face. The masked conspirators of the North are infinitely more criminal and mischievous than the bold and armed recusants of the South.

HOW MUCH WE OWE TO THE UNION.—Hon. A. H. Stephens.*

The influence of the Government on us is like that of the atmosphere around us. Its benefits are so silent and unseen

* Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, November 14th, 1860.
It will scarcely be credited that the author of such sentiments, ere long, became the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy! His defection did not blot out the speaker's tribute to the Union. By his own words is he condemned.
that they are seldom thought of or appreciated. We seldom think of the single element of oxygen in the air we breathe; and yet, let this simple, unseen, and unfelt agent be withdrawn, this life-giving element be taken away from this all-pervading fluid around us, and what instant and appalling changes would take place in all organic creation.

It may be that we are all that we are in "spite of the General Government;" but it may be that without it we should have been far different from what we are now. It is true, there is no equal part of the earth with natural resources superior, perhaps, to ours. That portion of this country known as the Southern States, stretching from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, is fully equal to the picture drawn by the honorable and eloquent Senator last night, in all natural capacities. But how many ages and centuries passed before these capacities were developed to reach this advanced age of civilization? There these same hills, rich in ore, same rivers, same valleys and plains, are, as they have been since they came from the hand of the Creator; uneducated and uncivilized man roamed over them, for how long no history informs us.

It was only under our institutions that they could be developed. Their development is the result of the enterprise of our people under operations of the Government and institutions under which we have lived. Even our people, without these, never would have done it. The organization of society has much to do with the development of the natural resources of any country or any land. The institutions of a people, political and moral, are the matrix in which the germ of their organic structure quickens into life—takes root and develops in form, nature and character. Our institutions constitute the basis, the matrix, from which spring all our characteristics of development and greatness. Look at Greece. There is the same fertile soil, the same blue sky, the same inlets and harbors, the same Ægeean, the same Olympus; there is the same land where Homer sung, where Pericles spoke; it is in nature the same old Greece—but it is living Greece no more.

Descendants of the same people inhabit the country; yet, what is the reason of this mighty difference? In the midst of present degradation we see the glorious fragments of
ancient works of art—temples with ornaments and inscriptions that excite wonder and admiration—the remains of a once high order of civilization which have outlived the language they spoke—upon them all Ichabod is written—their glory has departed. Why is this so? I answer, their institutions have been destroyed. These were but the fruits of their forms of government, the matrix from which their grand development sprung, and when once the institutions of a people have been destroyed, there is no earthly power that can bring back the Promethean spark to kindle them here again, any more than in that ancient land of eloquence, poetry, and song.

The same may be said of Italy. Where is Rome, once the mistress of the world? There are the same seven hills now, the same soil, the same natural resources; nature is the same, but what a ruin of human greatness meets the eye of the traveler throughout the length and breadth of that most down-trodden land! Why have not the people of that heaven-favored clime the spirit that animated their fathers? Why this sad difference?

It is the destruction of her institutions that has caused it; and, my countrymen, if we shall in an evil hour rashly pull down and destroy those institutions which the patriotic band of our fathers labored so long and so hard to build up, and which have done so much for us and the world, who can venture the prediction that similar results will not ensue? Let us avoid it if we can. I trust the spirit is among us that will enable us to do it. Let us not rashly try the experiment, for if it fails, as it did in Greece and Italy, and in the South American Republics, and in every other place, wherever liberty is once destroyed, it may never be restored to us again.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LAST SPEECH MADE BY STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, DELIVERED AT CHICAGO, MAY 1ST, 1861.

If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the Constitution—I can say, before God, my conscience is clean. I have struggled long for a peaceful solution of the
difficulty. I have not only tendered those States what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity.

The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our capital, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?

What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us for breaking up the best Government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a Presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot-box? I understand that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the Constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the Union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted or been done? I appeal to these assembled thousands, that, so far as the constitutional rights of the Southern States, I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders, are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain.

There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first President of these United States, when the rights of the Southern States stood firmer under the laws of the land than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good a cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every Administration?

If they say the Territorial question—now, for the first time, there is no act of Congress prohibiting slavery anywhere. If it be the non-enforcement of the laws, the only complaints that I have heard have been of the too vigorous and faithful fulfillment of the Fugitive Slave Law. Then what reason have they?
The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed more than a year since—formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago.

They use the Slavery question as a means to aid the accomplishment of their ends. They desired the election of a Northern candidate, by a sectional vote, in order to show that the two sections can not live together. When the history of the two years from the Lecompton charter down to the Presidential election shall be written, it will be shown that the scheme was deliberately made to break up this Union.

They desired a Northern Republican to be elected by a purely Northern vote, and then assign this fact as a reason why the sections may not longer live together. If the disunion candidate in the late Presidential contest had carried the United South, their scheme was, the Northern candidate successful, to seize the Capital last spring, and, by a united South and divided North, hold it. That scheme was defeated in the defeat of the disunion candidate in several of the Southern States.

The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised, war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States, or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war; only patriots, or traitors.

I know they expected to present a united South against a divided North. They hoped in the Northern States party questions would bring civil war between Democrats and Republicans, when the South would step in with her cohorts, aid one party to conquer the other, and then make easy prey of the victors. Their scheme was carnage and civil war in the North.

There is but one way to defeat this—by closing up the ranks. War will thus be prevented on our own soil. While there was a hope of peace I was ready for any reasonable sacrifice or compromise to maintain it. But when the question comes of war in the cotton-fields of the South, or the corn-fields of Illinois, I say the further off the better.
We can not close our eyes to the sad and solemn fact that war does exist. The Government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown, and the more stupendous our preparations the less the bloodshed, and the shorter the struggle. But we must remember certain restraints on our action even in time of war. We are a Christian people, and the war must be prosecuted in a manner recognized by Christian nations.

We must not invade Constitutional rights. The innocent must not suffer, nor women and children be the victims. Savages must not be let loose. But while I sanction no war on the rights of others, I will implore my countrymen not to lay down their arms until our own rights are recognized.

The Constitution and its guarantees are our birthright, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We can not recognize secession. Recognize it once, and you have not only dissolved Government, but you have destroyed social order, upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French Revolution.

Then we have a solemn duty—to maintain the Government. The greater our unanimity, the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome from the few short months since of a fierce party contest. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us.

It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect it will be, I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country.
EXTRACTS FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.  
EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS, JULY 4TH, 1861.*

It might seem, at first thought, to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called secession or rebellion. The movers, however, well understand the difference. At the beginning they knew that they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law; they knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for the history and government of their common country, as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind; they invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents of the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is, that any State of the Union may, consistently with the nation's Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union or of any other State.

The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, until, at length, they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government. This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole of its currency, from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State, to each State of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a "State" out of the Union. The original States passed into the Union before they cast off their British Colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly.

* Let the reader or student compare the argument of this message with the speech made by A. H. Stephens, (see page 58,) and he will see that there is but slight difference in their conclusions.
from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas, and even Texas, in its temporary dependence, was never designated as a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the united colonies were declared to be free and independent States. But, even then, the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action, before, at the time, and afterward, abundantly show. The express plight of faith, by each and all of the original thirteen States, in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive. Having never been States, either in substance or in name, outside of the Union, whence this magical omnipotence of "State rights," asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself?

Much is said about the sovereignty of the States; but the word, even, is not in the National Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions. What is sovereignty in the political sense of the word? Would it be far wrong to define it a political community without a political superior? Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty by conquest or purchase. The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them, as States. Originally, some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn, the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that
all the new States formed their Constitutions before they entered the Union; nevertheless, dependent upon, and preparatory to coming into the Union.

Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the National Constitution. But among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers, and certainly, a power to destroy the Government itself had never been known as a governmental, as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confined to the General Government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the National Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy is not to be questioned. We are all bound by that defining, without question.

What is now combated is the position that secession is consistent with the Constitution—is lawful and peaceful. It is not contended that there is any express law for it, and nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust or absurd consequences. The nation purchased with money the countries out of which several of these States were formed. Is it just that they shall go off without leave and without refunding? The nation paid very large sums—in the aggregate, I believe, nearly a hundred millions—to relieve Florida of the aboriginal tribes. Is it just that she shall now be off without consent or without any return? The nation is now in debt for money applied to the benefit of these so-called seceding States in common with the rest. Is it just, either that creditors shall go unpaid, or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debt of Texas. Is it just that she shall leave and pay no part of this herself? Again: if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debts. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we
notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognize this doctrine by allowing the seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go, or to extort terms upon which they will promise to remain. The seceders insist that our Constitution admits of secession. They have assumed to make a national constitution of their own, in which, of necessity, they have either discarded or retained the right of secession, as they insist exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that on principle it ought not to exist in ours; if they have retained it, then, by their own construction of ours, they must, to be consistent, secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object. The principle itself is one of disintegration, and upon which no Government can possibly endure.

If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of seceder politicians would at once deny the power, and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But, suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called "driving the one out," should be called the seceding or the others from that one, it would be exactly what the seceders claim to do, unless, indeed, they made the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do. These politicians are subtle and profound in the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and speaks from the preamble, calling itself, "We, the people." It may be affirmed, without extravagance, that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world. Of this we now have a striking and impressive illustration. So large an army as the Governor has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether
useful or elegant, is known in the whole world, and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries in this contest. But, it is so much better the reason why the Government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever, in any section, proposes to abandon such a Government, would do well to consider in deference to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people. There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some “declarations of independence,” in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words, “all men are created equal.” Why? They have adopted a temporary national constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit, “We, the people,” and substitute “We, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States.” Why? Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people?

This is essentially a people’s contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of Government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity. This is the leading object of the Government for whose existence we contend.
THE GREAT BELL ROLAND—Theodore Tilton.

[Motley relates that the famous bell Roland, of Ghent, was an object of great affection to the people, because it always rung to arm them when liberty was in danger.]

Toll! Roland, toll!
In old St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great Bell Roland spoke!
All souls that slept in Ghent awoke!
What meant the thunder-stroke?
Why trembled wife and maid?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet?
All flying to the city's wall!
It was the warning call
That Freedom stood in peril of a foe!
And even timid hearts grew boid
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold!
So acted men
Like patriots then—
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So grand a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thine first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill!

Then toll and strike the test
Through each man's breast,
Till loyal hearts shall stand confess—
And may God's wrath smite all the rest?

Toll! Roland, toll!
Not now in old St. Bavon's tower—
Not now at midnight hour—
Not now from River Scheldt to Zuyder Zee,
But here—this side the sea—
Toll here, in broad, bright day!
For not by night awaits
A noble foe without the gates,
But perjured friends within betray,
And do the deed at noon!
Toll! Roland, toll!
The sound is not too soon!

To Arms! Ring out the Leader’s call!
Re-echo it from East to West
Till every hero’s breast
Shall swell beneath a soldier’s crest!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun!
The sire bequeathed them to the son
When only half their work was done!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
Toll! Roland, toll!

What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall!
Toll! Roland, toll!
In shadowed hut and hall
Shall lie the soldier’s pall,
And hearts shall break while graves are filled!
Amen! So God hath willed!
And may His grace anoint us all!

Toll! Roland, toll!
The Dragon on thy tower
Stands sentry to this hour,
And Freedom so stands safe in Ghent!
And merrier bells now ring,
And in the land’s serene content
Men shout “God save the King!”

Until the skies are rent!
So let it be!
A kingly king is he
Who keeps his people free!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Ring out across the sea!
No longer They but We
Have now such need of thee!
   Toll! Roland, toll!
Nor ever may thy throat
Keep dumb its warning note
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved!
   Toll! Roland, toll!
Till Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall shadow not a man enslaved!
   Toll! Roland, toll!
From Northern lake to Southern strand!
   Toll! Roland, toll!
Till friend and foe, at thy command,
Once more shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, one-voiced, "God save the land!
And love the land that God hath saved!"
   Toll! Roland, toll!


God has made
A wilderness of worlds; his will, and strong
Creative spirit, shook ten thousand worlds,
Like golden dewdrops, from his waving wing,
To roll in beauty through abysmal space,
And chant the chorus of his love divine.
He made the Milky Way to span the sky,
A pearly bow of promise, every drop,
That sparkles there, a singing, shining world!
He woke the music of the Northern Harp,
The wild weird chiming of the Pleiades—
And bade the arches of a Southern sphere
Reverberate their hallelujahs high.

The mighty One
Who sweeps the lyre of Ages, and commands
The praises of ten thousand singing worlds,
Creates the stars of Union, and attunes
The lofty heart of liberty!
   . . . shall we,
Proud children of the brave, the free,
Behold our banner, blazoned by the breath
Of glory, sullied by a slave?—our stars,
Of Union tossing wildly to and fro
Upon the wave of faction, as they were
But shining shadows, not eternal orbs,
For ever circling through the boundless heaven
Of everlasting purpose?—or shall we
Hear Dissolution sounded, and forbear
To brand the traitor hearts that dare forget
The bond for which our fathers fought and bled?
Cursed be the traitors—doubly, trebly doomed—
The pit of Discord for her victims yawns,
Then, back recoiling, shudders to receive
Their hearts—a fouler and a fiercer hell!

God save the Union! Give the dawning year
This proud baptismal anthem—let its last
Dissolving sigh be—Union undissolved!
New States, with starry emblems, one by one,
Come stealing through the Future's twilight dim,
Like orbs of evening from its dusky sky,
To take their place at last with those that tread
Their high, unwearied and unwearying round
Before the golden gates and battlements
Of Paradise. The harp of Liberty
Shall sound amain, till Death himself expire;
Till God has made us free, immortally,
And Time is dust upon his broken Lyre!
Thrice raptured moment! if all blessed like thee
Are Heaven's bright centuries, how brief will be
Its countless ages of Eternity!

KING COTTON.—R. H. Stoddard.

See this new king who comes apace,
And treats us like a conquered race;
He comes from Dixie's land by rail,
His throne a ragged cotton-bale.
On to the White House straight
He's marching—rather late.
Clanking along the land,
The shackles in his hand.
Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

"White niggers, mudsills, Northern scum,
Base hirelings, hear me, and be dumb:
What makes this country great and free?
'Tis me, I tell you—only me!
Beware, then, of my might,
Nor dare dispute my right,
Or else you'll find, some day
There'll be the devil to pay!

Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

Dare you dispraise my royal parts,
And prate of Freedom, Commerce, Arts?
What are they to my pedigree?
Why, Adam was an F. F. V.!

My arms (a whip, ye fools,
Above a bloodhound, gules!)
Declare my house and birth—
The king of kings on earth!

Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

Paupers, who can resist me? None!
My wife's a pew in Washington;
My youngest son—he looks like me—
Will be in Congress soon, (S. C.)

His brother, Colonel Fuss,
Trained up by old U. S.,
Tore down your dirty flag—
A General, now, with Bragg!

Hats off! hats off!

Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!
Let us alone, ye Federal crew,
Nor dare collect our revenue;
For gentlemen, from earliest date,
Were never useful to the State.
     Thanks to my forts, and guns
     And arsenals, (yours, once!)
I can now speak my mind,
As Ancient Abe shall find!
     Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

God's ministers, we fight for you:
Aid us, ye aid the Gospel too.
For you, beast-people, (clear the track
Still bear our saddles on your back!
     We'll ride you all your lives;
     Your daughters, too, and wives,
Shall serve us in our need,
     And teach our girls to read!
     Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

Your musket, chaplain—(mind my toes!)
The smoke is incense in my nose!
On them, Confederates, great and small!
Down with the Union—death to all!
     From my brave ancestry,
     These rights descend to me,
     And all true Southern men,
     World without end. Amen.
     Hats off! hats off!
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!
BATTLE ANTHEM.—John Neal.

Up, Christian warrior, up! I hear
The trumpet of the North
Sounding the charge!
Fathers and sons, to horse!
Fling the old standard forth,
Blazing and large!

And now I hear the heavy tramp
Of nations on the march,
Silent as death!
A slowly-gathering host,
Like clouds o'er yonder arch,
Holding their breath!

Our great blue sky is overcast;
And stars are dropping out,
Through smoke and flame!
Hail-stones and coals of fire!
Now comes the battle-shout!
Jehovah's name!

And now the rebel pomp! To prayer!
Look to your stirrups, men!
Yonder rides death!
Now with a whirlwind sweep!
Empty their saddles when
Hot comes their breath!

As through the midnight forest tears,
With trumpeting and fire,
A thunder-blast,
So, reapers, tear your way
Through yonder camp, until you hear,
"It is enough! Put up thy sword!
Oh, angel of the Lord!
My wrath is past!"
THE ENDS OF PEACE.—Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson.

When this country commences to die, it will die rapidly. When this nation is given up to disruption, it will go to swift destruction. Rome, to be sure, was three hundred years dying; but then its physical powers were greater than ours, its moral force less, its nervous energy less acute than ours. When we fall, we shall go down in blood and darkness; but not in tears, for the dying never weep. Nero, the last and worst of the Cæsars, sung to his harp while his capital was in flames; Tamerlane, to signalize his brutal ferocity, reared a monument of seventy thousand human skulls; Attila declared that the grass should never grow where the hoof of his war-horse trod; Hyder Ali left the Carnatic black with ashes and desolation—but he who destroys the American Union will be a greater curse than all or either. And "the foe, the monster Brant," who fell upon and slaughtered the defenseless women and children of this valley, will be more approved in history by men, and be an honester man in the sight of God, than the despoilers of our late happy Union. Shall the fell destroyers of this beautiful fabric be permitted to accomplish their infernal errand, and shall they be aided in this work of evil by the cry of peace? Let none escape under this shallow pretension. Solomon, the wise King of Judea, spared not the murderous Joab, though he fled for refuge to the inclosures of the Tabernacle, and clung for protection to the horns of the altar—he slew him there. And a cry of peace, to be negotiated with armed traitors, should secure a city of refuge to none.

I am pained to contemplate the vast destruction of property that must follow; I regret that the prosperity of the country must for a time be blasted and destroyed; I mourn the great loss of human life that must ensue. But if these events must come, they had better come with a country preserved, than with a country divided and destroyed. We must fight battles, and bloody battles. We must call vast numbers of men into the field. We must not go as boys to a general training, with ladies, and idlers, and members of Congress, to see the show, but we must go in earnest—go prepared for action—to fight it as a battle, and not to fight it as a play-spell. We must unite as a whole people, going shoulder to shoulder. And when we do
so we shall conquer. And why? We have the right, we have the prestige of Government, we have the sympathy of the disinterested world, we have the moral and material elements to do it all, and to insure victory. Rebellion has not the financial ability to stand a long war, with all their gains from privateering and piracy, and issuing Confederate bonds—made a lien upon the property of people who were never consulted as to their issue, and who repudiate them—worth as much as a June frost or a cold wolf-track; which no financier fit to be outside of the lunatic asylum would give a shilling a peck for. They may vex, they may harass, they may destroy, they may commit piracy, but the reckoning is to come for all this. They will be brought to the judgment of the American people—of their own people. They will be arraigned, and who is there will be ready to stand up as their defenders in the name of the Constitution?

"I tell thee, Culloden, dread echoes shall ring,
With blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king."

What a glorious Constitution we shall have when it finds such glorious interpreters! How strong our institutions will be, anchored upon such foundations! The Constitution will then literally

"Live through all time, extend through all extent,
Spread undivided, operate unspent."

FREEDOM THE WATCHWORD.—Carl Schurz.

What! you, the descendants of those men of iron who preferred a life-or-death struggle with misery on the bleak and wintry coast of New England to submission to priestcraft and kingcraft; you, the offspring of those hardy pioneers who set their faces against all the dangers and difficulties that surround the early settler’s life; you, who subdued the forces of wild nature, cleared away the primeval forest, covered the endless prairie with human habitations; you, this race of bold reformers who blended together the most incongruous elements of birth and creed, who built up a Government, which you called a model Republic, and undertook to show mankind how to be free; you, the mighty nation of the West, that presumes
to defy the world in arms, and to subject a hemisphere to its sovereign dictation; you, who boast of recoiling from no enterprise ever so great, and no problem ever so fearful—the spectral monster of Slavery stares you in the face, and now your blood runs cold, and all your courage fails you? For half a century it has disturbed the peace of this Republic; it has arrogated to itself your national domain; it has attempted to establish its absolute rule, and to absorb even your future development; it has disgraced you in the eyes of mankind, and now it endeavors to ruin you if it can not rule you; it raises its murderous hand against the institutions most dear to you; it attempts to draw the power of foreign nations upon your heads; it swallows up the treasures you have earned by long years of labor; it drinks the blood of your sons and the tears of your wives—and now? Every day it is whispered in your ears, “Whatever Slavery may have done to you, whatever you may suffer, touch it not! How many thousand millions of your wealth it may cost, however much blood you may have to shed in order to disarm its murderous hand, touch it not! How many years of peace and prosperity you may have to sacrifice in order to prolong its existence, touch it not! And if it should cost you your honor”—listen to this story: On the Lower Potomac, as the papers tell us, a negro comes within our lines, and tells the valiant defenders of the Union that his master conspires with the rebels, and has a quantity of arms concealed in a swamp; our soldiers go and find the arms; the master reclaims his slave; the slave is given up; the master ties him to his horse, drags him along eleven miles to his house, lashes him to a tree, and, with the assistance of his overseer, whips him three hours—three mortal hours; then the negro dies. That black man served the Union; Slavery attempts to destroy the Union; the Union surrenders the black man to Slavery, and he is whipped to death—touch it not. Let an imperishable blush of shame cover every cheek in this boasted land of freedom—but be careful not to touch it! Ah, what a dark divinity is this, that we must sacrifice to it our peace, our prosperity, our blood, our future, our honor! What an insatiable vampire is this that drinks out the very marrow of our manliness! Pardon me; this sounds like a dark dream, like the offspring of a
hypochondriac imagination; and yet—have I been unjust in what I have said?

Is it asking too much of you that you shall secure against future dangers all that is most dear to you, by vigorous measures? Or is it not true that such measures would not be opposed had they not the smell of principle about them? Or do the measures proposed really offend your constitutional conscience? The most scrupulous interpreter of our fundamental laws will not succeed in discovering an objection. Or are they impolitic? What policy can be better than that which secures peace and liberty to the people? Or are they inhuman? I have heard it said that a measure touching Slavery might disturb the tranquillity and endanger the fortunes of many innocent people in the South. This is a possibility which I sincerely deplore. But many of us will remember, how often they were told it in former years, that true philanthropy begins at home. Disturb the tranquillity and endanger the fortunes of innocent people in the South!—and there your tenderness stops? Are the six hundred thousand loyal men of the North, who have offered their lives and all they have and they are for the Union, less innocent? Are those who have soaked the soil of Virginia, and Missouri, and Kentucky, and Tennessee with their blood—are they guilty? Are the tears of Northern widows and children for their dead husbands and fathers less warm and precious than the tears of a planter's lady about the threatened loss of her human chattels? If you have such tender feelings about the dangers and troubles of others, how great must be the estimation you place upon the losses and sufferings of our people! Streams of blood, and a stream of tears for every drop of blood; the happiness of so many thousand families forever blasted, the prosperity of the country ruined for so many years—how great must be the compensation for all this! Shall all this be squandered for nothing? for a mere temporary cessation of hostilities, a prospect of new troubles, a mere fiction of peace?

People of America! I implore you, for once, be true to yourselves, and do justice to the unmistakable instinct of your
minds and the noble impulses of your hearts. Let it not be said that the great American Republic is afraid of the nineteenth century. And you, legislators of the country, and those who stand at the helm of Government, you, I treat, do not trifle with the blood of the people. This is no time for politely consulting our enemies' tastes, or for sparing our enemies' feelings. Be sure, whatever progressive measures you may resolve upon, however progressive it may be, the people are ready to sustain you with heart and hand. The people do not ask for any thing that might seem extravagant. They do not care for empty glory; they do not want revenge, but they do want a fruitful victory and a lasting peace. When pondering over the tendency of this great crisis, two pictures of our future rise up before my mental vision. Here is one: The Republic, distracted by a series of revulsions and reactions, all tending toward the usurpation of power, and the gradual destruction of that beautiful system of self-government to which this country owes its progress and prosperity; the nation sitting on the ruins of her glory, looking back to our days with a sorrowful eye, and saying, "Then we ought to have acted like men, and all would be well now." Too late, too late! And here is the other: A Government, freed from the shackles of a despotic and usurping interest, resting safely upon the loyalty of a united people; a nation engaged in the peaceable discussion of its moral and material problems, and quietly working out its progressive development; its power growing in the same measure with its moral consistency; the esteem of mankind centering upon a purified people; a union firmly rooted in the sincere and undivided affections of all its citizens; a regenerated Republic, the natural guide and beacon light of all legitimate aspirations of humanity. These are the two pictures of our future. Choose!

THE CRISIS OF OUR NATIONAL DISEASE.—Rev. Dr Bellows.

Those who do not much value the Union at the North, value law and order; and they are determined to maintain it. It must not be supposed that it is the enemies of Slavery
extension alone who have the custody of order, and the maintenance of Federal authority on their consciences. Many who are perfectly ready to let the South go where she pleases when she makes her wishes known in a proper and orderly manner, will not consent, cost what it will, that the Federal authority of the nation shall be trampled upon by any or all the Slave States while the compact is in force. It will not be a war for or against slavery—a war between one party and another party, or one section and another section, which will be precipitated, if the Federal and Constitutional authorities of the United States are gravely insulted and despised; but a war in defense of civilization against anarchy—a war of law and order upon piratical and barbarous assailants of the public peace and security, which could not fail to be short, bloody, and decisive! Already the indecision of the National Executive has obliterated party lines, and united in a new party of order and civilization the complete North. How vast must be the sympathy secretly felt by all property holders and patriots in the South, with such conservators of all the precious interests of civilization! This party must grow. Its issue must, for the time, supersede every other. Are we a nation? Have we a Government? Is the Constitution to be respected by its own subjects? These are questions, in my judgment, which will be positively and finally settled, if necessary, with any cost of blood and treasure—settled affirmatively, before the secondary questions of the union or separation of the States will admit of debate and adjustment.

Let us not make a false issue with our exasperated and unhappy fellow-citizens of the Slave States about the Union. We are not going to war, I trust, to force fifteen States to live under a Government they hate. But we will go to war to save order and civilization, with any faction, conspiracy, rabble, or political party that strives, in illegal and treasonable ways, to break up the Government. We owe it to the intelligence and worth of the South, to believe that they are silenced and tyrannized over by a mob that does not understand nor value their interests and wishes. The sobriety and sense of that region has a right to be heard. They are entitled to the protection of the General Government, and to the evidence
that they live under a Constitution and an Executive capable of enforcing the laws of the land. We are not to believe, until we have made the experiment, that Federal authority would not be obeyed, and that a dignified demonstration of national force would not restore order and peace. Who knows how the hearts of the real patriots and real men, even in South Carolina, may be even now anxiously expecting efficient interference by the General Government? To assume the weakness, the inadequacy, the unpopularity of the Federal power, is to invite contempt, rebellion and secession. I would not harshly judge the Executive of the Union. The vast responsibilities of his position, the varied means of his information, the contrariants brought to bear upon him, entitle him to our utmost charity. We may possibly see, in due time, that his policy has been wiser and more patriotic than it now appears. But there can be no difference of opinion on one point. The National Government must be not merely submitted to, but obeyed, or we are in a state of revolution and anarchy, and in a little while shall be cutting each other's throats; beginning in South Carolina, where anarchy commenced, and ending at Washington, where liberty will be buried in the bloody waters of the Potomac, and lapse away to stain the sods of Washington's grave.

In the providence of God, and in the natural course of affairs, we have been brought to this crisis. It could not have been avoided. With such an anomalous element as Slavery in the Constitution, a tremendous trial of its strength, and of the strength of the Union and of the Government, was inevitable, sooner or later. It has not come an hour too soon. If we are not strong enough in our centripetal principles to hold together upon the original compact, if the Federal power is inherently too weak for the State powers, it is better to know it now—better to abandon a Union which will presently, with increased weight, fall upon our children's heads, and destroy our successors. But I will believe in no such weakness until it is proved. The Government is strong in the hearts and in the interests of a vast majority of the people. The Constitution is strong enough to outlive its one congenital disease. The Union is strong enough to bear even the tremendous strain
now trying its hoops. We want only faith in the Constitution as it is; faith in the right of political majorities to exercise their legitimate power; faith in the original wisdom of our fathers; faith in humanity; faith in Christ and in God, to carry us triumphantly through this glorious but awful hour, when the grandest political structure the providence of God ever allowed to be erected is to be finally tested by earthquake, and to prove, I doubt not, that it rests on the rock of ages, and will endure while time shall last.

THE DUTY OF CHRISTIAN PATRIOTS.—Rev. Dr. Adams.

Anterior to our own time and generation, without personal complicity of our own, by the persistent agency of the mother country, African Slavery was introduced and entailed upon this country. In the original draft of the Declaration of American Independence, by the hand of Mr. Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, one of the reasons alleged for the act was that Great Britain, notwithstanding the remonstrances and expostulations of the Colonies, had persisted in forcing upon them this very system. The time was, and not so long ago, when, throughout the whole of this country, and especially in the Southern States, which, in the origin and prosecution of measures at emancipation, anticipated others, and outstripped others in the amount of costs and sacrifices looking to that end—the time was, I say, when, throughout the whole country, there was a remarkable unanimity in reference to Slavery, as a political, social, and moral evil. Legislatures of States where it existed, and ecclesiastical bodies more immediately connected with it, scarcely without an exception, took action, looking to its gradual and ultimate removal. I shall not undertake to describe the manner in which a change in regard to the treatment of the subject was effected; enough to know, what can not be denied, that a change has taken place, and that this has led to extreme views, acrimony, and active antagonism. Men have driven each other wide apart by contrary opinions, as ivory balls are separated by concussion. On the one hand are those who regard the act of slaveholding as necessarily and unexceptionably sinful. They pronounce those
who are involved in this relation as the greatest of criminals. Churches in the Northern interior, who never saw either a slaveholder or a slave, and were never in the way of such a probability, took action, denouncing this relation as one of the most atrocious of all crimes, forbidding any one connected with it to approach their communion. Epithets could not be found too strong by way of expressing detestation of this particular act, and those there are who have publicly avowed their purpose to put the Constitution and the Bible under their feet for a supposed complicity with this one unpardonable sin. In the opposite extreme are those who now assert that this relation is of Divine origin and sanction, and that to "conserve, extend, and perpetuate it," after the same manner as the relation between parent and child, to the end of time, is a Christian duty. Moreover, the proposal has been made and publicly advocated, in consistency with this sentiment, to reopen and legalize the African Slave-trade, which the whole civilized world, and none more emphatically than our own country, has stigmatized as piracy.

But these, you say, are extreme views. Certainly they are. But do you not know that these are the very agencies which work mischief; for that which is ultra—beyond fairness and truth—is the parent of fanaticism; and fanaticism is a fire which, once kindled, burns you know not where or what. I use that word with philosophical accuracy. Enthusiasm is a noble quality. We all admire earnestness and zeal; the expression of one's own sentiments with an honest heartiness. But fanaticism has this peculiarity, that always it has in it an element of malignity; a spirit that would do harm to its object after some form or method; a spirit which would lift its hands and sharpen its tongue in wrath; which would strike, and bite, and retaliate, and devour. Extremes to be sure. But does any one question that it is these extreme notions which are now flying through the troubled air; which are repeated backward and forward, exasperating a bad temper? Is not this spirit, wherever it has existed, the parent of misapprehension, and prejudice, and hate? If Sir Walter Raleigh found it so difficult to arrive at the exact truth of facts, occurring almost under his own eye, in his own castle-yard, what may truth expect when the very air is full of a
malign spirit, excited to a most inflammable and explosive pitch? The consequence has been, that, while the extremists on either wing have understood each other well, and hated each other heartily, the great body lying between, on both sides, have not known and understood each other at all. When, at length, the subject became involved with political legislation, then a thousand other forces came in to intensify the feeling. Now it was that legislative acts themselves partook of the prevalent sentiment on either side, increasing the exasperation. The real cause which made the Fugitive Slave Law so obnoxious to many in the North was, that they interpreted it as containing a crack and a jeer which was intended to humble them; while the people of the South, in their turn, put the same interpretation upon every Northern Liberty Bill, its animus, whatever ingenuity may have been in the letter, being understood as one of defiance and insult. And so it is that the great mass of the nation, innocent of all evil designs, intending no wrong, and doing no wrong, are yet, by the great law of social liabilities, involved in perils engendered by others, which threaten now the whole domain. The question now before us is, whether it is possible for this matter to be lifted up and lifted out from this region of dis- temper into the court of reason, and before the supremacy of providential facts? The stars in their courses fought against Sisera—and there is no place for passion, or impatience, or fretfulness, when we put ourselves in contact with the great calm facts of Nature, and Providence, and Revelation. Our hope is not so much in legislation and discussion, for it has long been our national vice to legislate and talk too much, for mere effect, on abstract questions, instead of meeting each and every case upon its own merits. In cases of disputed rights, let supreme law be arbiter—and I believe there are many questions of law in connection with this subject which should employ the highest legal talent of the country—and every citizen be prompt to recognize its solemn authority. Though it is the most difficult of all conditions in which to act wisely and freely when put under threats, yet it is a token for good, that, already in our own Northern community, there is a disposition to repeal whatever may have been judged in its spirit and intention to be contrary to faith, and honesty, and
law. I speak of the spirit and the temper, for this is the whole matter. If, by any process—if, by a special answer to special prayer, there could be such a return to a reasonable and charitable temper, in which all shall be convinced that nothing is intended, and nothing will be tolerated, which is not right, then, indeed, fear would give place to hope, and apprehension to peace.

TURKEY DAN'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.*

"Feller-citizens, as I was sayin', this is the glorious Fourth, and anybody as says it isn't, ought to be horse-whipped. I say it is! It's made me feel so chock full of hail-Columby, I'll go off like a bundle of fire-crackers ef anybody tech fire to me. I'd like to wind up these exercises by a pitched battle, single-handed, with about a hundred gorillas, blast their women-scarin', house-burnin', corn-stealin', horse-thievin' skins! They ought to be tied to the backs of live alligators and swum up and down the Mississippi river for a thousand years, while the banks was lined with sharpshooters riddlin' them like an old siv'. I'd volunteer for that service, mighty quick. They oughter all be turned into rattlesnakes and be everlastinglly walloped with white-ash switches. I'd be willing to be transmogrified into an ash tree and cut up into switches for that purpose. Why, my old rifle's so chock full of spunk, it would kick me over and blow me up quicker'n a wink, if I should turn round and go over to Jeff. You've seen us mountaineers when the snakes get too thick; we build a fire down to the bottom of the hill, and thrash the reptiles down into it. That's the way we're goin' to serve the human reptiles: we'll whip 'em down into a hotter fire than they ever built to cook us by. I propose three cheers for the glorious old Fourth! It's the Fourth of July. You see the hail-Columby has got into my head so strong, I jest get a little confused. Didn't I hear somebody a saying, a spell ago, that this was the glorious Fourth? and if I did, it must be so. Yes, feller-citizens, this is the Anna Domino of our Independence, as you've all heard. Any body as tries to upset it

* From Mrs. Victor's "Romance of East Tennessee."
ought to be compelled to never see no money but Jeff. Davis’s
shinplasters, and never have any thing but Mississippi mud to
drink on this great day. They oughter be obliged to drink
Mrs. Davis’s health in a tumbler of river water stirred up with
a tadpole. Yes, they had. The Fourth of July! May it
last so long that these mountains will grow full of wrinkles,
and may every secessh rascal live to be buried along with the
catamounts called Southern wimmens, which, I takes it, is the
most onhappy end of human natur’.”

A FEARLESS PLEA.*

I shall not argue this doctrine of secession. The simple
history of the Constitution; its simpler and yet plainer read-
ing; the overwhelming authority of our fathers against it;
the crushing weight of opinion against it in our own State—
her Jefferson declaring that even the old Confederation, a
Government far weaker than the present Federal Union, pos-
sessed the power of coercion—her Madison, the very father
of the Constitution, solemnly asserting that its framers never
for one moment contemplated so disorganizing and ruinous
a principle—her great and good Marshall decreeing more than
once, from the bench of the Supreme Judiciary, that the Fed-
eral Constitution did not constitute a mere compact or treaty,
but a government of the whole people of the United States,
with supreme powers within the sphere of its authority—
Judge Spencer Roane, the Ajax Telamon, in his day, of her
State-rights republicanism, indorsing the sentiment, “It is
treason to secede!”—her Thomas Ritchie, the “Napoleon of
the Press” and Jupiter Tonans of the modern Democracy,
heralding through the columns of the Richmond Enquirer the
impregnable maxims that “no association of men, no State or
set of States, has a right to withdraw from the Union of its
own accord,” and that “the first act of resistance to the law
is treason to the United States;” the decisions of some of the
most enlightened of the State judicaries in repudiation of the
dangerous dogma; the concurrent disavowal of it by the

* Uttered in the Virginia House of Delegates, March 20th, 1861, by
Joseph Sagar, Esq., of York District.
Marshalls, and Kents, and Storys, and McLeans, and Waynes, and Catrons, and Reverdy Johnsons, and Guthries, and all the really great jurists of the land; the brand of absurdity and wickedness which has been stamped upon it by Andrew Jackson, and Webster, and Clay, and Crittenden, and Everett, and Douglas, and Cass, and Holt, and Andrew Johnson, and Wickliffe, and Dickinson, and the great body of our truly eminent statesmen: these considerations and authorities present the doctrine of secession to me with one side only.

Peaceable secession—secession without war! You can no more have it than you can crush in the rack every limb and bone of the human frame without agonizing the mutilated trunk. "Peaceable secession! (said Mr. Webster) peaceable secession! Sir (continued the 'great expounder'), your eyes and mine are not destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface!" No! secede when you will, you will have war in all its horrors; there is no escape. The President of the United States is sworn to see that the laws be faithfully executed, and he must and will—as General Washington did, and as General Jackson would have done in 1833—use the army, and the navy, and the militia, to execute the laws and defend the Government. If he does not, he will be a perjured man. Besides, you can not bring the people of the South to a perfect union for secession. There are those—and "their name is legion"—whom no intimidation can drive into the disunion ranks. They love the old Union which their fathers transmitted to them, and under which their country has become great, and under which they and their children have been free and happy. Circumstances may repress their sentiments for a while, but in their hearts they love the Union; and the first hour they shall be free to speak and to act, they will gather under, and send up their joyous shouts for, the Stars and Stripes. They will not fight with you against the flag; so that there must be a double war—a Federal war, and a war among ourselves. And it may be that whole States may refuse to join in the secession movement (which is most probable), and then we shall witness the
revolting spectacle of one Southern State warring against and in deadly conflict with another; and then, alas! will be over our unhappy country a reign of terror none the less terrific than that which deluged with blood and strewed with carnage revolutionary France.

For what, then, are we plunging into the dark abyss of disunion? In God’s name, tell me. I vow I do not know, nor have I ever heard one sensible or respectable reason assigned for this harsh resort. We shall lose every thing; gain nothing but war, blood, carnage, famine, starvation, social desolation, wretchedness in all its aspects, ruin in all its forms. We shall gain a taxation, to be levied by the new Government, that will eat out the substance of the people, and “make them poor indeed!” We shall gain alienation and distrust in all the dear relations of life. We shall gain ill blood between father and son, and brother and brother, and neighbor and neighbor. Bereaved widowhood and helpless orphanage we shall gain to our hearts’ content. Lamentation, and mourning, and agonized hearts we shall gain in every corner where “wild war’s deadly blast” shall blow. We shall gain the prostration—most lamentable calamity will it be—of that great system of internal development, which the statesmen of Virginia have looked to as the basis of all her future progress and grandeur, and the great hope of her speedy regeneration and redemption. We shall gain repudiation; not that Virginia will ever be reluctant to redeem her engagements, but that she will be disabled by the heavy burdens of secession and war. We shall gain the blockade of our ports, and entire exclusion from the commerce, and markets, and store-houses of the world. We shall gain the hardest times the people of this once happy country have known this side the War of Independence. I know not, indeed, of one single interest of Virginia that will not be wrecked by disunion. And entertaining these views, I do shrink with horror from the very idea of the secession of the State. I can never assent to the fatal measure. No; I am for the Union yet. Call me submissionist or traitor, or what else you will, I am for the Union—as I said upon another occasion, “while Hope’s light flickers in the socket.” In Daniel Webster’s immortal words, give me “Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”
THE ONUS OF SLAVERY.—Hor. Benjamin F. Wade.

Sir, if you are not able to make head against us in the field, it is not because you are not equally brave and enterprising; it is not, even, for the lack of numbers; but it is because slavery has impoverished you, emasculated you, and now, without our appealing to the force you feel would be most potent to put treason down, you are still on the declining side. I do not invoke it; but when I see black regiments put forward to shoot down my sons who are in the war, and your relatives, when I see these black chattels thrust forth in front of the chivalrous owners to shoot down, murder and destroy our men who have gone to the field only in defense of our glorious institutions, I am strongly tempted to make the appeal, and say to your bondmen: Stand forth, invested in the rights wherewith Almighty God hath clothed you; come to our side; help to fight the battles of freedom, and you shall be free. It would only be a righteous retribution to those who have held them against common right. Suppose we should do it, what would become of this rebellion? Where would traitors be? Talk to us of prosecuting the war in a vindictive spirit! They may thank your God that we have been as forbearing as we have.

These reflections fill me with wonder that sagacious, honorable men of the Southern States do not, of their own accord, arise and put down an institution that so weakens and emasculates them, and which places them in the power of the free States around them whenever they shall think best to put them down.

In the progress of nations, after a certain advance in civilization and the arts, slavery becomes impossible. Deeply rooted as this institution of slavery is, every invention of a useful character for a thousand years has tended to make it impossible. Once you might work the galley-slave with profit. Warlike nations formerly put slaves aboard of their armed ships as a motive power to propel them against the enemy, and made them labor in that way. Could that system be continued now? Slavery might then be useful in war when nobody knew any better, and when the nation having the most slaves to man its galleys was the strongest and most
powerful. How is it when you put the galley-slave against the steam engine? Was it an abolitionist that argued down the institution? Can you work a naked savage or a negro against a steam engine? If you can not, your system is at an end. Every labor-saving machine is an abolitionist. Every puff of the engine upon a railroad is an abolition sermon more potent and more effective than was ever preached by mouth of abolitionist. Can you work a slave, carrying his bundle on his back, against the tremendous power and energy of the locomotive on your railroad? Can you put the one against the other? How is it with the reaper we have introduced into our fields to harvest our grain—the tremendous power of our mowing-machines, power-loom, and spinning jennies? I might count over from now till to-morrow the instrumentalities that have rendered your system absolutely impossible; and yet, against the laws of God and nature, you are hanging on with impotent pertinacity to a system that has passed away, and can never be renewed.

When gentlemen rise here day by day and talk about the object of this war, whether it be for the perpetuation of slavery or freedom, I think it best to take a common-sense view of the subject and see how it stands. I am so entirely convinced of its impotency, its failure to answer the requisitions of the state of civilization to which we have approached, that I have no fears of it. Sir, it will pass away. If every man in this Senate, if every man in this Congress, stood forth as an advocate for perpetual and eternal slavery, it would only be the poor instrumentalities of man fighting against God. God and nature have determined the question, and we shall not affect it much either way. But I throw out these hints to those gentlemen who seem to believe that the world will not go round when slavery is abolished. As the Almighty sometimes overrules the wickedness of man to perfect a glorious end, so his providence was never more obvious than in this rebellion. Slavery might have staggered along against the improvement of the age, against the common consent of mankind, a scoff and a by-word on the tongue of all civilized nations, for a great many years; but this rebellion has sealed its fate and antedated its doom. You can not escape from
this war without the emancipation of your negroes. It will not be because I announce it; it will not be because I am going to move any thing in that direction; but it is because I see the hand of God taking hold of your own delinquency to overrule for good what your rulers meant for evil. Pro-slavery men seem to suppose that the Ruler of the universe is a pro-slavery being; but, if I have not mistaken him greatly, he is, at least, a gradual emancipationist.

A FOREIGNER'S TRIBUTE.—Dr. Lieber.

This is the Fourth of July! There is a fragrance about the month of July, delightful and refreshing to every friend of freedom. It was on the sixth day of this month that Leonidas and his martyr-band, faithful "to the laws of their country," even unto death, sacrificed themselves, not to obtain a victory—they knew that that was beyond their reach—but to do more—to leave to their state, and their country, and to every successive generation of patriots to the end of time, the memory of men that could "obey the law," and prepare themselves for a certain death for their country as for a joyful wedding-feast. It was on the ninth day of this month that the Swiss peasants dared to make a stand, at Sempach, against Austria—then, as now, the drag-chain to the chariot of advancing Europe—that memorable day when Arnold Winkelried, seeing that his companions hesitated before the firm rampart of lances leveled against them by the Austrian knights, cried out: "Friends, I'll make a lane for you! Think of my dearest wife and children!"—grasped, as he was a man of great strength, a whole bundle of the enemy's pikes, buried them in his breast, and made a breach, so that over him, and the knights whom he had dragged down with him, his brethren could enter the hostile ranks, and with them victory for Switzerland and liberty; and Arnold's carcass, mangled and trodden down, became the corner-stone of the Helvetic Republic. It was on the fourteenth day of this month that the French, awakened from a lethargy into which an infamous despotism had dragged them, stormed and conquered that castle of tyranny, the ominous keys of which Lafayette sent to our Washington, who sacredly kept them to the last day of his life, so that
every visitor could see them, as the choicest present ever offered to him to whom we owe so much of our liberty and of the existence of our great commonwealth. And it was on this day that our forefathers signed that Independence which many of them sealed with their blood, and which the others, not permitted to die for their cause, soon after raised to a great historical reality, by the boldest conception—by engrafting, for the first time in the history of our kind, a representative and complete political organism on a confederacy of states, nicely adjusted, yet with an expansive and assimilative vitality.

And can we imagine that men so sagacious, so far-seeing, on the one hand, and so thoroughly schooled by experience on the other, as the framers of our Constitution were, have just omitted, by some oversight, to speak on so important a point? One of the greatest jurists of Germany said to me at Frankfort, when the Constituent Parliament was there assembled, of which he was a member: “The more I study your Constitution, the more I am amazed at the wise forecast of its makers, and the manly forbearance which prevented them from entering into any unnecessary details, so easily embarrassing at a later period.” They would not deserve this praise, or, in fact, our respect, had they been guilty of a neglect such as has been supposed. Can we, in our sober senses, imagine that they believed in the right of secession, when they did not even stipulate a fixed time necessary to give notice of a contemplated secession—knowing, as they did, quite as well as we do, that not even a common treaty of defense or offense—no, not even one of trade and amity—is ever entered into by independent powers, without stipulating the period which must elapse between informing the other parties of an intended withdrawal and the time when it actually can take place; and when they knew perfectly well that, unless such a provision is contained in treaties, all international law interprets them as perpetual; when they knew that not even two merchants join in partnership without providing for the period necessary to give notice of an intended dissolution of the house? It seems to me preposterous to suppose it. The absence of all mention of secession must be explained on the same ground on which the omission of parricide in the first Roman penal laws was explained—no one thought of such a deed.
I will only add that I, for one, dare not do any thing toward the disruption of the Union. Situated, as we are, between Europe and Asia, on a fresh continent, I see the finger of God in it. I believe our destiny to be a high, a great, and a solemn one, before which the discussions now agitating us shrink into much smaller dimensions than they appear, if we pay exclusive attention to them. I have come to this country, and pledged a voluntary oath to be faithful to it, and I will keep this oath. This is my country from the choice of manhood, and not by the chance of birth. In my position, as a servant of the State, in a public institution of education, I have imposed upon myself the duty of using my influence with the young neither one way nor the other in this discussion. I have scrupulously and conscientiously adhered to it in all my teaching and intercourse. There is not a man or a youth that can gainsay this. But I am a man and a citizen, and as such I have a right, or the duty, as the case may be, to speak my mind and my inmost convictions on solemn occasions before my fellow-citizens, and I have thus not hesitated to put down these remarks. Take them, gentlemen, for what they may be worth. They are, at any rate, sincere and fervent; and, whatever judgment others may pass upon them, or whatever attacks may be leveled against them, no one will be able to say that they can have been made to promote any individual advantages. God save the commonwealth! God save the common land!

THE LITTLE ZOUAVE.

[One little stocky fellow in the Fire Regiment killed thirteen men in thirteen shots. He was afterward killed himself.—Daily Paper.]

'Twas a little Zouave of the fireman sort,
His face powder-blackened, his hair shingled short,
His brawny chest naked, his eyes flashing flame,
As over the red field of battle he came,
Then c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And the great rebel army was lessened by one.
The batteries thundered, the cannon-balls flew,
The smoke and the dust hid the soldiers from view;
But whenever the cloud lifted up, you might scan
The little Zouave taking aim at his man.

Then c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And put a quietus to some rebel's fun.

The day was a scorcher, the men were athirst,
And the little Zouave often fluently cursed;
But still he pressed on among shrapnel and shell,
And each time he fired, an enemy fell;

For c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
And every shot told on the dead list for one.

The rebels, astonished, remarked, now and then,
"Them red-legged devils fight wus'n our men,"
For they saw that no rebel and traitor could have
One quarter the pluck of the little Zouave;

So c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
Making holes in the rascals, to let in the sun.

Still forward, bare-breasted and sp'iling for fight,
The little Zouave battled well for the Right;
Perhaps it was lucky he never could know
How our army received a repulse from the foe,

For, as c-r-r-rack! went his gun,
On the banks of Bull Run,
A minie-ball came, and the Zouave was done!

There, prone on the field of his prowess he lay,
In the last fading light of the lingering day;
The wound in his forehead was ghastly to see,
But the little Zouave had done gloriously!
And his merciless gun,
On the shores of Bull Run,
Had settled the hash of a dozen and one!
CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.—By T. Hulbert Underwood.

See! o'er yon proud cathedral, like a star,
The signal-cross is beaming bright and far.

One year ago it gleamed along the sky,
A light malignant, like an evil eye.

With scornful lip the men of purpose said:
"Portent of evil! lo, the Christ has fled."

But now, thank God! it stands a beacon light;
The Christ is there, encouraging the Right.

The solemn organ grandly pealing there—
A hymn to Freedom sweetens all the air.

One year ago that deep-toned organ smote
The ear with horror; for each mocking note
Came down upon us with the monstrous cry,
That "Slavery is truth, and God a lie;"

But now the nation listens while it rings—
For lo! a song of Freedom upward springs.

Thank God for this! We turn again to thee,
Great Mother Church, and bow the willing knee
Before thine altar. Now the Christ is there,
And Liberty beside Him breathes her prayer.

Within thy precincts men of holy vow
And earnest purpose are assembled now.

Thy prayer is Union—gather for the fight,
For God, for Country, Liberty, and Right.

And first among them boldly Brownson stands;
His lips are eloquent, his pleading hands
Are upward raised, imploring Heaven to aid
In sending Treason to its native shade;

With scathing words rebukes the tardy will
Of nerveless rulers, vacillating still:
"Oh ye whom we have called upon to lead!
What! are ye weak in purpose and in deed?
"And dare ye shrink from acting now your part,
While all the nation waits with throbbling heart?

"Oh, give us, God, the men of purpose high,
And give the people one brave battle-cry—
"A cry whose tones will wake the civic earth,
And start its heroism into birth.

"Be this our watchword—let the nations hear—
Slaves nevermore shall breathe our atmosphere!

"And let our boast (the boast of England) be—
The slaves that touch Columbia's soil are free.

"Man must be man in all that makes the man—
The crowning work of God's creative plan;

"No thing debased, no slave of monstrous birth,
A blighted manhood and a shame to earth.

"Strike Treason down, annihilate the wrong,
Make Justice bold, and Truth and Freedom strong.

"Ho, impious men! ye fight at fearful odds,
Who war on Freedom; for her curse is God's."

'Twas thus he spoke; and that brave, honest prayer,
Is now an anthem on the lips of air;
And earnest ears are quick to catch the song,
And every heart-pulse at the sound grows strong.

The Mother Church, with all a mother's bliss,
Takes Freedom to her bosom with a kiss.

The great Cathedral, as in days gone by,
Leads on the battle with the startling cry,

"Es spiritus de Sanctus! Truth and Right!
Let rebels flee, for God is in the fight!"
THE "SPECULATORS."—Philadelphia Intelligencer

Some folks may boast their rank and birth,
    Descent and lofty station;
May claim they're made of better earth,
    And hope to rule the nation;
While others brag upon their wealth,
    And worship only Mammon;
Let honest men assert again
    Such doctrines are but "gammon."

The world is flush of rogues and knaves,
    Who sham the patriotic,
And hope to keep the people slaves,
    By scheme and plan Quixotic;
While some are boasting what they'll do
    In "fuss and feathers," dressy,
Let honest men prepare again,
    To give the traitors "Jessie."

From top to toe, from head to foot,
    Our politics are rotten;
And those we pay are bribed to boot,
    While justice is forgotten!
For every one that gets a chance
    To serve the State, is stealing,
And honest men must pay again
    For scoundrels' double-dealing.

In court and camp it's all the same,
    From Judge to Quartermaster;
The devil takes the one that's lame—
    He should have robbed the faster!
For pork or progress, blankets, brief,
    The roguary's defended,
And honest men are told again,
    The system can't be mended.
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