

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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OUR ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

FRONT ROYAL, Virginia,
June 16, 1862.
FRIEND WILL—The war, seemingly for the cause of Abolition, is still progressing, in a manner that must equal, if not exceed, the most sanguine expectations of the damnable party. We will not excuse them, nor hold them guiltless; we would provoke if we were to say anything else than that the Wades, the Wilsons, the Sumners, the Beechers, the Greeleys, and a host of others, of the same stamp, (prominent among them stands Abraham I.) are guilty on the part of the North, of bringing about this unhappy state of affairs. While on the other hand, almost the whole South stand branded with a Cain-like mark, which will stick to them as long as the American continent shall continue to be the boasted land of the free, and the home of the brave.
Perhaps Dr. John can explain what "Old Abe" meant when he sent the following resolution to Congress:
"I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which is in the following words:
"Resolved, That the United States ought to cooperate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolition of Slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system."
Were further proofs of Abraham's abolition proclivities necessary we might refer the reader to the signing of the Bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and the squandering of hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money, in order to further his ends and sink the people still deeper in a national debt, which already exceeds ONE THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS! And, what was this debt contracted for? The answer is, "to reimburse this Union, to save the Constitution and uphold the laws." This would be all right, and I do not think I am saying too much, when I say that there is not a soldier in the Union army but who would rather have his blood drench the valleys and his bones whiten the hills of the Confederate States than to see them (the Constitution and laws) violated; but the parties that are working this curse to our shores most recollect that the soldiers are a thinking people, and they, too, must remember that a day of retributive vengeance is approaching—a day when the acts of those Republican leaders will be exposed and themselves held up to the world as the most execrable and despicable wretches and political tricksters the nineteenth century has produced. They may try to throw the blame of this war upon the loyal Democratic party, they may tell that Jas. Buchanan suffered the South to take all the guns and ammunition from the North; yet these men forget that Norfolk was still in possession of the North when Abraham was inaugurated, and that it was a month after when the rebels scared our forces off; leaving the rebels in peaceful possession of over three thousand guns. It is well that such things are kept on record. This happened under an Abolition government, and they must be held responsible for this act, as well as many others, which they are trying to shift upon the Democratic party.
But it won't work, gentlemen; you have done the business, and now you must father it, although it may—as it will—blast your damnable party. The hand writing on the wall did not startle Belshezzar as much as does the losing of popularity by this one horse party!

I see they are striving to cause the taxpayers to believe that the property of the Southern rebels, are to pay this war debt; which already exceeds TWELVE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Now it seems to me that these sharp men are counting chickens that are still in the shell. We must first get hold of this property ere it can be used by the government. And unless this negro loving party stop their trade against slavery it is very evident that the conquering of the rebels is fixed at an indefinite period; and should this war last two years longer the whole South, or rather that part of it that now style themselves the Confederate States of America will not be able to cover the debt. So that argument is a fallacy. Let us consider them first and then we can settle the property question at our leisure. And it would have shown more sound sense if these heartless Abolitionists had only left the nigger question alone until after the South had sued for readmission into the Union, which will soon happen. The abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—the running off of thousands of slaves by this nigger loving government—the feeding of them, just the same, and in fact are much better treated than many of the soldiers of Lincoln's administration, who are setting the tide of public opinion against one of the most tyrannical parties that ever cursed the shores of America.

Now let us moralize. After all the blood

that has been spilt—all the lives that have been lost—all the treasures that have been expended—after all the horrors of a civil war in our midst, and the ruining of one of the best forms of government that ever existed, the whole thing will have to be settled by a compromise in the end. The lamented Stephen A. Douglas, in his last speech delivered in the Senate Chamber, March 15th, 1861, said:
"The annals of history does not contain a single instance where seven millions of people were subdued."
And past experience goes to show that in the South, we have foemen worthy of our steel. The cry of these Abolitionists one year ago was, "the war will be ended in six months." Well, fifteen months are past and the war is still progressing, with all the fury that free and independent soldiers can push it. Led on by the South, with a blind zeal, worthy of a better cause, and on the side of the North by bigoted ambition, and a determination to free the slaves—Had this Government carried out its first proposed principles, that the war was for the wiping out of treason and for that only, this rebellion would now instead of being at its height, be crushed and peace and harmony reign supreme. But just as soon as they opened this Pandora's Box of the slavery question, it was casting the firebrands among the combustibles and the whole thing went off with a tremendous explosion, that not only frightened the party, but made the "very head and front of this offending" tremble in his seat. This it was that shook the pillars of our liberty until the building reeled and tottered and nothing but the intervention of Providence saved it from inevitable destruction.

But we still live in hopes that this bastard party which was begat in sin and iniquity, fostered and fed by treason—reared by plundering the National treasury, is but a short-lived mushroom concern. Already are the true friends of the constitution marshaling for the conflict. They come to crush out treason in every form—they come to cement the tie that has been ruthlessly torn asunder—they come to mete out justice and punish traitors, whether they belong to the southern clique of treason workers, or whether they are found in the ranks of Abolitionists, of the North. For both stand alike guilty, and both shall alike receive the punishment due their notorious crimes.
With wishes for your success, I still remain,
Yours truly,
TODDLES.

SPEECH
OF
HON. BENJAMIN WOOD, OF N. Y.
In the House of Representatives, May 16 1862.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I have hitherto avoided troubling this House. Content to be a listener, without any other participation in its proceedings than to oppose my solemn individual negative against measures which my conscience and my principles would not approve, I have said nothing. Indeed, sir, I have not had the heart to rise here and speak. A glance at this Hall, of itself, has been enough to prevent. When I look around and see one third of the Union unrepresented here, and find myself in a body, purporting to be one branch of the Congress of the United States, really in fact but a fragmentary part of it, my heart sinks within me. It appears to be a sectional body—a gathering of the representatives of a sectional party. With these feelings and with this spirit, I have until now avoided participating in debate.

Besides, sir, during the earlier period of this session, disaster had accompanied the efforts of the Federal arms. I felt that the hour of defeat was not a fit one in which to strive to awaken the great soul of the North to thoughts of peace; I felt that something was due to the sense of mortification, something to the natural desire to retrieve the shame of discomfiture. I hoped, too, that when victory should perch upon our banners, others than myself would seize the occasion to urge a plea in behalf of peaceable measures; and that this government itself, feeling secure and strong enough to be magnanimous, would take the lead and be the pioneer in opening a path for the settlement of our difficulties without further recourse to bloodshed. I even hoped that the leaders of the now dominant party, moved by the sore distress which has visited our country, would relent from the stern rigor of their doctrine of subjugation, and, in the flush of triumph, would lean a little towards a gentler policy than that which they have heretofore championed with so much zeal and with so little forbearance.

I hoped in vain. The triumph came; a long train of successes has relieved the North from its humiliation. The Government claims now to stand as a rock against which the tempest of opposition must waste itself in futile efforts. The partisans of the ultra war party laugh to scorn the idea that any effectual resistance can be offered to the onward march of our triumphant armies, and yet no single effort has been made in these congressional halls, to stay the effusion of blood. It has been left for me, powerless as I am, to speak the first conciliatory word in behalf of my countrymen. And I do it, sir, in the hope that others, more capable, will not be too much engrossed with the lust of conquest and the pride of victory, to follow my example.

Sir, it is an ineffaceable reproach to those either deluded or wicked men, who, in the North, by their unwearied agitation of abolition schemes, have stirred the embers of this strife; it is an eternal reproach to them

that, through victory and defeat, in every phase of this unhappy struggle, with the groans of their distressed and tortured country smiting upon their ears, they have clung, and still cling, with unyielding pertinacity and even with ferocity, to the doctrine which has been the germ of all the mischief. With the first exulting shouts of Federal victories they set up the echoing cry of emancipation. With all the energy of fanaticism, with the subtle arts and intrigues of scheming demagogues, with all the appliances of cunning, intellect, and patronage at their command, even at this eventful crisis, when every American brain should be at work to bring about a fair and honorable peace, and they have no thought or hope, no duty but to propagate their creed, extending its influence into every nook and corner of the land, poisoning the atmosphere of these sacred halls with a terminable discussion. Openly and in secret, by the agency of the press, the pulpit, and the political rostrum, in the camp, in the city and in the open field, they are spreading the contagion; they are inoculating the country with this moral pestilence which has already brought us where we are, to the very brink of the grave of our nationality.

Sir, these apostles of abolitionism will be traced hereafter whatever of evil has befallen or may befall our country. They are building its sepulchre with the bones of their slaughtered countrymen. I do believe there are gentlemen within my vision now, whose sworn purpose, whose first desire, paramount even to the preservation of Republicanism, is emancipation. They and their disciples first threw the apple of discord. They first applied the torch, and are now more busy than ever with drawing fresh fuel to the flames. Should history ever trace—which God forbid—the record of this country's ruin, that page will seem the strangest to those that read which shall tell of the madness and wickedness of the arch fanatics of abolitionism. In the dark recesses of the temple of infamy, the gloomiest niches will bear the inscription of their names.

Sir, I counsel none but a moral interference with the work of these mischief makers. I would not have even fanaticism deprived of the right of free speech; nor would I in any emergency, advocate the slightest infringement by the Government upon the liberty of the press. Let them sow the seed of their infamous doctrine broadcast over the land. Whatever may be the danger, I will not countenance the greater danger of establishing a dictatorship over the thoughts of my fellow-countrymen.

But if the abominable theme must be brought in the Council Chambers of the nation for the sake of decency, if not of justice, let it be at a more suitable time. If here remains one Union man at the South let us remember that he is unrepresented here; and that the subject particularly concerns him, and that it is unjust and ungenerous if not cowardly, to take advantage of his absence to push forward measures in regard to the local institutions of his section, measures against which, were he present, he would give his earnest opposition. It will quench whatever remains of Union feeling in the South, if it has not already done so. I will prove that the first idea of the dominant party in the North is an active and unwavering antagonism to slavery, and a fixed purpose to legislate it out of the country at all hazards. Is it thus that we are to conquer peace? Sir, we are flinging away the last chances of reconciliation as recklessly as madmen cast their treasures into the sea. The agitation of the subject has been the country's bane at every period of its history; its discussion at this crisis is desperate self destruction. Is it while the magazine is beneath us and about us, bursting with the agencies of ruin that we must choose to sport with the flaming torch of the incendiary? Sir, until our beloved country shall be saved, the word "emancipation" should by common consent, be banished from the language of debate in this assembly. It is a spell which has wrought enough already of desolation. It is a hellish formula of incantation which has conjured up the fiends of discord and civil war, and it was never so potent in its evil tendency as now, when it is being passed, like the breath of the plague from mouth to mouth, in the Council Chambers of the country which it has ruined. It should be spoken in a whisper and with a prayer linked to it, as a thing that brings a curse and spreads a pestilence. I despair of my country; I despair of ever living once more in a blessed Union of fraternal States, when I hear all around me the utterance of that inbreeding word "emancipation," mingling with the shouts of battle, the fierce huzzas of triumph over fallen brothers, and the groans of our dying countrymen.

Sir, if in place of making the negro question a subject matter of debate, this Congress would take into earnest, solemn consideration some expedient for securing peace, I do believe that success would crown our efforts. If they would enter upon that task, not with hearts embittered and intellects swayed by sectional antipathies and mock philanthropy, but with all their souls devoted to that one sacred purpose—the reconstruction of the Union and our redemption from civil war, if they would do this in the spirit of conciliation, of forgiveness, of tolerance, of brotherhood, and kind feeling; if it is my conviction that before the close of this eventful session, the preliminaries of a peace would be arranged. But

while, with the obstinacy of a blind fanatic and the instinct of a brutal gladiator, the first object is to promulgate a party creed, and the second to crush an opponent and wear the badge of victory, I see no fairer prospect than at some distant period reached through seas of blood and heaps of carnage, the forced submission of a crushed and devastated section, and the equally unhappy spectacle of a government triumphant, but exhausted by its triumph, detested by a moiety of those sovereignties that gave it birth, and gazing with horror and remorse upon the desolation it has wrought.

Sir, it is not my intention to vent reproaches even where I believe them best deserved. I have arisen to enter my protest against the discussion, in this chamber, of any anti-slavery scheme whatever at this crisis, and to offer an earnest appeal to this Congress that its legislation shall embrace every means of securing an immediate peace. If, as the government claims, the confederate cause is hopeless, the leaders of the secession movement cannot be ignorant of the fact, and knowing it they will be naturally inclined to lend a willing ear to whatever proper overtures this Government may present. At some period of this struggle there must be negotiation, it must be resorted to, sooner or later; why not now?

Is it because pride forbids that we should be the first to stretch out the hand of conciliation? Heaven forbid that thousands of human lives and a country's welfare should depend upon so false a principle. Is it because the South has not been sufficiently punished, humbled, and subdued? Then let us confess that chastisement and vengeance are the objects of this war. Is it because the anti-slavery movement has not yet received a sufficient impetus? If so, go tell it to the armies that have won your victories! Make Abolition the war cry! Place a banner with that device in the vanguard, and lure those armies on to conquest with it—if you can. Your soldiers would rend the traitorous ensign into shreds, and would march to their homes with the same alacrity with which they pushed on to the battle-field.

What, then, is the cause that withholds negotiation? You will not parley with armed treason! But you have parleyed with armed treason if that be the word; parleyed for the mere convenience of an exchange of prisoner, and other purposes to mitigate the grievances of war. It was your duty so to do. And shall you not do so to accomplish all that your troops are fighting for—the reconstruction of the Union?

Let us suppose that the South is anxious to embrace an opportunity of return, and is withheld from making advances by doubts as to the intentions of the North; is it not right that we should confer with them, that those doubts may be removed?—What do the people care for such miserable pontifications in the hour of a nation's agony? Sir, an honorable peace is within the grasp of this Congress without further bloodshed. This Congress knows that it is so, and when the people shall realize that it is only the infamous design to strengthen the anti-slavery movement that prevents an effort to obtain that peace, woe to the chiefs of the abolition party in the land.

But, enough of them. Words are thrown away upon their stubborn fanaticism. I appeal with better hope to the loftier feelings that should pervade humanity, and especially pervade this august assemblage; that should, by the nature of its sacred functions, be far removed from the miserable ambition of reducing a section of our common country to the extreme and therefore dangerous condition of despair.

Sir, there may be a fascination in the gory magnificence of war. There may be a craving for martial glories in the hearts of men, and an instinct of contention which we share in common with the brute creation. But if ever there can be a time when a more Christian impulse should possess our souls, it is now; now, when triumph and the consciousness of strength give us the noble privilege of extending the hand of conciliation without fear of degradation or of self reproach for cowardice. If adversity has been our excuse for sternness, let success be our plea for magnanimity. Providence has placed within the reach of the North a greater triumph than countless armed legions could conquer; the triumph of subduing a brave enemy with a generous and merciful policy, will disarm resentment and rekindle the old brotherly flame that perhaps is not totally extinct. For, after all, they are our brothers, sir; and some softening of the stern Roman rigor which our rulers have assumed is due to that brotherhood, which, by untimely severity, may be canceled now forever. There are gentlemen who will say that the South must be subdued; every armed Southerner must throw down his weapon and sue for mercy.—Should a freeman ask as much of his brother freeman? Would they be worthy of companionship in our fraternity, being re-claimed: such a sacrifice of manly feeling? What would you have them do? Would you have them crouch and cringe and strew their heads with ashes and kneel at your gates for readmission? They are Americans, sir, and will not do it. No! though Roanoke and Henry and Donaldson should be renounced from day to day through the lapse of bloody years, they will not do it. Give them some chance for an honorable return, or you will wipe out every hope, and the two sections will be twain forever. Yes, sir! you may link them to each other with

chains, and pin their destinies together with bayonets; but at heart they will be twain forever. They are the children of the same heroic stock, the joint inheritors with ourselves of the precious legacy of freedom; and it is a sacrilege and an insult to the memories of the past, that so many, sir, should sit in your presence here to-day to goad them on to desperate resistance, and few—alas! so very few—to meditate and restrain.

Of those few, I thank my God that I am one. I am proud to proclaim it here beneath the dome of the Capitol. I shall proclaim it, here and everywhere, until the wings of peace shall be once more folded over the bleeding bosom of my country. I shall proclaim it aloud and honestly although to do so would make me the next victim of this cruel strife.

Sir, it may be said that I speak of peace, while its attainment, without further recourse to arms, remains impossible. I do not believe it impossible. What effort has been made? What door has been opened through which the passions and ill-feelings of the contestants might pass out and reason enter? None. The single idea has been forced upon the people that the sword, and the sword alone, must decide the issue. It has been pronounced treason to hold an opposite opinion. Sir, if to have but little faith in the efficacy of the sword for joining severed friendships, if to earnestly desire peace and deprecate the horrors of war, be treason, then am I a traitor; and I am prouder of such treason than others can be of their vindictive, flaming, and pretentious patriotism.

I conjure this Congress, in the name of our suffering country, in the name of wives that may be widows, of children that may be orphans, in the name of gallant men, now strong in health, and who, to-morrow, may be stretched in death upon the gory ground, or writhing, maimed, and disfigured with torturing wounds—in the name of humanity, that sickens at the daily recollection of this terrible strife, I conjure this Congress to seize at the merest chance that may exist of a present termination of this tragedy. Let something be attempted in the spirit of mediation. Sir, the people will respond to it. They will thank this Congress for it. They will bless this Congress for any measure that breathes of the spirit of reconciliation. They weary of this war, weary in despite of the excitement of present victory. They will wake soon to the consciousness that such victories are purchased at a sacrifice terrible to contemplate; that a national debt is created, which, in its rapid accumulation, is appalling—a debt, which, if ever paid, will press like an incubus upon future generations, stunting the growth and paralyzing the vigor of our young Republic; or, if repudiated, resting a blot upon our annals.

If we look abroad, the spectacle tends only to our shame. We see the sceptred hands of Europe planting their royal banners upon the soil of this Western hemisphere, which it is our natural duty to consecrate to republicanism, and which we might at least have guarded from the greed of foreign despots. The flag of Aragon and Castile flutters in the air of San Domingo and united with the biazonries of France and England, is unfurled upon the walls of San Juan d'Ulloa. Where may they not float a twelve months hence, if we, the natural guardians of this continent, should still be busy dabbling in each others' gore? Sir, if there must be war, let it be against the natural enemies of republicanism; if we must humble our national pride to conciliate the British lion, let us make some sacrifice to win back in amity the South, that we may stand once again as comrades in arms, to scourge these foreign interlopers within their proper limits.

I am no advocate of bloodshed but if a foreign war should be the alternative of submission to foreign insolence, I trust that I should be the last to fall prostrate that the hurricane might sweep harmless by. To subvert the schemes of a party, we have already humiliated the American people in the eyes of scoffing Europe! It will be a task hereafter to regain the caste we have lost in the family of nations. No greater evil could befall us than to be forced from the position we have hitherto assumed towards foreign Powers! I would not have my country swerve one inch from any vital principle of her foreign policy in any emergency whatever. Above all things I hold dear that national honor, which we have ever, till of late, preserved untarnished. However gloomy may be the aspect of things at home, I would have our flag float as proudly as ever abroad, not deigning to make domestic affliction a plea for humility, an excuse for cowardice, or a palliation of national dishonor.

Whenever the occasion demands that a stand should be made against foreign aggression, or a rebuke administered to foreign pride, or a chastisement inflicted upon foreign insolence, I would have the gannets thrown down upon the impulse of the national sentiment, without reference to domestic exigencies, or pausing to measure the strong proportions of the foe. In the heat of our private discord, we seem to have forgotten that our great mission as a people, is to republicanize the world, to advance the principle that men are capable to self-government, and to check the progress of monarchy. Sir, we are losing ground in the fulfillment of that sacred mission, and monarchy has gained a new foothold, while we have been weakening our sinews with intestine strife. To what purpose? Is it possible that gentlemen can

hope to reconstruct the Union by pursuing a policy of unrelenting severity? Can they expect to re-establish concord and brotherly love by pushing hostilities to the extreme verge? What is the Union worth without mutual respect and reciprocal amity to bind the sections? What! a Union of unwilling States, driven into companionship at the point of the bayonet and held there by military power. Such a Union would not be worth the shedding of one brave man's blood. We want their hearts or we want them not at all. And we cannot conquer hearts with bayonets, although they could outnumber the spears of Xerxes. If not brought back by negotiation they are gone from us forever. To slay their soldiers, lay waste their lands, and burn their cities may be within our power. But to hold them in subjection, would, in itself, be a final repudiation of the first principle of Republicanism. Prosecute this war until you have accomplished the necessity of holding a subdued section in subjection, and the world will look in vain for a republic on the Western Hemisphere.

Sir, I love to entertain the hope that our Union will be restored upon the foundation laid down by our fathers; and I desire no changes in the plan of that glorious superstructure. But I am not so unnatural a worshipper of the Union as to seek its salvation with the destruction of those whose welfare it was conceived; to build upon the dead bodies of my countrymen. I would purchase its redemption otherwise than by anarchy and ruin. I would not fling away the substance to perpetuate the name. Every drop of blood that is shed in this struggle will weaken the bond of Union between us. One word of conciliation at this crisis will do more to save the country than all the achievements, past and to come, of your victorious soldiery.

Why should not that word go forth even now, in the hour of the triumph of the Federal arms. If there has ever been a period in the histories of republics when prolonged civil strife has failed to curtain the liberty of the masses, I have not read that history aright. Already, with one year's bitter experience, we have beheld some of the dearest privileges of American citizenship wrested from our grasp. And how long, at the same rate, before, upon the convenient plea of necessity, shall we be stripped of other rights which heretofore have made us deem ourselves freemen?—How long, while personal liberty even now depends on the nod of an official? How long, while free born American citizens can be left to languish in bastilles, beyond the reach of the constitutional tribunals of the land and at the mercy of the Executive. How long, while the press, the guardian of liberty, the friend of the masses, is shackled, gagged, cowed down to sullen silence, or worse yet, become the minion of a party? How long, while voters are arrested at the polls by military process, and legislators are hurried off to prison before they can assume their sacred functions? How long while the partisans of the Abolition party are coining money out of the blood of their countrymen, parading their showy patriotism and shouting "Union," with their arms up to the elbows in the public treasury?—How long, sir, will the people of the North, taxed beyond endurance, robbed and cheated by an ever-crawling horde of political hyenas—how long will they have a choice between freedom and anarchy, between a republic and despotism? Alas! we still cling to the name of a republic, but have we the reality? It is entirely at the option of one man, or of a council of men, whether the citizen shall breathe in freedom the air of Heaven. At the "open sesame" of the Executive, the gloomy portals of the Bastilles La Fayette or Warren will gape to receive him. And this is the Republic I was taught to love.

Sir, this is only a symbol of what must inevitably be, should the South be crushed into the Union. You may bring the South to terms with your bayonets, but when you have done so you will have made a bond of airy, a covenant whose seal will be a military despotism, and to break it at the first opportunity will be an aim and a purpose on the part of a subdued section. What they have attempted once they will not fail to attempt again, when smarting under the remembrance of defeat, when cherishing the deadly hate that a war to the utterance will engender.

For the sake of the Union now and Union hereafter—not an enforced Union, but the strong Union of willing hearts—let the word of peace go forth, let the hand of reconciliation be extended. Why, sir, I have heard such words of bitter hatred expressed against these Southerners by Northern lips, that I fear it may already be too late ever to renew the bonds of fraternity. Such sentiments, I have heard of implacable resentment, of thirsting vengeance, of sectional antipathy as Hannibal was taught to nurture against Rome, as Rome in her quenchless jealousy conceived towards Carthage to the end. And the doom of Carthage may be accepted by the South rather than reunion at the bayonet's point.

I appeal to this Congress to avert that fate as inglorious to the victor as to the vanquished. Let the door of negotiation be flung wide open, flung open now, while we can make advances with good grace, and with laurels upon our brow. To the winds with the doctrine that you will not treat with armed traitors. It is a sentiment fitter for the epoch of a purple Roman, than for the Christian age in which we live. It is the sentiment of one who rules with a rod of iron, not of a great and generous

people who assume to rule themselves.—Enough has been done in proof of the vigor of the North and the resources of the Government. Let something be done now for the sake of the past, for the memories of the memories of the Revolution, of the struggle of 1812 of the Battle fields of Mexico, for the sake of a Union whose cement shall be forgiveness for the past, and friendship and forbearance for the future.

In place of exulting over victories and longing for new triumphs, how much more pleasant and more holy to draw a picture of the joy that will pervade many a new gloomy household when the glad tidings of peace shall be borne from city to village, from village to homestead, from lip to lip, and from heart to heart. A nation's jobless would well repay you for some little yielding of your stern policy. How many arms would be outstretched, how many hearts would be bound to give a "welcome home again!" to the war stained volunteer. Oh! sir, those meetings at the cottage threshold, those clasps at the farm-house porch, those cleaving of throbbing bosoms of women, scared and manly beasts, were worth all the laurels that were ever snatched from a blood-stained field. The news of our victories have been hailed with peans and illuminations, but, with the first tidings of peace there is not a hovel in the land that would not have a candle in its window, not a palace that would not blaze with splendor in token of the advent of a blessing, priceless beyond all earthly triumphs.

Then, sir, let us lower the points of our victorious swords, and parley with the foe while the bugle blasts of victory are yet ringing in our ears. If we are free in anticipation from the peril of future reverses; if we are sanguine that the Federal arms are henceforward gifted with invincibility, that is the noblest reason why we should say to our opponents, "pause if you will; reflect." Let us yield them one chance for reconciliation before we drive them to the resistance of despair. There can be no victory where kith and kin, where brothers and fellow countrymen, where men who are bound to each other by the holiest of past associations are struggling for supremacy. All is defeat; all is disaster; all is misfortune, tears and mourning. Do not let us efface with blood every sacred memory that may yet bind these men to us as brothers. Give one sign of invitation before the death struggle is renewed.

Sir, I have spoken freely, studying only to make my words an index to my thought. My opinions have brought me the censure often more discreetly expressed of many who differ with me, but for that I care little. I am content to abide the hour that shall set me right before my countrymen. As I believed the prosecution of this war to be a widening of the gulf that separates the sections, I have earnestly opposed it. I have always looked upon the subjugation of the South as a project, whose fulfillment would strike a heavy, perhaps a fatal blow to true Republicanism, and although I yield to no man in devotion to the Union, although I would make any and every personal sacrifice to restore its glory and integrity, I will never consent, even for the sake of the Union, to yield up my birthright as a freeman; to sacrifice those principles of self-government, those rights of free speech, free thought, and personal liberty, without which Union is but a mockery and a name.

It is not grandeur or an extent of territory that I covet as the chief attributes of the Government under which I am to live.—Were I one of but a single community, insignificant in numbers, but secure in a guarantee of pure republican administration of affairs, I would be proud of my citizenship. But the Union of a thousand States, each one as great and populous as the noble one among whose Representatives I have the honor to be. I would detest it if the holding together of its component parts should create a necessity for the assumption of despotic power.

Self government is the god of my political idolatry, and the Union is but a temple in which I have worshipped it. Should that temple be destroyed, I would not forsake the creed, nor would the mighty principle be buried in the ruins. I love and would preserve the temple, for beneath its roof are gathered the holy treasures of past associations; upon its hallowed walls are inscribed the names of patriots, from the North and from the South, whose blood has been its cement. But rather would I have the glorious fabric crumble to the dust, than see the spirit of despotism enshrined within its sacred precincts.

I have seen already the sicut but lengthening shadow of Abolitionism creeping into this sacred asylum. And when the Executive hand, for the first time in our history, was interposed between the citizen and his rights, the germ was planted of a danger mightier than rebellion in its most gigantic phase; for I believe encroachments by an Executive to be in itself rebellion against the only sovereignty I acknowledge—the majesty of the people. I believe each step towards Abolitionism to be more fatal to the welfare of the Republic than any possible act within the power of the citizen to conceive and execute. I will resist every grasp that may be made upon an attribute of sovereignty not heretofore acknowledged to the Chief Magistracy; for reason and instinct, no less than the fearful examples that history has furnished from the ashes of republics, teach me that the first step, unchecked, will not be the last, but only the precursor of those giant strides by which, over the necks of betrayed free-