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Perrysburg Journal.

For the Journal.

FAITH.

BY LEROY FOOTE.

Give me that faith that sweetly works by love,
That builds within our hearts respect and truth,
And lays up treasure in that heaven above,
While here on earth we strive that life's bright youth
May live in age, and ever cheer us on
To brighter thoughts that glory may be won.

'Tis this that sweetens every day of life,
And builds a silent joy in every heart,
Calms every passion, and stills every strife,
Bids passing moments, as they fly, impart
A halo o'er the soul, bids sorrow flee,
And through sweet memory lives in eternity.

Who would not partake of "the perfect love,"
That doth "all fear cast out," that bears us on,
In a realm of pure delight, and lifts 'bove
The heart from earth-born thoughts and hopes alone,
And points to rest of soul no gold can give—
The heaven within that tells us how to live.

Tontogany, April, 1862.

Selected Story.

THE PATRIOT CAPTAIN.

OR,

Insult Rebuked.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

In the city of Baltimore lived a lady named——No, we will keep back the real name from publication, and give only an assumed initial, calling her Mrs. D———.

Mrs. D——— is the wife of a gentleman engaged in pursuits. He is neither rich nor socially ambitious; though by careful attention to business, he has accumulated some property, and lives in good style for a man of his means.

Mrs. D——— is very unlike her husband in some respects. Social ambition is one of her weaknesses. In marrying Mr. D———, whose father had been a mechanic, she felt that she was letting herself down; but, as the puny scion of an old aristocratic family that was decaying for lack of both moral and intellectual force, she wisely accepted the chance of being engrafted on a more vigorous stock, even though in his estimation the quality were inferior. Of this, however, a fair difference of opinion may exist.

By birth and education, Mrs. D——— considered herself a "lady." That is, a person of superior quality—made of finer stuff—than the great body of the people; and for this advantage, entitled to the deference and service from those who were held to be graded below her. Toward all persons who ranked in the same grade with her husband, Mrs. D——— assumed an air of dignified superiority that offended some and imposed upon others. Assumption always carries weight with a class. Her [illegible] before Marriage—for her family had about exhausted itself by extravagance, dissipation, and want of thrift—had separated her from many early friends; and her marriage with the son of a mechanic, though a strong, true, and rising man, had caused others to drop an acquaintance which had not for some time been looked upon as desirable.

For several years after her marriage, Mrs. D———, whose husband could not afford display in living, found it hard work to maintain her standing with any portion of the proud exclusives with whom it was her proud ambition to associate. Still she was ever at the gate, gliding in upon accessible occasions, and holding a place by intrusion, if not by acknowledged right. By flattery she kept in favor with some, and through them drew to the side of others, whose repellant coldness would have held a sensitive and truly independent mind far in the distance.

Such was Mrs. D———. As her husband's means increased she pressed him closely for a more liberal dispensation thereof at home. To this he yielded, even beyond his own judgment; but never to an extent that touched his safety. She dressed extravagantly; but he saw that her bills did not exceed a certain sum that could be afforded. Gradually, through elegance of attire, and assumed importance, Mrs. D——— widened her sphere among the exclusives, and in corresponding degree drew off from certain excellent people, held as inferior, who had rather tolerated than enjoyed her society.

Thus it stands with Mrs. D——— at this present writing. To sum up in a sentence, she is weak, badly educated, proud, vain, unrefined; the representative of a class of women who imagine themselves vastly superior to other people, but who have a claim to true womanhood—who call themselves *ladies par excellence*, yet have scarcely a lady-like quality.

Mr. D———, on the contrary, is a man in true sense. Honorable, brave, enough to be independent and outspoken in the face even of public opinion, and with sufficient force of character to maintain himself in any right action, at home or abroad. His wife had learned not only to respect him, but to stand aside when he asserted his will.

To certain women in Baltimore, belonging to this equivocal class, a new excitement offered itself in the presence of the United States soldiers, who did the good work of saving that city from self-destruction, as we save a madman by chains. Treason foiled was splenetic it is impotence. Prudence sealed the lips and regulated the public conduct of large numbers of men whose hearts beat pulse for pulse with the open enemies of their country, and who in all possible ways, gave them aid and comfort; but women could venture on a larger liberty, and to their credit must it be recorded, that some who dressed in "silks and gay attire," wore gold and diamonds, rode in splendid carriages, and claimed to be ladies of the first water, stooped to acts of coarseness and vulgarity that would shame a market woman. Unprovoked insults were offered to officers and soldiers in the street by these women, who even spat upon them in many instances, thus showing the depraved quality of their minds. Foremost in the practice of these indignities, was Mrs. D———, who was encouraged by the class among whom she visited.

One day, fired by the almost insane malice of half a dozen free-talking women with whom they had been in conference, Mrs. D———, in company with a friend, started forth to enjoy the pain of soldiers and officers subjected to wanton insults, which, because offered by women, they could not resent. Passing a soldier, Mrs. D——— purposely dropped her lace-bordered handkerchief. The soldier, under the impulse of politeness,—at home he moved in as good, and certainly a more cultivated society than the lady—stepped forward, and lifting the handkerchief from the pavement, offered it to Mrs. D———. There was an instant flash of contempt on her face, and a strong upward curl of her lip. She drew herself back for a moment, like one in surprise at a rudeness, then taking the handkerchief between the tips of her thumb and finger, she held it far from her, like something infected, and, moving to the curbstone, dropped it in the muddy gutter. Not deigning to glance back at the soldier, she swept away with a dignified *hauteur* that, to her mind was worthy of a princess. A jeering laugh from some vulgar fellows added to the soldier's momentary feeling of discomfiture.

Proud of her shame, Mrs. D——— swept down the street. In the next block she encountered an officer. Throwing upon him a look of supreme contempt, Mrs. D——— swerved from the right line of her course, and avoided him by taking a quick circle, that brought her crowded up against a merchant's show window.

"One of your vile women, in gala dress," remarked the officer to a loyal citizen with whom he was walking.

"No; she is the wife of a Baltimore merchant," was replied—"a Mrs. D———."

"Formerly a servant girl, or a woman of the lower class, judging from her manners."

"No; Mrs. D——— is from one of our best families."

"Heaven save the mark?" ejaculated the officer. "If she represents the best, of what style and quality must your worst be? But, really, I thought her a woman of the town, and it was on my lip to address her in old Ben. Johnson's salutary to the lady of rank who ventured a wanton insult—

"In silk and scarlet walks many a harlot—
Good morning, madam!"

"I wish you had done so," was replied. "It might have suggested the bad reputation she was making for herself in the eyes of all decent people. But is there no way to check these insults?"

"I have made up my mind to check them in all instances where they exceed a certain limit."

"Ah, what is the limit?"

"My judgment of the insult, when it occurs, must determine."

"What will you do?"

"Hold the husband, father, or brother, as the case may be, personally responsible."

"Will the rules of the service permit this?"

"I shall not ask."

"Suppose the husband, brother or father will not respond?"

"Then I shall govern myself by the law of circumstances. But of one thing you may rest assured—should I make a beginning in this matter, I will see the end at all hazards. I do not belong to a quick-blooded race, but the blood once heated, cools slowly. When we put our hands to the plow, we never look back."

The officer and citizen walked, conversing for an hour, when, being in the eastern part of the city, they took a car, and rode up, Baltimore street. In passing Culvert street the officer bought an extra from a newsboy and was opening it, when the lady who had swept so haughtily around him not long before, entered the car with her friend. Seeing the officer, Mrs. D——— gave a short, contemptuous "Oh!" and sat down, just opposite. From her sneering face the officer dropped his eyes quietly to the paper he had just opened, and began reading. Mrs. D——— at once began talking aloud to her friend, and using the most offensive remarks touching the soldiers, and the people of the States from which they had come. This she continued, the apparent unconsciousness of the officer increasing her irritation, and causing her to almost exhaust the vocabulary of low invective. As if she were not present, the officer read on. At last the car was in the neighborhood to which Mrs. D——— was going, and she nodded the conductor. The check-string was pulled, and to her shame be it said, so far lost all sense of decency and self-respect as to spit in the officer's face.

Looking up with flashing eyes, and red spots burning on his cheeks, the officer said, as he drew his handkerchief and wiped the venom from his face—speaking with suppressed anger—

"You are no lady! If you were a man, you would not leave this car alive!"

An hour later, as Mr. D——— sat in the counting room, a gentleman with whom he was partially acquainted, came in. There was in the face of the latter an expression that sent a troubled wave across the feelings of Mr. D———. It was threatening and mysterious. He arose, bowing with some distance and formality.

"I come, Mr. D———," said the gentleman, "on very unpleasant business. An officer in the United States service has received a public insult at the hands of your wife, for which he has determined to hold you responsible."

A sudden paleness spread over the face of Mr. D———. "My wife insult an officer!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise. "How? when? where?"

"She spit in his face."

"Impossible!"

"I saw it."

"Then he must have grossly insulted her."

"On the contrary he neither spoke nor looked at her."

"Where was it?"

"In one of our city cars. He sat reading, and she, in company with a female friend, sat opposite. In conversing aloud, they applied to soldiers the most offensive language, but he never even glanced toward them. Finally, they arose to leave the car, when Mrs. D——— bent forward and spit in his face. I saw it done, and there can be no mistake. The officer is Capt. L., of Massachusetts, a gentleman of wealth, education, and high social position, and he holds you responsible for the conduct of your wife."

"Madness!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing his arms above his head. "Has the woman lost all sense and decency? What does Captain L. want?"

"Nothing unreasonable, sir. But these outrages upon loyal soldiers, who are simply obeying the call of their Government, and doing duty as it directs, must be made to cease. If the perpetrators shield themselves under the immunities of their sex, their next of male kin must answer the consequences. You must bear the burden of your wife's deeds."

"My wife shall apologize," said Mr. D———. His mind was beginning to grow clear.

"Capt. L. can not call upon her to receive an apology."

"But she shall call upon him at his quarters."

"Very well."

"You bear a challenge?"

"No; I came to demand satisfaction. If that is not given, then—"

"I must fight."

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Here is pen, ink and paper. Sit down and write a challenge in the name of Captain L. Make it strong. Confusion take these women. Will they not cease playing the fool?"

The friend of Capt. L. sat down and wrote a very peremptory demand for satisfaction, closing with the sentence, "It must be prompt, full, and complete, or you will be held to the last resort."

In less than thirty minutes from that time Mr. D——— stood, pale, angry, and agitated, before his wife.

"At last," he said, passionately, "you have completed your evil work. Warning and remonstrance have been of no avail. Had you no decency, no self-respect left? What fiend possessed you?"

The color went out of Mrs. D———'s face. Fear and alarm overshadowed it. Never in her life had she seen her husband so moved—never had she felt in such awe of him. Usually so calm, his voice now almost appalled her, and she felt weak and vaguely guilty before him.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You spat in a gentleman's face to-day."

The crimson of shame crept over her countenance.

"Disgracing yourself and husband in the very public eye; and now my life's blood must be the penalty. The officer whom you outraged—a man of wealth and high position at home—holds me responsible for the insult. There is the challenge!" and he drew the paper from his pocket and held it forth.

Mrs. D——— shuddered, and dropped nerveless into a chair. This was a great deal more, in the way of consequence, than had ever entered her foolish brain.

"O, Henry!" she sobbed, "what have I done?"

"Disgraced yourself, and put your husband's life in jeopardy," was the stern answer. "And now you must choose between one of two things: the humiliation of an apology, or the loss of your husband; for I shall not refuse the satisfaction demanded, even though I never fired a pistol, and the officer knows his weapon. Of course I shall fall!

A cry of fear shivered on the air. "Oh, what have I done? what have I done?" followed in distressed tones.

"An act for which atonement is demanded, and there is no escape. It is my life or your humiliation."

"Where is the officer?" asked Mrs. D———, faintly.

"At the camp, on Federal Hill."

"I will apologize," she spoke in constraint.

"Let it be your own act," said Mr. D——— firmly. "Can you think such evil of me?"

"It must be your own act," he repeated.

"You will go with me?"

"No; I shall take no part in this humiliation. If Capt. L. demands my life, let him take it. I am a man, and never did a mean, or ungentlemanly thing that I should humble myself before another man. If you were brave enough to offer an insult, you must be brave enough to offer an apology. The issue lies in your hands."

Mr. D——— was wholly in earnest, and neither the tears nor entreaties of his wife moved him.

Capt. L. was sitting in his tent, in company with two other officers, when a sergeant came to the entrance, and said that a lady had called to see him. The two officers moved to retire, but he directed them to remain.

"Conduct her to my tent," said Capt. L. in answer to the sergeant.

In a few minutes a handsomely dressed lady, with her veil down, entered. Capt. L. at once recognized her, and stood up with a grave but not an angry countenance.

"Mrs. D———," the Captain answered, bowing. There was a quality in tone and air about the officer that inspired her with a feeling of respect. He merely pronounced her name, and then stood awaiting her future purpose.

"I am here to offer an apology for conduct that has no excuse. Will you accept the apology?"

"On one condition," replied Capt. L.

"Name it, sir."

"That you promise, on the word of a lady, never again to insult a soldier or an officer."

"I promise," was the low answer.

"Then the past is past, madam. And now permit me to conduct you from the camp."

And with the bearing of a gentleman, as he was, Captain L. attended Mrs. D——— to the carriage in which she had entered, said in parting—

"The lesson is a severe one, madam; but the fault was grave, and constrained harsh reaction. We are here as friends, not as enemies—as gentlemen, not ruffians. At the call of our country, not to invade or wrong. We come to save, not to destroy. When will you learn to read events aright?"

And turning from her, the officer went back to his tent, and the lady rode to the city, an humbler, if not a wiser woman.

The story, as such stories always will, got out, and was repeated from lip to lip. From that time, women of Mrs. D———'s style of thinking and feeling conducted themselves with a little more public decorum. It is quite certain that Capt. L. was never insulted again.

A HYMN FOR THE NATION.

BY REV. T. BOTTOM.

A hymn for a nation in gladness;
A hymn for a nation in sadness;
A song for the triumph of battle;
A dirge for the death-knell and rattle!

Ring out, brazen tongues, from each steeple,
The voice of an uplifted people;
A people its holliday keeping,
'Mid mingled rejoicing and weeping.

Wave, wave, every hand, the bright banner,
And every tonge swell the hosanna—
Every head lifted, every knee bending,
Tears and praises earnestly blending.

Shout, shout, for the people victorious,
Shout for the tidings all glorious;
Yet, weep for the fallen and dying,
For the noble on battle-field lying—

For the brave ones planting our standard,
Where the footprints of treason were branded;
For the brave with their lives in their hand—
As the price of the reconquered land.

O god, in thy rich blessing, bless them,
In thy own loving mercy caress them;
And throwing thy shelt'ring wing o'er them,
Still go in thy presence before them.

And grant us, thou God of the nation,
A speedy and final salvation,
Till above us but one flag shall wave—
The glorious old flag of the brave!

A SOLUM ADRES TER MI MUSTASH.

O thou preshus little bunch of capillary!
I'm settin fore a glass; or, more
Hifalutin speakin, a mirror, looken
Right at yew, viewen yure stupenjus (over the left)
Proportions with a critiks i. Yes, yer ar
Very huge; 'bout as long as a fleas leg.
Why don't yer gro sum, an' look
Like tother peeples? you good fur nuthin'
Little cretur. Aint yer shamed ter
Set rite thar, in front uv mi fase
That wai, and knot gro sum, whyle
Everybody' makin' phun uv yer.
Yer culler aint none 2 purty
Neither. Kind uv a sandy-yaller
Reddish hue, mixt with a leetle whyte,
O thou
Delicat bunsh uv har, I'll tell yer
What's ther fac, ef yer don't gro faster
Nor what yer hav bin groin', I'll taik
Yer rite over ter bil terril the barber,
An' maik him black yer jist as
Black as a nigger, an' then you'll
Look swete, won't yer? An' ef yer
Git ter cutten up about me, I'll haul
Out that thar ole whyte razor uv myne,
An' jist slash yer rite orf. Then what'll
Becum uv yer? who will yer hav ter
Taik yer roun' town an sho yer orf, then?
Sai, who will yer hav ter taik yer ter
The sarcus an' theater, an' ter sea
The galls, &c.? Why, nobuddie. Yer'l be
Left in the suds. No person wil
Evur trubul theyselves about yer like
Eye hav, ole hoss, so yer better pitch
In an' gro sum!

"INITIATE EMANCIPATION."

Speech of Hon. J. M. Ashley, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, April 11th, 1862,

On the bill for the release of certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia.

Mr. ASHLEY said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I intend to vote for this bill as a national duty, and not as the Representative of a locality. I shall vote for it without apology, and without disclaimer. I have no excuse to offer here or elsewhere for doing an act which even-handed justice demands. From the first I have been earnest and persistent in pressing this question of emancipation. It became my pleasing duty, in obedience to the request of the District Committee, to meet and confer with the Senator who had charge of this subject in the other branch of the National Legislature, and I may say, I trust, without impropriety, that the Senate could not well have confided it to a truer and more earnest friend of the measure.

After several meetings and consultations with members of both Houses, and citizens of the District, we agreed upon a bill, which was approved by each committee, and ordered to be reported in both Houses. This was the bill I reported to the House on the 12th day of March last. I deem it due to myself, in this connection, to say that the bill then reported by me was not in all respects what I could desire, and I need hardly add that the Senate amendments are of a character to make it still more objectionable. But I am a practical man, and shall support this bill as the best we can get at this time. I have been shown a number of amendments, which some of my friends on this side of the House desire to offer, and which I would prefer to the provisions proposed to be amended, but if offered I shall vote against them, as their adoption would greatly delay, if not endanger the passage of the bill at this session, because their adoption would necessarily return the bill to the Senate for their concurrence. I trust, therefore, that all the friends of emancipation will decide to accept the Senate bill as it is, and vote against all amendments, so that the practical end aimed at by the earnest men of this House,—the immediate liberation of all slaves in this District,—shall at once be accomplished. The object to be attained, and not its particular mode of attainment, is what we ought all to have most at heart.

If I must tax the loyal people of the nation $1,000,000 before the slaves at the National Capital can be ransomed, I will do it. I would make a bridge of gold, over which they might pass to freedom, on the anniversary of the fall of Sumter, if it could not be more justly accomplished. The people of the United States must be relieved from all responsibility for the existence or longer continuance of slavery at the Capital of the Republic. The only question which I conceive I am called upon as a Representative to decide is, has Congress the power and is it our duty to pass such a bill as the one before us?

Part of the sixteenth clause of the eighth section of the first article of the Constitution reads thus:

"Congress shall have power to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district, (not exceeding ten square miles,) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the Government of the United States."

I need not go into a labored argument to show that Congress has power to banish slavery from this District. It is not necessary to be a constitutional lawyer to comprehend the extent of the power here granted. The meaning is plain enough. This clause confers upon Congress all the legislative authority that can be exercised by both National and State Governments combined. If Congress can not abolish slavery in the District, no power on earth can.

A few years ago one of freedom's distinguished orators startled the country by declaring "that Congress had no more power to make a slave than to make a king!" If, then, there is, as I claim, no Constitutional power in Congress to reduce any man or race to slavery, it certainly will not be claimed that Congress has the power to legalize such regulations as exist to-day, touching persons held as slaves in this District, by re-enacting the slave laws of Maryland, and thus doing by indirection what no sane man claims to do directly. I know it is claimed by some that if Congress has the power to abolish, it must necessarily have power to establish slavery. I will not insult the intelligence of the House by discussing such a proposition. If Congress could not constitutionally re-enact the slave laws of Maryland for this District, then slavery could not exist even for a single hour after the cession of the territory became complete; but whether slavery constitutionally exists in this District or not, that it does exist is a fact, and because it exists and has existed by the sufferance and sanction of the National Government, for which the entire people of the United States are justly responsible, it is more than ever the imperative duty of this Congress to abolish at once and forever so unnatural and unjustifiable a wrong. And, sir, if it be necessary to employ gold to do it, let gold be employed. Gold, which has corrupted statesmen, perverted justice, and enslaved men, can never be more righteously used than when it contributes to re-establish justice and ransom slaves.

It is claimed by the opponents to emancipation that the proper and natural condition of all colored races is that of slavery to the white race; that the people of color, not only in this District, but throughout the country, are unfit for freedom; that they can not take care of themselves, and must of necessity, if liberated, become a public charge. We are asked with apparent horror, and an air of sincerity, "if we intend letting this slave population loose among the whites?" and we are told if we do that it will prove destructive alike of the interests of both races; that the prejudices against persons of color are so implacable they can not live in peace, and a war of races will be the inevitable result of freeing them among the whites—evils far more to be dreaded than any which can ensue from their continued enslavement. I have no such apprehensions. Experience teaches me that all such fears are groundless. While I deny that the normal condition of any race is that of slavery, or that there can be rightfully such a thing as property in man, under any Government or Constitution, I will not and can not believe that the restoration of any race to freedom will produce antagonisms that shall culminate in a war between those whose relationships are changed from that of gross injustice and oppression to that of self-dependence and freedom. God made of one blood all the nations that dwell together upon the face of the earth, and gave man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth," but man over man never.

The distinctions here made between persons and animals is clear and marked. It is the distinction recognized in the jurisprudence of all civilized and Christian nations; and when a slave master stands up here and claims that his title to his fellow-man rests upon the same recognized rights that give him a title to his horse, I see and feel the blighting effects of slavery, and realize the justice of the remarks which I submitted on this floor two years ago, when I said that

"I except, with pleasure from any sweeping denunciations which I may make, thousands of good and true men who find themselves born to the inheritance, and whose whole life gives assurance to the world that their hearts are better than the system. Intrust a class of men in any society or government with absolute power over a servile race, and bad men will not only use it and abuse it, as I shall show, but by their clamorous cry of danger to the State, will perpetrate and give sanction to outrages that good and true men will be powerless to prevent. It is not that southern men and slaveholders are worse than other men, but because they are no better, that it is unsafe, if it were not in itself an indefensible wrong, to intrust them with absolute power over any part of the human race."

Sir, the origin and authority for all the dominion man of right possesses in this world comes direct from the Father of all, and has been so recognized, not only by the great English commentator, but by the lawgivers of every civilized nation on earth. There is no right outside of his authority, much less in violation of it.

The great epic poet of England writes:

"He gave us only over beast, fish, and fowl,
Dominion absolute: that right we hold
By his donation; but man over man
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free."

I ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few extracts from the writings of the great men of the past, which will suffice to show how slavery was regarded by them:

"Slavery is a system of the most complete injustice."—*Plato.*

"Slavery is a system outraged and robbery."—*Socrates.*

"Eternal justice is the basis of all human laws.

"Whatever is just is also the true law; nor can this true law be abrogated by any written enactments.

"If there be such a power in the decrees and commands of fools, that the nature of things is changed by their votes, why do they not decree that what is bad and pernicious shall be regarded as good and wholesome, or why, if the law can make wrong right, can it not make bad good?

"Those who have made pernicious and unjust decrees have made anything rather than laws."—*Cicero.*

"The law which supports slavery and opposes liberty must necessarily be condemned as cruel, for every feeling of human nature advocates liberty. Slavery is introduced by human wickedness, but God advocates liberty by the nature which he has implanted in the breast of every man."—*Fortescue.*

"If neither captivity nor contract can, by the plain law of nature and reason, reduce the parent to a state of slavery, much less can they reduce the offspring.

"The primary aim of society is to protect individuals in the enjoyment of those absolute rights which were vested in them by the immutable laws of nature. Hence it follows that the first and prime end of human laws is to maintain those absolute rights of individuals.

"If any human law shall require us to commit crime, we are bound to transgress that human law, or else we must offend both the natural and divine."—*Blackstone.*

"What the Parliament doth shall be holden for naught whenever it shall enact that which is contrary to the rights of nature."—*Lord Coke.*

"The essence of all law is JUSTICE. What is not justice is not law, and what is not law ought not to be obeyed."—*Hampden.*

"No man is by nature the property of another. The rights of nature must be some way forfeited before they can be justly taken away."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"If you have the right to make another man a slave, he has the right to make you a slave."—*Dr. Price.*

"It is injustice to permit slavery to remain a single hour."—*Pitt.*

"American slavery is the vilest that ever saw the sun; it constitutes the sum of all villainies."—*John Wesley.*

"Man can not have property in man. Slavery is a nuisance, to be put down, not compromised with, and to be assailed without cessation and without mercy, by every blow that can be leveled at the monster.

"Ireland and Irishmen should be foremost in seeking to effect the emancipation of mankind. * * The Americans alleged that they had not perpetrated the crime, (that of enslaving the blacks,) but inherited from England. This, however, was still a paltry apology for America, who, asserting liberty for herself, still used the brand and lash against others."—*Dan. O'Connell.*

"In regard to a regulation of slavery, my detestation of its existence induces me to know no such thing as a regulation of robbery, or a restriction of murder. Personal freedom is a right of which he who deprives a fellow-creature is criminal in so depriving him, and he who withholds is no less criminal in withholding."—*Charles James Fox.*

"I would never have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was founding a land of slavery."—*La Fayette.*

"I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country can be abolished by law.

"But there is but one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished, and that is by legislative authority, and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting."—*Washington.*

"The abolition of domestic slavery is the greatest object of desire in these colonies, where it was unhappily introduced in their infant state."—*Jefferson.*

"It is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea of property in man."—*Monroe.*

"Is it not surprising that at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty, that in such an age and such a country, we find men professing a religion the most mild, humane, gentle, and generous, adopting such a principle, as repugnant to humanity as it is inconsistent with the Bible and destructive to liberty."—*Patrick Henry.*

"Sir, I envy neither the head nor the heart of that man from the North who rises here to defend slavery upon principle."—*Randolph.*

"The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments and musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by human power."—*Alexander Hamilton.*

"Little can be added to what has been said and written on the subject of slavery. I concur in the opinion that it ought not to be introduced nor permitted in any of the new States, and that it ought to be gradually diminished and finally abolished in all of them."—*Jay.*

"It is among the evils of slavery that it taints the very sources of moral principle. It establishes false estimates of virtue and vice: for what can be more false and more heartless than this doctrine, which makes the first and holiest rights of humanity depend upon the color of the skin?"—*John Q. Adams.*

Thus, sir, spoke some few of the great men of the past, and the just principles by them proclaimed control and direct all the civilized Governments of Europe. Shall the American Government be less just than monarchical Governments? Shall we, alone, cling to slavery and the dead past, while all Christian nations are keeping step to the march of human progress, and the demands of a higher civilization? Let us hope not, and so act and vote as to secure a realization of that hope.

I am for the liberation, not only of all the slaves in this District, but wherever national jurisdiction extends, and the National Constitution confers power. I am for it, because I believe it an act of justice to white as well as black—to master as well as slave; and, if no other reason could be given, I am for it because, in the language of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts, "*they are men by the grace of God, and this is enough.*" Free institutions will gain strength everywhere by a decree of emancipation at the National Capital, while slave institutions will everywhere be weakened. Such a triumph for the cause of freedom as the passage of this act to-day will be welcomed with gratitude not only by the ransomed slave, but with joy by the people everwhere in the loyal portions of our country. In Europe it will be hailed by the friends of progress as the dawning of a new era in the United States, and it will make the line of demarkation at home more distinct between the supporters and opponents of the Government.

I rejoice that I am about to be permitted to record my vote in favor of this humane and beneficent measure. It is a day which, in common with millions of my countrymen, I have long hoped to see; and if I never give another vote in this House or elsewhere, I shall not have lived in vain, especially if I have hastened, even a single hour, the adoption by Congress of this act of national justice and national liberation. I shall have the satisfaction of leaving the enduring record of an action of which my children can not but be proud, and of which no true man, in any Christian nation, could be ashamed.

It is said that if the slaves in this District were emancipated, that society and domestic regulations will be greatly deranged; that peace, order, security, industry, and contentment will be banished, and violence, disorder, robbery, idleness, and crime will increase; that such an act can do no possible good, while it would be unjust, and a great hardship to both master and slave. Such is not my view of this act, nor such, sir, as I read it, the history of emancipation in the British or Danish West Indies. Such, I am sure, will not be the result in this District. Why, sir, with all the disabilities imposed upon the colored population of this District by Congressional enactments, corporation regulations, and prejudices,—and they are sufficient to weigh down and destroy the worthy and energetic, and encourage the vicious and indolent,—with all these disabilities, disabilities without a parallel in any nation on earth, that colored population will compare, advantageously to themselves, with the colored population of any city in the Free States. They have amassed property beyond belief. Their church property alone, as I am informed, is valued to exceed *one hundred thousand dollars!* They are taxed for the support of schools, from which their children are excluded, and maintain separate schools of their own. They have societies for the support of their sick and disabled, and never permit one of their number to be buried at public expense. In thirty years not one of their number has been convicted of a capital offense. As a body, they are industrious, frugal, orderly, trustworthy, and religious. Instead of an increase, I venture to predict, as the earliest result of this great measure, a decrease in disorder, theft, idleness, and crime; and as an earnest that this prediction is not made without foundation, let me read you the preamble and resolution adopted the other day at a meeting of the colored ministers and leading members of the several colored churches in this city:

"*Whereas*, We have learned by the published proceedings of Congress that there is a probability of the peaceful and final abolishment of slavery in the District of Columbia, Therefore,

"*Be it resolved*, That we recommend to the churches and congregations we represent, that they set apart Sunday, the 13th day of April, 1862, in connection with the usual religious services, as a day of special prayer to Almighty God, that if this great boon of freedom is vouchsafed to our people, we may receive it in a becoming manner, and by our orderly behavior, our devotion to our Christian duties, our obedience to the laws, we may show how worthy we are to enjoy it; and that He would be pleased, in His own way, and in His own time, to proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Need I say to this House and the country that the men who could draft and adopt such a preamble and resolution will receive their freedom with heartfelt joy, and not with riotous demonstrations. Before the President can sign this bill, they will have assembled in all their churches, to receive with prayer and thanksgiving to the Almighty, this ransom at your hands, and tears of gratitude will obliterate from their hearts the memory of the many and grievous wrongs they have suffered from this Government and their masters, and mingling with the echoing shouts on sea and land their voices will unite in gladness with the generous hearts who everywhere will join the grand anthem, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will to men."

Mr. Chairman, the bill which we are about to pass, could not have passed but for this pro-slavery rebellion. The sagacity and wisdom of many of our statesmen, who in vain warned the nation that slavery and freedom could not forever live together peaceably, is being practically demonstrated. Jefferson and Jay, Franklin and the Adamses, Garrison and Calhoun have all warned the people of the impossibility of long continued peace with slavery. Speaking of the probable occurrence of a rupture between the North and the South, some ten or twelve years since, in the United States Senate, John C. Calhoun said:

"The war will last between the two sections while there is a slave in the South. The conflict will never terminate. The South, I fear, will not see it until it is too late. They will become more feeble every year, while the North will become stronger and stronger."

How truly prophetic! To a man who comprehends that slavery, and slavery alone, is the cause of this rebellion, the duty of the Government is plain. Such a man understands that there can be no permanent nor lasting peace until the people of the Free States are no longer responsible for the existence and continuance of slavery, either at the National Capital, or in any Territory or place where Congress has constitutional power to abolish it. Hence I rejoice at the introduction and certain passage of this timely measure. Others, I doubt not, will soon follow, and the people, North and South, will gradually array themselves on the side of freedom or on the side of slavery. There is, and there can be but this one, all-absorbing question in our national politics until it is disposed of, and that will continue to be agitated until the people "rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction." Until that time there can be but two great parties in this nation. The great mass of free people in a Government such as ours, must of necessity be divided into two, and into but two leading political parties; and in the present, as in all coming contests on the question of slavery, we can have but two formidable parties struggling for the ascendancy and control of the Government. The one, no matter what its name or designation, will be the representative of nationality and freedom; the other, that of privilege and slavery. As to other parties, representing or professing to represent, the various shades of political opinions existing in the country, they can not long continue, but must, as the Whig, American, and other parties have, in all the States, fade away before the advancing parties representing the cherished sentiments of a pro-slavery privileged class on one hand, and the aspirations of the people for liberty on the other.

Individuals, however distinguished and worthy in all their relations in private life, who fail to co-operate earnestly with either the one or the other of the leading parties representing justice and freedom, or privilege and slavery, will continue to disappear, as they have done, from public life, and new and bolder leaders will be chosen by the people; for no noble and generous people will ever knowingly trust timid and time-serving leaders, knowing full well, as they do, that in such a contest as the party of privilege and slavery have forced upon this nation by their treason and rebellion there can be but two armies, and two battlefields, and two banners—that of the Stars and Stripes, representing Liberty and Union, or that of the Snake and Pelican, representing Slavery and Disunion. There can be no question as to the position which the people occupy. Let us, then, procrastinate no longer the hour which they so long in vain looked for. Let the news go forth on the wings of the wind that the National Capital is ransomed from slavery, and it shall nerve the arms of your soldiers, and strengthen the hold of the Government in the hearts of the people.

Mr. Chairman, the struggles and hopes of many long and weary years are centered in this eventful hour. The cry of the oppressed, "How long, O. Lord, how long?" is to be answered to-day by the American Congress. A sublime act of justice is now to be recorded where it will never be obliterated, and, so far as the action of the Representatives of the people can decree it, the fitting words of the President, spoken in his recent special message, "INITIATE AND EMANCIPATE," shall have a life co-equal with the Republic. God has set his seal upon those priceless words, and they, with the memory of he who uttered them, shall live in the hearts of the people forever. The golden morn, so anxiously looked for by the friends of freedom in the United States has dawned. The brave words heretofore uttered in behalf of humanity in this Hall, like "bread cast upon the waters," are now "to return after many days," and find vindication of their purposes in a decree of freedom. The command of God to let the oppressed go free, is declared to be our duty, not only by our patriotic President, but by both branches of our National Congress; and let us hope that from this time henceforth and forever, this nation is never again to be humiliated and disgraced by being responsible for the existence and continuance of human slavery. No longer within our national jurisdiction, where Congress has constitutional power to prohibit it, shall slavery be tolerated. The nation is to-day entering upon a policy which can not be reversed; and justice is vindicated, humanity recognized, and God obeyed. In the beautiful words of Mrs. Howe:

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.
In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON.

This officer—one of the most crafty and competent in the rebel service, and whose death has been reported in the battle of Pittsburg Landing—was born in Macon County, Ky., in 1803, and therefore entered on his fifty-eighth year not long ago. He was educated at the Transylvania University, Ky., under President Holley, graduated at the U. S. Military Academy, at West Point, at the age of twenty-three, and entered the army as second lieutenant the same year. His first service was with the Sixth Infantry, with which he was ordered to the West. During the Black Hawk War he acted as adjutant-general, President Lincoln at that time serving as captain of volunteers. At the close of the war he went to reside, first in Missouri, and then in Texas. When war broke out in this latter State, he resigned his commission in the United States Army, and rushed to her aid, alone and unknown, and entered the service as a common soldier. He soon made the acquaintance of Gen. Rusk, commanding that division, who at once promoted him to a command. He rose to be the commander-in-chief—was Secretary of War under President Lamar—fought the battle of Neches, defeating seven hundred Cherokees.

At the breaking out of the Mexican War, at the urgent request of Gen. Taylor, he again entered the service, as Colonel of the First Texas Regiment. When this was disbanded, Gen. Johnson became Inspector-Gen. Butler's division, and served as such in the glorious battle of Monterey; he was in the hottest of the fight, and his horse was three times shot under him. After this he retired to private life, and turned his sword into a plowshare, cultivating the earth with his own hands, until, in 1849, the United States Government, in consideration of his necessity and long service, bestowed upon him the appointment of paymaster in the army. In 1855 he was appointed to the command of the Regiment of Cavalry, with the rank of colonel, and ordered to the Department of Texas, and in 1858 was appointed to the command of the expedition to Utah, and, in 1858, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He started on the expedition to Utah under orders in September, 1857. On the 6th of November, in the Rocky Mountains, he encountered a storm of snow and wind, which, in his own words, "racked the bones of his men, and starved the oxen, horses and mules." The snow was from two to four feet deep, and the thermometer at from sixteen to eighteen degrees below zero for ninety days afterwards, but he pursued his march, making on thirty-five miles in fifteen days, where he went into camp, and subsisted on mules, without bread or salt, until provisions were sent by the Government in the following spring. He continued to fill the post of Commander-in-Chief in Utah—being in fact dictator in the country which he occupied—until the rebellion broke out, when he abandoned the old flag of the Union to enlist under the banner of the secessionists. He is believed to have made energetic attempts to induce California and Oregon to join the rebels, but to have been foiled by the common sense of our Pacific brethren, and the sagacious measures adopted by the Government. Last fall, Gen. Johnson was put in command of all the rebel soldiers in the States of Kentucky and Missouri, and invested with plenipotentiary authority to control all the military operations in the West. His Kentucky nativity, and his thorough knowledge of the western country coupled with his great ability, rendered him an especially appropriate selection to this important position. General Johnson was six feet one inch high, of large, bony, sinewy frame, quiet and unassuming manners, all conspiring to form a person of imposing and attractive address. His brother, Josiah Stoddard Johnson, who was blown up on a steamboat on the Red river, La., and killed, was at the time in the United States Senate from that State, was the second of Mr. Clay, in his duel with John Randolph, and was a man of the most eminent abilities. The Rebels had the greatest faith and reliance in his skill and ability, and his loss at this trying juncture must inflict a terrible blow at their fortunes.

The battle at Pittsburg Landing was particularly fatal to the Johnson family. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, the rebel Commander-in-Chief, was killed, as was also the rebel Provisional Governor Johnson, of Kentucky; and Gen. Bushrod Johnson, who was captured at Fort Donaldson, but made his escape through our lines, was severely wounded.