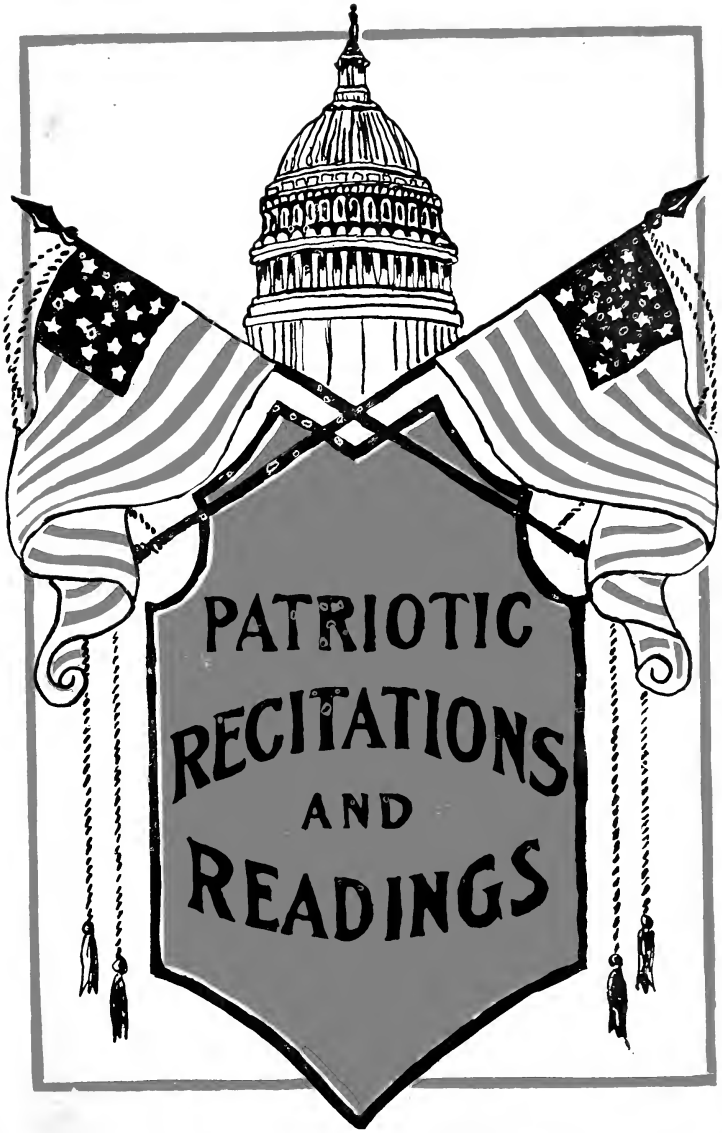
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Compiled by

CHARLES WALTER BROWN, A. M.

CHICAGO:

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PREFACE.

The need of better readers and speakers was never more urgent than now. Deficiency in expressive reading and effective speaking has been observed and deplored for years. Within the last score of years, schools of oratory, elocution, acting, Delsarte, physical and vocal culture and many institutions of less pretentious title have demonstrated the assertion that "good reading *is* attainable by the masses."

The day will never come when the memorizing and reciting of poems and choice prose efforts of our best writers will cease to be popular with our American youth. It is a part of our inheritance to preserve the utterances of the men and women who have, by their voice and pen, done much to advance the spirit of truth, heroism and patriotism—the chief characteristic of our American manhood and womanhood. This book therefore is presented to the public in obedience to that trite commercial maxim, "The demand will summon the supply."

The art of oratory is best acquired by the committing and delivery of *approved* examples of speeches and orations; hence the aspirant for great oratorical skill should count no labor lost that requires much study and practice of what *others* have written or delivered. Clay, Fox, Benton, Bryan, Calhoun, Patrick Henry, Burke, Phillips, Lincoln and Sheridan, as well as the great orators of antiquity—Demosthenes, Cicero, Isocrates and Marc Antony, owed their wonderful elocutionary powers to this practice, and he who would emulate their success must be willing to pay the price therefor.

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PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

In these days of rapid national growth, when the citizen of today is supplanted by the youth and franchised emigrant of tomorrow; when a million voters cast their ballots with no higher motive than compliance with a custom or the dictates of party henchmen; when one-fourth of our population have no stronger ties of residence than avarice, whose strength varies with the financial fluctuations of the business world; when year by year our shores receive the restless spirits of other lands who acknowledge no higher authority than their own caprice; when so many of our youth are growing into manhood ignorant of everything save the means of licensed indulgences and frivolity our liberty affords; when as partakers of the grandest political inheritance ever transmitted from one generation to another, we are *all* about to forget the fearful responsibilities thrust upon us in our acceptance of the blessings of liberty we enjoy, it is time to halt.

> "Let us gather the fragments that nothing be lost,
> To tell the next ages what liberty cost."

Let us teach the coming citizen that next to the love of God, implanted at the mother's knee, and cultivated by daily acts of piety and benevolence, is the love of country, its flag, the martyrs who fell in its defense, and last but greatest of all, an abiding faith in its institutions and undying devotion to its peace, happiness and perpetuity. Let the

examples of patriots, in deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice, be our theme of meditation and discussion. Let our literature gleam with the noble efforts, the grand achievements of those who gave their *all* that we, their dependents, might taste the sweets of freedom undisturbed.

Let us realize that this grandest heritage of earth's martyrs came to us, not alone through the business tact and prudent foresight of our sires, but by years of toil and suffering, of cold and hunger, of want and privation, and by the generous sacrifice of precious blood; and, that, though it be vouchsafed to us through blessings of a noble ancestry, its possession implies no permanence to an unworthy race.

It is ours not alone to enjoy, but to foster and protect: ours to guard from schism, vice and crime; ours to purify, exalt, ennoble; ours to prepare a dwelling place for the purest, fairest, best of earth's humanity.

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

[The following address was made by President Lincoln at the dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery, November, 1864.]

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do

this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE TRULY GREAT.

[From R. G. Ingersoll's oration on Roscoe Conkling.]

Fortunate is that nation great enough to know the great. When a great man dies—one who has nobly fought the battle of life, who has been faithful to every trust, and has uttered his highest, noblest thoughts—one who has stood proudly by the right in spite of jeer and taunt, neither stopped by foe nor swerved by friend, in honoring him, in speaking words of praise and love above his dust, we pay a tribute to ourselves.

How poor this world would be without its graves, without the memories of its mighty dead. Only the voiceless speak forever.

Intelligence, integrity, and courage are the great pillars that support the State.

Above all, the citizens of a free nation should honor the brave and independent man—the man of stainless integrity, of will, and intellectual force. Such men are the Atlases on whose mighty shoulders rest the great fabric of the Republic. Flatterers, cringers, crawlers, time-servers, are the dangerous citizens of a democracy. They who gain applause and power by pandering to the mistakes, the prejudices and passions of the multitude are the enemies of liberty.

When the intelligent submit to the clamor of the many anarchy begins, and the republic reaches the edge of chaos. Mediocrity, touched with ambition, flatters the base and calumniates the great, while the true patriot, who will do neither, is often sacrificed.

In a government of the people a leader should be a teacher—he should carry the torch of truth.

Most people are the slaves of habit—followers of custom—believers in the wisdom of the past—and were it not for brave and splendid souls, "the dust of antique time would lie unswept and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer." Custom is a prison locked and barred by those who long ago were dust, the keys of which are in the keeping of the dead.

Nothing is grander than when a strong, intrepid man breaks chains, levels walls, and breasts the many-headed mob like some great cliff that mocks the innumerable billows of the sea.

The politician hastens to agree with the majority—insists that their prejudice is patriotism, that their ignorance is wisdom; not that he loves them, but because he loves himself. The statesman, the real reformer, points out the mistakes of the multitude, attacks the prejudices

of his countrymen, laughs at their follies, denounces their cruelties, enlightens and enlarges their minds, and educates the conscience—not because he loves himself, but because he loves and serves the right and wishes to make his country great and free.

With him defeat is but a spur to further effort. He who refuses to stoop, who can not be bribed by the promise of success, or the fear of failure—who walks the highway of right, and in disaster stands erect, is the only victor. Nothing is more despicable than to reach fame by crawling,—position by cringing.

When real history shall be written by the truthful and the wise, these men, these kneelers at the shrines of chance and fraud, these brazen idols worshiped once as gods, will be the very food of scorn, while those who bore the burden of defeat, who earned and kept their self-respect, who would not bow to man or give place for power, will wear upon their brows the laurel mingled with the oak.

THE UNION AND ITS RESULTS.

EDWARD EVERETT,

July 4, 1860.

Merely to fill up the wilderness with a population provided with the ordinary institutions and carrying on the customary pursuits of civilized life—though surely no mean achievement—was, by no means, the whole of the work allotted to the United States, and thus far performed with signal activity, intelligence and success. The founders of America and their descendants have accomplished more and better things. On the basis of a rapid geo-

graphical extension, and with the force of teeming numbers, they have, in the very infancy of their political existence, successfully aimed at higher progress in a generous civilization. The mechanical arts have been cultivated with unusual aptitude. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, whether by sails or by steam, and the art of printing in all its forms, have been pursued with surprising skill. Great improvements have been made in all those branches of industry, and in the machinery pertaining to them, which have been eagerly adopted in Europe. A more adequate provision has been made for popular education than in almost any other country. There are more seminaries in the United States, where a respectable academical education may be obtained—more, I still mean, in proportion to the population—than in any other country except Germany. The fine arts have reached a high degree of excellence. The taste for music is rapidly spreading in town and country; and every year witnesses productions from the pencil and the chisel of American sculptors and painters, which would adorn any gallery in the world. Our Astronomers, Mathematicians, Naturalists, Chemists, Engineers, Jurists, Publicists, Historians, Poets, Novelists, and Lexicographers, have placed themselves on a level with those of the elder world. The best dictionaries of the English language since Johnson are those published in America. Our constitutions, whether of the United States or of the separate States, exclude all public provision for the maintenance of religion, but in no part of Christendom is it more generously supported. Sacred science is pursued as diligently and the pulpit commands as high a degree of respect in the United States as in those countries where the Church is publicly endowed; while the American Missionary operations have won the admira-

tion of the civilized world. Nowhere, I am persuaded, are there more liberal contributions to public-spirited and charitable objects. In a word, there is no branch of the mechanical or fine arts, no department of science, exact or applied, no form of polite literature, no description of social improvement, in which, due allowance being made for the means and resources at command, the progress of the United States has not been satisfactory, and in some respects astonishing.

At this moment the rivers and seas of the globe are navigated with that marvelous appliance of steam as a propelling power which was first effected by Fulton. The harvests of the civilized world are gathered by American reapers; the newspapers which lead the journalism of Europe are printed on American presses; there are railroads in Europe constructed by American engineers and traveled by American locomotives; troops armed with American weapons, and ships of war built in American dockyards. In the factories of Europe there is machinery of American invention or improvement; in their observatories telescopes of American construction, and apparatus of American invention for recording the celestial phenomena. America contests with Europe the introductions into actual use of the electric telegraph, and her mode of operating it is adopted throughout the French empire. American authors in almost every department are found on the shelves of European libraries. It is true no American Homer, Virgil, Dante, Copernicus, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Newton, has risen on the world. These mighty geniuses seem to be exceptions in the history of the human mind. Favorable circumstances do not produce them, nor does the absence of favorable circumstances prevent their appearance. Homer rose in the dawn of Grecian culture; Virgil flourished in the court

of Augustus; Dante ushered in the birth of the new European civilization; Copernicus was reared in a Polish cloister; Shakespeare was trained in the green-room of the theater; Milton was formed while the elements of English thought and life were fermenting toward a great political and moral revolution; Newton under the profligacy of the Restoration. Ages may elapse before any country will produce a man like these, as two centuries have passed since the last-mentioned of them was born. But if it is really a matter of reproach to the United States that, in the comparatively short period of their existence as a people, they have not added another name to this illustrious list (which is equally true of all the other nations of the earth), they may proudly boast of one example of life and character, one career of disinterested service, one model of public virtue, one type of human excellence, of which all the countries and all the ages may be searched in vain for the parallel. I need not—on this day I need not—speak the peerless name. It is stamped on your hearts, it glistens in your eyes, it is written on every page of your history, on the battle-fields of the Revolution, on the monuments of your fathers, on the portals of your capitols. It is heard in every breeze that whispers over the fields of Independent America. And he was all our own. He grew up on the soil of America; he was nurtured at her bosom. She loved and trusted him in his youth; she honored and revered him in his age; and, though she did not wait for death to canonize his name, his precious memory, with each succeeding year, has sunk more deeply into the hearts of his countrymen.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

If I stood here to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishmen showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to this negro. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—

their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them, imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, this man at least was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further,—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stopped there. Not one line in the statute-book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of State than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvelous as his military genius.

He was a negro. You say that is superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. And yet—negro, and a slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee: "Make it the first line of my constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs." Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the com-

mencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a State to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right,—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc (the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline) thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by a special message to be neutral, and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshalled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile, only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose

tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe,—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life,—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;"—and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes; give Holland back to the ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When the Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them.

There never was a slave rebellion successful but once,

and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, sometime or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

AMERICA.

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipa-

tion? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and not distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation? Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture? At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed her? Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new? When its temples and its trophies shall have mouldered into dust,—when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song, philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events which, for the last twenty years, have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impressions that preceded it? Many, I know, there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical, but they have dwelt with little reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill-observed the progress of national rise and national ruin. They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never con-

sidering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent, their very existence become now the subject of speculation—I had almost said of scepticism! I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realize, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possession? Alas! Troy thought so once, yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought Persepolis, and now—

"Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle, where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
Where sceptred once, an earthly god,
His power-clad arm controlled each happier clime,
Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars sublime."

So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud

and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens was? Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant?

Such sir, is the natural progress of human operations, and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION.

[Hon. S. S. Cox, in the House of Representatives, March 19, 1860.]

Is there any American who wishes to consult European Powers as to the propriety or policy of our territorial expansion? Is there any one who fears a fatal blow from these Powers? We do not exist by the sufferance of Europe, but by its insufferance. We did not grow to our present greatness by its fostering care, but by its neglect, and in spite of its malevolence. We do not ask its pardon for being born, nor need we apologize to it for growing. It has endeavored to prevent even the legitimate extension of our commerce, and to confine us to our own continent. But if we can buy Cuba of Spain, it is our business with Spain. If we have to take it, it is our business with Providence. If we must save Mexico, and make its weakness our strength, we have no account to render unto Europe or its dynasties.

If European Powers choose to expand their empire and energize their people, we have no protests, no arms to prevent them. England may push from India through

the Himalayas to sell her calicoes to the numberless people of Asia, and divide with France the empires of India, Burmah and China. Civilization does not lose by their expansion. Russia may push her diplomacy upon Pekin, and her armies through the Caucasus, and upon Persia and Tartary; she may even plant her Greek cross again on the mosque of St. Sophia, and take the Grecian Levant into her keeping as the head of its church and civilization. France may plant her forts and arts upon the shores of the Red Sea; complete the canalization of Suez; erect another Carthage on the shores of the Mediterranean; bind her natural limits from Mont Blanc, in Savoy, to Nice, upon the sea. Sardinia may become the nucleus of the Peninsula, and give to Italy a name and a nationality. Even Spain, proud and poor, may fight over again in Africa the romantic wars with the Morescoes, by which she educated that chivalry and adventure, which three centuries ago made her the mistress of the New World. She may demand territory of Morocco, as she has, as indemnity for the war. America has no inquiry to make, no protocol to sign. These are the movements of an active age. They indicate health, not disease—growth, not decay. They are links in the endless chain of Providence. They prove the mutability of the most imperial of human institutions, but, to the philosophic observer, they move by a law as fixed as that which makes the decay of autumn the herald of spring. They obey the same law by which the constellations change their places in the sky. Astronomers tell us that the "southern cross," which guarded the adventurer upon the Spanish main four centuries ago, and which now can be seen, the most beautiful emblem of our salvation, shining down through a Cuban and Mexican night,—just before the Christian era, glittered in our northern heavens! The same GREAT WILL, which knows

no North and no South, and which is sending again, by an irreversible law, the southern cross to our northern skies, on its everlasting cycle of emigration—does it not control the revolutions of nations, and the vicissitudes of empires? The very stars in their courses are "Knights of the Golden Circle," and illustrate the record of human advancement. They are the type of that territorial expansion from which this American continent can not be exempted without annihilation. The finger of Providence points to our nation as the guiding star of this progress. Let him who would either dusk its radiancy, or make it the meteor of a moment, cast again with nicer heed our nation's horoscope.

AN AMERICAN EXILE.

In Norfolk Bay, long years ago, where waved
The nation's flag from mizzen gaff
Of frigate, sloop, and other war-like craft,
A group of naval officers, assembled
On the flag ship's quarter-deck, discussed
With earnestness the act by which the State
Of South Carolina annulled
The tariff laws of Congress.
The President's prompt act,
Despatching Scott to Charleston, ordering
The execution of the laws by force,
Had thrilled the nerves of those who bore
Their country's arms.
The naval service boasted many men
Who traced through veins as chivalrous as their sires
The blood of Sumter, Pickens, Hayne,

And other revolutionary patriots;
And, conscious of a lineage illustrious
From those who gave the grand Republic birth,
Their minds were often filled with politics
Of State; and thus the acts of courts
And legislatures oft became their theme
In time of peace as much as warlike deeds
Of Neptune.
One of these, in this debate
A handsome, sun-bronzed officer of most
Commanding mien, became conspicuous
In warm approval of his State's rash act
And censure strong of President
And Congress. While his flashing eye betrayed
The fierce emotions of his soul, his voice
Rang fearful maledictions: "Curse the country
Whose flag from yonder mizzen floats; the men
Be cursed, who in the name of government
Ignore the rights my native State has held supreme."
Then drawing forth his rapier
As if in frenzied rage: "My sword's my own,
My heart is loyal to my native State;
And here I swear, this blade shall ne'er be drawn
But in defense of rights this tyrant thing
Called government, usurps, and those its threats
Would terrify. Its flag be trailed in dust;
The fate of Carthage be its cursed doom;
The memory of its present acts, with those
Who give them shape, go down in blood and shame."
Such direful imprecations shocked the ears
Of those who heard; and ere the speechless group
Recovered from their blank amaze, a young
Lieutenant felled the speaker senseless to
The deck: then, quick before the officer

Commanding, preferred the charge of treason.
Court-martial trials are speedy in results;
The sentence, novel in its terms; was heard
With unfeigned haughtiness and scorn by him
Whom it deprived of country:

"The prisoner, hence, for life, shall be consigned
To vessels cruising in a foreign sea;
No tongue to him shall speak his country's name,
Nor talk to him of aught save daily wants;
And ever to his sight that country's flag
Shall be a token that its power lives
To carry out this sentence."

* * * * * * * *

In far off seas, away from kindred hearts
And native home, the years passed slowly on;
But pride and stubborn will did not desert
This strange misguided man; his fate he seemed
To cherish for the cause he still believed
Would triumph in the end.
Yet to and fro his narrow bounds he paced,
Alone amid a frigate's crew, of whom
Not one could speak to him a friendly word,
Nor tell him of that wondrous growth and fame
The land he cursed attained among
The nations of the earth. No cheering word
His yearning heart in time could e'er expect
From stricken mother, weeping wife, and babes
By him made worse than orphans, who might blush
To call him father. Still, above, around,
In sportive play, the flag he madly cursed, as star
By star was added to its field of blue,
In gorgeous folds waved kindly o'er his head,
As if forgiving his ingratitude.
And now, as other years rolled sadly by

And he was passed from ship to ship, as each
In turn went home, the lines of griefs and frosts
Of age bore silent evidence of slow decay.
In time his face was marked with pensive cast,
A harbinger of sad, repentant thought.
A sailor, unperceived took note of him,
And oft observed him watch the waving flag
With strange emotion. And once his lips
Were seen to move: "Thou ever-present curse,
Reminding me of what I am, of what
I've lost. Thou Nemesis of nature's wrongs!
For that I've sinned against my birth, my soul's
Remorse affirms. How long e'er nature's laws,
More kind than human heart, will free my eyes
From thee, thou vengeful witness of my shame?
I'd tear thee from thy staff,—but when I think
Of all the tears thou'st witnessed in these eyes,
At first my curses, then my prayers to God,
Of secret thoughts conceived within thy sight,
Thou seem'st so much a friend, I would not blot
From out thy field a single star—and yet—and yet—
O soul, when will thy mad resentment cease?

* * * * * * *

Full thirty years had passed since sound
Of friendly voice had filled his ear, and now
He paced another deck than one designed
For heavy armament,—a merchant craft,
Commissioned while the nation's ships of war
Were called for duty home to try the cause
For which this poor, deluded exile gave
His manhood and his life.

Near set of sun
The cry of "sail" was heard, and then,
Against his will, they hurried him below.

The startling call to quarters reached his ear,
And e'er the roll of drum and boatswain's whistle died away
There came a distant "boom" that roused a hope
He yearned to realize. A moment more,
A deaf'ning sound, that shook the very keel
Awoke his heart with joy. He knew and hailed
The truth. The land,—*his* land was now at war.
The foe—his name, it mattered not to him—
Had struck the challenge blow and filled his soul
With fire.

O love of Country! Thou art lasting as
The faith of childhood. Thou art stronger than
The love of life,—the fear of death!
This exiled penitent, this prodigal
Without a home would prove himself a man!
He cried for help to free him from his bonds;
"Ahoy there! Men on deck! For love of God
Let me not perish in this cell. Unbar the door,
Take off these chains, and arm me for the fight!
Oh give me air and light beneath the flag;
My blood will wash away my curse!" But all
Was vain.

A tearing shot that ploughed through side
And prison bulkhead walls, made clear
A passage wide enough through which
He sought his wild desire.
But e'er he reached the deck, the foe had lashed
His ship beside, and countless fierce wild men
Were leaping down among the feeble crew,
Who battled hard, but vain, against such odds.
He saw the flag the enemy displayed,
A flag unknown, unseen by him before,
Though strangely like the one he cursed,—now loved
So much,—would die in its defense.

He wrenched a cutlass from a dying hand,
And hewed his way among the privateers.
Where'er he struck, the way was cleared of men
Like wheat before the blade. His strange demean
And antique garb amazed the foe, until
It seemed he'd drive the boarders to their ship.
At last, his wounds o'ercame his madd'ning strength,
And sinking to his knee, was soon disarmed,
But spared the murd'rous stroke by one who knew
His name and story from a child.
His glazing eye turned wistful toward the flag,
Now drooping low, as if to mourn for him:—

"My country! thou art now avenged! my life,—
My wasted life,—I give to thee—to thee."

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truth, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that

monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early down the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its

stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

H. W. Beecher.

TRUE LIBERTY.

The emblems of nations
Are vital with thought,
Poetic creations
Of that which they sought.
The instinct that guided,
The motives they cherished,
In which they confided,
And triumphed, or perished.
All the nations, be thou sure,
God's great purpose do mature.

The Roman eagles, far and wide,
Soared in the blue Italian sky;
Their hosts o'er prostrate nations ride,
And barbarous tribes submit or die.
Romans in that emblem saw,
Power for plunder, havoc, war;
Mighty source of human woe,
It wrought their hopeless overthrow.
But the Romans' conquering sway
Ushered in Messiah's day.
Then the French eagle fiercely flew;
From long oppression men arose;
'Twas freedom in that sign they knew,
And frantic, rushed upon their foes;
But freedom's God they madly spurned,
And soon the tide of battle turned.
On glory, not on God, they call,
And soon they saw their eagle fall.
But God by them had scattered wide,
Freedom's seed on every side.
A noble eagle now arose
In a new world, for loftier flight;
There freedom triumphed o'er its foes,
And shone a clear and steady light;
The Nation from its very birth,
Was freedom's beacon to the earth,
The great Republic of the West,
By which all nations should be blest.
For God's great purpose ripens now;
That men no more to tyrants bow.
The eagle flew! the flag unfurled!
A shock electric thrilled the world;
For oft had liberty been sought,
And oft with blood and suffering bought;

But all who hailed its early day,
Had seen its radiance fade away
In luxury and selfish strife;
But now the Bible gave it life.
And now this truth shone like the sun
That liberty and God are one.
Freedom, not license; free to grow
In mental stature, moral grace;
In Independence not to know
A barrier to the highest place.
Free to rejoice in liberty,
Yet leave another just as free;
As Adam stood on Eden's sod,
Free to do right, and worship God.
God guiding them, the nations saw
True liberty sustained by Law.
O Liberty! long sought in vain,
By struggling man in every clime;
Ne'er may thy brightness fade again,
But soar to unknown heights sublime,
My country! founded on that rock.
Guard well thy Bible! 'gainst the shock
Of selfish passion, party strife,
Uphold the Word of love and life.
For God now opens wide the door,
Enter! be free for evermore.

—*I. W. Dubuar.*

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

The Chieftain gazed with moistened eyes upon the veteran band
Who with him braved the battle's storm for God and native land;

At last the parting hour had come—from prairie, mount and sea,
The glad shout burst from countless hearts: "Our land—our land is free!"

Then up from every altar rose a hymn of praise to God,
Who nerved the patriot hearts and arms to free their native sod;
The stormy strife of grief and gloom, of blood and death was o'er,
The heroes who survived its wrath might seek their homes once more.

With bared heads bowed, and swelling hearts, they gathered round their Chief;
The parting day to them was one of mingled joy and grief;
They thought of all his love and care, his patience sorely tried,
Of how he shared their wants and woes, and with them death defied.

They looked back to that fearful night when 'mid the storm he stood
Beside the icy Delaware, to guide them o'er the flood—
Back to red fields where, thick as leaves upon an Autumn day,
The tawny savage warriors and British foemen lay.

They thought of many a cheerless camp where lay the sick and dead,
Where of that stately form was bent o'er many a sufferer's bed;
Well had he won the deathless love of all that patriot band—
Their friend and guide, their nation's hope, the savior of their land.

He, too, saw all they had endured to break their country's
chains,
Their naked footprints stamped in blood on Jersey's
frozen plains.
The gloomy huts at Valley Forge, where Winter's icy
breath
Froze many a brave heart's crimson flow, chained many
an arm in death.

And, looking on their war-thinned ranks, he sighed for
those who fell;
It stirred the depths of his great heart to say the word
"Farewell;"
He saw strong men who, facing death, had never thought
of fear,
Dash from their scarred and sun-browned cheeks the
quickly gushing tear.

He stood in the receding boat, his noble brow laid bare,
And the wild fingers of the breeze tossing his silv'ry hair,
While to his trusty followers, the sternly tried and true,
Whose sad eyes watched him from the shore, he waved a
last adieu.

Earth shows no laureled conqueror so truly great as he
Who laid the sword and power aside when once his land
was free,
Who calmly sought his quiet home when Freedom's fight
was won,
While with one voice the Nation cried: "God bless our
Washington!"

NATHAN HALE, THE MARTYR SPY.

After the disastrous defeat of the Americans on Long Island, Washington desired information respecting the British position and movements. Capt. Nathan Hale, but twenty-one years old, volunteered to procure the information. He was taken, and hanged as a spy the day after his capture, Sept. 22, 1776. His patriotic devotion and brutal treatment received at the hands of his captors have suggested the following:

'Twas in the year that gave the Nation birth—
A time when men esteemed the common good
As greater weal than private gain. A battle fierce
And obstinate had laid a thousand patriots low,
And filled the people's hearts with gloom.

Pursued like hunted deer,
The crippled army fled; and, yet, amid
Disaster and defeat, the Nation's chosen chief
Resolved his losses to retrieve. But not
With armies disciplined and trained by years
Of martial service could he, this Fabian chief,
Now hope to check the hosts of Howe's victorious legions—
These had he not.

In stratagem the shrewder general
Ofttimes o'ercomes his strong antagonist.
To Washington, a knowledge of the plans,
Position, strength of England's force,
Must compensate for lack of numbers.

He casts about for one who'd take his life
In hand. Lo! he stands before the chief. In face,
A boy—in form, a man on whom the eye could rest
In search of God's perfected handiwork;
In culture, grace and speech, reflecting all
A mother's love could lavish on an only son.

The chieftain's keen discerning eye
Appraised the youth at his full worth, and saw
In him those blending qualities that make
The hero and the sage. He fain would save
For nobler deeds a man whose presence marked
A spirit born to lead.

"Young man," he said with kindly air,
"Your country and commander feel grateful that
Such talents are offered in this darkening hour.
Have you, in reaching this resolve, considered well
Your fitness, courage, strength—the act, the risk,
You undertake? Have you, in that fine balance which
Detects an atom on either beam, weighed well
Your chances of escape 'gainst certain fate
Should capture follow in the British camp?"

In tones of fitting modesty that well
Became his years, the patriot answered thus:
"My country's honor, safety, life, it ever was
My highest purpose to defend; that country's foes
Exultant sweep through ruined land and home
And field. A thousand stricken hearts bewail
The loss of those who late our standards bore;
Appeal to us through weeping eyes whose tears
We cannot brush away with words. The ranks
Of those now cold in death are not replaced
By living men. The hour demands a duty rare—

Perhaps a sacrifice. If God and training in
The schools have given me capacities
This duty to perform, the danger of the enterprise
Should not deter me from the act
Whose issue makes our country free. In times
Like these a Nation's life sometimes upon
A single life depends. If mine be deemed

A fitting sacrifice, God grant a quick
Deliverance."

"Enough: go then, at once," the great
Commander said. "May Heaven's guardian angels give
You safe return. Adieu."

* * * * * * * * *

Disguised with care, the hopeful captain crossed
The sound, and moved through British camp
Without discovery by troops or refugees.
The enemy's full strength, in men, in stores,
Munitions, guns—all military accoutrements—
Were noted with exact precision; while,
With graphic sketch, each trench and parapet,
Casemated battery, magazine, and every point
Strategic was drawn with artist's skill.

The task complete, the spy with heart
Elate now sought an exit through the lines.
Well might he feel a soldier's pride. An hour hence
A waiting boat would bear him to his friends.
His plans he'd lay before his honored chief;
His single hand might turn the tide of war—
His country yet be free.

"Halt!" A British musket leveled at
His head dimmed all the visions of his soul.
A dash—an aimless shot; the spy bore down
Upon the picket with a blow that else
Had freed him from his clutch, but for a score
Of troops stationed near. In vain the struggle fierce
And desperate—in vain demands to be released.
A tory relative, for safety quartered in
The British camp would prove his truckling loyalty
With kinsman's blood. A word—a look—
A motion of the head, and he who'd dared
So much in freedom's name was free no more.

O Judas, self-condemned thou art
But the type of many a trait'rous friend,
Who ere and since thy time betrayed to death
A noble heart. Henceforth be doubly doomed—
A base example to earth's weaker souls.

Before Lord Howe the captive youth
Was led. "Base dog!" the haughty general said:
"Ignoble son of loyal sires! you've played the spy
Quite well I ween. The cunning skill wherewith
You wrought these plans and charts might well adorn
An honest man, but in a rebel's hands they're vile
And mischievous. If aught may palliate
A traitor's act, attempted in his sovereign's camp,
I bid you speak ere I pronounce your sentence."

With tone and mien that hushed
The buzzing noise of idle lackeys in the hall,
The patriot thus replied: "You know my name—
My rank;—my treacherous kinsman made
My purpose plain. I've nothing further of myself
To tell beyond the charge of traitor to deny.
The brand of spy I do accept without reproach;
But never since I've known the base ingratitude
Of king to loyal subjects of his realm
Has British rule been aught to me than barbarous
Despotism which God and man abhor, and none
But dastards fear to overthrow.

"For tyrant loyalty your lordship represents
I never breathed a loyal breath; and he
Who calls me traitor seeks a pretext for a crime
His trembling soul might well condemn."

"I'll hear no more such prating cant,"
Said Howe; "Your crime's enough to hang a dozen men.
Before tomorrow's sun shall rise you'll swing

'Twixt earth and heaven, that your countrymen
May know a British camp is dangerous ground
For prowling spies. Away."

In loathsome cell, deprived
Of holy sacrament, and e'en the word of Him
Who cheered the thief upon the cross—refused
The means wherewith he would indite his last
Farewell to her who gave him life,
And to another whose young heart
The morrow's work would shade in gloom—
He passed the night in charge of one whom Satan had
Commissioned hell's sharpest torments to inflict.

Securely bound upon a cart, amid
A speechless crowd, he stands beneath a strong
Projecting limb, to which a rope with noose attached
Portends a tragic scene. He casts his eyes
Upon the surging multitude. Clearly now
His tones ring out as victors shout in triumph:

"Men, I do not die in vain.
My humble death upon this tree will light anew
The Torch of Liberty. A hundred hands to one
Before will strike for country, home and God,
And fill our ranks with men of faith in His
Eternal plan to make this people free.
A million prayers go up this day to free
The land from blighting curse of tyrant's rule.
Oppression's wrongs have reached Jehovah's throne;
The God of vengeance smites the foe! This land—
This glorious land—is free—is free!

"My friends, farewell! In dying thus
I feel but one regret; it is the one poor life
I have to give in freedom's cause."

ISAAC HINTON BROWN.

OUR FLAG.

Now can the world once more the glory see
Of this our flag, emblem of liberty.
Now can the tyrant quake with direst fear
As o'er his land our banners shall appear.

No selfish aim shall lead our flag astray,
No base desire shall point our banner's way;
Each star has told a tale of noble deed,
Each stripe shall mean from strife a nation freed.

Our glorious past when first with thirteen stars
On field of blue with white and bright red bars,
Our flag led on in battle's fierce array,
And freed the land from mighty Britain's sway.

And since this time when first it was unfurled,
Our flag has proved the noblest in the world.
From Cuba's shore out to Manila Bay
Its mighty folds protecting fly to-day.

Beneath this flag with patriotic pride
For freedom's cause great men have gladly died;
Our noblest sons beneath its folds so free
In conflict died for Cuba's liberty.

Float on, dear flag, our nation's greatest joy,
Thy starry folds no despot shall destroy;
Stretch out thy arms till war forever cease,
And all the world is universal peace.

CHAS. F. ALSOP.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

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 saltier 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 first army of the revolution, at Cambridge, that 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 opposition.

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 the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1777, 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 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 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, should 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 and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not only 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 of the distant West.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of 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 bursts of magnificient 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 the 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.

REV. A. P. PUTNAM.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

ALBERT ELLERY BERG.

Columbia! my native land!
My heart goes out to thee;
Thy flag shall ever wave above
A nation that is free!
Our fathers fought like valiant men
When foes were at our gates;
There's not a land in all the world
Like our United States!
In all the wide, wide world, my boys,
Like our United States!

No North! no South! no East! no West!
This nation can divide,
While liberty and loyalty
In union hearts abide;
The man who scorns the stars and stripes
A traitor's doom awaits;
There's not a land in all the world
Like our United States!
In all the wide, wide world, my boys,
Like our United States!

The women of America
Are lovely to behold;
The men of each and every State
Are noble, brave, and bold.
E'en though we dwelt in foreign climes,
Our fervor ne'er abates;
There's not a land in all the world
Like our United States!
In all the wide, wide world, my boys,
Like our United States!

In Europe, Asia, Africa,
You'll seek its like in vain;
Our brothers from a distant shore
Come back to us again;
For every month and every year
It more of love creates;
There's not a land in all the world
Like our United States!
In all the wide, wide world, my boys,
Like our United States!

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF MANILA.

With the United States flag flying at all their mast-heads, our ships moved to the attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send a shell over us at a distance of five miles. The Concord's guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Admiral Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city.

As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. The Spaniards had misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in air by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

Admiral Dewey had fought with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines exploded, however, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

Only a few minutes later the shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit the battery in Manila, but soon the guns got a better range, and the shells began to strike near us, or burst close aboard from both the batteries and the Spanish vessels. The heat was intense. Men stripped off all clothing except their trousers.

As the Admiral's flagship, the Olympia, drew nearer all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of blowers and the throb of the engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From

the boatswain's mate at the after 5-inch gun came a hoarse cry. "Remember the Maine!" arose from the throats of five hundred men at the guns. This watchword was caught up in turrets and fire-rooms, wherever seaman or fireman stood at his post.

"Remember the Maine!" had rung out for defiance and revenge. Its utterance seemed unpremeditated, but was evidently in every man's mind, and, now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the Maine's crew, every man shouted what was in his heart.

The Olympia was now ready to begin the fight. "You may fire when ready, Captain Gridley," said the Admiral, and at nineteen minutes of six o'clock, at a distance of 5,500 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth a compliment to the Spanish forts. Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent 250-pound shells hurtling toward the Spanish ships Castilla and the Reina Christina for accuracy. The Spaniard seemed encouraged to fire faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us.

The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time fuse shells, fragments of which would lash the water like shrapnel or cut our hull and rigging. One large shell that was coming straight at the Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell within less than one hundred feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of some of the officers. Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

"Capture and destroy Spanish squadron," were Dewey's orders. Never were instructions more effectually carried

out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done. The Admiral closed the day by anchoring off the city of Manila and sending word to the Governor General that if a shot was fired from the city at the fleet he would lay Manila in ashes.

What was Dewey's achievement? He steamed into Manila Bay at the dead hour of the night, through the narrower of the two channels, and as soon as there was daylight enough to grope his way about he put his ships in line of battle and brought on an engagement, the greatest in many respects in ancient or modern warfare. The results are known the world over—every ship in the Spanish fleet destroyed, the harbor Dewey's own, his own ships safe from the shore batteries, owing to the strategic position he occupied, and Manila his whenever he cared to take it.

Henceforth, so long as ships sail and flags wave, high on the scroll that bears the names of the world's greatest naval heroes will be written that of George Dewey.

THAT STARRY FLAG OF OURS.

Unfurl the starry banner,
Till with loving eyes we view
The stars and stripes we honor
And the folds of azure blue.

'Tis the pride of all our nation
And the emblem of its powers—
The gem of all creation
Is that starry flag of ours

Then raise aloft "Old Glory,"
And its colors bright surround,
In battle fierce and gory,
Or in peace with honor bound.

Let it float from spire and steeple,
And from house-tops, masts and towers.
For the banner of the people
Is that starry flag of ours.

Now, behold it, bright and peerless,
In the light of freedom's sky;
See its colors floating, fearless
As the eagle soaring high.

And amid the cannon's rattle
And the bullets' deadly showers
Ten million men will battle
For that starry flag of ours.

NATIONALITY.

If you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day,* and all which it stands for,—did it not give us these? The glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny, and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever, the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work,—were not all these imparted as inspired by this imperial

*Fourth of July.

sentiment? Has it not here begun the master-work of man,—the creation of a national life. Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness, which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in the general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest; it has involved us in no entangling alliances; it has kept our neutrality dignified and just; the victories of peace have been our prized victories, but the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created, and for which they must one day, before some tribunal give account,—what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfil! It has lifted us to the throne, and has set on our brow the name of the great republic; it has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great tranquil sea; it has made the desert to blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people.

RUFUS CHOATE.

THE YANKEES IN BATTLE.

For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish Admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope. That was that the Spanish ship Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the American ship Brooklyn. The spectacle of two torpedo boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of battleships can only be described in one way. It was Spanish, and it was ordered by the Spanish General Blanco. The same may be said of the entire movement.

In contrast to the Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate Yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. Admiral Cervera was taken aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him, and he was received with a full Admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded aft over the turrets, half naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side bareheaded. The crew cheered vociferously. The Admiral submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred.

The officers of the Spanish ship Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose, and the blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies floated in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was sent by the flagship to

the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Vizcaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames, leaping out from the huge shot holes in the Vizcaya's sides, licked up the decks, sizzling the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below. This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the American fire.

From two 6-pounders 400 shells were fired in fifty minutes. Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them. One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpetre from the turret, and his crew were driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun.

Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the 3-inch gun was fired, the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged away from their stations. Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

CAPTAIN R. D. EVANS.

PATRIOTISM OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,
Though heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

[Extract from a speech in the British Parliament, 1793, in behalf of a Petition of "The Friends of the People" for representation in the House of Commons.]

When we look at the democracies of the ancient world, we are compelled to acknowledge their oppression to their dependencies, their horrible acts of injustice and of ingratitude to their own citizens; but they compel us also to admiration by their vigor, their constancy, their spirit, and their exertions in every great emergency in which they were called upon to act. We are compelled to own, that it gives a power of which no other form of government is capable. Why? Because it incorporates every man with the state—because it arouses every thing that belongs to the soul, as well as to the body of man—because it makes every individual creature feel that he is fighting for himself, and not for another; that it is his own cause, his own safety, his own concern, his own dignity, on the face of the earth, and his own interest on the identical soil which he has to maintain; and accordingly we find that whatever may be ascribed, that whatever may be objected to them on account of the turbulency of the passions which they engender, their short duration, and their disgusting vices, they have exacted from the common suffrage of mankind the palm of strength and vigor. Who that reads the history of the Persian war, what boy whose heart is warmed by the grand and sublime actions which the democratic spirit produced, does not find in this principle the key to all the wonders which were achieved at Thermopylæ and elsewhere, and of which the recent and marvelous acts of the French people are frequent examples? He sees that the principle of liberty could only create the sublime and irresistible emotion:

and it is in vain to deny, from the striking illustrations that our own times have given, that the principle is eternal, and that it belongs to the heart of man. Shall we then refuse to take the benefit of this invigorating principle? Shall we refuse to take the benefit which the wisdom of our ancestors resolved that it should confer on the British constitution? With the knowledge that it can be reinfused into our system without violence, without disturbing any one of its parts, are we to become inert, so terrified or so stupid, as to hesitate for one hour to restore ourselves to the health which it would be sure to give? When we see the giant power it confers upon others, we ought not to withhold it from Great Britain. How long is it since we were told in this house, that France was a blank in the map of Europe, and that she lay an easy prey to any power that might be disposed to divide and plunder her? Yet we see that, by the mere force and spirit of this principle, France has brought all Europe to her feet. Without disguising the vices of France, without overlooking the horrors that have been committed, and that have tarnished the glory of the revolution, it cannot be denied, that they have exemplified the doctrine, that if you wish for power, you must look to liberty. If ever there was a moment when this maxim ought to be dear to us, it is the present. We have tried all other means: we have had recourse to every stratagem, that artifice, influence or cunning could suggest—we have addressed ourselves to all the base passions of the nation; we have addressed ourselves to pride, to avarice, to fear; we have awakened all the interested emotions; we have employed everything that flattery, everything that address, everything that privilege could effect; we have tried to terrify them into exertion; and all has been unequal to our emergency. Let us try them by the only means which experience

demonstrates to be invincible, let us address ourselves to their love; let us identify them with ourselves; let us make it their own cause, as well as ours. To induce them to come forward in support of the state, let us make them part of the state, and this they become the very instant you give them a House of Commons that is the faithful organ of their will; then, sir when you have made them believe and feel that there can be but one interest in the country, you will never call upon them in vain for exertion. —*Charles Fox.*

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

REV. L. PARMELE.

AN ADDRESS TO AMERICAN YOUTH.

"The Fourth of July, 1776, will be the most remarkable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival."—JOHN ADAMS, in a letter to his wife, July 7, 1776.

Independence Day! The booming cannon and rattling firearms! It is not the wrath of battle, but only echo-thunders, rolling back upon us from the great war-tempest of '76. Nor are these sounds now mingled with the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying—mournfully terrific swelling up from the field of blood. The report of guns and voice of artillery that fall on our ears to-day are all mellowed down into notes of enchanting music, and sweetly chime in with the glorious triumphal anthem of our national jubilee.

Upon the youth of America is conferred the noblest birthright in the whole world. The stars under which

you were born beam with brightest promise and kindle loftiest hope. The principles declared and defended by our forefathers "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood,"—the great principle "*that all men were created equal*" is the broad and only foundation of true greatness. The war-guns of '76 exploded that long venerated theory, that royalty must flow alone through the veins of crowned lineage, and that princes could spring from the loins of kings. While in this land it is not possible for you to inherit a single drop of royal blood, yet in each of your bosoms is implanted the germ of a self-born sovereign. Before you all, without any miserable and silly distinction of ancestry or estate, is placed the brightest diadem of moral dignity, intellectual greatness, and civil honor. This country is, morally, a "*free soil*" empire. Here the young man—it matters not whether his nursery was in the gilded palace or in the "low thatched cottage"—has before him the same privileges and inducements, and as wide and free an avenue to glory; and his gray hairs may possess the fresh dew of his country's benediction, and his name be enrolled among earth's true nobility.

But while full and equal encouragement is before you all, without respect of rank or circumstance, still the prize is only for such as are willing to gird themselves unto the race; and the diligent hand alone reaps the harvest-honor. In our land something more is requisite to constitute one a prince than being born under a palace roof. Honorable parentage or the tinsel of wealth, are not sufficient to place the royal crown upon a *brainless* head. It is only by fixed purpose, intense application and invincible perseverance that you can reach the heights of fame, and hang out your name to shine forever in the bright galaxy of national glory. Here we have no

heirs apparent to the crown—the great men of America are *self-made*. You bring into the world no other nobility than that which the God of nature has endowed you—sovereignty of mind—the sceptre of genius; and in this freest, broadest field of action you must become the architect of your own fortune—the master-builder of your own destiny And now, in the morning glory of your waking energies, what a full chorus of inducements is inviting you forth to toil with the sure promise of a rich reward. Oh, how many young men in the old world would this day leap for joy to gain, even "with a great price," such privileges as belong to your birthright. With the halls of science, the council chamber of state and the high places of empire all opening before you, let your motto be "I WILL TRY," the watchword that never lost a battle in the moral world—the true key-note to the great anthem of self-coronation.

And while true greatness is gained only by mighty effort and persevering toil, this very effort develops intellectual powers — mind waxes stronger in the fight and strengthens in every new struggle, establishing a firm independence of character and bringing out the bold features of individuality; like the oak, whose roots struggle down under the dark earth, and the crevices of the everlasting rocks, gaining a foundation of power, upon which it lifts up its head in towering majesty, defying the wrath of the wildest tempest. In countries where rank is obtained on easy terms of ancestry and a man becomes a king simply because his father before him was one, nobility relaxes into indolence of spirit and imbecility of intellect, and royalty, with all its imposing honors, degenerates into mental dwarfishness, and the king's *jester* is often, really, a greater man than the crowned head. The great men of America are intrin-

sically great—independent of their civil honors, they possess the power of intellectual giants.

And above all, let us remember that religion was the early harbinger, and continues the guardian angel of the American's birthright—the note of religious freedom struck on the rock of Plymouth, and was the grand prelude to the swelling anthem of civil liberty. None surely can doubt that the voice of the Almighty moved on the dark waters of the revolutionary struggle, and that His hand was in that sublime destiny which brought out on the blackest night of oppression the brightest star of empire! And now, the war-storm over, and the battle-thunder ceased, the precious blood of our forefathers that was poured out as a free shower upon the earth—those peerless drops are gathered over us in a bright bow of promise, spanning a continent, and resting on two oceans, attracting a world to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But the fear of God is the great keystone in this bow of national hope—take away this, and the sunlit arch will vanish into the blackness of a second moral deluge.

THE OLD FLAG.

Unfurl the banner as of old,
To flutter in the breeze of heaven,
Before each bright and glowing fold
And shining star was battle riven.
A symbol of heroic days—
Ticonderoga's storied height,
Of Saratoga's bloody plain,
And where at night Mad Anthony Wayne
Stormed Stony Point; of Lake Champlain,

And Brooklyn's sad, disastrous fight,
And let it tell to children now
How well their fathers kept their vow.
Fling out the banner! let it wave
As once on Erie's startled breast—
It was the guidon of the brave,
Above the war clouds' circling crest,
And Perry bore it, torn and rent,
Amid the din and roar of gun;
And as its freeborn hues are blent
With blue of sky and glow of sun
Above the airy battlement.
There let it float, while breezes kiss
Its stripes on which the day-break beams;
That as we turn and look on this,
That is not visioned in our dreams,
We see the oriflamme on high
For which mankind may dare and die.
Aye! fling it out. It waved before
Where battle raged from left to right.
On Cherebusco's castled front,
In Cerro Gordo's famous fight,
And glistened in the air, a speck,
Triumphant o'er Chepultapec.
It floated still, though brothers strove
To tear it from a brother's hand;
And where was union once of love
From Maine's remotest border land
To Sacramento's hills of gold,
And to the furthest southern land,
Grew hate and strife, and blood outpoured,
It floated still. Now woman's hands
Will raise it on our natal day.
No more amid the fierce affray

Of fratricidal war to wave,
But over each dead soldier's grave,
And o'er the living, like a shield,
Man's first great gift to man revealed.

DEATH OF McPHERSON.

CAROLINE L. RANSOM.

On fleet, sable charger, in morning's cool gray,
Forth rode the brave chieftain of many a fray;
All booted and belted, and decked with the stars
Heroicly won in dread battle's fierce jars.

His face all aglow with ambitions full plumed,
And eyes like the eagle's whose flashes illumed,
From soul full of love, full of honor and life,
The pathways he trod in both pleasure and strife.

A moment he lingered with uplifted hand,
Saluting and giving last words of command,
As list'ning the while to the ominous sound
Of conflict near raging with fury profound.

Then gallantly waving a hurried adieu
To comrades around, to the battle's front flew;
Concent'ring, advancing, and wheeling in line
His trusty, tried vet'rans full flushed with war's wine.

Unheedful of danger, unmindful of death,
His swaying battalions he rules with a breath;
While louder and louder the conflict's wild roar
Is thunder'd along with the iron hail's pour.

The mists of the morning went up with the sun
And mingled at midday with battle-smoke dun,
That hung like a pall over valley and plain,
Strewn thickly with thousands of wounded and slai

When foaming and bleeding and riderless rushed
That fleet, sable charger, with wild terror flushed,
Through valley and thicket,
Past sentry and picket,
Through columns deploying,
Past cannon destroying,
Thus voiceless proclaiming, as wildly he flew,
The fate of the master, the serried ranks through.

'Bove booming of cannon and musketry's hail
There rose from these ranks the heart-piercing wail:
"McPherson has fallen!" "McPherson the true!"
"The knightliest knight of our armies in blue!"

And blanched were bronzed cheeks and all stifled the breath
Of vet'rans he'd led through the valleys of death.
A moment of awe!—of unspeakable woe!
With eyes, raining tears, hissing hot in their flow.

Inquiringly turned toward smoke-hidden sky,
Then angrily flashed, while the clear-ringing cry:
"McPherson and vengeance!" swept down the long line
Their watch-word of battle—their dread countersign.

And others were given, hoarse whispered yet few,
That from army to army responsively flew
Uniting, inspiring, and nerving to smite
The merciless foe with a merciless might.

"Avengement is ours! Aye! This deed we'll repay!
Mark, comrades! NO QUARTER! NO PRISONERS TO-DAY
Our chieftain foul slain his base slayers shall feel
The might of our vengeance, the might of our steel!"

The hosts that at nightfall on gory beds lay,
Or heaped on the red field, both the blue and the gray,
Attested the struggle, attested the wrath
That swept like a whirlwind the enemy's path.

As back to their ramparts they vengefully hurled
The false to that country, the hope of that world,
For victory, dear bought—for glory, fierce won,
The blood of our heroes in rivulets run.

Oh! day full of sorrow!
Oh! night full of woe!
Oh! weeping to-morrow!
What mortal can show.

The thousands of households in desolate grief,
Bemoaning their lost ones with Tennessee's chief;
With flush of whose dawning in anguish appears
The armies in mourning, a nation in tears.

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

At the heart of our country the tyrant was leaping,
To dye there the point of his dagger in gore,
When Washington sprang from the watch he was keeping,
And drove back the tyrant in shame from our shore;
The cloud that hung o'er us then parted and roll'd
Its wreaths far away, deeply tinctured with flame,
And high on its fold
Was a legend that told
The brightness that circled our Washington's name.

Long years have roll'd on, and the sun still has brighten'd
Our mountains and fields with its ruddiest glow;
And the bolt that he wielded so proudly has lighten'd
With a flash as intense, in the face of the foe;
On the land and the sea, the wide banner has roll'd
O'er many a chief, on his passage to fame,
And still on its fold
Shine in letters of gold
The glory and worth of our Washingtoin's name.

And so it shall be while Eternity tarries,
And pauses to tread in the footsteps of Time;
The bird of the tempest, whose quick pinion carries
Our arrows of vengeance shall hover sublime;
Wherever that flag on the wind shall be roll'd,
All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame
If e'er they are told
They are careless and cold,
In the glory that circles our Washington's name.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

FOURTH OF JULY.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

Maine, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from New Hampshire's granite heights, the echoing peal rings out;
The mountain farms of stanch Vermont prolong the thundering call,
And Massachusetts answers, "Bunker Hill"—a watch-word for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,

And staid Connecticut breaks forth in stalwart harmony.
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore.
Still on the booming volley rolls, o'er plains and flowery glades
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide.

And wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky;
While on the shores and through the swales round the vast inland seas,
The stars and stripes, midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.

The woodsman, from the mother takes his boy upon his knee,
And tells him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty.
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride—
While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.

Yes, when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the west,
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee,

That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic Sea.
O God, look down upon the land which thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail:
Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun—
"Our country, our whole country, and our country, ever one."

THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.

The sinking of the ship Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago harbor, by Lieutenant Hobson, was one of the most daring exploits on record. It is here told in his own words.

I did not miss the entrance to the harbor. I turned east until I got my bearings and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out first from one side of the harbor and then from the other from those big guns on the hills, the Spanish ship Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joining in.

Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed and soon lined the foot of the cliff, firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross fire. The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling

the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side.

Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around. We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

"Not a man must move," I said, and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we all were not killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense. Then men's mouths grew parched, but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way, would say: "Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?" but I said: "Wait till daylight."

It would have been impossible to get the catamaran or raft anywhere but to the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved. The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed, but one man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless. It was splendid the way these men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries and the Vizcaya was awful.

When the water came up on the Merrimac's decks the raft floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edge and clung on, our heads only being above water. One man thought we

were safer right there; it was quite light; the firing had ceased, except that on the launch which followed to rescue us, and I feared Ensign Powell and his men had been killed.

A Spanish launch came toward the Merrimac. We agreed to capture her and run. Just as she came close the Spaniards saw us, and a half-dozen marines jumped up and pointed their rifles at our heads. "Is there any officer in that boat to receive a surrender of prisoners of war?" I shouted. An old man leaned out under the awning and held out his hand. It was the Spanish Admiral Cervera.

R. P. Hobson.

BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

One hour before the Spaniards appeared my quartermaster on the Brooklyn reported to me that Cervera's fleet was coaling up. This was just what I expected, and we prepared everything for a hot reception. Away over the hills great clouds of smoke could be faintly seen rising up to the sky. A little later and the smoke began to move towards the mouth of the harbor. The black cloud wound in and out along the narrow channel, and every eye on board the vessels in our fleet strained with expectation.

The sailor boys were silent for a full hour and the grim old vessels lay back like tigers waiting to pounce upon their prey. Suddenly the whole Spanish fleet shot out of the mouth of the channel. It was the grandest spectacle I ever witnessed. The flames were pouring out of the funnels, and as it left the channel the fleet opened fire with every gun on board. Their guns were worked as rapidly as possible, and shells were raining around like hail.

It was a grand charge. My first impression was that of a lot of maddened bulls, goaded to desperation, dashing at their tormentors. The storm of projectiles and shells was the hottest imaginable. I wondered where they all came from. Just as the vessels swung around the Brooklyn opened up with three shells, and almost simultaneously the rest of the fleet fired. Our volley was a terrible shock to the Spaniards, and so surprised them that they must have been badly rattled.

When our fleet swung around and gave chase, we not only had to face the fire from the vessels, but were bothered by a crossfire from the forts on either side, which opened on our fleet as soon as the Spaniards shot out of the harbor. The engagement lasted three hours, but I hardly knew what time was. I remember crashing holes through the Spanish Admiral's flagship, the Maria Teresa, and giving chase to the Colon.

I was on the bridge of the Brooklyn during the whole engagement, and at times the smoke was so dense that I could not see three yards ahead of me. The shells from the enemy's fleet were whistling around and bursting everywhere, except where they could do some damage. I seemed to be the only thing on the vessel not protected by heavy armor, and oh! how I would have liked to get behind some of that armor!

I don't know how I kept my head, but I do know that I surprised myself by seeing and knowing all that was going on, and I could hear my voice giving orders to do just what my head thought was right, while my heart was trying to get beneath the shelter of the armored deck. How do I account for such a victory with so little loss? That would mean how do I account for the rain of Spanish shells not doing more execution? They fought nobly and

desperately, but they were not a match for our Yankee officers and sailors.

I was proud of the boys in our fleet during that engagement. They knew just what their guns could do, and not one shot was wasted. Their conduct was wonderful. It was inspiring. It was magnificent. Men who can stand behind big guns and face a black storm of shells and projectiles as coolly as though nothing was occuring; men who could laugh because a shell had missed hitting them; men who could bet one another on shots and lay odds in the midst of the horrible crashing; men who could not realize that they were in danger—such men are wonders, and we have a whole navy of wonders.

ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY.

THE UNION OF THE STATES.

The political prosperity which this country has attained and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life, capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest.

But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties; it would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away; not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness,

but without limbs or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself, hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhausts our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley.

All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity?

If these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being, who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of His hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven, which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty, which tran-

scends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career.

Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing to the sea, so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the Capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more lovely, than this, our own country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

To give you some idea of this bird, permit me to place you on the Mississippi, on which you may float gently along, while approaching winter brings millions of waterfowls, on whistling wings, from the countries of the north, to seek a milder climate in which to sojourn for a season. The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening but stern eye looks over the vast expanse; he listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing every now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite

side, and, should all be tranquil and silent, warns him by a cry to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species—the teal, the widgeon, the mallard, and others—are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current, but the eagle heeds them not; they are at that time beneath his attention. The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream, for she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and, with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumes in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly; so irksome do her exertions seem that her very legs are spread beneath her tail to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey. As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch the male bird in preparation for the chase, with an awful scream, that, to the swan's ear, brings more terror than the report of the large duck gun. Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks by various manœuvers to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream were it not prevented by

the eagle, which, possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air by attempting to strike it with his talons beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with its talons the underside of its wing, and, with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall, in a slanting direction, upon the nearest shore. It is then that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race; whilst exulting over his prey he for the first time breathes with ease He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deep into the heart of the dying bird; he shrieks with delight as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his efforts to render death as painful as it possibly can be. The female has watched every movement of her mate; and if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore.—*Audubon.*

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country!—'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;

And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamelled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills;
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous stores,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank Thee for this home—
This bounteous birthland of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!—
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain earth's loveliest paradise!

—W. G. PEABODIE.

GENERAL STEEDMAN.

On Chickamauga's fatal day,
When in the balance hung the fray,
A Northern column, backward borne,
Its ranks by shot and shrapnel torn,
Heard far above the battle roar
A voice now hushed for evermore.

"Fly if you will, but here I stand!"
Steedman cried to his mad command,
Down the wavering lines he sped,
Holding the banner o'er his head.
"The men who fall back now," said he,
"Desert the flag, for it stays with me."

Stung by the taunt, the ranks reform,
Facing once more the iron storm;
Into the jaws of death they fly,
Steedman bearing the flag on high;
Whate'er the issue on that field,
His the command that did not yield.

The country calls no more to arms,
Vanished are all of war's alarms;
Sweetest flowers bedeck the sod
Where once the giant armies trod;
Children play in boisterous glee
Where death once sat in majesty.

The warrior bold who knew no fear,
Lies for aye on a soldier's bier;
There lies a face that never paled,
There molds a heart that never quailed;
Let garlands on his brow be pressed—
A hero passes to his rest.

THE REUNION.

After so many years have glided by,
See the thin company; see the old scroll
In the hand of the orderly calling the roll,
After so many years have glided by.

Sad are the silences; sad is the call;
Sadness is stricken in the hearts of all.
Even the flag in the sultry forenoon,
Heavy at heart, in sadness droops down,
Even the lowlands; even the hill
And the tall poplars are hazy and still.
Even the river is murmurous and low,
Passing in quietness, pitying so.
E'en the commander has lost his control,
Noting the absences in the old roll
After so many years have glided by!

After so many years have glided by,
Where are the comrades who stretched the line on
Far in the flush of the radiant morn!
Where are their voices? where are their faces?
Why are the soldiers not in their places?
O orderly, call the roll of the springs,
The summers, and wait for answerings!
Ask, ask of the winds that have borne them away,
Where are the faces and voices to-day,
After so many years have glided by?

Our soldiers have answered a longer roll,
A louder voice, a whiter scroll;

They have finished their battles; they have entered the years,
Where each a badge of glory wears.
Thank God, where each has rest at last,
And footsore marchings are all gone past;
The God of heaven still knows the best,
He knows that soldiers have need of Rest!
The weary head, the weary brain—
He pillows upon his loving breast.

O, orderly call for those who remain!
We are happy, a few are together again!
They may pass off with the summer rain
After so many years have glided by!

—*Hugh Calhoun Middleton.*

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.)

I.

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horse plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form,
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if they had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"—
"Are soldiers, General." "Then
Charge, Major! Do your best;
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II.

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sun-light reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor come one back his wounds to tell.

And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his specter call;
But they stir not again: they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

INDEPENDENCE DAY, 1776.

Ring out, glad bells, your merry chime,
Proclaim to every land and clime
On this bright, gladsome July morn—
A people free, a nation born.
Chime through the city, ville and town,
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,

Ring out o'er woods and mountains wild,
The birth of freedom's beauteous child.
Send tidings o'er the foam-white tide—
Over the restless waters wide—
Where crested billows surge and swell
Thy holy echoes blithesome bell;
Like timbrel sound across the sea,
Columbia's hymn of liberty—
Her psalm of independence.

Peal, cannons, peal! The glad news forth,
Proclaim it to the frigid North;
Belch forth your every iron mouth
The summons to the sunny South.
Oh! flash the glorious news abroad
From warm Key West to cold Cape Cod;
Let the report of freedom's gun
Be heard at glorious Lexington,
And from the Atlantic's billowy breast
Send the glad tidings to the West,
Across the prairie and the brake
From Boston Bay to Erie's lake,
And let Niagara's thunder song
The glory of the theme prolong;
Columbia's Independence.

Let brilliant watchfires gleam to-night
Upon the mountain's dizzy height,
On every hill, at every post,
On every headland round the coast;
On all the crossways through the land,
On every beach, on every strand.
Showing their signals, white and red,
From Mason's Bay to Hilton's Head,

And flash from every rocky steep,
Along the Atlantic's seething deep;
And from each ruddy flame shall glow
Freedom's defiance to the foe,
And light the midnight's darkling haze
Till Pilgrim's Rock reflects the blaze
Of sacred Independence.
Speed, bounding bark with flowing sail,
Publish the tidings on the gale,
And let it spread from sea to sea,
America to lead the free!
Conceived in fire, in the wild flame
Of contest waged in freedom's name.
Born in the battle's mad'ning strife,
And proudly ushered into life
Amid the craze of war's alarms

And cradled in a warrior's arms,
In revolution's fiery flood;
Baptized in freedom's sea of blood.
Her front a helmet—in her hand—
Baptismal gift—a battle brand,
The first shrill sounds that met her ears
Were freemen's guns and freemen's cheers
For welcome Independence.

Hark! the glad sound of music sweet,
From happy crowds that throng the street,
With a wild delight and mirthful glee
They chant the anthem of the free,
With bugle, horn, with drum and fife,
Hailing a nation born to life,
This holiday of freedom's world,
Bright with her banners now unfurled,

Let it resound o'er cape and bay
Greeting the Nation's natal day,
Reverberate each song and cheer,
Till the old town of Concord hear
The glorious strains, till stream and rill
Send echoes back to Bunker Hill
Of lasting Independence.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The fight was o'er—the thunder
Of cannon heard no more—
And many a stain of crimson
The trampled green sward bore,
Fearful had been the havoc,
And many a valiant breast—
The steadfast and true-hearted,
There found an endless rest.

The sun in golden glory
Was sinking behind the hills;
The restless breeze was rippling
The gleaming mountain rills.
By friend and foe forsaken,
A stalwart soldier lay,
The fading sunbeams gleaming
Athwart his dress of gray.

Imploring a drink of water,
His pale lips parched with thirst—
Dreaming of silvery fountains
Where living waters burst.

The sunlit day was fading
All cloudless and serene,
Where death and glory meeting,
Surveyed the silent scene.

Lo! from the dark pine forest,
A soldier clad in blue,
With courage never falt'ring,
A tender heart and true,
Advanced with firm step treading
The solemn field o'erspread
With many tatter'd banners,
And marks of conflict dread.

On, on, with silent footsteps
He traced his lonely way;
Pausing beside the soldier,
Who wore the simple gray,
Knelt down beside the fallen
And gently put his flask
To lips athirst for water—
A Christian's noble task.

There on the field so lonely,
Far from his father's halls,
The wounded soldier faintly
The name of brother calls;
They link their hands togethe
Upon the battle plain,
And by this act of kindness
The brothers meet again.

GLORIOUS NEW ENGLAND.

S. S. PRENTISS.

Glorious New England, thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. We, thy children, have assembled in this far distant land to celebrate thy birthday. A thousand fond associations throng upon us, roused by the spirit of the hour. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the Revolution; and far away in the horizon of thy past, gleam, like thy own bright northern lights the awful virtues of our pilgrim sires! But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection that, though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birth-place, still our country is the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every State of the broad republic. In the East, the South, and the unbounded West their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home. and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth, of guarding with pious care those household gods.

We cannot do with less than the whole Union. To us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows Northern and Southern blood. How shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption, so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both, and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

But no, the Union cannot be dissolved; its fortunes are too brilliant to be marred; its destinies too powerful to be resisted. Here will be their greatest triumph, their most mighty development.

And when, a century hence, this Crescent City shall have filled her golden horns; when within her broad-armed port shall be gathered the products of the industry of a hundred millions of freemen; when galleries of art and halls of learning shall have made classic this mart of trade; then may the sons of the Pilgrims, still wandering from the bleak hills of the North, stand upon the banks of the great river and exclaim, with mingled pride and wonder: Lo! this is our country. When did the world ever behold so rich and magnificent a city, so great and glorious a republic?

HEZEKIAH STUBBINS' JULY FOURTH ORATION.

Feller-Citizens of Pine Holler: Fourth of July's come, and we've come to meet him. Here we are, with our cannon, and muskets, and fire-crackers, and squibs, ready to kick

up a rusty, or pitch slam-bang into any feller that's got a word to say agin our forefathers, that fit, bled, and died for liberty. (Why don't you cheer me?)

Feller-Citizens: In the name of the martyrs of liberty, who fell supportin' the declaration on the bloody fields of Trafalgar; in the names of Franklin, Washington and Bonyparte, who, hand in hand, fit the bloody British lion at Monterey; in the name of the mighty eagle himself, who now flaps his wings on the top-rail of creation, I tell you something's got to be did. (Cheer me again.)

You've got to look at the clock-work of this glorious Union, and see if there ain't a peg out—a jint loose, or the cogs don't want greasin'. You've got to overhaul the conductors on the Union Smoky-lotive, and see if they hain't been playin' hob with the machinery, or cabbagin' the funds. You've got to get rid of them pesky fellers who dont' know nothin', and yit go round makin' election speeches, and tryin' to bust this glorious Union; and you've got to elect us fellers that have got larnin' and know how to protect your rights. (That's the place to cheer me agin.)

Feller-Citizens: If we've got to stan everything these lyin' scamps keep tellin' us 'bout how uncommon patriotic they are, and what big hearts they have, and how they love liberty, and what a splurge they'll make, and what a rumpus they'll kick up when they get to Congress, and what partikelar fits they'll give the rich monopolers who won't vote for 'em; and what nice things they'll do for us honest, hard-fisted fellers if we'll only elect 'em; and then, when we put 'em through, can't see us over their shirt collars, and don't even know that such beings as Hezekiah Stubbins, or Enoch Grimes, or Jedediah Spewkins, or ——, live upon the face of the airth; if such things

are going to be did, what's the use of having Fourth of Julies? (Cheer me agin.)

What's the use of firin' cannon,
Shooting crackers, burnin' squibs.
If there has to be a man on
Every stump a tellin' fibs?

Must the heroes of Pine Holler
Hear to all the pizen snakes
Try their best to make 'em swaller
'Bout the value of the stakes?

Louder than the rattlin' thunder
Swifter than the lightnin's flash,
Say, We'll never knuckle under,
Or believe their pesky trash.

Yes, sir! Tell them nation fellers,
Preachin' 'bout the Union dear,
If they want to keep their smellers
Out of danger, keep from here.
(*Cheer agin.*)

Feller-Citizens: Such doins ain't to be stood, and if you don't want them mean, chicken-hearted fellers to bring this country to perdition, let every man, boy and yelper, give a shout for Stubbins, liberty, and the dear Union, that shall rouse the bloody British lion from his lair, and send him howlin' o'er the sandy plains of Popocatapetl; while the Russian bear shall be so skeered that, sneakin like a whipped spaniel, he shall throw himself ker-whollop into the gulf of 'blivion; and the glorious American Eagle, hearin' the rumpus, and flappin' his wings o'er the universal Yankee nation, that stretches from the Bay

of Biscay to Californy, shall thunder out Stubbins! Fourth of July! and Yankee Doodledum forever! (*Scene closes with three cheers.*)

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

T. Buchanan Read.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray:
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of fame,
There, with the glorious General's name,
Let it be said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The pale-face I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall;

I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream;
And struggling through the Everglade
Your bristling bayonets gleam;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye—Come not here!

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter
Till I sink beneath its wave!

WILLIAM PENN.

CHARLES SUMNER.

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct for the intercourse of nations. While he recognized as a great end of government "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," he declined the superfluous protection

of arms against foreign force, and aimed to reduce the savage nations, by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil society and the Christian religion. His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians, who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach,—not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase,—is, to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country.

"The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood."

These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions "we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little State," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defense." A great man, worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his Life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they became strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary

means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority amongst them for the greater part of a century, and never during the administration of Penn or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war."

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king, is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed foot-prints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear, of insults or danger, were harassed by perpetual alarms and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems earthly and coarse.

Let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognize these transcendent ordinances of God, the *law of right* and the *law of love*—the double suns which illumine the moral universe—aspire to true glory, and, what is higher than glory, the great good of taking the lead in the

disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion. This is, indeed, the cheap defense of the nations. In such intrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible but impenetrable panoply,

> Or, if Virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hilltop; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body, or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap, exulting, to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country,—without the

terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces,—shall soar aloft with the olive-branch of Peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

WASHINGTON.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the new wing of the Capitol at Washington, July 4, 1851.

Washington! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me. He is dignified and grave; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently-established American government. Mighty thoughts, mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields; he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, if this vision were a reality; if Washington actually were now amongst us, and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own day, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us?—"Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices, were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly

and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the Constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the Union of the States, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole Eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity!"

Great father of your country! we heed your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high function. Our honor as well as our happiness, is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but, until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of Union and Liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California."

THE SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.

C. G. HALPINE.

A pillar of fire by night,
A pillar of smoke by day,
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,
And so we hold our way;
Some hours of march—then a halt to fight,
As on we hold our way.

Over mountain and plain and stream,
To some bright Atlantic bay
With our arms aflash in the morning beam
We hold our festal way;
With our arms aflash in the morning beam,
We hold our checkless way!

There is terror wherever we come,
There are terror and wild dismay
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
Announce us on the way;
When they see the Old Flag and hear the drum
Beating time to our onward way.

Never unlimber a gun
For those villanous lines in gray,
Draw sabres! and at 'em upon the run!
'Tis thus we clear our way,
Draw sabres, and soon you will see them run,
As we hold our conquering way.

The loyal, who long have been dumb,
Are loud in their cheers to-day;
And the old men out on their crutches come,
To see us hold our way;

And the old men out on their crutches come,
To bless us on our way.

Around us in rear and flanks,
Their futile squadrons play,
With a sixty-mile front of steady ranks,
We hold our checkless way;
With a sixty-mile front of serried ranks,
Our banner clears the way.

Hear the spattering fire that starts
From the woods and copses gray,
There is just enough fighting to quicken our hearts
As we frolic along the way!
There is just enough fighting to warm our hearts,
As we rattle along the way.

Upon different roads abreast
The heads of our columns gay,
With fluttering flags, all forward pressed,
Hold on their conquering way.
With fluttering flags to victory pressed,
We hold our glorious way.

Ah, traitors! who bragged so bold
In the sad war's early day,
Did nothing predict you should ever behold
The Old Flag come this way?
Did nothing predict you should yet behold
Our banner come back this way?

By heaven! 'tis a gala march.
'Tis a pic-nic or a play;
Of all our long war 'tis the crowning arch,
Hip, hip! for Sherman's way!
Of all our long war this crowns the arch—
For Sherman and Grant, hurrah!

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

C. W. THOMPSON.

Bird of the heavens! whose matchless eye
Alone can front the blaze of day,
And, wandering through the radiant sky,
Ne'er from the sunlight turn away;
Whose ample wing was made to rise
Majestic o'er the loftiest peak.
On whose chill tops the winter skies,
Around thy nest, in tempests speak—
What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king, with thee compare?
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

Bird of the sun! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way,
And mounting up the radiant sky,
E'en what he is,—the king of day.

Bird of Columbia! well art thou
An emblem of our native land
With unblenched front and noble brow,
Among the nations doomed to stand,
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
Like her own rivers, wandering free;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty!

Like thee, majestic bird! like thee
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wings, untired and strong
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

UNJUST NATIONAL ACQUISITIONS.

THOMAS CORWIN.

Mr. President, the unholy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains, as the eternal, cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors' goods, nor anything which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century, three powerful nations,—Russia, Austria and Prussia,—united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfill its destiny too. A very few

years pass off, and we hear of a new man. A Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon, ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederic, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plains that surround their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity and death.

But how fares it with the autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land; and, finally, the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution; she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her impotent neighbor.

Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail, in all unjust acquisitions of territory, to see the Providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the Nations was writing, in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall

fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small,—Europe he thought should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea takes possession of his soul, he too, becomes powerless. His terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and, doubtless, meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in his fist, gathered the snows of the north, and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled,—they froze,—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, *he* too is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and, now, finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena,—and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, *there* is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his *annexations* have come to that! His last hour is now at hand; and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still,—even as the beggar, so he died.

On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree, that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last. And France, she, too, has found "room." Her "eagles"

now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home to their old ærie between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees.

So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave, with insolent triumph, in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them: but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes!

AN ODE TO INDEPENDENCE HALL.

J. STEVENSON MITCHELL.

No sculptured marble greets the pilgrim's view;
No gothic dome the ambient zephyrs fan;
No golden spires salute the ethereal blue—
Shrine of enfranchised man!

Thou Mecca of a freedom-loving land!
Voice to all nations struggling to be free!
May thy plain walls in after ages stand,
And tyrants bend to thee.

Ye who have wandered o'er historic climes,
Who've stood upon the seven hills of Rome,
And drank the music of St. Peter's chimes,
And trod beneath its dome;

Ye who have stood on Britain's royal isle,
And paused enraptured with some sacred hymn
Which echoed through St. Paul's aspiring pile,
Like answering cherubim;

Ye who have trod the imperial streets of Gaul—
Where waved of old the golden oriflamme—
And paused to catch the vespers as they fall
And float from Notre Dame;—

Forget not this memorial of our love—
This silent witness of a noble deed,—
Hallowed beyond all storied piles of yore,
By freedom's bond decreed!

Thy ancient bell, from out its brazen throat,
Still echoes music that it pealed of yore;
And through the listening ages it shall float,
A hope for evermore.

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land;—
So still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eye-balls shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling, and firmly set,
Flashing with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come—
Told them what work was sent
For the black regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be free
In this land; or bound
Down like the whining hound,—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke:
Bayonet and sabre stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff
In the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands
Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;

Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,—
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And, on the gory sod,
Rolled in triumphant blood.
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath
Though on the lips of death.
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh, to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the black regiment.

EXTRACT FROM SENATOR BAKER'S SPEECH AT UNION SQUARE, N. Y., *April* 20, 1861.

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 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 traitors' 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.

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 feebler 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, than 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.

MAD ANTHONY'S CHARGE.

ALEXANDER N. EASTON

The capture of the fort at Stony Point, on the Hudson, forty-two miles above New York, by General Wayne, July 16, 1779, is justly considered one of the most brilliant exploits performed during the Revolutionary War.

Close beside the river Hudson stood a fortress large and strong;
But the foemen, the dread British, held that fort and held it long;
Patriots in vain might storm it, there it stood so grim and tall;
Piled behind the sullen breastwork lay the powder and the ball.

It was in a time of trouble, and our nation was pressed sore;
Clothed in bloodshed through the country, stalked the cruel tyrant, War,

Leaving many a mark of anguish, leaving many a bitter trace,
In the pain and in the sorrow seen on every anxious face.

Husbands, fathers, sons and brothers; these had perished in the fight,
Battling for their God and country, for our freedom and the right!
But there still were trusty patriots, who were yet within the field.
They had shed their blood already, they would rather die than yield.

There was one among the soldiers who had longed the fort to gain;
He had never yet been vanquished,—brave, headstrong Anthony Wayne.
Washington, his chieftain, questioned whether he the fort could take,
And he answered: "General, listen. I'd storm h—for freedom's sake!"

'Twas in summer, and the broiling sun was beating fiercely down
On the tents pitched in the meadow, on the breastwork huge and brown.
By the ramparts of the fortress, with his rifle at his side,
Stood the watchful English picket, and the distant tents he eyed.

With his pistols in the holster and his sword clasped in his hand,
Seated on his veteran charger, Gen. Wayne rang out command.

From the huts and tents surrounding, with the rifle, pistol, sword,
Clustering round their dauntless leader, came the ready, anxious horde.

"Fix your bayonets—empty rifles! Fire not a shot to-day;
By the steel upon our muskets we must conquer in this fray!"
With their bayonets fixed and steady, swords and barrels gleaming bright,
Stood they waiting for the signal—eager to commence the fight.

Some were veterans of the army, they for years had followed war;
Others were but just recruited, they had never fought before.
Looking at the upturned faces, Wayne cried, "Let our motto be:
To the one who fights for freedom, God will give the victory!"

Belched the cannon's fire and thunder, burst the shells to left and right;
Through the smoke and din of battle, charged the heroes in their might;
And the groans of dying comrades heard they, yet they passed them by,
Though their hearts grew faint within them, as they left them there to die!

Suddenly a rifle bullet, whistling from the British hold,
Struck the General in the forehead; headlong fell the leader bold;

From the lips grown pale so quickly issued forth a feeble moan;
On the hill the deadly cannon boomed their answer to his groan.

With their faces stern and anxious, gathered round his trusty men;
He, by sturdy arms supported, staggered to his feet again.
"It is nothing but a flesh wound, 'tis no time to falter now:
Stony Point must yet be taken, or I die to keep my vow."

Forward through the din of battle, on their shoulders bore they him,
Each man grasping tight his musket, charging still with glorious vim!
Though the cannon roared the louder, and the bullets rattled fast,
Not one ever stopped or faltered while their life and strength might last.

Ah! what scenes of death and suffering, and of agonizing pain;
Ah! what lives to Freedom given, for they died that she might reign.
Patriots, falling from the bullets, left their life blood, warm and red,
On the soil which they had fought for, while their comrades onward sped.

British cheeks grew pale with terror as their foemen nearer came;
They had raised a demon in them, those were wild who once were tame.

Right before the fearful cannon, in their fury charged our men,
Sprung they bravely on the ramparts—backward fell the tyrants then.

Over all the fallen corpses brave old Anthony was borne,
With his blood still downward trickling, and his clothing pierced and torn,
High upon the trampled breastwork were the mangled bodies piled;
Now our men were on the red coats, for despair had made them wild.

A few moments' fiercest fighting, and the bloody deed was done;
Many patriots were dying, but the victory was won.
Though their wounds were gaping, bleeding, yet they showed they could be free—
"To the one who fights for freedom God will give the victory!"

Yes, beside the River Hudson, stands that fortress there to-day,
And its walls are as defiant as when captured in that fray.
Since the day that it was taken, we have held it as it our own,
Though old Anthony, who took it, lies beneath the sod alone.

Honor be to those brave soldiers who gave up their lives so true,
That the blessed light of freedom might shine all our country through.
Honor be to that brave General who through valor won the fray,
At the capture of the fortress which I tell you of to-day.

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS.

JACOB M. MANNING.

Soldiers from the army and navy, once soldiers but now again citizens, we hail you to-day as our benefactors and deliverers. We welcome you home from the fatigues of the march, the wearisome camp, and the awful ecstasy of battle. Through four terrible years you have looked without quailing on the ghastly visage of war. You have patiently borne the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. You have cheerfully exchanged the delights of home for the hardships of the campaign or blockade. Not only the armed foe, but the wasting malaria has lurked along your resistless advance. You know the agony and the transport of the deadly encounter. How many times, each man standing at his post in the long line of gleaming sabres and bayonets, every hand clenched and every eye distended, you have caught the peal of your leader's clarion, and sprung through the iron storm to the embrace of victory! But all that has passed away. The mangled forests are putting on an unwonted verdure, the fields once blackened by the fiery breath of war are now covered with their softest bloom, and the vessels of commerce are riding on all the national waters.

The carnage, the groans, the cries for succor, the fierce onset, and sullen recoil, the thunders of the artillery, and the missiles screaming like demons in the air, have given way to pæans, civic processions and songs of thanksgiving. The flag of your country, so often rent and torn in your grasp, and which you have borne to triumph again and again, over the quaking earth or through the hurricane of death in river and bay, rolls out its peaceful folds above you, every star blazing with the glory of your deeds, in token of a nation's gratitude. We come forth to greet

you—sires and matrons, young men and maidens, children and those bowed with age; to own the vast debt which we can never pay, and to say, from full hearts, we thank you,—God bless you!

But while we thus address you, you are thinking of the fallen. With a soldier's generosity, you wish they could be here to share in the hard-earned welcome. Possibly they are here from many a grave in which you laid them after the strife; pleased with these festivities, and the return of joy to the nation, but far above any ability of ours either to bless or to injure. You may tarnish your laurels, or an envious hand may pluck them from you. But your fallen comrades are exposed to no such accident. They are doubly fortunate, for the same event which crowned them with honor has placed them beyond the possibility of losing their crown. Many of them died in the darkest hours of the republic; others in the early dawn of peace, while the morning stars were singing together. But victory and defeat make no difference to them now. They have all conquered in the final triumph. Their names will thrill the coming ages, as they are spoken by the tongues of the eloquent; and their deeds will forever be chanted by immortal minstrels. They were together "brave men, who repose in the public monuments, all of whom alike, as being worthy of the same honor, the country buried, not alone the successful or victorious; and justly, for the duty of brave men done by all, their fortune being such as God assigned to each."

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

SUFFERINGS AND DESTINY OF THE PILGRIMS.

EDWARD EVERETT

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy wave. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging; the laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a few months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut, now, the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony! on which your conventions and

treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this! Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea?—was it some or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope! Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!

GRANT.

MELVILLE W. FULLER.

General Ulysses Grant, the foremost military commander of the age, and twice President of the United States, was born April 27, 1822, and died July 23, 1885. The following beautiful tribute to his memory was written by the present, (1902), Chief Justice of the United States.

Let drum to trumpet speak—
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens from each redoubt
Each lowly valley and each lofty peak,
As to his rest the great commander goes
Into the pleasant land and earned repose.

The great commander, when
Is heard no more the sound of war's alarms,
The bugle's stirring note, the clang of arms,
Depreciation's tongue would whisper then—
Only good fortune gave to him success.
When was there greatness fortune did not bless!

Not in his battles won,
Though long the well-fought fields may keep their name,
The gallant soldier finds the meed of fame,
But in the wide world's sense of duty done;
His life no struggle for ambition's prize,
Simply the duty done that next him lies.

And as with him of old,
Immortal Captain of triumphant Rome,
Whose eagles made the rounded globe their home,
How the grand soul of true heroic mould
Despised resentment and such meaner things,
That peace might gather all beneath her wings!

No lamentations here,
The weary hero lays him down to rest
As tired infant at the mother's breast,
Without a care, without a thought of fear,
Waking to greet upon the other shore
The glorious host of comrades gone before.

Earth to its kindred earth;
The spirit to the fellowship of souls!
As slowly time the mighty scroll unrolls
Of waiting ages yet to have their birth.
Fame, faithful to the faithful, writes on high
His name as one that was not born to die.

THE STARRY FLAG.

STOCKTON BATES.

From proud Atlantic's surging waves
To where the broad Pacific lies,
And playfully the bright sand laves
Beneath clear, sunny skies;

From far along Canadian lines,
The rocky borders of the land,
To where the Gulf in beauty shines,
And breaks upon the strand;

From Alleghany's crested mounts,
And on the Rockies' summits gray,
Where, brightly, snow-fed crystal founts
Are welling forth alway;

On Mississippi's mighty tides,
And on Ohio's silver stream,
Or where the Susquehanna glides,
Or Schuylkill's ripples gleam;

Where Delaware, with current grave,
Is sweeping outward to the sea;
In every land, on every wave,
The Starry Flag floats free!

And through all time this flag above,
In triumph o'er oppression's holds,
Shall, in the light of peace and love,
Unroll its glorious folds.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

D. N. Shelley.

Young men of America! You on whom rests the future of the Republic! You, who are to become not only our citizens but our law-makers: Remember your responsibilities, and, remembering, prepare for them.

As the great universe is order and harmony only through the perfection of its laws, so in life and human government, the happiness and prosperity of a people depend on the orderly subservience of act and thought to the good of the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is your ambition to be a citizen reverenced for his virtues, remember that nothing is more admirable than devotion to duty, and the more admirable as that duty leads to self-sacrifice in others' behalf.

When Pompeii was exhumed, a few years ago, after lying under the cinders of Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years, the body of a Roman soldier was discovered at the Herculaneum gate of the city. He evidently had been placed there as a sentinel—and there, amid the accumulated horrors of that August day, he unflinchingly remained.

He stood at his post while the earth rocked and shivered beneath his feet. He stood at his post while the grim old mountain towering above him was thundering from base to summit. He stood at his post while the air, surcharged with smoke and ashes, was impenetrable to the sight, though lit up with a lurid glare scarcely less than infernal by the flames bursting and roaring all around him. He stood at his post while the men, women and children of the doomed city were screaming with affright and agony,

as they surged through its narrow streets in their maddening efforts to pass the gates to the open country. He stood at his post till enveloped in the mantle of a fiery death!

O hero of the dead city! Step out from your ashen shroud and exalt us by the lesson of your death. When the very earth rocked beneath your feet, and the heavens seemed falling, you stood on guard,—a sentinel to the gate that protected the city; and standing there were entombed,—a sacrifice to duty. Awful death, but oh, how sublime is its lesson! Who would not honor such heroism? Build there a mausoleum, for one greater than princes and kings has hallowed that spot, and humanity itself will worship there.

Emulate this heroism. In whatever position of life you are placed, be true to the trust reposed in you; then the Republic is safe. Go forth with a heart glowing, not with the fires of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over opposition and against the wishes of your fellowmen, but with the flame of an honest purpose to be a good citizen and an ornament to the State that gave you birth. Then, indeed, shall you be great.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

Daniel Webster.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded

to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconcilation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the field of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, *be assured*, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its

annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment,—*independence now, and independence forever!*

DEATH OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

DR. NOTT.

1 A short time since, and he who is the occasion of our sorrows was the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen—suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence; and there, closed forever, are those lips on whose persuasive accents we have so often and so lately hung with transport.

2. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor

of victory—how humble appears the majesty of grandeur! The bubble which seemed to have so much solidity has burst, and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

3. True, the funeral eulogy has been pronounced; the sad and solemn procession has moved; the badge of mourning has already been decreed; and presently the sculptured marble will lift up its front, proud to perpetuate the name of Hamilton, and rehearse to the passing traveler his virtues.

4. Just tributes of respect, and to the living useful; but to him, moldering in his narrow and humble habitation, what are they? How vain! How unavailing!

5. Approach and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach and behold him now. How pale! how silent! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements; no fascinated throng weep and melt and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change! A shroud! a coffin! a narrow, subterraneous cabin! This is all that now remains of Hamilton

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BLUE AND GRAY

"Oh mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?
Was heard from the lips of a little child,
As she bounded in from play.
The mother's eyes filled up with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,
And smoothed away from the sunny brow
Its treasures of golden hair.

"Why, mother's eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa's hair is gray,
And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day."
"But what did they mean," persisted the child;
"For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he fought for the blue,
The other, he fought for the gray.

"Now, he of the blue had lost a leg,
And the other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn, and weary, and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my young blood thrill;
The leg was lost at Fredericksburg,
The arm at Malvern hill.

"They sat on the stone at the farm-yard gate,
And talked for an hour or more;
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed warm
With fighting their battles o'er;
And parted at last, with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each calling on God to speed the time,
Uniting the blue and the gray."

Then the mother thought of other days—
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they knelt at her side and lispingly prayed
"Our Father which art in Heaven;"

How one wore the gray and the other the blue,
How they passed away from the sight,
And had gone to the land where the gray and blue,
Are merged in colors of light.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen the sun set on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mount Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate it, it is the symbol of the power and glory, and the honor of seventy millions of Americans.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. When the French tri-color rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see unified Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth in the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

If one asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him: It means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant. It means the whole glorious Revolutionary war. It means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty and for happiness, meant. Its stripes of alternate red and white pro-

claim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation. The two together signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity; red, for valor; blue, for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all our hearts, to be up held by all our hands.

Under this banner rode Washington and his armies. Before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point. It streamed in light over the soldiers' head at Valley Forge and at Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton, and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation.

I like to think of our soldiers and sailors as defenders of the flag, and I like to think of the flag as our defender from foes within or foes without. During the Cuban revolution of '73, an American citizen was imprisoned, and by a Spanish court-martial sentenced to be shot as a spy. The American consul at Havana demanded a suspension of the sentence pending an investigation, which was peremptorily refused and preparations for the execution of the court-martial's finding were hurriedly made. The prisoner was led forth, and a company of Spanish soldiers stood ready, at the word of command, to execute the death warrant. At this critical moment appeared the American consul and, winding about the body of the prisoner the stars and stripes, turned to the Spanish officer and said: "Now shoot if you dare!" The silence of the Spanish guns was the only reply.

When the events of to-day shall be matters of history, may our sons gather strength from our example in every contest with despotism that time may have in store to try their virtue, and may the flag emerge from every conflict with not a stripe erased or polluted or a single star obscured, insuring to America a just and lasting peace, and to the world a wider liberty and a higher civilization.

THE REGIMENT'S RETURN.

E. J. CUTLER.

He is coming, he is coming, my true-love comes home to-day!
All the city throngs to meet him as he lingers by the way.
He is coming from the battle with his knapsack and his gun—
He, a hundred times my darling, for the dangers he hath run!
Twice they said that he was dead, but I would not believe the lie;
While my faithful heart kept loving him I knew he could not die.
All in white will I array me, with a rosebud in my hair,
And his ring upon my finger—he shall see it shining there!
He will kiss me, he will kiss me with the kiss of long ago;
He will fold his arms around me close, and I shall cry, I know.

Oh the years that I have waited—rather lives they seemed to be—
For the dawning of the happy day that brings him back to me!
But the worthy cause has triumphed. Oh, joy! the war is over!
He is coming, he is coming, my gallant soldier lover!

* * *

Men are shouting all around me, women weep and laugh for joy,
Wives behold again their husbands, and the mother clasps her boy;
All the city throbs with passion; 'tis a day of jubilee;
But the happiness of thousands brings not happiness to me;
I remember, I remember, when the soldiers went away,
There was one among the noblest who has not returned to-day.
Oh I loved him, how I loved him! and I never can forget
That he kissed me as we parted for the kiss is burning yet!
'Tis his picture in my bosom, where his head will never lie;
Tis his ring upon my finger, I will wear it till I die.
Oh, his comrades say that, dying, he looked up and breathed my name;
They have come to those that loved them, but my darling never came.
Oh they say he died a hero—but I knew how that would be;
And they say the cause has triumphed—will that bring him back to me?

SONG OF THE BATTLE-FLAG.

"Star spangled battle-flag, tattered and torn,
With standard all shattered, and bloodstained, and worn,
Say, where wert thou born, and where hast thou been,
Since waking to life midst the children of men?"

"I was born where the temple of Liberty stands
I awoke at the touch of sweet woman's soft hands,
Whose husbands and lovers brave bore me afar,
To share in the strife and the tumult of war."

"Star spangled battle-flag what hast thou seen?"
"The cannon's red glare and the bayonet's sheen,
The close bristling columns, like thunderbolts, go
Through the smoke of the fight and the ranks of the foe."

"Star spangled battle flag what heardst thou there?"
"The wounded man's sigh and the dying man's prayer
For the wife and the sweet little ones far away,
When he marched 'neath my folds to engage in the fray."

"Star spangled battle-flag how camest thou here?"
"Spread for a pall o'er a dead soldier's bier,
Who, with feet to the foeman and face to the sky,
Died, as he struggled to raise me on high."

"Star-spangled battle-flag where wouldst thou dwell?"
"In the land of the free, for I love it full well,
And my last silken remnants in triumph shall wave
O'er a nation of freemen, or over their grave."

Bright star-spangled battle-flag, long may you wave
O'er our nation of freemen, sweet home of the brave.

GENERAL JOSEPH REED; OR, THE INCORRUPTIBLE PATRIOT.

EDWARD C. JONES.

Governor Johnstone is said to have offered Gen. Joseph Reed £10,000 Sterling, if he would try to re-unite the colonies to the mother country. Said he, "I am not worth purchasing but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me."

I spurn your gilded bait, oh, King! my faith you cannot buy;
Go, tamper with some craven heart, and dream of victory;
My honor never shall be dimmed by taking such a bribe;
The honest man can look above the mercenary tribe.

Carlisle and Eden may consort to bring about a peace;
Our year of jubilee will be the year of our release.
Until your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

What said our noble Laurens? What answer did he make?
Did he accept your overtures and thus our cause forsake?
No! as his country's mouth-piece, he spoke the burning words:
"Off wth conciliation's terms—th e battle is the Lord's!"

Are ye afraid of Bourbon's house? And do ye now despair
Because, to shield the perishing, the arm of France is bare?
That treaty of alliance, which makes a double strife,
Has, like the sun, but warmed afresh your viper brood to life.

And art thou, Johnstone, art thou, pray, upon this mission sent,
To keep at distance, by thy craft, the throne's dismemberment?
Dismemberment!—ah, come it must, for union is a sin,
When parents' hands the furnace heat, and thrust the children in.

Why, English hearts there are at home that pulsate with
our own;
Voices beyond Atlantic's waves send forth a loving tone;
Within the Cabinet are men who would not offer gold,
To see our country's liberty, like chattel, bought and sold.

You say that office shall be mine if I the traitor play;
Can office ever compensate for honesty's decay?
Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds! Shall I an
Esau prove,
And for a mess of pottage sell the heritage I love?

If you can blot out Bunker Hill, or Brandywine ignore,
Or Valley Forge annihilate, and wipe away its gore;
If you can make the orphans' tears forget to plead with
God,
Then you may find a patriot's soul that owns a monarch's
nod.

The King of England cannot buy the faith which fills my
heart;
My truth and virtue cannot stand in traffic's servile mart;
For till your fleets and armies are all remanded back,
Freedom's avenging angel will keep upon your track.

LIBERTY AND UNION, 1830.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It

is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what

lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured,—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly: Liberty first, and union afterwards; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty *and* union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

COLUMBIA.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws;
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages, unrivaled, shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire.
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired.
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE SONG OF 1876.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the song of ocean,
Rivers answer and mountains call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb
That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story,
She wears her glory;
We crown her the land of a hundred years!

Out of darkness and toil and danger
Into the light of victory's day.
Help to the weak and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother-breast;

The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years!

North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!
Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a thousand years!

THE DAWN OF THE CENTENNIAL.

MRS. L. S. OBERHOLTZER.

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave a blessing of the Father, and thank him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

Forgotten are the old discomforts, and the petty feuds I know
Vanish, as we group together of our proudest life-blood flow.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
A joy that will be pure, absorbing, untempered by the grief
That comes with victories of war, and brings us sorrow with relief,
A great outburst of gladness, a country's fully ripened sheaf.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
Its first hundred years are passing, and to celebrate its birth
We extend free invitation all about the lovely earth,
That our friends in lavish numbers sit at our Centennial hearth.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave a blessing of the Father, and thank Him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

THE SCHOLAR IN A REPUBLIC

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Gibbon says we have two educations, one from teachers, and the other we give ourselves. This last is the real and only education of the masses—one gotten from life, from affairs, from earning one's bread; necessity, the mother of invention; responsibility, that teaches prudence and inspires respect for right.

Anacharsis went into the Archon's court at Athens, heard a case argued by the great men of that city, and saw the vote of five hundred men. Walking in the streets, some one asked him, "What do you think of Athenian liberty?" "I think," said he, "wise men argue cases, and fools decide them." Just what that timid scholar, two thousand years ago, said in the streets of Athens, that which calls itself scholarship here says to-day of popular agitation—that it lets wise men argue questions and fools decide them. But that Athens where fools decided the gravest questions of policy and of right and wrong, where property you had gathered wearily to-day might be wrung from you by the caprice of the mob to-morrow—that very Athens probably secured, for its era, the greatest amount of human happiness and nobleness; invented art, and sounded for us the depths of philosophy. God lent to it the largest intellects, and it flashes to-day the torch that gilds yet the mountain-peaks of the Old World; while Egypt, the hunker conservative of antiquity, where nobody dared to differ from the priest or to be wiser than his grandfather; where men pretended to be alive, though swaddled in the graveclothes of creed and custom as close as their mummies were in linen—that Egypt is hid in the tomb it inhabited, and

the intellect Athens has trained for us digs to-day those ashes to find out how buried-and-forgotten hunkerism lived and acted.

I urge on college-bred men that, as a class, they fail in republican duty when they allow others to lead in the agitation of the great social questions which stir and educate the age. Agitation is an old word with a new meaning. Sir Robert Peel, the first English leader who felt himself its tool, defined it to be "marshalling the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." Its means are reason and argument—no appeal to arms. Wait patiently for the growth of public opinion. That secured, then every step taken is taken forever. An abuse once removed never reappears in history. The freer a nation becomes, the more utterly democratic in its form, the more need of this outside agitation. Parties and sects, laden with the burden of securing their own success, cannot afford to risk new ideas. "Predominant opinions," said Disraeli, "are the opinions of a class that is vanishing." The agitator must stand outside of organizations, with no bread to earn, no candidate to elect, no party to save, no object but truth,—ever ready to tear a question open and riddle it with light.

To be as good as our fathers we must be better. They silenced their fears and subdued their prejduices, inaugurating free speech and equality with no precedent on the file. Europe shouted "Madmen!" and gave us forty years for the shipwreck. With serene faith they persevered. Let us rise to their level.

Sit not, like the figure on our silver coin, looking ever backward.

But rather, like the poetical mountain climber, resolve to attain new heights, remembering that—

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.
Lo! before us gleam her campfires!
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER.

LEO N. LEVI.

In every government parties are inevitable, if not necessary. In our government they are necessary to the perpetuity of the government itself. Our constitution was a compromise; the machinery of our government was adopted in accordance with that compromise. The great struggle between the Federalists and Republicans was relegated to posterity, and the contest still continues and will continue until the end.

The logical issue of a strong and centralized government is illustrated in the despotism of Bismarck and the czar. The logical issue of pure democracy was reached in the French revolution and the commune. In England and the United States the advocates of either principle are nearly evenly matched and the conservatism resulting gives us the two best governments of modern times. Nothing in our present condition should excite our exultation so much as the fact that the two great American

parties are of almost equal number, ability and power. It insures conservatism and honesty in public affairs and leaves the balance of power where it should be lodged—with the independent voter. The independent voter is the safety valve of the republic. He is the most responsible, most intelligent, the bravest of our citizens. He is, above all others, the patriot whose patriotism is neither an incident to, nor a means of, self-preservation.

"It is base abandonment of reason to resign the right of thought." Such disaffection purifies and strengthens a party. It deposes inefficient and corrupted leaders. It is the sword of Damocles that is constantly suspended over the head of the demagogue. Were there no such independence, party leaders would become tyrants and the government would be at the mercy of the man who best succeeded in whipping or bribing votes to the polls. Our government was born of the individuality and independence of the colonists. They remained loyal to the mother country until repeated and long-continued abuses made loyalty synonymous with the surrender of manhood. Then leaped into the full vigor of revolution the courageous spirit of liberty and independence. During eight years of privation and danger that are but half told when the power of the historian is exhausted, they struggled with unabated courage. The God of justice was with them, and lo! an infant nation sprung into life, faint, impoverished and weak, but rich in the heritage of freedom, bequeathed by the countless martyrs of the past.

The independence of the Americans was the progenitor and birthright of the nation. Believe me, my friends, we cannot surrender the basis of our greatness without destroying the magnificent superstructure. From independence we were born, by it we have grown great, through

it, and only through independence, can we endure. I recognize in our country the fruition of all the hopes and prayers that have mingled with the martyrs' tears since the morning of time. The seed of freedom that could not germinate in the eastern hemisphere, in the virgin soil of a new continent, sprung into a magnificent tree that was rooted on Independence Day and destined, let us trust, to flourish for all time. It is because of the blessings our country is able to afford that I would name and guard against the dangers that threaten her purity, power and stability. The parasite is not less dangerous because we refuse to recognize its existence.

The very genius of this occasion is loyalty to our country's flag, which we thus annually renew with freshened enthusiasm. It is well that the heart should be stirred by national anthems and plaudits for the national banner, but more enduring in substance and value than anthems and hosannas, is that patriotism that perennially burns and that should on such occasions burst into a flame of resolve to perpetuate and practice the revolutionary slogan, "Independence now and forever."

THE INDEPENDENT VOTER IN POLITICS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(Extract from an address delivered before the Reform Club of New York, April 13, 1888.)

Under every form of representative government, parties become necessary for the marshalling and expression of

opinion, and, where parties are once formed, those questions the discussion of which would discipline and fortify men's minds tend more and more to pass out of sight, and the topics that interest their prejudices and passions to become more absorbing. What will be of immediate advantage to the party is the first thing considered, what of permanent advantage to their country the last. Both of the leading parties have been equally guilty: both have evaded, as successfully as they could, the living questions of the day. As the parties have become more evenly balanced, the difficulty of arriving at their opinions have been greater in proportion to the difficulty of devising any profession of faith meaningless enough not to alarm, if it could not be so interpreted as to conciliate, the varied and sometimes conflicting interests of the different sections of the country.

Such being the dangers and temptations of parties, it is for the interest of the best men in both parties that there should be a neutral body, not large enough to form a party by itself, nay, which would lose its power for good if it attempted to form such a party, and yet large enough to mediate between both, and to make more cautious in their choice of candidates and in their connivance with evil practices. If the politicians must look after the parties, there should be somebody to look after the politicians, somebody to ask disagreeable questions and to utter uncomfortable truths; somebody to make sure, if possible, before election, not only what, but whom the candidate, if elected, is going to represent. What to me is the saddest feature of our present methods is the pitfalls which they dig in the path of ambitious and able men who feel that they are fitted for a political career, that by character and training they could be of service to their

country, yet who find every avenue closed to them unless at the sacrifice of the very independence which gives them a claim to what they seek. As in semi-barbarous times the sincerity of a converted Jew was tested by forcing him to swallow pork, so these are required to gulp with a wry face what is as nauseous to them. I would do all in my power to render such loathsome compliances unnecessary. The pity of it is that with our political methods the hand is of necessity subdued to what it works in. It has been proved, I think, that the old parties are not dissimilar. Our politicians are so busy studying the local eddies of prejudice or interest that they allow the main channel of our national energies to be obstructed by dams for grinding of private grist. Our leaders no longer lead, but are as skillful as Indians in following the slightest trail of public opinion.

To create a healthful public opinion, we want an active, independent class who will insist in season and out of season that we shall have a country whose greatness is measured, not only by its square miles, its number of yards woven, its hogs packed, of bushels of wheat raised, not only by its skill to feed and clothe the body, but also by its power to feed and clothe the soul; a country which shall be as great morally as it is materially; a country whose very name shall not only, as it now does, stir us as with the sound of a trumpet, but shall call out all that is best within us by offering us the radiant image of something better and nobler and more enduring than we, of something that shall fulfill our own thwarted aspiration, when we are but a handful of forgotten dust in the soil, trodden by a race whom we shall have helped to make more worthy of their inheritance than we ourselves had the power to be.

CENTRALIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

HENRY W. GRADY.

The unmistakable danger that threatens free government in America is the increasing tendency to concentrate in the federal government powers and privileges that should be left to the states, and to create powers that neither the state nor federal government should have.

Concurrent with this political grip is another movement, less formal, perhaps, but not less dangerous, the consolidation of capital. The world has not seen nor has the mind of man conceived of such miraculous wealth-gathering as are every-day tales to us. Aladdin's lamp is dimmed, and Monte Cristo becomes commonplace, when compared to our magicians of finance and trade.

I do not denounce the newly rich. Our great wealth has brought us profit and splendor. But the status itself is a menace. A home that costs three million dollars and a breakfast that costs five thousand dollars, are disquieting facts to the millions who live in a hut and dine on a crust. The fact that a man ten years from poverty has an income of twenty million dollars, falls strangely on the ears of those who hear it, as they sit empty handed with children crying for bread.

But the abuse of this amazing power of consolidated wealth is the bitterest result and its pressing danger. We have read of the robber Barons of the Rhine, who from their castles sent a shot across the bow of every passing craft, and, descending as hawks from the crags, plundered the voyagers. Shall this shame of Europe against which the world revolted, be repeated in this free country? And yet, when a syndicate or a trust can arbitrarily add twenty-five per cent. to the cost of a single article of common

use, and safely gather forced tributes from the people, where is the difference—save that the castle is changed to a broker's office, and that picturesque river to the teeming streets and broad fields of this government ("of the people, by the people, and for the people")?

I do not overstate the case. Economists have held that wheat, grown everywhere, could never be cornered by capital. And yet one man in Chicago tied the wheat crop in his handkerchief, and held it, until the people had to pay him twenty cents on a sack of flour. Three men held the cotton until the English spindles stopped and the lights went out of three million English homes. The czar of Russia would not have dared to do these things, and yet they are no secrets in this free government of ours.

What is the remedy? To exalt the hearthstone, to strengthen the home, to build up the individual, and to magnify and defend the principles of local self government, Not in depreciation of the federal government. but to its glory, not to weaken the republic, but to strengthen it.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds, slowly, slowly, over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime, advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature,

lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. Man faints, and falls, and dies, and is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the "Old World" are our teachers.

And so with our individual hearts strong in love for our principles, shall the nations leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

APPEAL IN BEHALF OF BIMETALLISM.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

We have assembled here under as binding and solemn instructions as were ever imposed upon representatives of the people. We do not come as individuals. It is not a question of persons; it is a question of principles, and it is not with gladness, my friends, that we find ourselves brought into conflict with those who are now arrayed on the other side.

The gentleman who preceded me spoke of the State of Massachusetts; let me assure him that not one present in

all this convention entertains the least hostility to the people of the State of Massachusetts, but we stand here representing people who are the equals before the law of the greatest citizens in the State of Massachusetts. When you come before us and tell us that we are about to disturb your business interests, we reply that you have disturbed our business interests by your course.

We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the cross-roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day—who begins in the spring and toils all summer—and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth, or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world. We come to speak for this broader class of business men.

Ah, my friends, we say not a word against those who live upon the Atlantic coast, but the hardy pioneers who have braved all the dangers of the wilderness, who have made the desert to blossom as the rose—the pioneers away out there who rear their children near to Nature's

heart, where they can mingle their voices with the voices of the birds—out there where they have erected school houses for the education of their young, churches where they praise their Creator, and cemeteries where rest the ashes of their dead—these people, we say, are as deserving of the consideration of our party as any people in this country. It is for these that we speak. We do not come as aggressors. Our war is not a war of conquest; we are fighting in the defense of our homes, our families, and posterity. We have petitioned, and our petitions have been scorned; we have entreated and our entreaties have been disregarded; we have begged, and they have mocked when our calamity came. We beg no longer; we entreat no more; we petition no more. We defy them.

Mr. Carlisle said in 1878 that this was a struggle between "the idle holders of idle capital" and "the struggling masses, who produce the wealth and pay the taxes of the country," and, my friends, the question we are to decide is: Upon which side will various political parties fight: upon the side of the "idle holders of idle capital" or upon the side of "the struggling masses"? That is the question which the parties must answer first, and then it must be answered by each individual hereafter. The sympathies of the Democratic party, as shown by the platform, are on the side of the struggling masses who have ever been the foundation of the Democratic party. There are two ideas of government. There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below. The Democratic idea, however, has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their pros-

perity will find its way up through every class which rests upon them.

You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every state in the Union. Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

THE MISSION OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

CHARLES EMORY WADDINGTON.

England was the cradle in which the Anglo-Saxon principles were first rocked and the home in which this God-favored race grew and waxed strong and mighty.

Toward England every phase of the world's civilization was destined to wend its way. When Christianity sprang from the humble manger in the plains of Judea, after a stormy career it was wafted in gentle breezes to

the shores of Brittany, and there it found a lasting receptacle in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon.

When Grecian learning was drifting, as it were, aimlessly about the ruins of blighted Europe, it finally found an avenue into the heart of England, and there it was fostered with a new zeal by the active intellect of the Anglo-Saxon.

When Roman laws, and Roman customs, and Roman traditions seemed all but lost to the world, they were carried in peaceful messages across the British channel, and there they contributed an immeasurable allotment to the strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

Well might it be said that civilization has been blessed with the learning of the Grecian, the law of the Roman, the religion of the Judean, and the manhood of the Anglo-Saxo

When, indeed, this new race sprang like magic upon the stage of action, strong and vigorous, brave and true, its every fiber teeming and pulsing with energy and enthusiasm—a type of manhood, the noblest, the most courageous and sublime, was born into the world, and the world was blessed by its advent.

And so all the essential elements of the past political, intellectual and spiritual growth, were harmonized each to each, and, as a beautiful united whole, were implanted in the fertile being of the Anglo-Saxon, and with this motive power of Anglo-Saxon manhood results were accomplished that have thrilled the world. The rapidity with which our race sprang upon the scene of action is indeed, a marvel, but the eagerness with which it grasped the helm of civilization, and the ease with which it guided that old shipwrecked and distorted vessel to the shore of safety, is phenomenal.

To say that these precious relics of past ages which were given over to his care and keeping were raised again to their wonted high standard is putting it mildly. Indeed, after this old ship had been piloted to the shore of safety and after she had been repaired and renovated with ingenious skill, she was started on her journey anew and guided down the ages by the Anglo-Saxon's watchful eye; and never since he has assumed command of her destiny has this grand old ship of civilization been checked or thwarted in her noble career; until to-day she is traveling onward with a rapidity that has never before been equaled in the annals of time.

The mission, then, of the Anglo-Saxon is the mission of true manhood—the mission of Christianizing and civilizing the world. He will accomplish this not by a resort to oppression, but upon the platform of genuine sterling manhood. His mission is one of justice, not of the cruel, harsh, relentless, unpardonable justice of Rome, but a justice beautifully tempered with love and mercy. His mission of war is not that of greed, or self-aggrandizement, but one of principles, a war that is more noble and sublime because it is ever subservient to Anglo-Saxon manhood. The progress of the world lies largely in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon, and will vary as does the diffusion of his idea of true manhood.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HENRY WATTERSON.

From Cæsar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to

eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding off lives with histories, full it may be of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired ones are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved, and had their being, we know not. There is no explication to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last, they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil, until their work was done, then passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an example so impressive as Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times?

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surrounding; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for him to have command at a supreme moment of a nation's fate.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside, were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him; wholly immaterial. That during four years he filled the vast space alloted him proves that he was inspired of God.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

M. Woolsey Stryker.

At the entrance of the beautiful park in the City of Chicago that bears his name, there is placed commandingly a statue of our greatest president. Doubtless nearly all of you are familiar with its noble and unassuming pose. A heart of stone indeed must be his who can stand beneath that exalted figure before the empty chair and not feel the magic spell of a mighty presence. The Pantheon of time has claimed him as one of Humanity's types and leadesr.

We all know the story of his early days, how with marvelous development, he rose to each new demand and met

it adequately. There never was a day when he was not more of a man than the day before. Vast tact and rectitude together, astute in deliberation and biding his time, he never surrendered to others one ounce of his own responsibility, and proved his wisdom in taking all the advice he could get and using what he thought best, until the people grew to know him and love him and confide in him, and to them he became, not the greatest President, though that he was, but plain and simple Honest Old Abe.

Lincoln's self restraint was not that of a being "without parts and passions," but of one controlling his forces for use. Of slavery he said in '55: "I bite my lips and keep quiet," but a while later, stirred to the depths by the seizure of a free black boy at New Orleans, he said: "By the grace of God, I'll make the ground of this country too hot for the feet of slaves!" It was in that resolve that he entered upon his great work. He loved peace; but "a just and lasting peace." "I hope it will soon come, and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping for all future time." Patience in him became a genius, a purpose that censors could neither hurry nor hinder.

"He knew to bide his time;
And can his fame abide,
Still patient, in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

This many-sided, yet directly simple President, this greatest democrat of history, ennobled the people by trusting them, and trusting himself to them, as they ennobled themselves by responding to that trust. "When he speaks," wrote Lowell, "it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud." His alert ear heard always that little click which precedes the striking of the clock. "It is most proper," he said at Buffalo, "that I should wait and see the developments and get all the light possible, so that when I do speak authoritatively, I may be as near right as possible." "Why should there not be" (so went his first inaugural) "a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people?" At "this great tribunal," he pleaded. "This is essentially a people's contest," ran his first message.

He knew how to interpret public opinion, and it answered him with a mighty and unbetrayed confidence. He both roused it to self-recognition and registered its vast resolve. The greatest lyric of those days utters that response of the nation, as the deed vindicated the song.

"Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before;
And we're coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!"

Contrasted with the achievements of mere conquerors, how poor is all their prowess and ambition! Where is Bonaparte by the side of that tall spirit? The first administration of Washington gave a parallel in the state of the army, the treasury and public opinion; but these were not war. The sorrow for Hamilton is an analogue. These three, Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, the three greatest Americans.

FREE SPEECH.

THEODORE TILTON.

Free speech is not merely a spark from an eloquent orator's glowing tongue, even though his utterance has power to kindle men's passions or melt their hearts. Free speech is an eloquence above eloquence. It is an oratory of its own, and not every orator is its apostle.

For many years a Carmelite monk touched the souls of men with the consolation of faith; and Paris, listening, said: "This is eloquence." Then, in that trial hour of his history, this same preacher, against the impending and dread anathema of Rome, exclaimed: "I will not enter the pulpit in chains!" And the world said: "Hark! This is more than eloquence—it is Free Speech." Yes; eloquence is one thing and free speech is another. Open Macaulay's history. Lord Halifax was the chief silver-tongue among a whole generation of English statesmen; but though he woke the ringing echoes of many a parliament, and though wherever he went he carried a full mouth of fine English, yet never, in all his public career, did he utter as much free speech as John Hampden let loose in a single sentence when he said: "I will not pay twenty-one shillings and sixpence ship money."

Edward Everett leaves many speeches; Patrick Henry few. But the great word-painter, who busied himself with painting the white lily of Washington's fame, never caught that greater language of free speech that burned upon the tongue of him who knew how to say: "Give me Liberty or give me Death."

Free speech is like the angel that delivered Saint Peter from prison. Its mission is to rescue from captivity

some divinely inspired truth or principle, which unjust men have locked in dungeons or bound in chains. For thirty years the free speech of this country was consecrated to one sublime idea: an idea graven on the bell of Independence which says: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." After thirty years' debate on human liberty, this idea is like Ophelia's rosemary: it is for remembrance; and it calls to mind the champions of free speech in New England. They are the choice master spirits of the age. Some of them have been hissed; others hailed; all shall be revered. As the legend runs, Saint Hubert died and was buried. A green branch lying on his breast was buried with him; and when, at the end of a hundred years, his grave was opened, the good man's body had dissolved into dust, but the fair branch had kept its perennial green. So the advocates of free speech shall die and their laurels be buried with them. But when the next generation, wise, just, and impartial, shall make inquiry for the heroes, the prophets, and princely souls of this present age, long after their bones are ashes their laurels shall abide in imperishable green.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER.

MARY A. TOWNSEND.

Far up the lonely mountain side my wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet, the pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed upon the lowly mound,
The simple headboard, rudely writ, had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand, from dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—"A Georgia Volunteer!"

I saw the toad and scaly snake from tangled cover start,
And hide themselves among the weeds above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound, unheeding, there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil, his shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise towards the realms of snow.
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—its leader's name and then
I knew the sleeper had been one of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts have been because he fell?
What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair, her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which, perchance, lies with the Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long-watching eyes and white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up but one of many a scar
Cut on the face of our fair land, by gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore, are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave there is not e'en a name!
That he fought well and bravely too, and held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been a Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now if he were wrong or right?
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just in God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now, returns no foeman's thrust—
Who but a coward would revile an honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll, adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine, in solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies a Georgia Volunteer.

CHARACTER ESSENTIAL FOR A GREAT LAWYER.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

It is a grave thing when a state puts a man among her jewels, the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts look heroic. The honors we grant mark how high we stand, and they educate the future. The men we honor and the maxims we lay down in measuring our favorites, show the level and morals of the time. A name has been in everyone's mouth of late, and men have exhausted language in trying to express their admiration and their respect. The courts have covered the grave of Mr. Choate with eulogy. Let us see what is their idea of a great lawyer. We are told that "he worked hard," "he never neglected his client," "he flung over the discussions of the forum the grace of a rare scholarship," "no pressure or emergency ever stirred him to an unkind word." A ripe scholar, a profound lawyer, a faithful servant of his client, a gentleman. This is a good record, surely. May he sleep in peace. What he earned, God grant he may have. But the bar that seeks to claim for such a one a place among great jurists must itself be weak indeed. Not one high moral trait specified; not one patriotic act mentioned; not one patriotic service even claimed. Look at Mr. Webster's idea of what a lawyer should be in order to be called great, in the sketch he drew of Jeremiah Mason, and notice what stress he lays upon the religious and moral elevation, and the glorious and high purposes which crown his life. Nothing of this now; nothing but incessant eulogy. But not a word of one effort to lift the yoke of cruel or unequal legislation from the neck of its

victim; not one attempt to make the code of his country wiser, purer, better; not one effort to bless his times or breathe a higher moral purpose into the community. Not one blow struck for right or for liberty, while the battle of the giants was going on about him; not one patriotic act to stir the hearts of his idolators; not one public act of any kind whatever about whose merit friend or foe could even quarrel, unless when he scouted our great charter as a glittering generality, or jeered at the philanthropy which tried to practice the Sermon on the Mount.

When Cordus, the Roman senator whom Tiberius murdered, was addressing his fellows, he began: "Fathers, they accuse me of illegal words; plain proof that there are no illegal deeds with which to charge me." So with these eulogies. Words, nothing but words; plain proof that there were no deeds to praise. Yet this is the model which Massachusetts offers to the Pantheon of the great jurists of the world!

Suppose we stood in that lofty temple of jurisprudence—on either side of us the statues of the great lawyers of every age and clime—and let us see what part New England—Puritan, educated, free New England—would bear in the pageant.

Rome points to a colossal figure and says, "That is Papinian, who, when the Emperor Caracalla murdered his own brother, and ordered the lawyer to defend the deed, went cheerfullly to death, rather than sully his lips with the atrocious plea; and that is Ulpian, who, aiding his prince to put the army below the law, was massacred at the foot of a weak but virtuous throne."

And France stretches forth her grateful hands, crying "That is D'Aguesseau, worthy, when he went to face an enraged king, of the farewell his wife addressed him: 'Go,

forget that you have a wife and children to ruin, and remember only that you have France to save.' "

England says, "That is Coke, who flung the laurels of eighty years in the face of the first Stuart, in defense of the people. This is Selden, on every book of whose library you saw written the motto of which he lived worthy, 'Before everything, Liberty!' That is Mansfield, silver-tongued, who proclaimed, 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs receive our air, that moment they are free.' "

Then New England shouts, "This is Choate, who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they began to steal!"

EXTRACT FROM BLAINE'S ORATION ON JAMES A. GARFIELD.

On the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contened and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately dis-

quieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cheerful associations of his young manhood and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud expectant nation; a great host of

sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and years; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the

horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow, the breath of the eternal morning.

THE PROFESSIONAL SPOILSMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

The spoils system is a cunning device of a class that would retain to itself the administration of public affairs. One might as well argue, from the chronic jurymen who hang around court-houses, that the people are interested in being drawn on juries, as to argue from the clamor of spoilsmen that it is the people who want the offices. The people—the great mass of the seventy millions of this country—do not want offices, and they have no time for them. They are pursuing life, liberty and happiness in their own way. But there is a little coterie of men in every city, in every town, in every hamlet almost, who hang around the post office, the county court-house, or whatever center of public activity, who seek to make of politics the means of living. These folk are always to the front. They are out on the curb-stone, making a noise. Merely passing along the street, you might think that the whole town was talking, whereas the whole town is in shops and stores and factories, engaged in the business of life, while a mere handful of people are in the highways and byways, making a noise.

Put this question to the test, let a vote be taken, and the spoilsmen would see that they would not amount to a chip on the tide, to a leaf in the gale. They are simply as nothing, either in numbers or influence, compared to the great number of people who are attending to the business of life, and who want their public affairs administered as they administer their private affairs—honestly, thoroughly, efficiently and because of fitness and not favoritism. We challenge the spoilsmen to any test they want to make. They are not merely not a minority of the people, they are an insignificant moiety of the minority.

This pressure for public support is an instance of an inverted view of the function of government which survives among us, and which, if it is to be encouraged by narrowing the scope of the merit system, will place a tremendous strain upon Republican institutions at a time when they are already laden with a hundred burdens. The merit system is in the interest of the whole people; for, unlike the spoils system, it cannot be used by a faction to defeat the will of the people. Civil service reform has never been a party question in the nation, for it stands for the interest of Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist and Independent. It is a protest against playing the game of politics with loaded dice, furnished by the people against themselves.

THE MINUTE MAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Minute Man of the American Revolution! And who was he? He was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was the husband and father, who left his

plow in the furrow and his hammer on the bench, and marched to die or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

He was the man who was willing to pour out his life's blood for a principle. Intrenched in his own honesty, the king's gold could not buy him; enthroned in the love of his fellow citizens, the king's writ could not take him; and when, on the morning at Lexington, the king's troops marched to seize him, his sublime faith saw, beyond the clouds of the moment, the rising sun of the America we behold, and, careless of self, mindful only of his country, he exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning!" And then, amid the flashing hills, the ringing woods, the flaming roads, he smote with terror the haughty British column, and sent it shrinking, bleeding, wavering, and reeling through the strees of the village, panic stricken and broken.

Him we gratefully recall to-day; him we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here amid these peaceful fields,—here in the heart of Middlesex county, of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill,—stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute men stood at the old North Bridge. But should we or our descendants, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man.

No hostile fleet, for many a year, has vexed the waters of

our coast; nor is any army but our own ever likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come, proudly stepping to the drum beat, their bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands on education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life,—there, Minute Men of Liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge. And as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy. Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber. Hang upon his flank from morn till sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back,—back in utter defeat and ruin.

THE HOME AND THE REPUBLIC.

HENRY W. GRADY.

(From an address delivered at Elberton, Ga., June, 1889.)

I went to Washington the other day, and as I stood on Capitol hill my heart beat quickly as I looked at the towering marble of my country's capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies, and the Treasury, and the courts, and Congress and the President, and all that was gathered

there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down upon a better sight than that majestic home of the Republic that had taught the world its best lessons in liberty.

Two days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great big trees, encircled in meadow and fields rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the garden, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift and comfort. Outside there stood my friend—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulders, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the Fifth commandment. . . . And I saw the night come down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove, and the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him, and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on that family and that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said: "O surely, here in the hearts of the people, at least, are lodged the strength and responsibilities of this government, the hope and promise of this Republic."

GRANT'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

"In our admiration for the manhood of General Grant—gentle, simple, truthful, yet so strong in every virtue—we are almost jealous of the goddess of fame who claims him to adorn her temple. Across the water comes the voice of the Frenchman, saying, 'Place his name next to that of Napoleon, who was greater than Cæsar.' 'No,' says the Englishman; 'put it with Wellington's, who conquered Napoleon.' 'No,' says the Prussian, 'his place is next to Frederick's, who resisted a larger combination than ever assailed the French Emperor, and laid the foundations upon which the German empire stands.' 'No,' says the Russian, 'our Peter was the greatest; his empire is the widest, the firmest, and we gave you the strong hand of sympathy through all your struggle. Peter the Great, Grant the Great, are the names to stand side by side on the walls of the temple of fame.' 'No,' says the Hollander, 'back through the centuries was one who was the genius of resistance to oppression, one who laid the foundations of modern liberty; such only is worthy of association with Grant; William the Silent, Grant the Silent, must stand side by side and the highest.' 'Not so,' says the Jewish rabbi, 'you must go back not only through ages and centuries, but through cycles of time that have witnessed the rise and fall of empires—back to the period when Jehovah spoke directly to man amid the thunder of Sinai, when the warrior-leader and statesman of Israel removed the yoke of slavery from three millions of his countrymen, even as your great captain removed the like yoke from three millions of another

race. The name of Grant is worthy to follow that of our own Moses.'

"The American, prouder of the name than a subject of the Cæsars to be a Roman, with blushing appreciation replies: 'We are grateful for the honor and the place you accord our dead-yet-living citizen, but we have a temple not made with hands, worthier, holier, more enduring than your temple of fame, whereon the name of Grant is already engraved, in love as well as honor, even with those of Washington and Lincoln—in the hearts of his countrymen.'"

FRANKLIN.

MIRABEAU.

Franklin is dead! The genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of Divinity.

The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held, without doubt, a high rank in the human race.

Too long have political cabinets taken formal note of the death of those who were great only in their funeral panegyrics. Too long has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mourning. Nations should wear mourning only for their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to their homage none but the heroes of humanity.

Congress has ordained, throughout the United States,

a mourning of one month for the death of Franklin; and, at this moment, America is paying this tribute of veneration and gratitude to one of the fathers of her Constitution.

Would it not become us, gentlemen, to join in this religious act, to bear a part in this homage, rendered, in the face of the world, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has most contributed to extend their sway over the whole earth? Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty.

AT FREDERICKSBURG.—DEC. 13, 1862.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

God send us peace, and keep red strife away;
  But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
  When foreign danger threats the common weal.

Defenders strong, are they that homes defend;
  From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
  From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute, and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the Nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plough left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns,—each village sent its band:
German and Irish, every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the Flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page,
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannon are planted,
Like Gorgon fates, shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.

The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthed guns on the height give them greeting,
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.

Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
Are Georgia militia,—an Irish brigade;
Their caps have green badges as if to remind them
Of all the brave record their country has made.

The stormers go forward,—the Federals cheer them;
They breast the smooth hillside,—the black mouths are dumb;
The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,
And cover the stormers as upward they come.

Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.

The armies are hushed,—there is no cause for cheering:
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing,
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines reel back again.

And so till full noon come the Federal masses—
Flung back from the hill as cliff dashes the wave
Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,
No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.

Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke pall is lifted,
The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.

Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming.—
Again comes a column to death and defeat!
What is it in these who shall now do the storming
That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?

"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;
"'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover;
'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"

Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them.
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed the hill!
Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;
But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.

Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" The rifles
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:
It is green against green, but a principle stifles
The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.

The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they re-form and attack;
Six times they have done it, and six times retreated;
Twelve hundred they came, and two hundred go back.

Two hundred go back, with the chivalrous story;
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory
That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!

Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;
And honor to them who were true, though not fearless—
Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.

The quarrel is done;—God avert such another;
The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:
Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother;
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

A paragraph recently appeared in the New York Sun announcing the death of John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade who died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of sixpence a day, which, however was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease had unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the workhouse, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Died of starvation, and the cause is a disgrace to the War Office."

Speed the news; speed the news!
Speed the news onward!
"Died of starvation," one
Of the Six Hundred:
One who his part had played
Well in the Light Brigade,
Rode with six hundred.

Food to the right of him,
Food to the left of him,
Food all around, yet
The veteran hungered;

He, who through shot and shell
Fearlessly rode, and well,
And when the word was "Charge,"
Shrank not nor lingered.

"Off to the workhouse, you!"
Back in dismay he drew—
Feeling he never knew
When cannon thundered.
His not to plead or sigh,
His but to starve and die,
And to a pauper's grave
Sink with a soul as brave
When through the vale of death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed a proud spirit there,
Up through the man's despair,
Shaming there the servile,
Scaring the timid, while
Sordid souls wondered;
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly, with a soul as great
As when through shot and shell
He rode with six hundred!
With high hope elate,
Laughing in face of fate—
Rode with six hundred.

Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
Shame on the nation!

Struggling with might and main,
Smit with disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
"Died of starvation."

While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the Six Hundred;
While yet the welkin rings,
While yet the laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered,"
Let us with bated breath
Tell how one starved to death—
Of the Six Hundred.

What can that disgrace hide?
Oh, the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder—
One of the Light Brigade,
One who that charge had made,
Died of sheer hunger.

BATTLE.

COL. WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

A bugle-call—two quick, sharp notes—
  Commands the column: "Halt!"
To hearts that high ambition thrills,
  Leaps hope with sudden vault;
In hearts of men that duty rules,
  Stern resolution reigns;
In hearts that dread of danger thralls,
  The ruddy current wanes.

A crackling 'long the skirmish line,
  A fringe of puffs of white,
And here and there a reeling man,
  Gives earnest of the fight;
Now, loud and long, the bugles cry
  The "Forward!" "Double quick!"
And, bending to the front, the men
  Push where the bullets flick.

A flaming sheet, a flash and crash,
  Along the rifle-pits
That rib the sides of yonder slope,
  And now the welkin splits,
When red-breathed, roaring, brazen guns,
  With hot and hurtling shot,
Spurt shredded death amidst the ranks,
  That, cheering, falter not.

For answer, bellowing within
The charging column's wake,
The light artillery salutes
In thunderings that shake
The clustered hills, and one deep roar
Of battle has begun,
Where rampant wrath has seized the earth,
And blotted out the sun.

Two jagged lines, in squirming knots,
Stretched over hill and vale,
Betwixt them stake the cloud-hid space
Where lead and iron hail
Drives criss-cross, zigzag, scurrying,
In screech, and hiss, and whine,
Across that hell, like flying snakes
Envenomed and malign.

Deep in the dreadful din and strife,
In fitful, hazy gleams,
A well-beloved hope and guide,
The battle banner streams;
As in the sea-storm mounts and falls
The ship that rides the waves,
So lifts and dips the battle flag
Where war's red tempest raves.

Now here before a galling gust,
One brave battalion reels,
A moment stunned and staggering—
The color sergeant kneels

With them who are his banner's guard,
But rising from the blow,
To front he speeds, and lo! the line
Bends forward like a bow.

A faint and feeble tenor shout
Becomes a deep bass roar,
And on the tumbling column sweeps
As breakers strike the shore;
It batters 'gainst the line of works,
Then dashes full amain,
High over wall and ditch, and floods
An open field again.

The pressing line, with vantage flushed,
Crowds grimly on the foe,
That, stubborn, yields no inch not fought,
But deals his blow for blow,
Till from a raking enfilade,
Of shrapnel, shell and shot,
The bleeding remnant quits the field
That pluck from valor got.

The powder-clouds and sulph'rous stench
Uplift and blow away,
And side by side, in soldier sleep—
And peace—lie Blue and Gray;
The saddened sun sinks red adown
The western sky, and, lo!
The lightnings flash, to Love that lost,
Another crash of woe.

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