

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

THE PROSPECT.

THE SPEECH OF

REV. N. G. COLLINS,

Chaplain of the 57th Illinois, at Corinth, Miss.,

ON THE DAY OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, AUG. 3, '63,

TO THE

OFFICERS AND MEN OF COL. BANE'S BRIGADE.

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St. H. Lib.
Sp. 111

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After prayer by Mr. PERKINS, Chaplain of the 7th Illinois, Mr. COLLINS said :

I cannot understand why it is that *I* am called to make the first speech, unless it is to carry out the Scripture practice of keeping the *best* of the wine until the last of the feast. I shall ask the privilege of a certain old-fashioned preacher, who, as he arose to preach, said he wished to make a few preliminary remarks before he said anything. I shall take a little more liberty in my remarks than is usual on such occasions, and shall not confine myself very closely to what the doctors call homiletical rules. The remarks I shall make may not be the best fitted to the occasion, nevertheless, they are such as will express my own views and feelings at this important crisis of our country's history. Some things I may say may appear rather amusing, but I trust in these you will excuse me.

I shall take for my text the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews : " Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us." [After giving an exposition of the text, the speaker proceeded as follows.] The cause of God, and right, *will* succeed. A cloud of witnesses have testified to this truth in the past, and we would give the same testimony in the future. The history of the good, as well as the bad, testifies to this truth.

Man's own safety often *compels* him to do right. Those who have been good rebels, on the approach of our army

became good loyal men; and their own safety will in a little while make them *all* so. We have a striking illustration of the above facts in the case of Queen Esther. Having, under the most remarkable and peculiar circumstances, gained the affections and won the heart of Ahasuerus, it resulted in their marriage and her promotion to queenly honors. (Please read the Book of Esther.) Coming up as Esther did from the lower walks of life, and so unexpectedly and suddenly being ushered into the glories of the East, she would very naturally fail to see the threatening cloud of danger and ruin that was gathering around her own people, as well as herself, through the treachery of a wicked Haaman. Mordecai was a man who *dared* to do right, and in the *end* was rewarded for it. He saved at one time the life of King Ahasuerus, but amidst the pressing cares of an eastern monarchy this act of beneficence was overlooked, and a wicked Haman, like some wire-working politicians, succeeded in securing to himself the office and honors that were due to Mordecai. Stern and inflexible justice, however, after a while, reversed the appointment. Haman was a bad man, and his own presumption prepared his overthrow. His indignation was kindled anew, day by day, as he saw Mordecai sitting at the King's gate, and still refusing to bow before him and do him honor. The laws of the Jews forbade such an act, and Mordecai had the moral courage to dare do right and trust the result to Him who does all things after the counsels of infinite wisdom. Mordecai was not in suspense long. God troubled Ahasuerus in his nightly dreams, calling his attention by the means to the records of the empire, where he found Mordecai had not been rewarded according to his merit. While this was being revolvéd in the King's mind, Mordecai requested, through a servant, Queen Esther to make known to the King the fearful threatenings of Haman against himself and all the Jewish people. Esther returned answer that it was *death* for any one to go in before the King unless he should hold out to them the golden scepter. Mordecai sent word to Esther, "Think not with thyself thou shalt escape in the king's house more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at a time like this, there shall enlargement and deliverance arise

to the Jews from another place, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Queen Esther could not be a neutral, nor can any in this nation while the mighty struggle is being carried on by true and loyal men against traitors and rebels.

Esther at once made up her mind to present her case and that of her people before the king, saying, "If I perish I perish," knowing if she did *not* it was impossible for her or her people to escape. Just as certain as it was for the personal interest of Queen Esther to do *right*, to protect herself and her people, so certain is it that it will in the regular course of events be for the personal *interest* of *all* parties to sustain this Government. This war has brought about a result, without any preconcerted plan, that our wisest statesmen had failed to secure. I refer to our national currency. The great debt that has been the cause of so much alarm in the minds of many, that will be entailed upon this government as a result of the war, will eventuate in one of the greatest blessings that could possibly come upon us.

We may always calculate with safety upon a man's doing right when he is *certain* it will be for his interest to do so. Every man who will have a five-dollar green-back will become a stock-holder in the government, and hence will feel his interest compels him to sustain it. Even Copperheads, (who are the most to be *detested* of all human kind,) will for self-interest in a short time be as anxious as any to sustain the Government.

We have a striking example of the truthfulness of these statements in the history of Great Britain. Her national debt, which in our school-boy days we were accustomed to regard as almost fabulous, sure to eventuate in her ruin, has been the strongest link that has held her people together for ages. But for this the empire would in a short time be broken into fragments.

This dreadful war was not the choice of the North, nor was it commenced by the North. I am aware that the South accuse us of this crime, and it reminds me of the fable of the wolf and lamb. The South are very boastful of their good fighting qualities, and I am not disposed to take from

them a single particle of honor that is their due, but to express my opinion of their course as a whole will give you an Irish tale. A little animal noted for his fighting qualities once placed himself upon the track as a train was coming along, and soon made up his mind he would pitch into it. He planted himself in a firm position, and began to bellow and shake his head, pawing and bidding defiance to the locomotive, claiming the right to secede and hold his portion of the road. On came the train, and the plucky little bull stood his ground bravely, determined to carry out his secession principles; the old locomotive struck him and he was made into mince-meat so quick he never knew what hurt him. An Irishman, standing near by and witnessing the whole scene, said, "Ah, and indeed, my little fellow, I can but admire your fighting qualities, but not a divil a bit of confidence have I got in your prudence!"

This war is assuming a stern reality. It was commenced at first under greater discouragements than any in the world's history. Our treasury had been robbed, the army scattered, and the navy rendered useless in being so widely removed from us. The South had been preparing for the rebellion for years, and now had in their possession a large amount of the national munitions of war. Discord was everywhere rife in the North, and even Abraham Lincoln had to steal a march upon the ruthless mob in Baltimore, for fear of being assassinated when on his way to Washington. Even in and around the capital of the nation traitors swarmed almost without number. Offices of sacred trust were betrayed, and every interest of the nation, as far as *possible*, turned over into the hands of rebels who were as relentless and vindictive against the Government as hell itself.

We had to raise an army from among peaceful citizens, utterly unaccustomed to war, and at the same time reconcile the most discordant political elements, as well as the most varied opinions as to the best means of putting down the rebellion. For the first time in our history the President's Inaugural Address was delivered amidst the gleaming bayonets of ten thousand soldiers, surrounding the Capitol, to defend him from the threatened vengeance of the South. O shame, where was thy blush! Even after we had raised a

large army and put them in the field, officers high in rank were, for a while, constantly turning traitors, and their places had to be filled by truer and better men. Notwithstanding all these difficulties and discouragements, as we review the history of the past two years, we have abundant cause to exclaim, "Behold, what hath God wrought!" We have conquered more than half the rebel territory, which we still hold, have been successful on almost every battle-field; and if we have been apparently unsuccessful, as is the fact in some few instances, defeat has been turned into more than ordinary success; in that it has aroused the North to put forth more vigorous efforts than she would have otherwise done.

We have taken all the strong-holds of the enemy, from one end of the Mississippi River to the other, upon which Jeff Davis has staked the issue of the struggle; and, thank God, we will soon have *all* along the Atlantic coast. In view of these facts what cause for thanksgiving to Almighty God, and courage to arm us for new victories. The recent proclamation of Jeff Davis is a cause for thanksgiving to God to every loyal man. His is a proclamation to the rebels for a day of humiliation and prayer over defeat. Surely one of the most sensible things he ever did. Abraham Lincoln's is for a day of *thanksgiving* and prayer over success. There seems to be an admonition in Davis' proclamation that the Southern Confederacy has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Fellow officers and soldiers, our fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relatives and wives are all looking on the movements of our mighty and victorious army with feelings of the most intense interest. We owe and have pledged all that is dear to us to them. We left them amidst their benedictions and prayers, all the heart entwining scenes of their and our own dear homes, for the doubtful chances of bloody battle-fields and the diseases of camp life. The cause, we believed, was a worthy one. Our country's liberties were in danger. Mr. Benton warned us twenty years ago against the threatening attitude of the South, and said he feared the North would wake up to realize her danger when too late; and his pre-

diction had well nigh proved true. But, thank God, the storm of battle from the south need not alarm us now.

The poor slaves are witnesses in this dreadful conflict. They are no idle spectators, but have *interests* as dear to them in its results as we have to ourselves. The South complain of the slave, and say he is of little account, and the reason is they have only had motives put *on* to them, and they are looking to us for their freedom, so that a motive can be put *in* them, and then they promise they will do better, and I have no doubt they will. We can't dodge the question any longer. I ask to correct myself, for we *have Dodged* it, by Gen. Dodge *himself*, all over this section of rebeldom, very much to the satisfaction of the poor slaves. We have yielded to the South until it ceased to be a virtue even in their own estimation. Still the South were dissatisfied, and as usual demanded new grants of the Government. The Government, finally, tired out with giving grants to the South, all of which had been undervalued, disregarded, and many of them broken, like the Missouri Compromise grant, which Henry Clay pronounced as sacred as the Constitution itself, concluded, in her magnanimity to give them a *General Grant* that should embrace and take under control the whole matter of difficulty between the North and South, and forever settle the whole question. No Government ever gave a people *such* a grant, embracing in itself so much good *backing*, enough indeed to carry out everything it proposed. The South do not pretend but the grant is honorable, just and efficient, and they even admit it has accomplished more among them than any grant they ever had. Is it not strange indeed they should still find fault when we have *granted* them so much and now give them as the last grant one that embraces everything that is dear to to them? The Government also proposes to make this grant *good* in every *part* of the South; if necessary to take the last dollar out of her treasury; and call out her whole army and navy to sustain it, and still this grant is the subject of universal discontent all over the South.

Our independence at first cost the treasures and many of the lives of our forefathers, and was baptized in their blood. But they murmured not, feeling that it was worth all it cost.

How strangely does their history compare with that of some of the traitors of the North! It is true they had some Tories among them, and we have them among us; but then, as now, the great heart of the American people beat to the true pulsations of freedom. They had their bloody conflicts, and everywhere along their pathway might be seen their new-made graves. Imposing indeed is the scene almost throughout the land presented to our view in the mighty conflicts in which we are engaged. "Battle-fields still bearing evidence of fearful conflict. Beneath almost every shade, on every hill-side, on the banks of the rivulet and down the dark ravine lie side by side our gallant dead—dead who were buried to the music of booming cannon, shrieking shot, howling shell, and quick riflery, but now sleep to the music of feathered songsters, the laughing silvery brook and soft summer breezes that sigh among the forest trees a requiem over the soldier's grave." But mournful as the scene everywhere presented to our view appears, still it becomes us to render thanksgiving to Almighty God that these brave men have not died in vain, nor spilt their blood for nought.

Our country has been willing to make these great sacrifices, and has shown a liberality that has astonished the world. Although almost every family in the North has to mourn the loss of one or more of its number through the desolating influences of this dreadful war, and still the work of death is going on with awful fury, and the fountains of grief are daily being opened afresh by the news of the death of other loved ones who have fallen in battle, and while the eyes of the loyal portion of the North cannot have time to become dry from weeping, they are willing to make other and still greater sacrifices for the maintenance of our God-given rights. It was so an ancient Spartan mother, who stood at one of the gates of Sparta waiting with intense anxiety to learn the result of a battle in which the liberties of Sparta were involved, on seeing a messenger returning, with hasty footsteps went forth to meet him, and on coming near asked, "How goes the battle?" On being told her five sons had all been slain exclaimed, "Away, thou fool! I did not ask the fate of my sons, but how goes the battle?" and on being told the Spartans were victorious, said, "Farewell my sons,

Sparta is saved!" How many sons in this dreadful conflict on hearing of the death of a father with quivering lips have gone to the mother and with imploring entreaties begged the pleasure of rushing to the battle-field to fill the places of their fallen fathers. Brothers and relatives, on hearing their friends have fallen, without delay have buckled on their armor, and with as true hearts as ever beat in human kind bared their bosoms to the arrows of death, bidding defiance to the traitorous rebels.

Can the free government of such a people be overthrown? *Never, never.* Our Government, I believe, was given us of God, and he has a destiny for us that will illumine with its brightness the whole world, and pour its blessings of peace and freedom upon nations yet unborn. Sooner than see this Government overthrown would I expect to see the mighty river rolling its vast volume of water up the mountain side, the laws of nature everywhere reversed, and all giving evidence that God had forsaken the helm of this part of the universe. This war presents the pleasing fact to us that the North are fighting for the *right*, the perpetuation of intelligence and human freedom, while the South are fighting for human bondage as the chief corner-stone of their government, and the perpetuation of ignorance as an inevitable result. What a spectacle for the world! Can we on logical principles suppose that brute force will succeed against intelligence? Out of seven hundred prisoners from the rebel army paroled at Corinth I am told but sixty could write their names. Suppose mere physical or brute force to be equal in itself, and then add to one side intelligence, and the result cannot be doubtful. Suppose, again, twelve intelligent men thrown upon an island of the sea, inhabited by savage beasts vastly superior in numbers and physical strength, can any imagine the result would be doubtful if the supposed twelve men had time to organize and prepare for defense?

Some seem to suppose the South will always hate us if we do succeed in whipping them, but this is not so. Solomon says if the parent spares the rod it will spoil the child, and this Government has withheld the rod of correction from the South so long amidst her ill-deserts that we had well-nigh spoiled her. Still, I hope and trust its correcting influences,

if properly applied, will save them from utter ruin, and prove their grateful salvation. When the *cause* (slavery) which has produced this war shall have been removed, and not till then, shall we have a permanent peace. It is vain to talk about the inferiority of the poor unfortunate blacks, for if they are our inferiors (a point which I will not here argue, but for argument's sake will admit) I ask in the name of our holy religion, of justice, and of God, why for this reason should we enslave them and forever annihilate in them the blissful joys of hope? Have the *strong* a *right* to take advantage of the *weak*? Is it the duty of the *weak* to provide for and take care of the *strong*? I was never prouder of being an American citizen than to-day. In the midst of the confusion of war we have abundant cause for thanksgiving to God, that he has caused light to shine out of darkness, and brought order out of confusion, upon the subject of American slavery which has hitherto darkened almost every ray of light in our political heavens.

Even the old, time-honored Democratic party has come up (I mean the cream of it) nobly to this glorious work. Some, in view of this fact, think it strange so many of them left behind have become so *utterly worthless*, but a moment's reflection will remove all difficulty upon the subject. The fact is, the Government has the *cream* of the party, either in the army fighting our battles or doing good service at home, as true and loyal men as ever breathed the air of a free country. The portion of the Democratic party left, who have no sympathy with the mighty struggle in which the Government is engaged, are the skim-milk, and very blue at that. Many of the Democrats high in office, both in the army and at home, are now outstripping what a few years ago were the wildest visions of the most dreamy Abolitionists in the land. Some think they are going so fast they will ruin the cause altogether; but never fear, for young converts in their warm zeal are always *honest*, and are right at *heart* although they may sometimes show a little confusion in expressing themselves as they have their eyes opened to gaze upon the beauties around them. Thus it was with the blind man when the Savior opened his eyes. No one could doubt but his sight was made perfect, but when asked if he saw

aught he said, "I see men as trees walking." Gen. Cary said he opposed Gen. Fremont's proclamation at first, but he had got religion since and was now in for it. There has been a great revival of religion in all the land upon the subject of slavery. Few indeed, thank God, will now plead the *right* of one man to enslave another, and especially is this true in the army. Never was there a greater change. Thousands who when they entered the army felt like hanging every man who was an Abolitionist, now feel like hanging everybody who is not one. God grant the poor slave shall give at last a testimony upon this subject that shall not put the nation to the blush.

Perhaps I should here pay my respects to Copperheads, who, I believe, are *really* dead; and I feel like saying to them what an Irishman once said while visiting a grave yard. He read upon one of the tombstones, "Mr. —— died ——, aged ——. Though dead, 'still he lives.'" He started back one or two steps, and exclaimed, "And faith if I was dead I would own it!" I have no language by which to express my contempt for the conduct of Copperheads; and if I were to write their epitaph, it should be something like the following: "Let him be buried in a place for ever nameless; let no monument be erected over him; let the winds of heaven never kiss his solitary abode; let the sun never shed its beams upon his tomb, nor the moon or stars paint in silvery beauty his lonely resting-place, nor the birds with their sweet music break the lonely solitude around his grave, nor the worms feed upon that flesh that will be the scorn and derision of mankind in all coming time; and, if it were possible, let not the peal of the angel's trump break upon his ear, or he be permitted to come forth in the general resurrection morn, but let him sleep on *unnamed* and *forgotten forever!*"

But, gentlemen, you will think it strange if, with these views and feelings towards Copperheads, I tell you that I believe, after all, they are bound to become exceedingly popular with this Government. I believe, sirs, they will become as popular as the Irishman said the name of Smith was in swate old Ireland. "How was it, Pat?" "Well, yer honor, once on a time they condemned four men to be

hung, and, upon my word, they hung five!" "How did that happen?" "Well, they put the four into the cart, and as they were going to the gallows they met a man and asked him his name, and he said it was Smith, and they put him right into the cart, without saying another word,—and, be jabbers, he was the first man they hung!"

European nations are watching us with a jealous eye in this fearful struggle for national life. They have been disposed to regard our republican form of government as a doubtful and dangerous experiment, and its unexampled prosperity in our rising greatness has caused the proudest Kings of Europe to tremble upon their thrones, and some of them have shown *unmistakeable* anxiety for the luxury of rejoicing over our downfall. But before any European nation will enjoy this luxury they will get the *blues*, as the Southern rebels have everywhere that our brave soldiers have met them—and our Government possesses a wonderful power to give any and all traitors, whether at home or abroad, a kind of blues that they never can get over! We should be thankful that this rebellion has developed our resources for national defence, so we can feel safe in proudly standing up for the right at home, and say to the combined traitors of the whole world, though they be arrayed in the brightest habiliments of kingly royalty—"Hands off!" Should they still think proper to disregard our warnings, then we will show them the spirit of seventy-six enlarged, and visit upon them a just retribution for any violence towards us of which they may be guilty. I trust and feel, however, devoutly to pray that the peaceful relations between this Government and all the nations of the earth, made sacred by mutual interests and time, will not be interrupted, and that the dreadful storm of rebellion now beating upon us with such pitiless fury will prove only the harbinger of that long peace which will become the theme of our triumph and the song of rejoicing throughout the world, ending in the soul-cheering chorus of earth's redeemed—"Freedom! We will learn war no more!"

Allow me, fellow-officers and soldiers, to remark that I believe we have a more fearful enemy to encounter than the rebels of the South, enemies from abroad, or Copperheads

at home—an enemy that is marching in almost undisturbed triumph throughout the land, under the protection of the people, sanctioned by law, meeting the caresses of the highest officials, and almost everywhere receiving the embraces of the masses. And although it has darkened, with almost appalling darkness, the social heavens of the whole nation, and sent terror, desolation and mourning to almost every family in all our borders, scattering poverty and ruin every where along its pathway, rendering the condition of wives worse than that of widows, and the surroundings of sons and daughters more to be dreaded than those of orphans, still it is an enemy that feels no misgivings, knows no relentings, and would, if left to go on unchecked, with a heart that never felt a generous emotion, and that is steeled against all repentance, gather all its strength in one maddening storm of fury, and in its sweeping desolations over the land drive from every human dwelling-place the last vestige of peace and happiness, and extinguish in every living soul the last ray of Hope's blissful joys. The greatest danger from this enemy is that we are not fully awake to his fearful ravages, nor putting ourselves in a state of defence against his dreadful threatenings. We can see the desolating career of this enemy in its death march; and although his foot-prints have been bloodless, the number of its slain are more than all the wars the history of the past can boast; and would we wish something upon which to inscribe the names of his dead, we would be obliged to take the surface of the whole earth itself; and still it is an enemy caressed and loved, admitted with honors into the presence of emperors and kings, and made the bosom companion of the masses throughout the world.

Reasoning upon logical principles, can we hope for any good from so relentless an enemy in the future? Crispe says "a rebellion or an invasion alarms and puts the public upon defence, but a corruption of *principles* works its ruin, perhaps more slowly, but more surely." Nothing will so *soon* or *certainly* corrupt an army or people as the free use of intoxicating drinks. It renders the citizen unfit for business, the officer to command, or the soldier to obey, and is the stepping-stone to the house of her whose steps take hold on

death, and her guests are in the depths of hell. This may be illustrated by a fable in the writings of a Swiss philosopher, setting forth the original of brandy and gunpowder. "The Government of the North once upon a time being vacant, [probably while James Buchanan was in the chair!] the powers of the air held a council in hell, wherein, upon competition between two demons of rank, it was determined they should both make trial of their abilities, and he should succeed who did most mischief. One made his appearance in the shape of gun-powder, the other in that of brandy. The former was a declared enemy, and roared with a terrible noise which made people afraid and put them on their guard; the other passed as a friend and physician through the world, disguised himself with perfumes and drugs and opened his shops under pretence of helping digestion, comforting the spirits and cheering the heart, but produced directly contrary effects, and having purposely thrown great numbers of human kind into a pleasing but fatal decay, was found to people the grave so fast as to merit the monarchy which he still possesses."

Gentlemen, allow me to remind you that danger from this ruthless monarch lies wakeful along the path of every officer and soldier; not only while in the army, but if possible the danger will have increased when we shall return to our own dear homes. The idea of drinking for *health* in the army or at home is moonshine—a mere pretence. The more men drink the sicker they get. Like a certain man who joined the old-fashioned temperance society with the privilege of drinking when he was sick. Some weeks passed away and they had another temperance meeting. The wife of this man was present, and with tears streaming down her cheeks prayed them to take her husband's name off the temperance list. All were utterly surprised and asked the reason for so strange a request. She without any reluctance went on to give it. Said she, "My husband, before he joined the temperance society, was one of the healthiest men in the whole country, but he has never seen a well day since. I therefore beg you for my own sake and that of my children (still crying) to take his name off, for if you don't he will become so sickly he will in a little while be unable to pro-

vide for us." The soldier on returning home will be greeted everywhere by a loving, grateful and loyal people, many of whom under mistaken ideas of kindness will present to him the intoxicating cup. Shops and places of public resort will be thrown open, and admiring multitudes will gather around him all anxious to hear him relate his own daring deeds and tell the history of battles fought and victories won. Our friends at home will all be proud of you as those who have saved the country's liberties from a tyrant foe. God grant that in every respect they may see in you just cause for pride. But when I know many of these warm-hearted friends on your return home will wish to treat you again and again, I fear and tremble for the result. May God save us from the danger that will thus everywhere gather around us, even more fearful and alarming than we have met in a sickly clime, or where we bared our bosoms to the battle's shock, or braved the relentless fury of war. The increasing influence which the habit of drinking has over men is almost beyond conception. At first it is like the silken thread around the neck, drawn with pleasing touch, but soon it becomes a cord, then a rope, soon becomes a cable; then the willing victim bows his neck to a chain and finally yields himself to be bound in fetters of iron, and is led captive at the will of a destroying appetite. I know the officers tell their men not to drink, but permit me this day to importune you to set them the example.

A certain farmer once proposed to his son John if he would quit drinking he would give him a sheep, to which John agreed. Charles came up and says, "Pa, will you give me a sheep to quit drinking, too?" "Yes," said the father; upon hearing which his little son William, about six years old, asked if he would also give him a sheep to quit drinking, to which the father readily assented. Then said little William, "Pa, don't you think you had better take a sheep and quit too?" I will not make the application. A temperance man can be trusted at important posts, and in the hour of alarm or danger he is always reliable. "Sir Archibald Campbell, in the Indian War, and while everything seemed to be going against the English army, at a critical point where all was on the doubtful balance, cried out, "Bring up Havelock and his saints, for they are never

drunk and are not afraid to die." He and his saints *did* come up, and they saved the day. Talk not to me about drunken officers and soldiers having more courage than temperate, sober and moral men, for no history of the past shows the fact, but the reverse. "An eloquent historian says the Revolutionary army lacked powder at Cambridge in '76, they lacked shoes and blankets in '78. The feet of New-Englanders have left their bloody foot-marks on the banks of the Delaware when they crossed that frozen river. Powder might fail, clothing might give out and shoes drop off ragged from the soldier's feet; but the Revolutionary army never lacked morality. Heaven grant in all this glorious struggle which commands the highest interest of nations and the countless clouds of witnesses in heaven, that it may be said of *our* army, it never lacked conscience, it never lacked morality." May God grant that the officers in our victorious army shall be permitted to return the soldiers under their command as good and even better than when they took them into service.

What cause would this be for pride whenever they should chance to meet them in social life. What benedictions would be heaped upon them by wives, mothers, sisters and relatives everywhere throughout the land, who regard these loved ones as dear to them as their own lives, and the perpetuation of pure principles in them as the pledge of a life of joy and gladness. He who watches over the good and happiness of others, especially that of soldiers committed to his care and honor, being true to the confidence reposed in him, makes himself thrice happy. We have, fellow officers and soldiers, a glorious destiny before us. Our nation possesses a country which in point of extent, climate, minerals, navigable waters and richness of soil, is unequaled on the face of the globe. I have no fears but this dreadful war in which we are now engaged to maintain and perpetuate our liberties *will* succeed, because it is *right* as we have tried to show. We have told you we were fighting for *freedom's* principles. The South are, as we have reminded you, fighting for human *bondage*, as they themselves declare; hence they can't succeed, because they are *wrong*.

I believe our glorious flag is not to be robbed of a single

star, (though if need be we will give its stripes to the rebels for a season) but each star will continue to fill its own proper place in our glorious constellation, accomplishing what an infinitely wise God has purposed. The day is not distant when our glorious national flag will be unfurled throughout the land, and once more bathe its folds in the pure air of a free and loyal people everywhere throughout our vast domains. Our land is destined I believe by divine appointment to become earth's home of freedom. Slavery has seen its day in our fair land, and thank God its destruction waiteth at the door. A million of strong arms are nerved to-day for its everlasting overthrow, and a million more if necessary will rush to their aid. The North did not propose the issue of the war to turn on slavery, but the South did.

Some vain dreamers of the North even still talk about putting down the rebellion by peaceful measures, and restoring the Union as it *was*; but thank God the nation is aroused to a sense of its *honor* as well as *duty*, and all such traitorous efforts will pass away as the morning cloud, and in the end will prove as ineffectual as the bird whose wings cut the air without leaving any scar, or the keel that plows the ocean wave without leaving any furrow. "War in *itself* is a dreadful calamity, but I believe in *this* war. It is but part we see, and not the whole, for in its grand and final results it is destined to be the harbinger of that freedom and peace which shall illumine the world." I believe the rebels themselves will feel relieved and glad even when this rebellion shall have been put down. Like the man who was driving his wagon along a steep hill-side, and in great fear lest it should upset, until finally over it went with a tremendous crash. "There," said he, "I am glad of it; for now I am out of suspense." Nature has overdone itself in this unnatural rebellion, and will never be able to produce a successor.

It is destined to be buried in the grave of an eternal oblivion, and the nation will in her rising greatness inscribe upon its tombstone in imperishable letters the epitaph, "*No resurrection.*" Then the sun of our national liberty will arise cloudless upon the world, and not a single star will ever again be eclipsed with the dark spot of human slavery. May this bright event dawn upon us amidst songs of adoration, joy and gladness, throughout our redeemed and united happy land, and eventuate in the birth-day of freedom to the world.



